

The Book of
Remembrance
for Tweeddale

BOOKS IV. and V.

Landward Parishes



Dr. Gunn

R. 30. a.

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COUNTY OF PEEBLES
BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE



Peebles War Memorial.
Unveiled by Field-Marshal Earl Haig - 5th October, 1922.



King George V, and Queen Mary, place a wreath on Peebles War Memorial - 12th July, 1923. Provost Davidson in Attendance.



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THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE FOR TWEEDDALE

THE
BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE
FOR TWEEDDALE

BOOKS IV, and V.

LANDWARD PARISHES :

Broughton, Dolphinton, Drumelzier, Eddlestone, Innerleithen, Kailzie,
Kirkurd, Lyne and Megget, Manor, Newlands, Overseas,
Peebles (names omitted from Peebles volume),
Skirling, Stobo, Traquair, Tweedsmuir,
Walkerburn

By DR. GUNN



PEEBLES :

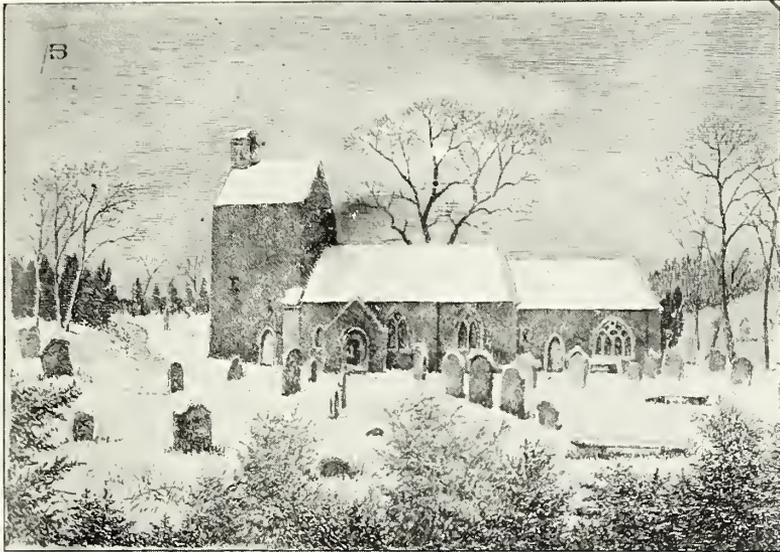
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1925

PREFACE

This Volume contains Books IV. and V. of The Book of Remembrance for Tweeddale. Its predecessors were those for Peebles, in two volumes, and that for West Linton. The series is now complete ; and everyone connected with the County who died for the Empire is commemorated either by record or portrait, or both.

C. B. G.



STOBO
THE MOTHER CHURCH OF TWEEDDALE.

“For the Ashes of our Fathers and the Temples of our Gods.”



We give Thee thanks for our Heritage as the People of Scotland :
For the Land of our Fathers, the Land we love :
For the Races we represent, Celtic and Scottish :
And for the special Gifts and Contribution of each to the whole :
For the Story of Scotland, so deeply written upon our Hearts and History :
For our Fathers and Brothers, the Men of Scotland :
For their Fear of God : their Patriotism : their Battles for Freedom :
For their Mothers, the Women of Scotland, silent, tender, strong, who made the Men.

COUNTY OF PEBBLES

BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

CAPTAIN CHARLES C. WALKER (INNERLEITHEN)

ARGYLL & SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
1914. AUGUST 26.

Of all the men connected with Tweeddale who fell in the war, the very first to fall was Captain Charles Carbould Walker, son-in-law of Mr M. G. Thorburn of Glenormiston. There were eighteen from the County who fell in 1914. Captain Walker was the eldest son of Mr W. Eden Walker, Riftswood, Saltburn. He was born in 1875, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He entered the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders in April 1900, and was promoted Lieutenant in March 1904, and Captain seven years later. He saw active service in South Africa from 1900 to 1902, participating in the operations in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal, east and west of Pretoria.

He held the Queen's Medal with three clasps, and the King's Medal with two clasps. He was appointed Adjutant to the 4th Battalion (Royal Renfrewshire Militia) Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders' Special Reserve, and was stationed at Paisley.

In the Great War his fate was for a long time uncertain; but it was finally established that Captain Walker fell at Le Cateau on the 26th August, 1914. His principal recreation was the chase, being devoted to hunting, not missing a meet whenever possible. He left a widow, one girl, and a posthumous son.

Germany had declared War upon France on the 3rd of August, 1914; on the same day Orders were prepared for Mobilisation of the British Army. On the 4th of August Great Britain protested in Berlin against the violation by Germany of Belgian neutrality; on that very morning the Germans had violated Gemmenich,

and had burned Visé, and had attacked Liege. Germany then declared war on Belgium. British Mobilisation Orders were issued: Sir John Jellicoe took command of the British Fleet. The British sent an ultimatum to Germany, whose period expired at 11 p.m. on the night of Tuesday, August 4, 1914. Britain was now at war with Germany.

British troops landed in France on Sunday, August 9, and their disembarkation was completed by August 16. The Battle of Charleroi was fought on August 21, and ended on the 23rd with the defeat of the French. The Battle of Mons began on this day, Sunday, August 23, and the retreat of the Allies began on the following day. On the 25th we had severe Battles at Landrecies and Maroilles; and on Wednesday, the 26th of August, when Captain Walker fell, the first Battle of Le Cateau began.

“O, valiant hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle
flame:
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved;
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

“Proudly you gathered rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar.
All you had hoped for, all you had you gave
To save mankind —yourselves you scorned to
save.”

PRIVATE JOHN SCOTT (EDDLESTON)

ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.
1914. SEPTEMBER 10.

An Eddleston man, Private John Scott, of The Royal Scots Greys, was the second man to fall. He formerly resided with his parents at Cottage Bank, Eddleston. This was one of those

early cases in the beginning of the war, when our Intelligence Department was in a state of incompleteness, so that his relatives never received any definite information as to his fate. He fell in battle between the Marne and the Aisne on Thursday, the 10th September, 1914, and his body was buried in Gandleau Cemetery. No other details ever came to hand.

The first Battle of the Marne ended on this day, the Germans retreating on the west and centre, evacuating Pont-a-Mousson. This happened on a Thursday, the victory of the Allies being complete. The Allies began to advance rapidly. The British crossed the Ourcq on the following day. The Battle of Nancy, which had begun on August 22, ended in complete failure for the Germans. On Sunday, September 13, the Battle of the Aisne began, the British forcing the passage of the river.

Not in low graves forgotten do they lie,
In vast unwept oblivion's slumber deep,
Who for high holy honour freely die,
Heaven's gift of freedom stainless still to keep.

Nay—let their blood-stained dust be scattered far—
Each freeman's heart becomes their living grave;
Their memory shineth ever, like a star,
Above the Empire which they die to save.

PRIVATE JOHN MAGUIRE

(TRAQUAIR AND INNERLEITHEN)

1ST CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.
1914. SEPTEMBER 26.

A native of Traquair, and residing with his sister and brother in Innerleithen, Private John Maguire was the third man of Tweeddale to fall. He was born on the 11th December, 1878, and enlisted in the year 1900. He was drafted in turn to Gibraltar, Crete, Malta, South Africa, and China. In 1908 he was discharged from the Army. He returned as a Reservist at the beginning of the war in August, 1914. As a member of the First Expeditionary Force, which was fatuously styled by the German Emperor General French's contemptible army, Private Maguire went to France in the beginning. He was reported missing during the retreat from Mons on Saturday, the 26th Sep-

tember, 1914, and was presumed killed on that date.

The Battle of the Aisne had begun on September 13 and continued until September 28. A battle at Albert had been raging for two days, and yet continued, fierce fighting taking place from Oise to Somme St Mihiel.

“ On the dim tombs of time I see
The names of men who strove in vain
To lift the load, to break the chain :
Then why a better grave for me ?

O Thou the First, and Last, the Whole,
Thou Who from toil and tears of man
Dost shape on earth Thy mighty plan
And build while all the ages roll.

Enough it is for me to know
That all the travail of the years,
The gleams of hope, the clouds of tears,
Add something to Thy work below.”

TROOPER EDWARD EGAN

(WALKERBURN)

9TH QUEEN'S ROYAL LANCERS.
1914. OCTOBER 21.

Official information was received to the effect that Trooper Edward Egan had been killed in action on the 21st October, 1914. He was aged 29. Originally he was holding a clerical post in London about the year 1905, when he enlisted in the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers. After serving three years in South Africa with the Lancers, he returned to his home in 1912. Previous to the outbreak of the war, Edward Egan was in employment at the Post Office of Walkerburn, where meanwhile he was also studying for the Civil Service. As a Reservist he was called up in 1914, and was one of the very first soldiers to land on French soil. He was in the thick of the fighting from the very beginning, and was one of those gallant heroes at the silencing of the guns when the late Captain Grenfell won the first Victoria Cross in the war. He came safely through the retreat, but was killed shortly thereafter at Messines Wood, where his body was buried.

The first Battle of Ypres had begun on October 19. The fighting was raging around Arras. The 21st (Wednesday), when Egan fell, was a critical day on the Yser, when Dixmude

and Arras were heavily bombarded and assaulted.

None shall find death so good as theirs henceforth.

Music and verse, great monuments, in vain
Shall seek to rival them. As things unworthy,
Carelessly as a sower scatters grain,
They hurled their starry souls countless to
heaven.

SEAMAN WILLIAM J. SCOTT

(WALKERBURN)

H.M.S. VIKNOR.

1915. JANUARY 19.

On the 19th January, 1915, there was found on the west side of the island of Jura the body of a man, near to which was lying a rubber life-collar and disc attached. The collar and disc were taken possession of by the competent naval authority of the district, and it is supposed that they were part of the equipment of William J. Scott, a seaman of the ill-fated H.M.S. Viknor, which was sunk by a mine some time previously. Scott was a member of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade, and the Firemaster thereof was of opinion that the body answered to that of Scott. Apparently Scott was the only member of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade who was a Naval Reservist, and the fact that the man was wearing a jersey belonging to the Brigade practically established his identity. Scott's widow resided at 34 Ballantyne's Buildings, Walkerburn, and the Procurator-Fiscal at Dunoon communicated with Mr J. Walter Buchan, the Procurator Fiscal for Peeblesshire, on the matter. As a result of the police enquiries here Mrs Scott has been able to identify the articles found on the body as those of her husband. The difficulty in establishing identity at first was due to the fact that the rubber-collar and disc were not discovered on the body, but a few yards apart from it. He joined the Royal Navy as a boy, serving both at home and abroad, in China, Nova Scotia, and other parts. He bought himself off in 1908, and joined the Fleet Reserve, at the same time becoming a member of the City of Edinburgh Fire Brigade. A brother fell later.

You were; and you will be; know this while
you are,

Your spirit has travelled both long and afar.
It came from the source, to the source it
returns,

The spark that was lighted eternally burns.

PRIVATE DAVID F. DAVIDSON

(WALKERBURN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS (TERRITORIALS).

1914. DECEMBER 22.

News was received in Walkerburn of the death of Private David F. Davidson, of the 8th Royal Scots (Territorials), son of Andrew Davidson, senr., East End, Walkerburn. Private Davidson, who was only twenty years of age, contracted enteric fever, and died at Rouen on Tuesday, December 22, 1914. He had three brothers serving in the Army, two of these being at the front—W. Davidson, 1st Scots Guards; J. Davidson, 8th Royal Scots (Territorials); and A. L. Davidson, in the Royal Scots, Kitchener's Army.

British Expeditionary Force,
France, 2nd January, 1915.

DEAR MRS DAVIDSON,—The sad news of the death of your son David has just reached me officially to-night. I had certainly heard rumours before this, but, desirous of hoping against hope, I was loath to believe them, but now that confirmation has come to hand, we must submit to the working of God's providence and accept His decree. Your son, although not cut down in the forefront of the battle, nevertheless gave up his life for his country, and this thought will, I trust, tend to lessen for you the great blow you must have suffered by his death. To die for one's country is the noblest and best thing it is possible for a man to do. Let this thought comfort and console you. Your son, until unfortunately he broke down in health, performed his duties, arduous as they many times were, in a truly soldierly manner. He was always bright and cheery, and all ranks shall miss his cheery comradeship. Much as we all deplore his loss, the sympathy of all ranks goes out to you and all his sorrowing relations. Personally I feel that I have lost a young friend, a steady and reliable man, and a good soldier.

Call him not dead who fell at duty's feet,
And passed through light where earth and
heaven meet,

To radiant rest.

Call him not dead—

But say—The warfare waged, the victory won,
He has gone WEST!

PRIVATE GEORGE RUSSELL

(EDDLESTON)

1ST CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

1914. BETWEEN OCTOBER 22 AND 24.

Before the war George Russell had been soldiering in three countries—China, India, and South Africa. On the 4th of August, 1914, he was called up as a reservist of the 1st Cameron Highlanders, and went through a terrible time after their departure from Inverness. He was slightly wounded at first and was invalided home to Tranent, but soon returned to the front and was sent up the line, where he fell either on Thursday, October 22, or 24. Fighting was raging for days upon the Yser. The struggle for Dixmude continued. The Germans captured Langemarcke, and battle went on around La Bassée, where the Germans strove to break through for ten days. The Germans took Lombartzyde, but suffered repulse. On the 24th Indian troops began to arrive near Bethune. The battle around Arras was at its height when George Russell fell.

London men and Irish,
Indian men and French,
Charging with the bayonet,
Firing in the trench,

Fought in that furious fight, shoulder to
shoulder.

Leapt from their saddles to charge in fierce
disorder,

The Life Guards, mud and blood for the scarlet
and the plume,

And they hurled back the foemen as the wind
the sea spume,

From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to
Lys river.

SERGEANT WILLIAM CLEGHORN

(INNERLEITHEN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS (INNERLEITHEN TERRITORIALS).

1914. NOVEMBER 27.

At No. 7 Stationary Hospital, Boulogne, on Friday, 27th November, 1914, Sergeant William Cleghorn, beloved husband of Marion Simpson, aged 42. Pressman in Waverley Mills.

Sergeant W. Cleghorn, Munro Buildings, Innerleithen, a member of the 8th Royal Scots (Innerleithen Territorials), succumbed to his wounds received in action in hospital, at Boulogne, France. He left a widow and two sons and a daughter. He was the first Innerleithen resident to fall.

The following letters were received by Mrs Cleghorn from the Hospital, and are of interest as showing the great care which was bestowed on our wounded in France:—

No. 7 Stationary Hospital,
Boulogne, November 24th

DEAR MRS CLEGHORN,—Your husband, Sergeant Cleghorn, has been admitted to this Hospital, having been wounded by a bullet. He has asked me to write to you and tell you. I am sorry to say that his wound is of a serious nature, and we shall be very anxious about him for a few days, but we hope to be able to give you good news. He came down from the front last evening, and does not seem to suffer very much. You will be glad to know that everything is being done. He is having skilled doctors and nurses, and the Hospital is very comfortable. He would have liked to come to England, but he is too ill to be moved. He sends his love.

No. 7 Stationary Hospital,
Boulogne, November 27th.

DEAR MADAM,—I deeply regret to tell you that your dear husband passed away quietly in his sleep to-day at 2 p.m. He was brought into Hospital on the 24th in the evening, mortally wounded. He was in great pain when he came in, but the doctor was able at once to do something to relieve his pain, and I do not think that the last three days he has suffered. He did not know that he was dying, but passed away quietly. The Chaplain, Canon Hook, saw him every day, and should you care to write to him at the address at the top of this letter he would, I am sure, be pleased to answer your letter and to tell you about the funeral arrangements. It will be some small comfort to you to know that he had every care and attention whilst in Hospital, and seemed happy. He was a great favourite with the Sisters of the ward he was in. With deep sympathy.

“One standing on the path with hands outstretched.

They follow, and the hard ascent seems smooth,

Till, when they reach the upper light serene,
They look upon their Leader face to face:

Straightway they know Him and themselves
are known.

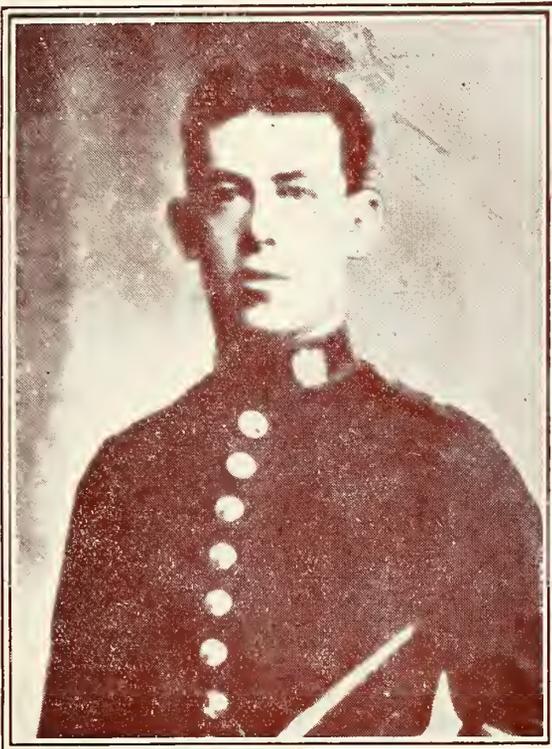
Then are they glad, because they are at rest,
Brought to the haven at last where they
would be.”



CAPTAIN CHARLES C. WALKER, INNERLEITHEN.



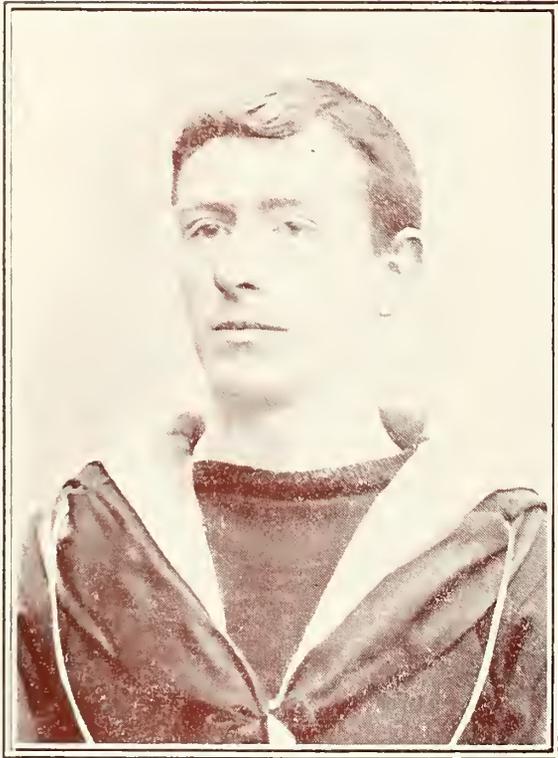
PRIVATE JOHN MAGUIRE, TRAQUAIR AND INNERLEITHEN.



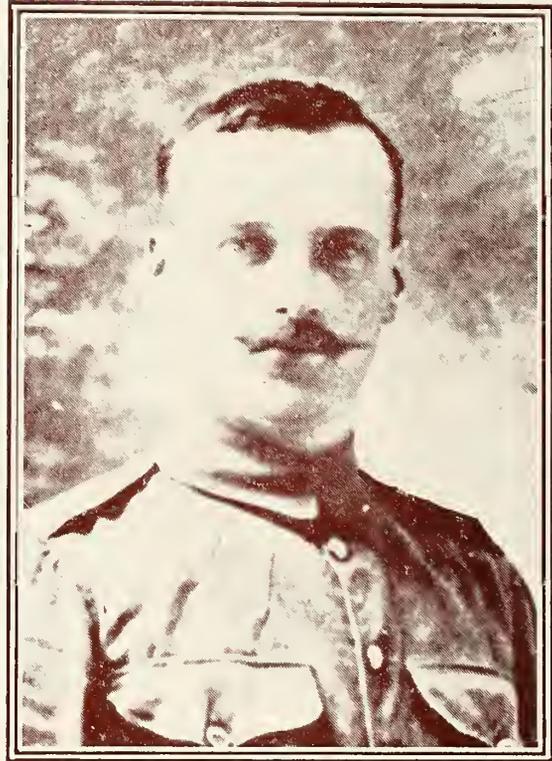
PRIVATE JOHN SCOTT, EDDLESTON.



TROOPER EDWARD EGAN, WALKERBURN.



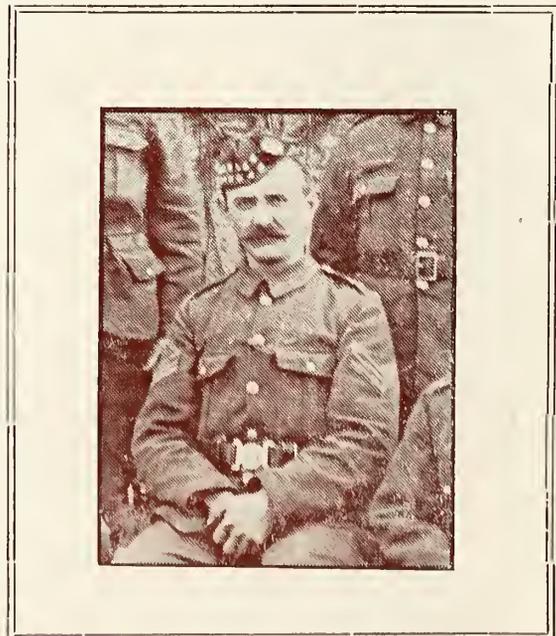
SEAMAN WILLIAM J. SCOTT, WALKERBURN.



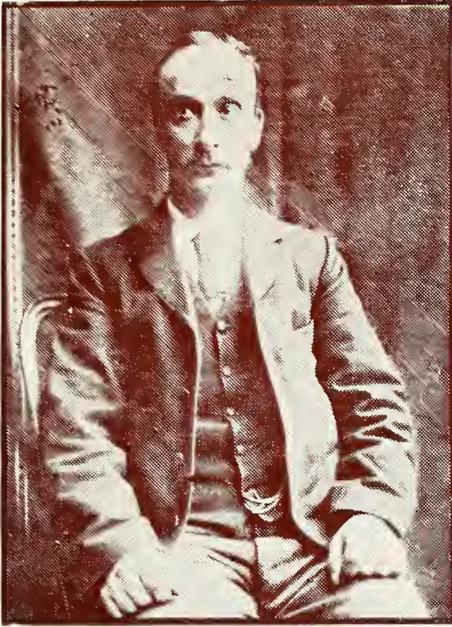
PRIVATE GEORGE RUSSELL, EDDLESTON.



PRIVATE DAVID F. DAVIDSON, WALKERBURN



SERGEANT WILLIAM CLEGHORN, INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ARTHUR CAMPBELL, INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ARCHIBALD J. SMITH, INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ANDREW B. ROBERTS, WALKERBURN,



L.-CPL. JAMES TURNBULL, INNERLEITHEN,



PRIVATE WILLIAM THORBURN, TWEEDSMUIR.



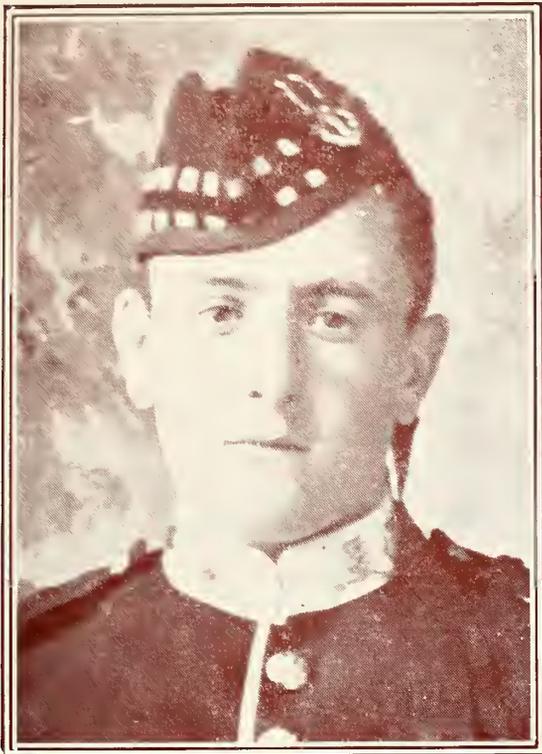
MAJOR DAVID RICHARDSON SANDEMAN,
WALKERBURN, EDDLESTONE, PEEBLES, CANADA.



PRIVATE JOSEPH DICK, MANOR AND CANADA.



LIEUT. THOMAS A. G. MILLER, KIRKCURD.



PRIVATE GEORGE E. FRECKLETON, TRAQUAIR.



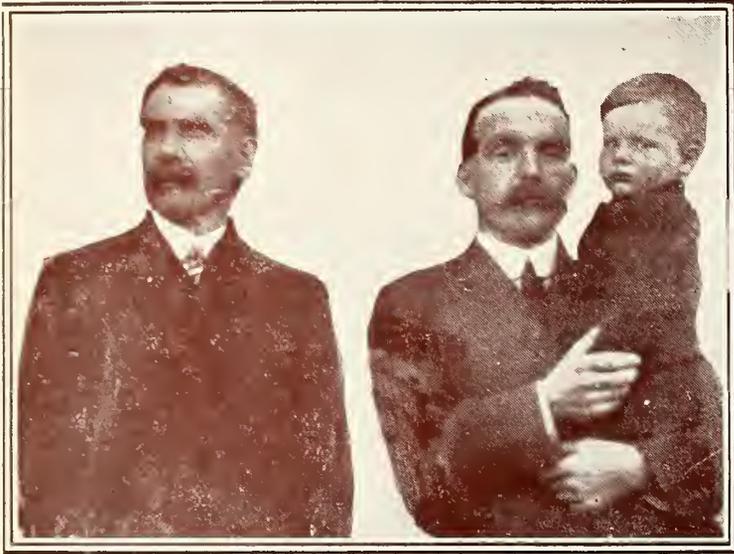
COL.-SERGT. ALEXR. SCUGALL,
MANOR AND PEEBLES.



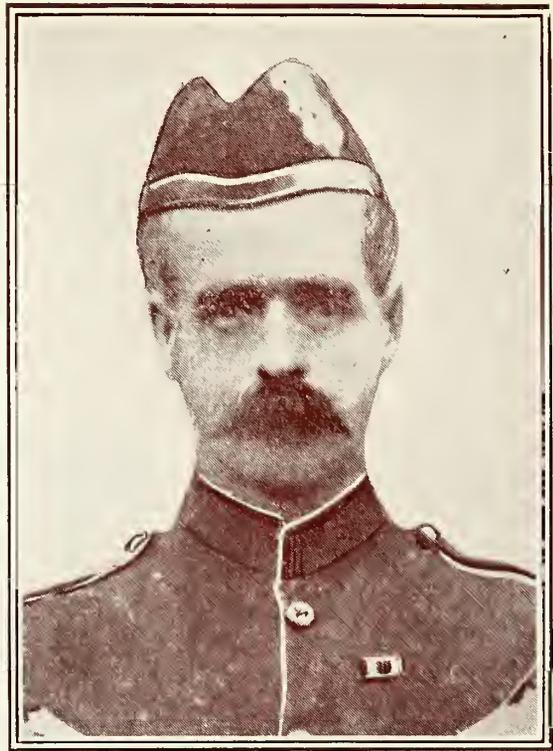
PRIVATE WILLIAM BARTLEMAN, KIRKURD.



SERGT. GEORGE TURNBULL, INNERLEITHEN.



JAMES AITKEN, JAMES JARVIE AITKEN,
BABY AITKEN. WALKERBURN.



SECOND-LIEUT. ANDREW GRAY, MANOR.



DUNCAN M. GRANT FERGUSON, INNERLEITHEN.



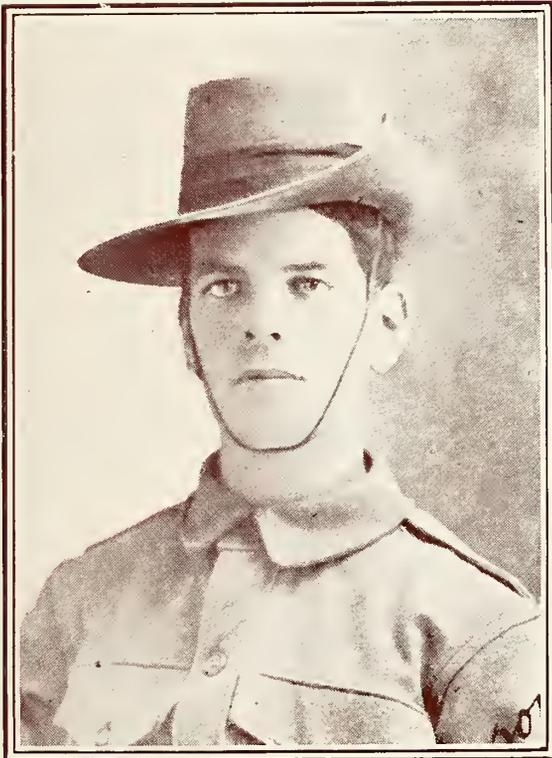
PRIVATE RALPH TAIT,
KAILZIE, TRAQUAIE AND BROUGHTON.



SERGEANT WILLIAM CAMPBELL,
WALKERBURN.



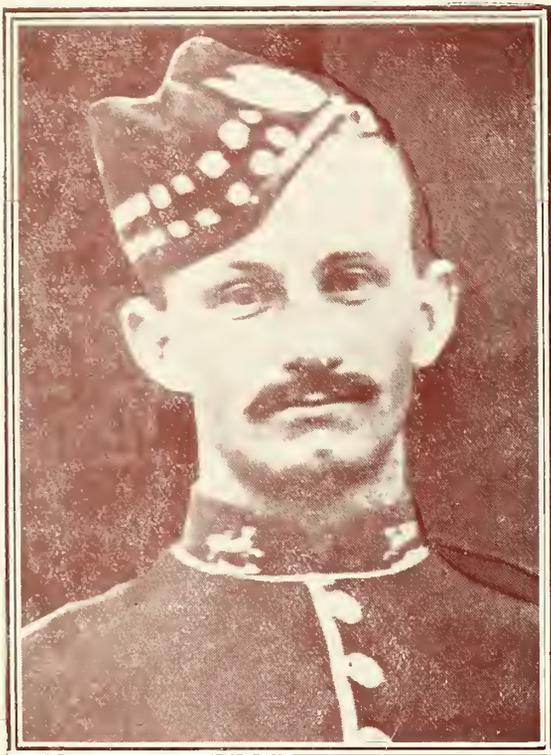
LANCE-CORPORAL CLIFTON W. J. LAURIE,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



PRIVATE GEORGE G. HENDERSON,
INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA.



LANCE-CORPORAL THOMAS GARDNER,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE JOHN SIEVWRIGHT,
INNERLEITHEN.



GUNNER DONALD MCGLASHAN,
EDDLESTON AND WALKERBURN.



SERGEANT JAMES ORMISTON GRAHAM,
BROUGHTON.



WILLIAM PARKER,
STOBO.

PRIVATE ARTHUR CAMPBELL

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. JANUARY 20.

The German bullets claimed another life from the Innerleithen Company of Territorials, in the person of Private Arthur Campbell. The news was received by Mrs Campbell from Lieutenant Young, Officer commanding F Company, Innerleithen Royal Scots, stating that her husband was killed on Wednesday, the 20th January, while being relieved off sentry duty, being shot by a German sniper; death was instantaneous. Private Campbell, who was a painter to trade, and served a short time in the army when a young man, left a wife and family of five young children. He set out from Innerleithen only four weeks previous to his death, having joined the Territorials two months before. With some others, he put in the initial stages of drill at home, then went to Haddington, and having volunteered for foreign service, accompanied the second draft of the Battalion to the Front. The following is the message received by Mrs Campbell:—

British Expeditionary Force,
France, 21st January, 1915.

DEAR MRS CAMPBELL,—I deeply regret to inform you of the death of your husband yesterday, Wednesday morning, at 4 a.m. He had just finished his duty as sentry and was turning in for a well-earned rest when he was mortally hit by a bullet from a German sniper. His death was instantaneous, and he died without suffering. I need not say that we all deplore his loss, and in his death we feel that we have lost a good comrade and soldier. He was always so gentle and unassuming, so ready and willing, that in the short space he had been with us we had all learned to love him. The heartfelt sympathy of all ranks goes out to you and his little ones, and our earnest prayer is that He who is the widow's shield and the orphan's stay may comfort and sustain you in your time of sore bereavement. He died at the post of duty, and nobly and willingly laid down his life for his country—a nobler end no man could wish for. That thought may be, I trust, some consolation to you for the loss of one whom I know was a devoted

husband and father. With our united deepest sympathy.

From body to body your spirit speeds on;
It seeks a new form when the old one has gone;
And the Form that it finds is the fabric you wrought
On the loom of the mind, with the fibre of thought.

PRIVATE ANDREW B. ROBERTS

(WALKERBURN)

2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

1915. MARCH 11.

Notification was received by Mr Richard Roberts, Tweedside Cottages, Walkerburn, that his son, Andrew B. Roberts, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, had been killed in action at Neuve Chapelle, on Thursday, the 11th March, 1915. Private Roberts was in his 24th year, and unmarried. Previous to the war he was employed as a chauffeur at Kingscable, Linlithgow. He enlisted on the outbreak of the war, and was drafted to France only six weeks before he fell. Until recently, Private Roberts resided with his parents at Beaverhall Terrace, Edinburgh, the family removing to Walkerburn not very long before the war. The Battle of Neuve Chapelle had begun on the 10th of March, the day before Andrew Roberts fell. On the 11th, the British made progress near Neuve Chapelle, occupying the village of l'Épinette. On the day following the German counter-attacks were repulsed, and on the 13th their attacks failed.

Once list to the Spirit, all tumult is done,
Your life is the life of the Infinite One;
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the purpose, and love for the cause.

PRIVATE ARCHIBALD J. SMITH

(INNERLEITHEN)

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

1915. MARCH 17.

In loving memory of Archibald J. Smith, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, killed in action at Neuve Chapelle, 17th March, 1915, aged 24 and a half years;

Also his cousins, Company Sergeant-Major A Doherty, 10th Highland Light Infantry,

killed in action, 18th March, 1916, aged 32 years, and interred in Pleuegstreert Cemetery, Belgium;

And Quartermaster Sergeant J. Doherty, reported missing, 21st March, 1918, presumed killed on that date, 2-5th Seaforths, aged 24 and a half years.

“ And in the Morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost
awhile.”

German snipers claimed Archibald Smith as a victim. News came to the burgh from a cousin of Private A. J. Smith that the latter had been shot through the head. His father received confirmation from the War Office that his son had been killed in action in France on Wednesday, the 17th March, 1915. His family went from Peebles many years ago. Prior to joining the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, the deceased was engaged working at the pits near Polmont, and later, was on Home Defence at Whitby in the month of September when the Germans attacked that town and its abbey. Two months before he fell, Private Smith was drafted from the 2nd to the 1st Battalion, and was ordered to the Front. He joined up at Stirling in September, 1914; went to France in February, 1915; and fell in six weeks. He was never at home. He had two brothers serving.

There is no noble height thou canst not
climb.

All triumphs may be thine in Time's
futurity,

If whatso'er thy fault, thou dost not faint
nor halt,

But lean upon the staff of God's security.
Earth has no claim the Soul can not contest.

Know thyself part of the Eternal Source,
And naught can stand before thy Spirit's
force.

The soul's divine inheritance is best.

LCE.-CPL. JAMES TURNBULL

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. MARCH 17.

Previous to the outbreak of the war, Lance-Corporal Turnbull, who was twenty-three years of age and a millworker to trade, was a Territorial soldier in the Innerleithen companies. He was one of the gallant band of

Volunteers who left Haddington for the Front along with the First Detachment of the Royal Scots on the 2nd of November, 1914. He was one of five brothers serving with the Imperial Forces:—Hugh, a member of the same Company of the 8th Royal Scots in France; Robert, in the 12th Royal Scots in Kitchener's Army; George, with the second contingent of the Australian Expeditionary Force; John, a sergeant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who fought at the Dardanelles. His brother, George, was doomed to fall on the 12th of May in the same year, 1915.

I regret very much to have to inform you that your son, James, was killed by a shot from a German sniper at mid-day to-day (Wednesday). He had just left the trench for a few minutes when we were suddenly all alarmed by his cry. Willing hands tenderly carried him to the shelter of a dug-out where, on examination, his wound was found to be a very serious one. He lingered for about half-an-hour ere passing peacefully away. To all outward appearance his last moments were free from suffering, the knowledge of which may lessen the severity of the loss and the wrench to you all. Your son was a good soldier, painstaking to a degree in the performance of his duties, willing, active, and obliging, and a man held in high esteem by the officers and men of his Company. I need not say we all deplore his loss very much indeed, and we deeply sympathise with you and yours in the great loss sustained by you. We buried him to-night with Christian rites immediately behind the lines. There a simple wooden cross marks the last resting place of one, who in life, proved himself to be a brave and gallant soldier.

“ And some, the goodliest and the best
Beloved alike by comrades and commanders
Alas, untimely seek their rest
Beneath the soil of Flanders.”

PRIVATE WILLIAM THORBURN

(TWEEDSMUIR)

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN INFANTRY.

1915. MARCH 22.

William Thorburn was one of six brothers, sons of Mr William Thorburn, Hearthstones, Tweedsmuir, all of whom were serving their country by sea or air or land. He was born

in 1883, and educated at Watson's College. During the Boer War he joined the Imperial Yeomanry, and was transferred to the Rough Riders and saw much service in South Africa. Invalided home, William Thorburn was awarded a pension for a year, and the war medal with five clasps. He was at Toronto when the present war began, and enlisted forthwith in Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, arriving in England for training with the First Canadian Contingent, and crossed to France in December, 1914. He was wounded in the head at Bailleul, and was officially reported dead. Signs of life remained, however, and he was eventually transferred to Craigleith Hospital, Edinburgh, where, though speechless and paralysed, he knew his friends. He lingered on until Monday, March 22nd, when he died. He lies buried in Edinburgh, after having with characteristic fortitude faced death for his country in two continents. His brother, an airman, was to fall on February 11, 1917.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.
And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace.

PRIVATE JOSEPH DICK

(MANOR AND CANADA)

CANADIAN INFANTRY.

1915. APRIL 22-26.

Not much is known of this man belonging to the parish of Manor; the family also having associations with the adjoining parish of

Lyne. He himself joined up at the beginning of the war, from Winnipeg. He fell in the Battle of Ypres.

This was Thursday the very day on which the Second Battle of Ypres began. The town itself was largely destroyed. The German advance, however, was checked by the Canadians, of whom Joseph Dick was a gallant member. The Canadians achieved this feat after the French had been forced to retire, owing to an attack by poison gas. The French, however, made progress near St Mihiel.

Joseph Dick was the first man connected with the parish of Manor to fall.

A brother, George, also fell on November 16, 1914.

What, O Man, shall God remember when the world of men is cold?
All the anguish, all the violence, that have wracked it from of old?
Be you not too sure; for haply when the troublers yet to come,
Like the dreaded Roman legions or the Tartar hordes, are dumb,
God shall see an ancient hill-top where an unremembered boy
Laughed because the earth was lovely and to live and breathe was joy.

**MAJOR DAVID RICHARDSON
SANDEMAN**

(WALKERBURN, EDDLESTONE, PEBBLES,
CANADA)

5TH CANADIAN INFANTRY, FIRST CONTINGENT.
1915. APRIL 24-26.

He belonged to Pine Lake, Alberta, and was the son of Richard Sandeman and Elizabeth Gill. He fell at the age of 35.

Major Sandeman was born at Lenzie on the 27th January, 1880. He was educated at the Albany Academy, Glasgow, and King William's College, Isle of Man. He served his apprenticeship in the mills of Messrs Ballantyne, March St., Peebles, but becoming interested in the Canadian far west, he went to Pine Lake, Alberta, in the spring of 1904, and taking up virgin land brought it under cultivation. He had been a member of the Peeblesshire Volunteers, and when a troop of Light Horse was organised at Pine Lake, he joined at once, and went to Calgary each June for

the annual training. He had received a commission, and became Major of the 35th Central Alberta Light Horse before the outbreak of war.

When war was declared he trained his men at Red Deer until the camp at Valcartier was ready for use. When it was announced that cavalry were not being accepted from Canada, his men all volunteered as infantry and came to Salisbury Plain with the 5th Canadian Infantry, First Contingent, in October, 1914. The Canadians went to France in the early days of 1915, and their first engagement was at Ypres, 22nd April, 1915, when Major Sandeman was seriously wounded. The battalion fell back, but the Doctor remained in the dressing station with two wounded officers and fourteen men. They all fell into the hands of the enemy, and although the dressing station was retaken, it was found that most of the men and all the officers had died. Major Sandeman was among the latter.

“ And you, our brothers, who for all our praying,
To this dear school of ours come back no more;
Who lie, our country's debt of honour paying,
And not in vain, upon the Belgian shore,
Till that great day, when, at the throne in heaven,
The books are opened and the judgment set,
Your lives for honour and for Britain given,
The school will not forget.”

LIEUT. THOMAS A. G. MILLER
(KIRKURD)

1ST K.O.S.B.
1915. APRIL 25.

Lieutenant T. A. G. Miller, 1st K.O.S.B., who was killed in the landing at the Dardanelles, was the elder son of the Rev. T. D. and Mrs Miller, Manse of Kirkurd, Peeblesshire; Grandson of Thomas Miller, LL.D., Justice of the Peace of the County of Perth, and a great nephew of General Sir Archibald Galloway, K.C.B.

Lieutenant Miller was educated at Edinburgh Academy and afterwards at Fettes College. Besides gaining awards at both schools, he distinguished himself in the playing fields.

He was a three-quarter back in Fettes XV. of 1911-12, and in school sports won the open mile. He also won the Potts prize in the same year, as the best gymnast of the school. He entered Sandhurst in 1912, and played full back for the College team in the last match that he played, against Woolwich; and filled the same position in the Combined Woolwich and Sandhurst match against the Army in London. He received his commission in the K.O.S.B., and joined the 1st Battalion at Lucknow in the spring of 1914. He returned home with the regiment in December, 1914. Lieutenant Miller fell in leading an assault against one of the Turkish machine guns at the Dardanelles, Sunday, April 25.

His brother, A. W. B. Miller, was to fall on July 13, 1917.

Thy body lies in Alien earth,
Not in the soil that gave thee birth;
Amid the foam of Euxine seas
Death sought and found thee, Cleisthenes.

How oft across the homeless main
Thy heart turned homewards, turned again.
Alas, that thou didst never see
The sea-girt isle that nurtured thee!

PTE. GEORGE E. FRECKLETON
(KAILZIE, TRAQUAIR)

2ND BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.
1915. MAY 2.

He joined the army in February, 1913, and went to France in September, 1914. He was wounded and taken prisoner at St Julien, 25th April, 1915, and died at Kriegs-Lazarette, Roseclaire, Germany, on Sunday, the 2nd May, 1915, aged twenty.

The Battle of Festubert had closed on the 25th of April, having begun on the 22nd. The German attack was repulsed on the 23rd, and the final German attack east of Ypres was repulsed on the 24th. Ground east of Festubert was made good, and the French captured Les Corneilles.

“ All—Saints, the Unknown Good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The Bravely Dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than
faue.”

PRIVATE WILLIAM BARTLEMAN
(KIRKURD)

5TH ROYAL SCOTS, MACHINE GUN SECTION.
1915. MAY 3.

William George Bartleman (Bill), elder son of James Bartleman, 1 Merehiston Park, Edinburgh, and grandson of the late Archibald Bartleman, Blyth, Peeblesshire, was born on the 9th January, 1894, and was educated at George Watson's College. He was a member of the College O.T.C., the Athletic Club, and of the Lismore Football Club. He had been for three years in the service of the Scottish Metropolitan Insurance Company, and at the outbreak of war was on the staff of the Standard Insurance Company. His was the first death recorded of their employees.

He joined the 5th Royal Scots, leaving Edinburgh in March, 1915, as one of the Machine Gun Section of that battalion.

Coming safely through the awful landing at Gallipoli on the 25th April, 1915, he was wounded by shrapnel on the 2nd of May, and died of his wounds on the following day (Monday).

"He has lost his life in a Great Cause, but his memory will ever live in the deeds which he and his comrades did during those terrible days and nights which succeeded the landing on Gallipoli. As you doubtless know, our battalion has won immortal fame for its work since 25th April, 1915, and that glory is in no small measure due to the Machine Gun Section that under fearful difficulties accomplished much good work."

"We all liked Bill Bartleman, and the cheery way with which he put up with the discomforts of active service when he joined us endeared him to me more than ever. I had a great admiration for his pluck and his keenness, for he was an all-round sportsman, and the cheery enthusiasm with which he entered into whatever duty came his way made him loved by all."

"A generous, high-spirited lad, keen in the performance of duty, with a really fine nature."

His brother, Thomas, was to fall on September 6, 1917.

If they, who lie beneath the wooden crosses,
Or in the depths of horror-laden sea,
Had reckoned up their profits and their losses,
Before they went to die for you and me.

If they, the wives and mothers, broken-hearted
Had paused awhile, to count the bitter cost,
Before they spake the farewell words, and parted
With the brave hearts they loved and gave, and lost.

Ah, then, our vaunted "land of hope and glory"
Had been a prize for ravening foes to share,
And Britain's history, a finished story,
For us, a land of darkness and despair.

"Lest we forget," ah, no, we must remember,
The lads who guarded us through flood and flame,
And learn through them, this solemn, proud November,
To carry on, be men, and play the game.

See, how the nations watch us from afar,
And some would glory in our islands' shame.

Arise, and from the chaos of this war,
Rebuild, an Empire, worthy of its name.

COL.-SEGT. ALEXR. SCOUGALL
(MANOR, PEBBLES, AND CHINA)

ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY.
1915. MAY 3.

Killed in action at the Dardanelles, Colour-Sergeant Alexander Scougall, Royal Marine Light Infantry, third son of the late George Scougall, Cross St., Peebles, by his second wife, Agnes Kay. He was born in the cottage of the Black Dwarf, Woodhouse, Manor, on Monday, the 25th of May, 1873. He was educated at Manor, Walkerburn, and Peebles Public Schools; joined the Royal Marine Light Infantry at Edinburgh in November, 1890; did one year's boy's service; passed for corporal at Clatham, 13th July, 1894, with 98 marks, and was awarded first-class certificate; and for sergeant at Walmer, 31st March, 1896, obtaining 187 marks and a special certificate;

served in the Orinoco River in H.M.S. *Fantomé* during the dispute between the United States and Venezuela and Britain; in the South African War (medal), and in China; and on completing his twenty-two years' service (October, 1912), entered the Shanghai Municipal Council's service.

When war broke out he was an inspector in the Shanghai Public Works Department, and immediately volunteered, but was not accepted until October. He left within twenty-four hours for London, but the Japanese boat by which he travelled took sixty-five days to do the trip, 12,000 miles, being held up in the Indian ocean for ten days by the German cruiser, *Emden*.

He took part in the landing at the Dardanelles, 25th April, 1915, and was killed in action at Quinn's Post, Gaba Tepe, between 9 and 10 a.m. on the 3rd May following. He was unmarried. He was an all-round sportsman, played cricket and football, and was in the tug-of-war team in Shorncliffe District Tournament in 1897.

What did he give that was more than the rest?

For many have suffered and died.
He buried his name in the earth's torn breast

As he passed on the deathless tide!

What did he do that he earned the right
'To a Nation's heart salute?

His last great deed was hidden from sight
In a silence tense and mute!

And why does the love of a Nation weep?
There were others as gallant and brave
Ah, myriad heroes are laid to sleep
By that Tweeddale warrior's grave.

SERGT. GEORGE TURNBULL (INNERLEITHEN)

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.
1915. MAY 12 (WEDNESDAY).

Considerable sympathy was expressed among all classes in Innerleithen when the news spread through the town that Mr and Mrs Turnbull, Leithen Mill Lodge, had sustained another loss in the death of their eldest son, George, a Sergeant in the Australian Imperial Force. This occurred but two months after the death of their son, James, and happened in action at the Dardanelles. He was a

member of the 14th Battalion. While in Innerleithen, George Turnbull was for some time Chief Templar of St Ronan's Lodge of Good Templars, in which Order he took a very active interest, and was a thorough-going advocate of temperance. Later he emigrated to Australia, and became employed on a farm there. Immediately on the outbreak of war he enlisted, and having a good knowledge of drill and musketry, he was soon promoted Sergeant. After undergoing a course of training in Australia, the Contingent was sent to Egypt, and thence to the Dardanelles, where Sergeant George fell, along with thousands of others of those gallant and handsome fellows.

War Office, London.

SIR,—I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that they have learned with great satisfaction that you have had five sons in His Majesty's Forces, and that you yourself are an old Volunteer, and that you devote all your spare time to recruiting and drilling. The Council desires to congratulate you upon this fact, and to assure you that they fully appreciate the credit due to a family that has so good a record to show.

I am further to express the Council's sympathy in the loss of your two gallant sons who have fallen in action.

After receiving the foregoing letter, Mr Turnbull was officially notified that his second son, Sergeant John Turnbull, King's Own Scottish Borderers, had been wounded in the Dardanelles.

There were also Private R. L. Turnbull, 12th Royal Scots, who also was wounded; and Private Hugh Turnbull, 8th Royal Scots, in France.

It is of interest to note that the deceased Sergeant George Turnbull enlisted as a boy of twelve in the Selkirk Company of the Volunteers, and became a bugler; he had thus been a soldier by far the greater part of his strenuous life.

His brother, James Turnbull, fell on March 17, 1915.

I've had my share of pastime and I've done
my share of toil,

And life is short—the longest life a span—
I care not now to tarry for the clover or for
the oil,

Or for the wine that maketh glad the
heart of man;

For good undone, and deeds misspent, and
resolutions vain

'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I
know:

I would live the same life over if I had to
live again,

And the chances are I go where most men
go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall
green trees grow dim,

The sward beneath me seems to heave and
fall.

And sickly smoky shadows through the
sleepy sunlight swim,

And on the very sun's face weave their
pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the
wattle-blossoms wave.

With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the
bush flowers on my grave,

I may chance to hear them romping over-
head.

JAMES AITKEN: JAMES JARVIE AITKEN: BABY AITKEN

(WALKERBURN)

S.S. LUSITANIA.

1915. MAY 7.

On Friday afternoon, May 7, 1915, the liner "Lusitania" was sunk by two torpedoes, when a few miles off the Old Head of Kinsale, to the southwest of Queenstown Harbour. 1198 non-combatants, of whom 124 were Americans, were thus murdered by the Germans, including many women and children. The great ship sank in twenty minutes after being struck. The world was struck aghast at this, the greatest German outrage.

Among the drowned were the following belonging to Walkerburn:—James Aitken, James Jarvie Aitken (son), and a boy of three and a half years (grandson). One was saved namely, Chrissie Aitken, aged sixteen years. She was a daughter of James Aitken, senior, and was able to identify her father's body, which was interred at Queenstown; the others were never recovered. Mr James Aitken was born at Horsburgh Toll on the 23rd September, 1855. He spent his boyhood and youth at Walkerburn, and later became a skilled pattern-weaver with the firm of Bal-lantyne there.

For some time thereafter he represented the firm of C. W. Sauderson, clothiers, Peebles, and travelled in the drapery business in the Edinburgh district, residing at Davidson's Mains. His wife predeceased him, and her body, along with that of their eldest son, lies in the cemetery at Innerleithen.

All his three surviving sons had settled in Merrit, British Columbia, and he resolved to follow them thither, taking with him his only daughter, then aged thirteen years; this was about seven years before the end. The new country was found not to suit his state of health, so after a residence of three years, he resolved to return to Scotland along with his daughter, Chrissie, now aged sixteen. The eldest son, James Jarvie Aitken, having lost his wife, accompanied them on the homeward journey, along with his little son of three years. They booked their passage in the "Cameronia," but finding the sailing of that vessel cancelled, they transferred to the "Lusitania." Thus it came to pass that they all met their destiny in that ill-fated ship. Out of the four Aitkens, Chrissie alone was saved.

Both the Aitkens were earnest, devoted Christian men of the Plymouthist persuasion, highly respected by all who knew them.

There is a tear for all that die,

A mourner o'er the humblest grave;

But nations swell the funeral cry,

And Trimmph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh

O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent;

In vain their bones unburied lie,

All earth becomes their monument.

A tomb is theirs on every page,

An epitaph on every tongue;

The present hours, the future age,

For them bewail, to them belong.

SECOND LIEUT. ANDREW GRAY

(MANOR)

1ST BATTALION BLACK WATCH.

1915. MAY 9.

2nd Lieut. Andrew Gray was born at Clarkston, Airdrie, on 29th June, 1877, the son of Moses Gray and Mary Brown. At 17 years of age he enlisted as a private in the Black Watch. Being an intelligent lad and well conducted, he rapidly rose through the non-

commissioned ranks to Company Sergeant-Major. He was in India with his battalion when the South African War broke out, and served throughout the whole of that campaign. On returning to this country, he was successively at the Curragh, Limerick, Edinburgh, and Aldershot. At the last mentioned place he was made Coy. Sergt.-Major to D Coy., 1st Bn. Black Watch. He was there also when the war broke out in August, 1914, and went to France that same month with the British Expeditionary Force. He took part in the historic retreat from Mons, and was present at the Battle of the Marne in September, at Ypres in October, and at La Bassée in January, 1915. He was also present at Neuve Chapelle in March, but did not take part in the battle, being in the reserves. Shortly after Neuve Chapelle he was promoted to be 2nd Lieutenant, and was home for a short time on leave. In the middle of April he returned to the front. On Sunday, the 9th of May, he was engaged in the fighting at Festubert, and he was last seen that day waving a stump of an arm and leading his men into action. Along with other six officers of the Black Watch he was missing when the roll was called that night, and nothing has been heard of him or them since, so that they are presumed to have been killed.

Andrew Gray was a fine type of the British soldier, and particularly of the "Old Contemptibles" who saved our country in the hour of its greatest need. As an N.C.O., he was a most capable instructor, and while firm in discipline, took a great interest in the men under him, especially in the raw lads who joined the ranks, and was exceedingly well liked by them. Of his conduct in the field, his promotion to 2nd Lieutenant, and the last that was seen of him on 9th May, 1915, testify to his ability, his bravery, and his capacity as a leader of men.

In 1907 he married, at Manor, Mary, only daughter of Mrs Thomas Horsburgh, Barns Lodge, and is survived by her and two children, a son and a daughter.

Bravest, where half a world of men
Are brave beyond all Earth's rewards,
So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the swords;
Wounded or hale, won home from war,
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid;
Give him his due for evermore—
"The Bravest Thing God ever made!"

SECOND LIEUT. DUNCAN M. GRANT FERGUSON

3RD (ATTACHED TO 2ND) KING'S OWN SCOTTISH
BORDERERS.
1915. MAY 14.

Born May 11th, 1894. D. M. Grant Ferguson, the eldest son of the late Rev. J. Grant Ferguson, Episcopal clergyman, Innerleithen, Peebles, entered the school in September, 1907, and was four years a member of the School House, leaving from the Remove to enter the Agricultural College at Aspatria, where he spent two happy years in the open-air life which he loved. When the war broke out he was engaged in practical farming, intending later to go abroad. As a former member of the O.T.C. he quickly obtained a commission in the 3rd Batt. of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and after training, was attached to the 2nd Battalion at the front, near Hill 60. On April 29th he wrote from the trenches a letter of sympathy in the loss of his schoolfellow, J. Nash, full of enthusiasm for his men and regiment, which showed a high sense of duty and delight in his work.

On May 5th he was gravely wounded, and he died in hospital at Boulogne a week later, Friday, May 12. Many will have happy memories of a schoolfellow of a singularly kindly and serious disposition.

His brother, Captain Ian Ferguson, was to fall a year later on May 12, 1916.

The Victorious Dead—

Who never knew the secret game of power,
All that this Earth can give they thrust
aside.

They crowded all their youth into an hour,
And for our fleeting dream of Right they
died.

Oh, if we fail them in that awful trust,
How should we bear those voices from the
dust?

PRIVATE RALPH TAIT

(KAILZIE, TRAQUAIR, AND BROUGHTON)
8TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1915. MAY 16.

He was the second son of James Tait, shepherd at Kailzie Mains. Private Tait himself was engaged as a shepherd with Mr David Dickson, Corstane, Broughton, and on the outbreak of war he joined the Royal Scots,

His father, before coming to Kailzie Mains, was employed as a shepherd for many years at Howburn.

Ralph Tait fell at Festubert on Sunday, the 16th of May, 1915, aged thirty. The great battle had begun on the previous day, when the British made a successful attack. And on the 16th their advance continued. The battle went on from day to day, and concluded on the 25th of May, all the British gains being consolidated.

Faith to match theirs and courage that shall live,

And loyal service and a splendid pride—
The best and highest that our lives can give
We must give now because for us they died.

They came from untameable highlands,
From glens where their fathers were free,
From misty and mountainous islands
Set fast in the throat of the sea.
They fought for the honour of Britain;
They died in defence of the right;
Their deeds are in history written
In letters of light.

SERGT. WILLIAM CAMPBELL

(WALKERBURN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1915. MAY 16.

He went to France on Nov. 5, 1914, and fell at Festubert. Aged 20.

"I regret to have to inform you that your son, William, was killed by a German bullet on the evening of Sunday, the 16th May. Our Company was advancing to attack a part of the German trench, and Willie was in the front line when he was struck. Every officer, N.C.O., and man of the Company sympathise very deeply with you all in your sad loss; and we all feel that we have not only lost one of our sergeants but that we have lost also a chum, and a brave one at that. Your son died doing his duty like a true soldier, and the Company has sustained a big loss by his death. I myself feel very deeply for you in your loss, as Willie has always been a great friend of mine since we were sent out to this country; and I feel his loss very much; but I think it will help you to bear his loss when you know that he died like a true soldier."

"You have no idea how truly sorry and vexed I was when I heard that your gallant boy had met a soldier's death. It does seem hard that the most promising young lives are being sacrificed in this lamentable struggle. From the first day I took command of the Company your son was one of my mainstays in its management. He was at all time so willing, so useful and obliging that it was a real pleasure for me to work with him. As a soldier, promotion had come to him rapidly, but at the same time, deservedly, and I feel safe in saying he would have risen still higher. Our late lamented Colonel had a high opinion of your son, and often spoke to me of his marked soldierly ability. I shall miss him. We'll all miss him, but none of us can feel the blank as much as his own kith and kin, to whom I would convey my sympathy, but at the same time my congratulations on their having such a splendid man as one of their own blood. He died a soldier's death—the noblest of all in the noblest war of all time, in the knowledge of duty well and truly done he now sleeps well. Will you allow me to add that as his old schoolmaster, as well as his Company officer, I am proud of him?"

His elder brother, Private James Campbell, came from America after Willie fell, and himself fell on April 9, 1917.
Two gallant Scots.

"What are these that glow from afar,
These that lean over the golden bar,
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love.
They the Blessed Ones gone before,
They the Blessed for evermore.
Out of great tribulation they went,
Home to their home of Heaven content;
Through flood, or blood, or furnace fire,
To the rest that fulfils desire."

LCE.-CPL. THOMAS GARDNER.

(INNERLEITHEN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1915. MAY 16.

Killed in action on Sunday, the 16th May, 1915, in North France, Lance-Corporal Thomas Gardner, 8th Royal Scots. He was the son of Mrs Gardner, High Street, Innerleithen, and was shot through the head by a bullet on Sun-

day afternoon, 16th May. He re-enlisted in the 8th Royal Scots on the outbreak of war.

DEAR MRS GARDNER,—It is with the deepest regret that I write to inform you that Tom was killed in action on Sunday afternoon. Poor Tom, he was a little to the left of where I was, and I was not aware of his death until midnight. It was the greatest shock I have had since I came here, so I have some little idea what it must mean to you at home. There is nothing in the world that can recompense you for the loss you have sustained, but it may be some consolation to know that in Tom you had a son to be proud of. He was one of the best liked men in the Company; you never heard him grumble; and he was one of the bravest, cheeriest, and gamest men in the Battalion. No casualty in the Company cast such a gloom as did the news of poor Tom's death; and the sympathy of the whole Company goes out to those of you who are at home, and who suffer in a far greater degree than anyone here. Trusting that the blow may be softened in the knowledge that he died a hero's death with his face to the enemy. With deepest sympathy, I am etc.,

On May 14 there was more than normal activity on the British front within these few days. There were three attacks against our lines in Ploegsteert Wood, one party of Germans succeeding in entering our trenches, but being ejected thereafter. There was also considerable activity on the British front beyond Loos and the Bethune-La-Bassée Canal. On the 16th, the day on which Gardner fell, the Lancashire Fusiliers occupied 250 yards of trench in the Vimy ridge region.

"O loved Warriors of the Minstrel's Land,
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the foe that for such desperate
onset staid?"

LCE.-CPL. CLIFTON W. J. LAURIE

(STOBO AND AUSTRALIA)

13TH AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1915. TUESDAY, MAY 18.

This is the very first man to fall, one of a most interesting Scottish Australian clan. Twenty-six of its gallant members sailed from Australia to fight for the mother country. Six

fell. Clifton Laurie is the first of the fallen six. The head and patriarch of this Scottish clan was Joseph Laurie, senior. He was born at Stobo Quarry ("Cheat the Beggars"), on the 21st of June, 1793. In 1840 he emigrated to New South Wales, having a family of six sons and one daughter. At first Joseph Laurie was an employee himself on various large ranches owned by agricultural companies, but in 1850 he was able to purchase an estate called Rawdon Vale and set up for himself. In 1851 occurred the great gold rush in Australia; the Laurie family was enterprising enough and lucky enough to seize and develop their opportunities, and prosperity set in for all the various and increasing branches from the original stock. Some of their estates bear the following names: Stobo House, Rawdon Vale, Norvendoc, Gloucester, Falkland, Heatherdale, Kangaroo Flat, Laurieston, Bonny Doune, Invergordon, Mandville, Airlie, etc. The aged patriarch died at Rawdon Vale in 1881, aged 87, having seen all his descendants established as small kings in estates as large as British counties. Then came the war in 1914, and out of a population of 1800 males in Gloucester district, 450 joined the Australian Imperial Force. All of the Laurie name joined and all of their eligible cousins. Six will return no more—two sleep in Belgian Flanders, one on the slopes of Mount St Quentin, one by the storied Nile, and two with the flower of their battalion on the stricken field of Fluier Bain.

Returning to Clifton W. J. Laurie, 13th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force. He was the fifth son of James R. Laurie, of Mandville, Gloucester, N.S.W., and great grandson of Joseph Laurie, Rawdon Vale, aged twenty-one years. He enlisted on the 26th September, 1914; landed at Anzac (Australian and New Zealand Allied Countries), on the 26th April, 1915; was mortally wounded on the 3rd of May; died at Alexandria on the 18th of May, 1915.

Of you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life,
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer and for you.
Think in what Cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the challenge
Fails us too.

PTE. GEORGE G. HENDERSON
(INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA)

15TH BATTALION, QUEENSLANDERS, AUSTRALIAN
IMPERIAL FORCES.

1915. MAY 29.

In loving memory of George Henderson, who died of wounds at Gallipoli, on Saturday, the 29th May, 1915. His country called: he answered. Private Henderson took part in the landing at Anzac on the 25th April, 1915, and died of wounds on the 29th May, 1915. He was the youngest son of the late David Henderson, and of Mrs Henderson.

On the 25th of April began the ever-memorable and terrible landing of British and French forces on both sides of the Dardanelles. On the 26th, Hill 141 was stormed and V Beach was secured; and on the 27th the Allies established themselves across the peninsula of Gallipoli. The Australians and New Zealanders achieved everlasting fame for their devotion and gallantry, and also for their appalling losses in what was one of the most appalling enterprises of all time. It was then that the term A.N.Z.A.C. originated and continues in memory of those gallant heroes—"Australian and New Zealand Allied Countries."

On the 28th of April the Allied Forces, aided by H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, advanced on Krithia, and were attacked by the Turks on the 1st of May. The fighting continued on the following days, the Turks attacking and the British counter-attacking. The British failed at Gaba Tepe. On the 3rd of May the French lines were attacked by the Turks unsuccessfully.

And I shall sleep beneath that foreign soil

As peacefully as e'er 'neath heather flower,
Knowing that I have answered Duty's call,

Knowing that I have died in Scotland's
hour.

PRIVATE JOHN SIEVEWRIGHT
(INNERLEITHEN)

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

1915. JUNE 3.

Information reached Mr Sievewright, grieve, Glenormiston, of the death of his son John. The channel of communication was a letter from Lieutenant Scott, of the Gordon Highlanders, which contains a fine appreciation of the gallant lad.

It was on the mobilisation in August that he

joined the 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders, leaving at the time the situation he had held for several years with Messrs Rattray & Co., wholesale warehousemen, Candleriggs, Glasgow, from whose establishment he carried away the highest credentials. Along with his Battalion he saw much fighting during the winter, and the following letter gives the circumstances of his death, which was much deplored in the locality, where he was deservedly popular:—

"I most sincerely regret to have to inform you of the death of your son John. He was killed on the night of Thursday, the 3rd of June, when the Company was about to make an attack on a German position. He was orderly to Lieutenant Farquharson, whom he was with when he fell. I was near by when a shell burst, and he and his master were killed by it instantaneously. Your son was in charge of the Officers of D Company Mess, and I subsequently came to know him very well. I cannot speak too highly of him. He was a most valuable and devoted servant, and how we do miss him already. Always cheery and obliging, he was a good soldier and an excellent friend. I cannot express how much I sympathise with you in losing such a son. He was ever at his post of duty, and died at it. Every man of D Company mourns for John Sievewright, for they all knew him."

In this month of June now beginning there was continuous fighting in what was called "The Labyrinth," north of the Arras. The French had captured trenches at Souchez, and the British on the 3rd of June, the day that Private Sievewright fell, captured trenches at Givenchy.

"His was the proudest part,
He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart.
And though there's never a grave to tell,
Nor a cross to mark his fall,
Thank God! we know that he 'batted well'
In the last great Game of all."

SERGEANT JAMES ORMISTON
GRAHAM.

(BROUGHTON)

5TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. JUNE 19.

Sergeant Graham was wounded on the 4th of May, 1915, and after a month in hospital at Port Said he went back to the firing line, where he was killed on Saturday, the 19th of June,

while engaged in throwing bombs from the parapet of the trench occupied by his Company at the Dardanelles. James Ormiston Graham was a builder's surveyor, and was 25 years of age. He was the youngest son of James Ormiston Graham, his mother being the eldest daughter of the late Gavin Greenshields, Broughton. He was a Territorial Volunteer in the Queen's Edinburgh Brigade, and was mobilised on the 4th of August, 1914, at the very beginning of the war. When he departed for the Dardanelles he was a sergeant in the 1/5th Royal Scots.

"MADAM,—I have it in command from His Majesty the King to inform you as next-of-kin of the late Sergeant James Ormiston Graham, of the 5th Battalion, Royal Scots (Territorial Forces), that this non-commissioned officer was mentioned in a Despatch from General Sir Ian Hamilton, dated 22nd September, 1915, and published in the 'London Gazette' dated 5th November, 1915, for gallant and distinguished service in the field. I am to express to you the King's high appreciation of these services, and to add that His Majesty trusts that their public acknowledgment may be of some consolation to you in your bereavement."

War is good when the stress is past,
 And the rankling scars grow old,
 For its rigours fade and its glammers last
 Till the sombre grey turns gold;
 And the hunger and thirst and the bitter days
 No more in our thoughts find place,
 But we mind that we trod life's roughest ways
 And met death face to face;
 And the soul's astir and the brain's afire
 For the good fight fought before,
 But the heart knows well there is something
 higher
 Than the clamorous ways of war.
 Faint on the ear grows the bugle call,
 And we turn once more to the best of all.

GUNNER DONALD McGLASHAN

(EDDLESTON AND WALKERBURN)

MOTOR MACHINE GUNS.

1915. JUNE 23.

Killed in action at Hooge, on Wednesday, the 23rd June, 1915, Gunner Donald McGlashan, Motor Machine Guns, eldest son of Mr and Mrs McGlashan, Roschery Reservoir, Gorbidge. Donald was born at Caberstone, Walkerburn, on

the 31st of March, 1893; he attended both Innerleithen and Walkerburn public schools, where he obtained most of his education. He finished his schooling at Toxside, on the estate of the Earl of Rosebery. He was there when Lord Dalmeny came of age, and at the school sports at Temple and Carrington Donald won his first prize, a silver lever watch, amongst the boys of his own age. Latterly also he gained many prizes for athletics. After his school days were over, Donald served his apprenticeship as a blacksmith at Eddleston Smithy, and thereafter as a journeyman at Ayton Smithy, Newburgh, Fife. When war broke out, Donald enlisted in the Royal Highlanders, Black Watch, on the 12th September, 1914 (Kitchener's Army). Before going to France he was transferred to the Motor Machine Guns, on the 12th of February, 1915. He was with his Battery at Hill 60, when they were "swung in to save the Canadians when the Germans launched their gas attack." He himself was slightly gassed, but not seriously. After this he was engaged mostly on anti-air gun service until his death. "Donald was shot by a sniper while firing a machine gun in Trench H 15 at Hooge near Ypres, and was carried down to the dressing station, but lived only a few hours, being unconscious all the time. He was buried in Sanctuary Wood, about 500 yards south of Hooge. He was very much missed by us, as he was such a good soldier and had not the least fear, and was always ready to do his bit. I am sure you will be proud of him, even though he has been taken from us, as he was a man in every sense of the word."

Who carries the gun?

A lad from over the Tweed.
 Then let him go, for well we know
 He comes from a soldier breed.
 So drink together to rock and heather,
 Out where the red deer run,
 And stand aside for Scotland's pride—
 The man that carries the gun!

For the Colonel rides before,
 The Major's on the flank,
 The Captains and the Adjutant
 Are in the foremost rank.
 But when it's "Action, front!"
 And fighting's to be done,
 Come one, come all, you stand or fall
 By the man who holds the gun.

WILLIAM PARKER

(STOBO)

POSTAL RIFLES.

1915. SUNDAY, JUNE 27.

Stobo had indeed good reason to be proud of those who have been in its postal service. One of them—Willie Parker—will always be affectionately remembered by all who knew him. He was just a lad, bright, active, and energetic, and during his two years as postman at Stobo he was a favourite with all. On the outbreak of war he offered his services to his country, but was refused; then he offered himself again later and was accepted, joining the Postal Rifles, and being stationed in London for training. His death there, on Sunday evening, June 27th, came as a grief and a shock to all. He died a soldier's death and had a soldier's burial. He was the first of those from Stobo who had given his life in the service of his country. Much sympathy was felt for his people, who reside in Anstruther, Fife.

William Parker, the eldest son of Robert Parker and Margaret Drummond, was born on 3rd January, 1895, in the fishing town of Anstruther, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth. On completing his education at the parish schools of East and West Anstruther, he entered the Post Office service as boy messenger in January, 1909. His work in this capacity was by no means light, especially during the fishing seasons, when many messages passed between the local agents and buyers and the home and continental markets. His willingness and efficiency won him the confidence of the office staff, and the goodwill and regard of the public were deservedly earned by him through his promptness, cheeriness, and courtesy. He remained on the staff of the Anstruther Post Office till the close of 1912, during the latter months of which year he was entrusted with the duties of substitute rural postman at St Monans, and in these duties also he proved so satisfactory that he was transferred to Stobo. At Stobo he worked quietly away till May, 1915, when his manly spirit would not let him rest, but led him to volunteer. He joined the Postal Rifle Corps, but unhappily did not get an opportunity to do more than prove his willingness to serve his country's need. He fell a victim to the spotted fever menace that had

then raised its head in camps and barracks, and he passed away at the City of London Military Hospital on 26th June, 1915. He was buried at Little Ilford Cemetery.

His parents later suffered a further bereavement through the death, of wounds, of his younger brother, Robert, in October, 1916, while serving in France with the Black Watch.

Oh, safe for evermore,
With never a weird to dree;
Is any burden sore
When one's beloved goes free?
Come pain, come woe, to me,
My well-beloved goes free!

You are so far away,
And yet are come so near;
On many a heavy day
I think of you, my dear.
Safe in your shelter there,
Christ's hand upon your hair.

PRIVATE ADAM BURNETT

(BROUGHTON)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1915. JUNE 28.

Adam Burnett was a ploughman, who enlisted at Kirklawhill in January, 1915. He was attached to the 7th Royal Scots. All that is known of this gallant countryman from Dunsyre is that he became "missing" at the landing at the Dardanelles, about Monday, the 28th of June, 1915. He was aged 25 and single.

On the previous day the British carried four Turkish lines near Krithia; and on the 28th the British were attacking Achi Baba. On the 29th the Turkish counter-attacks were repulsed with heavy loss to them.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest,
may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

PRIVATE JAMES HALL

(BROUGHTON)

4TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. JUNE 28.

Two of the nephews of Miss Hall, Glenholm School, paid the great sacrifice. Their grandfather was the late William Hall, a native of Broughton united parish, who early in life left for Edinburgh and was headmaster of St Bernard's School and inspector of the old Lancastrian Evening Schools.

Private James French Hall, youngest son of the late James French Hall, one of the old Volunteers, was employed with a firm of wholesale ironmongers in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, and had joined the Territorial Force two years before the war began. In 1915 he volunteered for Gallipoli. On Monday, the 28th of June, 1915, his Battalion was ordered to take some trenches: the soldiers rushed beyond them, so he was reported missing. Of twenty-two officers who went along with them, but two returned. His elder brother was to fall on February 28, 1917.

“ There's a glory gold can never buy, to yearn
and to cry for;
There's a hope that's as old as the sky to
suffer and to sigh for;
There's a faith that outdazzles the sun to
martyr and to die for.

PRIVATE ROBERT MASON

(EDDLESTON)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1915. JULY 12.

Little is known of this lad, as one letter only came from him after he landed at the Dardanelles. He was out for only three weeks when he was posted as “ Missing.”

He was employed at one time in the gardens at Cringletic under his uncle, Mr J. M. Mason.

Previous to enlisting he was working at the Hirsell, Coldstream.

The Allies made a third attack on Krithia and Achi Baba on the 4th of June, 1915, which resulted in a slight gain at certain points. On Friday, June 18, the Turks made another attack at Gallipoli, and were repulsed. On Monday, the 21st, the Allies attacked and gained ground. From June 29 to July 1 the Turks were engaged in fierce and continuous

fighting, but on the latter date were repulsed and again on the 4th. In the following days our army had no rest from enemy attacks by night and day, including Monday, the 12th July, on which day Private Robert Mason fell in the great charge when so many gallant men fell in capturing the Turkish trenches at Achi Baba.

My dear Companions—you

That have been more to me

Than grief or gaiety—

This sure is true:

That we shall meet once more beyond

Death's door,

Again be merry friends

Where friendship never ends.

PRIVATE ADAM SMAIL

(INNERLEITHEN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1915. JULY 12.

Writing to Mr Walter Smail, Victoria Buildings, Galashiels, from Gallipoli, on 2nd November, a comrade of his brother, Private Adam Smail, 1/4th K.O.S.B., officially reported as missing from Monday, 12th July, says—

“ I have just heard from the Orderly Room that Addie's identity disc, pay book, and a bundle of letters, belonging to him, were handed in yesterday by the French authorities. The reason for the French people getting them is that they now occupy the part of the line from which our advance took place, so evidently some patrol of theirs had come upon the bodies. There were several others found at the same time. Whilst this will put an end to your suspense, it does not lessen your grief, and I can assure you that you have my deepest sympathy. I sincerely hope that your other two brothers will have better luck than poor Addie had. Things are very quiet out here now, but one never knows when there may be a move on, although I don't think it will be from this side of the hill. The weather is just like a warm Scottish summer, and as long as it keeps like that, life is not so bad to stick, but it is awful when the rain starts.”

Adam Smail was the youngest son of the late Walter Smail of the firm of Walter Smail & Sons, Leithen Mills. He was educated at

Innerleithen and at Galashiels Academy. On the outbreak of war he was employed as designer with P. & R. Sanderson, Galashiels. Within a month from the beginning of the war he joined the 1/4th King's Own Scottish Borderers, and in the month of May, 1915, left Britain for Gallipoli. He was in the great charge of the 12th of July, 1915, when so many Border men made the supreme sacrifice. He was posted as missing. A few months later his remains were found on the battlefield by a French patrol. He was twenty-six years of age and was unmarried.

"A special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged
eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp
of God.
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn.
Thou wast admitted to the presence."

—

PRIVATE THOMAS THOMSON
(WALKERBURN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
1915. JULY 12.

Official information was received by Mrs Thomson, residing with her parents at Tweed-side Cottages, Walkerburn, that her husband, Thomas Thomson, "A" Company, 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers, was missing as from Monday, the 12th of July, when the Borderers made such a magnificent advance in Gallipoli.

He had resided previously with his wife at Selkirk, and as a National Reservist, he was called up, and after a course of training was sent to the Dardanelles. Much sympathy was felt for his relatives in their time of anxiety. He was well known and highly respected.

This was one more added to the many gallant lives sacrificed in the dreadful Dardanelles.

Oot owre yon sea, through dule and strife,
Ye tak' yer road nae mair,
For ye've crossed the brig to the fields o'
life,
An' ye walk forever there.

I traivel on to the brig-side,
Whaur ilka road maun cease,
My weary war may be lang to bide,
An' you hae won to peace.

There's ne'er a nicht but turns to day,
Nor a load that's never cast;
Au' there's nac wind cries on the winter
brae,
But it spends itsel' at last.

O you that never failed me yet,
Gin aince my step ye hear,
Come to yon brig atween us set,
An' bide till I win near!

O weel, aye, weel, ye'll ken my treid,
Ye'll seek nae word or sign,
An' I'll no can fail at the Brig o' Dreid,
For yer hand will be in mine.

—

CAPTAIN TOM WELSH
(OF EARLSHAUGH, TWEEDSMUIR)

5TH KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
1915. JULY 12.

The toll of the Dardanelles was heavy, and among the many who fell has to be chronicled the name of a Tweedsmuir laird and farmer—Tom Welsh of Earlsbaugh and Tweedshaws. The family of Welsh has been long connected with the parish. At one time almost all the farms were in the hands of various members of the sept, the chief of whom was Welsh of Fruid and Carterhope. About the year 1792, David Welsh, tenant of Fruid, crossed the boundary into Dumfriesshire, and settled at Braefoot, or Ericstane, immediately adjoining Fruid and the lands of Carterhope. The latter he continued to farm, and about the same time he purchased the neighbouring property of Earlsbaugh and Tweedshaws. His youngest son was the Rev. David Welsh, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the Church of Scotland in the memorable year of the Disruption. Another son, James, succeeded to Earlsbaugh, and he was succeeded by his son Thomas, in his day one of the best-known sheep farmers in the south of Scotland. Thomas Welsh died in 1882, being succeeded by his only son Tom, the news of whose death at the Dardanelles was received with profound regret by the parishioners of Tweedsmuir. Mr Welsh's hobby, it should be said, was mechanics. Amongst other things, he invented and put on the market an apparatus for bracken-mowing, and the well-known Welsh carburetter for motors was his patent. He was a man of frank and engaging manners, was extremely well liked by his shepherds, and much

esteemed by the entire community, both of Moffat and of this parish, his ancestral home.

"I regret having to write confirming the death of your husband in action on Monday, the 12th inst. You will no doubt have heard from the W.O. ere this on the subject. Capt. Welsh was killed instantaneously during an assault on the Turkish trenches, just after we had occupied their position. He was buried near Capt. Dykes and Lieut. Carlyle, and a small wood cross marks the site. I will endeavour to obtain a compass bearing from some fixed object so as to locate the spot. Meantime, accept the assurance of my sympathy and that of the remaining officers of this battalion with you in your loss. We feel very much his loss in the battalion. It will be difficult to replace an officer so keen and zealous as he proved himself." In a postscript Major Millar adds:—"Major Bell was also wounded, as you would observe. He has gone to hospital ship, and I have not seen him since before the fight."

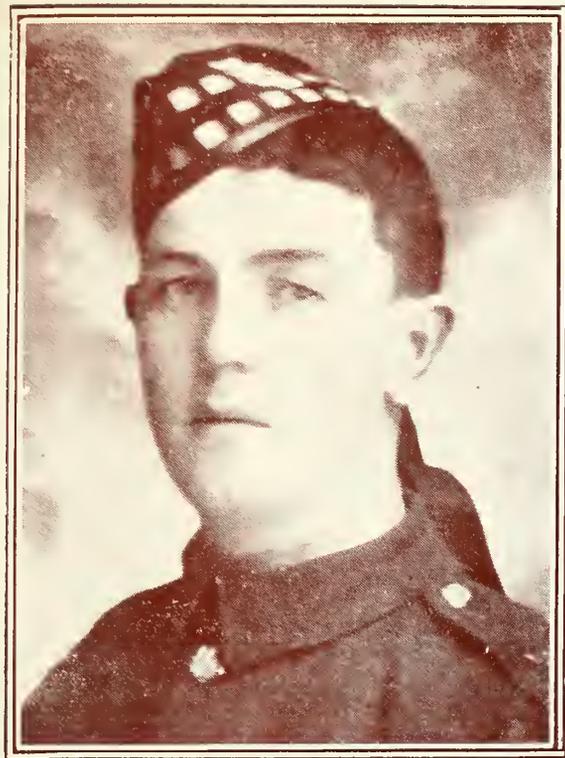
"In a letter received to-day (July 30) from my husband he asked me to tell you that when he got up to the first Turkish trench which our men took on the 12th he found Captain Welsh's body, and that he was buried beside Captain Dykes and Lieutenant Carlyle, at a place called 'Brown House,' about 1000 yards behind our particular part of the firing line. He said also that Captain Welsh was awfully plucky, as he was wounded in the arm first and refused to go back, but went on with his men till they got the first trench, where he was shot through the head and killed instantaneously."

Official information was received by Mrs Welsh, Ericstane, Moffat, that her husband, Captain Tom Welsh of Earlshaugh, had been killed in action at the Dardanelles. When the intelligence became known in Moffat a feeling of genuine regret was aroused, and fears were entertained that not a few of the local rank and file would be included in the list of casualties. Captain Welsh was the only son of the late Mr Thomas Welsh of Earlshaugh, and was educated at Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh. The deceased officer, who was 36 years of age, took a keen interest in Volunteering. Joining the Moffat Company in 1900, he was promoted to the

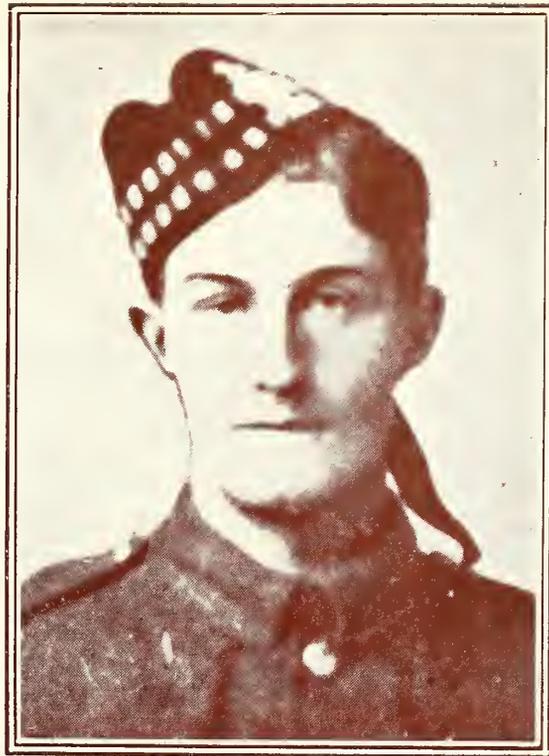
rank of Captain in 1906, and was latterly in command of the Sanquhar and Kirkcubright ("D") Company of the K.O.S. Borderers. On the outbreak of war he at once volunteered for active service, and accompanied his regiment to the Dardanelles at the end of May. Captain Welsh being possessed of an affable and winning manner, was immensely popular with all ranks in his company, and in social circles in Moffat he was a general favourite. He took an intelligent and active interest in public affairs, and for two terms he was elected a member of Moffat Town Council, and was granted leave of absence for active service. He was a Justice of the Peace for Dumfriesshire, and for several years he acted as representative of Moffat and Wamphray constituency on the District Committee of the County Council, in the administration of which board he took a keen interest. Captain Welsh in politics was a staunch Conservative, and was chairman of the Upper Annandale Unionist Association. He was also at one time a member of Moffat Parish Council, and was also associated with the administration of the Moffat Educational Trust and the Murray Trust. Deceased took a great interest in automobilism, and besides farming his own lands of Earlshaugh, was tenant of the sheep farms of Ericstane and Carterhope. He is survived by his widow and three children (two sons and a daughter), to whom the sincerest sympathy is extended by the whole community.

REFERENCE BY THE CONVENER OF THE COUNTY.
SUGGESTED MEMORIAL.

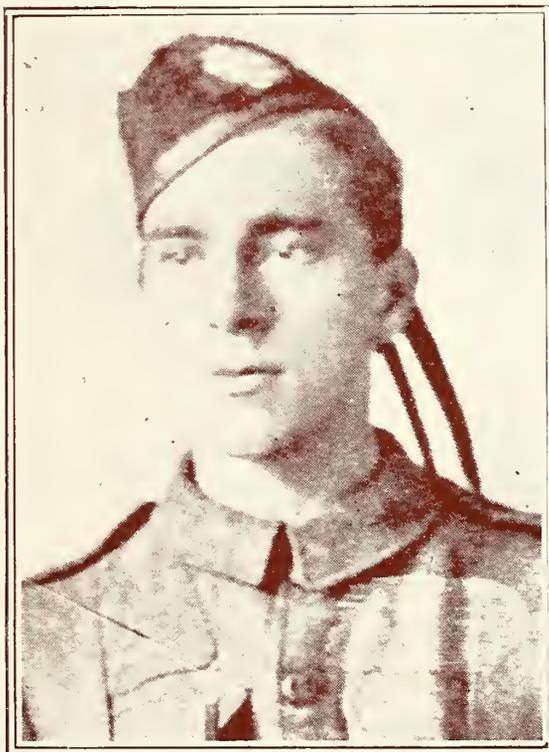
At a meeting of the General Purposes Committee of the County Council, Mr H. C. Irving, Convener of the County, said:—I feel we should take the earliest opportunity of expressing our regret at the loss the Council has sustained by the death of Captain Tom Welsh. He was not a member of the General Purposes Committee, although it might be said he was eminently fitted to be a member. It was not only because of his knowledge of agriculture—especially sheep breeding—which was considerable, but he had a certain amount of mechanical knowledge of what one might call odd things. It was the sort of information that always stood us in good stead in the Lockerbie district, where we fortunately had his services. He was for some time a member of the County Council. When he did speak it



PRIVATE ADAM BURNETT,
BROUGHTON.



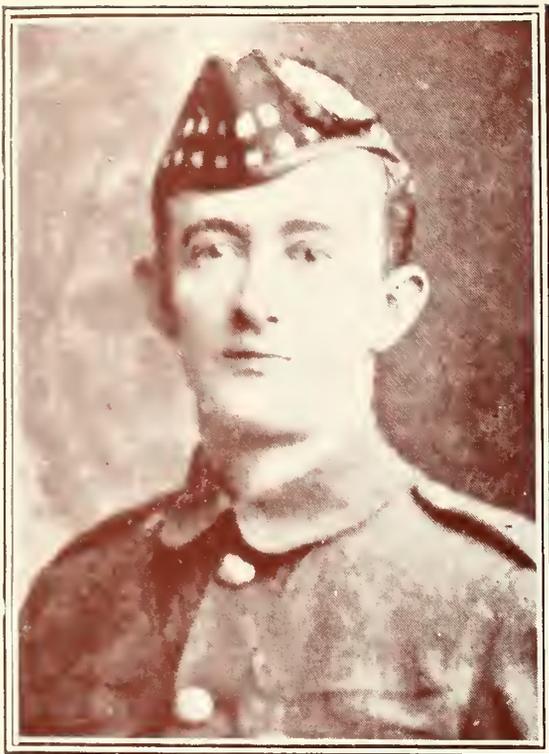
PRIVATE ROBERT MASON,
EDDLESTON.



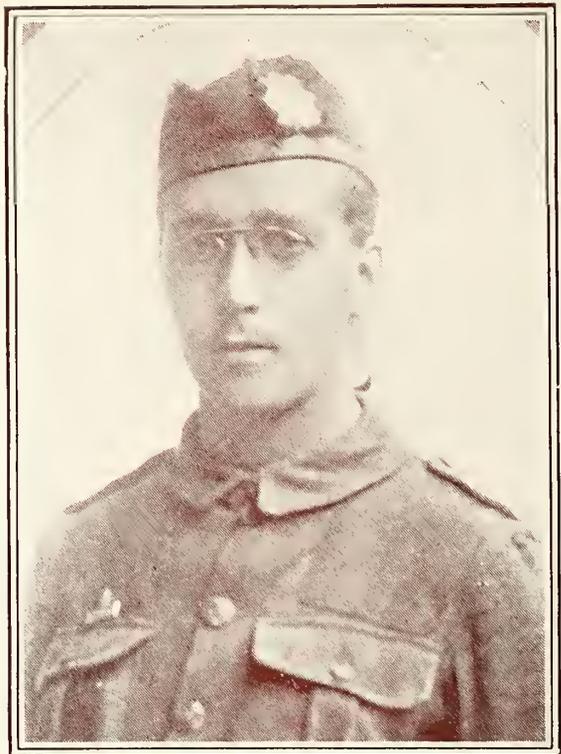
PRIVATE JAMES HALL,
BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE ADAM SMAIL,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE THOMAS THOMSON,
WALKERBURN.



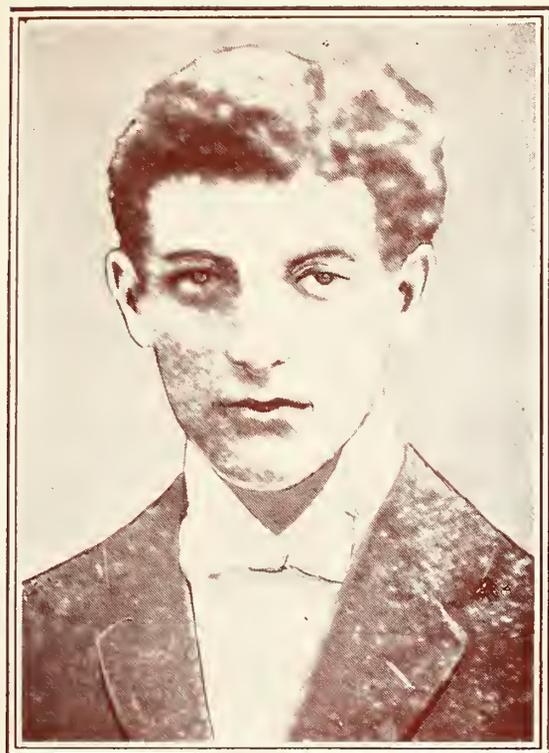
PRIVATE GEORGE S. H. YOUNG,
NEWLANDS.



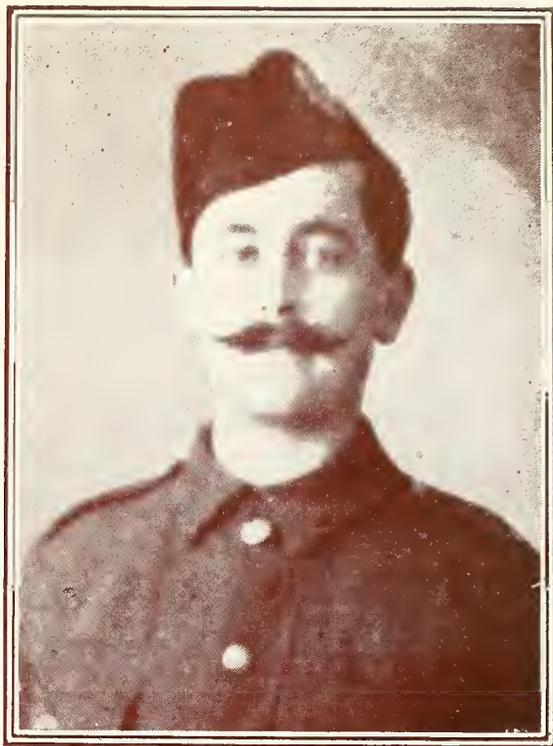
CAPTAIN TOM WELSH,
TWEEDSMUIR.



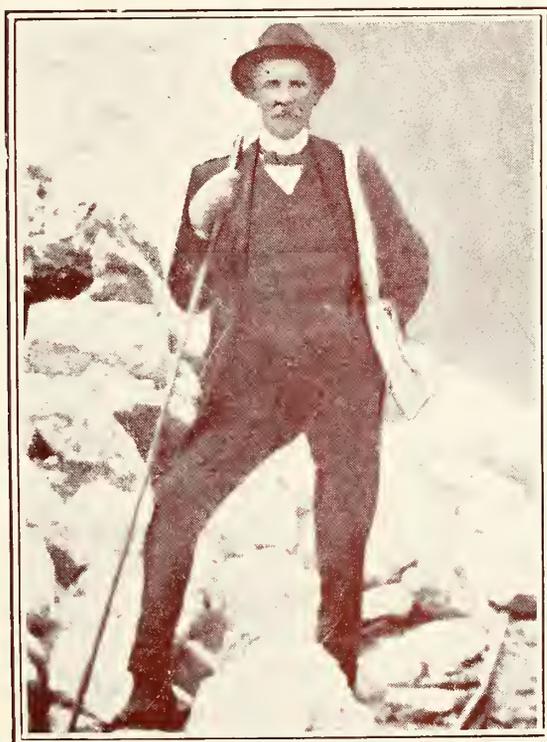
SERGEANT HARRY GRIEVE,
WALKERBURN.



THE HON. LIEUT. CHARLES A. LISTER,
TRAQUAIR.



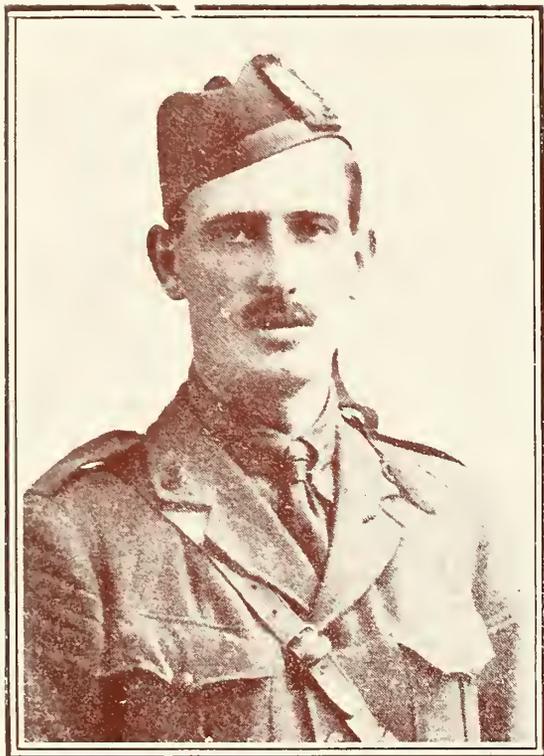
PRIVATE WILLIAM MACKIE,
BROUGHTON.



JOHN CLARK,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE JOHN INCH,
BROUGHTON AND INNERLEITHEN.



SECOND LIEUTENANT THOS. TUDIOPE,
BROUGHTON.



LANCE-SERGEANT WILLIAM D. WATSON,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE THOMAS BORTHWICK, INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE HUGH McVEY, STOBO.

was always something thoroughly practical that he said, and his suggestions were always valuable and well worth considering. I am sure we are very sorry for his widow—who happened to have spent some of her earlier days near me at Ecclefechan—and I propose at the October meeting to ask your assistance and assent to place a tablet on the walls of our County Hall. I can imagine no grander decoration for these bare walls than a memorial to one who has laid down his life for his country.

They sleep a lonely sleep at Suvla Bay;
 No Southern Cross bends o'er them; comrades sail
 To other lands; but they shall never taste
 The sorrow of the swift retreat, nor hear
 The sobbing litany of winter seas;
 But their gay spirit cheers
 Men of their blood, who meet the host of
 death;
 And every kinsman fights with braver heart,
 Remembering how they sleep by Suvla Bay.
 So have they set within the Northern skies
 The Southern Cross, and those familiar
 stars,
 Which shone within their memory, when
 they fell,
 Who sleep their lonely sleep by Suvla Bay.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On Sunday, July 25, 1915, in Tweedsmuir Church.

A service in memory of the late Captain Welsh of Earlsbaugh and Tweedshaws was held in the Church on Sunday, July 25.

The building was filled by a sympathetic congregation, and the local company of Home Guards, headed by Commandant Yellowlees, paraded in full uniform.

The Rev. W. S. Crockett preached from the words—"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

At the close of the sermon he spoke as follows:—"The war has touched our quiet glen in a wonderful degree. The presence of the Home Guards amongst us to-day is one evidence of this. But there is another and a greater. Look at that Roll of Honour hanging in the Church porch, and does not one's pulse beat all the more quickly, to find so many names emblazoned thereon? At first there was the natural timidity common to a remote parish. By and bye the ice was broken; one after another of our best man-

hood offered themselves, and now the percentage of our volunteers is one of the highest in Scotland, as far as the rural parishes go. I am sure that we are all profoundly grateful to those gallant youths, who, in our name, and for our sake, have gone forth to take their part in the great struggle. We mourn to-day the loss at the Dardanelles of one who cannot but be remembered by us with feelings of respect and pride. Captain Welsh bore a name long familiar to the Tweedsmuir district. In our churchyard his ancestors for nearly two hundred years are lying, and when I saw him last, just before he left for the East, he said to me, amongst other things, as we were wandering from grave to grave—"I wonder if there will be room for me here?" But under the skies of the blue Aegean Tom Welsh sleeps this morning—a valiant hero, his duty cheerfully done, his sacrifice complete, his reward certain. He did not live amongst us, but he was a heritor, a farmer, and a member of the School Board of this parish. He was deeply interested in all our doings, and had he been resident, I am sure that he would have been a very great force for good in our midst. He was a quiet-living, modest, somewhat shy gentleman. He had a clever brain and clever hands, and had he been spared the world of mechanics would have been his debtor. At thirty-six he has finished his life work, crowning it with a distinction and glory that nothing else could have given him. To die in battle, to fall in the cause of truth and equity, of freedom and religion, is an honour that any man might covet.

We are grateful to Heaven that such a life was lived within our ken, that such a man could be counted amongst our friends, that so undaunted an officer was one of ourselves. In Captain Welsh's career the lesson of the text is eminently exemplified. He sacrificed much—material comforts, lands, domestic felicities, commercial prospects. For he felt bound to offer himself for foreign service, and like so many others, he has paid the supreme price. Does anybody say he made a mistake? Does anybody pity his fate yonder—far away from the bonnie holms of Anuan or the green hills of Tweed? I pity the man who pities. This was a death a hundred times worth dying. For at the back of that sacrifice was the greatest thing in the world, without which the longest life is a vain show, and with which the shortest life is perfected—"Greater

love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," for his country, for his God.

"O true, brave heart, God bless thee where-so'er

In God's wide universe thou art this day."

PRIVATE GEORGE S. H. YOUNG

(NEWLANDS)

4TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. JULY 13.

Killed in action in the Dardanelles on Tuesday, the 13th July, 1915, Private George Sanderson Handley Young, 1/4th Royal Scots, aged 24 years, dearly beloved son of the late Robert Young, iron merchant, and of Mrs Young, 39 Leamington Terrace, Edinburgh.

His father, the late Mr Robert Young, was a Tweeddale man, and took a great interest in the affairs of the Edinburgh Peeblesshire Union, in which, for a time, he held the position of President, and was himself a native of Newlands.

Private George Young was educated at Watson's College, and joined the Cadet Corps from its inception. From school he passed on to the staff of the Union Bank of Scotland, and joined the Bankers' Company of the 4th Royal Scots, being a member when war broke out. He immediately volunteered for active service abroad, and came through the very severe fighting of the 28th June, 1915, at the Dardanelles, but fell on Tuesday, the 13th July, 1915. He has left the sweet memory of a character refined and manly. He was fond both of music and of field sports. Rugby, rowing, cycling, and golf were his favourites. He was a member of the Watsonian Football Club and also of Portobello Amateur Rowing Club.

"We know nothing of his life at the front, the losses of his battalion were so heavy on the 28th June and 12-13th July, that we can understand how it came to be that no word was sent to us from chaplain or commanding officer. Some of his comrades wrote in happy terms of his good qualities and calm bravery. They informed us that his death was instantaneous from rifle fire while on observation duty. I have written out a little note for you, but it does not do justice to him. If I put down all

that is in my heart it would look too much praise for mortal man. Sufficient to say, I loved and respected him."

God, who made you valiant, strong, and swift,

Gave back your youth to you,
And packed in moments rare and few
Achievements manifold,

And happiness untold,
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,
And on your sandals the strong wings of
youth.

Surely you found companions meet for you
In that high place;

You met there face to face

Those you had never known, but whom you
knew;

Knights of the Table Round,

And all the very brave, the very true,

With chivalry crowned;

The captains rare,

Courteous and brave beyond our human air

SERGEANT HARRY GRIEVE

(WALKERBURN)

11TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. AUGUST 6.

News of the death in action in France of Sergeant Harry Grieve of the 11th Royal Scots reached Walkerburn.

It appears that on Friday, the 6th of August, just as he was giving his men orders to leave the trench, he was struck by a part of a shell and killed instantaneously. Sergeant Grieve, who was aged 34 years, was a drawer and twister, and previous to enlisting at the beginning of the war was employed in Tweedholm Mills, Walkerburn. He belonged to Hawick, but came to Walkerburn about the year 1904. In 1910 he went out to his brother in Wyoming, where he stayed for about three years, engaged in sheep farming.

In common with "Terries" all over the world, he revisited his native town in 1914 to take part in the quarter-centenary celebration of the Battle of Flodden. When the Great War broke out, Grieve resumed his former employment in Walkerburn for a few weeks, but on Lord Kitchener's urgent call for the "First Hundred Thousand," he was among the first to respond and enlisted in the 11th

Battalion of the Royal Scots. He was speedily promoted to the rank of sergeant, and proceeded to France at the end of 1914. He shared the vicissitudes and hardships of the new Citizen Army in that first terrible spring and found a hero's grave in August of the same year. He was a great favourite in Walkerburn, being of a very cheery disposition. He was a keen bowler.

You know that somewhere in the world,
That shines far off beneath you like a gem,
They think of you, and when you think of
them
You know that they will wipe away their
tears,
And cast aside their fears;
That they will have it so,
And in no otherwise;
That it is well with them because they
know,
With faithful eyes,
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the
skies,
That it is well with you,
Among the chosen few,
Among the very brave, the very true.

THE HON. LIEUT. CHARLES A.
LISTER.
(TRAQUAIR)

ROYAL NAVY. HOOD BATTALION.
1915. AUGUST 28.

Lister, Charles Alfred, The Hon., Lieutenant, R.N. of the Hood Battalion, died of wounds received at the Dardanelles. His name appears in a List issued by the Admiralty dated Saturday, August 28, 1915.

Lieutenant Lister, who was the only surviving son and heir of Lord Riddlesdale, was born in October, 1887. His mother was Charlotte Monckton, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant of the Glen, Peeblesshire. The late officer was a nephew of Mrs Asquith and of Lord Glenconner.

Lieutenant Lister, who was educated at Eton, was appointed Attaché in 1910; appointed to Rome in 1911; and Third Secretary in 1912.

The Ribblesdale family is of great antiquity in the County of York, having been seated at Gisbourne for nearly six centuries. John Lister, son of Thomas Lister, married, in 1312, Isabel, daughter and heiress of John de Bolton, bow-bearer of Bowland, and through her he acquired Gisbourne.

This was the third time that the Hon. Charles Lister had been wounded at the Front. His brother, Captain the Hon. Thomas Lister, was speared to death in Somaliland in 1904.

To have laughed and talked—wise, witty, fantastic, feckless—
To have mocked at rules and rulers and learnt to obey,
To have led your men with a daring adored and reckless,
To have struck your blow for Freedom, the old straight way :
To have hated the world and lived among those who love it,
To have thought great thoughts and lived till you knew them true,
To have loved men more than yourself and have died to prove it—
Yes, Charles, this is to have lived : was there more to do?

JOHN CLARK
(TRAQUAIR)

1915. MONDAY, AUGUST 30.

A cable was received by Mr Abram Clark, president of the Musselburgh Merchants' Association, announcing the death of his elder brother, Mr John Clark, which had taken place at Durban.

Mr John Clark was a native of Traquair, where his father was for long head gamekeeper on the Traquair estate. For many years he was successfully engaged in gold-mining in South Africa. When the Boer War broke out he put his knowledge of the Dutch language and the goldfields' districts to an excellent use on enlisting in one of the irregular regiments of horse. He was much employed in scouting enterprises under General Lord Methuen, and during one of these he was captured by the Boers. Shortly afterwards the British came up and seized the Boers' transport, but before abandoning their waggons the enemy shot Mr Clark through the head and left him. His vigorous constitution, however, saved him. Since the Boer War he had held an appointment on the Natal Government Railways. Mr Clark's mother lived in Kirkland Street, Peebles. She was a sister of the late Mr John Cairns, Eshiels.

At Durban, on the 30th August, 1915, John Clark, eldest son of the late John Clark, gamekeeper, Traquair, and Mrs Clark, Kirkland Street, Peebles.

Although John Clark took no part in the European War, he deserves commemoration for the patriotic services he rendered to Britain in the South African War.

To-day, across our fathers' graves
 The astonished years reveal
 The remnant of that desperate host,
 Which cleansed our East with steel.
 Hail and farewell! We greet you here,
 With tears that none will scorn—
 O keepers of the house of old,
 Or ever we were born!

PRIVATE WILLIAM MACKIE
 (BROUGHTON)

QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.
 1915. SEPTEMBER 25.

The Battle of Loos. In this disastrous and indecisive battle eight gallant men and boys of Peebles fell. Twelve soldiers belonging to other parishes in Tweeddale fell also. Private William Mackie was one of those. He belonged to Hartree, and was a member of The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. He went to France in June, 1915. He fell at the Battle of Loos on Saturday, September 25, 1915. That is the brief record. His officer fell in the same battle.

This great Allied offensive at Loos in Champagne began on September 25. The British Fleet co-operated on the Belgian Coast. The British attacked south of La Bassée Canal, and captured five miles of enemy trenches. The Hohenzollern Redoubt was captured with partial success. The attack by the French north of Arras gained some footing. In Champagne the French assaulted between Suippe and Aisne, driving the enemy from front positions. Other positions, including ground around Souchez, were won.

I by the lapping of my household fire,
 You in the trenches, starved and stiff for cold;
 You by fatigue in few days grey and old,
 I with my strength, no needs, no calls require.
 I wrapt in all the peace of heaven entire,
 You with Hell's power of darkness fold on fold,
 You lacking all that life most dear can hold,
 And I with all my utmost heart's desire;
 But God shall strike the balance: I have had
 My good in this my lifetime—all and more,
 Have selfish sucked advantage from your strife,
 While you, brave heroes, on that further shore
 Shall find all good has equalised the bad;
 Death may be mine—you win eternal life.

PRIVATE JOHN INCH
 (BROUGHTON AND INNERLEITHEN)

7TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.
 1915. SEPTEMBER 25.

In September, 1915, it was announced by the War Office that Private John Inch, of the Cameron Highlanders, was among the missing. At that time no information more definite than this was issued for fear of informing the enemy as to our regiments and their dispositions, but later official intimation was made from the Record Office, Perth, that Private Inch had fallen in action at Loos on Saturday, September 25. Previous to enlisting on the outbreak of the war, John Inch had been a gardener at Glenormiston. His parents belonged to Cloverhill.

On Thursday, the 23rd, the main bombardment had begun. Along the whole Champagne front hell was let loose from a thousand pieces. The morning of Friday, the 24th, dawned mild and wet, with a Scotch mist settled on the whole countryside. After midnight the Allied bombardment drew to a head. Every gun on our front was speaking without rest. Suddenly the guns ceased. This was on the morning of Saturday, the 25th, amid a pouring drizzle. The first of the infantry were getting over the parapet, and the battle had begun.

The battle storm for him is past,
 The murder zone, the poison cloud;
 Far from his home he rests at last,
 The soldier's garb his funeral shroud.
 No sculptured stone may mark the spot,
 It may be in the sun or shade,
 Imagining all we've got
 Or where our gallant soldier's laid.
 When freedom to our land appealed,
 That hour he heard his country's call;
 He hastened to the battlefield,
 He gave his life, the loved of all.
 His lonely grave we ne'er may view,
 But memory ever fondly flies,
 Somewhere in Flanders' sandy plain
 Our gallant British soldier lies.
 No loving voice was there to soothe,
 To whisper low the parting vow;
 No tender hand was there to smooth,
 Or wipe the death dew from his brow
 Perchance he heard a comrade's prayer
 Ere death for ever sealed his eyes;
 We may be here, our hearts are where
 Our gallant soldier lowly lies.
 He sleeps upon yon foreign strand,
 By man's decree to doom was driven;
 But when this mortal life is o'er
 We'll meet again once more in heaven;
 Clasp him again, the one we love,
 He's safe at last in heaven above.

SECOND LIEUT. THOS. TUDHOPE
(BROUGHTON)

9TH SCOTTISH RIFLES.
1915. SEPTEMBER 25.

Second Lieutenant Thomas Tudhope, fourth son of John Tudhope, farmer, Broughton Place, who had previously served with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War, joined the Lanarkshire Yeomanry on 7th September, 1914, as a Trooper, and was promoted Corporal. Trained for his commission at Harrogate, in April, 1915, he was gazetted to the 10th Scottish Rifles. After further training at Nigg with the 3rd S.R. he was sent to France on 6th August, 1915. Joining the 9th Scottish Rifles as an officer, he was with them until the Battle of Loos, where he was reported missing on Saturday, 25th September, 1915.

From a letter received from the Commander, Lieut.-Col. Northey, it was stated that he was last seen gallantly leading on his men in the attack. Out of fourteen officers, only one escaped un wounded, six being killed, six wounded, and one, Second Lieutenant T. Tudhope, missing. All enquiries at various agencies proved fruitless, and nine months afterwards the War Office reported him dead. Thus fell together at Loos three Broughton men.

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight :
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.

Tradition, legend, tune and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear.

PRIVATE THOMAS BORTHWICK
(INNERLEITHEN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
1915. SEPTEMBER 25.

Thomas Borthwick joined the 7th Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers in September 1914, and was thus one of the "Old Contemptibles." He fell in action at the Battle of Loos on Saturday, the 25th September, 1915, having been in the army for one glorious year. He was the fourth son of Thomas Borthwick, Inner-

leithen, and son-in-law of J. Roxburgh, Garrison Cottage, St Boswells, formerly of Peebles. His wife was Frances Borthwick, Kirkliston. He was aged 33.

September 25, 1915, was a fateful day for the men of Tweeddale, as many heroes from the County fell on that terrible day. Infantry attacks were taking place on a great scale south of La Bassée. The British captured enemy trenches on a five mile front; took the village of Loos; also the mining works around the village, and Hill 70. It was in this battle that Thomas Borthwick, the gallant Borderer, fell, but as at Flodden on an earlier September, he was accompanied by a gallant band of Tweeddale men to his place among the immortals.

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword sway and with lance's thrust :

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air :
O, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly and with Home.

LCE.-SERGEANT WILLIAM D.
WATSON
(WALKERBURN)

5TH CAMERONS (LOCHIEL'S).
1915. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Lance-Sergeant William D. Watson was killed in action by receiving a bullet through the head. He enlisted in the Camerons about a year previous. At the time of enlisting he had been in training for teaching at the Edinburgh College. He was aged twenty-two years. A brother died of enteric fever during the South African War.

"I desire with much respect, on behalf of myself, the teachers, and the scholars, to express to you and Mrs Watson and family our deep sympathy in your bereavement. Your son was a great favourite here, and very popular with the boys. His high, courageous spirit, and his keen determination would, I know, find splendid scope for him in the

army. We were all proud of him and of the other brave lads that gave up everything in the service of their country; and now that he has made the supreme sacrifice we are prouder still, and humbler too—humbler because we ask ourselves—'Are we worthy of the sacrifice?' He has had a hero's death, and bitter as the pang must be to see a young life snatched away from all the hope and promise of life that lay before him, he could not have died a more worthy death. Nor do I believe that his life is blotted out: he is somewhere in God's precious keeping, and happy with Him."

"Our objective," says Lochiel, "was —, and with the Seaforths on our right we started our advance at 6.40 on the 25th, the two local Inverness-shire companies being in the front line. We had to cross a long open ridge, which was subject to a heavy enfilading rifle and machine gun fire from the left, and when headquarters came up it was found that line after line of our men were simply mown down. The men faced the ordeal bravely, and when the remnants had been gathered together we succeeded in reaching our objective, where we found a few of our lot who had come up on the left of the Seaforths."

We have feared old Death, but now we have
learned our error,
Seeing him there in the mire us so kindly
await—

A comrade befitting the hour of a world's fate,
And we look him full in the eyes; we are rid
of our last terror.

Was it only for Death we were born of our
mothers?

Only for Death created the dear love of our
wives?

Only for Death and in vain we endeavoured our
lives?

Yea, life was given to be given; march onward,
my brothers!

PRIVATE HUGH M'VEY

(STOBO)

CAMERONS.

1915. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

It was now the turn of Stobo to make the sacrifice on the field of Loos. After the battle Hugh M'Vey, like many another good man, was "Missing." His age was twenty-three. He had been employed in Stobo before the war.

He belonged to Kilkerran, Dailly, Ayrshire. He went through the retreat from Mons

"The place we were ordered to hold was about 1300 yards in front of our lines. Our left was 'in the air' the whole day, and the only thing which prevented the Germans getting in behind us was the action of our machine gun sergeants, who most heroically defended our left flank from our position in rear. A battalion of the Black Watch came on splendidly in our support, but they too, unhappily, were considerably thinned. These were moments which can never be forgotten, and undoubtedly will tend to bind closer the very friendly ties which have always existed between the Camerons and the Seaforths. Defending what we had taken, we remained on here until we were relieved by another Brigade early the following morning.

"On the 26th we remained in our trenches all day, but on the afternoon of the 27th the battalion was ordered again to charge to reinforce the brigade in front of us who were being hard pressed by the Germans. This last charge was probably the finest thing a battalion had ever done, because the ranks, enormously attenuated in the action of the 25th, had on this occasion to go forward with few officers to lead them. As it was, they went forward out of their trenches as though nothing had happened in absolutely perfect alignment as if on parade.

"This charge having had the desired effect, the battalion was withdrawn into billets early the next morning. It was addressed by Sir John French, who thanked us for what we had done; but what pleased the men most was the words used by the Brigadier when he said that from Sir John French downwards, amongst those who had been out during the whole war, nothing finer had been seen than the advance of the Camerons through that bullet-swept zone on the morning of the 25th."

Brave, good, and true,

I see him stand before me now,

And read again on that young brow,

Where very hope was new,

How sweet were life! Yet, by the mouth
firm set,

And look, made up for Duty's utmost debt,
I could divine he knew

That death within the sulphurous hostile
lines,

In the merc wreck of nobly-pitched designs,
Plucks Heartsease, and not Rue.
Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's
feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying
sweet."

PRIVATE ROBERT NICHOL
(DRUMELZIER)

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
1915. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

About Robert Nichol nothing is known save that "He died for his country at Loos." A fitting epitaph for any man. He did not belong to Drumelzier, but had been employed on Dawyck Estate previous to the war. But as one who gave his life for us, he is mentioned and commemorated here.

There is no portrait of him to be had.

"To me," said Lochiel, "it was at once the saddest and the proudest day of my life. I do not suppose any Commanding Officer ever, in the annals of the British Army, had better or braver men to serve under him, and Scotland may rest absolutely contented that the Highlanders of the 5th Battalion proved themselves in every way worthy of their gallant forefathers. In saying this, I do not underrate the part played in the advance by the Highland Brigade as a whole, and when the story comes to be written, the country will doubtlessly learn how valiantly each unit fought.

"Instances of personal bravery in my battalion are far too numerous to recount, but two might be cited as examples. A lance-corporal, finding the telephone connection between the Brigadier and myself cut, climbed to the top of a slag heap to get into visual communication. Here he went on waving his flags amid a perfect tornado of shell fire, until finally a shell burst right over him, and all that was found of him afterwards was a piece of his kilt and his notebook.

"Another corporal did yeoman service as a bomb-thrower. The German bombers were coming along a trench, and owing to the presence of snipers it was courting death for our men to get out of the trenches to check them. The corporal in question, however, volunteer-

ed to go, and taking up a bag of bombs he managed to get near to the parapet of the enemy trenches and continued to throw the bombs down on the Germans. While so occupied he was exposed to fire from all directions, but he succeeded in driving back the bombers until he himself was wounded."

And men in desert places, men,
Abandoned, broken, sick with fears,
Rose singing, swung their swords again,
And laughed and died among the spears.

PRIVATE ROBERT FAIRBAIRN
(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Mrs Fairbairn, 6 Pink Bank, Walkerburn, received official notification that her son, Private Robert Fairbairn, Royal Scots, who was reported missing on 25th September last, was now reported killed on that date. At the time of enlistment Private Fairbairn was employed as a woollorter in Tweedholm Mill. His brother Andrew, who previous to enlisting was employed as a grocer in Peebles Co-operative Society, was a member of the 3/9th Royal Scots.

Infantry attacks were taking place on a considerable scale south of La Bassée. The British captured enemy trenches on a five mile front, and took the village of Loos and the mining works around it, and Hill 70. The British also attacked north of La Bassée, and drew strong reserves of the enemy towards these points. 1700 prisoners were captured.

Death whining down from heaven,
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound:
Doubling we charged and conquered—
Hopeless we struck and stood,
Now when the fight is ended
We know that it was good.

LCE.-CPL. WILLIAM DOUGLAS
(WALKERBURN)

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

1915. SEPTEMBER 26.

Mrs Douglas, Beattie's Buildings, Walkerburn, received official intimation from the War Office that her husband, Lance-Corporal W. Douglas, Cameron Highlanders, who was reported missing on Sunday, 26th September,

1915, after the Battle of Loos, was now considered as having died on that date or since. Lance-Corporal Douglas, who was 23 years of age, enlisted at the end of August, 1914. Since that time he had only been once home, four months later, and proceeded to France in July, 1915. Previous to enlistment he was employed in the carding room of Tweedvale Mill (Messrs Henry Ballantyne & Sons, Ltd.), and was one of the players of Walkerburn Rugby Club. He was the youngest son of Mr David Douglas, Walkerburn, and son-in-law of Mr William Renwick, Traquair Road, Innerleithen. He had two brothers serving in France. Richard Douglas, his brother, also fell.

On the 26th September the weather had cleared, and a bright sky attended the second phase of the mighty contest. Opposite Fosse 8 in the centre lay the 9th Division—a Scottish Division—of the New Army. It contained the 26th Brigade under Brigadier-General Ritchie. On the right lay the 15th Division under Major-General M'Cracken; it, too, was wholly Scottish, and belonged to the second of the New Armies. It had been for more than three months in the trenches facing Loos. A brilliant advance was made by the 15th and 17th Divisions, which resulted in the capture of Loos, and the shaking of the whole German northern front.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE

“I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not. Say not so!
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not on the way:
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave:
 No bar of endless night exiles the brave:
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.”

PRIVATE ROBERT SCOTT

(TRAQUAIR)

ARGYLL & SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

1915. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Mr John Scott, employed at the Glen, Traquair, received official intimation that his son, Private Robert Scott, in the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, had been missing after the Battle of Loos. No trace of him could be

obtained. He was aged 23. He was one of those patriotic lads who enlisted in September, 1914. He had also two brothers serving. During the brilliant advance on the 26th, the London Irish kicked off a football from the parapet, and dribbled it across a thousand yards to the first German line. Before eight o'clock they had joined hands with the Highlanders in the shattered streets beneath the twin towers of Loos. The Highlanders were not content; their orders had been not only to take Loos, but to occupy the rising ground to the east, called Hill 70. They streamed up the hill like hounds; the green tartans of the Gordons and the red of the Camerons mingled in one resistless wave. The garrison on the top surrendered, but the Highlanders streamed onward down the eastern side till they were beyond the last German position. In less than three hours the Brigade had advanced nearly four miles, and had passed beyond all the German trench lines. The fate of Lille and all the plain of Douai trembled in the balance. Major Crichton, of the Gordons, and Major Barron, of the Camerons, tried to recall the van from their wild rush: both fell. The stragglers began to return, but it was a forlorn hope, and few reached the British lines on the hill. All down the slopes, towards Lens, lay the tartans of Gordon and Black Watch, Seaforth and Cameron like the drift on the shore when the tide has ebbed. Up to October 2 the British casualties were 45,000 men. The Black watch came out of action with a hundred men and one officer.

Your ashes o'er the flats of France are scattered,
 But they hold a fire more hot than flesh of ours;
 The stainless flag that flutters, frayed and tattered,
 Shall wave a wreath like Spring's immortal flowers.
 You die, but in your death life glows intenser;
 You shall not know the shame of growing old;
 In endless joy you wave the holy censer,
 And blow the trumpet though your lips are cold.
 Life was to us a mist of limitations;
 Death is a flash that shows us where we trod;
 You, falling nobly for the righteous nations,
 Reveal the Unknown, the unhop'd-for face of God.
 After long toil your labours shall not perish;
 Through grateful generations yet to come,
 Your ardent gesture, dying, Love shall cherish,
 And like a beacon you shall guide us home.



LANCE-CORPORAL WILLIAM DOUGLAS,
WALKERBURN.



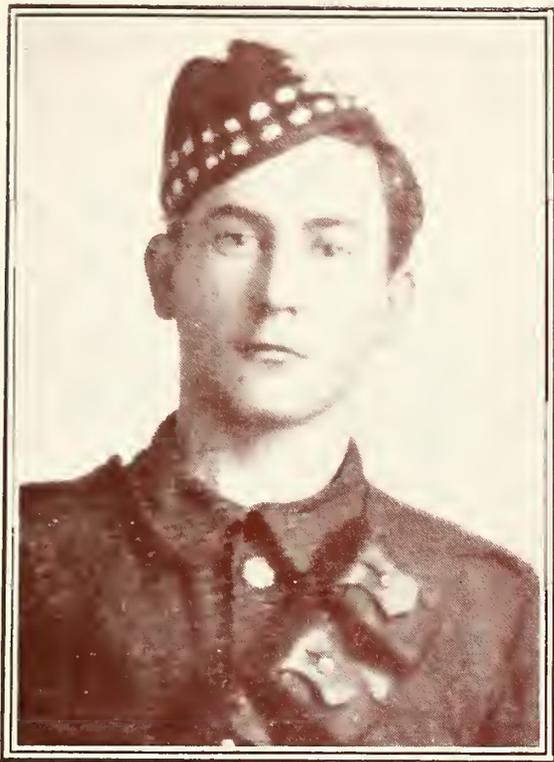
PRIVATE ROBERT NICHOL,
DRUMELZIER.



PRIVATE ROBERT FAIRBAIRN,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ROBERT SCOTT,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE J. T. SCOTT BELL,
BROUGHTON.



SEC. LIEUT. WM. BALLANTYNE,
KIRKUD AND NEWLANDS.



PRIVATE GEORGE LUKE.



PRIVATE TOM DALGLIESH,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE ANDREW LOWRIE,
WALKERBURN.



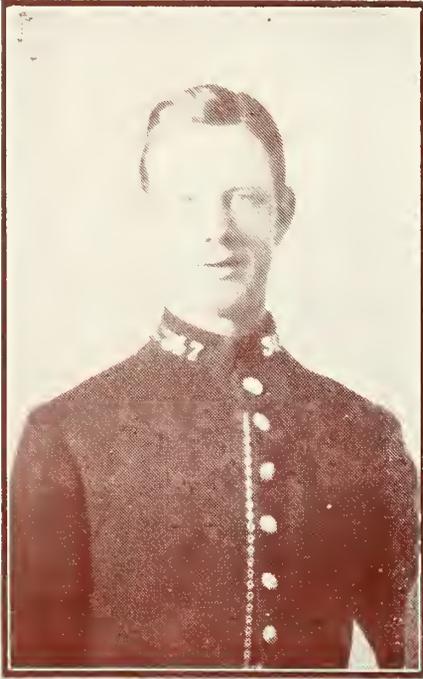
TROOPER JOHN KETCHEN,
BROUGHTON.



SERGEANT HUGH CRAWFORD,
BROUGHTON AND STOBO.



PRIVATE WILLIAM HENRY DRUDGE,
KAILZIE



LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE SOMERVILLE,
INNERLEITHEN.



CORPORAL GAVIN SEMPLE,
BROUGHTON.



TROOPER JAMES ANDERSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



LANCE-CORPORAL ALBERT MURRAY,
WALKERBURN.

PRIVATE J. T. SCOTT BELL

(BROUGHTON)

8TH H.L.I., TRANSFERRED TO 7TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1915. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

News was received by his minister that Private J. T. Scott Bell, whose name is on the Roll of Honour of Broughton Parish, and whose parents lived at Wrae, had met his death in the Dardanelles. He enlisted in November, 1914. He was in the 8th Battalion H.L.I., and transferred into the 1/7th Royal Scots. He sailed from Devonport on the 13th August for the Dardanelles. He was a most promising young man, and deep sympathy is expressed for his parents and brothers and sisters in their sad bereavement, but the example he has given of obedience to the call of King and country, and his brave stand, true till death, is cherished in admiring sympathetic hearts. The Chaplain on H.M. Hospital Ship "Nevash," writing to his parents, said :—

"Private J. Bell was brought on board very badly wounded in the head. He never regained consciousness. At least it may be a relief to you in your sorrow to know that his end was quite without pain. We buried him at sea, about ten miles west of Cape Helles; committed to the deep in the sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life, when the sea shall give up her dead to our Lord Jesus Christ. May He in His infinite love and pity give you comfort in your great sorrow."

From Loos the death-roll has shifted once more to the Dardanelles in this far-flung battle line. His brother John was to fall on June 1, 1916.

"A fool! Ah, no! He was more than wise,
His was the proudest part;
He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart.
And though there's never a grave to tell,
Nor a cross to mark his fall,
Thank God! we know that he fought right
well
In the last great game of all."

PRIVATE GEORGE LUKE

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. OCTOBER 3.

Private George Luke enlisted on 31st August, 1914. He was wounded on 25th September, 1915, and taken prisoner then, and died on 3rd October, 1915.

"All these things they took;
Ah, and I gave them, all things I forsook
But that green blade of wheat,
My own soul's courage, that they did not
take."

"Since they have died to give us gentleness
And hearts kind with contentment and
quiet mirth,
Let us who live give also happiness
And love, that's born of pity, to the
earth."

SEC. LIEUT. WM. BALLANTYNE

(KIRKURD AND NEWLANDS)

BLACK WATCH.

1915. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13.

On a Sunday, in the Parish Church, before the congregation sang Oxenham's "Hymn for the Men at the Front," the Rev. Mr Miller made reference to the death of Second Lieutenant William Ballantyne, intelligence of which was received from France the previous week. He said that many of them would be able to recall the bright-spirited, muscular boy, who a few years ago attended their Sabbath school and church with exemplary regularity. After serving an apprenticeship at Biggar, he went in the capacity of commercial traveller to London. On the outbreak of hostilities he joined the army, and his many excellent qualities soon brought him recognition, and he rose step by step until within the last few weeks he was honoured with a commission in one of the finest of our Highland regiments. Like many another brave lad, he had fallen when leading others on to victory, and he had left behind him a noble example of duty performed at the price of life itself. Although his life had not been long, his fame would long endure, and he would be remembered among them as one who brought the greatest possible credit to his parents, to their Sabbath school, and to the whole community. They felt for his sorrowing relatives in their poignant grief, and they commended them to the God and Father of all consolation, who, by the power of His Holy Spirit the Comforter could bring light out of darkness and turn all earthly sorrows into everlasting joy.

His brother John was to fall on September 30, 1918.

William Ballantyne was the fourth son of Mr and Mrs J. Ballantyne, and like his brother was brought up in Newlands and Kirkurd.

After serving his apprenticeship in Biggar he proceeded to London. He was an enthusiastic member of the London Scottish, and on the outbreak of war he proceeded with his battalion to France, taking part in several memorable engagements. He was wounded in November, 1914, and invalided home, but rejoined his regiment in March, 1915. He was gazetted to the 1st Battalion Black Watch in September, 1915, and fell in action at Hullach on 13th October, 1915, aged 25 years.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search

To vaster issues.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more
glorious
For us to strive to follow. May I reach
That purest haven to be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

PRIVATE TOM DALGLEISH

(TRAQUAIR)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1915. OCTOBER 19.

Quite a gloom was cast over Traquair district when it was learned that Private Tom Dalgleish, 8th Royal Scots (son of Mr Dalgleish, farmer, Traquair Mill), had made the supreme sacrifice in France. Private Dalgleish enlisted in January, and was in France for several months. The sad intelligence was conveyed to his father in the following letter :—

“ France, Wednesday, 20th October, 1915.
—It is with great regret that I have to inform you that your son was killed last night at about nine o'clock, Tuesday, 19th October. We were working as usual just behind our

own front line when a rifle grenade fell among several who were working together. It killed your son, besides killing another and wounding two. It will perhaps be some consolation to know that your son suffered no pain. Ever since he joined this Battalion we have known your son to be a willing worker and a cheerful comrade. He is much missed here.”

“It is with much regret that I write you this note. There is no doubt that you will have learned by this time of the death of your son. The parcel which you despatched on the 20th reached us safe and sound, and we only regret his absence in sharing the many good things we received from home. There were eleven of us in the billet; now we are reduced to seven by two killed and two wounded. We miss them all very much. The following day was very quiet—there was an awful dullness amongst us. Tom was well liked among us, and the eleven of us lived together like brothers. He was a nice lad, and ever ready to lend a helping hand. He is buried in a nice little soldiers' burial-ground adjoining a small village not far from where he was killed. We held a nice little service, addressed by our Battalion Chaplain. We all join in sending you our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement.”

A shallow trench for one so tall!
“ Heads down ”—no need for that old call
Beneath the upturned sod.
Safe lies his body, never fret,
Behind that crumpled parapet,
And over all this wind and wet
His soul sits safe with God.

PRIVATE ANDREW LOWRIE

(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1915. NOVEMBER 4.

Long after the dreadful Battle of Loos the mother of Private Andrew Lowrie at Walkerburn received word that her son had died of wounds on Thursday, the 4th of November, 1915. Before the war Andrew Lowrie had been a warehouseman in Tweedvale Mills. He enlisted in September, 1914, and in a year from that date was severely wounded at Loos. Nothing was known of his fate for a long time, but at length his mother received information that he had been taken prisoner when wounded

and had died in a Military Hospital in Germany, and his body was buried near Hulluch.

No easy hopes or lies
 Shall bring us to our goal,
 But iron sacrifice
 Of body, will, and soul.
 There is but one task for all—
 For each one life to give,
 Who stands if freedom fall?
 Who dies if Britain live?
 Though all we made depart,
 The old commandments stand :
 "In patience keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand."

SERGEANT HUGH CRAWFORD (BROUGHTON AND STOBO)

11TH ARGYLL & SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
 1915. NOVEMBER 10.

Sergeant Hugh Crawford, Broughton, of the 11th Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, was a man of soldierly bearing and experience, having served twelve years in the Army, and had seen service in India and South Africa. Before the war he was employed on the Caledonian Railway. Before a great engagement in November he wrote his minister, Mr Baird, stating he was preparing for battle under his trusted officer, Captain Home, formerly H.M.I. of Schools, whose relatives are connected with the district. He was afraid that it would be his last letter, and that he had his soldier's New Testament, a gift from his church, which he greatly prized. He received severe injuries while burying a comrade, and died on Wednesday, the 10th November, 1915. His grave was in the Villers Cemetery, side by side with many of the gallant lads who had fallen before him, and was marked with a cross showing his name and date of death. Heartfelt sympathy was expressed for his widow and all his relatives.

It seemeth death to those who stay below,
 When Christians leave the earth,
 But to the ones who meet them where they go
 It is not death but birth.

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
 His shadow darkens death; his truer name
 Is onward, no discordance in the roll
 And march of that Eternal harmony
 Whereto the worlds beat time, though faintly
 heard
 Until the great hereafter. Mourn in hope.

TROOPER JOHN KETCHEN (BROUGHTON)

LANARKSHIRE YEOMANRY.
 1915. NOVEMBER 19.

Trooper John Ketchen, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Ketchen, Yestermain, Gifford, and grandson of John Ketchen, late of Parkgatestone, Broughton, was educated at Broughton School, joined the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, and was killed in action at the Dardanelles on Friday, 19th November, 1915. The following letter from the Sergeant of the Troop was received by his mother :—

"It is with the deepest regret that I pen these few lines. I expect that by now you will have received official notification of the death in action of your son John, and I enclose the following articles, thinking that you would like to have them, also this note to give you a few details.

"He was defending a trench captured the previous day from the Turks. On the night of the 19th the enemy attacked us twice, and was repulsed, and it was during this engagement that Jack went down. He was a bomber, and was in advance of our trench, throwing bombs when he met his end. He was killed by an enemy bomb, death being instantaneous, therefore he suffered no pain. We carried him out and he was taken down to the rest camp next morning, and buried in the Divisional Cemetery. Our Major Johnstone-Ferguson attended the funeral, also the Chaplain; and we intend as a mark of respect to put a small cross on the grave so that it won't be a nameless one.

"Your son, Mrs Ketchen, was one of the best soldiers in the squad, and he was liked by both officers and men for his quiet, unassuming manner and cheery nature, and we all mourn his loss as a pal and one of the best. As Sergeant of the Troop, I can say he was always ready to do his duty cheerfully, and he met his death facing the enemy and doing his duty to the end.

"I must close now as no words can recompense you for the very great loss you have suffered. But you have one consolation that he died doing his duty. "Greater love hath no man than he should lay down his life for his friends." The colour I cut from his tunic

is our regimental ribbon. The rest of the articles were in his breast pocket."

Together lay them in one common grave,
These noble sons of Britain and of France,
Who side by side did yesterday advance,
And to their foes a dear example gave
Of what a freeman's worth beyond a slave.
Their's was a noble fellowship in life,
They breathed their lives out in one glorious
strife;

Then let them lie, the brave beside the brave.
And sleep with them, for evermore to cease,
Sleep with the sleep which no awaking knows,
The long contention of eight hundred years.
While from their ashes the fair tree of peace
Springs, under which two nations may repose
In love which ancient discord more endears.

PTE. WILLIAM HENRY DRUDGE

(KAILZIE)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. NOVEMBER 24.

William Henry Drudge was born at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on the 28th of June, 1895, and was educated at the Parochial Schools there. His first employment was in the gardens of St Lawrence Hall, the residence of the late Sir Charles Cayzer, Bart. Thereafter he came to Peebles in order to fill a similar position in the gardens of William Cree, Esq., of Kailzie.

In the month of November, 1914, William enlisted in the 8th Royal Scots, and thus became one of those brave "Contemptibles," who nobly served their country in the very beginning. His military life continued for one short year, as he fell on the 24th November, 1915, on the Albert Front. His brother was stationed at the time at Vignacourt, and as soon as he learned that William had been hit, he hastened to the Casualty Clearing Station at Villers Boeage, and was there informed that his brother was shot through the shoulder, the bullet passing out through the abdomen. He had been repairing the parapet of a trench. He died in hospital on the following day, Wednesday, November 24, 1915.

In Flanders fields the poppies bloom
Above your lowly hallowed tomb,
That your brave deeds may never die
The torch of freedom lifted high,
Shall shine forever where you lie.

No more in Flanders field will grow
The Crosses, endless, row on row,
For crushed and conquered lies the foe.
We kept the faith, we've seen it through,
Our myriad Brave lie dead with you,
In Flanders fields.

LCE.-CPL. GEORGE SOMERVILLE

(INNERLEITHEN)

7TH SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1915. NOVEMBER 25.

Lance-Corporal George Somerville, of the 7th Seaforth Highlanders, was the youngest son of Mr George Somerville, Marmion Cottage, Innerleithen. He died of wounds in France on November 25, 1915. He had enlisted six months previously, and was formerly a member of the City of Edinburgh Police Force. His brother William was fated to fall on March 28, 1918.

Since the Canadians raided the enemy trenches south-west of Messines on November 18, there had been no great fights for some days, but in the early days of November there had been much activity in the Champagne area.

Well, to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign: "Endure!"
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure,
Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest,
Lay him down in hopes and faith;
And above the broken sod,
Once again to Freedom's God
Pledge ourselves for life or death.

CORPORAL GAVIN SEMPLE

(BROUGHTON)

LANARKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

1915. DECEMBER 24.

Corporal Gavin Semple, son of James Semple, farmer, Pyetknowe, Kilbucho, was educated at Biggar. He joined the Lanarkshire Yeomanry in 1913, and mobilised with them on the outbreak of war, August, 1914. He was stationed at Cupar Fife until they were sent

out to Gallipoli in September, 1915, having volunteered for foreign service. He was killed in action at Gallipoli on Friday, 24th December, 1915, aged 23 years. His officer wrote to his father :—

“ Dear Sir,—You will have learned before this of the sad news of the death of your son. It was caused by a shell bursting in the part of the trench where he was sitting. Death was instantaneous, and he suffered no pain. He was one of the bravest and most promising of our non-commissioned officers. His death leaves a blank which it will be difficult to fill. He was buried in the Cemetery of the 52nd Division.”

From his diary one sees how keen he was from the notes on entrenching, the careful lists he kept, the troop roll, the names and addresses of the next-of-kin. In the diary he tells of the regimental order for active service, equipment, the farewell, the great send-off from Cupar, the embarkation on the troopship “ Arcadian ”—the voyage to the East, for Gallipoli, passing Gibraltar, a view of the African Coast, arrival at Valetta, reaching Mudros, the landing, the hillside burrowed out like a rabbit warren, Achi Baba, his intention to record each day in his diary the day’s work; we read of fatigue duty, men suffering from dysentery, his joy receiving home letters and parcels, the winter cold and blizzards, their moving up to Eski lines, the torrential rains, and then the record ends with a pathetic sketch entitled “ The Soldier’s Dream.”

The soldier on guard in the trenches, with greatcoat, rifle and bayonet; the soldier’s return, the evening meal, the loved ones around the board, a faithful collie getting a tit-bit, the soldier in the place of honour, the fire blinking bonnily, and the words “ Home, Sweet Home.”

When the fatal shell burst in the trenches a comrade tells that Gavin was reading one of Burns’ poems, thinking of the dear old country. Faithful unto death through the faith in the great Captain of our Salvation and Elder Brother, has he not found the eternal home and the assurance of the glad re-union?

“ They cannot die whose lives are part
Of the great life that is to be,
Whose hearts beat with the world’s great
heart,
And throb with its high destiny.”

TROOPER JAMES ANDERSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

1ST LANARKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

1915. DECEMBER 25.

The ancient fighting spirit of the Borders survives yet among the hopes and glens of Peeblesshire, and the toll exacted by the war from the sons of the shepherds and farmers of the Upper Borders will serve to demonstrate to unborn generations how these stalwart sons of Tweeddale, scions of those who fell at Flodden, were not afraid to give up all, even life itself, for Scotland and the Empire. The 1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry specially distinguished themselves. Many of its gallant members fell; others received decorations; many others deserved them, but did not survive to have their merits acknowledged.

Trooper James Anderson, second son of George Anderson, shepherd, left the beautifully-wooded hillsides of Glenormiston at the beginning of the war and enlisted in the Yeomanry. Bravely he fought in the disastrous expedition of the Dardanelles. He had all but won through, because the evacuation was decided upon, and had been proceeding for some days, when a Turkish shell laid him low on Christmas Day (Saturday), 1915. By the 10th of the following month the British had evacuated the whole of Gallipoli Peninsula, leaving in its occupation the bodies of more than a hundred thousand heroes, who, although not attaining at the time their objective, which was Constantinople, yet in the end by their glorious self-sacrifice rendered successful the entry of the British into that historic city and also the victory of the war. Of these was Trooper James Anderson, who was a real hard worker, and very popular among the men.

But now the day has come along—

With rifle, haversack, and pack,
We’re off a hundred thousand strong,
And some of us will not come back.
But all we ask if that befall
Is this. Within your hearts be writ
This single line memorial—
“ He did his duty and his bit.”

LCE.-CPL. ALBERT MURRAY

(WALKERBURN)

11TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1915. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31.

Died of wound, received on Dec. 12th, at Wharnccliffe War Hospital, Sheffield, L.-Corpl. Albert Murray, 11th Royal Scots, son of Wm.

Murray, Holylee, Walkerburn. The interment took place in Innerleithen Cemetery, the body, draped with the Union Jack, being met at the train by a firing party, under Sergeant-Major Watson, and the Pipe Band of the 3/7th Royal Scots, under Drum-Major D. Ross. The cortege moved off to the sad strains of "The Flowers o' the Forest." When the body had been committed three volleys were fired, and the "Land o' the Leal" was played on the pipes. The "Last Post" was sounded on the bugles, and the sad ceremony was over. He had been home on furlough a fortnight before he was wounded. He had a brother in the Army and another in the Navy.

We who are left how shall we look again
 Happily on the sun or feel the rain
 Without remembering how they who went
 Ungrudgingly, and spent
 Their lives for us, loved, too, the sun and
 rain?
 A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
 But we, how shall we turn to little things,
 And listen to the birds and winds and streams
 Made holy by their dreams,
 Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of
 things?

LIEUT. ROBERT NORRIE JERVIS

(STOBO AND PEBBLES)

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

1916. JANUARY 5.

Killed in action in France on Wednesday, 5th January, 1916, Lieutenant Robert Norrie Jervis, Royal Engineers, aged 27 years, youngest son of the late Andrew Jervis, schoolmaster, Stobo, and of Mrs Jervis, Wemyss Place, Peebles. Lieutenant R. N. Jervis, who was killed in action in France, was a graduate of Edinburgh University, and held the degree of B.Sc. in Engineering. He served his engineering apprenticeship with the firm of Messrs Bertram, Sciennes, Edinburgh, and was for a time in the employment of the Edinburgh and District Water Trust. Lieutenant Jervis was an enthusiastic volunteer, and for a number of years was connected with the Queen's Edinburgh Rifles and the University O.T.C. Engineers. On the outbreak of war he volunteered for active service, and received a commission in the Royal Engineers. He met death from a stray bullet while superintending night work near the front line on the evening of 5th January. The following is an extract from a

letter received by Mrs Jervis from the Brigadier-General:—

"Whilst Lieutenant Jervis had been attached to this Brigade for engineer work I formed the highest opinion of him. He was always full of work and zeal, and never spared himself in carrying out his various duties. It is only about a month ago that I sent in a special report on the splendid way he had carried out all his work. The nation has lost a good and promising officer, whose whole heart was in his work."

The Major of the Company also writes:—

"Lieutenant Jervis was a good officer, whose influence in the Company had always been for duty and efficiency, and I recommended him for promotion to Captain some months ago."

Much sympathy was expressed by a wide circle of friends for Lieutenant Jervis' widowed mother and sisters and two brothers in their great loss.

It is but crossing with a bated breath,
 And with set face a little strip of sea,
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious than before.
 I cannot make it seem a day to dread
 When from this dear earth I shall journey
 out
 To that still dearer Country of the dead
 And join the lost ones so long dreamed
 about.
 I love this world! Yet I shall love to go
 To meet the friends who wait for me I know.

SERGEANT EDWARD OLIVER

(INNERLEITHEN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. FEBRUARY 24.

Sergeant Edward Oliver, 2/8th Royal Scots, Transport Section, was laid to rest with military honours on February 28, 1916, aged 23. Sergeant Oliver had contracted a chill some weeks previously, which developed into inflammation of the brain. He was taken to Falkirk Infirmary. News of his improvement in health followed his admission, but a relapse ended fatally on Thursday, February 24th. His remains were brought to Innerleithen and taken to the house of his parents at Aisle Croft. On Monday, the 23th, the cortege proceeded from

the house, led by a firing party from the 3/7th Royal Scots, with the pipe band playing as a slow march "Scots wha hae." At the graveside after committing the body three volleys were fired, and the "Last Post" was sounded on the hughes. Sergeant Oliver was of a quiet, amiable disposition, and was liked by his comrades. Brothers—Tom Oliver, Camerons, twice wounded; A. Oliver, K.O.S.B., wounded.

Edward Oliver was for four years a Territorial Volunteer, and when war was declared on the 4th of August, 1914, he bravely answered his country's call and re-enlisted. He was well-known in Peebles, being on the transport when the 2/8th Royal Scots were encamped on Kingsmeadows in 1915, where his photograph was taken. He was a strictly temperate man, well loved by all who knew him. His mother had the comfort of being beside the bed of her beloved son at the end, when he clasped her hand and said—"Good-hye, dear mother; don't worry about me, I am quite happy; cheer up." He repeated the hymn, "Rock of Ages," also "Peace, peace, perfect peace," and added, "Till we meet again."

Oh, I saw you lying still,
All so crumpled and so still,
At the bottom of the hill,
Comrades mine.

In the twilight of the dawn,
Of the rose and silver dawn,
That brought in the battle morn,
Comrades mine.

And ye taught me how to die,
How a soldier ought to die,
Duty done without a sigh,
Comrades mine.

God of courage grant me grace,
Grant me His especial grace,
With you hoys to see His face,
Comrades mine.

LIEUT. JOSEPH MAXWELL-STUART.

(TRAQUAIR)

3RD DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.
1916. THURSDAY, MARCH 2.

Lieut. Joseph Maxwell-Stuart was born at Ascot, Berkshire, on the 22nd August, 1896, and was the fifth son of Mr and the Hon. Mrs Edmund Maxwell-Stuart of Batworth Park,

Arundel. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, Lancs., which he left in 1914, and took up a position on the staff of the Midland Railway, and during his six months' service with them he gave great satisfaction to his superiors, being earnest and energetic and most conscientious. He, however, felt a strong conviction that it was his duty to fight for his country, and consequently obtained leave from his employers to join the army. He obtained a commission, and was gazetted as Second Lieutenant in the 3rd Duke of Wellington's Regiment, March 6th, 1915. After a period of training Lieut. Maxwell-Stuart went out to France. In December, 1915, he was wounded near Ypres and was invalided home for a time. In February, 1916, he rejoined his regiment in France, and on the 2nd of March he was killed instantaneously by a shell near Ypres just as they were moving out of the trenches, his battalion having been relieved after a period of very heavy bombardment. He was aged nineteen.

The sad news was received in Traquair with deep regret. Eloquent testimony to the regimental esteem in which Lieut. Maxwell-Stuart was held is expressed in a letter to his father from Captain Danby, the Adjutant, who writes :

"Dear Mr Stuart,—It is with the greatest regret that I have to tell you of your son's death. We had been in action for a long time and had had a really heavy bombardment, under which we had lost a lot of men, but had been relieved and were moving out behind the lines when he was killed. The Commanding Officer wishes me to express his deep sympathy with you, and to say that he valued his services very highly indeed, and feels his loss very keenly. I can only say that he has shewn himself to be a brave and gallant officer, who had by his courage and cheerfulness endeared himself to every officer and man who served with him. His body was brought down and will be given a proper burial, and I have arranged to have his grave marked with a little cross to keep his memory fresh in our minds. May I as a brother officer and friend of his express my deep sympathy with you in your great loss."

The four sons of this ancient house who fell were :—

1916. March 2—Joseph Maxwell-Stuart, fifth son.

1916. April 26.—Edmund Maxwell-Stuart,
third son.
1917. October 9.—Harry Maxwell-Stuart,
second son.
1918. August 24.—Alfred Maxwell-Stuart,
fourth son.

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach, and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave :
Since each was born of woman,
For each, at utter need,
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna, intercede

SGT.-MAJOR ANDREW DOHERTY
(INNERLEITHEN)

10TH HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1916. SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

In a letter from the Battalion Chaplain the sad news that Sergt.-Major Doherty, second son of Mr James Doherty, luggage porter, Innerleithen, had been killed in action on 18th inst., was conveyed to his father. He was a well-known Innerleithen man, and before mobilisation was an official of several of the public institutions in the town. He took a great interest in the affairs of the Silver Band, being a member of committee. He was employed in Leithen Spinning Mill. When a young man he enlisted in the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, and on completion of eight years' service he resigned with the rank of sergeant. On mobilisation at the commencement of the war he was posted to the 10th Battalion, and promoted first to Company Quartermaster-Sergeant and afterwards to Company Sergeant-Major. He was drafted to France on 25th May, 1915, and was engaged with his regiment at the battle of Loos. Thereafter he was granted 72 hours' leave of absence, when he returned to Innerleithen—the only occasion allowed him to visit his home since leaving for France. He was 32 years of age, and left a widow (a daughter of Mrs Brunton, 62 High Street), and two children, for whom great sympathy was felt in their sore bereavement. Sergeant-Major Doherty was one of four brothers serving with the colours—two of whom were stationed in England, and the third was with the H.L.I. in Mesopotamia. The

following is the letter received by Mr James Doherty intimating his son's death :—

“ 18th March, 1916.—Dear Mr Doherty,—It is with the deepest regret that I write to inform you of the death to-day of your son, Company Sergeant-Major Doherty, C Company, 10th H.L.I. I write to you rather than to his wife, thinking it would make it a little easier for her if you broke the sad news to her. Sergeant-Major Doherty and his batman, Pte. Milligan, were both struck by the same shell about mid-day, and both instantaneously killed. We buried them side by side to-night in a soldiers' cemetery behind the trenches. Crosses will be erected over their graves in a day or two. All the graves are carefully registered by the Graves Registration Commission, who are always ready to give information to friends. Sergeant-Major Doherty's death is very deeply regretted by all the officers and men of the battalion, and particularly by those of his own company. I have been much struck to-night by the general expressions of sorrow on the part of all the officers and men I have met. Personally I felt a deep sense of loss when I heard the sad news. I always found him most willing to help me in any way by leading the singing and assisting at communion services when I required help. I had for him a warm esteem and regard, and shall miss him very much. We all feel deeply for his sorrowing widow and children. It is a very sore blow for her. May God comfort her and her little ones and comfort you all. Will you please break the sad news to her. I am asking much from you, but it will be easier for her.”

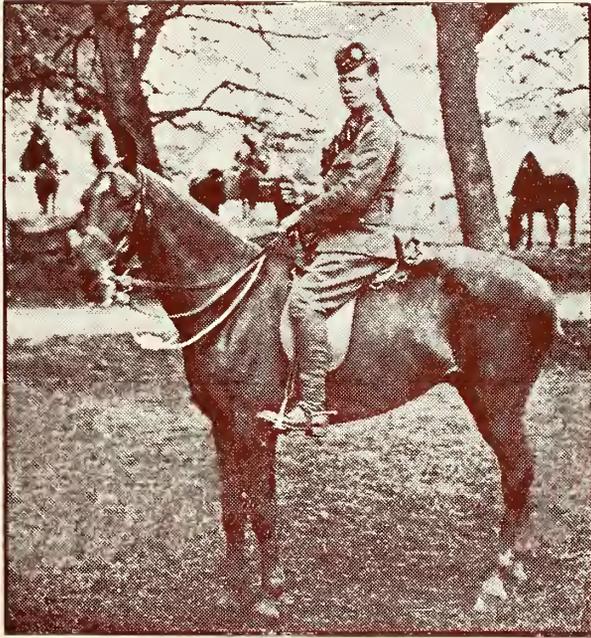
“ DEAR MRS DOHERTY,—I have a most unpleasant task to perform, and that is to inform you of the death of your husband, which occurred yesterday about 12.25 noon. I will endeavour to describe as briefly as possible the circumstances. The Company grenadiers were firing rifle grenades, and I had personally warned everybody to be on the lookout for the enemy's trench mortar bombs, your husband being amongst the number. Unfortunately at the moment your husband was reading a message which he had received from Headquarters, and was so interested that he,



LIEUT. ROBERT NORRIE JERVIS,
STOBO AND PEEBLES.



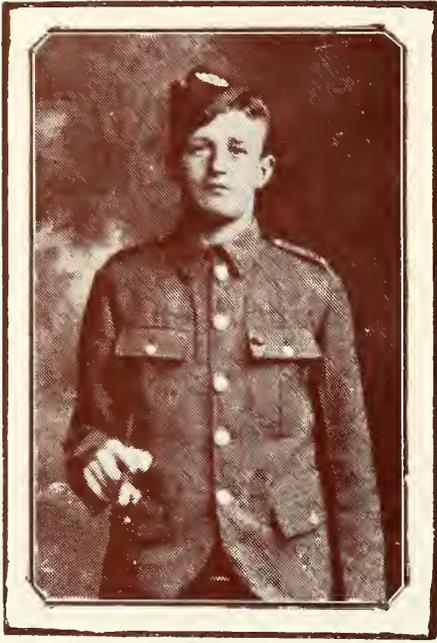
LIEUT. JOSEPH MAXWELL-STUART,
TRAQUAIR.



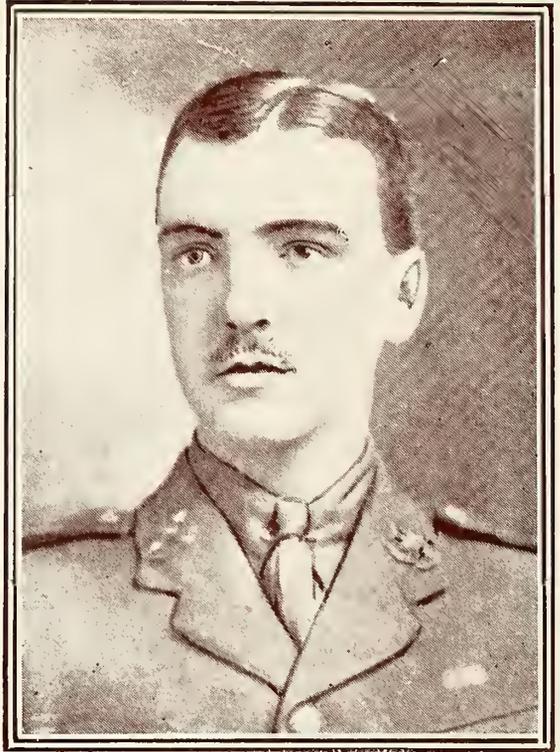
SERGEANT EDWARD OLIVER,
INNERLEITHEN.



SERGEANT-MAJOR ANDREW DOHERTY,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE HENRY FORREST,
WALKERBURN.



LIEUT. EDMUND MAXWELL-STUART,
TRAQUAIR.



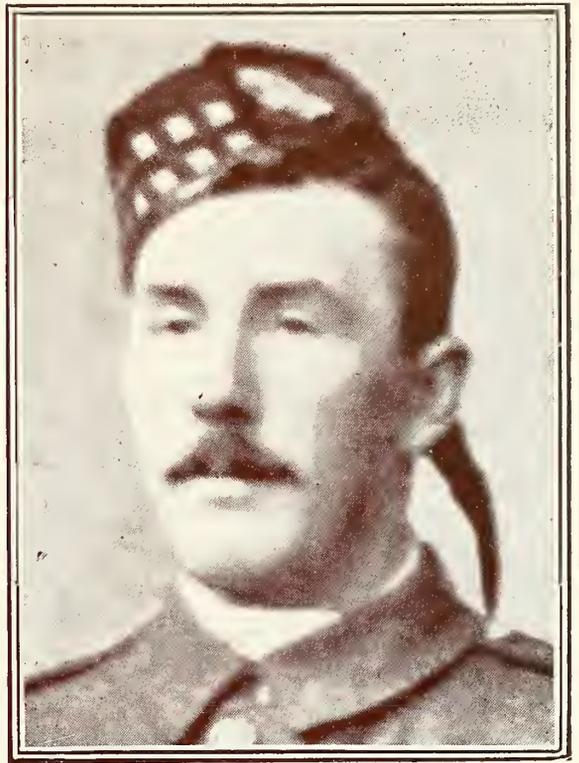
PRIVATE ARCHIBALD DICKSON,
NEWLANDS AND BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE ROBERT HOME,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE WALTER CLARKE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER COSENS BROWN,
TWEEDSMUIR.



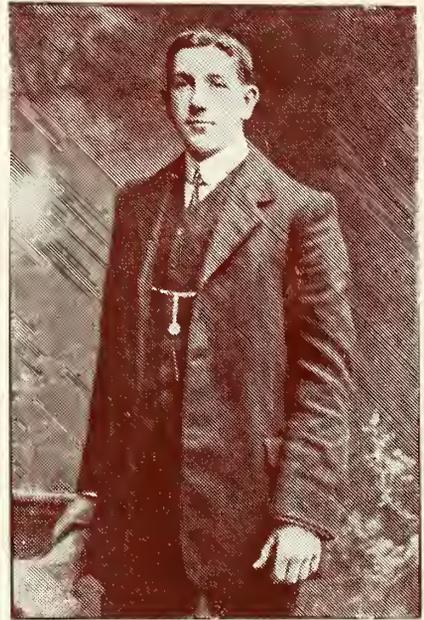
CAPTAIN IAN A. G. FERGUSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE JAMES C. THORBURN,
WALKERBURN.



SAPPER JOHN BELL,
BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE JOSHUA PRINGLE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ROBERT PRESTON,
MANOR, INNERLEITHEN.



SAPPER ARCHIBALD INGLIS,
WALKERBURN.

of course, failed to keep a sharp look out until too late to be of any real service to him. Still, he and his comrades who were with him heard it and looked up to see where it was. They evidently did see it, and rushed to the nearest cover, which was a bridge under a railway. Your husband evidently thought that the bomb was landing on the railway, and endeavoured to regain his own dug-out, which was only five yards away, when the bomb burst. He died in about two minutes. Had he stopped under the small railway bridge, I am afraid the result would have been the same, as of the men who stayed there, one, his own servant, was killed, and the other wounded. Had he reached his own dug-out he would have been safe, but we found him lying with his head towards the door, as if he was about to enter it. He died almost instantly, and I am sure felt no pain. He had a bad wound in the head, and a very bad wound in the right side. Please accept my sincere sympathy in your sad bereavement, not only from myself but also from my brother officers, from Colonel Stuart, commanding, to his humblest comrade. I myself have felt it very much, and although in a military sense our ranks were different, you must understand he was my right-hand man; him I fully trusted to do everything that was needed, and have never had any fault to find. He was a man who knew his duties thoroughly, and carried them out in a most jovial way, both in the trenches and out of them. With always being in contact with him, I can say he was always fearless and did his work in a most efficient way. I have been with him under the heaviest of enemy's fire, and I never found him wanting. He always lent a helping hand to anybody who required it, and the Company wherein he served. All are very down-mouthed indeed; it gave everyone a great shock when they heard about it, and they have really not got over it yet; men who see the same thing every day are really knocked out of time. Really, Mrs Doherty, I cannot express my feelings fully. I wish I could, but I must leave it to your imagination to picture the sorrow of the Company in losing so good a man. Perhaps you would like a photo of his grave; if so, would you please let me know, and I will endeavour to procure

one. Once again, please accept the sympathy of the whole Company, also of myself and brother officers."

His cousin, Q.M.S. John Doherty, was to fall on March 22, 1918.

. . . Then like grim warriors of old
 Let us glory in our scars,
 And read aright, my doubting wight,
 God's emblem of the stars :
 Our highest, best achieved—behold,
 A higher niche and sphere !
 Nor deem the battle lost or won,
 There's something yet beyond the sun
 When our brief thread of life is spun,
 And sorrows disappear :
 A myriad suns beyond the sun,
 Serene, resplendent, clear !

Vaughan.

PRIVATE HENRY FORREST

(WALKERBURN)

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

1916. APRIL 18.

Mr Alexander Forrest, Tweedview, Walkerburn, received official notice from the District Record Office, Perth, that his son, Private Henry Forrest, Cameron Highlanders, had been killed in action on Tuesday, the 18th April. A letter also was received from the Captain of Private Forrest's Company, stating that he was killed instantaneously by the bursting of a shell which landed in his dug-out. Private Forrest was scarcely nineteen years of age, and enlisted on the 30th of March, 1915, being one of those gallant young lads who burned to fight in defence of their country. He proceeded to France on the 14th of July, and took part in an engagement on the 12th of October. At the time when he fell there was much fighting going on around Ypres.

If I should fall upon the field,
 And lie among the slain,
 Then mine will be the victory,
 And yours the pain ;
 For this in prospect comforts me
 Against all saddening fears,
 That dying so I make myself
 Worthy your tears.

PRIVATE ARCHIBALD DICKSON

(NEWLANDS AND BROUGHTON)

BLACK WATCH.

1916. APRIL 22

It is with deep regret that we have to place on record the death of Private Archibald Dickson, Black Watch, youngest son of Mr Thomas Dickson, forester, Dodhead, Macbiehill. In the Mesopotamia campaign, at the Battle of Kut, he was killed in action on Saturday, the 22nd April, 1916—a time of fierce fighting. The previous year he was seriously wounded at the Battle of Loos, so that his military career had been one of suffering. He was only 21 years of age, and was a lad of a quiet, unassuming disposition, on whose countenance there invariably beamed a genial smile. Much sympathy was felt in the district for his aged father and for his brothers and sisters, who were left to mourn his premature death in a distant land.

“The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.”

Mr Dickson has two other sons serving with the Colours—a commendable record in a patriotic family.

When Archibald Dickson fell the British had been suffering a severe check on the way to Kut. The British experienced very severe losses, although not to the same extent as the enemy, who lost more than 3000 men. On April 23 the British attacked the Turkish position at Sanna-i-yat after bombarding it systematically for two days. Owing to floods it was found possible for one Brigade only to attack, and the result was a failure, despite the great gallantry of the British troops.

He is buried! Comrade, sleep!

A wooden cross at your brave head will stand.

A cross of wood? A Calvary!—The land

For whose sake you laid down sweet life, will keep

Watch, lad, and ward that none may bring to shame

That Name for which you died! “What’s in a name?”

Britain shall answer! you will hear her cry:

“Well done, my own! my son—good rest:
good-bye!”

LIEUT. EDMUND MAXWELL-STUART

(TRAQUAIR)

13TH EAST YORKS REGIMENT AND ROYAL ENGINEERS, TUNNELLING COY.

1916. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26.

He was born at Ascot on the 3rd October, 1892, and was the third son of Mr and Mrs Edmund Maxwell-Stuart. He was educated at Stonyhurst College. He left College in July, 1910, and in the following October he entered The Royal School of Mines at the Imperial College, London. His four years’ course had been practically completed, and he could have become a fully qualified mining engineer when war broke out. Lieutenant Edmund Maxwell-Stuart already belonged to the College Corps of Electrical Engineers, but owing to the number of commissions in the Corps being limited, he was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 13th East Yorkshire Regiment on the 10th November, 1914. A year later he was transferred to the Tunnelling Company of the Royal Engineers, for which his professional training rendered him specially qualified. He soon went out to the Western Front, where his pluck, his powers of endurance, and his hard work won the hearty commendation of his superior officers. In March, 1916, he wrote:—“I am in the death-trap known as the Salient, burrowing tunnels under Hun trenches; in fact, looking for trouble. For five long shell-ridden months I have been here, and I feel ten years older than when I landed.” When the turn of his Company came to take a well-earned rest behind the lines, Lieutenant Maxwell-Stuart along with one brother officer was elected to remain behind to instruct the relieving Company. This duty he willingly acceded to, and was temporarily attached to the Canadian Tunnelling Company. Very soon afterwards, on April 26th, 1916, while standing at the door of his dug-out on duty, he was struck by a German shell and killed instantaneously. His Captain wrote of him:—

“He was undoubtedly the favourite of our mess, with his unflinching good humour and generous courage. His name would have appeared in the next list of recommendations for promotion.”

Another:—

“All who knew him admired and loved him as a fine soldier and a true gentleman.”
(The C.O. of the Canadian Tunnelling Coy.)

He was the third son of Mr Edmund Maxwell-Stuart of Batworth Park, Arundel (brother of Mr Herbert Maxwell-Stuart of Traquair and Terregles), by his marriage with his cousin Mary, one of the daughters of Lord Herries (the tenth). Mr Maxwell-Stuart's younger brother was killed on March 2. He was a cousin of the present Baroness Herries, Duchess of Norfolk.

Be with them, Lord, in camp and field,
 Who guard our ancient name to-night;
 Hark to the cry that rises now,
 Lord, Lord, maintain us in our right.
 Be with the dying, be with the dead,
 Sore stricken far on alien ground,
 Be with the ships on clashing seas,
 That gird our island kingdom round.
 Through barren nights and fruitless days
 Of wasting, when our faith grows dim,
 Mary, be with the stricken heart,
 Thou hast a Son, remember Him.

PRIVATE ROBERT HUME

(INNERLEITHEN)

9TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. WEDNESDAY, MAY 3.

The sad news of another St Ronan's lad being killed in France reached Innerleithen, a letter being received by Mrs Hume, Cauldhame, intimating that her son, Robert, had been killed by a bullet. The deceased lad was a private in the 9th Royal Scots (Dandy Ninth), he having enlisted in the month of September previously. He afterwards went to Selkirk, and from there was drafted to France, and had only been on active service two months. Prior to enlistment, deceased was employed as vanman with Mr J. Forsyth, and for some time was a member of St Ronan's Silver Band. He was eighteen years of age. He had an elder brother serving in France, in the Black Watch, and his father was in the 2/8th Royal Scots, at present stationed at Chelmsford. The following is the letter received by Mrs Hume :—

“It is with the deepest regret that I have to convey to you very bad news about your son in the 9th Royal Scots. He was struck last night by a bullet, and in spite of all we could do for him, he passed away within an hour. The bullet had got right into his side, and he lost consciousness almost at once and never regained it, so you may be sure he suffered little or no pain before the end. His

loss is deeply regretted both by me, his platoon officer, and by his comrades in No. 3 platoon. He was always a willing and conscientious worker, whatever his task might be, and always a cheery companion among the men. I can realise what a blow the news will be to you and all his family, and you have our deepest and sincerest sympathy in your sorrow. He was buried in a little village just behind the firing line, where many a Scotsman lies who has fallen, like him, in his country's cause, and our chaplain conducted the service.

His elder brother John was fated to fall on July 22 of the same year (1916). He was in the Black Watch.

The song of the man in the khaki coat,
 As he stands in the wet and snow,
 A smoking rifle in his hands,
 And his feet in the mud below.
 The tale of the charge and the man that fell,
 Of the tunic dyed with red,
 The tight-clenched teeth and the clammy brow,
 And the stain where the wound had bled.
 O! he groaned as he jolted to and fro,
 And wan, wan was his smile-a,
 But he grit his teeth and he hummed
 “Cheer-o!”
 And he died at the end of a mile-a.

PRIVATE WALTER CLARKE

(INNERLEITHEN)

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

1916. TUESDAY, MAY 9.

The sad news of another Innerleithen lad making the supreme sacrifice arrived in the town. A companion, writing to some friends in Innerleithen, conveyed the news that Private Walter Clarke had been killed in the trenches on Tuesday, the 9th May. Intimation of the sad event was conveyed to his mother, Mrs Renwick, Station Road, Innerleithen. He received his education at the Board School, and later worked as a baker with Mr Dalgleish, baker, Innerleithen, and latterly was employed in the Waverley Mills. Afterwards he was employed as a warper in the Restalrig Mills, Edinburgh. Shortly after war broke out he enlisted, and saw much active service in France, with the Gordon Highlanders—Pioneers. He was aged only 24 years, and was of a very amiable disposition.

Private Walter Clarke joined up 5th Sept.,

1914, went to Kent, then Salisbury Plain; went to France July, 1915; fell May 9th, 1916.

. . . If there's any consciousness to follow
The deep, deep slumber that we know as death,
If death and life are not all vain and hollow,
If life is more than so much indrawn breath,
Then in the hush of twilight I shall come—
One with immortal life, that knows not death
But ever changes form—I shall come home;

Although beneath

A wooden cross the clay that once was I
Has ta'en its ancient earthy form anew.
But listen to the wind that hurries by,
To all the song of life for tones you knew.
For in the voice of birds, the scent of flowers,
The evening silence and the falling dew,
Through every throbbing pulse of nature's
powers

I'll speak to you.

CAPTAIN IAN A. G. FERGUSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. MAY 12.

Mrs Ferguson, 41 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh, received intimation from the War Office that her son, Captain Ian A. G. Ferguson, Royal Scots, was killed in action. Captain Ferguson, who was born on August 2, 1897, obtained his Commission as Second Lieutenant in September, 1914, was promoted Lieutenant in June, 1915, went to the Front in July, 1915, and was gazetted Captain as from September, 1916, that is, just after the battle of Loos, which he went through as machine gun officer of his battalion. He had then just attained the age of 18, and was one of the youngest captains in the army. Captain Ferguson was a son of the late Rev. J. G. Ferguson, Episcopal clergyman, Innerleithen, and a member of the family owning the business of Alexander Ferguson, confectioner, Edinburgh and Glasgow, he being a great-grandson of the founder. His elder brother, Lieutenant Duncan Ferguson, K.O.S.B., died of wounds in France a year previously on the 14th May, 1915.

Fighting was taking place at Vermelles and Ploegsteert Wood when Captain Ian Ferguson fell.

" Sweet was life and buoyant breath,
Lovely, too; but for a day.
Issues from the house of death
Yet more beautiful array:
Hark, a whisper—' Come away.'

One by one they spin and fall,
But they fall in regal pride:
Dying, do they hear a call
Rising from an ebbless tide,
And, hearing, are beatified? "

PRIVATE ALEXANDER COSENS BROWN.

(TWEEDSMUIR)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. MAY 21.

News came and was confirmed that Private Alexander Brown, Royal Scots, had met his death in France from shell-fire. He was killed instantaneously. This was the first death of a native on active service, and it cast quite a gloom over the whole parish. Private Brown was born there about twenty-seven years ago, and was the youngest son of Mr James Brown, retired shepherd, Oliver. In civil life he was a postman. Possessed of many admirable qualities, of magnificent physique, one of the best shots in the Miniature Rifle Club, and a leading member of the Bowling Club, he was held in high esteem by the little community, who sincerely lamented his loss. A memorial service was held in the church on Sunday, when the Rev. W. S. Crockett spoke as follows:--As I returned from Edinburgh last night it was with a heavy heart I heard that one of our number—Alexander Brown—had paid the supreme price last Sunday evening. I am sure I am voicing the feelings of everyone of you when I say how deeply we regret the loss of that truly gallant soul, whom we knew so well and esteemed so highly. As I have looked on his splendidly-built body, his finely-knit muscular frame, I have often thought and said that in our glen there was no better specimen of physical development. You all know how faithfully he performed his duty as a postman; how careful, how punctual, how obliging he was. Nor was he less a good soldier. His recent visit home made us all feel proud of him, for he was looking so fit, so healthy, so handsome—all the better for his experience of trench-life, spite of the severe hardship and sacrifice. One is comforted by the knowledge that he died instantaneously, that he suffered no pain, that his passage was swift and sudden from the terrors of the battlefield to the serenity of God's

eternity. He is the first of our young men to fall—the first, may he be the last—of that noble band of our natives who are so manfully upholding the traditions of Tweedside. I am sure that all our hearts go out this day in profound and reverent sympathy with the parents of our departed comrade. With quiet fortitude they are bearing their heavy cross. They are comforted by the remembrance that their brave boy surrendered his life in the noblest of causes—that he sacrificed himself for the sake of a world on which black ruin would have fallen but for the heroism of himself and millions more. For many a long year we shall cherish his memory, and I hope that some suitable memorial will carry his name down as an example of courage and generous sacrifice to those who will come after us here, when our places also are empty. He was a member of this church, a regular worshipper with us; and to-day we are not the poorer, but all the richer, even though he lies in a foreign land, and we shall never see him again in his accustomed corner. For he has left behind him a legacy of kindness, of genuine modesty, of sincere unaffectedness, and of sterling devotion to duty; all of which help to make his waygoing less lamentable, less clouded with the sorrow which death so often brings. He has fallen in the most glorious of causes—for king and for country, for honour and truth, for right and the liberty of nations, for the sake of the peace of the world. A man who falls thus can never lose his reward. Upon his brow the Lord of Mercy and of Might has placed the Crown of Victory.

The parents of the late Private Alexander Brown received the following fine tribute from His Majesty's Postmaster-General:—"I desire to express my deep regret at the death of Mr Alexander Cosens Brown, who, after eleven years' faithful service to the State as an officer of the Post Office, has lost his life, while serving his country in war.—JOSEPH PEASE, Postmaster-General."

"My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now—
To march the weary march
I know not how.
My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart."

PRIVATE JAMES C. THORBURN (WALKERBURN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1916. MAY 21.

James Thorburn joined up early in the war and went to France in November, 1914, being a member of General French's "contemptible army." He was invalided home after some months, but returned again to France in the spring of 1915. He was home again only once, and met his death on Sunday, 21st of May, 1916. The soldiers had been billeted in a village, and were preparing to retire for the night, when the Germans began to shell the village, and before the company could leave their quarters a shell landed on their dwelling and killed seven outright, besides wounding many others.

He was employed in Walkerburn prior to the war. Two of his brothers in the King's Own Scottish Borderers were spared to meet each other, and exchange congratulations on winning through the great attack at Gallipoli on July 12, 1915.

For many days there had been terrible contests for Vimy Ridge.

Receive him, Earth, unto thine harbouring
shrine;

In thy soft tranquil bosom let him rest;
These limbs of man I to thy care consign,
And trust the noble fragments to thy
breast.

This house was once the mansion of a soul
Brought into life by its Creator's breath;
Wisdom did once this living mass control;
And Christ was there enshrined, Who
conquers death.

Cover this body to thy care consign'd;
Its Maker shall not leave it in the grave;
But His own lineaments shall bear in mind,
And shall recall the image which He gave.

SAPPER JOHN BELL (BROUGHTON)

ROYAL ENGINEERS.
1916. JUNE 1.

Sapper John Bell, son of John Bell, formerly at Wrae, Broughton, later at Harehead, Duns, was a ploughman at Caerdon, and soon after the outbreak of war volunteered for service, enlisting

in the 1st Cameron Highlanders in November, 1914. He was transferred to the Royal Engineers Tunnelling Company on 1st May, 1915, and met his death by mine explosion on Thursday, 1st June, 1916. His brother also fell in the War on September 30, 1915. The two brothers were much esteemed—cheerful, active, and patriotic; they willingly gave themselves at the call of duty. Their memory is cherished both by their bereaved parents and the friends who appreciated their devoted spirit.

Terrible and continuous struggles for Vimy were yet taking place with great sacrifice of life.

“ Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

“ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well or fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

PRIVATE ROBERT PRESTON

(MANOR, INNERLEITHEN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. JUNE 7 (WEDNESDAY).

He was the younger of two brothers who fell in the war. He joined up in September, 1914. He was born at Pentland Mains in Midlothian, and was aged twenty-one years when he fell. At the Battle of Loos he was severely wounded on September 26, 1915, and was invalided at home for four months.

Robert Preston had been a shepherd at Manorhead. The family also had lived for some time at Caerlee, Innerleithen.

The day before Robert fell, the Battle of Ypres had begun again. The Germans were attacking fiercely, and gained some ground at Hooge. During all those days, and long before, the French were gallantly defending Verdun against overwhelming hordes of Huns.

James Preston was to fall on April 24, 1918.

“ Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man, whose life was like the sun,
A man more godlike than the lord of light.”

PRIVATE JOSHUA PRINGLE

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

1916. JUNE 13.

News of the illness of Private Joshua Pringle arrived at Innerleithen, and a cablegram from the matron of the Military Hospital at Salonica, was received intimating that Private Pringle had died of dysentery on Tuesday night, June 13. Private Pringle enlisted in the A.S.C. transport in 1915, and was for several months in France, but for the last five months had been in Salonica.

Deceased was 21 years of age, and before the war was employed by his father on the parcel delivery lorry. He was the youngest son of Mr George Pringle, contractor. Being of a genial nature, he was well liked by all he came in contact with, and before hostilities broke out he was much sought after as an entertainer.

On the 3rd of June the British and French occupied all the public buildings in Salonica.

They that gave

Lives so brave

Have found a grave

In the haggard fields of No Man's Land,

By the foeman's reddened parapet,

They lie with never a headstone set,

But their dauntless souls march forward yet

In No Man's Land.

SAPPER ARCHIBALD INGLIS

(NEW ZEALAND AND WALKERBURN).

1916. JULY 24.

A letter was received from the Chaplain by Miss Inglis, Dalziel's Buildings, Walkerburn, stating that her brother, Sapper Archibald Inglis, New Zealand Engineers, had been killed in Action in France, having been shot in the stomach. Archibald Inglis was married in 1908, but lost his wife in the following year. He left for New Zealand in 1910.

On the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914, he enlisted at once at Timaru, in the New Zealand Engineers. He was sent to Gallipoli, and served there all the time until its evacuation. There he was wounded in the head on the 10th September, 1915. On returning from

Gallipoli, Sapper Inglis was sent to France, in April, 1916. He was mortally wounded on the 23rd July, 1916, and died in the Casualty Clearing Station on the next day (Monday), and was buried at Bailleul. He was aged forty-one.

While resident at Walkerburn he was a very keen angler, and spent most of his leisure on the river Tweed. His two brothers fell later—William on March 22, 1917, and Robert on September 18, 1918.

"It is with feelings of the deepest regret and sympathy that I have to inform you that Sapper Archibald Inglis of this unit was mortally wounded on the 23rd instant, and died next day in hospital. He was a sterling man in the company, and always carried out his work in an excellent manner and with credit to himself. His loss is deeply felt by the officers, N.C.O.'s, and Sappers, with whom he has been associated for some time. On behalf of one and all, I wish to extend to you the deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement."

The chaplain of the 8th Casualty Clearing Station wrote to Mrs Peden as follows:—"Dear Mrs Peden, I am the Presbyterian chaplain here, and write to inform you of the sad death of your brother, Sapper A. Inglis of the New Zealanders. He was brought in here yesterday, wounded in the abdomen. I happened to be out at the time, but the other chaplain here saw him, and offered prayer with him. When I saw him this morning he was suffering a lot of pain. I offered prayer with him, for which he seemed very grateful. A short time after he died. Everything possible was done for him, but it was all of no avail. There was really no hope from the beginning. I can assure you of my deep sympathy with you in your loss. I was greatly taken with your brother from the little that I saw of him."

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—

We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it—
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to
bear it—

Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forget You—You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—

But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and
pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—

And that you will stand beside us to the last

PRIVATE WILLIAM WEIR

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. JULY 1.

William Scott Weir was born in 1880 at Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, where his father was schoolmaster. After attending the local school, he proceeded to Watson's, where he remained for five years. He was a keen footballer, and played regularly for the School. On leaving School, he was apprenticed with Messrs Robertson & Dodds, S.S.C., at the same time attending the Law Classes at the University. In 1903 he passed his final law examination. He then entered the firm of Messrs Cuthbert & Marchbank, S.S.C., and transferred in 1905 to Messrs Tods, Murray & Jamieson, W.S., where he remained until he enlisted. He was regarded as a good lawyer, and one for whom a brilliant future was in store. In November, 1914, he enlisted in the Royal Scots, and proceeded overseas with his unit in January, 1916, taking part in much severe fighting. On Saturday, 1st July, at the Battle of the Somme, he made the supreme sacrifice.

On the 1st of July a great Franco-British offensive began on a 25 mile front, north and south of Somme. The British captured Montaubon and Mametz, and broke through towards Bapaume. The French attacked towards Peronne, reached the outskirts of Hardecourt and Curlu; they took Dompierre, Becquincourt, Bussus, and Fay, along with 5000 prisoners.

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget."

CORPORAL ANDREW R. WOOD

(TRAQUAIR)

DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.

1916. JULY 1.

Killed in action on Saturday, the 1st July, 1916, Corporal Andrew R. Wood, aged 27 years, Durham Light Infantry, and formerly of Roxburghshire and Sunderland Constabularies, and son of William Wood, shepherd, Howford, Innerleithen.

Corporal Andrew R. Wood, 913, Durham Light Infantry, 18th Batt., 93rd Brigade, joined H.M. Forces on 6th Sept., 1914, at Sunderland, where he was a member of the constabulary, and was trained at Coughton Haugh and Ripon. From there he proceeded to Egypt, in Dec., 1915, when he narrowly escaped being torpedoed, a French boat immediately preceding being the unfortunate victim. His army life in Egypt was long enough to experience the discomforts of life in the desert, but many of the wonders of that land too were viewed and marvelled at in and around the River Nile. About March, 1916, he once more sailed the Mediterranean, to be landed at Marseilles, from whence he proceeded to the French front, and for the first time came under shell fire. From then on the battalion experienced many heavy losses, and with only short rests at long intervals, were always in the midst of the fight. On 1st July, 1916, the men received the order to get over the top, with the officer leading, but as he mounted the parapet he was wounded, as were also the N.C.O.s in their turn. As each man received his wound the one next succeeding him in rank took his place, until six in all were laid side by side, waiting the stretcher-bearers. But a shell dropped beside them, and Corporal Wood was one of those called on to make the supreme sacrifice. He was then 27 years of age.

In one are all. We loved them; we were strong

By virtue of their valour; and we knew
That if their voice were silenced in mid-song

We must take up the broken tune, sing true,

March to the road's end, suffer and pursue,

Howsoever the road were long.

PRIVATE JAMES T. AITKEN

(WALKERBURN)

2ND ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

1916. JULY 2 (SUNDAY).

Private James Thomas Aitken, 2nd Batt. R.S.F., was reported missing at Somme, on 2nd July, 1916, and presumed killed on that date. Aged 32 years. He was married, and leaves a widow and two children (one boy and one girl), who reside at Penicuik. His parents reside at Hall Street, Walkerburn. He enlisted from Walkerburn in December, 1914, and was wounded and home on leave in November, 1915. He was employed with H. Ballantyne & Sons, Tweedholm Mills, Walkerburn, at the time of enlistment.

The battle was raging on the Somme front. On this day the British captured Fricourt, and on the following day Serre.

God of the golden days,
God of the sunlit ways,
God of the victor's bays,
Pray for me.

God of the laughing heart,
God of light loves that part,
God of the arrow's dart,
Pray for me.

God of the heart that sings,
God of the swallow's wings,
God of the "little things,"
Pray for me.

God of the darkening days,
God of the rain-drenched ways,
God of the victim's bays,
Pray for me.

God of the eyes that weep
And endless vigil keep,
God of tired hearts that sleep,
Pray for me.

LCE.-CPL. GEORGE HUME

(WALKERBURN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1916. MISSING AFTER JULY 12.

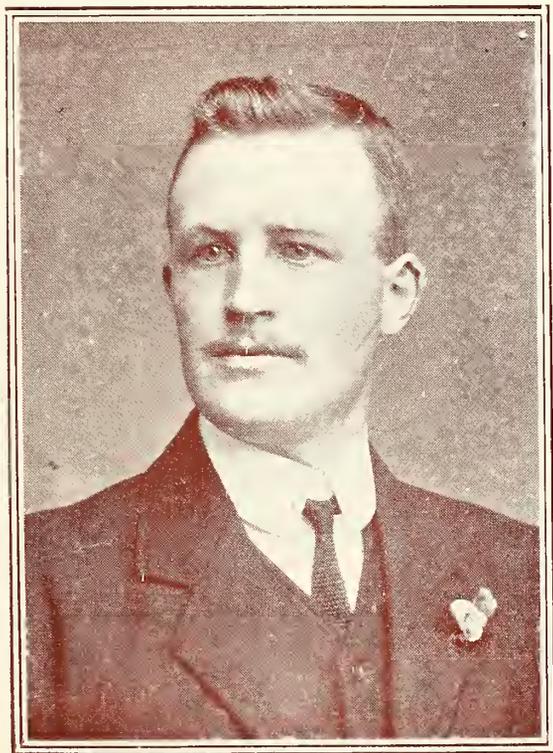
Mr Harry Hume, 66 Tweedside Cottages, Walkerburn, received official intimation from the War Office of the death in action of his son, Lance-Corporal George Hume, K.O.S.B. He was 32 years of age, and was an old Territorial, rejoining at the outbreak of war, and



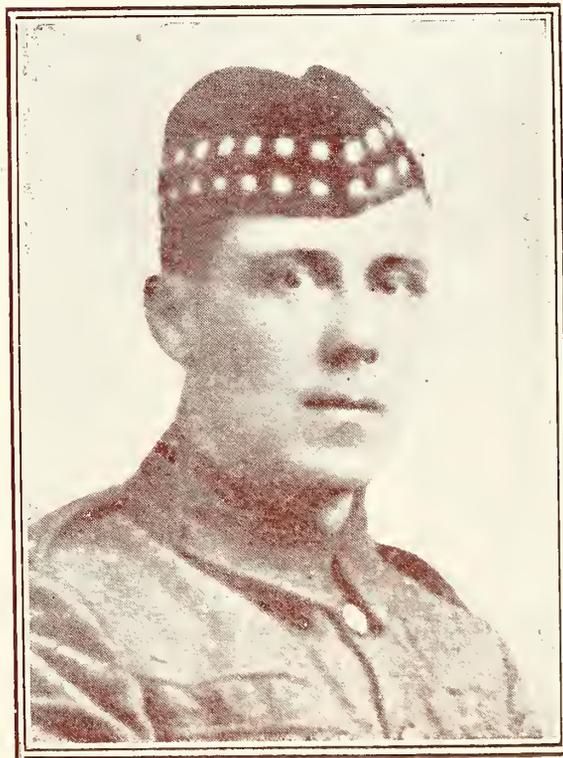
PRIVATE WILLIAM WEIR,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE JAMES T. AITKEN,
WALKERBURN.



CORPORAL ANDREW R. WOOD,
TRAQUAIR.



LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE HUME,
WALKERBURN.



LCE.-CORPORAL G. LUNN,
WALKERBURN.



SERGEANT DAVID JOHNSTON,
WALKERBURN.



SERGEANT GEORGE BERTRAM,
MANOR AND TRAQUAIR.



LCE.-CORPORAL THOMAS BERTRAM,
WALKERBURN.



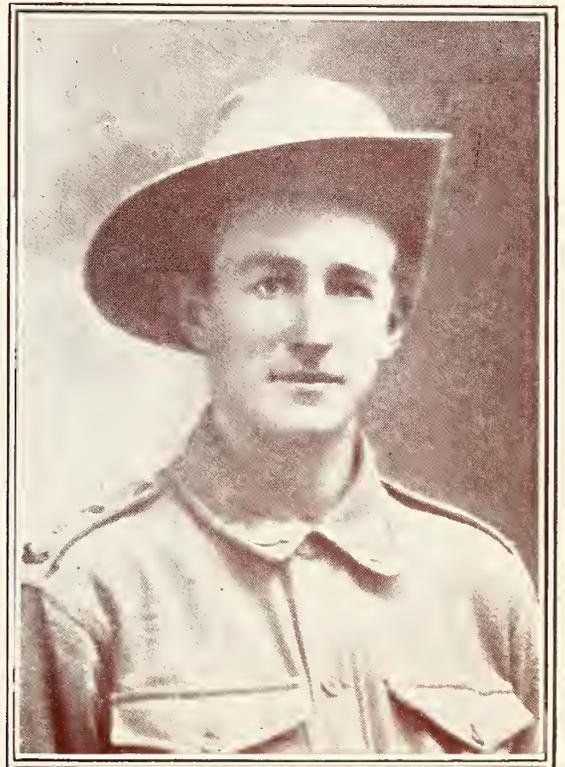
PRIVATE WILLIAM BARR,
SKIRLING AND WEST LINTON.



PRIVATE JOHN A. WALKER.



PRIVATE TOM WYPER,
MANOR.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER D. G. LAURIE,
AUSTRALIA AND STORO.



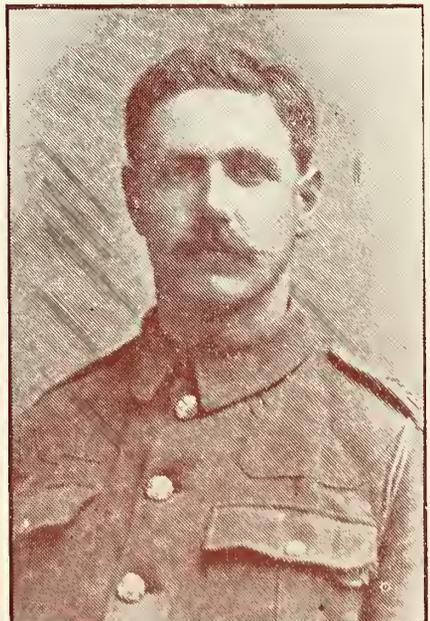
PRIVATE JOHN HUME,
INNERLEITHEN



LIEUT. OSCAR FRANK MORRIS,
WALKERBURN



CORPORAL JOSEPH W. RICHARDSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



LIEUT. CPL. MALCOLM RIDDIF,
INNERLEITHEN.

left with his battalion in May, 1915, for Gallipoli. He was reported missing after the great charge of the K.O.S.B. on the 12th July, 1916. He was employed with Gibson & Lumgair at Selkirk. He was a very talented vocalist, and his services were in much demand, both in Selkirk and also in the place of his nativity.

The long continued Battle of the Somme was raging yet. On this day the British completed the capture of Mametz Wood.

Sleep soft, O dead! sweet dreamless quiet
enfolding!

Let not our sorrow on your slumber
break.

We shall keep vigil, still in honour holding
This land, made holier to us, for your
sake.

LCE.-CPL. G. LUNN

(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. FRIDAY, JULY 14.

Lance-Corporal G. Lunn was killed in action in France at the Battle of the Somme on July 14, 1916. He was 28 years of age, and enlisted very early in the war, and went to France in May, 1915. He was home on leave for a week in February, 1916. He was a tuner in Tweedholm Mill, but for a few weeks thereafter he was employed in the N.B. Station at Edinburgh. His body was buried in Caterpillar Valley between Montauban and Longueval.

It was on July 14 that the British attacked the German second line of defences between the Somme and the Ancre. The British broke through on a front of four miles. Four men from Walkerburn and Traquair fell on the fatal 14th in this dreadful battle.

Whoever sinned in this, it was not he,
While warriors of the tongue defiled our name,
His was no casual service, nor shall be
A casual fame.

To-day let all philosophies be dumb,
And every ardour pause a moment thus,
To say of him, who back from death will come,
"He died for us."

Not lonely, and unnamed, battalioned deep
With you are ghostly multitudes, who tell
Nothing, nor claim. Together to your sleep
Pass, and farewell!

SERGEANT GEORGE BERTRAM

(MANOR AND TRAQUAIR)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. JULY 14.

Mr and Mrs Bertram, who resided on the estate of Hallyards, in the beautiful valley of Manor, sent forth to the war five gallant sons—Robert, William, John, Harry, and George; also a son-in-law. Of this heroic band Sergeant George Bertram was the first to give his life for King and country. His employment was that of his father, he being employed as a gardener at the Glen at Traquair. He enlisted shortly after the outbreak of war, and rose to the rank of sergeant. He was killed in action on Friday, the 14th July, 1916, aged 23, at Longueval.

On that day the British attack on the second line of the German system of defences began at dawn between the Somme and the Ancre. By ten o'clock Sir Douglas Haig was able to send the excellent news that our troops had broken into the hostile positions on a front of four miles, and had captured several strongly fortified positions. The furious fighting continued all day, as a result of which we steadily increased our gains, and at night were in possession of the enemy's second position from Bazentin-le-Petit village to Longueval and the whole of Trones Wood. On the following day we penetrated at one point into the enemy's third line, and had also captured Delville Wood. It was in this prolonged and furious fighting that Sergeant George Bertram fell.

Sergeant-Major Robert Bertram, the eldest son, of the 11th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was in June awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for general bravery in the field. Before that he was Colour-Sergeant in Stirling Castle. He gained two medals for the South African War, and also obtained the Coronation Medal and Good Conduct awards. Of the other brothers, William was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and was the next of the gallant family to fall; he was then in the Black watch. John was in the Royal Flying Corps; Harry was a Government farrier at Bo'ness; and a son-in-law (Smith) was in the Mechanical Transport of the

Army Service Corps. His brother William fell on February 2, 1917.

For right he battled; in our fight falling—
 Finding us force from ourselves to save—
 Now stilled be tumult; let reason hearken
 To mercy's voice; nor old shadows darken
 The light that breaks from yon nameless
 grave—
 Listen! The Réveil of Peace is calling.

SERGEANT DAVID JOHNSTON

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. JULY 14.

Died in Hospital on Friday, the 14th July, 1916, of wounds received in action, Sergeant David Johnston, Royal Scots, eldest son of William Johnston, Tweedside Cottages, Walkerburn, and beloved husband of Aunie Maule, Victoria Buildings, Walkerburn.

Mrs Johnston received official notification of the death of her husband, Sergeant David Johnston, Royal Scots, from wounds, in the General Hospital Boulogne. He was severely wounded in the head on the 7th July. Prior to the war he was a woolsorter in Tweedvale Mills. He went to France with his regiment in May, 1915, and was in all the engagements in which his regiment took part until July 7th, 1916, when he was wounded in the Battle of the Somme. He died in 13th General Hospital, Boulogne, on July 14th, 1916.

On this day the British broke in upon the German second line on a front of four miles, from Bazentin-le-Petit to Longueval and all Trones Wood.

Where honour leads we'll follow,
 When duty bids we'll die;
 Dear Britain, Mother Britain,
 Our watchword and reply.
 Dear Britain, Mother Britain,
 Whatever skies beneath,
 Our glory and our gladness
 To serve thee to the death.

The flag that floats above us
 Sheltered our sires of old,
 The prayers of those who love us
 Are wrought in every fold;
 Where honour leads we'll follow,
 Where duty bids we'll die,
 Dear Britain, Mother Britain,
 Our watchword and reply.

LCE.-CPL. THOMAS BERTRAM

(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. JULY 14.

For some months it had been reported that Lance-Corporal Thomas Bertram, of the 12th Battalion Royal Scots, was missing, but no confirmation was to be had for a long time. Finally it was notified officially that he had fallen on Friday, the 14th July, 1916. He was twenty-seven years of age, and was the son of Mr and Mrs Bertram, East End, Walkerburn. Previous to enlistment he was a woolsorter in Tweedholm Mill. He was well known as an enthusiastic Rugby football player, and was a member of the Walkerburn Club. He was likewise a keen and successful angler in the fine stretches of the Tweed that flow past the village. He was a grandson of the late Thomas Bertram, who was for 45 years shepherd at Cairnmuir, West Linton. He joined Kitchener's Army shortly after the outbreak of war, and went to France early in 1915. He was home on furlough not very long before he was missing. He had a brother also in France in the 1/8th Royal Scots.

On the day that was to be fatal to him, the British attack on the second line of the German system of defences, between the Somme and Ancre began at dawn. By ten o'clock Sir Douglas Haig sent word that our troops had broken into the enemy's position on a front of four miles, and had captured several strongly defended localities. The fighting continued furiously the whole day, and as a result we were at night in possession of the enemy's second position from Bazentin-le-Petit village to Longueval, and the whole of Trones Wood. It was at Longueval, Somme, that Thomas Bertram fell, another of the scores of Walkerburn men who gave themselves that we might live.

How many women in how many lands—
 Almost I weep for them as for mine own—
 That wait beside the desolate hearthstone.
 Always before the embattled army stands
 The horde of women like a phantom wall,
 Barring the way with desperate, futile hands,
 The first charge tramples them, the first of all.

PRIVATE WILLIAM BARR

(SKIRLING AND WEST LINTON)

ARGYLL & SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
1916. JULY 15-16 (SATURDAY OR SUNDAY).

News came on the 22nd July, 1916, that one of Skirling's lads, William Barr by name, had made the supreme sacrifice. He was killed by shell fire in France doing his bit, fighting for the cause of righteousness. Private Barr, who was working in Lanarkshire previous to enlisting, joined the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders shortly before the outbreak of war. His parents are comforted by the knowledge that he had faithfully done his duty from the day he joined. He was buried where he fell, in the little graveyard of a simple mining village. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," were the words read at his burial service.

"It was my sad duty yesterday to officiate at the burial of your son, Private William Barr. He had been killed by the explosion of a shell between Saturday night and Sunday morning. He was at work in the front line. Things had been getting pretty hot, and the sergeant had just suggested that they had better get to their dugout when the shell arrived and killed three outright, wounding other two, of whom one has since died. I cannot tell you with what feelings I stood by the open graves. It is all too awful; the sacrifice seems so great. But there remains to us the joy of their service, and the privilege of their death. When you come to think of it it is a great privilege and honour—"Greater love hath no man than this"—they were the words of Christ. I repeated them over your son's grave, and God has thought your boy worthy of something of the same sacrifice as Christ. It is comforting also to know that he went out in company with his friends. What a joyous awakening it would be for all of them. We prayed for you that when the cloud descended, as we knew it must, that He would be the Light in your darkness and help you to understand what it all means. We gave thanks that your boy had heard and answered the Call of Duty in the hour of the national danger, and prayed that it would be counted unto him for righteousness. He lies in a beautifully simple ceme-

tery, not far from where he fell. Some day I shall be able to tell you where exactly it is. But we have left him in God's care, in Whose keeping he is safe."

"I have the honour of commanding the company to which your brave boy belonged, and please accept my deepest sympathy in your great loss. Your son, from the day he joined, did his duty like a man, and now he has made the great sacrifice in this terrible war for Right against Might. In this the hour of your extreme sorrow, I sincerely trust that you may be comforted by the knowledge that your son was ever a good and brave soldier, and a good comrade, and that he bravely met his death facing his country's enemies. It was men of the type of your son who have made and upheld the splendid name and reputation of this regiment and other Highland and Scottish regiments, and so his name has now been added to the Roll of Honour. Assuring you of the deepest sympathy of all ranks of this Battalion,—I remain yours very sincerely,
—GEORGE GUNN, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Humbly, O Scotland, we offer what is of
little worth,
Just our bodies and souls and everything
else we have;

But thou with thy holy cause wilt hallow
our common earth,
Giving us strength in the battle—and
peace, if need, in the grave.

PRIVATE TOM WYPER

(MANOR)

8TH SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.
1916. JULY 19 (WEDNESDAY).

Tom Wyper was one of those brave country lads who enlisted at the very beginning of the war, in August, 1914. He joined the 8th Seaforth Highlanders. He was aged twenty-three. One letter only was received from him. In a letter received from the chaplain it was stated that he was killed instantaneously by the explosion of a shell.

"The battalion has suffered severe casualties during the past week through more than usual bombardment of the trenches, and among several who fell was your son. His

loss is more keenly felt because of his long association with the battalion, combined with his fine soldier-like qualities. He was among the bravest, and never flinched in the face of danger. Alas, I never see a young promising life like his cut short at the threshold of its promise without thinking of the greater and more lasting sorrow of those at home. May the remembrance of the Christian Hope help to sustain you in the dark hour. Our sympathy goes out to you in your irreparable loss of such a gallant son. There is so little one can say save the bare facts."

Another son, Willie, was missing on April 10th, 1918. There was also another son who enlisted in September, 1914. He was in France and then in Salonika, and was in the fighting from start to finish; he had nothing worse than a slight wound, and won through in the end. Of Tom, there is no photograph to be had.

Lord, if there come the end,

Let me find space and breath, all the
dearest I prize

Into Thy hands to commend;

Then let me go, with my boy's laughing
eyes,

Smiling a word to a friend.

PRIVATE JOHN A. WALKER (MANOR)

7TH SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.
1916. JULY 20.

"I take the liberty of writing to you to inform you (in case you have not yet received official notice) of the death of your son John, who was killed in the advance on Thursday, the 20th July, 1916. He was struck in the head by a piece of shrapnel, and died in about three minutes, as we were taking shells to the guns. He had no suffering. I may say that all in the battery send you their sincerest sympathy in your trouble, as he was very much liked and respected by all. He was equally well liked by all the officers and men who were with him on the gun, and I can assure you that your sad loss is ours as well, especially as to myself, having wrought beside him in Forth, and I learned to like him very much.

He fell doing his duty courageously, and all the battery feel his loss very much."

John Walker volunteered on the 14th September, 1914, and was thus one of those gallant lads who came forward at the very beginning. He attained the age of fourteen years only on the 24th September of that year. He enlisted in the Scots Greys, and after a year's training at Knavesmyre, York, he transferred to the 7th Seaforth Highlanders at the end of June, 1915. He arrived "somewhere in France" on the 12th of August, 1915. He went through the dreadful Battle of Loos, and immediately after that battle he said that he knew what it was to go over the top and face the Germans. "Of course he never told us anything, and the censor never required to obliterate a single word. He joined the trench mortar battery in the beginning of November, 1915, on which he served until he was killed by the bursting of a shell, when going forward to a new position at Longueval, Delville Wood. The date was not very certain, as you will see by the letters from his officer and comrades. We received a field card written on the morning of his death, at least, it was dated one of these dates. He never wrote a letter home but he put in that he was in the best of health and spirits, and he never made any complaints. George Hardy, who wrote one of these letters died of wounds in hospital in England, about the beginning of November of the same year, 1916." I may mention that his brother, Adam, volunteered into the Cameron Highlanders on the 5th December, 1914, and was discharged through bad knees in February, 1915. Then he volunteered for the Motor Transport, but was not accepted. He volunteered next for the Red Cross Motor Transport, and was with it in France until February. He gave up a good situation with the late Lord Dewar, and is now out of employment.

Oh happy! Generations have lived and died
And only dreamed such things as we have
seen and known!

Splendour of men, death laughed at, death
dofied,

Round the great world on the winds is
their tale blown;

Whatever pass, these over shall abide:

In memory's Valhallu, an imperishable
throne.

PTE. ALEXANDER D. G. LAURIE
(AUSTRALIA AND STOBO)

30TH BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.
1916. JULY 19-20.

He enlisted on the 5th of August, 1915; he landed in France in June, 1916. He was killed in action at Fleur-Baise, July 19-20, 1916 (Wednesday-Thursday). He was the third and youngest son of Joseph E. Laurie of Invergordon, New South Wales; grandson of Alexander Laurie of Bonny Doon; and great-grandson of the original Joseph Laurie. He was aged twenty-three. Thus briefly may be expressed the short but gallant record of this Australian lad's life history. He was one of the one score and six patriotic descendants of the patriarch, Joseph Laurie, who emigrated from Stobo in Tweeddale to Australia, and became the head of a large and wealthy clan. This was one of the six who gave his life for the Empire.

Lord, if it be Thy will

That I enter the great shadowed valley
that lies

Silent just over the hill,

Grant they may say, "There's a comrade
that dies

Waving his hand to us still."

PRIVATE JOHN HUME

(INNERLEITHEN)

BLACK WATCH.

1916. JULY 22 (SATURDAY).

Private John Hume, an Innerleithen lad, was reported as having died of wounds received in the Big Push in France. Mrs Walter Hume, his already bereaved mother, received a telegram on July 21 from the Black Watch Headquarters in Perth, stating that her son, John, had been seriously wounded. The intimation had been sent on from a clearing hospital at the front in France. A further telegram was received, intimating the death of Private Hume, but no particulars were given. Private John Hume, whose brother, Robert, of the 9th Royal Scots, was killed less than a year previously, on the 3rd of May, 1916, was a son of Piper Hume, Royal Scots. He himself had been a playing mem-

ber in St Ronan's Silver Band, and was employed, previous to enlistment, in St Ronan's Mills.

"Whom the gods loved they gave in youth's
first flower

One infinite hour of glory. That same hour,
Before a leaf droops from the laurel, come
Winged Death and Sleep to bear the hero
home."

CPL. JOSEPH W. RICHARDSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. JULY 26 (WEDNESDAY).

Private Shaw, who belonged to Walkerburn, in writing to his friends there, reported that Acting-Sergeant Joseph Richardson had been killed by the bursting of a shell, which buried him in the trench in which he had been standing. Mrs Richardson later received word from the chaplain, which confirmed the sad intelligence. Corporal Richardson belonged to Innerleithen, and had been a member of the Territorial Company. He rejoined the Royal Scots on the outbreak of the war, and went to France along with the local company. Later he was transferred to another battalion of the Royal Scots. Going to France in November, 1914, he took part in a number of engagements, and was mentioned in despatches for bringing in his commanding officer, when wounded, to the Dressing Station. He would be much missed by his comrades, as he was of a very amiable disposition, and a general favourite with those who knew him. His brother, Sapper R. W. Richardson, was fated to fall on March 30, 1918. Corporal Richardson had been the companion of Private Shaw since his transference. As a civilian he worked as a yarn spinner in St Ronan's Mill. He was married.

"I feel it my duty to write to you to express my deep sympathy with you in your recent great loss. Your husband came out with me when I brought the company out well nigh two years ago now, and though when he met his death he was with a sister battalion, I know that he died as a gallant soldier and man. In fact, I gather that he gave his life in trying to save another. He received Christian burial out in front of the

lines, one of our chaplains officiating. As an N.C.O. he was of much assistance to me in the management of the company, and I deeply regretted his transfer to another unit. All miss him, officers and men alike, and unite in offering you their sympathy. His death was instantaneous, so it may be some consolation to you to know that his end was painless."

Corporal J. Richardson,
7th Division, 8th Royal Scots.

Your C.O. and Brigade Commander have informed me that you have distinguished yourself by conspicuous bravery in the field on 16th May, 1915. I have read their reports, and have forwarded them to higher authority for recognition. Promotion and decorations cannot be given in every case, but I should like you to know that your gallant action is recognised, and how greatly it is appreciated.

H. P. GOUGH,
Major-General, commanding 7th Div.
27th May, 1915.

France, 1st August, 1916.

"You will probably have heard already that your husband, Corporal Richardson, 8th Royal Scots, was killed in the trenches on July 26th. He was attached to the 9th R.S. when he was killed, and we have only to-day learned definitely of his death. He was buried near the place where he fell, by our senior chaplain, Major Sinclair, and the exact location of his grave will probably be intimated to you by the War Office in due course. I have only been chaplain to the 8th R.S. for four weeks, and did not have the opportunity of making your husband's acquaintance. But I know from what I hear of him, from his officers and comrades, what a good soldier he was, and how faithfully he did his duty. On my own behalf, and on behalf of the whole battalion, I wish to say how deeply we sympathise with you in your bereavement. Your husband will be sadly missed by all his comrades, but by you most of all. We think of you and pray that God may comfort you."

"Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear."

LIEUT. OSCAR FRANK MORITZ
(WALKERBURN)

MACHINE GUN CORPS.
1916. JULY 27 (THURSDAY).

Second Lieutenant Moritz, the Machine Gun Corps, was born on March 21st, 1885. He was the fifth son of the late H. Moritz, Highgate, London, and was educated at Sherborne. He was called to the Bar (Middle Temple), but forsook the law for farming at Elibank. He joined the R.A.M.C. on the 5th September, 1914, at the very beginning of the war, and soon obtained a commission in the Border Regiment, transferring thence to the Machine Gun Corps. He went to France in April, 1916, and saw much fighting on Vimy Ridge. He was reported wounded and missing after the heavy fighting at Delville Wood on Thursday, July 27th, 1916, when his section of the Machine Gun Corps lost every officer, killed or wounded. His body was recovered and buried some seven weeks later by an old schoolfellow. From the 15th July there had been continuous fierce fighting at Delville Wood, the British had completed the capture of Ovillers, but on the 18th the German counter attacks on Delville Wood and Longueval had been partially successful. On the 20th there was a British success at High Wood, and by the 25th they had completed the capture of Pozières. On July 27, the day on which Lieut. Moritz fell, and the day following, the British completed the capture of Delville Wood.

"Yet men have we, whom we revere, . . .
Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet . . .
Wherefore their soul in me or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains."

LCE.-CPL. MALCOLM RIDDELL
(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL FUSILIERS
1916. JULY 27.

Word was received by Mrs Riddell, Innerleithen, that her son, Lance-Corporal Riddell, of the Royal Fusiliers, was reported wounded and missing on Thursday, the 27th of July, 1916, and must now be presumed dead. He was born at Leithen Lodge, and was aged 34.

He left the town about the year 1900, and had been employed as a gamekeeper in several places. Latterly he was at Carnock House, Larbert. He leaves a widow and five children. Two brothers were in the Royal Scots, Charles and George, the former having been wounded, but later, able to proceed to India. Heavy fighting had been continuous from the 1st of July, on a 25 mile front north and south of the Somme. The British had won ground at Thiepval, and made two successful raids on the Loos salient. There was much fighting at Ovillers, and the British penetrated Trones Wood. On the 12th July the British gained Mametz Wood, and on the 14th captured Longueval and Bazentin-le-Petit, and the whole of Trones Wood, thus ending the first phase of the Battle of the Somme. On the 15th they captured Delville Wood, and on the 17th they stormed and captured the German second line positions. The struggle on Longueval and Delville Wood continued for the following days, and on the 22nd the British attacked along the whole front from Pozières to Guillemont. On the 23rd July the second phase of the battle began, and on the 26th the whole of Pozières village was in our hands, and the British advanced towards Hill 160. On the 27th we had fresh gains at Delville Wood, and the fighting continued at Longueval. On the 28th the whole of Delville Wood and Longueval were captured.

“ Beyond our life how far
Soars his new life through radiant orb and
zone,
While we in impotency of the night
Walk dumbly, and the path is hard, and
light
Fails, and for sun and moon the single star
Honour is left alone.”

PRIVATE ALEXANDER SHAW
STEWART

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

1916. SUNDAY, JULY 30.

Mrs Stewart, Ballantyne's Buildings, Walkerburn, received intimation that her son, Alexander, had been missing since the 30th of July, 1916. He enlisted in March, 1916, and proceeded to France about the middle of

June. Previous to joining up he was employed in the pattern department of Tweedvale Mills. He was aged twenty when he fell. On the 29th July there had been hand to hand struggles north and north-east of Pozières and High Wood. Two German attempts to recapture Delville Wood failed. On Sunday, the 30th, there was a combined Allied advance north of the Somme, from Delville Wood to the river. The British made progress east of Waterlot farm and Trones Wood. This was the day when Private Stewart fell.

“ Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and
royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.”

PRIVATE WILLIAM LAIDLAW

(EDDLESTON)

15TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. AUGUST 4.

Mr and Mrs John Laidlaw, School Brae, Eddleston, received intimation from the War Office that their only son, Private William Laidlaw, Royal Scots, who was posted as missing on the 4th of August, 1916, had died on that date (or since). Private Laidlaw (who was 23 years of age on the date mentioned), served his apprenticeship as an ironmonger with Messrs Scott Brothers, High Street, Peebles, afterwards going to Fort William, where he enlisted a year after into the Royal Scots. He was only six weeks in France when he was posted as missing. Private Laidlaw was a grandson of the late Mr John Laidlaw, butcher, Peebles.

On the first four days of August there were frequent attacks by the Germans north of Bazentin-le-Petit, and on the High Wood the German attack failed also. On the 2nd the Germans were again repulsed from Delville Wood, and on the 3rd the British gained ground west of Pozières. On Friday, the 4th, when Willie Laidlaw fell (his 23rd birthday), the British gained the German second line system on a front of 200 yards north of Pozières, and several hundred prisoners. And

on the 6th of August the British made progress towards Martinpuich.

“Light was my soul and my feet urged me on,
On through the gray that cloaked the distant flame;

And all was brilliant with that blazing light
Which dazzled me and filled my eyes with red,

Till I was blinded and fell fainting down.
Then cleared the clouds, and there was no more mist.”

PRIVATE DAVID H. WELSH

(NEWLANDS AND KIRKURD)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. AUGUST 14.

Died at Leicester Road Hospital, Manchester, on Monday the 14th August, 1916, Private David Henderson Welsh, of the Royal Scots, aged 22 years, eldest son of James Welsh, Blyth Bridge, Dolphinton.

He was another of those gallant lads who have made the supreme sacrifice on behalf of truth and righteousness. He was one of the Territorials before the outbreak of war. He went out to France with his battalion in the early days of the struggle (mobilised Aug. 14, 1914), and had thus been nearly 2 years in the trenches, where he was a great favourite on account of his bright cheery and obliging disposition. He was wounded on the 1st of August, and after treatment was brought over to this country and taken to Leicester Road Hospital, where, notwithstanding the unremitting care of the doctors and nurses, he passed away. He was a joiner by trade, and served his apprenticeship with the late Mr Thomas Grieve. He was 22 years of age, and was a quiet steady lad. The esteem and respect in which he was held was manifested at the large attendance at his funeral, which took place from the house of his parents to Newlands Churchyard. A party of Royal Scots was present at the grave, where also a bugler sounded the Last Post.

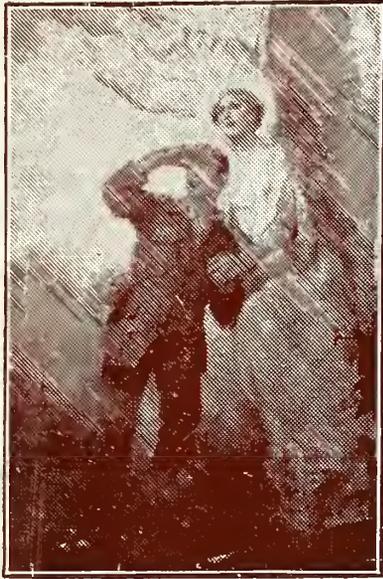
Private David H. Welsh was an original 1/8th Royal Scot, having joined the Territorial Force in the spring of 1914. On mobilisation his battalion went to Haddington, and proceeded to France early in November. Only

those early campaigners themselves know the great hardships of mud and weather of the first winter in France, but David Welsh never complained. He was home on leave in December, 1915, and despite all the hardships endured, and the loss of many a comrade, he was eager to be back again with his chums. He saw much heavy fighting again in the following year, and at the beginning of August, when the 8th R.S., being on their pioneer work to the 51st Division, were very heavily shelled, and lost many brave fighters, he received sore wounds from which he died in hospital in Manchester on the 14th of that month. His comrades tell that his native cheerfulness never left him, and when they laid him on a stretcher and bore him from the field, he smiled and belittled his wounds. One of the cheeriest lads that fought in France, he rose, and wrote, above the most depressing conditions. The features of his letters were brightness and intimate descriptions of the country, conditions and customs. He dearly loved the hills of Peeblesshire, and several times in letters to his minister he spoke of seeing, wherever he went, nothing to compare to his native glens. And he lies in the glen at Newlands—a cheery soul—open, kindly, brave and true. He was the elder son of Mr James Welsh, Blyth Bridge, and was a joiner with Mr Grieve there before the war.

PRO PATRIA MORTUI.

DAVID H. WELSH AND WILLIAM CHALMERS.

In Kirkurd U.F. Church on Sunday, August 20, 1916, the Rev. D. C. Wiseman, M.A., after preaching on “The Saving Power of Hope,” from Romans vii., 24, said:—“I have been led to preach on hope to-day, because that I have been led to believe with Job of old, that ‘there is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease,’ because I believe our Lord, when in the house of mourning for a young girl dead, I hear him say—‘The damsel is not dead but sleepeth.’ There is hope for one cut down if he believe in Christ that he will rise again. For Christ hath abolished death. For it, to those that believe in Him, He hath given a sleep, and through that sleep of death He hath led the way into newness of life. As Jesus Christ died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.’ Men may live for Jesus, or they may die for Him,



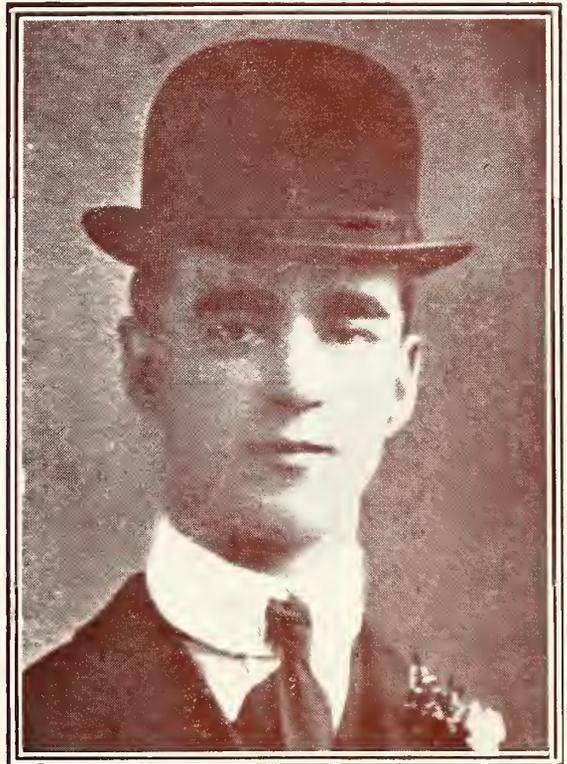
PRIVATE ALEXANDER SHAW STEWART,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE DAVID H. WELSH,
NEWLANDS AND KIRKURD.



PRIVATE WILLIAM LAIDLAW,
EDDLESTON.



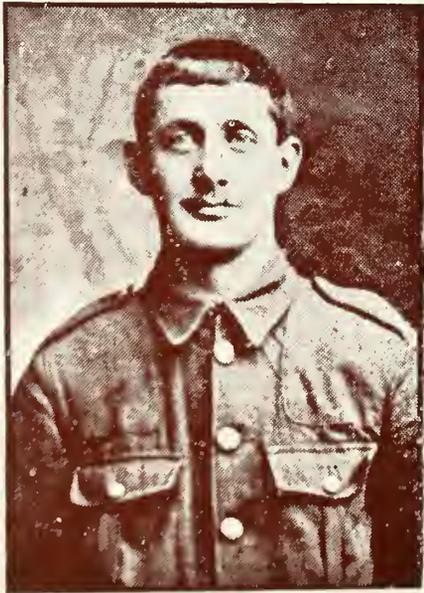
PRIVATE JOHN MACDONALD,
PEEBLES.



SUB-LIEUT. ALEXANDER D. GIBSON CARMICHAEL,
SKIRLING AND KIRKURD.



PRIVATE JAMES LENNIE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE CHARLES M'LACHLAN,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE JOHN RITCHIE,
WALKERBURN.

or they may do both. This last is our ideal. They that do so are the saints and martyrs. They share His throne. Some to-day are dying well that, measured by the common moral standards, did not live well. 'Tis not ours to know how it shall be with them; we are not told, and we may not judge. Colonel John Hay gives the type in his rough "Jim Bludso," and his judgment does seem fair—

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
And went for it there and then;
And Christ aint a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

We do not know. At best that is only negative. Here is something positive; we do know how it will be with those that lived in the faith of Christ, and died in the work of God. They, waking from the sleep of death, shall hear their Captain say—"Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." We believe it to be so with him we mourn to-day. The first member of our congregation here, slain on our behalf, David H. Welsh sleeps in his native parish after nearly two years of warfare in the blood-soaked fields of France. His country needed him, and with his comrades, he went willingly. He bore the terrible hardships uncomplainingly. He was a cheery companion and true. He fought bravely; and, wounded sore in chest and back, after a fortnight's cheerful endurance of mortal pain, he died gloriously. We honour his name. Folk in these parts shall ever revere his memory. He is listed with those who died to save the world from the shame and sorrow of the Prussian yoke. We in this church specially own him. Few young men attended more regularly than he. Indeed, he was always in his place in the well-filled family pew. Professing his faith in Christ in May, three years ago—those quiet days that seem so far away—he took his seat at the Table of the Lord, and we are confident that wherever the Master's cause needed support in the two past years of endurance and endeavour, he was always quietly on his Master's side. Many wreaths were laid on his bier on Thursday. To his memory we lay this tribute down. It is fitting too that we should mention here, not another member but a member's son. Just such another as Dave Welsh was Willie Chalmers. His parents losing touch with him last year in Gallipoli, in July, after many anxious months, when

hope a thousand times did bloom and fade, have recently been told that they must count him dead. He sleeps, there seems no doubt, in an unknown grave far from home. But he has been rewarded by the same Master, he has heard the same 'Well done.' We honour his name too. A quiet, bright, most lovable lad, most of us knew him but slightly, but those who knew him best know that he was of that illustrious company who both lived well and nobly died. There is hope for such as these—cut down—that they shall sprout again. The tender branch of their life has not ceased. The lads are not dead, but sleep until He come again whom they served and followed, and receive them unto Himself that where He is there they may be also. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his parents and their family. We believe that they too have their reward. God is on their side."

To the God in man displayed—
Where'er we see that birth,
Be love and understanding paid
As never yet on earth.
To the Spirit that moves in man,
On Whom all worlds depend,
Be glory since our world began
And service to the end.

PRIVATE JOHN MACDONALD (PEBBLES)

2ND ROYAL SCOTS.
1916. AUGUST 18.

Private John Macdonald, 2nd Royal Scots, joined up at Hamilton in 1916. He went to France shortly thereafter, and was there only for six weeks when he was killed at Guilleumont, near Albert, on the 18th August, 1916. Before enlistment John Macdonald was employed as a chauffeur with Sir Duncan Hay at Peebles. In fact he had been connected with that family since he was seventeen years of age. His age was twenty-seven when he fell. He was the eldest son of the late Alexander Macdonald, who was for upwards of thirty years engine fireman at Inverness, who died just three months before his son John.

On Friday, the 18th, when Macdonald fell, the British were attacking along a front of

eleven miles between Thiepval and Guillemont, when they captured important positions.

“ They won the greater battle, when each soul
Lay naked to the needless wreck of Mars;
Yet, splendid in perfection, faced the goal
Beyond the sweeping army of the stars.”

SUB.-LIEUT. ALEXANDER D. GIBSON CARMICHAEL

(SKIRLING AND KIRKURD)

H.M.S. PRINCESS ROYAL, ALSO SUBMARINES.
1916. FRIDAY, AUGUST 18.

Sub-Lieutenant Alexander David Gibson Carmichael, R.N., killed in a submarine, was the nephew of Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal, and formerly M.P. for Midlothian. He was born on February 10, 1894, the only son of Mr John Murray Gibson-Carmichael, Blairgowrie, Fleet, Hampshire, younger surviving son of the late Rev. Sir William Gibson Carmichael, tenth Baronet, and heir presumptive to the baronetcy, as his brother, Lord Carmichael, has no issue. The heir to this baronetcy, created 1702, is now Sir Henry Gibson-Craig, fifth Baronet of Riccarton. Though born in North Berwick, he spent much of his boyhood at Kirkurd, after the early death of his mother. There are many who recall the bright-faced spirited boy, who, after the example of one of his grand-uncles, chose as his profession the Royal Navy, in which he attained the rank of Sub-Lieutenant on board H.M.S. Princess Royal. Like many another promising young man he has yielded up his life in a noble cause, and his name has been added to the nation's imperishable Roll of Honour.

Alexander David Gibson Carmichael was born at North Berwick on the 10th of February, 1895. His father was John Murray, son of Sir William Carmichael of Castle Craig and Skirling, in the County of Peeblesshire. His mother was Amy, daughter of Frederick Archdale, of Baldock, Herts. At the age of two, Sandy, as he came to be known by all his friends, went with his mother to Iowa, in America, to join his father, who had at that time settled there. In 1899, when his mother died, Sandy and his two sisters came back to this country, and spent the early years of their lives first at Castle Craig, and later on at

Malleny, in Midlothian, with their uncle and aunt. It was when he was about five that he made up his mind to go into the Navy, and from that time he never swerved from his intention. Even then he was an intelligent and companionable little fellow, very warm-hearted and affectionate, with unusual individuality of character, a great appreciation of fun, and a slow and humorous way of answering questions generally very much to the point. He was a sturdy boy with blue eyes that looked steadily at you, and very rosy cheeks.

He went to school early; when he was 7½ his headmaster, Mr Thomas, writes:—“ A. D. Gibson Carmichael came to Cargilfield in Sept., 1903, and left (for Osborne) in Dec., 1907.” As a small boy he had even more than the average distaste for lessons, and his early relations with his masters may be gathered from his reply (in his first holidays) to the question—“ Which do you like better, Mr A or Mr B?” “ Two of A's are worse than three of B's!” But the “two's” and “three's,” or their multiples, had the desired effect, and Sandy's ability and increasing industry ultimately landed him in the top form in four subjects out of five, and secured his naval cadetship. The Osborne age limit in 1907 was lower than it is now, and he left school before he was 13, too young to have won a place in the XI. or XV. He was a cheery, popular boy, generally to the fore in any “rag,” taking the rough with the smooth with the same nonchalance. But he left Cargilfield with a clean and honourable record, and the school is sadly proud to number him among its 124 who made the great sacrifice.

He passed his examination into the Navy easily, and if anything rather enjoyed it. He was very happy at Osborne and Dartmouth, where he found his work more interesting than at school. “ There is some meaning in the mathematics now,” he said. They meant something connected with the ships in which he was so much interested. He loved the workshops and the practical part of his work, especially the engineering. He had the reputation of taking his work easily, and of not exerting himself to the full. The fact was he was slow of growing and developing, and found it hard to put forth his full powers.

He left Dartmouth in 1912, and joined the “ Exmouth ” for his trial trip as a midshipman in September, 1912. He was appointed to the “ Princess Royal ” on the 14th Novem-

ber, 1912, to his great delight. He was very proud of her, and called her the "Triton among the Minnows." Sandy was on the "Princess Royal" at the Battle of Heligoland and at the Battle of the Dogger Bank. At the latter he was made Acting Sub-Lieutenant and put in charge of a gun. Captain Brock, who commanded the "Princess Royal," and who, owing to her behaviour in this battle, was promoted to Rear Admiral, writes of Sandy:—

"Alexander Gibson Carmichael served as a Midshipman and Acting Sub-Lieutenant under my command in the 'Princess Royal' for upwards of 2½ years, including the first year of the war. He was present at the action of Heligoland Bight on May 29th, 1914, and Dogger Bank on January 21st, 1915. He was an officer of great promise, with every prospect of rising in his profession. He entered the Submarine Service with my full concurrence, and with the hope that it would give him further opportunities of meeting the enemy and distinguishing himself. In this he was not disappointed, and though I deplore his loss personally and to the service, I can but feel that he died as every British sailor would wish to die—in face of the enemy."

During those 2½ years Sandy saw much and developed greatly. He grew into a big fine fellow over six feet, with a wide and interesting outlook on the world. He was still only 20, but was wonderfully capable for his age, and though very modest of his achievements, seemed head and shoulders better than most boys of his age in capability and experience, and yet so gentle and considerate for others.

When Captain Brock was promoted, most of the young officers who had served under him were dispersed to other ships. Sandy was appointed on the 13th of June, 1915, to the "Africa," an old fashioned ship, much less interesting than the "Princess Royal," but he had set his heart on going in for submarines, and he persuaded his superiors to allow him to go up for the necessary examination. He was unusually young for this and junior to the other officers who went up at the same time, but he came out second in the examination. He was appointed to Submarine C24 on 3rd November, 1915, with the "Vulcan" as his parent ship. He was not long in C24. He wrote to his aunt in December, 1915—"I have

had the best Xmas present I have ever had in my life, I have been appointed to Submarine E16."

The parent ship of E16 was the "Maidston," and her base was Harwich. Sandy joined E16 on January 15th, 1916. She was commanded by Lt.-Commander Duff Dunbar, a brilliant young officer, who had served with Sandy and had been a great friend of his on the "Princess Royal," and who asked that Sandy should serve under him in E16. Admiral Brock writes of Lt.-Commander Duff Dunbar, D.S.O.—"He was on the 'Princess Royal' with me for 2 years, and one of the best officers I ever met, such a very nice chap." The third officer in the submarine was Sub-Lieut. M. G. Cameron, R.N.R.

E16 had already done good service in the Mediterranean, and had there distinguished herself. Her record is well known, and Sandy was full of hope at joining a vessel with such reputation. He was very happy during those few months in E16. Alas! that they were to be so few. In the last letter which was received from Sandy before they were called out on their last and fatal cruise he enclosed a little photograph of himself and the two other officers taken on the conning tower of E16. They look full of fun and expectation, as if they were starting off on some great adventure, as indeed they were—the last great adventure.

We have very little record of what actually happened, but we know that the end came as they would have wished it to come—in action before the foe, attacking a force infinitely greater and more powerful than themselves. The following is the official despatch to the Admiralty written by Captain Bower, himself an officer in the same Flotilla:—"Submarines E38 and E16 left Harwich at 12.30 p.m. on the 18th August, 1916, to cruise for two days to the North of Heligoland. E38 in the vicinity of Lat. 54° 25'N, Long. 7° 42'E, and E16 in Lat. 54° 17'N, Long. 7° 42'E. E38 reports that E16 being the faster boat was in sight about seven miles ahead at 7 p.m. on the 18th. At 4.20 on the 19th when in Lat. 53° 49'N, Long. 4° 49'E, five columns of smoke and the funnel tops of one cruiser were observed to the N.N.E., apparently proceeding fast to the S.W. E38 proceeded west, but was unable to bring the hull above the horizon. At 5 a.m. a Zeppelin was seen to the northward steering W. At 6.15 E38 came to the surface and proceeded. At 7 p.m. in Lat. 53° 53'N, Long. 4° 50'E the smoke

of five cruisers was seen to the westward, apparently steering northerly. Two large splashes were seen close to the smoke of one ship. Course was altered to cut them off, but at 8.7 a.m. they were out of sight to the westward, and E38 resumed her course."

The above is an extract from the despatch informing their Lordships that H.M.S./M.E.16 had not returned from her patrol. The inference is that the splashes seen by E38 were connected with an action between E16 and the enemy. That is all the official data we have, but I have met two German officers who remembered that—"At about the time the 'Westfalen' was torpedoed our cruisers saw a periscope off our swept channel. They fired at it and sank the boat." "A periscope was seen that day attacking the 'Moltke'; we were firing at it when there was an explosion. . . ." Of course firing at a periscope will not damage a submarine. I think it possible that E16 struck a mine during her attack while under gunfire, but the stories of the German officers are vague and the evidence of E38's despatch inconclusive. I am sure that E16 did not break surface in an attack and expose herself to gunfire; her captain and crew were too good for such a thing to happen. I met (in E42) E16 outward bound off Harwich. We exchanged signals, and I noted she was going at high speed. She was the fastest boat in the flotilla, and was probably well ahead of E38 on the morning of the 19th. If she did meet the enemy cruisers she would get home in her attack unless a mine or such an "act of God" stopped her. Duff Dunbar and Carmichael had got that boat to a state of efficiency which was acknowledged to be the state aimed at in our flotilla.

We are proud to know by these words the esteem in which the officers of E16 were held by those in the same flotilla as themselves. All Sandy's letters and those from personal friends of his were lost—torpedoed, but the following is one from a friend older than himself, not in the Service, but one who saw a great deal of him when on leave, and of whom he was very fond:—

DEAR LADY CARMICHAEL,—I am glad that some record is to be made of Sandy Carmichael's life. I knew him from his early childhood till near the end. He often stayed with my sister and myself, first in his school holidays and later during his leave. Although we are old and Sandy was but a boy, the warmest and most affectionate friendship

existed between us owing to his unfailing sympathy and consideration for the feelings of all those with whom he came in contact. His transparent honesty of character, his directness of purpose, and his obvious determination to do what he considered right were combined with singular personal charm and a great sense of fun. All our friends who met him liked and admired him, and our household were devoted to him. Servants seemed to vie with each other to do him some service, and this was hardly to be wondered at when one recalls his pleasant greeting and sunny smile. We shall ever think of Sandy as a beloved friend, a boy of high ideals, and a sailor who in his life and by his death maintained the best traditions of the Service.

—Yours very sincerely,

COURTAULD THOMSON.

There was something about Sandy which struck those who knew him even slightly. He had a strong personality which one was not likely to forget, but he also had a deep reserved nature, and those who knew him well realised the steadfast faith which gave him a calm yet strong outlook on life rarely met with in one so young, and one which will live in the hearts of those who loved him.

"And we will hew the holy boughs,
To make us level rows of oars,
And we will set our shining prows
For strange and unadventured shores.
Where the great tideways swiftest run,
We will be stronger than the strong,
And sack the cities of the sun,
And spend our booty in a song."

PRIVATE CHARLES M'LACHLAN
(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.
1916. AUGUST 19.

A St Ronan's lad made the supreme sacrifice for King and country in the person of Private Charles M'Lachlan, who, as stated in a letter from one of the chaplains to his mother, was killed in action on Saturday, the 19th August, 1916, aged 35. Charlie, as he was generally known, joined the Royal Scots shortly after war broke out, and after training in England proceeded to France in May, 1915. He received a short furlough at the beginning of the year, and about a month after returning to France

was slightly wounded, but not seriously enough to require being sent home.

Before the outbreak of war he took a prominent part in the affairs of the Vale of Leithen Football Club, and for some time played the game. He was also a keen cricketer, being a member of the Innerleithen Cricket Club. He was very popular on the sports field, and being of a quiet, amiable disposition, was well liked by his comrades. Previous to joining the colours he was employed in the machine room of Tweedholm Mill, Walkerburn.

"Shall we then mourn for the dead unduly,
and forget

The resurrection in the hearts of men?

Even the poppy on the parapet

Shall blossom as before when summer blows
again."

PRIVATE JAMES LENNIE

(INNERLEITHEN)

AUGUST, 1916.

He was originally an apprentice joiner with Adam Watt at Innerleithen. Having enlisted in the Cameron Highlanders, he fought throughout the Boer War, and came through all right. He continued for some time in South Africa, and, later, departed for Sydney, New South Wales. When the Great War broke out James Lennie enlisted there, and came over along with the Australians. Never before in our history had such an army been gathered, and never again would such an army be seen, as strained at the leash behind that twenty-five mile front on the thirtieth of June, 1916. True, we launched greater armies and won greater victories in the two years that followed, but the very flower of a race can bloom but once in a generation. The flower of our race bloomed and perished during the four months of the first battle of the Somme. We shall not look upon their like again. It is to be doubted if any generation will—or any race."

He fell in the month of August, 1916.

Unknown to us, but known to God,

Your spirit lives among the saints,

Your heart lies 'neath the sod—

Nobly daring, cruelly faring,

The "via dolorosa" trod—

Your soul was one that never faints:

And but for you and such as you

Our doom were Ichabod (Thy glory has
departed).

PRIVATE JOHN RITCHIE

(WALKERBURN)

1916. SEPTEMBER 1.

John Ritchie enlisted in November 1914, and was therefore one of the heroes in what the German Emperor called, "General French's contemptible little army." Since the date of the heroic retreat from Mons in the beginning of the war, it has been considered a great honour to have been one of the "Contemptibles," and a special star was granted to all those who served in those early days. In the month of May 1915, he left Portobello after training, for the Dardanelles, but was sent to France instead. He fell in one of the battles in the Somme campaign, on the 1st September, a Friday, 1916. The Germans were making an attack on High Wood but were repulsed by the British; in this engagement John Ritchie fell. "Across the ribbon of the Dardanelles, on the green plain of Troy, the most famous of the wars of the ancient world had been fought. The European shores had now become a no less classic ground of arms. If the banks of Scamander had seen men strive desperately with fate, so had the slopes of Achi Babi and the loud beaches of Helles. Had the fashion endured of linking the strife of mankind with the gods, what strange myth would not have sprung from the rescue of British troops in the teeth of winter gales and uncertain seas. It would have been rumoured, as at Troy, that Posidon had done battle for his children."

They have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine:

They are past and gone with their bygone
age;

They died, and made no sign.

But work that shall find its wages yet,

And deeds that their world shall not forget,

Done for the Love Divine—

These were their triumphs, and these shall
be

The crowns of their immortality.

PRIVATE WILLIAM TENNENT

(INNERLEITHEN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1916. SEPTEMBER 3.

Information was received by Mrs Tennent that her son, William, had fallen. He enlisted six months previously and very soon

thereafter proceeded to France. For some time before then he had worked in Leithen Mills, but after the enlistment of his brother, William took up the milk business and drove the Innerleithen van. He was aged only nineteen when he fell. On the Somme front there was continued severe fighting; four German attacks on High Wood, however, failed. On Sunday, the 3rd, when William Tennent fell, the British captured Ginchy and all Guillemont along with many prisoners. The French at the same time captured many villages.

"Forgotten grave." This selfish plea
Awakes no deep response in me,
For though his grave I may not see,
My boy will ne'er forgotten be.
My real son can never die;
'Tis but his body that may lie
In foreign land, and I shall keep
Remembrance fond, forever deep,
Within my heart, of my true son,
Because of triumphs that he won.
It matters not where anyone
May lie and sleep when work is done.

PRIVATE ARTHUR BIGGAR

ROYAL SCOTS.
(WALKERBURN)

1916. SEPTEMBER 15.

Mr A. W. Biggar, Bold Cottages, Walkerburn, received word, from one of his comrades, that his son, Private Arthur Biggar, Royal Scots, had been killed in action. Pte. Biggar, who was 19 years of age, joined the Innerleithen Company of the Royal Scots a few months previous to the outbreak of war, and was mobilised in August 1914. He proceeded to France with the battalion in November 1914, but, not being in a good state of health at the time, was invalided home in three weeks. Owing to his age he was not allowed to join the battalion in France again, but was attached to another battalion of the Royal Scots, with which he trained for eighteen months, and only proceeded to France for the second time with a draft a month before he fell. At the outbreak of war he was employed on Bold farm. His elder brother is Driver R. R. Biggar, R.G.A. A great British advance began on this day,

the third phase of the battle of the Somme. The front extended to six miles, with a depth of 2000 to 3000 yards. Flers, Martinpuich, Courcellette and the whole of High Wood were taken by the British. The new heavy armoured cars (tanks) were used now for the first time.

Lord, hast Thou gone away?
Once more through all the worlds Thy touch
I seek.

Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood here just this day
With the live blood in his cheek,
And the live light in his head;
Lord, how can he be dead?

Dost Thou remember, Lord, the hearts that
prayed

As down the shouting village street they
swung,

The beautiful fighting-men? The sunlight
flung

His keen young face up like an unfleshed
blade;

O' God, so young.

CPL. ANDREW AMOS DOVE

(DRUMELZIER AND CANADA)

CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY.

1916. SEPTEMBER 17.

Corporal Andrew Amos Dove, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, a grandson of the late Andrew Amos, blacksmith, Drumelzier, joined up in August 1914, and came across with the 1st Canadian Contingent in October and went to France in December, going into action on January 6th, 1915. He took part in the fighting around Ypres at St Eloi. In March he was invalided home suffering from frozen feet; on rejoining his regiment he was in action at Armentiers, Frise and Hooge. It was in the battle of the Somme on 17th September, 1916, when coming out of the trenches for a much needed rest that a piece of the enemy's shell instantaneously cut off a life so full of promise at the age of 29. A non-com. officer and "masonic brother," who associated with him from the time they joined up in Winnipeg,

writes that when in the trenches with him he had the opportunity of seeing his good qualities, as a soldier they were put to the test many a time; but he proved himself to be a good and brave soldier, ever ready at duty's call to do the work required of him, and ever ready to help a fellow-soldier in distress; and although of a very kind disposition, his kind thoughtful ways made him many friends. He was employed as an engineer in the Canadian Pacific Railway's workshops when war broke out. A native of Coatbridge, he served his apprenticeship in Murray and Paterson's there. But Peeblesshire, his mother's county, and the Tweed were ever dear to him.

Courage came to you with your boyhood's
grace

Of ardent life and limb.

Each day new dangers steeled you to the test
To ride, to climb, to swim.

Your hot blood taught you carelessness of
death

With every breath.

So when you went to play another game,

You could not be but brave;

An Empire's team, a rougher football field,
the end—Perhaps your grave.

What matter? On the winning of a goal

You staked your soul.

A brother fallen on the field—

That valiant soldier, strong and true,

Who hid behind his dazzling shield

A heart his comrades only knew.

Farewell, kind heart! thy battle's o'er,

Thy spirit gone to Him who gave;

'Mongst honours paid thee many more,

We lay a song upon thy grave.

PRIVATE ROBERT MELROSE

MILITARY MEDAL.

(MANOR)

SCOTS GUARDS.

1916. SEPTEMBER 20.

Died of wounds in France on Wednesday, the 20th September, Private Robert Melrose, Scots Guards, aged 23, dearly loved fifth son of Mr and Mrs William Melrose, Corriefeckloch, Newton-Stewart, late of Peeblesshire. For many years the family was located in

the parish of Manor, at Glenrath, Posso, and Hndleshope. Young Melrose was a butcher to trade, serving his apprenticeship with the Peebles Co-operative Society. Finishing his apprenticeship in Peebles he found employment at his trade in Gorebridge, where his death has been much regretted. He was working in Gorebridge when war broke out, and promptly answering his country's call he joined the ranks of the Scots Guards on the 9th September, 1914. After undergoing the usual military training he went to France in February 1915. Thereafter he passed through much hard fighting, but escaped unhurt until March 1916, when he was admitted to hospital suffering from a wound in the right shoulder. He was highly recommended at this time for the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his good work. Recovering from his wound he went back to the trenches, where he remained until the 20th September, when he died of wounds believed to have been received in the great attack on the 15th September. Private Melrose was a bright and promising young man, 23 years of age, and was loved by all who knew him. He was home on short leave of four days in November of 1915. In a letter the Sergeant-Major of his company, in speaking of Private Melrose, says that he was a brave man and a much loved comrade. He had done his duty with the faithfulness of a true British soldier, and it cast a gloom over the whole company when they received the news that Private Melrose had died of his wounds.

“Now for the first time have I an opportunity of writing to tell you of my own personal sorrow at the loss of your brave son, Private Melrose. As you will know, he was killed by shell-fire—five days after our great attack on 15th September, and although he lingered wounded for some little time he would not suffer greatly, as in these cases the shock is so severe that little pain is felt. The senses are almost entirely paralysed. He was a lad I knew well. I remember how his cheerful kindly nature endeared him to officers and men alike, and he was a favourite with all. Trustworthy and dutiful, he was a good

soldier and good man. It is he and such as he who will bring us to victory and peace. But what can I say to you who miss and mourn your dear lad? This—that he died a noble death. He gave himself for others in the fullest sense. He died as he lived—bravely. And this—that had it not been for you and your mother's love and care for him he would not have been the fine man he was. He learned sacrifice and unselfishness at your knee. He has brought you great and lasting credit. And this further—He who gave His own Son to die for us all will not ever be far away from those who have given like gifts. He will watch over you and bless and comfort you. May you have happy memories of your gallant son. We have. Accept my sincere and heartfelt sympathy."

In one engagement, at Hill 70, he was one of nine who survived, and at Loos he was one of those who gained the Military Medal. He seemed always to be happy.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blithe blink he had
In my ain countree.
Oh! Gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.
The bird comes back to summer,
The blossom to the tree;
But I win back, oh, never
To my ain countree.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
And there I'll meet ye a' soon
In my ain countree.

"Say, what life would theirs have been that
it should make you weep for them,
A small grey world imprisoning the wings
of their desire?
Happier than they could tell who knew not
life would keep for them
Fragments of the high romance, the old
heroic fire.
All they dreamed of childishly, bravery and
fame for them,
Charge at the cannon's mouth, enemies
they slew,
Bright across the waking world, their
romances came for them;

SERGEANT JAMES REDPATH

58TH CANADIANS.

(INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA)

1916. SEPTEMBER 20.

Mrs Redpath, Glenone, Innerleithen, received official intimation that her son, James Redpath, of the 58th Canadians, had been killed in action. Private Redpath emigrated to Canada five years previously, and enlisted in June 1915. After undergoing a course of training he was transferred to England in November of the same year, and while in this country was home on furlough about Christmas, prior to being drafted to France in January. Deceased served his apprenticeship as a warehouseman in Caerlee Mill, and was for nine years employed in March Street Mills, Peebles. He had two brothers, Andrew and William, serving with the colours. His age was 32. During his short service in France he always wrote home in the best of spirits. He was quickly promoted, and was content and happy to be able to serve his country. He was killed on September 20th, 1916, and was buried on the battlefield near North Albert.

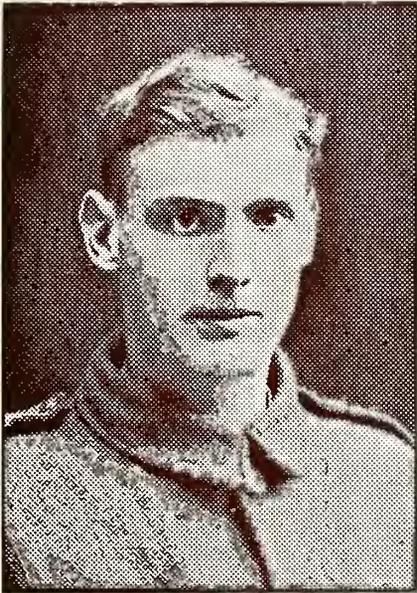
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who return not—Say not so.
We rather seem the dead, that stayed be-
hind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow,
For never shall their aureoled presence lack.
They come transfigured back.
Secure from change in their light-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with rays
Of morn on their white shields of expect-
ation.
. . . He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.
These are men who shed an everlasting glory
on their beloved land.
Death's dark cloud enfolds them, but being
dead, still they die not,
Since from on High their valour honours
them.
How should he die?
Seeing death hath no part in him anymore;
no power
Upon his head;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.



PRIVATE WILLIAM TENNENT,
INNERLEITHEN.



CORPORAL ANDREW AMOS DOVE,
DRUMELZIER AND CANADA.



PRIVATE ARTHUR BIGGAR,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE ROBERT MELROSE,
MANOR.



SERGEANT JAMES REDPATH.
INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA.



LIEUT. DOUGLAS O. CONSTABLE,
TRAQUAIR.



LIEUT. HON. EDWARD W. TENNANT
(GLENCONNED)
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE JAMES LORIMER,
BROUGHTON AND TWEEDSMUIR.

LT. HON. EDWARD W. TENNANT
(GLENCONNER)

GRENADIER GUARDS.
(TRAQUAIR)

1916. SEPTEMBER 22.

We regret to announce the death of the Hon. E. Wyndham Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner, and the 55th heir to a peerage that has lost his life in the war. He fell in battle on September 22, aged 19. In a letter to his mother, dated just before going into action, he wrote—

“This is written in case anything happens to me, for I should like you to have just a little message from my own hand. Your love for me, and my love for you, have made my whole life one of the happiest there has ever been. This is a great day for me. ‘High heart, high speech, and high deeds ’mid honouring eyes.’ God bless you and give you peace.”

Surely you found companions meet for you
in that high place;

You met there face to face
Those you had never known, but whom you
knew—

Knights of the Table Round,

And all the Very Brave, the Very True,
With chivalry crowned:
The captains rare,
Courteous and brave beyond our human air;
Those who had loved, and suffered over much,
Now free from the world's touch.

Of the grandsons of the late Sir Charles Tennant of the Glen, five fell. The first to fall was Captain Lachlan Gordon-Duff, of the 3rd Battalion, Gordon Highlanders, in October 1914. The Honourable Charles Lister, eldest surviving son of Lord Ribblesdale, fell on the 28th August, 1915. The Honourable Edward Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner of Glen, fell on September 22, 1916. His cousin, Mark Tennant, of the Scots Guards, son of Francis John Tennant, Innes House, Elgin, fell in the same month, September 30, 1916. The last of the gallant five to fall was Henry Tennant, son of Harold J. Tennant.

The blithe lilt o' that air—
“The bush abune Traquair”—
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me:
Ower my cradle its sweet chime
‘Cam' sughin' frae auld time—
Sae tide what may I'll awa' and see.

LIEUT. DOUGLAS O. CONSTABLE

GRENADIER GUARDS.

(TRAQUAIR)

1916. SEPTEMBER 25.

A wave of profound regret and deepest sympathy swept over Traquair district when it became known that Lieutenant Douglas Oliphant Constable, Grenadier Guards—youngest son of Mr and Mrs G. W. Constable, Traquair Bank—had fallen in action on 25th September, and to very many the feeling was one of great personal loss.

Lieutenant Constable received the greater part of his elementary education at Traquair Public School, and gave early promise of a brilliant future. His teacher, the late Mr Menzies, often remarked that he was one of the brightest pupils he had ever had. At St Mary's School, Melrose, he was, in the Principal's words, “one among a thousand,” and besides distinguishing himself in scholarship by being dux of the school, his noble qualities of heart and mind shone brightly forth among his school-fellows. Proceeding to Edinburgh University, he crowned a successful course by graduating M.A. at the age of twenty.

The realm of literature had always a strong fascination for him, and with his keen perception of all that was best, and his inherent literary ability, it was almost safe to prophesy that he would rise high in his chosen career as a publisher. After gaining insight into the various departments of his profession he was at the time of his enlistment with Mr T. N. Foulis, of London and Edinburgh, and was entrusted with much important work. So excellently was this performed that Mr Foulis looked forward with pride to the certain success of his future. He was extremely happy in London—he lived in a world of books, as had ever been his inclination and ambition—but at his country's call he nobly and unselfishly responded. The busy stir of camp and the angry clash of arms must ever have been abhorrent to one of his loving and sensitive nature, but from the day of his enlisting in the Inns of Court O.T.C. he threw his whole soul into his military training and his promotion was rapid. His commission in the Grenadier Guards—entirely unsought by him, but which the Colonel Commanding the O.T.C. urged upon him to accept—was ample evidence that his

cultured and gentlemanly bearing, his great ability and thorough grasp of military matters, had been noted. On joining his battalion at the front he received his baptism of fire almost immediately, and on many occasions showed his calm courage in the face of danger and death.

Now his all too short career is ended. While acting as temporary Captain, gallantly leading his devoted men to victory, he died a hero's death on the field of battle—shot through the head.

It was announced in the "London Gazette" of the 13th November that Second-Lieutenant Douglas O. Constable, of the Grenadier Guards, had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. The pathetic words—"Since fallen in action," were, however, added. Lieutenant Constable was killed on 25th September.

There has been placed on the south wall in Traquair Parish Church a brass memorial tablet, on a panel of oak, bearing the following inscription in centre:—"To the memory of DOUGLAS OLIPHANT CONSTABLE (M.A.), Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards, killed at the Battle of the Somme, September 25th, 1916, aged 26 years. Commanding a Company, and 'most gallantly leading his men into action.' Laid to rest on the battlefield. A dearly loved son and brother." At the left side of the tablet is engraved the Cross, with sword resting against it, and underneath the quotation—"In short measures life may perfect be." At the right hand side is the crest of the Grenadier Guards.

And with you were the friends of yesterday,
Who went before and pointed you the way;
And in that place of freshness, light, and rest,

Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep
Over their King's long sleep,
Surely they made a place for you,
Their long expected guest,
Among the chosen few,
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,
To that companionship which hath no end.

Lieutenant Douglas Oliphant Constable was the youngest son of George W. Constable, factor, Traquair, and grandson of the Rev. D. Macalister, minister of Stiehill and Hume, Roxburghshire, and a great grandson of the

Rev. Wm. Constable, minister of St Martins, Perthshire. A month after going to France he rose from Second-Lieutenant, or, as it is styled in the Brigade, Ensign, to full Lieutenant—was appointed Intelligence Officer and had various other special duties, being assistant Adjutant at the time he fell in action. His nine months at the Front were almost continuously passed in the awful, and well-known-to-many, parts around and near Ypres. When the push of July 1916 began on the Somme his Battalion was moved there, though it was not brought into action till the end of August. Owing to the duties he had to perform of a special nature he had many opportunities of seeing far more than those actually engaged fighting. On September 25th the O.C. of his company, having been wounded a few days previously, Douglas Constable took over command of the company and fell, shot in the forehead, in the words of the C.O., "most gallantly leading his men in the attack on the German trenches." His great companion and near neighbour, the Hon. Edward Tennant, fell three days before. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

A letter from a senior officer (killed later) to his parents states:—

"I considered your son the perfect type of officer, combining brains, of which he had more than his brother officers by far, and courage of a really dauntless kind, unselfishness to a rare degree, and a love and sympathy for the men who were near him which they reciprocated in a way you seldom see in the army, especially in the Guards, because of the discipline. He had their confidence as well as love. If you will let me, when the war is over, I will come and see you and tell you many more nice things about your splendid son."

Referring to Douglas Constable in a notice in a paper, the writer said, "He readily responded to the call to arms, sacrificing the prospects of a career which was most congenial to him. From the environment of books he went to the battle zone, exchanging the pen for the sword—his sun set before it reached its zenith—his life finished whilst

it was just unfolding. When the final call came, it found him ready." His "runner," who saw him fall—lying wounded and disabled himself—wrote and asked if he might have a photograph of him to remind him in days to come of the best and bravest gentleman he had ever known. In an article contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," by a brother officer, on some aspects of war, he introduced the character of Douglas Constable, touching upon his equable temperament and unselfishness and how he seemed to radiate happiness all around him. His Chaplain said, "He died nobly right in the front of a battlefield, which will thrill those who read history in the future" (adding) "I am thankful to have known and loved your son." He was buried along with 30 officers and 774 of the rank and file of the Guards' Brigade who were in action that day at Les Boeuks. Two years later he was removed to the Guards' cemetery there. The last line of the following verse is carved on his tombstone.

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere.

The lily of a day
Is fairer far in May

Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light."

"In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures, life may perfect be."

PRIVATE JAMES LORIMER
SCOTS GUARDS.

(BROUGHTON AND TWEEDSMUIR)
1916. SEPTEMBER 25.

He was one year and three months training with the Scots Guards at Wellington Barracks. The last letter we received from him was from the Base, dated 16th September, 1916; then we were notified that he was posted missing on Monday, the 25th September, 1916. The only information we received was from a chum, and he saw James in the first German trench they took, but lost sight of him after that; no more news of him could be got. Age, 28 years; occupation, shepherd. That day the British advanced between

Combles and Martinpuich. On the following day. Combles and Thiepval were taken.

Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood there just this morn
With the live blood in his cheek,
And the live light on his head.
Dost Thou remember, Lord, when he was
born,
And all my heart went forth Thy praise to
seek,
(I, a creator even as Thou)—
To force Thee to confess
The little, young, heart-breaking loveliness,
Like willow-buds in spring, upon his brow?
Newest of unfledged things,
All perfect but the wings,
Master, I lit my tender candle-light
Straight at the living fire that rays abroad
From Thy dread altar, God.
How should it end in night?
Ay! see them as they sweep along
Borne on an unseen wind to the far throne
of God.
And, mothers; see; O' maidens, look
How the world's Christ stoops down and
kisses each.
And listen now and hear their cry,
As, lances raised, they greet their King—
"There is no death. . . . There is no
death. . . .
No death. . . ." and comfort you,
When the leaves fall.

LIEUT. MARK TENNANT
(TRAQUAIR)

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS AND SCOTS GUARDS.
1916. SEPTEMBER.

He was the second son of Mr Francis John Tennant, of Innes, Elgin. He had been killed in action. He was born in 1892 and was educated at Eton. He went to South Africa and remained there for two years for reasons of health. On the outbreak of war he received a commission in the Seaforth Highlanders, and served with them for a time at the Front. While holding the rank of captain he transferred to the Scots Guards, in which he was a lieutenant, and in which his brother-in-law, Sir Ian Colquhoun, of Colquhoun and Luss, held a commission. He was a nephew of Lord Glenconner, and one

of the many grandsons of Sir Charles Tennant who fell in the war.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages:
Thou thy world's task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the Great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Shakespeare.

PRIVATE WILLIAM TELFER

(KIRKURD AND TRAQUAIR)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS AND CYCLIST BATTALION.
1916. OCTOBER 1.

Private Wm. Telfer, second son of Mr John Telfer, Craighurd, Castleraig, Dolphinton, died of wounds in France on 1st October, 1916. Before the war he was a ploughman in the employment of Lord Glenconner, at the home farm of Glen. He joined the 12th Battalion Royal Scots a month after war broke out. Six months later he was transferred into the Army Cyclist Corps with which unit he went to France in September 1915. He saw much fighting, and was through the first battle of the Somme. He seems to have been severely wounded while on cycle despatch work, and when picked up he was dead. He was buried at Heilly Station Cemetery, near Corbie, but his parents were never able to get any definite particulars of their gallant son's end. He was born at West Mains, Castleraig, and was just twenty when he died. He was well known and highly thought of, both in his home district at Kirkurd and at Glen.

PULPIT REFERENCE:—The Rev. D. C. Wiseman, M.A., Kirkurd United Free Church, said of him on October 22nd, 1916—"We mourn to-day the loss of another of our lads, a young and very gallant lad, Willie, second son of our esteemed deacon, Mr John Telfer. A perfect guardsman in frame, more than once he was asked to transfer to the Guards, but he preferred the exciting work of despatch rider. More than a year in France,

he passed his 20th birthday there the other day. He has never been home on leave, and yesterday his parents received intimation that he had died of wounds, doing his arduous and dangerous duty, on October 1st. Willie Telfer was a fine lad, quiet in disposition, and reserved, upright and affectionate in his life, worthy of the home into which he was born. We honour his name. We sorrow for his departure, but we believe that Jesus Christ, when He comes, will bring him with Him. No lover of war—but a lover of honour in life and in death—of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Thus should he stand, reminding those
In less-believing days, perchance
How Britain's fighting cricketers
Helped bomb the Germans out of France.

And other eyes than ours would see;
And other hearts than ours would thrill;
And others say, as we have said:
"A sportsman and a soldier still."

The ways of death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of death are grave and
sweet,
From camp and church, the fireside and the
street,
She beckons forth—and strife and song have
been.

O glad and sorrowful! with triumphant mien
And radiant faces look upon, and greet
This last of all your lovers; and to meet
Her kiss; the Comforter's, your soul will
lean—

The ways of death are soothing and serene.

PRIVATE WILLIAM ROBSON

(WALKERBURN),

CAMERONS.

1916. October 11.

News was received by Mr John Robson, East End, Walkerburn, that his son, Private William Robson, Camerons, had been killed in action. He joined up shortly after war broke out; and was badly wounded. On recovering, he was sent out to France, and joined a machine gun section. He was barely 20 years of age. He was employed at Tweedholm Mills.

He passed through all the Somme battles in 1916, and was killed on Wednesday, October 11,

1916, by a shell which killed nine others besides himself. Close to him there was another Walkerburn lad standing at the time, who said afterwards that he did not know how he had escaped as they were standing side by side. The other lad, who joined up also at the very beginning of the war, came through it all without a scratch. Both lads had been together the whole time since they enlisted.

Brave Cameron, shot like the shaft from a bow
 Into the midst of the plunging foe,
 And with him the lads whom he loved, like a
 torrent,
 Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current :
 And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
 Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
 But his men pushed on where the work was
 rough,
 Giving the German a taste of their stuff,
 Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Then God go with you, fight for God,
 For all is well and shall be well.
 What though you tread the roads of Hell,
 Your Captain these same ways has trod.
 Above the anguish and the loss
 Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

LIEUT. PHILIP GEORGE WOLFE-
 MURRAY. R.N., V.R.

(EDDLESTON)

1916. October 12.

At Hartfield House, Tain, Ross-shire, on Thursday, October 12, 1916, Philip George Wolfe Murray, Lieutenant R.N.V.R., H.M.S. "Alsatian," second son of Commander Philip Wolfe Murray, R.N., retired, and Mrs P. Wolfe Murray, from heart failure following typhoid fever, contracted while in discharge of his duties, aged 25.

Philip George Wolfe Murray, second son of Commander Philip Wolfe Murray, R.N., and his wife Ellie Blanche de Winton, and grandson of James Wolfe Murray of Cringletie, was born in Bermuda, 5th July, 1891. He was educated at Bedford and Shrewsbury Schools, and Heidelberg University.

At the outbreak of war he was studying forestry at the Prussian State School of Forestry, Eberswalde, and only got out of Germany by the last train that British subjects could travel in. On his return home he volunteered his services to the Admiralty, and was given a commission as Lieutenant R.N.V.R., and appointed to

H.M.S. "Iron Duke" on the personal staff of Admiral Jellicoe, having charge of the C. in C. private telegraph book, and being often employed by him to carry important despatches to London, etc. After this, in order to make use of his fluency in French and German, he was attached to the Flag Ship of the 10th Cruiser Squadron, which blockaded the greater part of the northern seas, serving on the staffs of Admirals De Chair and Tupper, in which difficult and dangerous service he spent about 18 months. In the spring of 1916 he contracted typhoid fever at sea, and he died on October 12th at the residence of his parents near Tain, Ross-shire, and was buried in the cemetery overlooking the Dornoch Firth.

His Admiral wrote of him : " He was a very popular officer, and always doing kind actions."

The sailor keeps a clean soul on the seas untrod :
 There is room in the great spaces for the Vision
 of God

Walking on the waters, bidding him not fear :
 He has the very cleanest eyes a man can wear.

There's salt wind in Heaven and the salt sea-
 spray,

And the little midshipmen boys are shouting at
 their play,

There's a soft sound of waters lapping on the
 shore,

The sailor he is home from sea to go back no
 more.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Born inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmists' music deep,
 Now tell me if there any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 " He giveth His beloved sleep."

PRIVATE JAMES AITCHISON

(INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA)

14TH CANADIANS.

1916. OCTOBER 15.

1916. Sunday, October 15. Died at Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, Private James Aitchison, 14th Canadians, formerly of Innerleithen.

These few words record the bare fact of the passing of this brave man. He had a wife and nine fine children. Add to this the failure of health, the giving up of business, the loss of life itself, and one can realise though but faintly the immensity of his self-denial,

and the large gift he bestowed on us that we might continue a free nation. While he lived in Innerleithen, at St Ronan's Mount, he carried on the trade of joiner. He continued at his business when he emigrated to Saskatoon, in Canada. He, like thousands of patriotic Canadian Scots, came over to the help of the Mother Country. In France he took part in many engagements, and was severely wounded at the Somme by shrapnel. He was apparently recovering from his wounds, when he was carried off by pneumonia, at the age of forty.

The tall men of that noble land
 Who share such high companionship,
 Are scorers of the feeble hand,
 Contemners of the faltering lip.
 When all the ancient truths depart,
 In every strait that men confess,
 Stands in the stubborn Tweeddale heart
 The spirit of that steadfastness.

Wonderful battles have shaken the world,
 Since the Dawn-God overthrew Dis:
 Wonderful struggles of Right against wrong,
 Sung in the rhymes of the world's great
 song.

But never a greater than this.
 Bannockburn, Inkerman, Balaclava,
 Marathon's godlike stand:
 But never a more heroic deed,
 And never a greater warrior breed,
 In any war-man's land.

This is the Ballad of Langemarek,
 A story of glory and might:
 Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part
 In the great, grim fight.

LIEUT. GEORGE F. E. BOYD

(INNERLEITHEN)

10TH SEAFORTHS.
 1916. OCTOBER 19.

This gallant officer, son of the Rev. James Boyd, minister of Innerleithen, although but a youth in years, was actually "an old Contemptible," having enlisted in 1914. He was one of those noble sons of the manse who carried the flag of Scotland into every corner of the world, and have made the name of Scottish Highlander to be admired and dreaded by the enemies of Britain. George Boyd was educated at Fettes College,

and soon after leaving in 1914, he enlisted as a private in the 10th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. In a few months after joining, he obtained his commission as second-lieutenant, which was followed in a short time by promotion to the rank of lieutenant.

While serving with his battalion near La Bassee, he was wounded, and was treated at one of the base hospitals, from which he was too soon discharged, and sent into the trenches on the Somme. It was here that he contracted the dysentery to which he succumbed in a Boulogne hospital on Thursday, the 19th of October, 1916, in his twentieth year. His body was interred in a beautiful cemetery near Boulogne.

He had two brothers serving in the army, Lieut. James Boyd, R.A.M.C., and Captain Andrew Boyd, Seaforths. The former left a practice in New Zealand and came home and joined the Colours, when he was given charge of a hospital in France, where he was so highly commended for the able manner in which it was conducted; and was given the Distinguished Service Order.

The sons of the manse belonging to Peeblesshire who joined the army are:—The three brothers Boyd (Innerleithen), two brothers Martin (Peebles), two brothers Miller (Kirkurd), Harry Taggart (Lyne), which represents the whole of the manses where there were sons.

O it is sweet to think
 Of those that are departed,
 While murmured Avè's sink
 To silence tender-hearted:
 While tears that have no pain
 Are tranquilly distilling,
 And the dead live again
 In hearts that love is filling.

In the silence of the schoolroom, among the
 desks deserted,
 Ink-stained and marred by marks of many
 hands,
 Through the windows in the moonlight by
 driving rain-clouds skirted,
 Come the visions of old boys from many
 lands.
 And quietly and mournfully they take their
 well-known places,
 And their books lie open by them on the
 form,
 And they see, as in a mist-wraith, the old
 forgotten faces
 With the scar-marks of the world's eternal
 storm.

PRIVATE GEORGE PARK

(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. OCTOBER 20.

Ptc. Park was a native of Walkerburn, and on enlistment at the end of August, 1914, was 37 years of age. He, along with so many others in the village, responded at once to the urgent call for men. After a period of training in and around Aldershot, he was at last drafted to France in May, 1915, and was severely wounded in October of that year, being brought across to England, and tended for some time in an hospital in Sheffield. On recovering, he enjoyed a brief holiday at home. However, on reporting again at headquarters he was soon passed "as fit," and again crossed to France on the last day of 1915. He took part in much of the severe fighting in the Somme region, and notwithstanding the very trying times, his weekly letter to his mother made their hardships as light as possible, and were always very optimistic as to the ultimate result. A breakdown in health necessitated a few weeks' rest. He had only rejoined his company a few days, and was participating in the grim struggle as a stretcher-bearer, when he was killed by a shell.

In civil life he was employed as a drawer in the pattern department of Tweeddale Mills (Messrs H. Ballantyne & Sons, Ltd.), and was an enthusiastic member of the local Miniature Rifle Club, taking part very successfully in competitions, and was a very reliable team shot.

His father was for over 30 years associated with the local company of Volunteers, being Quartermaster Sergeant.

His captain, in writing to his mother, expressing condolence, stated that Pte. Park had been with the company since Sept., 1914, and was one of the original No. 1 Platoon, with so many other Walkerburn and Innerleithen men.—As a stretcher-bearer latterly he did good work, and was a good all-round soldier. He was well liked by everyone, and his death is much regretted in the company. He was killed instantaneously by a piece of shell on Friday, the 20th Oct., 1916.

A comrade, in writing of him, stated he was a good chum and a capable soldier, held in high esteem by all the company. When he

met his death, he was doing heroic work as a stretcher-bearer.

His brother, Sergeant John Park, was with the Royal Scots.

It matters not where some men lie:
If my dear son his life must give,
Hosannas I will sing for him,
E'en though my eyes with tears be dim.
And when the war is over, when
His gallant comrades come again,
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,
Rejoicing that they did not die.
And when his vacant place I see,
My heart will bound with joy that he
Was mine so long—my fair young son—
And cheer for him whose work is done.

PRIVATE WILLIAM WATSON

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. OCTOBER 24.

A letter was received by Mr William Watson, Dalziel's Buildings, Walkerburn, from Lance-Cpl. T. C. Laidlaw, D.C.M., in which it is stated that Mr Watson's son, Private William Watson, Royal Scots, had been killed in action on Monday, the 24th October, 1916, through being buried by the bursting of a shell, death being instantaneous. He was 21 years of age, and was a Territorial before the outbreak of war. He left for France in November, 1914, with his battalion, but was invalided a short time thereafter, when he paid a short visit to Walkerburn. He again left for France, and was slightly wounded in July this year. He was employed in Tweedvale Mills.

He had another brother in the Royal Scots, who was to fall on Aug. 2, 1917.

On Saturday, October 21, the British had captured strong positions near Thiepval.

Still I see them coming, coming,
In their ragged, broken line,
Walking wounded in the sunlight,
Clothed in majesty divine.

For the fairest of the lilies,
That God's summer ever sees,
Ne'er was clothed in royal beauty
Such as decks the least of these.

Tattered, torn, and bloody khaki,
Gleams of white flesh in the sun,
Raiments worthy of their beauty,
And the great things they have done.

Purple robes and snowy linen
Have for earthly kings sufficed,
But these bloody, sweaty tatters
Were the robes of Jesus Christ.

GUNNER GEORGE COCHRANE

(BROUGHTON)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1916. OCTOBER 27.

Gunner George Cochrane, R.F.A., eldest son of the late William Cochrane, shepherd, Mossfennan, Broughton, was by trade a joiner before enlisting in R.E. in December, 1915; attached to the R.F.A., he was trained at Luton and Woolwich, and drafted to France in August, 1916. Wounded in action about October 17th, 1916, he died of wounds in Bonlogne Hospital on Friday, October 27.

The Chaplain in his letter stated how highly Gnnner Cochrane was held, how patiently he suffered, tenderly nursed, and peacefully died.

He was laid to rest with full military honours, "a brave man who had done his duty," in Boulogne Cemetery, on Sunday, October 29th, 1916.

Much sympathy goes forth to his widowed mother at Rachan Mill, to his sister and brother Charles, who served with the Black Watch in France.

"Dnty impelled you and you never faltered—
There was no need for her to whisper twice;
The end you saw not—no, nor would have altered;
You took the cross and made the sacrifice."

Not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them:
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them:
Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features:
God with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

BOMBARDIER ROBERT LEES

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1916. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

On active service on 13th November, 1916, Bombardier Robert Lees, R.F.A., aged 33 years, son of Mr and Mrs Lees, Sunnybank, Walkerburn. When war broke out he was stationed at Kirkee, Poonah, not far from Bombay, where he had been for a few years. After mobilisation his battery, 82nd R.F.A., was brought along with other three batteries and sent up the Gulf to Basra. From there they were sent up the Karun River to "Abolaz" to protect the oil pipe line and drive back the Turks from that quarter. From there the division was marched across the desert to the Tigris to join the advance on Bagdad. After the march commenced little was heard from him except that they were always advancing, driving the Turks before them. The division, of course, was in all the fighting up to "Ctesiphon," whence the retreat to Kut commenced. From that time no more was heard from him until his parents received a postcard from Afium Kara Hisser, in Anatolia, saying he was a prisoner there, and to send on parcels as usual. No more news came through, but they got word from the War Office that he died there on 13th November, 1916. He enlisted in the R.F.A. at Edinburgh, was sent from there to Maryhill, transferred to the Curragh and Athlone. Transferred to 82nd Battery for service in India, first at Bellony and latterly at Kirkee. He had about 14 years service altogether, and was 33 years of age.

On the 5th of April, there was a British success on the Tigris; and a relieving force was only twenty miles distant from Kut. On the 9th, the British attacked strong Turkish positions at Sauna-i-yat, at which there was much fighting. On the 12th, there was a slight British advance on the Tigris, and on the 15th a slight British success; with a further success on the 16th. On the 17th, the Turks counter-attacked on the Tigris, and very heavy fighting followed. On the 23rd, the British failed to capture Turkish positions at Sauna-i-yat on the Tigris. And on the 24th the last attempt to relieve



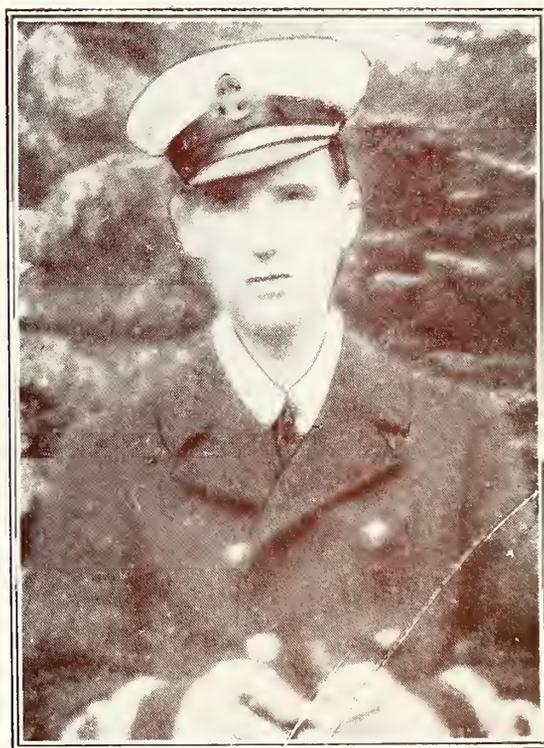
LIEUT. MARK TENNANT,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE WILLIAM ROBSON,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM TELFER,
KIRKURD AND TRAQUAIR.



LIEUT. PHILIP GEORGE WOLFE-MURRAY,
EDDLISTON.



PTE. JAMES AITCHISON,
INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA.



PTE. GEORGE PARK,
WALKERBURN.



LIEUT. GEORGE F. E. BOYD,
INNERLEITHEN.



GUNNER GEORGE COCHRANE,
BROUGHTON.



BOMBARDIER ROBERT LEES, WALKERBURN.



WILLIAM YOUNG SCOTT,
NEWLANDS AND CANADA.



PTE. WILLIAM WATSON, WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE ANDREW KNAPP,
TWEEDSMUIR.



PRIVATE HUGH WILSON,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE TOM W. BROWN,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE TWEEDIE
TWEEDSMUIR.



SAPPER ROBERT OVEREND,
INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA.

Kut failed. On the 29th, Kut fell to the Turks, when General Townsend, with 8000 men, surrendered to the Turks.

The unknown Good who rest
In God's still memory folded deep,
The bravely dumb who did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name.
Men of the plain heroic breed,
Who loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

They are at rest:
We may not stir the Heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by.

WILLIAM YOUNG SCOTT (NEWLANDS)

CANADIAN INFANTRY.
1916. NOVEMBER 18.

William Young Scott was the only son of the late John Young Scott, Esq., of Redfordhill and Deanshouses, Leadburn, Peeblesshire, who died on 17th May, 1921, and had he survived he would have succeeded his father in the estates as next heir-of-entail. He was born in Edinburgh on 28th March, 1885. He was educated at Royal High School, Edinburgh, and went to Canada in 1904 at the age of 20. He was engaged in ranching there when war broke out. He immediately volunteered his services, and joined the 56th Bn. of Canadian Infantry. In April, 1916, he came to England with his regiment, and in the following August crossed to France. He fell in action in the Battle of the Somme on Saturday, 18th November, of the same year.

O little isle our fathers held for home,
Not, not alone thy standards and thy hosts
Lead where thy sons shall follow, Mother
Land:

Quick as the north wind, ardent as the foam,
Behold, behold the invulnerable ghosts
Of all past greatnesses about thee stand.

From this vast altar pile the souls of men
Speed up to God in countless multitudes;
On this grim cratered ridge they gave their
all

And, giving, won
The peace of heaven and immortality.

Our hearts go out to them in boundless
gratitude;

If ours, then God's, for His vast charity
All sees, all knows, all comprehends—save
bounds,

He has repaid their sacrifice; and we?
God help us if we fail to pay our debt
In fullest full and all unstintingly.

PRIVATE ANDREW KNAPP

(TWEEDSMUIR)

16TH (SERVICE BATT.) ROYAL SCOTS.
1916. NOVEMBER 30.

Born at Cowglen, in the parish of Dunfermline, on 14th November, 1895, he completed his education at Possilpark Public School, Glasgow. He joined M'Crae's Battalion (16th R.S.) early in January, 1915, and went to France with the regiment on January 8th, 1916. The first important engagement was at the Battle of the Somme, in July, 1916. He was killed accidentally by the collapse of a dug-out on 30th November, 1916.

You played your part: you wrote your name
Upon our simple annals clear,
In field and form-room still the same,
A knight without reproach or fear.

Thou deathless hero, sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave. With secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

PRIVATE HUGH WILSON

(TRAQUAIR)

ROYAL SCOTS.
1916. DECEMBER 1.

The sad news reached Traquair that Private Hugh Wilson, Royal Scots, had been killed in France on 1st December. Previous to enlistment he was employed as a ploughman at Traquair Knowe. For the last ten years he had resided with his mother in Traquair village. He was a quiet, conscientious, and hard-working young man. He saw much serious fighting during the nine months he was in France. From letters received it appears he was acting as one of a

bearer company, and when exposed to shell fire was hit on the back of the head by part of a bursting shell—death being instantaneous. Much sympathy was felt for his relatives.

The Battle of the Ancre had been raging ever since November 13. This was the fourth phase of the Battle of the Somme. The British had captured St Pierre Divion, south of the Ancre, and Beaumont Hamel, north of the Ancre, and 4000 prisoners. They captured next Beaucourt-sur-Anvre, and advanced east of Butte de Warlencourt. They extended their line to the east, and advanced north and south of the Ancre, reaching the outskirts of Grandcourt. Thereafter there was a sort of a lull until December 11.

No more for him the morning winds
Will blow fleet shadows o'er the downs,
No more for him the sunset red
Will deepen o'er the Western towns.

His patient hands no more may wrest
Scant profit from the barren soil,
No more his tired feet may tread
The paths that marked his daily toil.

The horse his kindly voice controlled
(By loving tendance made his own),
Will chafe beneath a stranger's touch
And wonder at a stranger's tone.

PRIVATE TWEEDIE

(TWEEDSMUIR)

R.A.S.C. MOTOR TRANSPORT.

1916. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6.

He was born at Hearthstane, Tweedsmuir, November 8th, 1876. As he had trained as an engineer and was anxious to go on active service as soon as possible, he joined the M.T.A.S.C. as a private without waiting for a commission. He was sent out to Egypt at once and then to Salonica, from where he was invalidated home and died on the 6th December, 1916.

You wore your courage as you wore your
youth,

With carelessness and joy.

But in what spartan school of discipline

Did you get patience, boy?

How did you learn to bear this long-drawn
pain

And not complain?

Restless, with throbbing hopes, with thwarted
aims,

Impulsive as a colt,

How do you lie here month by weary month
Helpless, and not revolt?

What joy can those monotonous days afford
Here in a ward.

PRIVATE TOM W. BROWN

(TRAQUAIR)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1916. DECEMBER 6.

Killed in action on 6th December, 1916, Private T. W. Brown, Royal Scots, beloved son of Mr and Mrs E. Brown, Traquair. Blessed are the pure in heart. A feeling of deep regret and sorrow was expressed all over the parish of Traquair when it became known that Mr Edward Brown, Kirkhouse, had received the sad news that his second son, Tom, had been killed in France on the 6th December, 1916.

No young man in the district was more popular or more highly respected. Before enlisting in the Royal Scots, his duties brought him into close contact with very many of the parish, as for nine years he had been rural postman, his round including such widely separated places as Cardrona and Glenlude.

He had a cheery word for everyone, and an obligation had only to be asked to be conferred. He could be freed from his duties only after the Christmas postal pressure of the year, so that less than 12 months' service was all that he was privileged to give to his country's cause. He received his military training in one of the Border towns, and on his few visits home, many remarked on his fine soldierly bearing. He had been in France for nine months.

On 2nd December he wrote that another Traquair lad, Private Hugh Wilson, of the same regiment, had been killed. And before the letter was received, he himself had met with a similar fate from the bursting of a shell.

12 have now been killed from Traquair.

From D. C. McEwen, Second-Lieutenant—

The death of your son is a great loss to the company, and the battalion, as he was a good soldier and an exceedingly fine

fellow, and his loss is deeply regretted by us all. I was his platoon commander, and personally deeply regret his loss.

From a chum in France—

Tom was a fine lad in every way, generous, cheery, and kind-hearted. I may say that he was known as such, not only by his, but by all who knew him.

From Mr Easton, Postmaster, Innerleithen—

What a loss he will be here. I was looking forward to the time when he would be back to duty. He was always cheery and obliging, and ready to do his utmost in the performance of his duties, without a grumble even when the weather was at its worst.

From Mr McIntosh, Traquair, his school teacher—

We shall long remember Tom's happy and cheery way, and his unflinching obliging spirit.

Close his eyes; his work is done.
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavour.
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

Great God, with tending hand
Watch o'er our souls,
Speeding from Mammon's land
To other goals.
And when the battlefield gives up her dead,
Let each on angel's breast lay down his head.

West Linton, and afterwards to Edinburgh, where he wrought for some time with Messrs Mackenzie & Moncur, Slateford Road. After working for several years in London, he sailed for Australia in 1912, and there he wrought on the Bathurst Railway. When the war broke out, Sapper Overend answered the call of the Motherland for help. He received most of his training in Egypt, where he fought against the Turks. He saw six months' service in France before being killed. He was of a cheery nature, a keen sportsman, and well liked by all who knew him. He was married and leaves a widow. His elder brother, James, saw service in France, both with the Black Watch and Motor Transport service. His younger brother, John, saw service in France with the Canadian Imperial Forces, and although serving in France from 1915 to the Armistice was never wounded.

Another friend has left the light of day,
Has dropped life's many-coloured cloak,
and fled;
Too silently his soul has slipped away,
And ere we guessed him dying, he was dead.

Ah, noble spirit! thou hast found release
From bondage under duty's shining star,
For, armoured in the panoply of peace,
Thou wast a soldier in a holy war.

Now hast thou paid the price, and earned
the meed
That great-hearts carry when they say
farewell:
A friend of man, a brother good at need,
A hero soul flits with thy passing bell.

SAPPER ROBERT OVEREND

(INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA)

ROYAL ENGINEERS,

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1916. DECEMBER 6.

Sapper Robert Overend, Royal Engineers, Australian Imperial Forces, second son of Mr and Mrs Overend, Chambers Street, Innerleithen, was killed in action on 6th December, 1916.

Sapper Overend, who was 38 years of age, served his apprenticeship as a joiner with Mr Eckford, Innerleithen. He then went to

PRIVATE WILLIAM STIRLING

(WALKERBURN AND AUSTRALIA)

MACHINE GUN SECTION.

1916. DECEMBER 24.

"It is with the deepest regret that I have to inform you that your son, Will, is no longer with us. He was killed in action by a shell on Christmas Eve, and was decently buried in the cemetery of the military in the town behind our lines this afternoon. It is hard for me to speak a word of comfort at this time, dear lady, but I pray that you may be comforted by the thought that it was God's will, and that he died in the noblest

cause that we know—fighting for the freedom of his country. He suffered no pain, being killed instantly. I beg to extend to you my most heart-felt sympathy in your sad bereavement."

William Stirling belonged originally to Walkerburn, where relatives reside yet. He himself had emigrated to Brisbane, where he carried on the business of contractor and electrical engineer. On the outbreak of war, he, one of those brave Tweeddale Scots, returned to Europe and fought in defence of the Mother of the Empire, and in so doing, gave up all that life holds dear, even life itself. In the end, the righteous cause for which he died, achieved victory over the powers of evil.

Lean, brown lords of the Brisbane beaches,
Lithe-limbed kings of the Culgoa bends,
Princes that ride where the Roper reaches,
Captains that camp where the grey Gulf
ends—

Never such goodly men together
Marched since the kingdoms first made
war:
Nothing so proud as the Emu feather
Waved in a Scottish wind before.

PRIVATE JOHN PRETSWELL

(BROUGHTON)

9TH SCOTTISH RIFLES.

1916. DECEMBER 30.

Private John Pretswell, ploughman, son of David Pretswell, formerly at Burnetland, now Coulter Haugh, joined the 9th Battalion Scottish Rifles on 10th May, 1916; transferred to 3/1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry; trained at Scono Camp; musketry training at Barry; then at Hawick and Catterick; transferred to 5th Reserve Scottish Rifles at Catterick; drafted to France, 4th October, and attached to 9th Battalion Scottish Rifles at the Base. He went into the firing line on 25th December, and met his death at the end of the first retirement on 30th December, 1916, and was buried in the town behind the lines at Faubourg D'Amiens Military Cemetery, Arras.

A young man of promise and attentive to

duty, aged nineteen years, he is much missed, and deep sympathy was felt for his parents.

"Not spilt like water on the ground:
Not wrapt in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arms, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree,
Not dead, but living into Thee."

The journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon
be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT JAMES McNAUGHT.

(WALKERBURN AND CANADA)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. JANUARY 7.

Second-Lieutenant James McNaught, son of the late Mr Robert McNaught, Walkerburn, was born in Walkerburn, and received his education in the Public School there, and at Peebles Burgh and County High School, which he attended in 1895-97. He qualified as a solicitor in Edinburgh, and in 1906 went out to Canada, where he became one of the solicitors of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In a letter from Mr W. R. Jeffrey (formerly of Haswellsykes, Manor), to Mr G. C. Pringle, M.A., the Rector of the High School, Mr Jeffrey says:—"I thought you would be interested in the enclosed cutting from the 'Montreal Gazette,' in connection with the death of James McNaught, one of the former High School boys. I have had considerable dealings with McNaught since I joined the Company five years ago, and I can assure you no young man ever had better prospects. He was one of the soundest lawyers I ever came across, giving his decisions with the greatest promptness, in which he was seldom, if ever, wrong. He gave up a position worth £1000 a year to join the ranks, and went across to the Old Country to join up, to get sooner to the front than he would have done by joining a Canadian regiment. His place with the Company will be hard to fill." The cutting from

the "Montreal Gazette" is as follows:—"The Canadian Pacific Railway has lost another of its valued servants at the front. Lieutenant James McNaught, a Scotsman by birth, was one of the Company's solicitors with office in Montreal, and his death is reported in today's casualty list. Lieutenant McNaught was one of the most popular officials of the C.P.R. He came to Canada in 1906, after qualifying as a solicitor in Edinburgh. Shortly after his arrival he joined the law department of the Company, and his abilities were quickly appreciated, and his efforts were rewarded by a promotion as assistant to solicitor in 1911. It was three years afterwards that Lieut. McNaught was made one of the solicitors of the C.P.R., but when the war broke out, like many other Scotsmen, he had the fighting fever.

"He commenced his training with the McGill Battalion in the summer of 1915. On November 17th the same year he went back to Scotland and enlisted as a private in the Royal Scots. He trained all through the winter until June, 1916, when he was selected to take an officers' training course. Lieut. McNaught had no difficulty in qualifying and in October last he was appointed to the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots, and went to the front about the beginning of December. He was on the Somme front, and was killed in action on Sunday, January 7th, 1917." He leaves a widow and daughter to mourn his loss.

Yea, stubborn they stood, that hero band,
Where no soul hoped to live;
For five 'gainst eighty thousand men,
Were hopeless odds to give.

Yea, fought they on, 'twas Friday eve,
When that demon gas drove down;
'Twas Saturday eve that saw them still
Grimly holding their own.

Sunday, Monday, saw them yet,
A steady lessening band,
With "no surrender" in their hearts,
But the dream of a far-off land.

Where mother and sister, and love would weep
For the hushed heart lying still;
But never a thought but to do their part,
And work the Empire's will.

Ringed round, hemmed in, and back to back,
They fought there under the dark,
And won for Empire, God, and the Right,
At grim, red Langemarck.

PRIVATE WILLIAM BERTRAM

(MANOR)

BLACK WATCH.

1917. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25.

Died of wounds received in France, Private William Bertram, Black Watch, son of John Bertram, Hallyards lodge, Manor, dearly beloved and deeply mourned, in his 31st year. His brother George fell on July 14, 1916.

From the 16th January there had been important daylight raids by the British west of Lens. On the 17th this was repeated, the enemy posts on a front of 600 yards being captured north of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre. About the time that Private Bertram fell, the British took a German position and 350 prisoners near Le Transloy.

Her boys are not shut out. They come
Homing like pigeons to her door,
Sure of her tender welcome home,
As many a time before.

Oh, not like lonely ghosts in mist,
Her boys come from the night and rain,
But to be clasped, but to be kissed,
And not go out again.

Light of Light, give us to see, for their sake,
Light of Light, grant them eternal peace;
And let light perpetual shine upon them;
Light everlasting.

SERGEANT WILLIAM BELL

(TRAQUAIR)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. JANUARY 27.

Born at Galashiels in the year 1880; educated at Ladhope Bank School (Gala), was a keen Volunteer, and saw active service in the South African War, for which he held the Queen's Medal. Before enlistment he was employed as a yarn clerk with D. Ballantyne, Brothers & Co., Ltd., Waverley Mills, Innerleithen. Enlisted in 1914; trained at Haddington, and later Recruiting Sergeant at Innerleithen.

Died in hospital in Edinburgh on Saturday, 27th January, 1917. Survived by his widow and son, now residing at Traquair.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley.
What to him are all our wars?
What but death bemocking folly?

Leave him to God's watching eye:
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.

CAPTAIN JAMES THORBURN

(TWEEDSMUIR)

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

1917. FEBRUARY 11.

Captain, R.G.A., volunteered into the R.A.F. Was pilot and Acting Squadron Commander, 13th Squadron. On the 11th February, he was brought down by a Fokker behind the German lines, taken by surprise, the Huns dropping upon him from a cloud. He was reported missing, but his comrades in very sympathetic letters said he must be killed. One man said that his bus was brought down in flames. His Major, in a kind letter, said he had done very good work, and not to despair. The German Red Cross reported from the German side that he was killed and buried in Roeux Cemetery. He was married and left a son. His wife refused to believe him dead. In civil life he was a partner of Robert Thorburn and Sons, builders, Edinburgh.

His brother William died on March 22, 1915; succumbing to wounds at Craighleith Hospital.

After days of watching, days of lead,
There came the certain news that you were
dead:

You had died fighting, fighting against odds,
Such as in war the gods
Aetherial dared when all the world was
young,

Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,
Nor Hector nor Achilles ever knew:
High in the empty blue. High, high, above
the clouds, against the setting sun,
The fight was fought, and your great task
was done.

WAR RECORD OF OTHER MEMBERS OF
THORBURN FAMILY, TWEEDSMUIR.

Mary Mitchell Thorburn, R.R.C., 1st Class, Head Matron in Horton War Hospital, Epsom, Surrey. This hospital was intended for 2,000 rank and file, but was added to for 700 officers. She was trained in the Fever Hospital and Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. During an epidemic she volunteered to nurse small pox patients.

Robert: In the Boer War, Sergt., Imperial Yeomanry, medal and five bars; Great War, Mercantile Marine. His vessel took troops,

etc., to German South West Africa from the Cape. Afterwards his ship took stores to Salonika, and in the Government service went up and down the Mediterranean to Alexandria and Malta, etc.

John Middlemass: Mercantile Marine, Chief Officer (passed Master). His vessel was commandeered at the beginning of the war, and after some service to Rosyth, his ship went to Baltimore, U.S., where he left her. She (the S.S. Teviotdale) was torpedoed on the way home and all the officers drowned. He later served as a private in the 48th Regiment, U.S. Army, in France.

Vincent Dawson was gazetted from the O.T.C., George Watson's School, into the Forth R.G.A.T. Was 3½ years in Batteries in the Forth district; a weary vigil. Was promoted Lieutenant.

Lastly, Thomas, was engaged building munition works from the first. Ardeer and Irving, Ayrshire; Pembrey, 2, South Wales, and Bristol.

PRIVATE JOHN McFADYEN

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

MACHINE GUN CORPS.

1917. FEBRUARY 22.

John McFadyen, private, No. 37904, 136th Machine Gun Corps, 3rd son of the late Alexander McFadyen, and Mrs McFadyen, 113 Comiston Road, Edinburgh. He was employed as gardener by Mr Ballantyne, Stonyhill, Walkerburn. Enlisted in the Royal Scots. Was transferred to the Machine Gun Corps, and received his training at Grant-ham. He served with the Indian Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia from September, 1916, and was killed in action at Sannyiyat on Thursday, 22nd February, 1917. Buried on the battlefield.

No doubt by this time you will know that John had been killed in the attack on Sannyiyat on the 22nd February. I am writing this in the hope that it will be some consolation to you to know that he died as he would have wished, a good soldier's death, and in one of the greatest victories of this war. Joek was a special favourite among the boys of the section, who join me in sending their deepest sympathy in

your hour of trial. I would like to take this opportunity of expressing to you my sincere sympathy in your great loss, and at the same time my appreciation for the great devotion your son always showed to his duty. John was the most cheerful and best of pals, and we who knew him and chummed with him in Grantham and after we came out here, miss him greatly. On behalf of my chums and myself, I wish to tender to you our sincerest sympathies in your bereavement.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).
I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).
Men shout at me who dare not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy
cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.
(When shall my fickle soul forget
The agony of bloody sweat).
My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palms red rivers come).
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

LANCE-CORPORAL WILLIAM HALL

(BROUGHTON)

4TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1917. FEBRUARY 28.

Lance-Corporal William Hall, nephew of Miss Hall, the Schoolhouse, Glenholm, son of the late James French Hall, volunteered shortly after the outbreak of war. He was out in France for only six weeks when he fell, instantaneously killed by a shell when out with a bombing party near Arras, on Wednesday, 28th February, 1917. His C.O. said of him—"He was a good soldier and efficient N.C.O." He was with Messrs Simpson and Lawson, W.S., Albyn Place, and had gone up for his final examination in law the year of the war. He was much appreciated in the office, and was a Sunday School teacher and guildsman, in St Andrew's

Church, Edinburgh. His brother fell on June 28, 1915.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

"Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a
cheer!
There's big work to do and that's why you
are here,
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your
cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!"

PRIVATE G. R. LITTLE

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. MARCH 21, MISSING.

He was 25 years of age, and enlisted on September 1, 1914. He went to France in May, 1915, and was continuously in action except for two visits home; the latest eight weeks before he fell. He had been in Tweedvale Mills. He was well known in Border Rugby football circles, and played for Walkerburn. He had two brothers serving.

On the day previous, the British had advanced towards Cambrai and St Quentin, and had occupied 14 villages. The Department of the Oise was completely liberated. And on the 21st, the British advanced south-east and east of Peronne, occupying forty more villages, and approaching St Quentin. Their progress towards Cambrai continued.

Somewhere beneath the stars he lies,
Whom earth has taken to her breast,
Nor ever may our tear-dimmed eyes
Behold where now he takes his rest.
No cross records his well-loved name,
No tomb in days to come shall tell
In golden letters of the fame
That crowned him even as he fell.

PRIVATE WILLIAM INGLIS

(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1917. MARCH 22.

Enlisted in September, 1914. Left for France in May, 1915. Was invalided home in April, 1916; was reported missing, March 22nd, 1917, and was presumed killed on that date. He was 32 years of age, and was un-

married. He also resided with his sister, Miss Robina Inglis, at Jubilee Road, Walkerburn.

On this day, March 22, there was greatly increased enemy resistance on the British front, from west of St Quentin to the south of Arras. There were at the same time severe snowstorms which added greatly to the sufferings and hardships of the army. On the day following, there was more fighting on the British front between Arras and the Bapaume-Cambrai road. And on the 24th the British took Roisel, east of Peronne.

"Somewhere in France,"—we know not where he lies,

'Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies.

We may not visit him, but this we say:
Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.

From the exhaustion of war's fierce embrace,
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the Crown and Palm,

The kiss of peace—a vast, sufficing calm.

PRIVATE W. W. STEVENS

(TRAQUAIR AND AUSTRALIA AND NEWLANDS)

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1917. APRIL 2.

Killed in action in France on the 2nd April, 1917, Private Wm. W. Stevens, Australian Imperial Force, aged 33, beloved husband of Mary B. Burton, Perth, West Australia, and eldest son of Wm. W. Stevens, Danderhall, Dalkeith, son-in-law of Alex. B. Burton, Kailzie Mains, deeply regretted. He was born at Blyth, Newlands, on July 19, 1884.

The British had captured Savy on the previous day, four miles west of St Quentin, and also Savy Wood. On April 2, when Private Stevens fell, the British advanced west and north of St Quentin, capturing three villages to the west; and on the north between Arras and the Bapaume-Cambrai road, taking Croiselles and other five villages.

There was a man once loved green fields like you,

He drew his knowledge from the wild birds' songs;

And he had praise for every beauteous thing,

And he had pity for all piteous wrongs.

A lover of earth's forests—of her hills,
And brother to her sunlight—to her rain—
Man, with a boy's fresh wonder. He was great
With greatness all too simple to explain.

We know it was for you who bear his name,
And such as you that all his joy he gave;
His love of quiet fields, his youth, his life,
To win that heritage of peace you have.

SERGEANT DICKSON MAULE

(WALKERBURN)

EIGHTH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. APRIL 9.

Sergeant Dickson Maule was killed in action near Arras while leading his platoon on Monday, April 9th, 1917, and was buried in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Rocklincourt. He was called up with the 8th Royal Scots (Territorials) at the outbreak of war, and went to France with his regiment at the beginning of November, 1914. He was promoted Sergeant on the Field. He was once wounded previously in November, 1916. He was home on one month's leave three months before he was killed. Previous to the war he was employed as a pattern weaver in Tweedvale Mills, Walkerburn. He was 25 years of age, and was well known in Border Rugby circles as a member of the Walkerburn Club.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain;
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die;
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

PRIVATE JAMES CAMPBELL

(WALKERBURN)

13TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. APRIL 9.

Private James Campbell was killed on Monday, 9th April, 1917, at the Battle of Arras. He was in America for six years before war broke out, and when he got word of his brother's death, he came right home and joined up. He only got nine weeks' training on this



PRIVATE WILLIAM STIRLING,
WALKERBURN AND AUSTRALIA.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT JAMES McNAUGHT,
WALKERBURN AND CANADA.



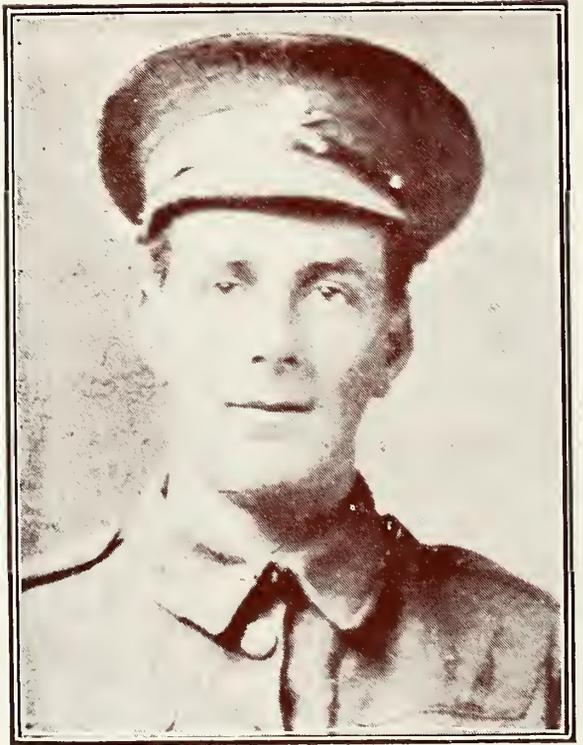
PRIVATE JOHN PRETSWELL,
BROUGHTON.



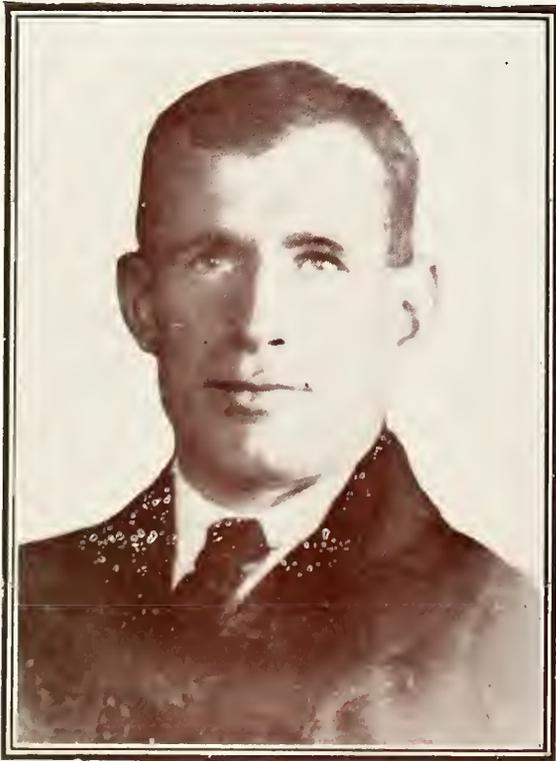
PRIVATE WILLIAM BERTRAM,
MANOR.



SERGEANT WILLIAM BELL,
TRAQUAIR.



PTE. JOHN MCFADYEN,
WALKERBURN.



CAPTAIN JAMES THORBURN,
TWEEDSMUIR.



LCE.-CPL. WILLIAM HALL,
BROUGHTON.



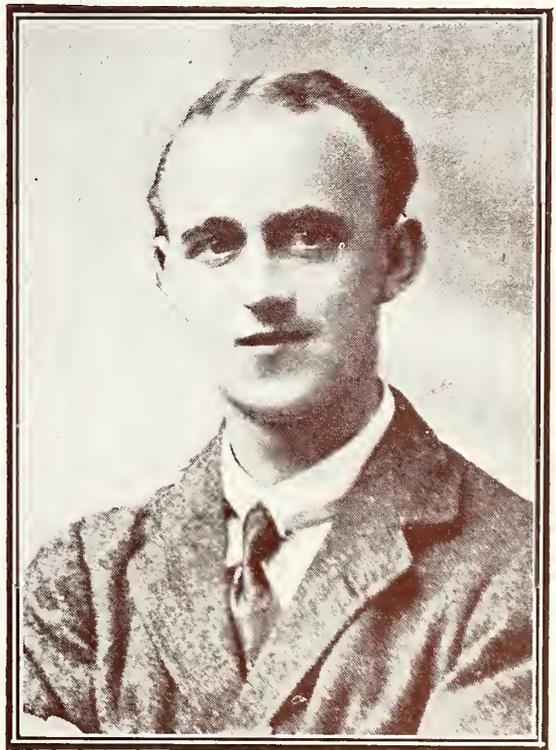
PTE. G. R. LITTLE,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE W. W. STEVENS,
TRAQUAIR, AUSTRALIA, AND NEWLANDS.



PTE. WM INGLIS,
WALKERBURN.



SERGEANT DICKSON MAULE,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE JAMES CAMPBELL,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE GEORGE M. DOUGLAS,
INNERLEITHEN.



CAPTAIN THOMAS ARTHUR NELSON,
DRUMELZIER.



LIEUT. ALEXANDER INGLIS,
STOBO.

side before being sent to France. He was 36 years old, and was attached to the 13th Royal Scots. Private Campbell was on duty with his company on the morning of the 9th April, when a shell burst quite close to him, and fatally wounded him in the body. He was quite unconscious, and died in the field ambulance a few hours later.

His younger brother, Willie, fell on May 16, 1915.

Private Campbell was one of those gallant patriots who, though exiled for six years in America, responded to the call of the Mother Country and gave their lives for the Empire. Before going to America he was secretary of the Thistle Football Club, and worked in Tweedvale Mill. He went to America in 1908, and travelled over a good many States during his six years in that country, until his brother, Willie, was killed, then he came home at his own expense and joined up to have revenge. But he was killed on the 9th April at the Battle of Arras, while on duty as a dispatch rider, the same bullet killing two of them. He is buried in Faughbury D'Amiens Cemetery, Arras.

They are but fragments of Imperial splendour,

Handfuls of might amid a mighty host,
Yet I, who saw them go with proud surrender,
May surely claim to love them first and
most.

They who had all, gave all. Their half-writ
story

Lies in the empty halls they knew so well,
But they, the knights of God, shall see His
glory,

And find the Grail even in the fire of hell.

CAPTAIN THOMAS ARTHUR NELSON

(DRUMELZIER)

YEOMANRY.

1917. APRIL 9.

Killed in action on Monday, April 9, 1917, Thomas Arthur Nelson, of Ach-na-Cloich, Argyllshire, and St Leonards, Edinburgh, aged 40. Yeomanry.

It was officially reported that Captain Thomas Arthur Nelson was killed on the 9th April. Captain Nelson was a director of the well-known publishing firm of Messrs Thomas Nelson & Sons (Ltd.), Edinburgh. On the outbreak of war he mobilised with the Yeomanry,

and he had been at the front for about eighteen months. He was transferred from his unit to take up special service, and was killed by a stray shell. Forty years of age, he was educated at Edinburgh Academy, and afterwards at University College, Oxford, where he was captain of the Oxford Rugby fifteen. In the international match against England in 1898 he played in the Scottish threequarter line. His death brings the number of Scottish internationalists either killed or missing up to 21. Captain Nelson married a daughter of Mrs Balfour of Dawyck, and leaves two sons and four daughters. The deceased officer was greatly respected both in military and civil life. He took a sympathetic interest in the welfare of the workers employed by the firm, one of the acts associated with his name and that of his brother being the granting of facilities for recreation in the private park attached to the house for the use of the athletic club connected with the establishment. The firm, indeed, were pioneers in the matter of providing for the health, comfort, and social intercourse of their employees, appointing a specially qualified official, whose sole duty is to supervise the welfare of the workers. Captain Nelson spent a considerable part of each year on his estate at Ach-na-Cloich, on Loch Etive, and was well known and exceedingly popular in the Oban district.

One who from his earliest undergraduate days had a kind of genius for inspiring friendship and confidence. Coming up to University College from Edinburgh Academy, with a great reputation in Rugby football, Thomas Arthur Nelson played for the University from 1898 to 1900; and in 1900 was captain of the Oxford fifteen. He played also as inside threequarter for Scotland. He was President of Vincent's, a post which demanded not only a distinguished athletic record, but a very special personal popularity. And indeed during his college days I think that if a poll had been taken for the best liked man in Oxford, Thomas Nelson would have headed it. He carried on the tradition of another member of his college, E. R. Balfour, whose sister he afterwards married, a tradition in which his pre-eminence in sport was less remembered than his singular gift for winning the devotion of all sorts of people. Even in these days he was singularly wise and mature, for with all his zest for amusement and adventure, he

had granite commonsense, and a high notion of duty. He was a man to whom one turned naturally for help and counsel.

He left Oxford to take his part in the great publishing house which bears his name. He worked hard at the business, and under his hands and those of his colleagues it grew to become perhaps the largest organisation of its kind in the world. But his life could not be narrowed to one interest. No employer ever gave more thought to the wellbeing of his employees, and no master ever enjoyed a more wholehearted popularity. He had a deep interest in all schemes of social betterment, and being too modest to preach, he was content to practise. He was a keen Yeomanry officer, a pioneer of afforestation, an ideal West Highland laird. He was the best of sportsmen, not merely because he did everything well, and with immense gusto, but because he had in his bones the love of wild life and adventure and conquest. But his great endowment was his genius for friendship with all human classes and conditions. His kind, serious eyes looked out on the world with infinite friendliness and understanding. His death makes a bigger hole in the life of Scotland than that of any man of his years.

There are some people whom one instinctively feels to have been born for this war, to have always been in training for it. It is true of the very young men who as platoon commanders and aviators have so wholly fulfilled the purpose of life. It is true perhaps of Thomas Nelson. His friends always felt that he was fitted for greater things than any they foresaw for him—greater than business or politics (which latter he hated, though it was said that he could have been elected for any Edinburgh constituency on whatever side he chose to stand). The war brought that greater destiny. His one thought from the first day was to give everything he possessed to his country's service. During the early months when he was training with the Yeomanry at home, he fretted at his inaction. He went to France in September, 1915, and presently as corps observation officer he was doing admirable work, for which, at the Battle of the Ancre, he was mentioned in despatches. In his last months he was with the Tanks, and enjoyed every moment of it. Always absurdly modest, he was immensely appreciative of his colleagues, and eager, as he said, to make himself a good soldier. But

a good soldier he was by nature, with his quick intelligence, his faithfulness, his unshakeable good humour, and perfect courage. He died as he would have wished, in his country's triumphant advance toward that end for which he held no sacrifice too great.

“Far other is that Battle in the West,
Whereto we move, than when we strove in
youth.”

But he carried to his last fight the clean and happy spirit that he had kept undimmed from boyhood.

You hear the solemn bell
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled
And then you know that somewhere in the
world,
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,
They think of you, and when you think of
them
You know that they will wipe away their
tears,
And cast aside their fears:
That they will have it so,
And in no otherwise:
That it is well with them because they
know,
With faithful eyes,
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the
skies,
That it is well with you,
Among the chosen few,
Among the very brave, the very true.

—
PRIVATE GEORGE M. DOUGLAS
(INNERLEITHEN)

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
1917. APRIL 9.

Killed in action on Monday, the 9th April, 1917, George M'Pherson Douglas, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, beloved husband of Jessie Watson Lugton, Lion's Gate, Ford, Midlothian, and dearly loved second son of the late Thomas Douglas, baker, Innerleithen, and Mrs Douglas, Morningside, Innerleithen. He was killed after getting over the parapet going in a charge at the battle of Arras. The Chaplain said he was a faithful servant and was very brave.

Official intimation received by Mrs Douglas, Morningside, that her son, Private George M. Douglas, Argyll and Sutherland Highland-

ers, was killed in action in France, on the 9th April. Private Douglas had just completed his time as a reservist when war broke out, but rejoined the colours under the Derby scheme and was called up with his class in April, 1916, going to France in July. While in the reserve he was employed in Glen gardens. After he married he was employed as gardener and lodge-keeper at Preston Hall, Pathhead, Ford. He was 33 years of age.

The battle of Arras began on this day, on a twelve mile front. The Canadians took Vimy Ridge, 5 villages and 6000 prisoners. The British also took 6 villages and entered Havrincourt Wood.

Out of the flame-scarred night one came to me
And whispered, "He is dead." But I, who
find

The resurrection is in each noble mind,
Thy soul in every deed of chivalry,
I can but think, while lives nobility,
While honour lights a path for human-kind,
While aught is beautiful, or aught enshrined,
Death hath o'ertaken, but not conquered
thee.

LIEUT. ALEXANDER INGLIS

(Stobo)

8/10TH GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
1917. APRIL 11.

Killed in action on Wednesday, April 11, Alexander Inglis, lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders, aged 26, only son of the late Alexander Inglis and Mrs Inglis, 2 Rillbank Terrace, Edinburgh. He was educated at the Royal High School, Edinburgh, and was a private in the 9th Royal Scots when war broke out. He obtained his commission in the Gordons in the autumn of 1914. He was employed with Messrs Thomas Nelson & Sons, publishers, Parkside Works, Edinburgh. Lieutenant Inglis was a grandson of the late Mr Alex. Inglis, who for 47 years was gamekeeper to Sir G. Graham Montgomery, Bart., Stobo Castle. His maternal grandfather was the late Mr Adam Brown, farmer, Drochil Castle.

He went to France in July, 1915, and was through the battle of Loos and Hill 70 in September, 1915, being in the 44th Brigade of the 15th Scottish Division. He was bombing officer first for his battalion, then for

the brigade, and latterly was acting Captain at the Divisional Bombing School, but was in command of the bombers of his brigade when he was killed.

As in days of old, Lieut. Inglis and his Captain, Nelson, fell in the same battle of Arras, both in the same firm of Nelsons.

Sleep on, sleep on, ye resting dead,
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dewy greenness. Ever fled
From you hath care, and, in its stead,
Peace hath with you its dwelling made,
Where tears do cease from flowing.
Sleep on.

Sleep on, sleep on; ye do not feel
Life's ever-burning fever—
Nor scorn that sears, nor pains that steel
And blanch the loving heart, until
'Tis like the bed of mountain-rill
Which waves have left forever.
Sleep on.

Sleep on, sleep on, your couch is made
Upon your mother's bosom;
Yea, and your peaceful, lonely bed
Is all with sweet wild-flowers inlaid,
And over each earth-pillowed head
The hand of Nature strews them.
Sleep on.

PRIVATE THOMAS SCOTT

(WALKERBURN)

7TH KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
1917. BETWEEN 11TH AND 13TH APRIL
(MISSING).

Private Thomas Scott, K.O.S.B., missing between 11th and 13th April. His brother, Lieutenant Andrew Scott, was killed on April 18. He enlisted in September, 1914.

Private Thomas Scott, 7/8th Battalion K.O.S.B., served his apprenticeship in the grocery department of the Walkerburn Co-operative Society, but for a few years previous to enlistment he was employed as a foreman with J. & P. Coats, Ltd., Paisley. He enlisted in the 8th K.O.S.B. on September 4, 1914, and received his training in England. Proceeding to France in July, 1915, the battalion, which formed part of the famous 15th Brigade, at once went into active service, and in September of that year, took part in the Battle of Loos, in which they were so badly cut up that they had afterwards to be amal-

gated with the 7th battalion, whose losses had also been heavy. The battalion continued to take part in much severe fighting. Private Scott had several very narrow escapes, and previous to his fatality had been slightly wounded, and was also in hospital for a few weeks suffering from the effects of a gas attack. It was on April 11th, 1917, while engaged in the big advance, which started on the 9th, that he was seriously wounded. A few days later he was reported wounded and missing, and later still came the report, presumed killed. In writing to his relatives at the time, Major Hart said—"During the fighting on the 11th, your son, who was my servant, and who was with me at the time, was I regret to say, seriously wounded in the foot. We were advancing, and I could not go back to see him, but I am told that he was at once dressed by the doctor, who fortunately was near by, and that in spite of having a very bad wound in the foot, he was carried out conscious and quite cheery. I expect he will have already written to you, and possibly he is in Britain by this time. I can only say that he did his duty gallantly, and I regret his loss beyond measure, and I trust he will recover satisfactorily." He was unmarried.

Receive him, Earth, into thine harbouring shrine:

In thy soft tranquil bosom let him rest:
These limbs of man I to thy eare consign,
And trust the noble fragments to thy breast.

This house was once the mansion of a soul
Brought into life by his Creator's breath:
Wisdom did once this living mass control:
And Christ was there enshrined Who conquers death.

PRIVATE GEORGE CHALMERS

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. THURSDAY, APRIL 12.

Official intimation came to hand that Private George Chalmers, Royal Scots, previously reported wounded, died of wounds, received at the battle of Arras. He was employed in Tweedvale Mill. His mother resided in Montgomery Street, Walkerburn. He enlisted in August, 1914, and left for France in May, 1915. He was wounded at Loos, and was invalided from shell shock.

He has another brother serving in the K.O.S.B.

The British gained great successes later around Arras, between April 23 and 28, on which day there was continuous fierce fighting.

Nor is he dead. He lives in Three Great Spheres—

His soul is with Thee in Thy home above;
His influence, with friends of former years;
His memory, with those he used to love;
He is an emblem of that Trinity
With whom he lives in happy ecstasy.

PRIVATE MARK BENSON.

(EDDLESTON)

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

1917. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

On April 10, 11, 12, and 13, in the year 1917, the British were engaged in a great advance near Arras. A British attack on a big front had been successful from Lens to St Quentin. On the 12th and 13th, many prisoners were taken from the Germans, and important positions captured, including Lievin. On the 14th several other positions near Lens were seized by the British, and this was the day on which fell Private Mark Benson from the village of Eddleston. His body was buried near Heninel, 5 miles south-east of Arras. He left a widow and one daughter. Mark Benson was a Yorkshire man, who came to Scotland twenty years before, being employed for three years at Coldstream, and later, at Etal for ten years, and finally for seven years at Darnhall. In civil life he was greatly beloved for his quiet gentlemanly demeanour, and after he fell, his Commanding Officer wrote stating how much he was esteemed for his bravery and unselfish willingness.

He did not fall in vain, and the positions were all successfully captured on the day that cost him his life. He was forty years of age.

My days among the dead are passed,
Around me I behold
Where'er those casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

LIEUTENANT ANDREW SCOTT(WALKERBURN AND CANADA)
CANADIANS.

1917. APRIL 18.

Lieut. Andrew Scott, 58th Battalion Canadians, served his apprenticeship in the office of Henry Ballantyne & Sons, Tweedvale Mills, Walkerburn, and for a few years thereafter acted as warehouseman in Netherdale Mill, Galashiels. In 1911 he emigrated to Canada, and held a good appointment in Trent Valley Woollen Mills, Campbellford, Ontario. In 1915 he enlisted and received his commission in the 139th Battalion, and came over to England in September, 1916. Receiving a week's leave, he visited his parents in Walkerburn, and renewed acquaintanceship with many of his Border friends. Early in October, he was sent to France to join the 58th Battalion on active service. In April, 1917, he met his youngest brother who had been in France for about two years. They had not met for nearly six years, and sad to tell, within the next fortnight both had paid the supreme sacrifice. He was a keen sportsman, and took an active interest in cricket, bowling, curling, and cycling, and was also a keen angler. He was also devoted to music, and had been a member of church choirs since his boyhood.

He was in command of his company at Vimy Ridge, which was taken on 9th April, but three days later he was severely wounded by shrapnel, and died in General Hospital, Boulogne, on 18th April. He was 35 years of age, and leaves a widow and a son aged ten. In a notice of his death, the "Campbellford News," of April 26th, 1917, says:—"Lieut. Scott was one of the battalion's best officers, a general favourite with his fellow-officers and well liked by the men. His sorrowing widow and young son have the sympathy of the entire community in the great loss they sustain in the death of a noble husband and father."

His brother Thomas fell on April 13, 1917, five days before him.

There, no more parting, no more pain,
The distant ones brought near,
The lost so long are found again,
Long lost, but longer dear.
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived that rest.
With them, our good things long deferred,
With Jesus Christ our best,

PRIVATE ROBERT DUFFY

(INNERLEITHEN)

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

1917. APRIL 20 (FRIDAY).

Mr Robert Duffy, Strand, received official intimation that his eldest son, Private Robert Duffy, had been killed in action on the 20th April. Private Duffy joined the Cameron Highlanders, but was transferred to the Gordons, and at the time of his death was with the Royal Engineers. He had been in France since Nov., 1916, and was only 20 years of age. Prior to enlistment he worked in Caerlee Mills. At this time the British were making progress on the Aisne, and had a great success on the Scarpe. On April 23 we made a great attack near Arras, taking several positions and 1500 prisoners.

The world recedes: it disappears.
Heaven opens on my eyes. My ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings. I mount. I fly.
O Grave, Where is thy Victory?
O Death, Where is thy Sting?

PRIVATE JOHN LOGIE

(STOBO)

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

1917. APRIL 23.

Killed in action in France on Monday, 23rd April, 1917. Private John Logie, R.S.F., in his 36th year, beloved husband of Bessie Fleming, Burnside, Stobo. Official intimation was received that Private John Logie, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, had been killed in action in France on the 23rd April. Logie came to Stobo from the North about ten years previously, to take up duty as a river watcher for the proprietors in the Stobo district. He made a wide circle of friends in this neighbourhood, being much liked by all with whom he came in contact. He married a daughter of Mr James Fleming, forster, by whom and four of a family he is survived. When the call came Logie enlisted, and after some months training went to France in the latter part of 1916. One of his chums reported that he was missing after one of the recent engagements, and after some days of anxious suspense official notification of his death came.

John Logie was born at Inchberry, Orton, Morayshire, on 29th November, 1880. He was

educated at Inchberry School and helped his father, who was a farmer. But when his father died, John took to salmon fishing in the employment of the Duke of Richmond on his Morayshire estates. In 1909, he came south to take up the duties of river watcher on Tweed, when the trout fishing here had to be protected. This was a task which required rare qualities of patience, tact and good humour. For any rash word or act on his part in dealing with bands of miners and others who came either expecting to find the river free as formerly or intending to defy the new restrictions, might too easily have had serious consequences. But John Logie's temper never failed. He did his work with strict fidelity and yet kept on amicable terms even with those whom he had to turn away. When the war broke out, he was a while in the Home Guards, and then joined the Highland Light Infantry on 16th June, 1916. He went out to France on 1st October, 1916, and was there transferred to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and served through all the fighting about Arras. On the morning of 23rd April, 1917, he was shot instantly dead by a sniper. His remains are laid in the cemetery of Cherisea. His mother and all the other members of the Logie family are now in Victoria, Canada.

What matter if no sign may show

Where rests at last his honoured dust;
Whose life and death have bid us know,

The strength of perfect love and trust?
'Tis ours to bear before the world,

Our part until the goal be won;
The banner that his hands unfurled
Still flies triumphant in the sun.

CAPTAIN ROBERT M. B. WELSH

(WALKEBURN)

BORDER REGIMENT.

1917. APRIL 23 (MONDAY).

Robert Milne Ballantyne Welsh, Captain in the 7th Battalion The Border Regiment, reported missing, believed killed in action, April 23, 1917.

Captain Welsh was at Loretto for five happy years, and got his first training in the O.T.C. He loved his school, and thought there was none other like it. Afterwards he went as pupil to the Traquair Estate Office, because he loved a country life and his health

required it, and was just finishing his second year there when, in September, 1914, he got his commission, and was ordered to join the 7th Borderers at their camp at Lulworth, Dorset, on May 26, 1915. In the beginning of June, 1915, the Brigade was moved to Flower Down Camp, Winchester, and on July 14th went out from there to the front. Soon they were in the trenches at Ypres, and there in September Robin got his first wound, a slight one in the scalp. The winter in these awful trenches, with brief intervals for rest in cellars, was a severe trial to his health, and in February, 1916, he had to spend a week or two in a state of collapse, and with an abscess on his face, in hospital at Etaples. After that they went to Armentieres, and later to the Somme offensive, where, on July 7th, he was shot through the leg at Mametz Wood. Eventually he arrived, with many other wounded, at the 5th Northern General Hospital, Leicester, and when fit got home to Innerleithen on sick leave. While still limping he was in September passed for "light duty," and sent to Conway to the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion. Shortly after they moved for winter quarters to Barrow-in-Furness, and during his time there he had a course of instruction at Liverpool and one in machine guns at Grantham. He was sent back to France on the last day of December, 1916, and never got home again. According to reports from men of his battalion, he was killed instantly at the Battle of Arras at Monchy-le-Preux, but no trace of his body has ever been found.

He had two brothers serving—Captain D. C. Welsh, R.A.M.C., and Lieut. H. Welsh, R.A.S.C.

"Robin was such a good, straight fellow, and it was always a pleasure to see him, as I am glad to say, I did quite frequently. . . It is hard to write to you on the loss of such a splendid son, but there is the supreme comfort of knowing that this life is not everything, and that there is the glorious and fuller life across the other side where partings are no more.

"And for Robin's fiancée, too, there will be the awful sorrow and loss; he often spoke to me of her; please convey to her my deepest sympathy too. May God comfort you all with the consolation which He alone can give."

"Did mother tell you of Robin's exceptional height, and of how devotedly he served and

read the Lessons in our little church here? Growing retarded his education, but we saw him develop, physically and mentally, into splendid manhood. He had other battles to fight, and suffered much in his short life, but he held to his ideals and won through—white to the finish.”

“We all deeply regret his loss. He was a gallant and able officer, and I had just recommended him for a permanent commission in the Indian Army, which he would have obtained in a few weeks if he had been spared.”

From Sergeant W. Carrol:—“It will be some consolation to you to know that he died like the soldier he was. I think that he was one of the most respected men in the Battalion. Everybody spoke well of him. He was a gentleman, and his loss will be felt keenly by all ranks. Now, in regard to the morning of the 23rd Captain Welsh was in command of D Company, and I was with C Company. We followed with 100 yards interval. When we got to the enemy's first line Captain Welsh halted for a few minutes to allow our barrage to go forward. I was standing beside him on the parapet, and he spoke to me. After waiting for about three minutes he gave the signal to advance. He shouted, ‘Follow me, boys,’ and led off followed by his men, C Company advancing close behind. After going for about three or four hundred yards, we got to the crest, and then came under the machine gun fire of the enemy. It was then that we began to have casualties. Men began to fall in dozens. I was close to Captain Welsh at this time. We only got about a hundred yards over the crest when Captain Welsh turned partly round to his men. Pointing to the German lines with his stick, he was cheering his men on, when he was struck by a bullet. I only stayed with him for a minute or so after, because the men were in front without an officer or an N.C.O., and I knew that I was needed there. But I did what I could in the short time before I left. It was a terrible day; the worst in the history of the 7th Battalion.”

“On April 23rd, just before dawn, we attacked; it was a three Army Corps affair, and our Battalion unfortunately was a first wave between Monchy and Scarpe. We went

over with fifteen officers, and of these twelve were posted ‘missing believed killed,’ two were wounded, and one returned.”

To Odin's challenge we cried Amen.
We staid the plough, and laid by the pen,
And we shouldered our guns like gentlemen,
That the wiser weak should hold.

Blood on the land, and blood on the sea,
So it stands as ordained to be,
Stamp, and signet, and guarantee
Of the better ways we knew.

Time for the plough when the sword has won;
The loom will wait on the crashing gun,
And the hands of peace drop benison
When the task of death is through.

Then lift the flag of the Last Crusade.
And fill the ranks of the Last Brigade.
March on the fields where the world's remade,
And the Ancient Dreams come true.

SERGEANT E. J. COLE

(EDDLESTON)

13TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. APRIL 25 (WEDNESDAY).

He was in the Edinburgh Territorials, 5th Royal Scots, and went through the landing at Gallipoli with this regiment in February, 1915. He was wounded at Suvla Bay in June, 1915, afterwards getting home to England, and later was sent to France in August, 1916, when he was transferred to the 13th Royal Scots. He went through all the Somme battles, and it was during the Arras spring offensive of 1917 that he was struck, and died of his wounds. It was on a Monday morning, 23rd April, that his regiment went over the top, and immediately on getting over his officer was killed, and I heard all particulars, that Sergeant Cole was leading the men, and while doing this he was shot in the leg. However, he managed to creep to a shell-hole with several others for shelter until they could be picked up, but while lying waiting shells were bursting all over them, and he was struck on the head by a piece of shell which caused his death. The fighting was so bad that a party could not be sent for them, and he lay for a day and night, and it was on the hospital train in France that he died on 25th April, 1917. The sister on the train wrote a

very nice letter telling of his death, and that he only lived a very short time after being brought on the train. His major, who was Major Mitchell, of Bannockburn House, Bannockburn, also wrote a beautiful letter, telling what a fine soldier Sergeant Cole made; keen in all his work, and a great favourite, being a great sportsman, and a leading member in their football team.

We do not weep for all the wounds,
And Death that comes to yours and ours:
We do not fear the scythe that mows
These fields of brave and precious flowers:
For, on the Altars of each Race,
Since time was young, we laid the price
Of Honour and of Fearlessness,
For the Commonweal—our Sacrifice.

—

PRIVATE W. LIND

(SKIRLING)

ROYAL ENGINEERS AND ROYAL BERKSHIRE
REGIMENT.

1917. APRIL 28 (SATURDAY).

Private Lind enlisted in the Royal Engineers on the 30th June, 1916, and was at Aldershot for six months. From there he was sent to France. After he had been at the base for two weeks he was transferred to the Royal Berkshire Regiment. He went into the trenches in the first week in February, and was in and out of them until he was killed on the 28th April, 1917, when he was reported missing, and a year after he was presumed to have been killed on that date, as nothing more was seen or heard of him. We do not know of any battles he was in, except the big push at Arras on the 9th April, and at the same place after. He was a jolly, good-hearted fellow, and a good husband and loving father to his five children, of whom two have died since.

When you fell, at duty's call,
Your fame it glittered high
As leaves of the sombre Fall
Grow brighter though they die.
Men of the silent bands,
Men of the half-told days,
Lift up your spectre hands
And take our heart-bouquets.

PRIVATE ROBERT LAWTON

(INNERLEITHEN AND DOLPHINTON)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. APRIL 28 (SATURDAY).

Other three St Ronan's lads are reported to have made the supreme sacrifice. The sad news of Private Robert Lawton's death reached his grandfather at Caerlee Cottages on Sunday night. His companion, writing to his friends in Galashiels, said that he had been wounded by the bullet which caused Private Lawton's death. Prior to enlistment in November, 1915, Private Lawton was a gardener on Garvald estate, Dolphinton. He joined the Royal Scots, and was trained in Selkirk, leaving for France in July, 1916. He took part in the Somme battle, and was afterwards invalided home, suffering from a bad throat. On recovery, he was again drafted to France, and had only been in the trenches six weeks. He was killed on the 28th April, and was 20 years of age. He was the son of the late Mr John Lawton, house painter.

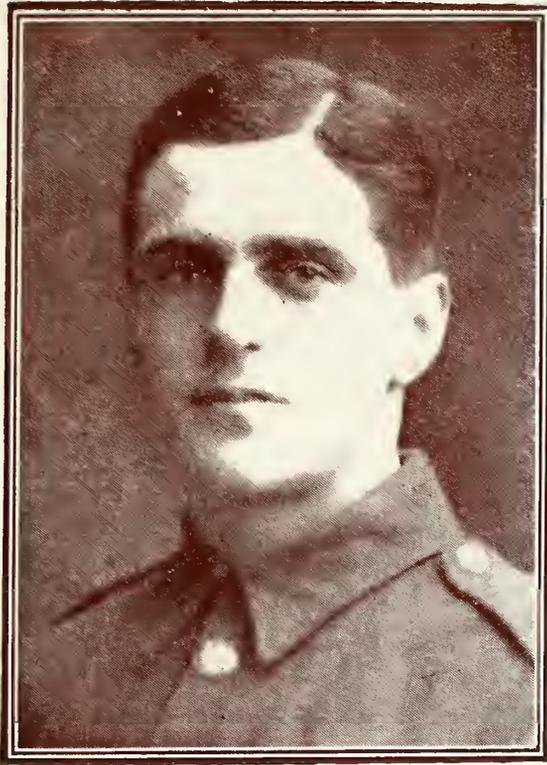
During the whole of March and April there was terrible fighting. On the 16th April had begun the Second Battle of the Aisne between Soissons and Rheims. A secondary battle at Moronvillers began on the 17th. On the 20th the British captured Gonnellieu, and on the following day gained ground east of Fampoux. On the 22nd and 23rd the British captured Trescault and the greater part of Havrincourt Wood, which marked the second phase beginning of the Battle of Arras. Severe fighting followed from Croisilles to north of Gavrelle, which continued on the succeeding days. On the 28th when Privates Lind and Lawton and Mathieson fell, the British made a thrust east of Vimy, and captured Arleux, making further progress north-east of Gavrelle.

If I am taken from this patchwork life
By some swift out-thrust of an unseen arm—
The death that strikes my comrades day and
night—

I pray you make of it no cause for tears,
I beg of you grieve not for me overmuch.
And for your comfort I would pen this
thought—

The joy you had of me in childhood's years
When in your arms I played, or cried, or
prayed

Will still remain with you when I am gone.
It is so real now, that memory:
Not death itself can rob you of your boy.



PRIVATE THOMAS SCOTT,
WALKERBURN.



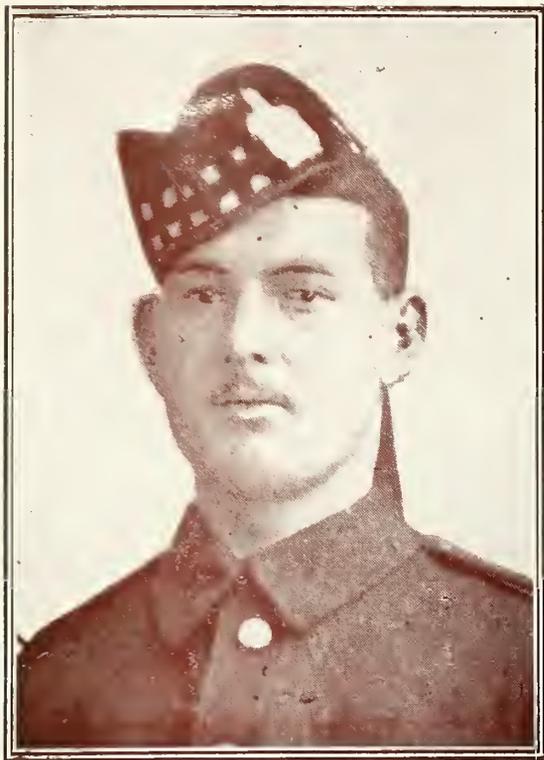
PRIVATE MARK BENSON,
EDDLESTON.



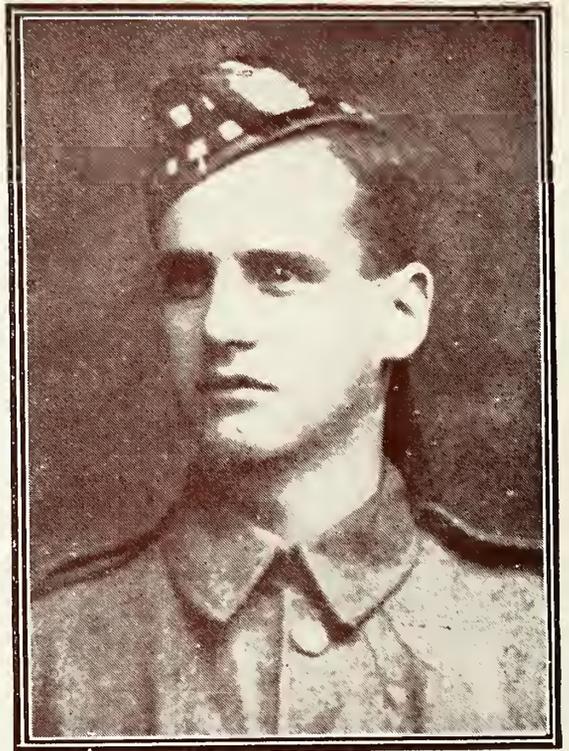
PRIVATE GEORGE CHALMERS,
WALKERBURN.



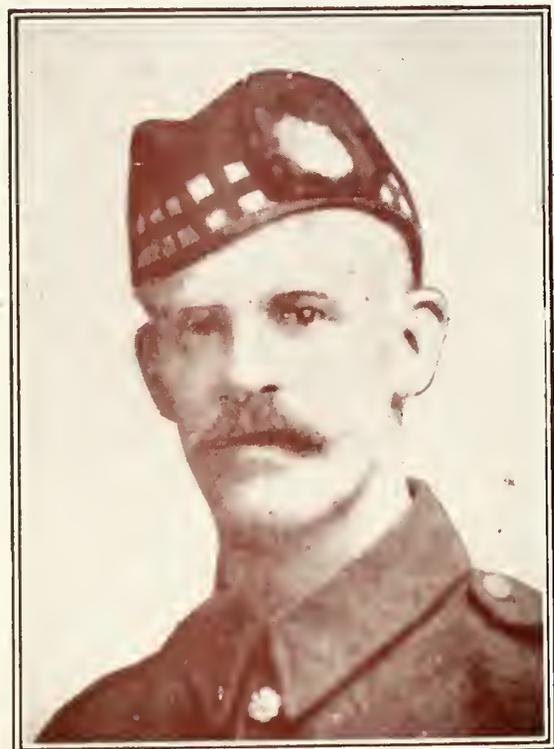
LIEUTENANT ANDREW SCOTT,
WALKERBURN AND CANADA.



PRIVATE THOMAS HENDERSON,
KAILZIE AND TRAQUAIR.



LANCE-CORPORAL JAMES THOMSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER AIRD,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE TOM CAMERON,
MANOR.

PRIVATE WILLIAM MATHISON

(INNERLEITHEN)

16TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. MISSING SINCE SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Mr Thomas Mathison, Chambers Street, Innerleithen, received news that his son, Private William Mathison, Royal Scots, had been missing since 28th April. The sad news was sent by his Captain. Private Mathison enlisted in November, 1914. After training, he went to France in January, 1916, and was home on furlough at Christmas. Before enlistment, he served his time as a gardener at Glen, and was working at Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, Lord Elphinstone's seat. His brother, John, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was in hospital at Woking, Surrey, suffering from gun-shot wounds in the right leg, received in action in France on the 12th April. John was also wounded in July, 1916. He saw considerable active service since joining the colours in September, 1914, and was drafted to France in May, 1915. Before joining up he was employed as a gamekeeper on Glen estate.

"We both had a great regard for William Mathison. He served my husband very devotedly always, and when the war should be over, my husband hoped that he would still continue in his service. William was most loyal and trustworthy, and he and my husband went through many hard times together. I have had much sorrow in this dreadful war, and I feel very much for you who have lost your fine son, and I know that you must have been very proud of him. Like my husband, he also has laid down his life for his country and that our homes may be kept safe from the enemy.

No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like
my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden, the worst turns the best to the
brave,
The black minute's at end.

PRIVATE PATRICK McGRAN

(MANOR AND STOBO)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. MAY 1 (TUESDAY).

He was aged twenty when he fell, and was born at Wester Happrew in Stobo. The British had captured German trenches south of Oppy, east of Vimy Ridge; and on May Day two heavy enemy counter-attacks south of Moronvilliers failed.

Fighting for the Pride of Old Folk, and the
people that you know:
And the girl you left behind you (ah the time
is passing slow).
For the proud tears of a sister: come you
back, or never come.
And the weary Elder Brother looking after
things at home—
Fighting hard. You lucky Devils.
Fighting hard.

PRIVATE THOMAS HENDERSON

(KAILZIE AND TRAUQUAIR)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1917. MAY.

Killed in action in France, Private Thomas Henderson, K.O.S.B., aged 19 years, Kailzie Mains.

On the 2nd of May the enemy raids in the Champagne and Moronvilliers region were beaten back. On the 3rd of May the British made a great attack east of Arras on a twelve mile front and broke through the Hindenburg switch at Quéant; progress was made also at Chérisy and Fontaine Wood. During April, almost 20,000 prisoners were taken by the British.

Life. We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thy own time:
Say not Good-night—but in some brighter
clime,
Bid me Good Morning.

PRIVATE ALEXANDER AIRD

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. MAY 6.

Private Alexander Aird was aged 39 when he fell in action near Arras, on Sunday, the 6th of May, 1917. His body was interred at Duisans, four miles from Arras.

His family belong to Walkerburn, which place he left seventeen years before he fell; he being employed in Tweedholm Mill there. After leaving that place, Alexander Aird went to the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society at Shieldhall, where he held the position of foreman in the despatch departments. He enlisted under the Derby Scheme, and was called to the army on the 9th of August, 1916. After three months' training at Glencorse he crossed to France on November 13, and went into action on December 5. Nothing is known as to the various engagements in which he took part, as no communications arrived either from comrades or officers. Official intimation came to his wife that he had died of wounds on the 6th of May as mentioned above. His age was 39. He left a widow and two children.

Strong men fast asleep
With coverlets wrought of clay,
Do soft dreams o'er you creep
Of friends who are here to-day?
Do you know, O men low lying
In the hard and chilly bed,
That we, the slowly dying,
Are giving a day to the dead?
Do you know that sighs for your deaths
Across our heart-strings play,
E'en from the last faint breaths
Of the sweet-lipped month of May?

LANCE-CORPORAL JAMES THOMSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

1917. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

His parents had received official intimation that he was killed on May 9, 1917, in a night bombardment. He was an apprentice plumber with Euman & Co., Innerleithen. He joined in July, 1916, and after a few months' training, went to France. He had seen much active service and had been in many engagements. He had an elder and a younger brother serving. They resided at Hall Street, Walkerburn, before coming to Innerleithen. He was highly respected by officers and men, and received his promotion in France.

On the previous days, there had been fierce counter German attacks, by which some ground gained by the British had been retaken by the enemy. And on the 9th, when Corporal Thomson fell, a German attack on the Chemin des Dames, as well as on Craonne and Corbeny failed

Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Searce knowing if we wish to go or stay;
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the Unknown transcends the what
we know.

PRIVATE TOM CAMERON

(MANOR)

5TH (LOCHIEL'S) CAMERONS.

1917. FRIDAY, MAY 11.

This gallant young soldier passed away on the 11th of May, 1917, in the Seventh Canadian Hospital in France, as the result of wounds. He was aged 23 years, and was the son of Donald and Thomasina Cameron, who lived formerly at Barns and at Neidpath. He was one of the patriotic "Contemptibles" who enlisted early in August, 1914, in the 5th Battalion (Lochiel's) Camerons. On three occasions he was wounded; the last resulting in the loss of his arm, from the effects of which he passed away at Etaples. He was highly esteemed, both by his employers and comrades; he was a member of the Church of Scotland and of the Young Men's Guild. When Tom Cameron fell, there had been a great deal of fighting around Arras, with much giving and taking. On the 11th, ground had been lost and retaken, but on the 12th, there were British successes with much ground and many prisoners taken.

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, her Saxon
foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills,
Savage and shrill. But with the breath
which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fills the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's and Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears.

PRIVATE IRVINE SCOTT

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. MAY 11 (FRIDAY).

Private Irvine Scott, of the 12th Batt. Royal Scots, joined up in the year 1914. He went to France in 1915, and was wounded twice. He was invalided home and returned in 1917 to the front. He was again wounded on the 28th April from which wounds he died on 11th May, 1917, at General Hospital, Dannes-Causers. He is interred at Etaples Military Cemetery, Boulogne. He was the son of Mary Scott, Jubilee Road, Walkerburn, and served his time with James Dalziel & Co., Walkerburn, as a powerloom tuner. He was 24 years of age.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms

Then He went through before:

He that unto God's Kingdom comes

Must enter by His door.

My knowledge of that life is small,

The eye of faith is dim:

But 'tis enough that Christ knows all

And I shall be with Him.

(Richard Baxter).

PRIVATE JOHN BRUNTON

(EDDLESTON)

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1917. MAY 13.

On April 24, 1917, the Germans captured Villers-Bretonneux, and advanced towards Kemmel Hill, near Ypres. On the 26th they captured Kemmel Hill. On the 9th of May the Germans were repulsed at Vormezeele, south-west of Ypres, and on the 13th of the same month they again suffered a severe defeat at Kleine Vierstraat, also near Ypres; and on that day died of wounds received in action on April 25, Private John Brunton, Seaforth Highlanders, youngest son of the late Thomas Brunton, who lived at Ship-law, Eddleston, and of Mrs Brunton, Brownrigg, North Berwick. He joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in March, 1915, and went out to France in August, 1916. In March, 1917, he was transferred to the Seaforth Highlanders; and on the 25th of April he was admitted to hospital suffering from a serious shrapnel wound in the chest, and thrombosis in the left foot. All efforts to save

the foot were tried, but it was found necessary at last to amputate. He gradually grew worse, and passed away on Sunday, the 13th of May, 1917. He was always of a bright and cheerful disposition, and he maintained his happy disposition to the last day.

O, Earth, so full of dreary noises!

O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold, the wailers' heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God makes a silence through you all—

And "giveth His beloved sleep."

PTE. ALEX. W. LOCKIE

(PEEBLES AND NEWLANDS)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. MAY 14.

No. 351381, Pte. Alex. W. Lockie, 16th Batt. Royal Scots, previous to enlisting was employed as a roadman in the Noblehouse district of Newlands Parish. He enlisted in Nov., 1915, with the 9th Royal Scots, and went to France in March, 1916. He was wounded in October, 1916, and sent to Bellahouston Hospital, Glasgow. He returned to France in March, 1917, and transferred to the 16th Batt. Royal Scots. He was wounded and taken prisoner on 28th April of that year, and officially reported to have died on Monday, 14th May, said to be caused by the loss of his right arm, in the prisoners' of war Hospital at Charleroi, Belgium, and to have been buried in the cemetery at that place. He was 22 years of age; born at Peebles Oct., 1894.

Oh! The bitterness accruing

To our women's hearts.

King and Country still remember

Graves in foreign parts,—

Far beyond the Cross of Weeping

And the burning heart.

God of Battles. Jesu Mercy.

God of Life Thou art.

COMPANY SERGT.-MAJOR THOMAS HENSHILWOOD

(BROUGHTON AND SKIRLING)

BLACK WATCH.

1917. MAY 16

Sgt.-Major Thos. Henshilwood, fourth son of the late Geo. Henshilwood, Skirling, and of Mrs Henshilwood, Mossfennan Cottage, Brough-

ton, was born in Skirling, and educated there and at Biggar High School.

He commenced his apprenticeship as a gardener at Castlecraig, then occupied and owned by Lord Carmichael. Afterwards he acted as gardener at Bonnington House, Dalkeith Palace, and Dysart House.

He joined the 10th Black Watch in September, 1914, and during training was speedily promoted to Sergeant. In November, 1915, he was sent to France with a draft, and after operations in the Somme Valley proceeded to Salonica. He was promoted Coy. Sergt.-Major, and was offered a commission, which he did not accept.

All went well with him until June, 1917, when a letter was received from Lieut. Phillips saying that he greatly regretted having to send information that Coy. Sergt.-Major Henshilwood was reported missing after an attack on the enemy lines on a night in May.

When he was last seen he was doing his duty nobly, encouraging his men on. Unfortunately "A" Company was in the firing line, and lost very heavily, including the Company Commander, Capt. Nicol, who was with the Sergt.-Major when Lieut. Phillips saw him last.

This is a great loss to the Company, where his services were highly appreciated by both officers and his brother N.C.O.'s.

Other information was sent through a Scotsman who was in the same company to the effect that the Bulgarians came down on them unawares in a mist, and on retreating Sergt.-Major Henshilwood was seen lying wounded in the leg, his Commander lying dead beside him. On returning to pick up the wounded it was found that the Sergeant-Major was gone.

Deep sympathy is felt for his widowed mother, who also mourns the loss of her son-in-law, Private George Ireland.

Ah! Seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye may not find their trace:

No graven stone is on their bed,

No flowers their slumbers grace.

But wild and unknown is their silent grave,

It may be the woods, or the cold sea-wave,

Or a lonely desert-place:

For they needed no prayers, and no mourning
bell,

Their tomb is the earth that they served so well.

PRIVATE JOHN GOODFELLOW

(TWEEDSMUIR)

ROYAL SCOTS

1917. MAY 19 (SATURDAY).

He belonged originally to Ettrick, and was a shepherd. Three years previously he came to Talla reservoir as a workman there, and early in 1915 he volunteered for service abroad with the Royal Scots. A quiet, kindly, steady lad, he had many friends in the district, who are grieved to hear the sad news from the trenches.

John Goodfellow, true to his name, was one of those gallant Border shepherds who, after the tradition of the Tweeddale Highlands, was eager for the foray. All the more did he thirst for the fight when the existence of the Empire and of his beloved Tweeddale was threatened by the Hun. He left his crook and his sheep by Ettrick and Talla, and exchanging the plaid for the khaki, set forth to do his bit. In the end he did his ALL!

Rest on your battle-field, thou brave,
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,
Your dirge be in the morning wave—
We call you back no more.

Oh, there was mourning when you fell,
In your own vale a deep-toned knell,
An agony, a wild farewell—
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame:
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

PRIVATE JOHN LAW WILSON

(DRUMELZIER, TWEEDSMUIR, BROUGHTON)

ROYAL SCOTS.

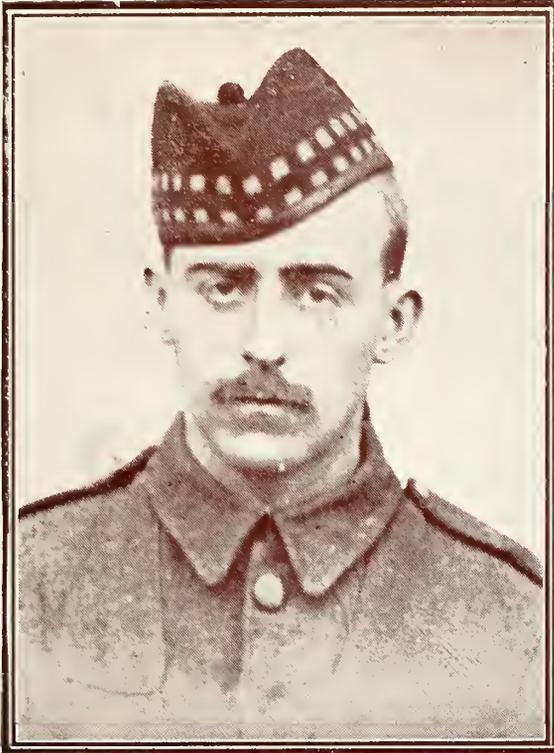
1917. MAY 25 (SATURDAY).

He was the son of Mr Benjamin Wilson, shepherd, Kingledoors.

He was educated at Tweedsmuir Public School, and was in course of training as an engineer.

In his 18th year he joined the Royal Scots, and at 20 has given himself heroically for his country.

An anxious scholar and a dutiful son, exhibiting ideals of life not always to be found in one so young, John Wilson was a general favourite with his fellow-pupils, as well as with



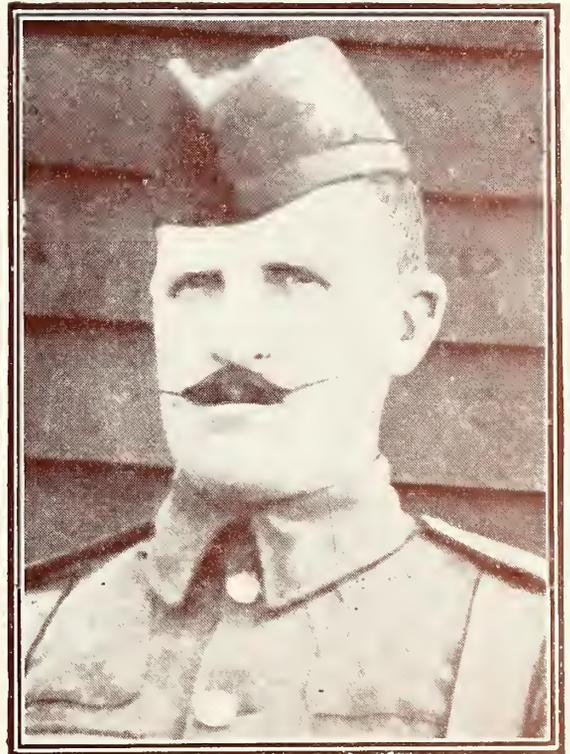
PRIVATE IRVINE SCOTT,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE ALEX. W. LOCKIE,
PEEBLES AND NEWLANDS.



PRIVATE JOHN BRUNTON,
EDDLESTON.



COMPANY SERGT.-MAJOR THOMAS HENSILWOOD,
BROUGHTON AND SKIRLING.



PRIVATE JOHN GOODFELLOW,
TWEEDSMUIR.



PRIVATE JOHN LAW WILSON,
DRUMELZIER, TWEEDSMUIR, BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE ROBERT BURNS LAURIE,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT HENRY TENNANT,
TRAQUAIR.

those who were his seniors; and the announcement of his death on the field of battle evoked great regret and deep sympathy for his parents, of whom he was their only child.

Killed in action on the 25th May, 1917, Private John Law Wilson, Royal Scots, aged 20, only son of Benjamin and Mrs Wilson, Kingledoors, Broughton.

This gallant young lad joined the army at the beginning of the war, on the 10th December, 1914, and would not have been eighteen years of age until the 28th of January, 1915. He went into the offensive on Easter morning, the 9th of April, 1917, and engaged in two very severe battles at that time. The third battle that he fought in was less severe, as his very last letter stated. It was dated the 23rd May (two days before he fell), and in it he said—"Still in the trenches, but having an easy time." On coming out of his second battle, there were left but three only out of the draft he went out with. Referring to his last engagement, his officer said that John was killed instantaneously by a shell while gallantly fighting on the Scarpe, near to Arras, and that his loss was keenly felt by all his comrades. He was a machine-gunner in the Second Ninth Royal Scots. "My boy was a good boy, loved and adored by all who knew him, and his death was a great blow to his parents, as he was our only boy." He did not fight long, only from the 9th of April, 1917, until the 25th of May.

So be my passing,
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet West,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

PRIVATE ROBERT BURNS LAURIE

(STOBO AND AUSTRALIA)

35TH BATTALION (9TH BRIGADE), AUSTRALIAN
IMPERIAL FORCE.

. 1917. JUNE 12.

He was the great-grandson of a Stobo man, the late Mr Joseph Laurie, who was born at Stobo Quarry, and whose son became the pioneer of the town of Laurieton, N.S.W. Robert Burns Laurie was the third to fall of the patriotic Stobo-Australian clan. Mr J. B. Laurie, of Laurieton, North Coast, received word from the military authorities

that his son, Private Robert Burns Lawrie, died at No. 2 Clearing Station (Australian) from gunshot wounds in the head on Tuesday, 12th June, 1917.

He was in his 20th year, and was born in Laurieton, and lived there all his life. He was a grandson of the pioneer of the town, Mr Joseph Laurie, who was the first man to introduce New South Wales hard woods into overseas markets in 1888.

Before enlisting he was a student at the Teachers' College. He enlisted on Empire Day, 1916, and had been three months in France when he met his death. He spent part of his furlough in Peebles before going to the front. Mortally wounded at Messines, aged 20 years and 9 months. A tree in memory of him has been planted in Main Street, Laurieton.

Private Robert Burns Laurie was a great grandson of Joseph Lawrie, who left Peeblesshire with his wife and six sons for Australia in the year 1838; his daughter, Mrs J. Higgins, having preceded them a year previously. Joseph Laurie, the late soldier's grandfather, after a fairly successful career, chiefly in timber pursuits in New South Wales, paid a visit to Peebles in 1886, and again in 1888. The latter visit was for the purpose of introducing Australian hard woods into the British and Continental markets, thus becoming the pioneer of the large and lucrative trade in that commodity now being carried on with those countries.

Private Laurie was a son of Joseph Laurie, who now resides at Laurieton, the sawmilling town named after his father, and was born at that place.

Shortly after hostilities commenced, he expressed a desire to go to the front, but failed to gain his father's consent on account of his youth. He afterwards passed examinations admitting him into the Public Instruction Depot as a school teacher. After a period of training in the Teachers' College, he again heard the call of duty, and once more approached his father, and succeeded on that occasion in gaining consent. He sailed for the front early in October, 1916, but did not arrive in England until January, the voyage occupying thirteen weeks, owing to the danger from submarines. On arrival in England, he obtained four days' leave, two of which were spent in Peebles, with the family of Mr J. S. Thom-

son, who are relatives. In a letter to his father, he stated that the two happiest days of his life were those spent in Peebles, where, in company of Mr Thomson, he visited many of the places so dear to his forefathers. It was his great wish and intention, if he had lived to see the end of the war, to pay an extended visit to Ayrshire, the home of that great Scotsman whose name he was so proud to bear; but a higher power has decreed otherwise. Although a young Australian of the second generation, and twelve thousand miles of ocean divided his birth-place from that of his fathers, he was always proud of his Scottish descent, and like the great race from which he sprung, patriotism and intense love of country were his strong points. All who knew him were unanimously of the opinion that it was no mere love of adventure which prompted him to offer his all for his country, but a stern sense of duty.

Private Laurie finally left England in April, 1917. After being engaged in several minor engagements in France, he proceeded to Messines, where he went into the trenches for the last time on June 5th.

After the firing of the great mine, which almost shook France to its foundations, he went over the top on the morning of the 6th. This battle was one of the fiercest in which Australians were engaged during the war, and lasted for five or six days. Private Laurie's battalion had been fighting almost continually for the whole time, when on the 11th a long range shell exploded in a shell hole in which he and three comrades were sheltering. Two were killed outright, and Private Laurie was so severely wounded that he died in the clearing station the following day, at the age of 20 years and 9 months. The sole survivor of the four was Private J. Montgomery, also a native of Laurieton, who sent particulars of his son's death to his father, and who has since also paid a visit to Peebles. The late soldier's remains were laid to rest in "Trois Artres," British Cemetery, France, with full military honours on June 13th, 1917.

The battle of Arras was now drawing to a close. On Sunday, 3rd June, our outposts were attacked. On the 5th, we won the power station south of the Souchez river; on the 6th, we took a mile of the enemy position north of the Scarpe. On the

evening of the 6th June, nineteen mines were waiting for zero hour. From Hill 60 in the north, to the edge of Messines, nineteen volcanoes suddenly leaped to heaven on the 7th June. Then every British gun opened on the enemy. Terrible fighting ensued, with great gains to us, which we cleared up on the 8th. By the 14th of June the whole of the German positions north of the Lys had fallen into our hands. These operations, extending over many days, constituted the battle of Messines. On the 14th, we carried the enemy lines on the crest of Infantry Hill south-east of Arras. On the 15th, we took a sector of the Hindenburg line north-east of Bullecourt. On the 24th, the North Midland Division carried Hill 65, south-west of Lens. On the 26th, the Canadians took La Coulotte, and on the morning of the 28th, were in the outskirts of Avion. We gained all our objectives.

You seek a boy? For all the millions dying,
Who drown at sea, or landward fighting
fall,

The winds have heard the voice of women
crying,

"Where is my love who, dying, takes my
all?"

When kings and captains die, the world
regrets them;

My boy was proud to serve the self same
State;

Proud though he died, and all but I forget
him,

I will not grudge him, for the cause was
great.

—

**SECOND-LIEUTENANT HENRY
TENNANT
(TRAQUAIR)**

DRAGOON GUARDS AND ROYAL FLYING CORPS.
1917. MAY 27.

Second-Lieutenant Henry Tennant, Dragoon Guards and Royal Flying Corps, who was killed on the 27th of May, 1917, aged 19, was the eldest son of Mr H. J. Tonnant. He was educated at Eton, and leaving school on the declaration of war, he entered Sandhurst; was afterwards gazetted to the Scots Greys, and joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1915. On May 27th, 1916, he was seriously injured in a flying accident, but on recovering in January, 1917, he rejoined the

R.F.C., and after acting for a short period as instructor, he left for the front on Easter Day.

His squadron Commander wrote of him:—
“He was getting on splendidly and had carried out some most successful artillery observation. He was very keen, and we were all fond of him.”

The Colonel commanding the Greys wrote:—
“I was specially proud of him, for his squadron commander and all his brother officers in the Flying Corps spoke so very highly of his courage, ability, and personality. The sergeant major of the squadron . . . told me that the whole squadron looked upon him as one of the most promising officers they had. He has died a credit to his country, and the Greys and I can give no man a higher testimonial than this.”

He has outsoared the shadow of our night :
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again :
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain :
Nor, when the Spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

GUNNER ANDREW STEWART

(TRAQUAIR)

12TH HEAVY BATTERY, ROYAL GARRISON
ARTILLERY.

1917. JULY 12 (THURSDAY).

Andrew Stewart was employed with Mrs Clark Cooper, Orchard Mains House, Traquair, Innerleithen, as head gardener for 8½ years prior to enlistment in June, 1916.

Official particulars are as follows:—Regimental No. 95273; rank, gunner; name, Andrew Stewart; regiment, 12th Heavy Battery, R.G.A.

He was killed in action on the 12th of July, 1917, and buried in Belgian Battery Corner, Military Cemetery, one mile south-west of Ypres.

For some days there had been heavy fighting on the Aisne, but the German attacks were repulsed. The British line was then slightly advanced on the Messines front. On the 10th, after intense bombardment, the Germans gained ground to the

east of the mouth of the Yser (Nieuport), and cut off and destroyed parts of two British battalions, taking over a thousand prisoners. But the British counter attack drove the Germans from the advanced positions gained near Lombaertzyde. In the following day the German attacks were repulsed.

So lone and cold they lie; but we,
We still have life; we may still greet
Our pleasant friends in home and street;
We still have life, are able still
To climb the turf of Cademuir hill,
To see the placid sheep go by,
To hear the sheep-dog's eager cry,
To feel the sun, to taste the rain,
To smell the autumn's scents again
Beneath the brown and gold and red
Which old October's brush has spread,
To hear the robin in the lane,
To look upon the Scottish sky.

LIEUT. ARCHIBALD B. MILLER

(KIRKURD)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS
(ATTACHED ROYAL FLYING CORPS)
1917. JULY 13.

Lieutenant Archibald William Buchanan Miller, K.O.S.B. (att. R.F.C.), formerly reported missing, Friday, July 13th, 1917, now believed killed (says the “Court Journal”), was the younger son of the Rev. T. D. and Mrs Miller, of Kirkurd, Peeblesshire. He was educated at Fettes College, where he acquitted himself with distinction, and played in the 1st XI. and the 1st XV. He entered Sandhurst in 1914, and was gazetted to the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. On attaining his nineteenth year, June 21st, 1915, he was sent as Second-Lieutenant in command of a large draft to the Dardanelles, and was promoted full Lieutenant. After the evacuation he served with his regiment in France as adjutant. In 1916 Lieutenant Miller received a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. A fellow-officer writes of him:—“We used to love it when he came ‘stunting’ over us either at work or in the evening. We all thought him extraordinarily courageous, and he could do almost anything with the machine. I

suppose you know that he was recommended for the Military Cross for doing several good things over the line." Another officer writes:—"His career in the infantry was very meritorious, his career in the Flying Corps was brilliant. He is a great loss to all who knew him." "All who knew him say as a soldier and an airman he was absolutely fearless." Lieutenant Miller was a grandson of the late Thomas Miller, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Rector of Perth Academy, and of the late Alexander Grant, Esq., of Monkstown, Co. Cork, and a grand nephew of the late General Sir Archibald Galloway, K.C.B., Chairman of the Honourable East India Company. His elder brother, Lieutenant Thomas Alexander Grant Miller, 1st Battalion, K.O.S.B., fell at the landing on Gallipoli, on April 25, 1915.

You had died fighting, fighting against odds,
Such as in war the gods
Aetherial dared when all the world was
young
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,
Nor Hector nor Achilles ever knew;
High in the empty blue,
High, high, above the clouds, against the
setting sun,
The fight was fought and your great task
was done.

A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate;
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.
Surely with soul elate,
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,
And surely your prophetic spirit knew,
That you had well deserved the shining fate.

PRIVATE PETER FAIRBAIRN

(MANOR)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. JULY 16 (MONDAY).

Intimation reached Mrs Fairbairn, Cross-houses, Manor, from France, that her husband, Private Peter Fairbairn, Royal Scots, had died from pneumonia. He was a dyker on Barns estate. He leaves a widow and three children. Died 16th July, 1917, at 55th Casualty Clearing Station, France. Buried at Tincourt, 4½ miles east of Peronne. He enlisted 15th June, 1916, and was nine months in France. His age was 40 years.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-
built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,
No more shall rouse them from their low-
ly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

PRIVATE WILLIAM BRUCE HIGGINS.

(STOBO AND AUSTRALIA)

30TH BATTALION, 5TH DIVISION, A.I.F.
1917. JULY 19.

Great grandson of Joseph Laurie, of Rawdonvale, Gloucester. Reported missing on the 19th July, 1917, at Fromelles, Fleurbaix, France, aged 20 years. Son of Thomas Lavers Higgins of Heatherdale, Gloucester. Who is a son of John Higgins, Jun.; a son of John Higgins, sen.; and his wife, Janet, a daughter of Joseph Laurie, the patriarch.

This is another of the band of 26 gallant Stobo-Australians who came over and fought in defence of the Mother Country and Empire. He is one of the heroic six who did not return. All were descendants of Joseph Laurie, who left Stobo in 1833.

Of all your brave adventures this the last
The bravest was and best;
Meet ending to a long embattled past,
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,
Crowned with the wreath that never
perisheth,
And diadem of honourable death;
Swift death aflame with offering supreme
And mighty sacrifice,
More than all mortals dream.

PRIVATE WILLIAM ADDISON

(SKIRLING)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. JULY 22 (SUNDAY)

Sailed for Salonika about the beginning of September, 1916, and then reported missing on the 22nd July, 1917, after an early morning raid on a village among the hills. Other five men were reported missing along

with him. Except for a letter from the Chaplain that is all the information we could get. He was a ploughman by occupation. He was always in places up to eleven years, when his father died, and then he was required at home. He was a great favourite in his own village, as he always had a kind word for old and young. He is greatly missed.

At dawn on the 31st of July the whole Allied front broke into flame. Under cover of such a barrage as had not yet been seen, the infantry crossed the parapets, and the battle began. The whole of the German position fell at once—Steenstraate, Martinpuiche, and Feuchy, all fell. By nine, the whole of the second position, north of Westhoek, was in the Allies' hands. St Julien was entered; and Pommern Redoubt was won. By the evening we had carried the whole of the German first line; and had gained the whole of the first ridge. We had taken parts of the German second line, and had gone beyond it north of St Julien. For the first four days and nights of August, rain fell without intermission. This entirely frustrated our well-laid plans, and greatly assisted the enemy. The misery of our troops in waterlogged shellholes and trenches cannot be pictured. For a fortnight we had to hold our hand. We had to withdraw from St Julien, but reoccupied it on 3rd August. On 10th August we took the whole of Westhoek. In the middle of the month there was a short break in the storm, which permitted Sir Douglas Haig to renew the attack, on a line running from the Lens-Bethune Road to the Bois Hugo. On the 15th of August the Canadians swept over Hill 70, which we had given up after the battle of Loos, and captured many positions. The next day, the 16th August, saw the second stage of the Ypres battle. Desperate fighting continued over many days, and the month ended in one long down-pour of rain. On the 19th, 22nd, and 27th, we made a few small gains. This second stage of the battle was a serious British check. We had not yet been able to cope with the new German defences, called pill-boxes, concrete forts.

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold,
Suffice it, if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace,

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.
Some humble door among Thy many
mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green
expansions
The river of Thy peace.
There from the music round about me
stealing,
I fain would learn a new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of
healing,
The life for which I long.

—

LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE DARGIE

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. JULY 31 (TUESDAY).

Authoritative information came to hand that Private George Dargie, of the Royal Scots, had been killed in action in France. He was collector in Innerleithen for the Prudential Insurance Coy. He was in the act of leaving the trenches when a shell came over and struck him, and from the wounds thus caused, he died shortly afterwards. He was attended by his only brother in his last moments. He was aged 31. This brother also was serving with the colours. He belonged to Ardler, and left a widow and two children. He joined the Royal Scots in December, 1915, and went to France in July, 1916.

O dearest Dead. To Heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you
To Him—be doubts forgiven—
Who took you there to save you.
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly:
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.

—

LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN W. SCOTT

(MANOR)

SCOTS GUARDS.

1917. JULY 31 (TUESDAY).

Lie.-Corp. John W. Scott, Scots Guards, enlisted in June, 1915, and went to France on August 25, 1916. He was killed by shell shock on July 31, 1917. John was the second eldest son of the late George and Agnes Scott, and George was the youngest. Their brother,

James Scott, had been in France with the Canadians since September, 1916.

His brother, George, was to fall the same year on November 30.

During the whole month of July there had been continuous heavy German attacks on British positions, and heavy artillery bombardments in Flanders. But there were also numerous raids by British and Canadians. On the 25th there were intense artillery battles going on in Flanders. On the following days there were repeated German attacks north of the Aisne. On the 29th and 30th the artillery battles around Lens and in Flanders were furious. On the 31st when Corporal Scott fell, the Third Battle of Ypres began. There was a British and French attack on a fifteen mile front in Flanders; 12 villages were taken and 5000 prisoners captured.

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us
with His hour

And caught our youth and wakened us from
sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and shar-
pened power

To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and
weary.

Leave the sick hearts that honour could
not move,

And half-men, and their silly songs and
dreary,

And all the little emptiness of love.

Dear Dead, they have become

Like guardian angels to us:

And distant Heaven, like home

Through them begins to woo us.

Love that was earthly, wings

Its flight to holier places:

The Dead are sacred things

That multiply our graces.

PRIVATE JOHN M'MARTIN

(SKIRLING)

LANARKSHIRE YEOMANRY

(ATTACHED SCOTTISH RIFLES).

1917. AUGUST 1 (WEDNESDAY).

Mr and Mrs David M'Martin, 15 Elcho Street, who had not heard for some weeks from their youngest son at the front, Private John M'Martin, of the Scottish Rifles, made enquiry, and a comrade wrote in reply as fol-

lows:—"I received your letter asking for any information concerning Private John M'Martin. He was wounded on 1st August, and is now posted missing. He was left by the stretcher-bearers on their way to assist another man, and nothing has been heard of him since. The stretcher-bearer who was with him, and who is now beside me, thinks he was taken prisoner. If that is so, no doubt the War Office will inform you shortly."

Later, official information reached the parents, informing them that the body of Private M'Martin had been found in "No Man's Land," near Ypres. It would appear that Private M'Martin had lived for some time after being wounded, as he had written a message in his pocket book. Private M'Martin was an apprentice butcher with the Co-operative Society when he enlisted in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry in September, 1914. He went out to France in December, 1916, when he was transferred to the Scottish Rifles. He was 21 years of age.

Other two brothers were on active service—William, a lance-corporal in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was awarded the Military Medal for bravery on the field in France, and David, a private in the Cheshire Regiment, who saw service at Salonika.

No volleys break the stillness now,

The Din of Death is o'er:

His harvest 'neath the stony brow

Is God's for evermore.

Oh, Comrades, in this fleeting life

Give one short hour to dreams

Of our Dear Dead who fell in strife

Where the Ancre gleams.

PRIVATE FREDERICK KEITH

(WALKERBURN)

13TH ROYAL SCOTS

1917. AUGUST 1 (WEDNESDAY).

Mrs Keith, Morningside, Innerleithen, received a letter from France containing a photo, a disc, shoulder strap, and testament belonging to her husband, Private Fred Keith, who was reported missing on 1st August, 1917. The writer was digging at the back of some old trenches near Ypres, when he came upon the remains, to which he gave reverent burial. He belonged to Walkerburn, and worked in Caerlee Mills. He joined in April, 1916, and went to France in June, 1917.

The brave fellows at this time were falling in the Third Battle of Ypres. The Germans, on August 1, retook St Julien, and regained some positions on the Ypres-Roulers Railway. These, however, were retaken by the British on August 2, and St Julien and Infantry Hill on the 3rd.

Child of the Forest, profound is thy sleep,
The valley that loved thee awakes but to weep;
When our fires are rekindled at dawn of the morn,
Our griefs burn afresh, and our prayers are forlorn;
The night falls disconsolate, bringing no peace,
No hope for our dreams, for our sighs no release;
In vain come the true hearts and look from the door,
For thou wilt return to fair Tweeddale no more.

TROOPER JAMES FAIRBAIRN WATSON
(WALKERBURN AND EDDLESTON)

LANARKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

1917. AUGUST 2.

At Alexandria, Egypt, on Thursday, the 2nd August, 1917, of diphtheria, Private James Fairbairn Watson, Lanarkshire Yeomanry, eldest son of Mr and Mrs William Watson, Dalziel's Buildings, Walkerburn, and grandson of the late James Fairbairn, Darnhall, Eddleston.

His brother, William, fell on October 24, 1916.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,

The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

And so for me there is no sting in Death,

And so the grave has lost its victory:

It is but crossing with a bated breath

And white set face, a little strip of sea
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

LANCE-CORPORAL THOMAS BROWN

(INNERLEITHEN)

9TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. AUGUST 6.

Mrs Brown, Miller Street, Innerleithen, received official intimation that her husband, Lance-Corporal Thomas Brown, Royal Scots, died of wounds on Monday, 6th August, 1917. He was 23 years of age, and was mobilised as a Territorial at the outbreak of hostilities. He was in the Gretna Disaster, and among other injuries lost the sight of an eye (the right). He left for France in January, and was slightly wounded in April. He was employed as a mechanical engineer in Carberry Pit, Musselburgh. Interred in Mendingham British Cemetery on August 5.

The Germans regained a footing in Hollebeke, but were driven out that day and the next.

Who, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause;

This is the happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

In our heart of hearts believing

Victory crowns the just,

And that braggarts must

Surely bite the dust,

Press we to the field ungrieving

In our heart of hearts believing

Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us,

Men who march away

Ere the barncocks say

Night is growing grey,

To hazards whence no tears can win us;

Hence the faith and fire within us,

Men who march away.

PRIVATE JOHN SHANNON

(STOBO)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1917. AUGUST 9.

Private John Shannon was born at Hoddom Bridge Cottage, Parish of Cummertrees, Annan. He was working as a gardener at Stobo Castle when he was mobilised on the 4th August, 1914. He went to the Dardanelles with his regiment, 1/5th K.O.S.B., Dumfriesshire Territorials, in May, 1915, where

he saw some very heavy fighting. He came home in 1916 as medically unfit for further service. He died on Thursday, August 9th, 1917, after a lingering illness, following enteric fever, age 27.

Their hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.

The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,

And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement and heard music: known

Slumber and waking; loved, gone proudly friended;

Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

PRIVATE GEORGE W. HUNTER

(BROUGHTON)

17TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. AUGUST 11.

Private George W. Hunter, son-in-law of Wm. Thomson, Dreva, Craigend, educated at Biggar, was a plasterer, and joined the Colours at Hamilton on 26th March, 1916, being attached to the 17th Royal Scots.

Trained at Chelmsford, he went to France on 13th January, 1917, and was in various engagements, the last being the Somme advance, where he was mortally wounded with gunshot wounds in head and spine, dying of wounds on Saturday, 11th August, 1917, and was laid to rest in Tincourt Military Cemetery. He leaves a widow, who received the following letter from the Chaplain, the minister of Kirkmahoe.

Dear Mrs Hunter,—Probably you have already heard the distressing news of the death of your gallant husband, who was brought to No. 55 Casualty Station suffering from a severe wound which left him quite helpless. Fortunately he did not suffer much pain, and the end was quite peaceful. I saw him often during the three or four days of weakness. He asked me to write to you and send a kind message. He specially said—"Tell my wife I send my love to her." Indeed he thought more about you than about himself and was

quite comforted when I promised I would write. I have written my friend, your minister, the Rev. Mr Duncan. Perhaps some day I may call on you if you are in the Biggar or Broughton district, and tell you everything I can about these days. His loss will be very hard to bear, but I am confident that in justice to your devoted husband you will mingle your grief with pride that he was willing to lay down his life for home and country. You may also have some consolation in knowing that during his last days on earth you were so much in his thoughts. We laid him reverently to rest with full military honours, in Tincourt Military Cemetery, where already a cross bearing his name, number, regiment and date of death marks the spot.—Kindly accept my deepest sympathy, yours faithfully,—JOHN M. FORBES, Chaplain.

The first to climb the parapet
With bombs in either hand;
The first to vanish in the smoke
Of God-forsaken No Man's Land;
First at the wire, and soonest through,
First at those red-mouthed hounds of hell—
The Maxims; and the first to fall—
They do their bit and do it well.
"Life is but brief at best, and death's
control

Extends not over the heroic soul;
Immortal garlands crown such brows as
these;

They are the dead who rot in selfish ease."

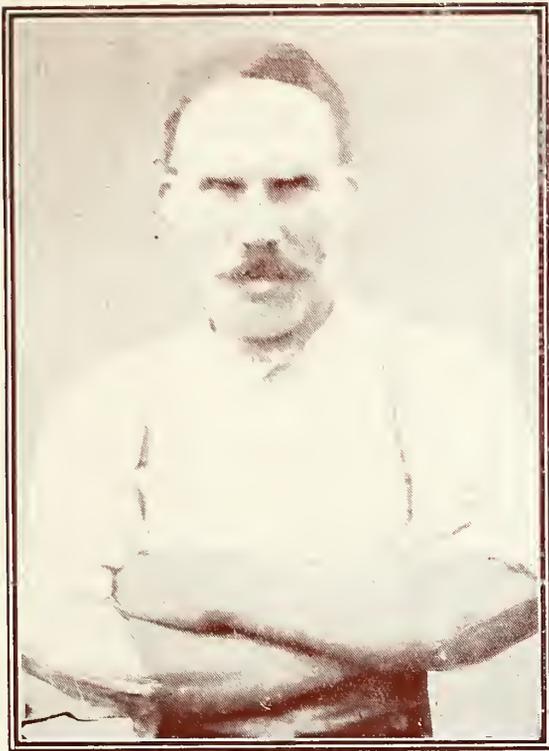
FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. ALAN THEODORE GRAY

(EDDLESTON AND SOUTH AFRICA)

1917. AUGUST 16 (THURSDAY).

Alan Gray, the subject of the following record, although residing all his life in South Africa, had a close connection with Eddleston and Peebles. His grandparents were long associated and highly respected in business in Eddleston; the brother of his father was well-known in Peebles, where he spent the whole of his life, and the many sisters of his father were all happily married, some in Peebles, others in various parts of Scotland.

Alan Theodore Gray was born in Pretoria, November 24th, 1898, and baptised in St Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Christ-



GUNNER ANDREW STEWART,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE PETER FAIRBAIRN,
MANOR.



LIEUT. ARCHIBALD B. MILLER,
KIRKUD.



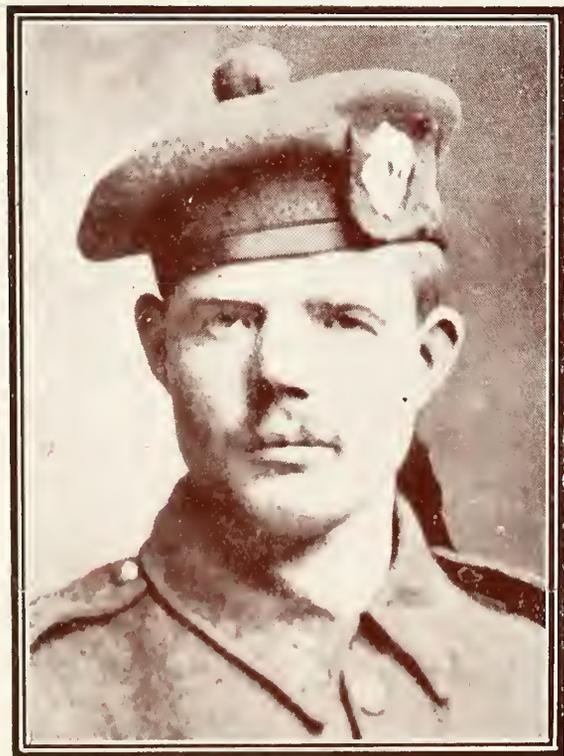
PRIVATE WILLIAM BRUCE HIGGINS,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



PTE. WILLIAM ADDISON,
SKIRLING.



LCE.-CPL. JOHN W. SCOTT,
MANOR.



LCE.-CPL. GEORGE DARGIE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PTE. J. M'MARTIN,
SKIRLING.



PTE. FREDERICK KEITH,
WALKERBURN.



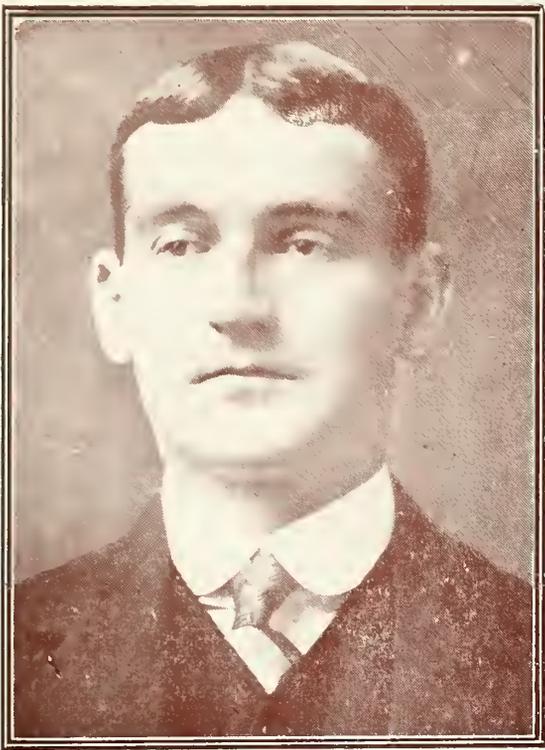
LCE.-CPL. THOMAS BROWN,
INNERLEITHEN.



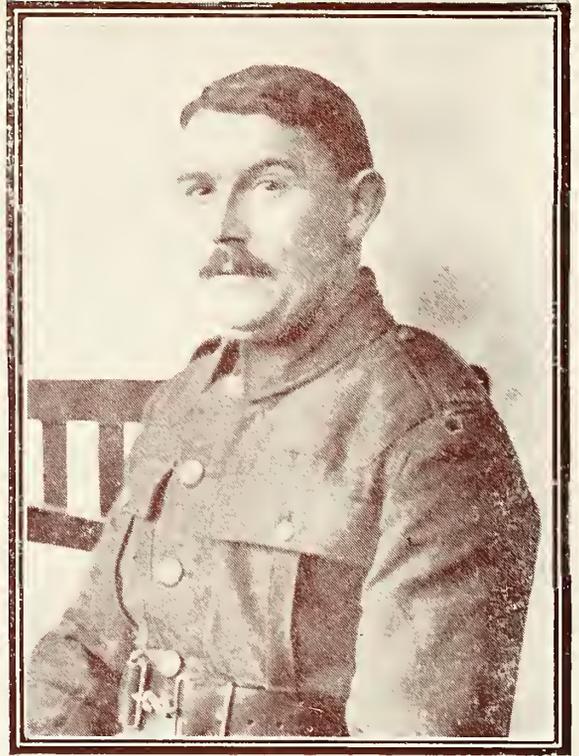
TROOPER JAMES FAIRBAIRN WATSON,
WALKERBURN AND EDDLESTON.



PTE. JOHN SHANNON,
STOBO.



PRIVATE GEORGE W. HUNTER,
BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE THOMAS SWAN,
BROUGHTON.



FLIGHT SUBJECT ALAN THEODORE GRAY,
EDDESTON AND SOUTH AFRICA.



PRIVATE GEORGE L. SMART,
INNERLEITHEN.

mas Day, by Rev. Andrew Brown of Fordsburg. Before he was a year old the Anglo-Boer War broke out, and he spent the early part of his life in Natal as a "refugee," exiled from Pretoria, while his father served as chaplain to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, to the Scottish Rifles, and later was attached to many hospitals in Pretoria. In June, 1901, Alan and his mother and two sisters returned from Natal to Pretoria. He was first taught at the Pretoria High School, from 6½ years to 10 years. Then his father moved from Pretoria to Grahamstown, Cape Province, to be the minister at Trinity Church. In Grahamstown Alan attended the Victoria High School from ten years of age until he was seventeen, and then entered Rhodes University College to take the engineering course. He was a keen Boy Scout, and later was a patrol leader; he was a cadet and was very much interested in the drill and the camp life. He was naturally inclined to be "bookish," and was often drawn away from his books by his mother and sent out of doors, as it was feared that he read too much. He was fond of singing, and was ever ready to help the choir and to give a good rousing song. He was a boyish lad, full of faults, full of nonsense, and found this life was a very busy and a very happy one for the most part.

Nearly all the men of his class in college decided to join the forces and do their "bit." All felt Alan was too young, and when he spoke to his father, the answer was, "When you are eighteen you may talk of going. Meantime go on with your studies." But Alan was doing all he could to get "fit," and quietly worked away to see if there would not be an opening without having to wait. At last a comrade urged him to join him, and he went to his parents, begging to be allowed to go, and though not quite eighteen, they saw how eager he was and consented. The voyage was full of interest, and he soon became happy and at home in London, where he made many friends. First and foremost he sought to get into touch with the military authorities, and was disappointed that he could not enter Woolwich or Sandhurst, because of being too young. The Hon. W. P. Schreiner advised his entering the Royal Naval Air Service, which he did on December 10, 1916, with his comrade and warm friend, Leslie Philip.

Alan was at the Crystal Palace, at Chingford, at Sleaford, at Friestown, and at Lincoln, and on July 16, 1917, he passed as a pilot and being second in his exams, obtained two months' seniority. He went over to France early in August, and was soon stationed in the Naval Aerodrome at Bailleul. His log book shows heavy work and two close offensives. On August 16, 1917, he was reported "missing." It was a bright, though cold, season in Grahamstown. His parents were sitting together on the 17th August and his father seemed reluctant to have his wife leave him, and as he read the afternoon paper—"Heavy offensive in the Air Service. Thirteen machines missing"—a dread came over him. At four o'clock a cable was brought—"Regret to say, August 16, Flight sub-Lieut. Alan T. Gray missing." This was dated on the 17th and came quickly. "I have feared this," his father said. Soon the little town knew, and, oh, the letters and wires of sympathy and tenderness. On October 9 came a cable from the High Commissioner—"Am gratified to inform you your son is a prisoner of war and unwounded." This was confirmed later by his Squadron Commander and his chum, Leslie Philip, and by other cables. But from that day on no other news had ever come—though every German camp, every Red Cross Society, every available place in the Netherlands, France, Switzerland, and Italy has been sought! American authorities, Spanish authorities, Italian authorities have been implored to join in the search.

In his home are huge piles of letters and telegrams relative to this vain quest. On September 16, 1918, the Admiralty wrote that as nothing had been heard, and as "a crashed plane and unidentified pilot on August 17, 1917, were reported by German authorities," it was "presumed that Flight Sub-Lieut. Alan T. Gray had been killed in action."

Carefully and kindly were his handbag, suit case and kit bag packed and safely returned to the Manse, and their coming brought comfort, showing that high home ideals had ever been preserved, although the loneliness and the mourning for a dear and only son were changed from bitterness and pain only by God's grace and love and constant presence.

It was hoped that Alan would have had

a more and useful and happy life. But who can doubt but that just such loving, gallant souls are serving God "day and night" with highest endeavours, glad some service and purest joy in a better world?

"The recruits of the air were young, some of them no more than boys. Their training lasted only a few months. They put their home life behind them, or kept it only as a fortifying memory, and threw themselves with fervour and abandon into the work to be done. Pride in their squadron became part of their religion. The demands made upon them, which, it might reasonably have been believed, were greater than human nature can endure, were taken by them as a matter of course; they fulfilled them, and went beyond. They were not a melancholy company; they had something of the lightness of the element in which they moved. Indeed, it would be difficult to find, in the world's history, any body of fighters who, for sheer gaiety and zest, could hold a candle to them. They have opened up a new vista for their country and for mankind. Their story, if it could ever be fully and truly written, is the Epic of Youth."

For you soared onwards to that world which
rags
Of clouds, like tattered flags,
Concealed; you reached the walls of
chrysolite,
The mansions white;
And losing all, you gained the civic crown
Of that eternal town,
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond
our ken.

A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate;
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.
Surely with soul elate,
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,
And surely your prophetic spirit knew
That you had well deserved that shining
fate.

PRIVATE THOMAS SWAN
(BROUGHTON)

5TH KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
1917. AUGUST 20.

Private Thomas Swan, 1/5th K.O.S.B., was employed as a ploughman when he enlisted at Dumfries on 16th June, 1916. After training

at Duddingston and Hawick he proceeded to France on 27th March, 1917, taking part on Easter morning at Vimy Ridge and at Paschendale. After five months' service in France he was severely wounded on 19th August 1917, at the Ypres front, and died next day, Monday. He left a widow and three children, residing at Kilbucho Place Cottages.

The following letter was received by his widow from the Chaplain:—

"Dear Mrs Swan,—You will have heard of the death of your husband from wounds. There is really nothing I can tell you as he never recovered consciousness; and I could not write to you before, as I have had so many hundreds of letters to write.

We laid your husband's body to rest in Brandlock Cemetery, and a cross has been placed at his grave.

I can only pray that God may grant you a right judgment so as to bear your sad loss without resentment, knowing that though the will of the enemy has caused the destruction of the earthly tabernacle, yet it is the will of God to "Save the life out of destruction," and to clothe it and house it anew; neither does God allow any brave loving soul to be in any way a loser by migrating from a world of strife and sorrow to a life of progress and enlightenment, where men evermore rejoice in God's holy comfort; and I pray that you also may find joy in that same comfort.

With deepest sympathy with yourself and all your husband's dear ones."

For all we have and are,

For all our children's fate,

Stand up and meet the war,

The Hun is at the gate.

Our world has passed away

In wantonness o'erthrown.

There is nothing left to-day

But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,

The old Commandments stand:

"In courage keep your heart,

In strength lift up your hand."

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph;

Heid we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better, sleep to wake.

PRIVATE GEORGE L. SMART

(INNERLEITHEN)

13TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. AUGUST 22 (WEDNESDAY).

Mrs Smart, Buccleuch St., Innerleithen, received a letter from a chaplain in France, intimating that her son, Private George Smart, Royal Scots, has been killed in action by gunshot. He was a most promising youth. Nine years ago he was dux boy of the school afterwards attending Peebles County and Burgh High School for three years. Later he was for a few years in the Town Clerk's office. He was afterwards in the wool store of Caerlee Mill. When war broke out he was attending technical classes at Galashiels, and was giving promise of a very successful career. He joined up in March, 1915, and had seen considerable active service. He had five brothers serving, one of whom had been a prisoner of war for three years—six gallant Smarts.

His brother, William, was to pass away on August 4, 1918.

And I, I watched them working, dreaming, playing,

Saw their young bodies fit the mind's desire,
Felt them reach outward, upward, still obeying

The passionate dictates of their hidden fire.
Yet here and there some greybeard breathed derision,

“Too much of luxury, too soft an age.

Your careless Galahads will see no vision,

Your knights will make no mark on honour's page.”

No mark? Go ask the broken fields of Flanders,

Ask the great dead who watched in ancient Troy,

Ask the old moon as round the world she wanders

What of the men who were my hope and joy?

PRIVATE ADAM PEDEN

(WALKERBURN)

13TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. AUGUST 22 (WEDNESDAY).

No. 331201 Pte. Adam Peden, 13th Royal Scots, enlisted April 19, 1917; left for France, July 17, 1917; reported missing on 22nd August, presumed killed on that date. He was

20 years of age and resided with his father and mother at Jubilee Road, Walkerburn; was employed as a spinner at Tweedholm Mills, Walkerburn. He was a very keen angler.

As there were two Adam Pedens who fell in the Royal Scots, his regimental number is specially quoted. On this day there was heavy fighting on the Ypres front; the British line was advanced 500 yards on a one-mile front. It has advanced also half a mile on a two and a half mile front, Lens being the objective.

“Not Angles merely, but Angel stock,
These boys blue-eyed and shining from the sea,
Which like a silver girdle belts their home,
Not slaves, but souls, not tools to use,
But men to love and lead and save for God
Who made them; and for that great King
who died
The death of shame and glory on the
Cross.”

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and captains, a shining train,
But the little young knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band,
And the young knights' laughter pleaseth God.

PRIVATE WILLIAM WILLIAMSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1917. AUGUST 25 (SATURDAY).

Mrs Williamson, 84 High Street, Innerleithen, received official intimation that her eldest son, Private William Williamson, K.O.S.B., was killed in action on 25th August, 1917. He was aged 27 and enlisted in April, 1916. After training for a year he was drafted to France. Before enlisting he was a laundryman with his brother in Chapel Street. His brother was also serving.

On the 24th the British lines were forced back from positions gained on the 22nd,

and on the 25th the enemy recaptured some of their positions lost on the 19th, but were drawn out later in the day.

Then let's have faith; good cometh out of ill;
The Power that shaped the strife shall end
the strife;

Then let's bow down before the Unknown
Will;

Fight on, believing all is well with life;
Seeing within the worst of war's red rage
The gleam, the glory of the golden age.

PRIVATE THOMAS SOMERVILLE

(BROUGHTON)

16TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. AUGUST 26.

Private Thomas Somerville, Hartree Square, joined the 16th Royal Scots on 9th December, 1915, and was trained at Gleneorse and Queensferry.

He went to France on 1st December, 1916, and was in several engagements. On Sunday, 26th August, 1917, he was killed by shell fire whilst acting as a stretcher-bearer. He was buried at a point south-south-west of Hargicourt and south of Epehy. He left a widow, who resides at Hartree Square, Kilbucho, and for whom much sympathy is felt.

On this day the British recaptured enemy positions east of Hargicourt, in the west of St Quentin on a front of over a mile, and half a mile deep.

"So far with me, no further now!
Our journey all so brief is done;
Thou goest on thine unseen way,
And I must tread my path alone.

They two went on; and we have been
Through Bethel's plain and Jordan's flood,
Then one went back to serve and wait
And one soared up to dwell with God.

We two went on, ah, not alone,
And though no gleam of light I see;
There walks with me the Holy One
And Christ, the living God, with thee."

They healed sick hearts till theirs were
broken,

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought, and fell in the fight;

Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate toils unchronicled,
And silent strifes for right—
Angels shall count them, and earth shall
sigh
That she left her best children to battle and
die.

**SECOND-LIEUTENANT
THOMAS EDWARD BARTLEMAN.**

(KIRKURD)

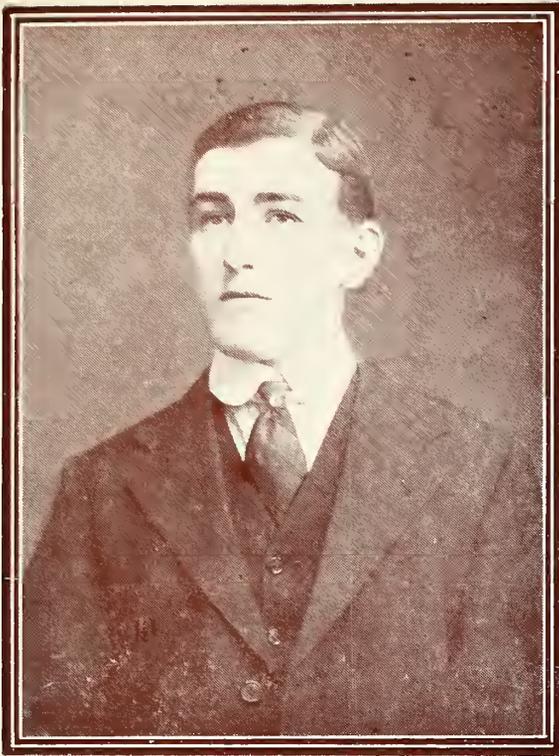
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1917. SEPTEMBER 6 (THURSDAY)

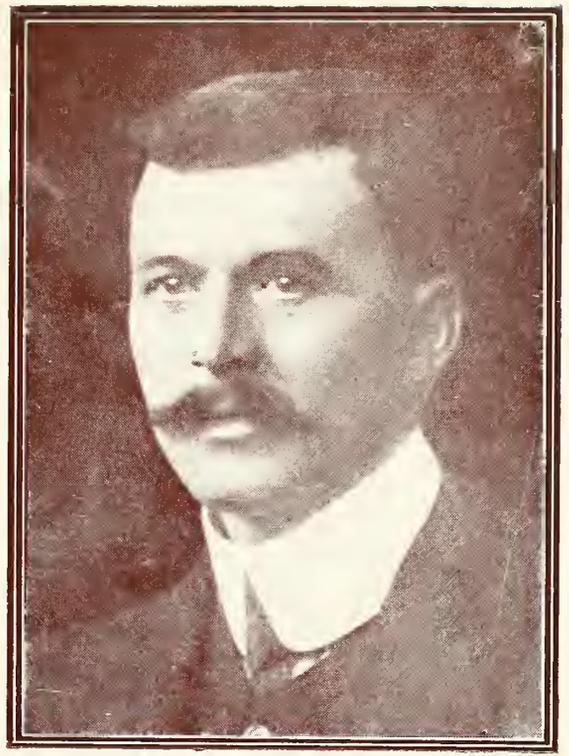
A singularly bright and winning personality has gone from us in Tommy Bartleman, than whom, as a schoolboy, or F.P., there was no more patriotic Watsonian. The younger son of Mr J. Bartleman, 1 Merchiston Park, Edinburgh, he entered the school in 1901, the youngest pupil in it for the time being. He early joined the O.T.C. Band as a piper, was present as a representative of the corps at the Windsor Review, and as one would expect from his radiant personality, was the leader of a group of kindred spirits, full of clean mirth and boyish enthusiasm. He played football in his house team, Preston; was in the cricket XI. for 1914, and upheld the honour of his house at the shooting range, being in the winning Preston team for 1913. He had left us for a post in the City Analyst's office, but at the "cry for men," he joined the Fifth Royal Scots in November, 1915. His skill as a piper won him a place in the band, but he subsequently transferred to the ranks, and was sent to a cadets' school to train for a commission. Gazetted to the Fifth Seaforths in April of this year, he went overseas on the 1st of June. In an onslaught on the enemy trench (6th September), his men were held up by machine gun fire. In a gallant attempt to rush the hostile gun in a German pill-box, he and his sergeant fell side by side. Though he had been but a short time with them, he was beloved by his men. Our sympathy with the bereaved parents is all the deeper in that by his loss, "their home is left unto them desolate."

His brother William fell on May 2, 1915.

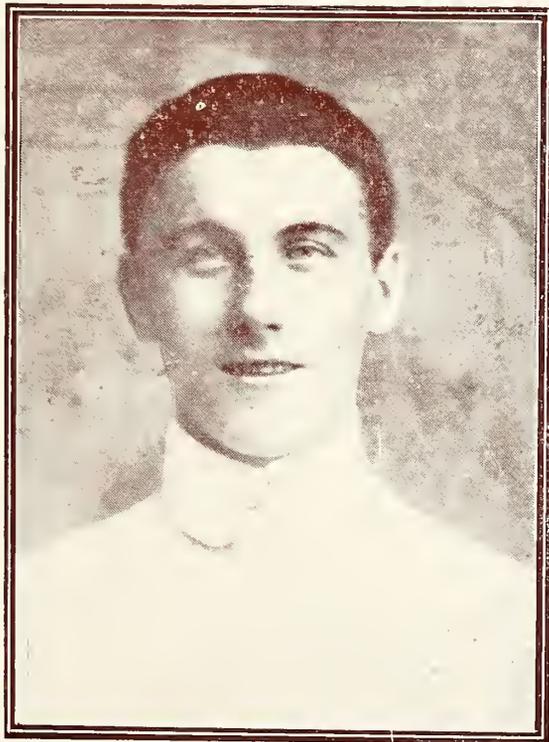
Report on raid carried out by 15th Seaforth Highlanders, relating to Lieut. T. E. Bartleman:—



PRIVATE ADAM PEDEN,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE THOMAS SOMERVILLE,
BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE WILLIAM WILLIAMSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT THOMAS EDWARD BARTLEMAN,
KIRKURD.



SAPPER NORMAN ROLF SHIELDS,
INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA.



PRIVATE FRANCIS GREEN,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM ECKFORD,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE GEORGE IRELAND,
BROUGHTON.

"The party got to within 30 yards of Pheasant Trench, under Lieut. Bartleman, but, owing to machine gun fire, rifle fire, and bombs, the party was held up, and Second-Lieutenant T. E. Bartleman, while endeavouring to work round the blockhouse, was shot through the head. The leading of the raid left nothing to be desired. Lieut. Bartleman showed the utmost courage and bravery. I wish specially to mention this officer."—Lt.-Col. 1/5th Seaforth Highlanders, B.E.F., 8th September, 1917.

Dear Mr and Mrs Bartleman,—I cannot say how sorry I am to tell you that your dear son Tom was killed instantaneously on the morning of the 6th inst., during a raid by my company on the enemy's lines. Tom joined this company a week after he joined the battalion, and I was fortunate enough to get him. He was adored by his platoon, and no wonder, as he always set them a glorious example. I have had to censor numerous letters from men in his platoon, and each one of them remarks on the fine officer they have lost. I am left alone in my company, as I went up the line with three others, and Tom was killed and Macleod and Lundie wounded. They and their men did splendid work, however, and I hope to be able to get the official report sent on to you. Of course, you will understand this is private, and must not be published, but I have got permission from the Colonel to send you one to keep. Tom was shot through the head and was fortunate in getting the most merciful death a soldier could wish to get. He and his sergeant, Ross, died about three yards from one another, and almost up at the enemy's trench."—J. CORRIGALL, Capt. and Company Commander.

From "Gordon," D Coy., 3rd Gordon Highlanders, School, Aberdeen, September 14, 1917:—

"I am utterly at a loss to know what to write or how to write. I only want to say that my heart is right sore for you, and with you both. I shall come and see you if I may, when I get my leave, and I hope then to be able to say the things I want to, and cannot now, and to hear all the sad particulars.

May the loving, tender Jesus Christ be your comfort and stay, dear kind friends who have been so kind to me. How glad I am that I have had the privilege of Tommy's heart friendship—and how great is our treasure becoming in Heaven!

When I go out myself, I shall come specially for your benediction, that I may fight as nobly and as splendidly as they did, and that I may go forth as from you.

Dear Tommy—amidst all the pain and bitterness is there not a note of triumph?—he played the game. (You remember how Billie and he would set that fine idea of 'playing the game' before everything, on the field at Myreside, and in the larger field of life), and the dear kid did not turn back. How well I remember him going low to save his side from being scored against.

Thank God for the life of Tom—clean, eager, loving and Christian. I shall pray for you both for I love you, as I have loved, and still love, the 'pals.'

Ever with my warmest love and earnest prayers, yours affectionately,

GORDON."

From Captain Aymer D. Maxwell:—

"I feel like I have known Tommy since his childhood, and I have always loved him like a young brother. To my great delight I met him out here at the end of June, and even then I felt a lump in my throat at the thought of his actually being out here and engaged in this infernal business. I have seen him often since, and on the 8th or 9th of last month, he came across to shake my hand as we were marching past his camp on the night we were relieved in the trenches.

I only heard yesterday that he had died most gallantly on the German parapet, and I went straight across to his colonel, whom I have known for a long time, and he just told me he had lost one of the finest officers in his battalion. I went over again to see his company commander, and he was most awfully upset, but he said—"Well, if he had pulled through, he could not have got less than a Military Cross."

I just give you that as a very slight consolation in your great sorrow, and as liberally believe that you and Mr Bartleman will understand that my grief and sympathy cannot be expressed in a letter, I will

only add that I have lost a great friend and a very gallant comrade."

From the Rev. W. P. Young, Chaplain. 9th September, 1917:—

"I joined the battalion as chaplain on Friday, and the first news I got was that your son had been killed the night before. I knew him at Ripon when he was there, and I knew friends of his at Schoolboy Camps. He was a fine boy, and he had done well out here. One of the men in his letter home to-day, says how sorry they all are to lose their officer, as fine a one as ever they had.

I have been out myself as a combatant, and I personally have learnt in the war only a very strong and sure belief that death is only the entrance to fuller and better life, and I have no thought else of a fine boy like your son; but I know what a grief it must be to you, and a sense of loss you must have. This, hardest for those at home.

His captain is writing you fully of the details, which I dont know through arriving only the day after, but may I send you my own, and the sympathy of all the officers here who knew him."

. . . . One of quiet mould
Gazed long at those school chronicles that
told

Of honours that the stately school had known.
He read the names, and wondered if his own
Would ever grace the walls in letters bold.

He knew not that he for the School would
gain

A greater honour with a higher price—
That, no long years of work, but bitter pain
And his rich life, he was to sacrifice—
Not in a University's grey peace,
But on the Battlefield his earthly life would
cease.

SAPPER NORMAN ROLF SHIELLS

(INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA)

1ST AUSTRALIAN TUNNELLING COMPANY.

1917. SEPTEMBER 14.

Killed in action in France on Friday, the 14th September, 1917, Sapper Norman Rolf Shiells, Australian Contingent, beloved son of Mr and Mrs Gilbert Shiells, Mima, Australia, late of Innerleithen.

He enlisted in May, 1916, sailed from Melbourne on the 25th October, 1916, and was killed on the 14th September, 1917, at Ypres, and was buried there. He was born at Hobart, Tasmania, in the year 1896. He was only aged four years when the family came to live at New South Wales, and was twenty years and nine months old when he fell. Before enlisting he worked in the coal mines, and was well respected by all who knew him. He had never been away from home before joining the army, and was the youngest of the family. He was of a bright and happy disposition, always "singing very loudly of his home and people." Wherever he went he was ever well liked. His chum who buried his body paid a visit to his parents, telling them that Norman never shirked his duty, and was every ready to do a good turn for anyone. He lived an honourable and clean life while abroad.

War is declared in Britain, such is the news
and true;

Now that the Mother's smitten, what will her
litters do?

Volunteers, all come forward, stand to your
arms like men,

Let the Germans know that where'er they go,
If at home, or here, they will meet their foe
When they come to the Mother's den.

The soldier said, as he lay a-dying,

"I am content.

Send word to my mother who lives in the
town,

And to my beloved who dwells in a cot,
So they may join hands and pray for my
soul."

The soldier is dead. His sweetheart and
mother

Have joined their hands, and prayed for his
soul:

They digged his grave on the field of the
battle:

The earth where they laid him was reddened
with blood:

And the sun said, as he witnessed the scene,
"I too am content."

The flowers have grown on his grave,
Each flower contented to blossom.

(From the French).

PRIVATE WILLIAM ECKFORD

(INNERLEITHEN)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1917. SEPTEMBER 16 (SUNDAY).

Mr and Mrs Eckford, Greenhead, received an official telegram, intimating that their son, Private William Eckford, H.L.I., had died in a military hospital at Amara, Mesopotamia. He was admitted to hospital a few weeks before, suffering from intestinal inflammation, and he died on the 16th September. Private Eckford joined the K.O.S.B. early in 1915, and was trained in Duddingston. He was afterwards transferred to the H.L.I., and was drafted to Mesopotamia about Christmas, 1916. In civil life he was a hewer to trade, but latterly worked in St Ronan's Mill. He was for some time a playing member of the Vale of Leithen F.C., and was 37 years of age. Two brothers are with the Colours in France.

Extract from letter, written July 31st, 1917:—

Mesopotamia.

This is a terrible country for heat, and it takes a lot of sticking. There is not much scenery here and some parts a tree isn't to be seen. Nothing but a desert stretching for miles, with the Tigris flowing down the centre. There are very wild sand-storms now and again. I wish the day was here when we will all be returning home.

He was a keen cricketer and played for Innerleithen, Haddington, and coached at George Watson's College. He excelled as a bowler, and often won the prize for the best bowling analysis at the end of the season.

He was of a quiet, genial disposition, and his favourite pastime was a day up the Leithen with the rod.

This be our epitaph—"Traveller, south or west,

Go say at home we heard the trumpet call
And answered. Now, beside the sea we rest.
Our end was happy if our country thrives;
Such was demanded. Lo, our store was small—

That which we had we gave—it was our lives."

They left the fury of the fight,

And they were very tired;

The gates of Heaven were open quite,
Unguarded and unwired.

There was no sound of any gun,

The land was still and green;

Wide hills lay silent in the sun,

Blue valleys slept between,

They saw far off a little wood

Stand up against the sky.

Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood,

Some lazy cows went by.

There were some rooks sailed overhead,

And once a church-bell pealed.

"God, but it's Scotland," someone said,

"And there's a football field."

PRIVATE FRANCIS GREEN.

(INNERLEITHEN)

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

1917. SEPTEMBER 17 (MONDAY).

Mr and Mrs Green, Station Road, Innerleithen, received official intimation that their son, Private F. Green, Gordon Highlanders, had been killed. The chaplain wrote details to them. He was leaving the trenches for a rest when he was knocked down by shell fire. He was aged 23, and joined in May, 1915. He was trained in the A. & S., and was transferred to the Gordons when he went to France. He was employed in Tweedvale Mills, Walkerburn. He had two brothers in the army.

The second phase of the Third Battle of Ypres had begun on the 15th. On the 16th a German attack on Apremont Forest at St Mihiel failed.

There's traffic in the worlds immortal,

For many souls are flying home,

Striving and pushing at the portal

For sight of glorious things to come.

What rout of things against the sunset?

What rosy plumes the dawning bar?

Heaven's stormed with gay and happy onset

Of youngling things home from the war.

Though the old nests be sad, forsaken,

The cotes of Heaven are yet unfilled:

In trees of Heaven as yet untaken

The immortal Loves lift hearts and build.

O Land. O Land.

For all the broken-hearted.

The dearest herald by our fate allotted,

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

To the Land of the Great Departed,

Into the Silent Land.

PRIVATE GEORGE IRELAND

(BROUGHTON)

LABOUR BATTALION.

1917. SEPTEMBER 20 (THURSDAY).

Private George Ireland, gardener to Mr Welsh, Mossfennan, joined the army in May, 1915, and was sent to France in July, 1917, being attached to the Labour Battalion. He was killed by a stray shell, death being instantaneous, and was buried beside his comrades at Ypres. He leaves a widow and four children, for whom much sympathy was felt. Private Ireland was a quiet, unassuming man, and generally esteemed.

The third phase of the battle of Ypres began on October 9, with Franco-British attacks on Houlthuest Forest. At one o'clock a great advance began on Passchendalle Ridge, 2000 prisoners being taken. On the 12th, the British attacked north-east of Ypres on a six-mile front to Ypres-Roulers railway. And on the 17th there was great artillery activity north-east of Soissons, and on the Aisne front on the 20th. On the 23rd there was a great French victory on the Aisne.

It is my sad duty to have to inform you of the death in action of Private George Ireland on the 20th September, 1917. It may be a source of satisfaction to you to know that he was killed outright, and that he would therefore suffer no pain. He now lies buried beside many of his comrades, who, like him, died on the field of honour. May God comfort you in your sore bereavement, and all who loved him and sustain you with the thought that he did not die in vain, but like the Saviour he gave his life that others might live."

I am after getting back from hospital, and am exceedingly sorry to hear of the death of your beloved husband, Private George Ireland, and I write as a pal of his to tender you my heartfelt sympathy in your sore bereavement. Poor George and a few more of the boys were killed by a shell, and I learn from one of the chaplains that they were buried together at the British Soldiers' Cemetery at Ypres. If it will be possible for me, I shall visit the cemetery before leaving the district.

I miss poor George very much, as we were fast friends. Two nights before the battalion left for Belgium, he came to the hospital with my mail, and little we thought that we would not see each other any more. But I pray that God may sustain and comfort you in your sore bereavement.

I, that on my familiar hill,
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noon-day sword
Must say good-bye to all of this—
By delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

Hush, my Soul. And vain regrets, be stilled.
Find rest in Him, who is the complement
Of what so'er transcends your mortal doom
Of broken hope and frustrated intent;
In the clear vision and aspect of whom
All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.

PRIVATE JOHN TAYLOR ELLIS

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

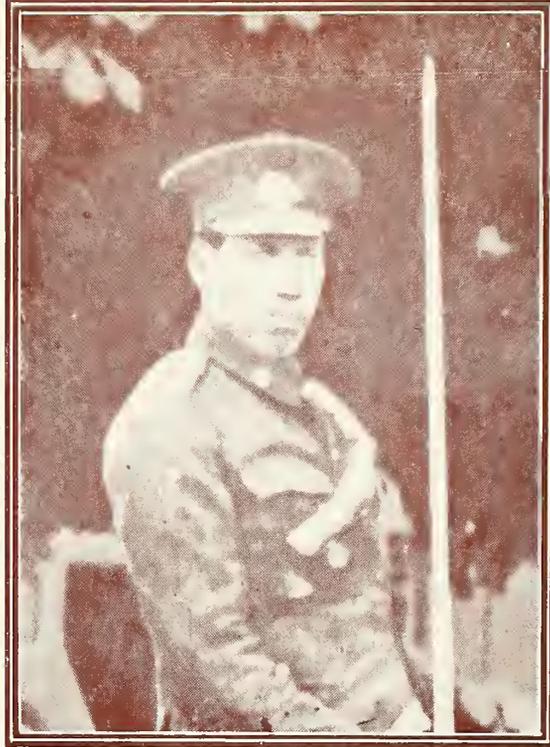
1917. SEPTEMBER 20. MISSING.

Previously reported missing on 20th September, 1917, now presumed killed on that date, Private John Taylor Ellis, Royal Scots, aged 22 years, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Ellis, The Crossings, Glenormiston, Innerleithen; deeply regretted.

Mr and Mrs Ellis, The Crossings, Glenormiston, had received official intimation that their eldest son, Private J. Ellis, of the Royal Scots, had been missing since 20th September. Private Ellis joined up almost at the beginning of hostilities, on 30th August, 1914, in Kitchener's Army. Drafted to France in the Royal Scots in May, 1915, he saw much active service in the Ypres section and Somme battles. He was twice home on sick leave. He was 22 years of age, and before enlistment was engaged as a railway



PRIVATE JOHN TAYLOR ELLIS,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE THOMAS YELLOWLEES,
TWEEDSMUIR AND ETRICK.



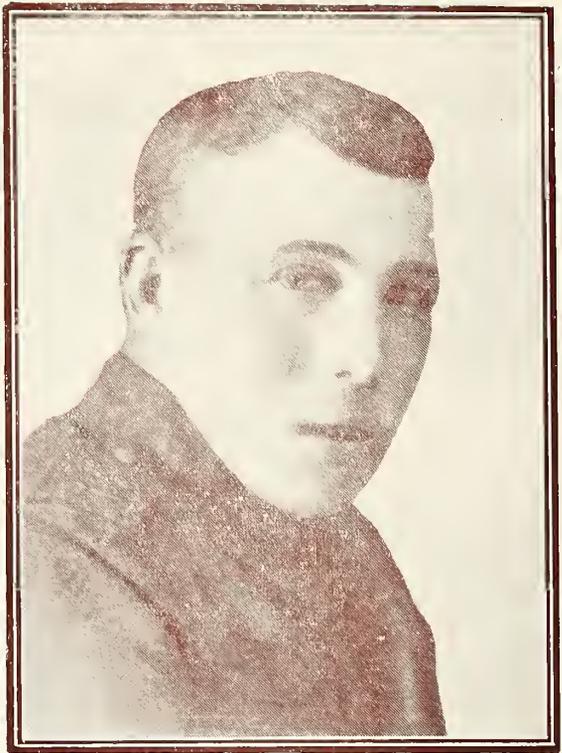
CORPORAL JAMES SHAW,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE GEORGE KERR,
INNERLEITHEN.



CAPTAIN GEORGE H. F. BARTHOLOMEW,
BROUGHTON.



SAPPER THOMAS FULLERTON,
EDDLESTON.



SECOND LIEUTENANT HARRY T. MAXWELL,
TRAQUAIR.



FARRIER CORPORAL DONALD McQUASHAN,
EDDLESTON.

goods porter at Innerleithen station. He had one brother in training.

In a thousand years
It will all be the same
Which of us was to blame?
What will it matter then?
Over the sleeping men
Grass will so softly grow,
No one would ever know
Of the dark crimson stain,
Of all the hate and pain,
That once had fearful birth
In the black secret earth.
Into the Silent Land.
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more thickly
gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker than the
strand,
You lead us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land.

CORPORAL JAMES SHAW

(WALKERBURN)

9TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. SEPTEMBER 23.

News was received by his sister, Miss Mary Shaw, Tweed View, Walkerburn, of the death of her brother, Corporal James Shaw, Royal Scots. He was wounded in the left leg by shrapnel on 23rd September, and lived only a few hours after admission to hospital.

Corporal Shaw joined up on the day of mobilisation, having done seven years' service in the Volunteer and Territorial Force. He did not go out to France in 1914 with the 8th Royal Scots, but he went out in July, 1915, coming home at the end of the year on special leave owing to bereavement. In 1916, Corporal Shaw was drafted to the 9th Royal Scots, with whom he spent some months, seeing some severe fighting at Beaumont, Hamel, and other places. He was home again at the beginning of 1917 for four weeks being time expired, but before he went out again he spent 3 months in hospital in Edinburgh. Going to France again in July, he was dangerously wounded on 22nd September and died the following day after having a leg amputated. Before war broke out, Cpl. Shaw was employed in the yarn department of Tweedvale Mills (Messrs

Henry Ballantyne & Sons, Limited). He was a prominent member of Walkerburn Rugby Club, being a three-quarter of no mean order, being possessed of a rare turn of speed

But we will go to Zion,
By choice, and not through dread,
With these our present comrades
And those our present dead;
And, being free of Zion
In both her fellowships,
Sit down and sup in Zion—
Stand up and drink in Zion,
Whatever cup in Zion
Is offered to our lips.

Confident as a child that turns,
When tired, on a lonely road,
To nestle on his father's arm,
Feeling in love a sure abode,
So dwelled he in his Maker's care,
Resigned no longer here to roam,
And when he bade his friend farewell,
Said:—"Mate, I am going Home."

PRIVATE THOMAS YELLOWLEES

(TWEEDSMUIR AND ETRICK)

BLACK WATCH.

1917. SEPTEMBER 28 (FRIDAY).

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Private Thomas Yellowlees, Black Watch, who was "killed in action" on the western front on the 28th of September, 1917. In obedience to the orders of his superior officer, Yellowlees, with five other men, was holding an advanced post of danger and importance on that day. The position was being subjected to an intense bombardment. A shell burst, blowing in the post, and all six men were instantaneously killed. Our young friend died as every good soldier would wish to die, taking no thought of self, but simply doing his duty. He had just completed three years of strenuous and honourable service with the colours. In the very first month of the war he was quick to see where his line of duty lay, and at a time when volunteers from this and the neighbouring valley were comparatively few, he volunteered and enlisted as a trooper in the Scots Greys. Being eager and anxious to get into the fighting line and see active service at the earliest possible moment, he transferred into the Black Watch

and shared in the honours, dangers, hardships, and heroic achievements of that historic regiment during the next two and a half years. He was severely wounded at Loos on the memorable 25th of September, 1915, and, after an all too brief period of convalescence, he rejoined his battalion, and was wounded again some months later. Now, at the age of twenty-two he has been called upon to make "the supreme sacrifice," and rests from his labours. In the death of Tom Yellowlees Tweeddale mourns the loss of one of the bravest and manliest of her younger sons. In offering this humble tribute to his memory I cannot do better than quote a single sentence from a letter of sympathy, written to his mother by the officer of his platoon: "Your son was a splendid soldier, and I could have spared almost any other man in the platoon rather than your son." We will never cease to think with pride of the tall, handsome, kindly, lovable lad, who was the first of our local contingent who has been privileged to give his life at the call of duty in the service of his country and king. We give God thanks for the memory of such a life and such a death. With a proud sorrow we leave him in the company of the kindred and heroic dead who, like him, sleep their last sleep on the field of honour in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

In September, 1917, the front of the Second Army was extended northward, and Sir Herbert Plummer took over the attack upon the southern portion of the enemy front on the Menin road. Our artillery tactics were revised in order to cope with the German "pill-boxes." In the early days of September the sodden soil of the salient began slowly to dry. The new eight mile front of attack ran from the Ypres-Staden Railway north of Lange-marck to the Ypres-Comines Canal north of Hollebeke. At dawn on the morning of the 20th September the attack was launched. The most remarkable achievement was that of the Scottish and South African Brigades of the 9th Division, which won their final objectives in three hours. The crux of the battle lay in the area of the Second Army, and the vital point was the work of its centre along the Menin road. The Australians by mid-day had cleared and secured the whole western half of Polygon Wood. This cracked the ker-

nel of the German defence in the salient. The battle of 20th September was a proof of what heights of endurance the British soldier may attain to. From the 21st to the 25th September the Germans made furious counter-attacks upon our lines; but made no progress. We struck again on the 26th September. In the centre we took the ruins of Zonnebeke village; and further south the Australians carried the remainder of Polygon Wood. On 30th September the Germans renewed their attacks, and continued until the 3rd October

They went with songs to the battle, they,
were young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and
aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted;

They fell with their faces to the foe.

We are quite sure,
That He will give them back, bright, pure,
and beautiful;

We know He will but keep
Our own, and His, until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.

PRIVATE GEORGE KERR

(INNERLEITHEN)

BLACK WATCH.

1917. MONDAY, OCTOBER 1.

On 1st October, at Horton War Hospital, Epsom, of wounds received in action, Private George Kerr, Black Watch, fourth son of John Kerr, Traquair Road, Innerleithen.

Another St Ronan's lad made the supreme sacrifice for his King and Country, in the person of Private George Kerr, youngest son of Mr John Kerr, Station Road. When war broke out, Private Kerr was working in Leithen Mills. He joined Kitchener's Army at the very commencement of hostilities, and after a few months' training with a battalion of the Royal Scots he was drafted to France. On September 25, 1915, he was wounded at the battle of Loos. He was afterwards transferred to a Cycle Corps, and finally attached to the Black Watch. He was wounded in the head by fragments of shell at the battle of Vimy Ridge, on the Arras front, on the 9th April, and has been more

or less in and out of hospital ever since. It appears that fragments of shell were still in his head, and it was thought they would ultimately work out, but he died somewhat suddenly in a hospital at Horton, Epsom. He was 29 years of age, and of a very quiet disposition. He had three brothers serving—Lance-Corporal James in the K.O.S.B., Lance-Corporal Colin in the Machine Gun Corps, and Corporal Walter, 8th Royal Scots (twice wounded). The deceased's remains were brought home and interred in Innerleithen Cemetery.

“Who would be raised among his friends
to fame,

And do brave deeds till light and life are
gone;

He who has thus wrought himself praise
shall have

A settled glory underneath the stars.”

“Sleep soft, beloved,” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dreams again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. F. BARTHOLOMEW (BROUGHTON)

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS
1917. OCTOBER 2 (TUESDAY).

Captain George Hugh Freeland Bartholomew, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (died of wounds), was the second son of Dr and Mrs Bartholomew, of Cardon, 4 Morton Hall Road, Edinburgh, and Merlindale, Broughton. He was educated at Merchiston Castle School, and was entered for Corpus Christi College, Oxford, when war broke out. From the Merchiston O.T.C. he got a commission in the Argyll and Sutherlands, and went out to the front in June, 1916. He received his captaincy in May this year. The many letters from his fellow officers are a tribute to the affectionate regard and esteem in which he was held by them, as well as by the men of his company.

His Colonel wrote:—

“As an officer I always considered him one full of promise; he was one of my best. As a boy I had a great admiration for him,

apart from his work, and I miss him very much indeed. He was much loved by the men, and extremely popular with his brother officers. You have every reason to be proud of him; his battalion is.”

A Colonel commanding the battalion previously wrote:—

“He was one of the youngest officers I had when I took over the command of the 14th A. & S. Highlanders, but I soon learned that he had the coolness and qualifications of an older person. . . Well do I remember the gallant work of reconnaissance which your boy carried out at the ‘Double Crassier’—an evil spot near Lens, on a dark night, right into the German trenches, and the clear and useful sketch he made next day—a piece of work on which he was complimented by the General. I have heard no particulars, but am quite certain that he quitted himself as a gallant and brave soldier right up to the last. He was a credit to his family, and to his country.”

Captain Hugh Bartholomew was mentioned in despatches in the New Year lists after his death. He fell October 2nd, 1917.

Capt. Dickie's article in the “Dud” is appended:—

“Right back in the early days of the battalion he joined us, fresh from scholastic and athletic triumphs—on the threshold of his career.

Possessing personality and combining school-boy enthusiasm with remarkably sound judgment, he early attracted attention; and one felt that he was the ‘right stuff,’ and given his chance, Lieut. Bartholomew would go far.

And how well founded our forecasts were.

A born soldier!—in his commission we were privileged to see him in his proper setting.

With that calm demeanour, begotten of self-reliance, he was always ready to tackle an awkward situation with the best advantage, and at the same time inspire confidence in others.

Courageous to a degree, he set an example of supreme indifference to personal danger that was peerless.

Eminently loyal and endowed with exceptional abilities, his assistance and co-operation were simply invaluable.

Never self seeking, the interests and welfare of others were ever his chief concern. Always ready to help, no one in trouble ever sought his aid in vain.

On first acquaintance, his innate modesty gave rather the impression of a certain reserve of manner, but get behind that curtain of shyness and you found what a truly great soul he was.

Essentially genuine, he loathed eye-wash, and the public parading of good qualities on occasions—day in and day out his work bore the hall mark of excellence. Through his whole life ran the undercurrent of sincerity.

No fair weather friend was he—when the day was at its blackest you instinctively felt you had him close at your back to support you.

In his death, as in his life, he was heroic. To such a cheery comrade as 'Barty' one cannot say 'good-bye' without feeling a mighty pull at one's heart strings."

To such a tribute one appends the words of our Poet-Laureate—

" Rejoice, ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright;
And that your names, remembered day and night
Live on the lips of those that love you well,
Ye are the world's creators, and thro' might
Of everlasting love ye did excel.
Now ye are starry names, above the storm
And war of Time, and nature's endless wrong
Ye flit, in pictured truth, and peaceful form.
Wing'd with bright music and melodious song—
The flaming flowers of heaven, making May-dance
In dear Imagination's rich pleasance."

SECOND-LIEUTENANT HARRY T. MAXWELL STUART.

(TIRAQUAIR)

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

1917. OCTOBER 9 (TUESDAY).

Second-Lieutenant Harry T. Maxwell Stuart, born at Ascot on July 21st, 1887, was the second son of Mr and Mrs Maxwell Stuart,

and was educated at the R.C. College of Mount St Mary's, Chesterfield. He was the third to fall out of four. After leaving college he went out to British Columbia and worked as land surveyor for a few years. Subsequently Mr H. M. Stuart joined the British South African Co. in Rhodesia. On the outbreak of war the Rhodesian Rifle Corps was formed and with them Mr Maxwell Stuart served for a year and over. Eventually the Corps was disbanded and he returned to England and soon obtained a commission and was gazetted as Second-Lieutenant to the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards in June, 1916. In the following October Lieut. H. M. Stuart was sent out to France and for a time took part in railway construction work. He subsequently rejoined his regiment, where he was a general favourite and known as a hard-working and efficient officer. On October 9th, 1917, just as the Guard's Brigade were commencing their advance against the German position, Lieut. H. M. Stuart was killed instantaneously by an enemy shell. He was buried where he fell near Logdeudrift, about three miles north-east of Langemarck, by a Roman Catholic priest, and a cross was erected marking his grave.

The following are extracts from letters received:—

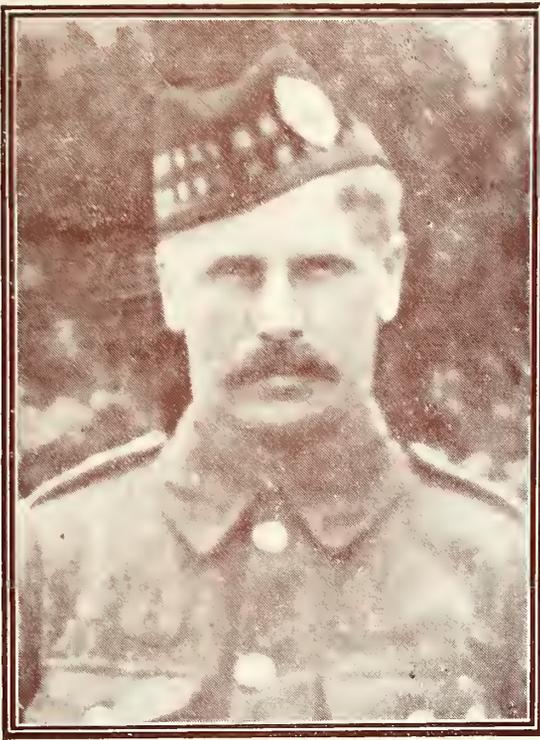
"The regiment can ill afford to lose boys like your son. He was a soldier of great promise, which was amply fulfilled when he joined his battalion in France."

"The success (of that particular portion of the advance) was in no small measure due to that gallant band of heroes who laid down their lives on the 9th day of October, 1917."

Again

"He did excellent work when on railway construction, was always cheerful and hard working, and popular with all."

There were lean Caesars from the glory fields
With heart that only to a sword-thrust yields;
And there were Generals decked in pride of rank,
Red scabbard swinging from the weary flank;
And slender youths, who were the sons of kings,



PRIVATE JOHN M'MORRAN,
BROUGHTON.



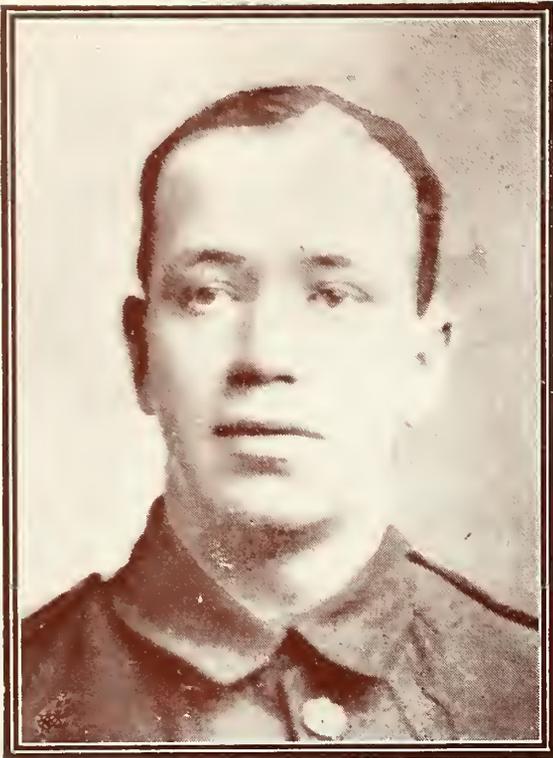
PRIVATE THOMAS ARMSTRONG HUME,
INNERLEITHEN.



GUNNER JOHN BURTON,
PEEBLES, MANOR, AND INNERLEITHEN.



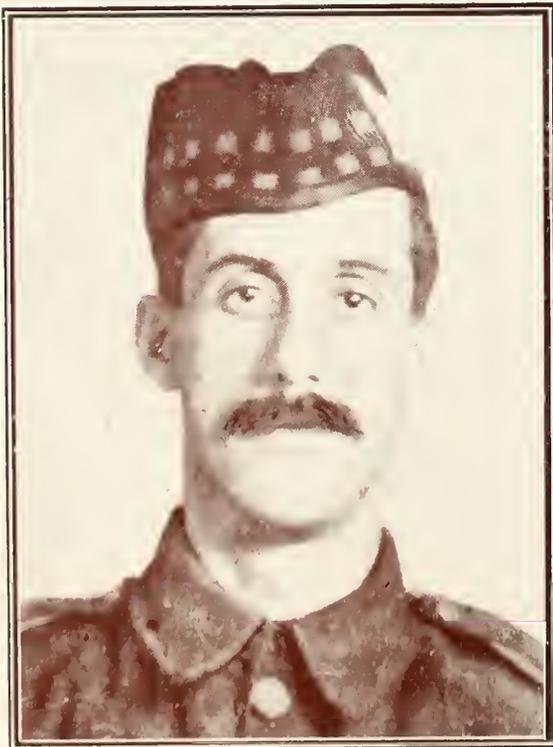
PRIVATE HARRY MIRTLÉ,
INNERLEITHEN.



LANCE-SERGT. WILLIE TAIT,
WALKERBURN.



RIFLEMAN DAVID JOHN MACKAY,
NEWLANDS AND SKIRLING.



SERGT. ROBERT FRENCH, M.M.,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM M'INTOSH,
INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA.

And Barons with their sixteen quarterings.
 And while the nobles went with haughty air,
 The courteous sentinel questioned: "Who
 goes there?"

And as each came, full lustily he cried
 His string of titles ere he passed inside.

God gave my son in trust to me;
 Christ died for him, and he should be
 A man for Christ. He is his own,
 And God's and man's; not mine alone.

He was not mine to give. He gave
 Himself that he might help to save
 All that a Christian should revere,
 And what enlightened men hold dear.

Let me by the Cross be warded,
 By the death of Christ be guarded,
 Nourished by divine supplies.

When the body death hath riven,
 Grant that to the soul be given
 Glories bright of paradise.

SAPPER THOMAS FULLERTON

(EDDLESTON)

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

1917. OCTOBER 11 (THURSDAY).

Died of wounds received in action on the
 7th October, 1917, Sapper Thomas Fullerton,
 R.E., beloved husband of Isabella Hogg,
 Carnbo, Kinross, and fifth son of William
 Fullerton, Tweeddale Burn, Gorebridge.

He was severely wounded "somewhere" in
 Belgium on October 7, 1917, and died in hos-
 pital at St Omar on the 11th of October.
 He left a widow and a son aged 3.

On the 4th the British advanced on an
 eight mile front, and took 3000 prisoners. By
 the 5th the total number of prisoners
 amounted to 4,446. From the beginning of
 the month there had been constant German
 attacks and furious fighting on the Ypres
 front.

From miry clefts of the wintry plain

He leapt with his platoon,
 The morion on his forehead,
 And the soul of him at noon.
 With head high to the hurricane

He walked, and in his breast
 He knew himself immortal,
 And that death was but a jest.

A smile was on his visage
 When they found him where he fell,
 The gallant old companions,
 In an amaranthine dell.

Soldier, rest. Thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Dream of fighting fields no more,
 Morn of toil nor night of waking.

**FARRIER CORPORAL DONALD
 M'GLASHAN.**

(EDDLESTON)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1917. OCTOBER 12 (FRIDAY)

Killed by a shell on the 12th October, Far-
 rier Corporal Donald M'Glashan, R.F.A.,
 youngest son of the late Donald M'Glashan,
 Eddleston, and husband of Emma Ellis, 23
 Ladyloan, Arbroath.

He fell at Ypres, his body was buried at
 the village of Popperain. His nephew of the
 same name fell on June 23rd, 1915. The
 nephew's father lived at Rosebery Reservoir,
 and the nephew wrought at the forges at
 Eddleston and at Ayton.

Sapper Fullerton, at Tweeddale Burn, and
 Farrier M'Glashan, at Rosebery, were near
 neighbours.

Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
 Wanting our sleep and our food,

After a day and a night—

God, shall we ever forget.
 Beaten and broke in the fight,
 But sticking it, sticking it yet.
 Trying to hold the line,

Fainting and spent and done,
 Always the thud and the whine,
 Always the yell of the Hun,
 Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
 Durham and Somerset.

Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
 But sticking it, sticking it yet.

. . . In the pauses of the sound
 I hear the children's laughter as they roam,
 And then their mother calls, and all around
 Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.

But still I gaze afar, and at the sight
 My whole soul softens to its heartfelt
 prayer,

"Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,
 Ah, turn in mercy, to our lads out there."

PRIVATE JOHN M'MORRAN

(BROUGHTON)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. OCTOBER 19 (FRIDAY).

Private John McMorran, formerly shepherd,
 Kilbucho Mill, enlisted at Glencorse Bar-
 racks on 24th May, 1915, and joined the
 Royal Scots. He was trained at Edinburgh,
 Selkirk, Masham Draycott, and Larkhill.

He was sent to France on 30th January, 1916, wounded on 9th March, 1917, and returned to the front on 1st August, 1917. Died of wounds received in action on 19th October, 1917. The Medal for Meritorious Service was awarded on 2nd January, 1917, which his widow, who resided with her family at Smallburn, Muirkirk, received after his death.

The following letter was received by his widow:—

Dear Mrs McMorrان,—It is with deepest regret that I have to inform you about your husband. He was wounded on the 19th, and we have just had information that he has succumbed from his wounds on that date. He will be greatly missed by everyone in the Company, including myself, as he was always so cheerful and happy and always had such a pleasant face.

And when the burning moment breaks,
 And all things else are out of mind,
 And only joy-of-battle takes
 Him by the throat, and makes him blind,
 Through joy and blindness he shall know,
 Not caring much to know, that still
 Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
 That it be not the Destined Will.
 The thundering line of battle stands,
 And in the air death moans and sings;
 But day shall clasp him with strong hands,
 And night shall fold him in soft wings.
 Light green of grass and richer green of
 bush
 Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir;
 How still. How deathly still. And yet the
 hush
 Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,
 Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum,
 Beaten in broken rhythm over sea.
 To play the last funeral march of some
 Who die to-day that Europe may be free.

GUNNER JOHN BURTON

(PEBBLES, MANOR AND INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1917. OCTOBER 19 (FRIDAY).

Of Mr and Mrs John Burton's two sons who were doomed to fall at the front, the youngest son, John, was the first to make the great sacrifice on the 19th October, 1917,

when they had resided for about a year in Innerleithen. Gunner Alexander Burton, the third son, was fated to go next, in six months. Such were the sorrows of parents in the Great War. Gunner John Burton was engaged as a ploughman at Boghill, Braehead, in Carnwath, when he enlisted in January, 1915, and fought in France for fifteen months. Five weeks before he fell he was home on leave. His age was twenty-three. His body was buried in a cemetery near Ypres.

Between October 9 and 12, there had been a great British and French attack before Ypres, when three thousand prisoners were taken from the Germans. Several objectives were captured as a result. On the 22nd the British made another advance near Ypres, at Poelkapelle. On the 19th, in the midst of these operations, Gunner John Burton fell.

His brother-in-law, George Dick, was one of the earliest Peebles men to fall, leaving a widow and young family.

His mother bids him go without a tear;
 His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly
 gay,
 "No coward have I loved," her clear eyes
 say—
 The band blares out and all the townfolk
 cheer.

From each familiar scene his inner eye
 Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn;
 For in that struggle must his soul be born
 To look upon itself and live—or die.

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the Silent Land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day,
 You tell me of our future that you planned—
 Only remember me: you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray

PRIVATE THOMAS ARMSTRONG HUME

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. OCTOBER 22 (MONDAY).

Mr Hume, Loithon Crescent, Innerleithen, received official intimation that his son, Private Thomas Hume, Royal Scots, had been reported missing since the 22nd October. Private Hume, who was 23 years of age,

joined up in 1916, and went out to France early in the year, but was invalided home shortly afterwards, and went out again later. At the time of his enlistment he was a wool-sorter in Leithen Mills.

"I now take the liberty of writing to you to let you know under what circumstances your brother was struck. Well, we left our billets on Saturday night, the 20th October, to go up to the front line to relieve a battalion there, and as your brother and I were in the same platoon we were quite near each other going, and a long weary tramp we had, though I can tell you he was in the very best of spirits. We arrived at our position some time on Sunday morning, and on arriving there had to dig ourselves in, and it was while we were doing that job that your brother was struck. There were only six or seven of the whole platoon left, including your brother, when we did arrive up in our position, and we had only to dig a big enough place to hold the lot of us, about three or four yards long. I was digging about the middle, and your brother was at one end (I think there were just two chaps between us), and suddenly one of them said to our officer, "Hume is struck." Well, we lifted him up out of the bottom of the hole we were digging, because the water was coming into it, and I am sorry to say he was past all human aid, so I may tell you straight that he suffered no pain, neither did he speak, for he was dead when we lifted him up. When we saw that he was dead, we lifted him right up out of the trench we were in, for if we had left him in it he would have sunk, it was so marshy, and also we knew that if we had a successful advance on the Monday morning, his remains would be found and would receive a proper burial. On the Sunday afternoon we had to leave that place we were in, for the water went over our waists, and we had a chance of getting drowned; but we went only fifty yards away, and your brother's body was still where we left it. It was on the Monday morning that I got struck, and I don't know how the boys that were left got on, so that these are the best details of your brother's death that I can give you.

It was up on the left of Ypres that it happened, on the Langemarck sector."

Then praise the Lord Most High
Whose strength hath saved us whole,
Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die
And not the living Soul.
To the God in man displayed—
Where'er we see that Birth,
Be love and understanding paid
As never yet on earth.

To the Spirit that moves in Man,
On Whom all worlds depend,
Be Glory since our world began
And service to the end.

PRIVATE HARRY MIRTLE

(INNERLEITHEN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. OCTOBER 22 (MONDAY).

Private Harry Mirtle, Royal Scots, killed along with Willie Tait and Robert French, both of Walkerburn, by a shell from an aeroplane. His wife resided at Marmion Cottage, Innerleithen. He was aged 31 and enlisted at the outbreak of war. He went to France in May, 1915, and was on active service up till his death. He was a baker, and had also been in Caerlee Mill, and was a goalkeeper in the Vale of Leithen Association Club.

He enlisted on the last day of August, 1914, and trained at Aldershot and at Bramshott. He was engaged in a great deal of heavy fighting.

Daisies leaping in foam on the green grasses,
The dappled sky and the stream that sings
as it passes;
These are bought with a price, a bitter fee,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

We rose, and greeted our brothers, and welcomed our foes,
We rose; like the wheat when the wind is over, we rose,
With shouts we rose, with gasps and incredulous cries,
With bursts of singing, and silence, and awestruck eyes,
With broken laughter, half tears, we rose from the sod,
With welling tears and with glad lips, whispering, "God."

LANCE-SERGT. WILLIE TAIT

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. OCTOBER 22 (MONDAY).

Word was received from an Innerleithen lad in France of the death of three local men in the Royal Scots through the bursting of a bomb dropped from an aeroplane on 22nd October, 1917. They were Lance-Sergeant William Tait, whose friends resided in Victoria Place, Walkerburn; Private Harry Mirtle, whose wife resided in Marmion Cottage, Innerleithen; and Sergeant Robert French, whose wife resided in Hall Street, Walkerburn.

Lance-Sergeant Willie Tait enlisted on August 31st, 1914, and was first into the 12th Battalion of the Royal Scots on its formation. After training at Aldershot he went to France with the battalion early in May, 1915. He was wounded in December, 1916, and was three months in hospital. After being discharged from hospital, he was sent back to the 12th Battalion Royal Scots and was with them up to the time of his death on 22nd October, 1917. He was killed along with other eight by a bomb from an enemy aeroplane landing on their tent, while sitting at supper, preparatory to moving into the trenches. He is buried in an authorised British Military Cemetery at Duhallow, one mile north of Ypres.

Tait was aged 22, and enlisted at the outbreak of war on August 31, 1914, and went to France in May, 1915, and had been ever since continually on active service.

Ho was in Tweedvale Mill, and was a member of the Rugby Club of Walkerburn.

Hark! 'Tis the rush of the horses,

The crash of the galloping gun.

The stars are out of their courses;

The hour of doom has begun.

Leap from the scabbard, O sword,

This is the day of the Lord.

Prate not of peace any longer,

Laughter and idleness and ease.

Up, every man that is stronger,

Leave but the priest on his knees.

Quick, every hand to the hilt,

Who striketh not—his the guilt.

.

For Hawthorn wreath, for bluebell glade,

For miles of buttercup that shine,

For song of birds in sun and shade

That fortify this soul of mine,

For all May joy beneath a Scottish sky,

How sweet to live—how glad and good to die.

SERGT. ROBERT FRENCH, M.M.

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. OCTOBER 22 (MONDAY).

Killed along with Willie Tait and Harry Mirtle by the bursting of a shell from an aeroplane.

He won the Military Medal for meritorious work between April 9 and 12. He went to France in May, 1915. He was employed in Tweedvale Mill. His father was for 19 years Colour-Sergeant in the Cameronians, Scottish Rifles, and Sergeant-Major of the 6th Royal Scots.

I regret that I cannot give you much information, as I was only with his Battalion about six months out here. He was my Sick Corporal in the battle of Loos, and there acted with the utmost bravery and coolness under fire. I was not with him when he won his M.M., nor am I certain where or in which engagement it was. I know it was for collecting wounded under machine gun fire. I may add that I always had a very high opinion of the late Sergeant French, and found him of the greatest assistance in my work with the Battalion.

Copy of Recommendation for Military Medal.

During operations east of Arras on 12th April, 1917, this man did excellent work when in charge of stretcher-bearers and went through heavy machine-gun fire to collect reserve stretcher-bearers to replace casualties. For over two and a half years he has done really good work as a stretcher-bearer. (Signed),

COL. RITSON.

“It was with deep regret that I heard yesterday of the death of your husband. I beg to offer you and your family my deep sympathy. I always looked on your husband as a real friend and had hoped to re-

new his acquaintance after the war, but it was not to be. He was a faithful helper to me always, and one of the coolest and bravest men under fire I ever met. I was delighted to see that his good qualities had been recognised, and he was awarded a decoration. We spent a lot of time together, and he helped me a great deal."

"Having known and worked side by side with your husband for the past two years, I find I have at this time a painful duty to perform. It is with the deepest regret I have to relate to you that I now stand bereft of a comrade who was more to me than I can ever hope to put into words. I can honestly assure you that your husband's decease is the hardest blow yet dealt me and I send my heartfelt sympathy for your great loss. As a comrade, I can speak of your husband as being a man of courage, calm and steady, even under the most trying circumstances. As a soldier, "duty" was his watchword, and as such, he was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. His loss, not only by me, but by the whole Battalion, is keenly felt. We were a short distance behind the line in the vicinity of Ypres, when your husband met his fate on the night of the 22nd inst. A bomb dropped by an enemy aeroplane landed near to our camp, and I can certify that his end was quite painless, as I was on the spot immediately after the unfortunate occurrence."

"The hardest part of it is, that after coming through so much, to be killed by a bomb, which knocked out five sergeants and three privates, all old Battalion men. He was well liked and thought of by everybody who had anything to do with him, as he was always so cheery and obliging."

It must be sweet to slumber and forget;
To have the poor tired heart so still at last;
Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past;
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet,
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet.

The elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out
of pain,
Then a light, then a breast,
O, thou Soul of my Soul, I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest.

RIFLEMAN DAVID JOHN MACKAY

(NEWLANDS AND SKIRLING)

ARTISTS' RIFLES.

1917. OCTOBER 30 (TUESDAY)

David John Mackay was the elder son of Mr Donald Mackay, gamekeeper on Lord Carmichael of Skirling's estate, and late of Biggar, and he was born at Toftcombs, Biggar, on August 14th, 1891. He was chauffeur to a gentleman in Liverpool when war was declared, and he speedily returned home and joined the A.S.C.M.T., and proceeded to France in January, 1915. He served with the Motor Transport for two years and eight months, and was twice home on leave. Shortly after returning to France the third time at the end of August, 1917, he was transferred to the infantry, and after brief training behind the lines, he was attached to the 1/28th Battalion the London Regiment (Artists' Rifles). With this battalion at the end of October he went into his first action on the awful slopes of Paschendaele, and it proved to be his last. With many a gallant comrade of the Artists'—officers and men—he went forward to storm that stubborn ridge, and fell. The battalion must have been sadly decimated. Some time afterwards in the London Press were found these memorable lines:—"To the glorious memory of the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of the Artists' Rifles, who fell at Paschendaele on October 28th, 29th, and 30th, 1917."

"Forget them not, O Land for which they
fell,
May it go well with England, still go well;
Keep her bright banners without blot or
stain,
Lest they should dream that they have died
in vain."

Private Mackay was a very regular writer to his home, and when nothing for three weeks followed a field post card, dated 26th October, his parents were in a measure prepared for the Lieutenant's letter which bore the news that he was missing and believed to be killed. The Lieutenant said:—"I can assure you that Private Mackay, and indeed all his comrades, were very brave men that morning, and it may be some slight consolation to his parents to know that he died doing his duty to his country." Private Mackay was a young man of proved and

sterling worth, and he had many friends, particularly in Biggar and around, who mourned him greatly. If the care that a man has for his mother, and the undisguised esteem in which he holds her, be an index to his worth—and who will deny it?—then clearly David John Mackay was a man such as only the mothers that have lost them can adequately appraise. The war's deepest wounds have been their's. In Kirkurd U.F. Church, when Private Mackay was missing, the Rev. D. C. Wiseman, M.A., made appreciative reference to him:—"Away from his home for some years before the war, he worshipped only occasionally with us here as a visitor. But during the war he had come to regard this church as his spiritual home, a place where fervent prayer on his behalf was wont to be made. We mourn for him as for the others of our company like him where he is, and we honour his name with theirs."

We think about you kneeling in the garden—
Ah, God, the agony of that dread garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed
to bear it,

Pain, death, the uttermost of human loss.

Sweet be your rest. Our task is done;
The tramp of armies, boom of gun
And furious cry of savage Hun
Are silent now. The victory's won,
Peace to your souls. The victory's won
In Flanders fields.

PRIVATE WILLIAM M'INTOSH

(INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA)

1917. OCTOBER 30 (TUESDAY).

Mr Wm. M'Intosh was informed that his son, Private Wm. M'Intosh, Canadians, who was missing in October, 1917, was now presumed killed. Private M'Intosh, who was 83 years of age, emigrated to Canada from Selkirk about five years previously. He was formerly employed as a pattern weaver with Messrs Gibson, Lumgair & Co., Selkirk, at which place he was well known in association football circles. He enlisted early in 1916, and came over to this country in September of the same year.

I have made all enquiries possible and

can find no further news of him. I am really distressed to have so poor information for you, for I know only too well the terrible anxiety you sisters, mothers and wives suffer. However, there may be hope that he has been taken prisoner. In my experience I have known men positively sworn to as killed, by men who thought they had seen them lying dead; others as having disappeared as if spirited away by some means, and yet these have turned up as prisoners. I know it is a slender hope, I wish I could strengthen it. But I can say this much, that your brother was very highly thought of by his officers, and they all express regret that he is not with them still. Mr Lyall just said he was a splendid fellow. Had I known I would have written before, but I was in hospital myself when the battle occurred, and therefore out of touch with the battalion. Should I hear more I will write.

It seems like waste to others, but to you
And the thronged heroes who have paid the
price,

Yourselves, your hopes, and all you dreamed
and knew,

Were counted as a puny sacrifice;
You knew, with keener judgment, all was
gained,

If honour at the last shone still unstained.

Never a message of hope.

Never a word of cheer.

Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,

With the dull dead plain in our rear,

Always the whine of the shell,

Always the roar of its burst,

Always the tortures of hell,

As waiting and wincing we cursed—

Our luck and the guns and the Boche,

When our corporal shouted, "Stand to."

And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
for the Guards."

And the Guards came through!

PRIVATE JAMES DICKSON

(NEWLANDS)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. NOVEMBER 2 (FRIDAY).

Killed in Palestine on Friday, November 2, 1917, Private James Dickson, Royal Scots, youngest son of Mr and Mrs James Dickson,

Ironstone Cottages, Lamancha, aged twenty-four; deeply regretted.

Private Dickson was one of those public-spirited lads who joined the twenty-three patriots forming the West Linton Section of the Peeblesshire Territorials in the Spring of 1914. In November of that fateful year 1914 he went along with the 1/8th Royal Scots to France. Early in 1915 he was wounded in the forehead by a sniper, while acting as Trench Sentry. Again in April, 1915, he was wounded in the right arm and chest at Festubert. In November of the same year he fell a victim to enteric fever and recovered. In 1916 he was stationed at Peebles, where he was in touch with his relatives. Thereafter he was drafted in the 1-7th Royal Scots to Egypt. In April, 1917, he was engaged in the first battle of Gaza, and fell in the second battle of Gaza on the 2nd November, 1917. Death was instantaneous, and he suffered no pain. James Dickson was an honest, upright, cheerful lad, greatly beloved.

Sleep on, sleep on, ye resting dead :
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dewy greenness. Ever fled
From you hath Care : and, in its stead,
Peace hath with you its dwelling made,
Where tears do cease from flowing.

I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are :
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white, against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

PRIVATE THOMAS MATHIESON

(Stobo)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. NOVEMBER 2 (FRIDAY).

Word was received that Private Thomas Mathieson, Royal Scots, had been killed in action in Palestine on 2nd November. Prior to enlisting in the 4th Royal Scots (Q.E.R.V.B.), on the outbreak of the war, he was employed in Stobo Castle gardens. The deceased, whose parents resided at 1 Tinto Place, Bonnington Road, Leith, was about 30 years of age.

The late Private T. B. Mathieson, 201155, 1/4th Royal Scots, Lewis Gun Section, was killed in action in Palestine on November

2nd, 1917. After he left Stobo Castle he was foreman gardener at Ardoch, Braco, and Strathallan Castle and Kilfauns Castle, when he joined up in November, 1915.

On November 1 we defeated the Turks near Gaza, having captured Beersheba on the previous day with 1800 Turks and 9 guns. On November 2, when Private Mathieson fell, we captured positions to the north of Beersheba.

" He was killed instantaneously by a bullet on Friday morning, 2/11/17, while making a gallant attempt to bring his Lewis gun into action. He was a good soldier, and his cheery nature made him very popular with his comrades. I shall certainly feel his loss greatly.."

" Tom was a most exemplary young man, and was very well liked by every one here. Personally, I had a great regard for him, and it is very sad to think that he is now no more. I heard about him from time to time. What a number of sad homes there are all over the country."

" He was a nice lad, and I can safely say one of the finest fellows I ever had the pleasure of meeting. While he was with me I always felt I could go and leave the place in safe hands, and I don't think I ever had a man I was so sorry to lose, although he went only to better himself, and I know that the man he went to was as highly pleased with him. This war has indeed taken toll of the finest. There is nothing I can say to you that will heal the wound for you, only it must be a satisfaction to have had such a son."

When Death has crossed my name from off the
roll

Of dreaming children serving in this war :
And with these earthly eyes I gaze no more
Upon dear Scotland's face—perhaps my soul
Will visit streets down which I used to stroll
At sunset-charméd dusks, when cities' roar
Like ebbing surf on some Atlantic shore
Would trance the ear. Then may I hear no toll
Of heavy bells to burden all the air
With tuneless grief : for happy will I be.
What place on Earth could ever be more fair
Than God's own presence? Mourn then not
for me,

Nor write, I pray, " He gave," upon my clod,
" His life for Scotland," but " his soul to God."

PRIVATE WALTER DALGLEISH

(TRAQUAIR)

BLACK WATCH.

1917. NOVEMBER 6 (TUESDAY).

DALGLEISH.—Killed in action, in Egypt, on the 5th November, Pte. Walter Dalgleish, Black Watch, aged 18 years, dearly beloved eldest son of William and Annie Dalgleish, Hilton, Markinch, Fife, late of Kailzie Mains, Peebles. Very deeply mourned.

The midnight stars are gleaming
On Egypt's sultry plain;
It's there our gallant laddie
Lies numbered with the slain.

His father's pride, his mother's joy—
O dearly did we love our boy;
Sisters and hrothers sadly mourn
A hrother dear who'll ne'er return.

On the morning of the 6th November, 1917, the Battalion was ordered to attack a strong Turkish position, defended by trench redouhts and stone "sanquars." The advance extended over several miles under a very hot fire from artillery, machine guns, bombs, and rifles, and as the country consisted of open rolling plains of brown earth there was practically no shelter for the attacking forces. Walter passed through it all safely till well on in the afternoon, when there only remained a few more positions to take. Then he was hit in the forehead by a bullet and died very soon afterwards. He was buried with other fallen comrades in a Turkish trench about seven miles north of Beersheba. It was 24th September, 1917, when he landed in Egypt, so he was little more than six weeks out when he was killed.

Thy dear brown eyes which were as depths
where truth

Lay bowered with frolic joy, but yesterday
Shone with the fire of thy so guileless youth,
Now ruthless death has dimmed and closed
for aye.

Those sweet red lips, that never knew the stain
Of angry words or harsh or thoughts unclean,
Have sung their last gay song. Never again
Shall I the harvest of their laughter glean.

PRIVATE T. ST J. STOBIE

(INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA)

CANADIANS.

1917. NOVEMBER 12.

Died of wounds, on 12th November, Private T. St J. Stobie, Canadians, son of the late William Stobie, Esq., solicitor, Innerleithen,

and grandson of the Rev. Jardine Wallace, minister of Traquair. He was wounded in the head and never regained conscioisness. On this day there was heavy shelling on the Ypres front, and after the Canadians had captured Passchendaele on the 6th, there had been continuous German artillery attacks, especially on Nov. 10, 11, and 12.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS.

Though we forgot You, You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us,
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength and pardon,
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon,
And that You will stand beside us to the
last.

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left
grow old;

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning

We shall remember them."

"As the stars that shall be bright when we are
dust,

Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of
our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain."

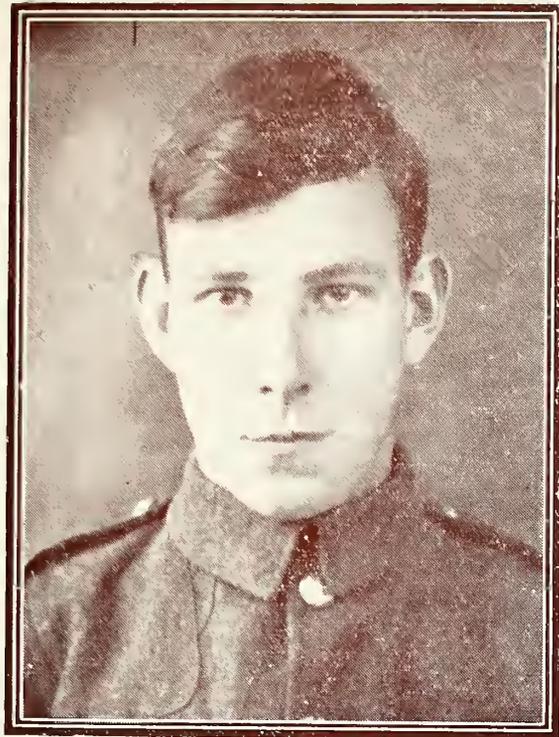
PRIVATE JOHN Y. CLARK

EDDLESTON.

(ROYAL SCOTS)

1917. NOVEMBER 12 (MONDAY).

Died of wounds received in action in Palestine, 12th November, 1917, Pte. John Y. Clark, Royal Scots, in his 28th year, beloved eldest son of Andrew and Mary Clark, 9 Ingliston Street, Edinburgh (late of Skiprig, Portmore, Eddleston); deeply mourned. 6th August, 1915—Left Peebles for Dardanelles; 15th September, 1915—Landed at Gallipoli; 15th Nov., 1915—7th Royal Scots make attack; 19th Dec. 1915—7th Royal Scots relieve the R.S.F.; 4th July, 1916—Left Gallipoli for Mudros on board the 'Ermino'; transferred in mid-ocean to the "Campinella"; arrive in Mudros 26th Jany.; left on 30th Jany. on board the "Cardiganshire" for Alexandria; arrived in Alexandria on 4th Feb., 1916. Went to Heliopolis, thence to Baltah. 1st March, moved to El Kantara, to



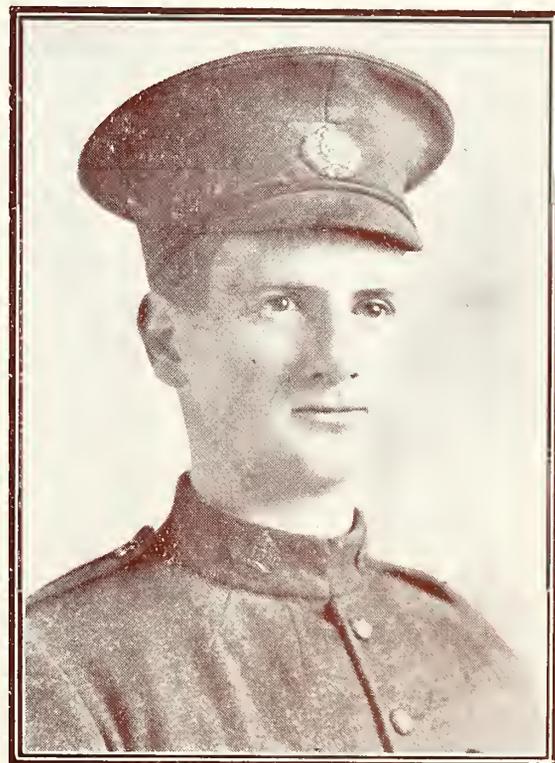
PRIVATE JAMES DICKSON,
NEWLANDS.



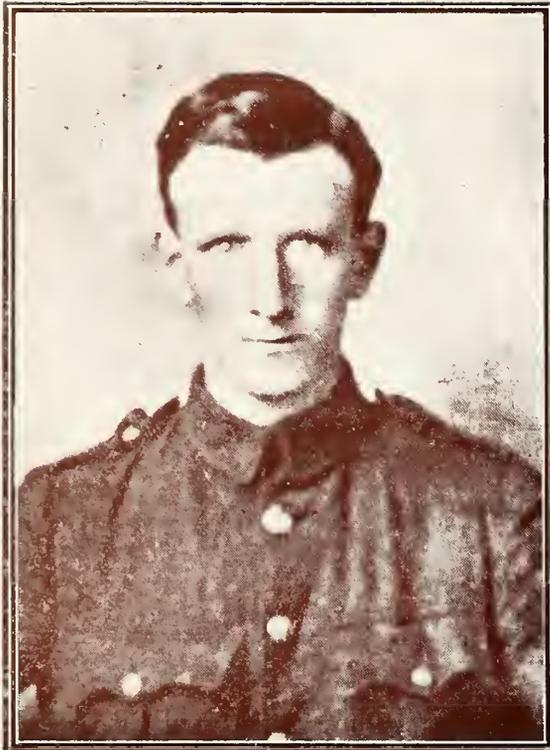
PRIVATE WALTER DALGLEISH,
TRAQUAIR.



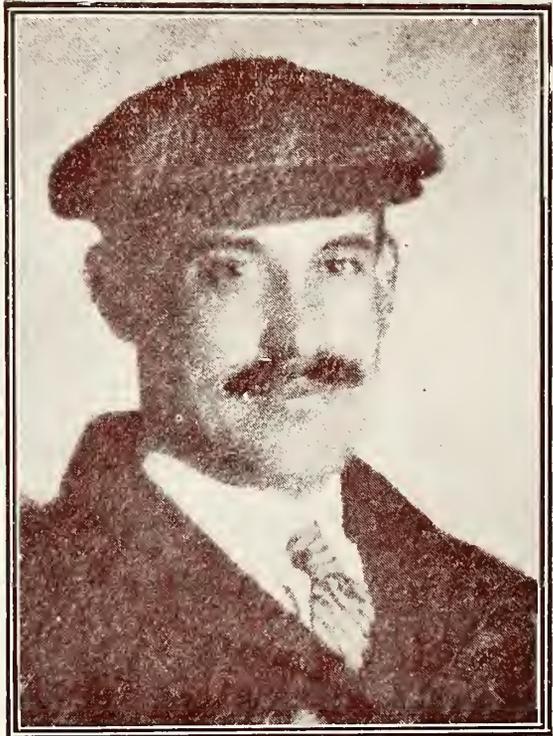
PRIVATE THOMAS MATHIESON,
STOBO.



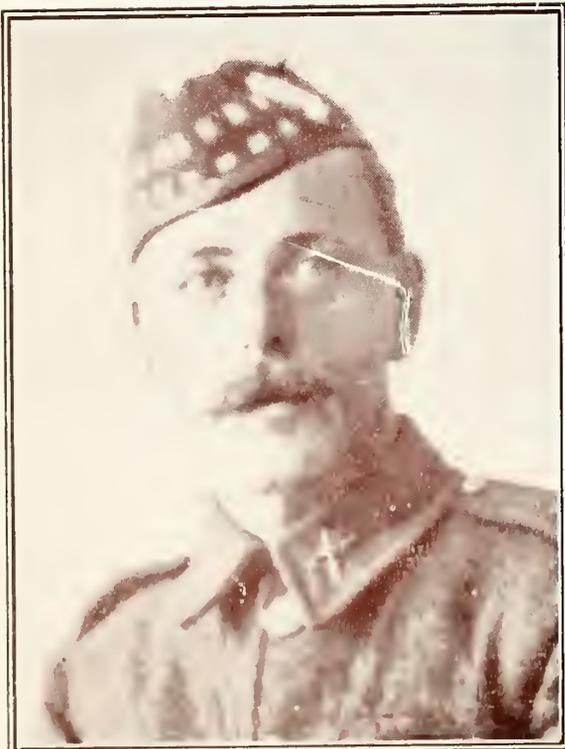
PRIVATE T. ST J. STOBIE,
INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA.



PRIVATE JOHN Y. CLARK,
EDDLESTON.



CHRISTOPHER HUNTER,
NEWLANDS.



PRIVATE JAMES AITKEN,
BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE WILLIAM BAIGRIE,
PEEBLES AND WEST LINTON.



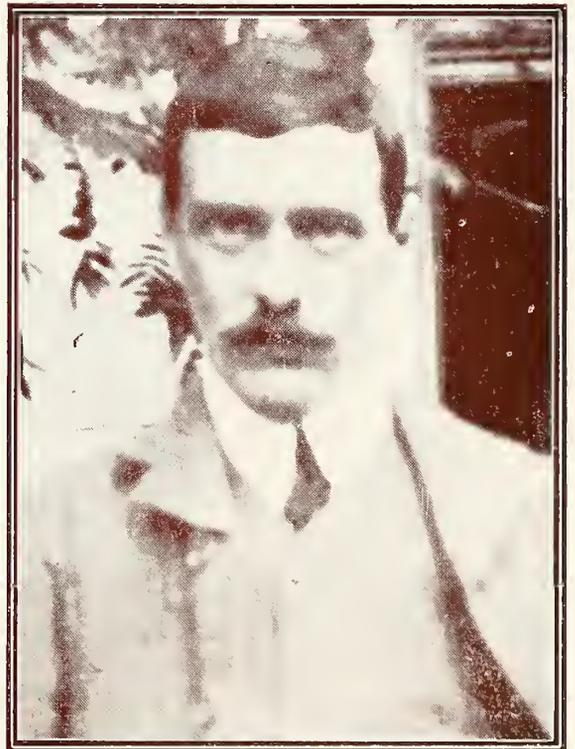
PRIVATE GEORGE SCOTT,
MANOR.



CAPTAIN PATRICK DICK BOOTH, D.S.O., M.C.,
TWEEDSMUIR, INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA.



PRIVATE WILLIAM SOUTER,
NEWLANDS.



WARRANT OFFICER JOHN GILLESPIE,
EDDLESTON.



SIGNALLER G. JAMIESON,
EDDLESTON.



PRIVATE WILLIAM H. WALKER,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE JOHN FORGIE,
EDDLESTON AND CANADA.



PRIVATE WILLIAM HUNTER,
TRAQUAIR.

Mohendyia; 12th June left El Kantara to go home. Recalled on 1st August for Romani operations on 4th August; left 15th Sept. for furlough home. Arrived home 4th October, 1916. Left home 13th March, 1917, for Egypt again; arrived 1st April in time for operations on 17th April, 1917. Killed November 12th, 1917, and buried November 13th at Esdud (Ashdod of the Bible).

Sometimes at the dead of night

I see them come—
The darkness is suffused with great light
From that radiant, countless host :
No face but what is triumphant there,
A flaming crown of youth imperishable they wear.
A thousand years that passed have gained what we to-day have lost,
The splendour of their sacrifice for years to come.

PRIVATE JAMES AITKEN

BROUGHTON.

(8TH ROYAL SCOTS)

1917. Nov. 13 (TUESDAY).

Private James Aitken, formerly gardener at Humbie, joined the 3/8th Royal Scots in May, 1916, went to France in September the same year, being attached to the 1st Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers; missing 13th November, 1916; reported killed in November, 1917.

He left a widow and two children, who reside at Whitslade, Broughton.

“To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”

There was hostile artillery active east of Ypres, and skirmishing activity around Ypres, also at Arras. On Nov. 6 the Canadians captured Passchendaele. This ended the third battle of Ypres. Successful raids near Fresnoy and Armentieres followed. For several days thereafter there was much shelling by Germans of Ypres and Passchendaele salient.

“ He struggled for a while, then dimly smiled,
Wrapped in the comradeship of happy things,
Before he entered like a wondering child
The heritage of Kings.”

All that a man might ask thou hast given me,
Britain,
Yet grant thou one thing more :
That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I,
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
Scotland, for thee to die.

CHRISTOPHER HUNTER

NEWLANDS.

(4TH ROYAL SCOTS)

1917. NOVEMBER 17 (SATURDAY)

Christopher Hunter joined the Reserve Battalion of the 4th Royal Scots when they were stationed at Loanhead about the end of 1915 or beginning of 1916. After a period of training he was selected for the draft, and was sent out to Egypt at the end of 1916. He was in most of the fighting in the advance on Gaza, and was killed on the 17th November, 1917, in the second battle of Gaza. He was aged 40 years.

Christopher never held any rank. He was offered promotion as an N.C.O. several times and recommended for commission rank, but preferred to remain a private.

He was the youngest son of the late David Hunter, J.P., D.L., of Blackness, Forfarshire, and was born at Portobello.

He was educated at the Edinburgh Institution.

He was good at all games, but golf was the game in which he shone most. He was a scratch player in the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club.

Private Hunter was a brother of David Hunter of Macbiehill.

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live : great pass
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died; that went his way.

So sing with joyful breath.
For why? You are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

They had so much to lose : their radiant laughter
Shook my old walls—how short a time ago.
I hold the echoes of their song hereafter
Among the precious things I used to know.
Their cup of life was full to overflowing,
All earth had laid its tribute at their feet.
What harvest might we hope from such a sowing?

What noonday from a dawning so complete?

PRIVATE WILLIAM BAIGRIE

PEBBLES.

(HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY)

1917. NOVEMBER 30 (FRIDAY).

In November, 1917, the British were fighting in the neighbourhood of Cambrai. On the 20th

they took part of the Hindenburg Line, capturing 11,000 prisoners and 138 guns. Upon the 24th and 25th there was much heavy fighting at Borlon village, near Cambrai. On 30th November the Germans made a great attack at Cambrai, and the British were forced back with considerable loss. But on 1st December the British re-captured Gonnelleu, near Cambrai.

Private William Baigrie, of the 5th Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, was engaged in all this heavy fighting. He fell on St Andrew's Day, 1917, on the Cambrai front, after five months' service abroad. He was born in Elcho Street, Peebles, on the 2nd December, 1889, and was aged 27 when he fell. His wife was Agnes Dickson, Gowanlea, West Linton.

Still I see them coming, coming,
In their ragged broken line,
Walking wounded in the sunlight,
Clothed in majesty divine.

For the fairest of the lilies,
That God's fairest summer sees,
Ne'er was clothed in royal beauty
Such as decks the least of these.

Tattered, torn, and bloody khaki,
Gleams of white flesh in the sun,
Raiment worthy of their beauty,
And the great things they have done.

Purple robes and snowy linen
Have for earthly kings sufficed,
But these bloody sweaty tatters
Were the robes of Jesus Christ.

PRIVATE GEORGE SCOTT
(MANOR)

SCOTS GUARDS.
1917. NOVEMBER 30 (FRIDAY).

Killed in action by a shell on November 30, 1917, Private George Scott, Scots Guards, youngest son of the late George Scott, Glack, Manor, aged 22 years.

Private George Scott, 15793, Scots Guards, was rejected in June, 1915; accepted in June, 1916; went to France February, 1917; killed on November 30th, 1917, by shell fire. His life for his country he nobly gave. This was on the Cambrai Front. The enemy were attacking the salient at Vendhuille, Bourlon Wood, and Mœuvres, penetrating the British position as far as La Vacquarie and Gouzeaucourt. The British counter-attack regained La

Vacquarie. On this day fell George Scott of the Scots Guards. George was the youngest of the Scotts. His brother John fell on July 31, 1917.

How should I grieve? His life inspired in me
A joy that shall outlive eternity,
Wrought out, complete, unshorn by time and
age,
His jewelled past my priceless heritage.

In cheerful agony, with jest and mirth,
They shared the bitter solitude of Christ
In a new Garden of Gethsemane,
Gethsemane walled in by crested earth.

PRIVATE WILLIAM SOUTER.
(NEWLANDS)

1917. DECEMBER.

Amongst the men who have fallen while fighting for their country on one or other of the many Fronts, we have now to add the name of William Souter. He was employed with Mr Fleming, blacksmith, West Linton, and lived with his brother-in-law, Mr Niddrie, at Boghouse. An obliging lad, his death was much regretted by a large number of friends.

After the great attack by the Germans on the Cambrai Front on the 30th November, Gonnelleu was recovered, but the British withdrew from the Masnières salient. The enemy attacked heavily at Bourlon Wood, and claimed 4000 prisoners and 60 guns. On the day following the enemy tried in vain to recover high ground about La Vacquarie. There was further fighting north of Passchendaele. On the 3rd the British gained some ground south-west of Polygon Wood, Ypres.

Who hath a soul that will glow not,
Set face to face with the foe?
"Is life worth living?" I know not:
Death is worth dying I know.
Aye, I would gamble with hell,
And—losing such stakes—say "'Tis well."

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonoured that his flag might
float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the
moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And Autumn shall yellow with maturing
vines.

**CAPTAIN PATRICK DICK BOOTH,
D.S.O., M.C.**

(TWEEDSMUIR, INNERLEITHEN AND CANADA)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1917. DECEMBER 1 (SATURDAY).

Previously reported wounded and missing, December 1, 1917, now officially reported died the same day, Captain Patrick Booth, R.F.A., D.S.O., M.C., aged 31, only son of Mr and Mrs Patrick Booth, Aligarh, Liberton.

He was a grandson of the late Rev. Patrick Booth, minister of Innerleithen. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, and received a commission in September, 1914. He was severely wounded at the landing at Gallipoli, but was able to rejoin in time for the 28th June, on which day he won the Military Cross, and did work that caused him to be mentioned in despatches. He was 31.

Captain Booth, R.F.A., D.S.O., M.C., was killed at Cambrai on the 1st December, 1917, in his 31st year. He was a Peeblesshire man through and through. His paternal grandfather was the late Rev. Patrick Booth, M.A., minister of Innerleithen. His grandmother was Robina Williamson, daughter of Alexander Williamson, writer, and Town Clerk of Peebles. His mother's father was the Rev. John Dick, minister of Tweedsmuir, and he was born in the house of his aunt, Mrs Tweedie Stoddart, of Oliver, Tweedsmuir. He began his education at Bonnington School, Peebles, and afterwards was a student and graduate of Edinburgh University. He was keenly interested in gunnery, and while a student was an efficient member of the Edinburgh University Battery. Starting his career as a surveyor in Canada, his qualities, personal and professional, secured him a practice and reputation that seldom fall to one so young. For some time previous to the war he held a commission in the Royal Artillery, Canada, and on that day fateful for the world—the 4th of August, 1914—he cabled home that he was coming home to volunteer. He was on board the ship before night. After undergoing training on this side, he joined the 29th Division, and took part in the landing at Gallipoli. He commanded the first two

guns that were brought ashore, and there he received his first wound in the service of the King. His gallantry and devotion to duty in this campaign brought him mention in despatches and the decoration of the Military Cross. In France, the same soldierly qualities brought him rapid promotion. In the end, as it happened, he fell not among his own men, but where he was most sorely needed, leading the infantry on what was one of the hottest and most critical days of the whole war—when the Germans came over on the Cambrai front.

On the 30th November Captain Booth along with a machine gunner of — Division, held the ridge opposite the — Brigade gun positions for several hours against the enemy advancing to the attack in dense formation. He succeeded in holding the Germans back until such time as some sort of organised defence could be arranged.

On the 1st December the enemy succeeded in capturing ———. A party of infantry was sent to clear the enemy from the village. Captain Booth joined this party, led them along the street, captured five of the enemy, and cleared the whole north end of the village. He then led the infantry to clear the south end of the village, and walked right into a party of the enemy, some twenty strong, armed with bombs. Captain Booth's party immediately fired with good effect, but the enemy dropped three bombs, wounding Captain Booth mortally. He lay in No Man's Land for ten minutes before he was rescued, and carried back to that part of the village held by our troops, and was bandaged up and taken immediately to the dressing station, but his injuries were so severe that he survived only for a few hours. Captain Booth died regretted by all, from the General to the youngest gunner—for, in the words of the chaplain, he "was the best loved officer in the brigade." For his splendid services at Cambrai he was awarded the D.S.O. He made the supreme ungrudging sacrifice, faithful to the end, enduring hardship, a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He fought a good fight, and kept the faith. Truly a splendid

record, of which his sorrowing relatives may well be proud.

Blow out, you Bugles, over the rich Dead.
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away: poured out the red

Sweet wine of youth: gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene,
That men call age: and those who would have been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

When kings and captains die, the world regrets them:

My boy was proud to serve the self-same State.

Proud though he died, and all but I forget him,

I do not grudge him, for the Cause was great.

WARRANT OFFICER JOHN GILLESPIE
(EDDLESTON)

1917. DECEMBER 17 (MONDAY).

Died in hospital on December 17, 1917, of Blackwater fever while on active service, John Gillespie, C.E., aged 38 years, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Gillespie, Eddleston Schoolhouse. He was of the Nyassaland Volunteer Reserves. He was a native of Eddleston and educated at the public school there, and at Watson's College, Edinburgh. He joined the Engineers' Staff of the N.B. Railway as a draughtsman, and afterwards proceeded to South Africa, where he was engaged on the Central South African Railways, and assisted in the construction of the Port Sudan railway, and similar undertakings in Rhodesia. Since the outbreak of war, he was employed in Government work in British Central Africa, and responding to the call of his country, he joined the Volunteer reserve in Nyassaland, and took part in the campaign in German East Africa. He was speedily promoted to the rank of Warrant Officer, and though he escaped the bullets of the enemy, and saw that colony fall into the hands of the British, he was stricken with fever and removed to hospital. It was hoped that his constitution would pull him through, as he was a man of splendid physique, but that hope was not realised,

for he succumbed to the disease on December 17. His brother is an officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, for whom and his parents and two sisters, much sympathy is felt.

"The King commands me to assure you of the true sympathy of His Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow."—Secretary of State Colonial Office.

The Rev. R. H. Stevenson (locum tenens) said:—

"He volunteered his services in a country where the soldier runs as much risk from the climate as from the enemy, and now, when the country has been cleared of the enemy, and his parents were looking forward to seeing their son after an absence of ten years, he has fallen the victim of an illness, which was probably brought on by his strenuous work as a despatch-rider in so deadly a climate. He has fallen in the service of his country; he has fallen in the defence of those Christian principles for which our country is contending, and we know that his parents could wish for their son no nobler death than this. They must be proud of the part which he had taken in the Great War; of the work which he had accomplished, and of the great sacrifice which he has made, and yet we know that their hearts must be broken at the thought of the life which has been cut off in its prime, and at the thought that never again will they see the face of him who was so dear to them. Our thoughts are with them to-day in their sorrow, and our hearts go out in sympathy with them, and with their family in the great loss which they have sustained."

Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime

Where life is not a breath;

Nor life's affections, transient fire

Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,

Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,

Then fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,

pondering the themes thou lovest best,

Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

SIGNALLER G. JAMIESON

(EDDLESTON)

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

1917. DECEMBER 25 (TUESDAY).

Died at a Casualty Clearing Station, France, on Christmas Day, from bomb wounds, received on 23rd December, 1917, Signaller G. Jamieson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, aged 36, dearly beloved husband of Isabella Work, Foresthill, Eddleston.

Signaller G. Jamieson joined up on July 25, 1916, from Foresthill, Eddleston.

Signaller G. Jamieson, 7th A. & S. H. (51st Division), went to France on June 14th, 1917. He saw much heavy fighting in September up near Ypres and was shell-shocked on 19th of the same month. He also saw severe fighting at the Cambrai front, where the signallers suffered very heavy losses. They lost their captain there and all their officers about the 23rd of November, 1917. The Specialist Section was on their way out for a rest after their hard struggle at Cambrai when he met his death. He was wounded on Sunday, 25th December, and died at No. 3 C.C.S. on Christmas Day. In a letter from his Commanding Officer, he stated that the enemy aircraft had followed them wherever they went, and that night, just as they had lain down to rest, a big raiding party came over and dropped a big amount of bombs. A great many of the section were killed and wounded. All spoke with the highest praise of Signaller G. Jamieson, and one officer said he was loved by all who knew him.

He was a mason to trade before coming to Earlyvale.

In the Gates of Death rejoice.

We see and hold the good—

Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice

With freedom's brotherhood.

Then praise the Lord Most High,

Whose strength hath saved us whole,

Who bade us choose that the flesh should die

And not the living soul.

If death come,

And take thy dear one, be thou dumb,

Nor gratify with suppliant breath

The attentive insolence of death.

Suffer thy dear one to depart

In silence; silent in thy heart,

From this forth, be thy dear one's name.

So I, that would not put to shame

So dear a memory dead, repeat

No more the sweet name once too sweet,

Nor, from that buried name, remove

The haughty silence of my love.

PRIVATE JOHN FORGIE

(EDDLESTON AND CANADA)

CANADIANS.

1918. JANUARY 15 (SATURDAY).

Died in hospital, on 15th January, Private John Robert Forgie, Canadians, youngest son of the late John Forgie, gamekeeper, Cringletie, Peebles, and Mrs Forgie, Dalswinton, Dumfries, in his 25th year.

His father used to be gamekeeper at Cringletie. He succumbed in hospital after an operation on his arm. His mother and sister were employed at Dalswinton House, Dumfriesshire. They sustained a great shock as they had not known that he was ill. Previous to going to Canada, he was employed by James Robertson, grocer, Peebles. He was in his 25th year.

On the 12th December the British made a successful raid at Loos and dispersed four German raids south of Lens and east of Monchy. On the 13th, there was a raid by Canadians north of Lens, which was repeated by the British on the following day, the 14th. On those days also the British were successfully bombing various German cities.

The least touch of their hands in the morning,

I keep it by day and night;

Their least step on the stairs at the doorway,

Still throbs through me, tho' ever so light.

Their least gift that they left to my childhood,

Far off, in the long ago years,

Is now turned from a toy to a relic,

And seen through the crystals of tears.

PRIVATE WILLIAM H. WALKER
(TRAQUAIR)

THIRD ROYAL SCOTS.
1918. JANUARY 22.

William H. Walker enlisted in the 3rd Royal Scots in January, 1917. He was drafted to France in March of the same year, and was reported missing on Tuesday, the 22nd January, 1918, when with the 13th Battalion Royal Scots. He was the son of Mr Wm. Walker, Traquair, and was employed in the carding-room of Caerlee Mills, Innerleithen. He had a brother, John, in the Black Watch in France.

Life. We've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not, Goodnight, but in some brighter
clime
Bid me, Good-morning.

PRIVATE WILLIAM HUNTER
(TRAQUAIR)

4TH SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.
1918. (BEGINNING).

Private William Hunter joined the 6th Seaforth Highlanders in the summer of 1916, but was soon transferred to the 4th Seaforths. He went to France in 1916, but in the spring of 1917 was back in hospital in Aldershot, suffering from scarlet fever. He returned to France in the beginning of September, 1917, and was in and out of the trenches until November, when he was wounded at Cambrai during a German counter-attack. He was reported officially as wounded on November 22nd, 1917, and a few months later as wounded and missing from that date. After that no trace of him could be found, though all enquiries were made. He was then only twenty years of age. Before joining the army, he was employed on the Glen Farm, under the late Lord Glenconner.

Out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with pain,
Some face comes back from the fiery track
And looks in our eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

" His was the proudest part—
He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart.
And though there's never a grave to tell
Nor a cross to mark his fall,
Thank God! we know that he 'batted well'
In the last great Game of all."

BOMBARDIER R. DOUGLAS
(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.
1918. FEBRUARY 18 (MONDAY).

Bombardier R. Douglas, Y3 Trench Mortar Battery, R.G.A., B.E. Force, France, was accidentally killed by a faulty shell on the 18th of February, 1918, and is buried in Bozelles Military Cemetery, 5½ miles south of Arras. Bombardier R. Douglas, who was 12 years with the colours before the war, rejoined on the 16th of August, 1914, into the R.G.A., and went to France with a trench mortar battery on November, 1915, and was there till the day of his death. He was always such a willing and cheerful worker that his loss was deeply regretted by officers and the men of his battery, as he had such long experience on the field.

Hear our prayers, O! gentle Jcsus,
Send Thine angels down to ease us
From the pains of Hell that seize us,
From our burning, yearning thirst.
We are broken, we are battered,
Bodies twisted, crushed and shattered
By the shells and bullets scattered
On this strip of land accurst.

God in Heaven, canst Thou hear us?
Mary Mother! Dost Thou fear us?
Stretcher-bearers are you near us?
Givo us water or we die!

But a dreadful shadow's creeping
With his cruel scythe a-reaping
Woary Souls which fall to sleeping
In a soothing, gentle sigh.

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene—
He may not, surely, lapse from what has
been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must
be:
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away—
An exhalation at the dawn of day.

SEC.-LIEUT. JOHN WALLACE MUIR

(TRAQUAIR)

ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

1918. MARCH 12 (TUESDAY).

Reported missing on 12th March, 1918, now reported killed on that date, John Wallace Muir, 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.C., age 19, younger son of Mr and Mrs John Muir, Fairnielee Farm House, Galashiels, and grandson of the late Rev. Jardine Wallace, of Traquair.

John Wallace Muir, born 17th February, 1899, at Dryhope, Yarrow, Selkirkshire. He was the younger son of John Muir, Fairnielee Farm House, Galashiels. He went to Edinburgh Academy in 1914, was captain of the shooting VIII. 1916, 1st XV. 1916. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in April, 1917, at the age of 18. Was made Cadet-Sergeant in April, 1917; gazetted Second Lieutenant in July, 1917; received his "Wings" in October, 1917; went to France in November, 1917. He was posted to 46 Squadron R.F.C., and saw much active service. In February, 1918, "A" Flight, in which he was, made the highest score in aerial gunnery of any squadron in France, and won General Trenchard's prize. At the beginning of March, 1918, the enemy offensive was expected. On the morning of 12th March, "A" Flight went out at dawn with 4 20 lb. bombs on each machine. They blew up a German bridge, and then attacked German cavalry and infantry. All the machines were flying low, and each pilot dived in turn on the enemy dropping bombs and firing his machine guns, killing numbers of men and horses. It was at this time that Lieut. J. W. Muir's machine became damaged, and a little time later came down in flames and exploded east of Queant between Cambrai and Bapaume.

This morning's work of "A" Flight was considered as among the most gallant at that time. The Chaplain wrote that one of the mechanics of his Squadron had said:—"Lieut. Muir was one of the best we ever had in the Flight."

He was 19 years of age when he was killed.

AN AIRMAN'S PASSING.

You that swept onward through the skies,
uncaring

When death screamed past you with an
inch to spare,

That found a man's clean joy in deeds of
daring

And all the high adventure of the air.
That gave your native land a love undying,
Knowing her honour it was yours to keep,
Can this be you, indeed, that here is lying
Wrapped in your last long sleep?

Through all those years of strife your high
endeavour

Knew nought of pride of place or lust of
fame;

The light of honour was your beacon ever,
And duty done was all you cared to claim,
Never was gentler knight for burial shrouded
Than you, to whom to-day all things are
clear,

A Bayard of our time, your shield unclouded,
Without reproach or fear.

Mournful the Dead March wails, but yet
your story

Ends but with us on earth, and faith
affords

The certain promise of a greater glory
Of service in that host which is the Lord's.
O splendid prodigal, that joyed in spending
Your golden youth to do your Master's
will,

Your soul, new freed, shall know a joy
unending

In love and service still!

PRIVATE GORDON TAIT

(WALKERBURN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MARCH 21 (THURSDAY).

Private Gordon Tait enlisted in August, 1914, and was therefore one of the original members of what the German Emperor styled "French's contemptible army," thenceforth a designation of honour, for which he earned the Mons Star. He went through the whole of the war until 1918, when he fell. He was half brother to Dickson Maule. His brother, William Tait, also fell.

It was on this day, March 21, that the Second Battle of the Somme began. It was

initiated by a great German offensive on a fifty mile front, between Sensée and Oise rivers. The British positions were penetrated at various points, especially near St Quentin.

Now my nights are filled with flowered dreams,

Of singing warriors, beautiful and young;
Strong men and boys within whose eyes there gleams

The triumph song of world's unknown,
unsung;

Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
The shining glory of the Living Dead.

My thoughts are with the dead, with them
I live in long-past years,

Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,

And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

SEC.-LIEUT. JOHN GRIERSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

KING'S LIVERPOOL REGIMENT.

1918. MARCH 21 (THURSDAY).

Sec. Lieut. John Grierson was killed instantaneously while leading his platoon on the 21st March, 1918, at Henin, being with the 13th King's Liverpool Regiment. He was mobilised with the Innerleithen company of the 8th R.S., and went to France with them in November, 1914, being C.Q.M.S. of B Coy., 8th R.S. He was wounded on the 4th July, 1916, and came to England to Catterick Camp. He spent four months in Bath with the O.T.C., and was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd King's Liverpool Regiment in October, 1917, and was stationed at Cork till 1st March. He left for France on the 6th March, and went up the line to join his Battalion on the 13th. In one letter he tells us his company "is in a support trench, which was very clean and dry." In a letter written on the 20th March, 1918, he says:-- "To-day and yesterday it is raining a lot, and the trenches are very muddy and sticky. I am wet through wading up and down from 4 a.m. till 8 o'clock where my platoon was working, covered from head to feet in mud. I quite enjoyed myself, and it was good fun. Of course, the men swore a bit, but they are real good fellows in my com-

pany. The battalion has been in the trenches for a long time, and may go into rest billets within the next fortnight. I am going out to work in the evening again, making advanced trenches."

At the outbreak of war he was employed in Waverley Mill, Innerleithen. His brother was Sec. Lieut. Charles P. Grierson (wounded).

I dreamed that overhead

I saw in twilight grey

The Army of the Dead

Marching on its way,

So still and passionless,

With faces so serene,

That scarcely could one guess

Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,

Nor smoke, nor bloody stain:

Nor suffered any more

Famine, fatigue, or pain:

Nor any lust of hate

Now lingered in their eyes—

Who have fulfilled their fate,

Have lost all enmities.

I see them walking in an air of glory,

Whose light doth trample on my days;

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,

Mere glimmering and decays.

Dear, beautiful Death, the jewel of the just,

Shining nowhere, but in the dark;

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,

Could man outlook that mark.

VAUGHAN.

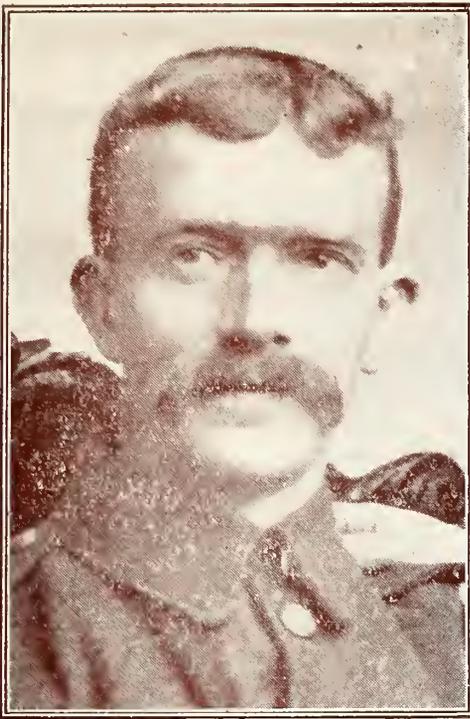
PRIVATE THOMAS RITCHIE

(TRAQUAIR)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MARCH 22 (FRIDAY).

Private Ritchie was a native of Traquair, having been born at The Glen. He enlisted on the day he became nineteen on the 18th December, 1914, and was therefore one of the original gallant lads who earned the Mons Star. He was trained at Peebles, joining the 8th Royal Scots. In July, 1915, he went to France and became attached to the Fifty-First Division. In July, 1917, he was wounded and invalided home, but returned to France in February, 1918, and fell on March 22 during the great German offensive some-



BOMBARDIER R. DOUGLAS,
WALKERBURN



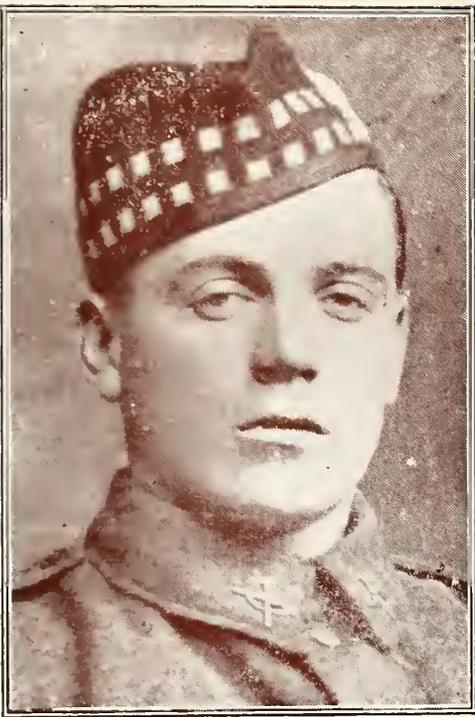
PRIVATE GORDON TAIT,
WALKERBURN



SEC.-LIEUT. JOHN WALLACE MUIR,
TRAQUAIR



SEC.-LIEUT. JOHN GRIERSON,
INNERLEITHEN



PRIVATE THOMAS RITCHE,
TRAQUAIR.



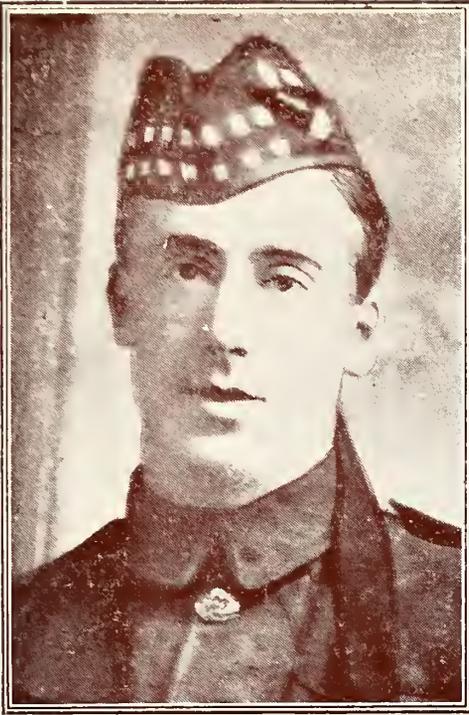
GUNNER JOHN ALEXANDER MACLENNAN,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE PETER MACDONALD,
TRAQUAIR.



PRIVATE ALEX. KELLY,
INNERLEITHEN.



Q.M.S. JOHN DOHERTY,
INNERLEITHEN.



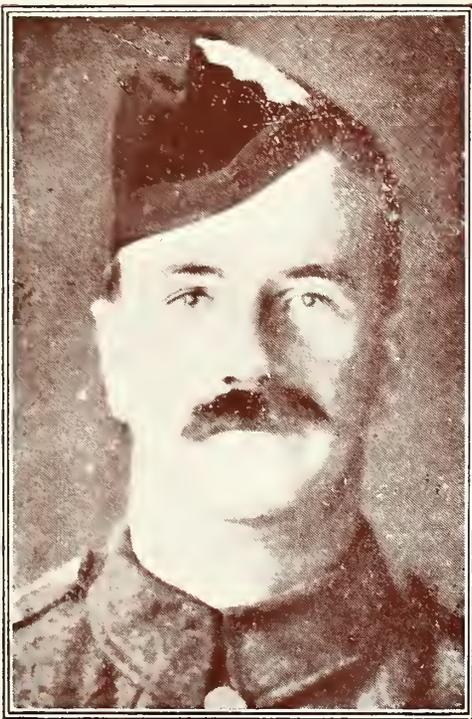
PRIVATE TOM J. MURDIE,
INNERLEITHEN AND PEEBLES.



PRIVATE JAMES RENWICK,
TWEEDSMUIR.



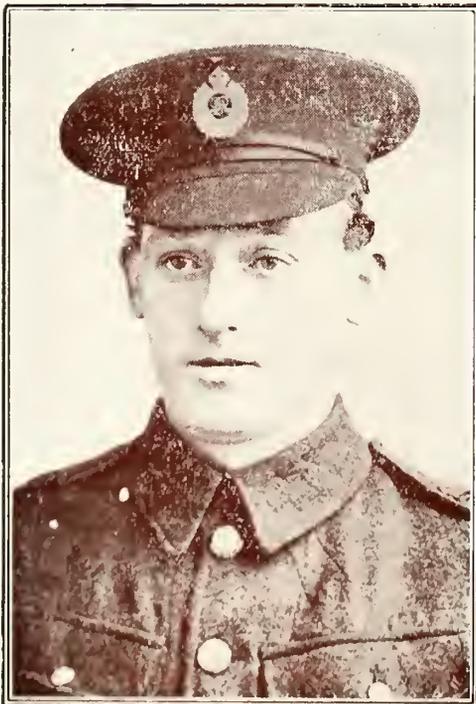
PRIVATE J. WATSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



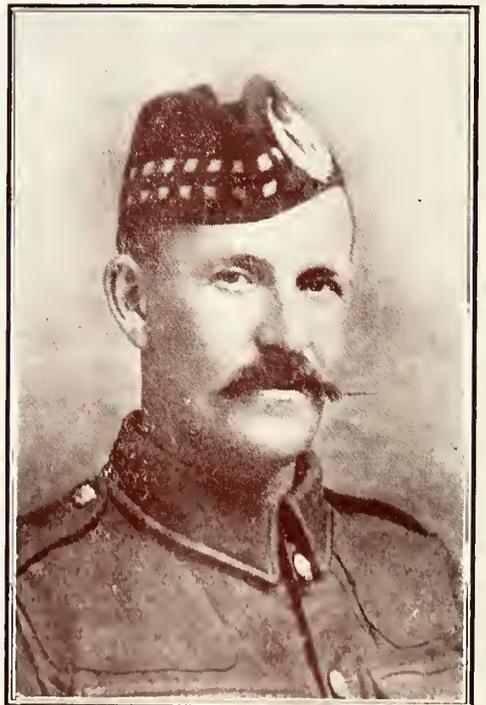
CPL. WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PTE. J. COLLIER,
INNERLEITHEN.



SAPPER R. W. RICHARDSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



PTE. JAMES CALDER,
MEGGET AND LAYNE.

where in the neighbourhood of Cambrai, He was of a very kindly and obliging disposition and was a general favourite with officers and men.

“ For two days his company had splendidly held at bay greatly superior numbers of Germans, and during the critical time, your son behaved with great courage and coolness, deliberately shooting at the advancing enemy, and helping his comrades whenever possible. Finally, it became necessary to withdraw to a new position. This manoeuvre had to be performed under heavy shell-fire, and it was at this moment that your son was hit by a shell. Death was instantaneous and he did not suffer at all. I need hardly say how deeply I sympathise with you in this great sorrow that has so suddenly befallen you. I personally had a great regard for Private Ritchie, and have many times had occasion to complement him on the excellence of his work, while I always appreciated his steadiness and reliability, and the excellent influence he had on his comrades. Would that there were more like him.”

Their heads are lifted. As they pass
They look at Christ's red wounds and smile
In gallant comradeship; they know
Golgotha's terrible defile.

They too have drained a bitter gall,
Heart's Calvary they know full well,
And every man, or old or young,
Has stared into the deeps of Hell.

Yet brave and gay that spectral host
Goes by. Like Christ, on bloody sod
They gladly paid a price, like Him
They left the reckoning to God.

—
PRIVATE PETER MACDONALD
(TRAQUAIR)

13TH ROYAL SCOTS.
1918. MARCH 22 (FRIDAY).

Private Peter McDonald joined up in October, 1914, at Innerleithen, when at Glen Gardens, at the age of 16 in the 13th Royal Scots. He went to France with them, I think, on July 15 with the 9th Division. The report we got was that the great German offensive began on 21st March, and the 13th Royal Scots were forced to retire, but

the determined resistance of the troops saved Arras. On 28th March it was reported that barely any of A and D Coys. got back. They were just in front of Arras. He was in A Coy. He was through all the offensives that his battalion took part in, being one of the bomb throwers. He had never been wounded, and was through it all until the last great German effort to break through. He was reported missing on 22nd March.

On the 22nd of March the Germans were generally held on the northern part of the battle front, but the British defences were broken through west of St Quentin, and the troops both here and in the adjoining sectors retreated hastily. The Germans claimed 16,000 prisoners and 200 guns.

Passing out of the shadow
Into a purer light;
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight.

Laying aside a burden—
This weary, mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil.

So young he was, so strong and well,
Until the bitter summons fell;
Too young to die,
Yet there on foreign soil he'll lie,
So pitiful, with unseeing eye,
And limbs all tumbled anyhow;
Quite finished, now,
On every heart, lest we forget,
Secure at home, engrave this debt

—
**GUNNER JOHN ALEXANDER
MACLENNAN.**
(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.
1918. MARCH 22 (FRIDAY).

Killed in action on the 22nd March, John Alexander MacLennan, signaller, R.G.A., younger son of the late William MacLennan and Mrs MacLennan, Princes Street, Innerleithen, aged 23.

John Alexander MacLennan was born at Innerleithen on the 19th day of May, 1889. He went to Innerleithen Public School, then served his apprenticeship as a joiner with Scott Bros., Innerleithen. He left the district to better himself, and after working

for a time with several firms finally went to America. He left a good post in Hartford, Conn., and came across to join the British Army. He enlisted into the R.G.A., and after training as a signaller and telephonist at Spike Island, Queenstown, was sent to France. He was killed on March 22nd, 1918, on the second day of the great offensive near Hauteville, north-west of Arras, and is believed to be buried at a place named the Slag Heap, between Ruyulcourt and Hermies, although no official intimation of the location of his grave was ever received by his people. He was the younger son of the late William MacLennan of Innerleithen, and grandson of the late Peter Walker, police constable, West Linton. He had a brother in the Royal Scots.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust, to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole Earth blasted for our sake—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

So this body made of dust,
To earth we once again entrust,
And painless it shall slumber here,
Until the Last Great Day appear.

God breathed into this house of clay
The spirit that hath passed away,
Christ gave the true courageous mind,
A heart more brave one cannot find.

PRIVATE ALEX. KELLY

(INNERLEITHEN)

9TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MARCH 22 (FRIDAY).

Pte. Kelly was wounded on March 21st, 1918, at Mezieres. He was severely wounded by a bullet through the body, and he was left on the ground in a shell hole, and probably picked up later by the Germans. He was Scottish. Private Kelly joined up at the beginning of the war with the Territorials, and went to France in July, 1916, being reported "missing" on March 22nd, 1918, aged 21. He belonged to the 9th Royal Scots. He was employed in Caerlee Mills.

Into the Silent Land.
To you be boundless regions
Of all perfection. Tender morning visions
Of beautiful Souls. The Future's pledge and
band.

You who in Life's battle firm did stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

They are all gone into the world of light.
And I alone stay lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright
And my sad thoughts do clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and
hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

—Vaughan.

Q.M.S. JOHN DOHERTY

(INNERLEITHEN)

5TH SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1918. MARCH 22 (FRIDAY).

Quartermaster Sergeant John Doherty, banker, was paymaster in Elgin at the beginning of the war. Later, in 1916, he went to Norwich, and from there he was drafted to France in 1917 in October, and fell on March 22nd, 1918. He was the eldest son of Mr J. A. Doherty, 15 Victoria Road, Elgin. He had a brother in the R.A.M.C. a prisoner of war for nine months.

Andrew Doherty, Innerleithen, a relative, fell on March 18, 1916.

Now earth hath hid him from our eyes,
Till God shall bid him wake and rise,
Who ne'er the creature will forget,
On whom His image He hath set.

Ah, would that promised day were here,
When Christ shall once again appear:
When He shall call, nor one be lost,
To endless life, Earth's buried Lost.

The Doorkeepers of Zion,
They do not always stand
In helmet and whole armour,
With halberds in their hand:
But, being sure of Zion,
And all her mysteries,
They rest awhile in Zion,
Sit down and smile in Zion:
Ay, even jest in Zion:
In Zion, at their ease.

PRIVATE JAMES RENWICK

(TWEEDSMUIR)

11TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MARCH 28.

Renwick, James, Private, No. 43849, 9th Platoon, C Company, 11th Royal Scots—Reported missing when on outpost duty near Albert on 28th March, 1918, and not since heard of. Any information regarding him from former comrades or repatriated prisoners of war would be gratefully received by his parents, Mr and Mrs Renwick, Fingland, Tweedsmuir, Broughton, Peeblesshire.

PRESUMED KILLED.—The parents of Private James Renwick, Fingland, received official notice presuming the death of their son in March, 1918, or thereabout. Private Renwick joined the Royal Scots and was stationed at Peebles for a time. He went to France in 1916, and saw considerable service there. He was on outpost duty during the night of 23rd March, and has not been heard of since. It was hoped he had been taken prisoner, but such does not seem to have been the case, and now after the lapse of fifteen months all hope was abandoned. Private Renwick, like his forefathers, followed the occupation of shepherd, and was thus engaged at Tweedhopefoot when he joined the army. He was a quiet, kindly, somewhat shy lad, devoted to his work, in which he gave every promise of excelling, like the race from which he sprang, who, it may be said, belong to the same stock as James Renwick, the Covenanter, and the last of Scotland's martyred men. Private Renwick was the ninth soldier from Tweedsmuir who has given his life for his country.

On the 23rd of March the Germans took Monchy-le-Preux, crossed the Tortille river between Bapaume and Peronne, they captured Peronne and Ham. This enabled them to reach the line of the Somme. French troops entered the battle on the British southern wing. Paris was bombarded by a long range gun, 74 miles.

Enough it is that this is one
Of that great Army of our glorious dead
Who surely, though by mortal eyes unseen,
Follow with ghostly tread,

Rank upon rank our unknown warrior's bier,
And every prayer for him, and every tear
That falls, are theirs, and theirs the undying
fame

To which his soul is heir, whose very name
Is lost in that great glory which they share.

This was a simple shepherd of the hills,
This was a hewer in the deepest mine,
A toiler in the clamour of the mills,
A scion of an old and honoured line,
A lad whose eager feet were scarcely set
On manhood's threshold, and a warrior grim
Scarred in an hundred fights, who left his
home

In that dark hour, nor knew one vain regret
For all that he had yielded. Yea, in him
Each mother knows her son, each widow
knows

Her long-mourned husband, and the maid
unwed

Her lover. So when reverent hands shall
close

That narrow yet that all-embracing grave
In the dim, pillared twilight of the nave,
How shall we call him yet our unknown
dead?

We cannot know how much a dead man
hears,

What awful music of the distant spheres,
But you may linger still, you may not be
Too far from us to share the ecstasy
Of all the birds that nest upon our hills,
Or miss the flowering of the daffodils.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What, and where they be.

PRIVATE TOM J. MURDIE

(INNERLEITHEN AND PEBBLES)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MARCH 24 (SUNDAY).

Reported missing on 24th March, 1918, now officially presumed to have died on that date or since, Private Tom Murdie, Royal Scots, aged 20, younger son of George and Janet Murdie, Caerlee Cottages, Innerleithen.

Tom Murdie was born at Peebles, and was educated at the Burgh and County High School. He became a clerk in the office of Leithen Mills Spinning Co. In August, 1914, he enlisted, and was one of the gallant band who left Haddington for France on November, 2, 1914. He returned home but once dur-

ing the war. He was posted as missing on March 24, 1918, aged 20.

On March 24 the day Tom Murdie fell, the Germans were held in desperate fighting round Bapaume, crossed the Somme between Peronne and Ham, and took Nesle and Peronne. Further south they captured Guiscard and Chauny. They now claimed 30,000 prisoners and 600 guns.

If that high world, which lies beyond

Our own, surviving love endears:

If there the cherished heart be fond,

The eye the same, except the tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres,

How sweet this very hour to die.

To soar from Earth and find all fears

Lost in thy light—Eternity.

When love has from our longing arms been
torn,

What boots it if the empty world we grasp?
To those who this supreme bereavement
mourn

It little matters what woe follows fast.
The worst that fate can do already borne,
The very meaning of such dread is past.

PRIVATE J. WATSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MARCH 24 (SUNDAY).

John Watson was the oldest son of Mr Thos. Watson, now of 1 Castle Street, Selkirk, and was born at Innerleithen in January, 1890. He was employed at Waverley Mills, Innerleithen, also with Lowe, Donald & Co., Peebles, and at the time of enlistment was head warehouseman at Waverley Mills, Innerleithen. He enlisted in the 3/8th Royal Scots on 28th February, 1916; was transferred to the 1/9th Royal Scots in December, 1916, and drafted to France. He was invalided home with septic poisoning in April, 1917. He was drafted again to France in July, 1917, and was wounded with shrapnel in September, 1917; was acting as stretcher-bearer in March, 1918, and was reported wounded and missing in the engagement of 24th March, 1918, and not since reported.

On the 25th the Germans carried Bapaume in a night attack; later, their advance, though less rapid than on the previous two

days, continued on the whole front from Ervillers (north of Bapaume) to the Oise. From the beginning of the attack the Germans claimed 45,000 prisoners.

The goodly harvest of thy laughing mouth

Is garnered in; and lo! the golden grain
Of all thy generous thoughts, which knew no
drouth

Of meanness, and thy tender words remain

Stored in my heart; and though I may not
see

Thy peerless form nor hear thy voice again,
The memory lives of what thou wast to me,
We knew great love . . . We have not
lived in vain.

We laid him to rest with tenderness:

Homeward we turned in the twilight's
gold:

We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—
All the story of Earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said:

A great deep heart like the hearts of old
Went forth: and the speaker had lost the
thread,
Or all the story of Earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways

Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
How all the story of Earth was told.

CPL. WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

(INNERLEITHEN)

BLACK WATCH.

1918. MARCH 28 (THURSDAY).

Mrs Somerville, Leithen Road, Innerleithen, received word that her son, Corporal Wm. Somerville, Black Watch, had been killed in action. Corporal Somerville, who was 36 years of age, joined up in June, 1916, and went out to France in April, 1917. He was for a long time employed at the St Ronan's Wells, but at the time of his enlistment was in the employment of the Edinburgh United Breweries Co. He was well known in Border Association football circles as goalkeeper for the Vale of Leithen, while he was also a prominent member of St Ronan's Brass Band. His wife resided at St Leonard's Street, Edinburgh. His brother George, who was in

the Edinburgh Police Force, fell on Nov. 28, 1915, and his brother James was also serving.

"It is with sincere regret and tender sympathy that I write to inform you of the death of your husband, Corporal W. Somerville, of the 9th Black Watch. I am sorry that I cannot furnish you at present with any very definite particulars as to how he fell, save to say that he was killed in action while bravely doing his duty during the heavy attacks made against our lines on the 28th March. It is believed that death was instantaneous.

"His loss is very keenly felt by us all, especially by the officers and men of his own company. I did not know him personally, as I have only recently joined this battalion, but from what I have heard of him I can assure you of the great regard and respect in which he was held. He was one of the brightest and best of the non-commissioned officers. All our hearts go out to you in real sympathy, and we trust that the needed and promised strength will be given you to bear your sore trial. May the Saviour Himself Who died for us and rose again be very near to you in these days to comfort and uphold you. God always bless and help you and yours."

On March 26 the British made a stand north of the Somme, but lost Albert and Bray. There was very heavy fighting south of the Somme. The Germans captured Lihons, Chaulnes, Roye, and Noyon. On March 27 the Germans advanced on both sides of the Somme in a night attack reaching Sailly-le-Sec, twelve miles from Amiens. But they lost ground in British counter-attacks. The Germans afterwards failed in attack from Bucquoy to Rosières, and were checked near Lassigny and Noyon, but they took Montdidier after a rapid advance.

O why, to-day, o'er scatter'd sleeping-places,
Those ghostly bugles sound the morning call?

Why, at salute, pride on their war-worn faces,

The dead upstand—a world-encircling wall?

Lo! one of them—his name from memory perish'd,

Save in some heart that listens for him still,

In tall grey town his fancy fondly cherish'd,
Or straw-roof'd home upon some seaward hill—

Goes past, through fields of Flanders, shadow-crowded,

Out of the Land of Sorrow, seeking rest,
In slumber folded, deep in peace enshrouded,
Close in Love's keeping, on his Empire's breast.

The grey dawn shimmers, o'er the low hills creeping;

The far-off ghostly bugles throb and die:
The misty columns fade, till stirs their sleeping

The last Revally—God's own rallying cry.

SAPPER R. W. RICHARDSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

1918. MARCH 30.

Mr R. W. Richardson, The Strand, received a letter from a major of the Royal Engineers intimating the death of his son, Sapper R. W. Richardson. Sapper Richardson was 26 years of age. He enlisted in June, 1915, and went to France in August, 1916. Prior to enlistment, he worked as a tuner in Caerlee Mills (Messrs D. Ballantyne & Co.). He played centre forward for the Vale of Leithen Football Club, and was prominent in golfing circles.

He enlisted into the City of Edinburgh Royal Engineers in June, 1915. He went to France in August, 1916, and was badly bruised, being buried by a shell in January, 1917. He was in hospital a good length of time; being so badly shell-shocked he was sent far back from the firing line until January, 1918, and on March 30th, 1918, he was killed.

His brother, Cpl. J. W. Richardson, fell on July 26, 1916.

On March 28 there had been a great German attack on a wide front north and south of the Scarpe River, which was defeated with very heavy loss to the Germans. Between the Somme and the Avre rivers the Germans advanced, reaching Hamel. On the 29th there was no heavy fighting north of the Somme. Between the Somme and the Avre the Germans continued to advance, taking Hamel, Mezieres, and Demuin. On the 30th, Demuin was retaken by the British. Heavy German attacks broke down. Indecisive fighting followed in the Luce and the Avre valleys.

From the hills and valleys, earth
 Shouts back the sound of mirth,
 Tramp of feet and lilt of song
 Ringing all the road along.
 All the music of their going,
 Ringing, swinging, glad song-throwing,
 Earth will echo still, when foot
 Lies numb and voice mute.

On, marching men, on,
 To the gates of death with song.
 Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
 So you may be glad, though sleeping.
 Strew your gladness on earth's bed,
 So be grateful, so be dead.

Father and Lord of friend and foe,
 All-seeing and all-wise,
 Thy balm to dying hearts bestow,
 Thy sight to sightless eyes.
 To the dear dead give life, where pain
 And death no more dismay,
 Where, amid Love's long terrorless reign,
 All tears are wiped away.

PRIVATE J. COLLIER

(INNERLEITHEN)

17TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. APRIL 7 (SUNDAY).

Mr Collier, 73 High Street, Innerleithen, received official information that his son, Private J. Collier, Royal Scots, had died of wounds at Rouen, after having his leg amputated, after wounds received in action on March 28. Private Collier, who was only 20 years of age, joined the Royal Scots along with his brother David, who has since been discharged, in October, 1915, and went out to France early in 1916. He had been previously wounded, and was home on leave from France just three weeks previous to meeting his death. Previous to joining up he was employed in the millhouse of the Waverley Mill.

On this day there had been heavy artillery attacks on the Oise, and between the Somme and Armentieres; two attacks on Bucquoy were repulsed.

THE BATTLE OF THE LYS.

On the 1st April, 1918, the British won back some high ground. On the 10th April the Germans took Morisel, and were within two miles of the Paris railway. On Friday the 5th, the attack was renewed on the southern front. By the 7th of April the French had fallen back south of Chauny. The second battle of the Somme was at an

end, and the battle of the Lys had begun. The Allied front had been re-established, and the road to Amiens closed.

On Sunday, 7th April, 1918, an intense bombardment began, with gas shells, and continued during the 8th. On Tuesday, the 9th, a furious preparation began, in which gas was mingled with high explosives. At 7 a.m., the full weight of the German infantry assault fell on the 11th and 15th Corps. This was the battle of Armentieres, and the whole British centre was penetrated. Bethune and Givenchy were centres of dreadful fighting. On the 10th the Germans captured Ploegsteert.

On Wednesday, 10th April, the House of Commons passed a Bill raising the limit of military age to fifty years, and giving the Government power to abolish ordinary exemptions. Conscription was also extended to Ireland. Within a month, other 355,000 men were sent across the Channel. On the 11th April, the British evacuated Armentieres.

On this same day, the 11th of April, 1918, Sir Douglas Haig issued the following ominous order of the day:—

“There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes, and the freedom of mankind, depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.”

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

At the end of February, 1918, the Eastern front had gone out of existence owing to the collapse of Russia. The Allies therefore had now to face the onslaught of a mighty engine of war whose strength could be directed to a single front. The German generals promised the Reichstag complete and absolute victory in the field before autumn. One of their generals, in a lecture, said of General Hindenburg—“He stands in the West with our whole German manhood for the first time united in a single theatre of war, ready to strike with the strongest army the world has ever known.” On the morning of the 21st March, the many thousand guns of the Germans were released against

the British positions, accompanied by clouds of poison gas, and every other offensive of powerful destruction. The advance was upon a fifty mile front; the British line was broken. On the 24th March the Germans captured Bapaume and Peronne, and took 30,000 prisoners. On the 25th March, the Germans reached the German line of 1916. On the 26th, General Foch was appointed to the supreme command of all the Allied armies. The situation south of the Somme was desperate; and the Commander-in-Chief might soon have no armies to command. On the 28th, the Germans began to set themselves steadily to the capture of Amiens. This was a critical day everywhere from Arras to the Oise. Great German weight was brought against Arras. The effort was a complete and disastrous failure. On the 29th March, the Germans were within twelve miles of Amiens. On Easter Sunday, the last day of March, the situation was very grave.

No easy hopes or lies
 Shall bring us to our goal,
 But iron sacrifice
 Of body, will, and soul.
 There's but one task for all—
 For each one life to give.
 Who stands if freedom fall?
 Who dies if Britain live?

Death seems but a covered way
 Which opens to the light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight.
 And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play,
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

PTE. JAMES CALDER
 (MEGGET AND LYNE)

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
 1918. APRIL 9 (TUESDAY).

Mrs Calder, Cappercluch, Megget, received official information that her husband, Private James Calder, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in France on the 9th April. Private Calder joined the army about eighteen months previously, and had been in France about three months. His officer wrote a letter of sympathy to Mrs

Calder, at the same time expressing the regrettable loss his company had met through the death of her brave husband. His death was instantaneous. In civil life, Private Calder was the policeman of Megget, where he had been stationed for many years, and was highly esteemed both in public and private life. In his leisure hours, he interested himself in gardening, and his garden was looked upon in the district as a model of neatness and usefulness. Before the close of divine service at Lyne on Sunday, Mr Taggart, in paying a high tribute to Private Calder's memory, said he was the most regular attender at Megget Church, and bore a very exemplary character. He is the first member of the congregation to fall in the war. The minister also expressed sincere sympathy with Mrs Calder and her family in their sad bereavement.

His life at the front was not of long duration. He went to France in September, 1917, and was sent home in November, 1917, suffering from septic poisoning. He sailed again for France on March 30th, 1918, and was killed on the night of April 9th, 1918. He was left to be buried by the Germans. At home his great hobby was his garden, and all through his training he never lost his interest in his home and garden. He was looking forward to coming home, but when the German rush started he said he would have liked home to have seen the boys, but the German tide had to be stemmed. Luck was against him, and he was a small item at the stemming of the German tide.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
 To him now dead preserve me just
 In all that should performed be,
 For our being man and wife
 Extendeth only to this life,
 Yet neither life nor death should end
 The being of a faithful friend.

O why should the hills last, that never were
 young,
 Unperishing stars in the heavens be hung:
 Be constant the seasons, undrying the stream,
 And he that was gallant be gone like a
 dream?
 Brave songs will be singing in Isles of the
 West,
 But he will be silent who sang them the best:
 The dance will be waiting, the pipes will
 implore,
 But he will return to Megget no more.

GUNNER ALEXANDER BURTON

(PEEBLES, MANOR, INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

1918. APRIL 10 (WEDNESDAY).

John and Annie Burton had lost their youngest son on October 19, 1917, they were now to lose their third son, also a Gunner, Alexander, in the Royal Garrison Artillery, six months later.

He passed away at No. 9 General Hospital, Rouen, on the 10th April, 1918, from wounds received in action on the 21st March. He was the beloved husband of Margaret Wilson. A son-in-law, George Dick, of Mr and Mrs Burton fell early in the war, leaving a young family and widow.

On March 21 a German offensive began against the British Third and Fifth Armies on a fifty mile front. Forty German divisions were pitted against fourteen divisions in the British Fifth Army. The Germans broke through, compelling the British to withdraw with very heavy losses. On that day fell Gunner Alexander Burton.

CHRIST WITH OUR MEN.

Now, we remember, over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.

We never thought about You much in England,

But now that we are far away from England,
We have no doubts, we know that you are here.

Yes, he is here with us to-day;

A thousand things his touch reveal,
Sweet evidence, no cumbering clay,
No unknown sepulture conceal.

In many a heart his grave is green
And sweet with flowers we planted there;
Dear memories of what has been,
A wealth of fragrant blossom bear.

PTE. WILLIE WYPER

(MANOR)

2ND ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

1918. APRIL 10 (WEDNESDAY).

He enlisted in the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers in August, 1917. He went to France, and was missing on April 10, 1918 (Wednesday). No trace of him was ever obtained. His

brother Tom fell on July 19, 1916. Another brother was in the war from start to finish in France and in Salonika, and won through in the end.

Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms would wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish
thought:

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the way before always bright.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown:
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the Good alone,
And faith beholds the Dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

PTE. J. BURNETT

(INNERLEITHEN)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. APRIL 10 (WEDNESDAY).

Pte. James Burnett was killed on the 10th April, 1918, and all the information received was that he was killed in action and buried in Mont-Bernonchon Churchyard. He was a Lewis gunner. From information received, I was informed they were on the Bapaume-Cambrai road. He was born at Innerleithen on the 12th April, 1897. The family consists of his father, mother, and two sisters. Pte. Burnett joined up on the 4th September, 1914, in the 6th Royal Scots, and went to Egypt on the 4th September, 1915. From there he went to France, and was wounded on 12th January, 1917. He returned to France on June 8th, 1917, and was attached to the 12th Royal Scots, and was again wounded on 20th September, 1917. He again returned to France on the 21st February, 1918, and was killed on the 10th April, 1918. Pte. Burnett was attached to the 8th Royal Scots, 51st Div., when he was killed.

One with another, soul with soul,
They kindle fire from fire:
Friends watch us who have touched the goal:
They urge us, "Come up higher."
With them shall rest our waysore feet,
With them is built our home,
With Christ. They sweet, but He most sweet,
Sweeter than honeycomb.



GUNNER ALEXANDER BURTON,
PEEBLES, MANOR, INNERLEITHEN.



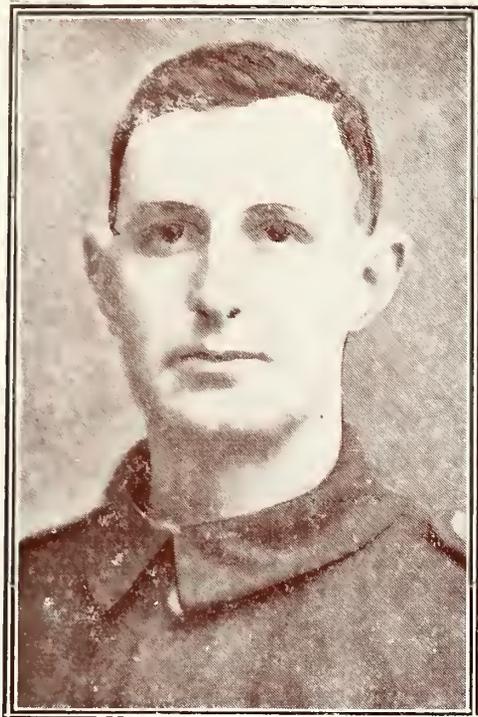
PTE. J. BURNETT,
INNERLEITHEN.



PTE. WILLIE WYPER,
MANOR.



PTE. WM. BROWN,
STOBO.



PRIVATE R. MITCHELL
HENDERLAND, MEGGET, AND LYNE



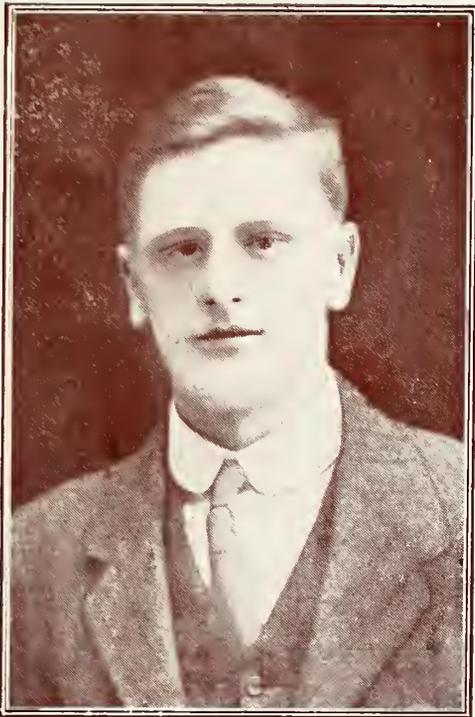
SAPPER THOMAS BIRNIE
INNERLEITHEN



SERGEANT J. W. M'GLASSON
INNERLEITHEN



PTE ANTHONY MCCUTCHEON TURNBULL
WALKERBURN



PTE. WILLIAM KEEN,
INNERLEITHEN AND NEW ZEALAND.



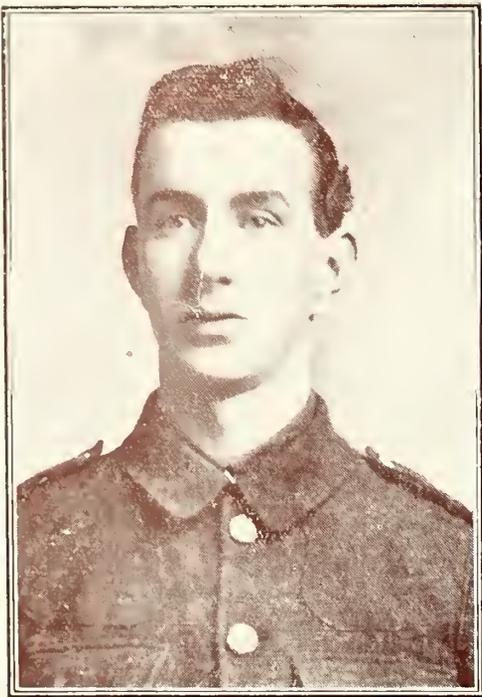
PTE. ROBERT HAMILTON,
BROUGHTON AND PEEBLES.



PTE. JAMES PRESTON.



PTE. JOHN PATERSON,
WALKERBURN.



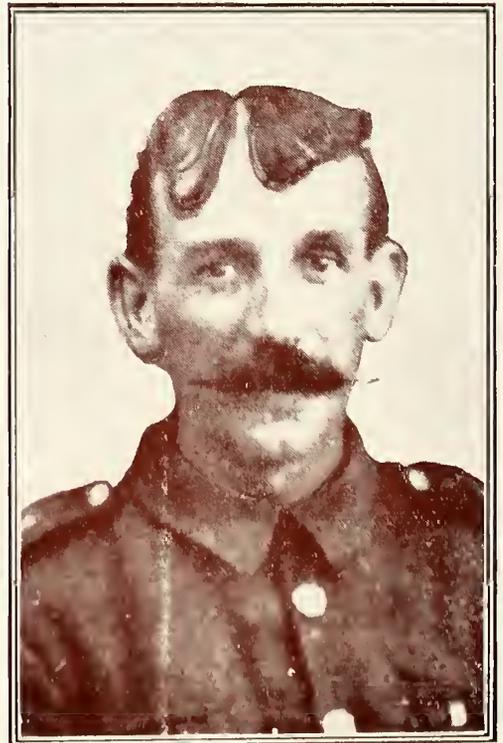
PRIVATE ROBERT BLAIRIE,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE THOMAS ORMISTON,
EDDLSTON.



PRIVATE DOUGLAS TELFER,
BROUGHTON.



GEORGE BLAKE,
INNERLEITHEN.

PTE. WM. BROWN

(Stobo)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

1918. APRIL 11 (THURSDAY).

William Brown was born at The Harrow, Stobo, on 9th June, 1882. He was the son of Andrew Brown, the highly esteemed beadle of Stobo Kirk, and his wife Catherine Thomson, both of them Stobo people. Willie was educated at Stobo School, and learned the trade of carpenter with Mr James Milne, Newhouses. After being for some time with a firm of hothouse builders in Edinburgh, he returned to Stobo as one of the estate carpenters, married Euphemia Purves Linton and took up house at the Cless. When the war broke out he drilled with the Volunteers until he was called to enlist in the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was offered employment in the army at aeroplane building. At this safe work he would have been most useful; for he was a remarkably neat-handed workman. But he had agreed to go along with his chum, Robert Cairns. He therefore declined the aeroplane service, and went to the war. Presently his friend was transferred to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and they never saw one another again. On the 11th April, 1918, in the course of the strenuous fighting of those days, Willie was reported missing. He has never since been heard of. Probably he was carried down by the river, the bridge over which he was defending when last seen. His loss is mourned by his wife and five children, his widowed mother, his brothers, sisters, and all the many friends who held him dear.

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying—death is such waste
of me.

Grant me one comfort: Leave not the here-
after
Of mankind to war, as though I had died
not—

I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot,
Throbbing, and dancing. Let not my sink-
ing
In dark be for naught, my death a vain
thing.

God, let me know it the end of man's fever.
Make my last breath be a bugle-call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and green hills for-
ever.

PRIVATE R. MITCHELL

(HENDERLAND, MEGGET AND LYNE)

8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. APRIL 11 (THURSDAY).

He was born on 20th April, 1884. Previous to joining the army, he assisted on the farm of Bleaton, Blairgowrie, for a number of years, and I believe was held in very high esteem by all who knew him in that district. He was wounded in September, 1917, and was posted missing on the above date, viz., 11th April, 1918. He joined the 8th Battalion Royal Scots at Peebles, and served with them continuously, and for a considerable time acted in the pioneers, where he was serving at his death.

"He joined up at Peebles in December in the 3/8th Royal Scots, got his training there, was transferred to France in the beginning of August, 1915, and served in a Pioneer Battalion until he became a stretcher-bearer in April, 1917, and served as such until he was officially posted missing on 11th April, 1918. Shortly after that date we got word from a comrade that he was killed, having been shot through the head. Some time after the Red Cross Department in London sent a card that they had heard he was a prisoner of war, but never found out his whereabouts or in what condition he was. Later we had a letter from the War Office stating that they could find no trace of him and that circumstances did not look favourable to his being alive, but did not officially state that he was dead. I had a slight gleam of hope after hearing from the Red Cross, but now a month has passed since war was stopped and still no word of him, so I do not expect he will ever turn up"

God knows, my dear, I did not want
To rise and leave you so,
But the dead men's hands were beckoning,
And I knew that I must go.

The dead men's eyes were watching, lass,
Their lips were asking too;
We faced it out and paid the price—
And we continued true.

But you'll forgive me yet, my dear,
Because I went you know;
I can look my dead friends in the face,
As I couldn't two months ago.

Our little hour—how short it is
When love with dew-eyed loveliness
Raises her lips for ours to kiss,
And dies within our first caress.

Youth flickers out like wind-blown flame,
Sweets of to-day, to-morrow sour,
For time and death relentless claim
Our little hour.

SERGEANT. J. W. M'GLASSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

1918. APRIL 12 (FRIDAY).

Mrs J. W. M'Glasson, Damside, received official intimation that her husband, Sergeant J. W. M'Glasson, who had been posted as wounded and missing on the 12th April, had been killed in action in France on or about that date which the Commander of Corps verified by intimating his burial.

He was aged 26. Sergeant M'Glasson was the eldest son of Bandmaster M'Glasson, and left Innerleithen with the Territorials at the outbreak of war. He was a Territorial in the 8th Royal Scots; was transferred to the 2/9th owing to his being a bandsman, his father, also being Band Sergeant in the same battalion. Went to France in 1916 and was transferred into the R.S.F.; saw much service there; came home a time-expired man in February, 1918, and went back to France on the 26th of March of the same year; was promoted Sergeant, and fell in action on April 12th, 1918. We can only add that he was a most loving and dutiful son, and very steady, never having tasted strong drink in his life. He had been employed in the machine-room of Ballantyne Bros.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love;

Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit
above

Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! Blest are the lovers and friends who
shall live

The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven
can give,

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

They are more our own,
Since now they are God's only,
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's caresses.

SAPPER THOMAS BIRNIE.

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

1918. APRIL 14 (SUNDAY)

Official intimation was sent the parents of Sapper Thomas Birnie that he had died from wounds received in action on the 12th April, 1918, which proved fatal the following day. Sapper Birnie was a twiner in Caerlee Mills before he enlisted in 1915. He was sent to France early in 1917. He was 28 years of age. He had one brother serving—James, who was wounded. He enlisted on the 12th June, 1915. On the 12th of April, 1918, there had been strong enemy pressure at Bailleul and Wulverghem Neuve Eglise and Messines were penetrated by the Germans. On the 13th the British re-occupied Neuve Eglise and repelled further attacks. There was continuous fighting around Wulverghem, Bailleul and Meteren, and also at Festubert. On the 14th Neuve Eglise was taken by the Germans. Seven attacks in Merville sector were repulsed. Near Bailleul the British line was penetrated, but the position was restored. It was on this day that General Foch was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
Earth that knows of death, not tears,
Earth that bore with joyful ease
Hemlock for Socrates,
Earth that blossomed and was glad
'Neath the cross that Christ had,
Shall yet grieve and blossom too
When the bullet reaches you.

Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing.
Pour gladness on earth's head,
So be grateful, so be dead.

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede:
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls.
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words:
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott:
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Yours is the story, yours be the glory.

**PTE. ANTHONY McCUTCHEON
TURNBULL.**

(WALKERBURN)

2ND K.O.S.B.

1918. APRIL 15 (MONDAY).

Before enlistment Anthony Turnbull was employed with Messrs Henry Ballantyne & Sons, Walkerburn, as an apprentice clerk. He attested when he was 18 years of age, and joined the army in Nov., 1916, when 18 years and 9 months. He was sent out to France on the 26th January, 1917, and he was in the midst of the fighting up till December, 1917, when he was sent to Italy along with his regiment. He came back to France on the 7th of April, 1918, and he was killed with a British shell, which fell short and buried him in his dug-out, on the 15th of April, 1918, only 8 days after his coming back to France, during which he and his battalion had a very hot time of it trying to stop the German advance. He was killed at Neippe Forest near Merville, and he is buried in Haverskerque Cemetery (British), $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the west of Merville. In a letter which was received after he was killed, his officer said that he had been a brave lad, as he had done service both in the line and out of it as signaller. He was 20 years of age at the time of his death.

Many a youthful shoulder now is gay with an epaulet,

And the hand that was deft with a cricket bat
is defter with a sword,

And some of the lads will laugh to-day where
the trench is red and wet,

And some will win on the bloody field the
accolade of the Lord.

Good-bye. No tears nor cries
Are fitting here, and long lament were vain,
Only the last, low words be softly said,
And the last greeting given above the Dead:
For Souls more pure and beautiful our eyes
Never shall see again.

PTE. WILLIAM KEEN

(INNERLEITHEN AND NEW ZEALAND)

NEW ZEALAND FORCES.

1918. APRIL 21 (SUNDAY).

He was born at St Ronan's Cottage, Cauldham, Innerleithen, on the 29th of November, 1895. He went to school there until he left with his parents for New Zealand in November, 1902. After completing his education, William entered an office, where he remained until he was 21, when he, like so

many more, volunteered for active service. Joining in November, 1916, he left for the front in April, 1917.

After taking part in engagements at Warne-ton on August 1st, 1917, Abraham Heights in October, Paschendaele in the same month, Maily Mallet on March 28, 1918, he was fatally wounded at Courcelles on April 20th. His brother was some 200 yards away when he fell.

The official report says:—"Wounded in action in the field on 21st April, 1918, he was admitted to No. 2 New Zealand Field Ambulance with a shell wound in his left side, right leg, and back. Admitted to 3rd Canadian Stationary Hospital, he died there the same day."

His parents received information that he was buried at Doullens. Two of his brothers, Henry Keen and George Thorburn Keen, were also in France, the former being invalided home after coming through the Somme engagement. His father was employed in Messrs Beckett and Robertson's mill at Innerleithen for over 19 years, prior to his emigration.

Comfort, content, delight.

The ages' slow-bought gain,

They shrivelled in a night.

Only ourselves remain

To face the naked days

In silent fortitude,

Through perils and dismays,

Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart.

The old Commandments stand,

"In patience keep your heart,

In strength lift up your hand."

Saint George he was a fighting man, he's
here and fighting still,

While any wrong is yet to right, or dragon
yet to kill;

And faith, he's finding work this day to suit
his war-worn sword.

For he's strafing Huns in Flanders to the
glory of the Lord.

Saint George he is a fighting man, but when
the fightings past,

And dead among the trampled fields the
fiercest and the last

Of all the dragons earth has known, beneath
his feet lies low,

Oh, his heart will turn to Britain,

He'll come home to rest in Britain, where
the golden willows blow.

PTE. JAMES PRESTON

4/5TH BLACK WATCH.
1918. APRIL 24.

He enlisted in June, 1916, and was killed on April 24th, 1918, Wednesday. He was a shepherd.

In the whole of March and April there had been continuous terrible fighting, and the British were hard pressed all the time. On April 24 there were violent attacks on the junction of the British and French on the Amiens sector south of the Somme. Villers Bretonneux was lost. The battle was very severe at Hangard, and the Germans finally captured the village. Attacks were beaten off east of Robecque and north-east of Bailleul. There was heavy artillery fire in Woevre.

I think that death has two sides to it,
One sunny and one dark, as this round Earth
Is every day half sunny and half dark:
We on the dark side call the mystery death,
They on the other, looking down in light,
Wait the glad birth with other tears than
ours.

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain.

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and
streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of
things

PTE. ROBERT HAMILTON

(BROUGHTON AND PEBBLES)

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

MACHINE GUN SECTION.

1918. APRIL 25 (THURSDAY).

Private Robert Hamilton, son of J. Hamilton, shepherd, Standalane, Peebles, prior to enlisting was employed as shepherd at Corstane. Joined the forces 3rd April, 1917, at Glencorse, being attached to the Scottish Rifles, and transferred to the Infantry Machine Gun Section. Proceeding to France, November, 1917, he took part in the great offensive at Cambrai, was reported missing on

Thursday, April 25th, 1918, and nothing further has been heard.

He was a good shepherd, attentive to duty. Deep sympathy is felt for his parents.

The following letter from the Captain was received by his father:—

“ Dear Sir.—With reference to your letter, dated, June 17th, 1918, I am very sorry to say that I can give you very little more information than you have already. What actually happened was that he was on a hill, which I am afraid must remain unnamed, which was surrounded by the enemy. Practically all the officers who were in it have since been reported prisoners of war in Germany, so there is every possibility that he is also a prisoner. In which case you will be the first to hear.—
Yours faithfully,

H. C. VIVIAN THOMAS,
Captain.

Some months later, on 10th December, 1918, in answer to enquiry, Captain Thomas writes:—

“ I am very sorry that I can give no further information than I did some months ago. The only suggestion that I can make to you is to enquire through the War Office if anything has been heard of him. As prisoners are being sent home daily from Germany it is quite possible that you will hear something. I am afraid there are no other officers who can give you any information as I am the only one left from that time. The hill I referred to was Kimmel Hill.

“ He is gone,
I do not understand: I only know
That as he turned to go and waved his
hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone
And I was dazzled by a sunlike glow.”

Ye sleepers, who will sing you?
We can but give our tears,
Ye dead men who shall bring you
Fame in the coming years?
Brave souls . . . but who remembers
The fame that fired your embers?
Deep, deep the sleep that holds you
Who at one time had no peers,

PTE. JOHN PATERSON

(WALKERBURN)

12TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. APRIL 25.

My boy has been a prisoner of war since April 25th, 1918, and so I have not heard otherwise; I am still expecting him home yet.

M. PATERSON.

I am sending you a photo of my son, Pte. John Paterson, 12th Royal Scots, which you asked me for a while ago. He was nineteen years of age. I have been told that he died of starvation while a prisoner of war in Germany.

O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine:

O, think on faith and bliss.
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a soldier's parting seen,
But never aught like this.
The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale.

The sunset fades along the shore,
And faints behind yon rosy reach of sea.
Night falls again, but oh, no more,
No more, no more,
My love returns to me.
The lonely moon builds soft and slow
Her silver bridge across the main.
But him who sleeps the grass below
Love waits in vain,
Ah no, ah no,
He never comes again.

PRIVATE ROBERT BLAIKIE

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. APRIL 26 (FRIDAY).

Mr and Mrs Blaikie, Holylee, were informed officially that their son, Private Robert Blaikie, Royal Scots, had fallen in France. He was their only and beloved son. He was born at Holylee, and was aged twenty-three when he fell. Private Blaikie was one of those gallant lads of Tweeddale who joined up in 1914, the only son of his parents. His employment at the time was that of chauffeur. His sweetheart mourns his loss. He fell at Kemmel Hill.

On that day the Germans had occupied

Kemmel Hill and village. They gained also Branoutre after very severe fighting. Loere was lost, but was retaken by the French. The Allied line had to fall back on Ypres-Comines Canal. But at Voormezele (Ypres) heavy fighting resulted in the repulse of the Germans. On the following day the place was twice attacked by the Germans without result. There was much local fighting astride Ypres-Comines Canal. In the Luce Valley and at Givenchy the fighting was to the advantage of the Allies. Hangard Wood was recaptured.

You seemed so young, to know
So little, those few months or years ago,
Who may by now have disentwined
The inmost secrets of the Eternal Mind.

Yours seemed an easy part,
To construe, learn some trivial lines by heart:
Yet to your hands has God assigned
The burden of the sorrows of mankind.

Here, in the marshland, past the battered
bridge,

One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won
ridge,
He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,
School triumphs, earned apace in work and
play;
Friendships at will then love's delightful
dawn
And mellowing day.

Paradise now has many a knight,
Many a lordkin, many lords,
Glimmer of armour, dinted and bright,
The young knights have put on new swords,
Some have barely the down on the lip,
Smiling yet with the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
Their scars are amethyst—glorious scars.

PRIVATE THOMAS ORMISTON

(EDDLESTON)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1918. APRIL 27 (SATURDAY).

Notification was received that Private Thomas Ormiston, in the Highland Light Infantry, had been reported officially as having fallen in France on the 27th April. He

was unmarried and aged thirty-seven when he fell. He worked as a roadman in the employment of the Peeblesshire County Council, and thereafter was with the Peebles Co-operative Society. He was a native of Loanhead. Private Ormiston joined up in 1915, and was wounded and gassed in 1916. He was employed at West Loch and Hattonknowe.

It was on this day that so much terrible fighting occurred astride the Ypres-Comines Canal.

Not long did we lie on the torn, red field of pain,

We fell, we lay, we slumbered, we took rest,
With the wild nerves quiet at last, and the
vexed brain

Cleared of the winged night-mares and the
breast

Freed of the heavy dreams of hearts afar,
We rose at last under the morning star.

If I die to-morrow
I shall go happily.

With the flush of battle on my face
I shall walk with an eager pace
The road I cannot see.

—

PRIVATE DOUGLAS TELFER
(BROUGHTON)

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.
1918. APRIL 23 (SUNDAY).

Private Douglas Telfer, Hartree, was serving as a grocer in Biggar when he joined the Scottish Rifles on 19th February, 1917, and was transferred later to the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

After a period of service in France he was invalided home for some time. Returning to France he met his death on Sunday, the 23rd April, 1918, at the age of nineteen and a half years, and was buried somewhere in Lille.

“ Yet the thought comes thrilling through
all my pain; how worthier could he die?
Yea, a loss like that is a glorious gain, and
pitiful, proud am I.
For peace must be bought with blood and
tears, and the boys of our hearts must
pay;
And so in our joy of the after years, let us
bless them every day.

And though I know there's a hasty grave
with a poor little cross at it's head,
And the gold of his youth he so gladly
gave, yet to me he'll never be dead.”

On the day that Douglas Telfer fell the Germans again attacked at Loere, but were repulsed. There was great artillery activity in the Luce Valley and south of Lassigny. Further attacks on Hangard Wood were repulsed.

—

GEORGE BLAKE
(INNERLEITHEN)

2ND ROYAL SCOTS (ATTACHED ROYAL
ENGINEERS.)

1918. MAY 2 (THURSDAY).

He had had twelve years' service and was in the army all through the war in South Africa, for which he held medals, both the King's and Queen Victoria's. He was employed in the mills at Innerleithen, and died there, aged 46, leaving eight children.

He had been in the Territorials for more than 5 years, and was mobilised one year. He re-enlisted in 1914, and was in the British Expeditionary Force for over 147 days. He obtained the Mons Star.

At the front the battle of the Lys had now come to an end, having raged with awful ferocity since the 9th of April.

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,

The sanest eye unholy,

The cleanest hands defiled.

We that have known the heart blood,

Less than the lees of wine,

We that have seen men broken,

We know man is divine.

May I reach

The purest Heaven, be to other souls

The cup of strength in some great agony,

Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty.

So shall I join the choir invisible,

Whose music is the gladness of the world.

CORPORAL W. AITKEN

(INNERLEITHEN AND BUENOS AYRES)

RAILWAY OPERATING DIVISION:
ROYAL ENGINEERS.

1918. MAY 20 (MONDAY).

Died in hospital from heart failure, 20th May, Corporal W. Aitken, 218762, R.O.D., R.E., late of Los Talleres, Buenos Ayres, youngest brother of Mrs Robert Wilson, 4 Bond Street, Innerleithen.

Corporal William Aitken began his public life with the Arniston Colliery Company. Thereafter he proceeded to India, where he was employed as a driver in the Government railways. On the 6th of January, 1906, he went to Buenos Ayres in the Argentine, and became locomotive inspector under the Great Southern Railway Company. But with the Mother Country at war, William Aitken was not the man to continue apart in her hour of need. Although then of middle age, he set out at once for home. He arrived in December, 1916, and joined up in the Royal Engineers on the 4th of January, 1917. As is well-known, the work at the front was strenuous, continuous and exhausting. William Aitken was now aged 46, and after seventeen months of conscientious duty, he succumbed to heart failure in an hospital in France, on the 20th of May, 1918.

"His death is greatly regretted by all his comrades, who know that they have lost in him a loyal friend. He was respected by all who knew him and his officers recognised in him a conscientious and trustworthy man, who never failed in the performance of his duty. In coming home from South America as he did, to serve his country, he set a noble example, and proved himself to be a loyal and worthy citizen." (Extract from letter received from his officer.)

Our world has passed away,
In wantonness o'erthrown,
There is nothing left to-day,
But steel and fire and stone.
Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandments stand;
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

In each other's faces
Looked the pioneers;
Drank the wine of courage,
All their battle years,
For their weary sowing
Through the world wide;
Green they saw the harvest,
Ere the day they died.

But the grey, grey company
Stood every man alone,
In the chilly dawn-light,
Scarcely had they known
Ere the day they perished
That their beacon star
Was not glint of marsh-light
In the shadows far.

SECOND-LIEUT. H. H. YOUNG

(INNERLEITHEN)

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1918. MAY 26 (SUNDAY).

In loving memory of Hugh Hutchison Young, Lieutenant, 6th Seaforth Highlanders, who was killed in action in France, 26th May, 1918, the very dearly beloved son of Mrs Young, Traquair Arms Hotel, Innerleithen.

Lieutenant Young was an analyst, and some months previous to the outbreak of war had come home after terminating an engagement with the Burmah Oil Company in India. His brother, Jack, held a commission in the Royal Scots, and was in France, while his brother, James, was a Major in the Royal Engineers, and was at that time serving in India.

He joined the Lovat Scouts in 1914 in the September of that year, and the following September went on active service, first in Gallipoli at Suvla Bay, where he formed one of the rearguard at the evacuation there, and afterwards in Egypt and Salonika. After two years' continued service abroad, he came home to take a commission, and was gazetted to the Seaforth Highlanders in January, 1918. He went to France in April, and was there only six weeks, being killed on 26th May. His Colonel wrote:—

"Just previous to his death he had been on patrol doing excellent work. Shortly after his return from this work a trench mortar bomb landed in the part of the trench which he was occupying, killing him instantaneously. He was buried in a

military cemetery about one mile from Fletre. He had not been with us very long, but he was looked upon as a most promising officer and is much missed."

His Captain also wrote:—

"Previous to his death he had been out in 'No Man's Land' on patrol duty for an hour and a half. He came back with some very useful information, but, unfortunately, no sooner had he regained our own lines than the enemy opened fire with a heavy barrage. He was hit almost immediately, and was killed instantaneously. Everybody in the company was very upset at the terrible news and no one regrets his death more than I do. It didn't take very long to find out that he was going to be an excellent officer. He was very painstaking and conscientious and in every way devoted to his duty. He will be missed, not only as a very capable officer, but as a very good friend."

His servant also wrote, saying how well liked he was both by officers and men of his battalion.

Sleep well, heroic soul, in silence sleep,
Lapped in the circling arms of kindly death.
No ill can vex your slumber, no foul breath
Of slander, hate, derision, mar the deep
Repose that holds you close. Your kinsmen
reap

The harvest you have sown, while each man
saith:

"So would I choose, when danger threaten-
eth,

Let my death be as his." We dare not
weep.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker
trays,

Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days.

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from earth entirely,

But when the banquet rings, when healths
are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill

Glow radiant with laughter and good
cheer,

In beaming cups some spark of me shall
still

Brim toward the lips that once I held so
dear.

MAJOR ROBERT DICKSON

(KIRKURD, NEWLANDS, WEST LINTON)

DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.

1918. MAY 27 (MONDAY).

Reported killed in action, on 27th May, Major Robert Dickson, D.C.M., Durham Light Infantry, aged 26, son of Mr and Mrs James Dickson, Blyth, Dolphinton. "To memory ever dear."

Official intimation was received by Mr James Dickson, ploughman, Blyth Farm, Dolphinton, informing him that his son, Major Robert Dickson, D.C.M., Durham Light Infantry, had been killed in action in France on 27th May. Only three weeks ago there was recorded the deceased officer's promotion from the rank of Captain to that of Major, and there was given a brief outline of Major Dickson's rapid promotion during the present war, from when he was mobilised as a Territorial private.

Major Dickson, who was 27 years of age, and was unmarried, was well known to the members of the 1/8th Royal Scots, with whom he went to France during November, 1914, when the battalion was among the first of the territorial units to arrive in France on the outbreak of war—August 4th, 1914. When he was mobilised as a member of the West Linton detachment of the 1/8th Royal Scots, he was employed as a vanman with Messrs J. & M. Noble, general merchants, Blythbridge. Major Dickson, who had been continuously on active service in France, took part in many engagements, through all of which he came out unscathed. During the early stages of the war, when he was attached to the Brigade bombers at the battle of Festubert on 16th May, 1915, Major Dickson (then a private) gained the D.C.M. for bravery on the field, and was promoted to lance-corporal. During 1916 he was promoted to sergeant. Sometime after he was transferred to the Cadet School at the Base to undergo training with a view to a commission. On 5th April, 1917, he was gazetted Second Lieutenant and was attached to the Durham Light Infantry. While home on furlough last December, he received word that he had been promoted to the rank of Captain as from 6th December, 1917, and during May he was appointed to the responsible office of Major. When killed, Major Dickson was acting Lieutenant-Colonel.

A younger brother, Clayton, was a lance-corporal in the H.L.I. in France, and was in hospital wounded. Major Dickson's eldest sister, Jeannie, for over two years acted as a V.A.D. nurse at Lynehurst Hospital, West Linton.

I that have been so loved, go hence alone;
And ye, now gathering round my own
hearth's glow.

Sweet friends. It may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing
glee

Mingles its cadence while you speak of me;
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains
lying,

On the red banner of his battles dying.

Rest with your still and solemn fame;

The hills keep record of your name,

But never can a touch of shame

Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,

When bright names from their place fall
fast,

And ye that with your glory passed,

We cannot mourn you now.

CORPORAL ROBERT IRIVE HALL

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORP.

1918. MAY 27 (MONDAY).

Killed in France, on active service, on the 27th May, Corporal Robert Irive Hall, Army Service Corps, only son of William Hall, Penrose, Innerleithen, aged 30.

"I am so sorry to have to inform you of the death of your son, Corporal Hall, of 191 Siege Battery Ammunition Column. He lost his life in as noble a cause as could ever fall to the lot of a man. We were retiring in the first brush of the enemy's onslaught on that sector, picking up the men of our battery, when we heard some stragglers from another battery had not got clear, and your son went with four lorries to their aid. Two of the lorries were disabled by shell fire and your son killed. This took place on the 27th May, and I have not been able to communicate with you before this, as we have been cut off from our Park since then, and this is the first occasion on which I have got into touch with the Brigade and

postal facilities. I assure you the officers and men deplore his loss immensely. He was greatly esteemed by all of us. Always ready, always reliable, a better soldier it would be difficult to meet with, whilst as a comrade, his good fellowship made him very popular amongst us, and the warmest sympathies of our entire column are with you in your loss."

"It is my painful duty to inform you of your son's death; he was killed by an enemy shell on 27th May, 1918. He has been in my company for some time, and I had always found him willing, trustworthy, and in every way most reliable. I was, as we all were, very sorry indeed to lose him. He was liked by everyone on the columns, and had earned for himself the respect of all. In this letter I wish to convey my deepest sympathy, and trust that you will be able to find some consolation in the knowledge that he died while in the execution of his duty."

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapours,

Amid these earthly damps,

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,

May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death. What seems so in transi-
sition,

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,

Whose portal we call death.

Under the little crosses where they rise

The soldier rests. Now around him un-
dismayed

The cannon thunders, and at night he lies

At peace beneath the eternal fusillade.

That other generations might possess,

From shame and menace free in years to
come,

A richer heritage of happiness,

He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

To the heroic memory of the Colonel (un-
named), of the 23 officers (unnamed), and
of the 552 unknown British, who on May
27th, in the German Offensive of 1918, held
their trenches to the last man and died for
Britain and for France.

"Then, from their place of ancient glory,
 All sheathed in shining brass,
 Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,
 Marched down to see them pass.
 And the long-silent flutes of Sparta
 Poured haughty welcome forth,
 Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,
 Her brethren of the North."

SERGEANT JAMES R. BERRY

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. MAY 31 (FRIDAY).

Mr and Mrs Berry, Hall Street, Walkerburn, received official intimation that their eldest son, Sergeant James R. Berry, Royal Scots, died on the 31st May as the result of wounds received in action on the 28th May. Sergeant Berry, who was 22 years of age, and a Territorial, was mobilised at the outbreak of war, and went to France in 1917. He was formerly employed in Tweedholm Mills, Walkerburn.

The third battle of the Aisne had begun on May 27. The Germans delivered great attacks between Soissons and Rheims, and the line of the Allies was pressed back. The Germans crossed the Aisne on the 28th, and on the 29th they took Soissons. On the 31st, when James Berry fell, they reached the Marne River, from Chateau Thierry to Darman, and advanced on Compiègne.

"Since thou hast touched ambition on the side

Of nobleness, and stirred my proudest hope,
 And wilt fulfil this, shall I count the cost?
 Rather decay will triumph, and cold death
 Be tapped in glory, seeing strength arise
 From weakness, from the tomb go forth a
 flame."

Careless philosopher, the first to laugh,

The latest to complain,
 Unmindful that you teach, you taught me
 this

In your long fight with pain;
 Since God made man so good—hore stands
 my creed,
 God is good indeed.

Whispers shall comfort us out of the dark,
 Hands—ah, God, that we knew—
 Visions and voices—look and hark—
 Shall prove that our tale is true.

PRIVATE ALEX. OGILVIE

(LYNE AND STOBO)

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

1918. JUNE 1 (SATURDAY).

Reported died of wounds at 54th Field Ambulance, France, on 1st June, Alexander Ogilvie, Road Construction Company, Royal Engineers, in his 42nd year, beloved husband of Helen Muir, and son-in-law of Wm. Muir, sen., Sheriffmuir, Lyne.

Mrs Alexander Ogilvie, Sheriffmuir, Lyne, received official word that her husband, Sapper Alex. Ogilvie, Royal Engineers (Road Construction Corps), was killed in France on 1st June. Previous to enlisting, during September, 1917, he was employed as a roadman with Peeblesshire County Council. The deceased, who was 42 years of age, and survived by his wife and a young family of three—one boy, 9 years of age, and two daughters, 8 years, and 17 months respectively—proceeded to France during January, 1918.

"He was killed by an enemy shell on the road about fifty yards away from the ambulance dressing station. He suffered no pain, as death was instantaneous. I knew him very well, and he was one of my very best men. He is a great loss to the whole company. The whole company attended his funeral at the little country churchyard where he is buried."

The dead are with us everywhere,

By night and day;

No road we tread but they have wandered
 there,

Who now lie still beneath the grass

Of some shell-scarred and distant plain,

Beyond the fear of death, beyond all pain.

And in the silence you can hear their noise-
 less footsteps pass,

The dead are with us always, night and
 day.

Roadmen, they say, we rather call them
 guides

Through verdant laughs, past glittering
 streams,

'Neath fragrant chestnut, scented thorn,
 where lies

Heaven's varied incense, wakening dreams
 Of Paradise. Yet you and your gallant
 comrades trod

Through death's dark vale right up to God
 Where pastures green refresh the weary feet,
 And Sundered friends by quiet waters
 meet.

ROLL OF COUNTY ROADMEN WHO WERE KILLED
IN ACTION.

- Sergeant G. Anderson, Royal Scots.
- Sergeant A. Stevenson, Royal Scots.
- Private J. Dickson, Royal Scots.
- Private A. Lockie, Royal Scots.
- Private J. McGuire, Cameron Highlanders.
- Private A. Ogilvie, Royal Engineers.

When first the surface of the road
Rang to the tread of the marching Roman,
And Cæsar's legions seaward strode
To find a yet unmastered foeman.
Full many a word of ancient flavour,
Rolled far along the muddy way;
Strong language from the highway's pavior,
Whose echoes linger to this day.

A thousand years when England lay,
Not Scotland—'neath the Norman raider;
The cobbles of the age-worn way
Echoed the march of the mailed crusader.
Whilst many a word of pious fervour,
Between their chaunt and roundelay,
Gave proof to any close observer:
That men were little changed that day.

Again a thousand years—again
The ancient frontier road enslaving,
Come horse and cannon, motor, train;
All sweep along the narrow paving.
A wondrous change, you say? But listen,
Listen to the words they say:
What matter cannon, petrol, pistol,
The men are just the same to-day.

**LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN HALL BLYTH
HENDERSON**
(TWEEDSMUIR)

1918. JUNE 18 (TUESDAY).

He succumbed on the 18th of June to the wounds which he received in France. His father was Inspector of Works during the construction of Talla reservoir at Tweedsmuir. He received a portion of his education at Tweedsmuir Public School and was a young man of excellent parts and of great promise.

The Germans had advanced down the Ourcq on the first of June, taking Chouy and Neuilly St. front. On the following day there was a violent battle on Ourcq and an attack on the Chateau Thierry road. This

ended the third battle of the Aisne. On the following days they captured Pernant and Veully-la-Poterie, but were checked by the Americans. On the 9th of June, the first battle of Lassigny began with an advance by the Germans on Compiègne. The battle ended on the 13th. On the 14th the British made a successful midnight attack north of Bethune along the La Basse canal, and on the 18th, the French repulsed the Germans on the Rheims front.

THE THIRD BATTLE OF THE AISNE.

During May, 1918, there was little to record. On the nights of the 5th and the 7th, we advanced our line between the Somme and the Ancre. On the 4th the enemy attacked the new front without success. The remainder of the month passed in tense expectancy, and then, in the last week of the month, the doubt was resolved. Very early on the morning of the 27th of May the storm broke. The French gains vanished like smoke; and the enemy was across the Aisne. On the second day he was beyond the Vesle; and on the third he was looking down from the heights of Tardenois on the waters of the Marne.

"We have put a ring about the British Islands," said Helfferich on the 24th April, "a ring which every day is drawn closer, and we shall bring the war to a decision in the west of France and on the waters about England."

On the 27th May, a sharp bombardment by the enemy began everywhere from Ailette to the suburbs of Rheims. In the afternoon the infantry advanced, and in an hour or two had swept the French from the crest of the ridge. By nightfall the enemy had advanced twelve miles. On the 28th of May the Allied wings were forced back. The German forces steadily advanced, and soon were upon the heights overlooking Soissons from the north. American troops now for the first time took part in the main battle. On Wednesday, the 29th May, Soissons fell. On that day there was a general falling back everywhere. On the 30th May, the Germans made a strong forward thrust. They had advanced thirty miles in seventy-two hours. The French were driven further back on the 31st May. There was severe fighting backwards and forwards on the 1st

and 2nd June. On the 3rd of June, the French had recovered some part of the hill. On the 4th, 5th, and 6th, the Germans were driven back by the British and by the French. On the 8th, 9th, and 10th, fresh attacks upon the Allies were made by a German new army. The battle front was now gigantic, no less than 100 miles, from Mesnil to Rheims. On the 11th June, the French repulsed German attacks and retook some ground; and the Americans made a fine advance at Belleau Wood, and took 300 prisoners. On the 12th and 13th, the Germans captured many villages. On the 18th June, the enemy attacked at Rheims, which they hoped to capture; but they did not succeed. The remainder of June was occupied with small attacks by the British and French, all of which were successful.

After I am dead,

And have become part of the soil of France,
This much remember of me:

I was a great sinner, a great lover, and life
puzzled me very much.

Ah, love, I would have died for love!

Love can do so much both rightly and
wrongly.

It remembers mothers and little children,
And lots of other things.

O men unborn, I go now, my work un-
finished;

I pass on the problem to you, the world will
hate you, be brave.

Be laurel to the victor,
And roses to the fair,
And Asphodel Elysian
Let the hero wear.
But lay the maiden lilies
Upon their narrow biers,
The lone grey company,
The Scottish the pioneers.

PRIVATE ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS SCOTT

MILITARY MEDAL

(TWEEDSMUIR)

SCOTTISH RIFLES

1918. JUNE 20 (THURSDAY).

Died as a prisoner of war at Stendal, Germany, on 20th June of pneumonia, Private Archibald Douglas Scott, M.M., Scottish Rifles, in his 24th year, eldest and beloved son of William and Agnes Scott, Kirkgate,

Douglas, and grandson of Archibald Douglas, shepherd, Menzion, Tweedsmuir.

Information has been received by his relatives that Private Archibald Douglas Scott, M.M., Scottish Rifles, died a prisoner of war at Stendal, Germany, on 20th June. Private Scott, who was in his 24th year, was young shepherd at Menzion, with his grandfather, Mr Archibald Douglas. He joined the Army three years previous, and did excellent service in France, winning the Military Medal, and receiving high praise from his commanding officer for conspicuous gallantry as a despatch carrier. During the March battles he was taken prisoner, and the last news received from him was in July, though he is said to have died in June. Before joining the Army, Private Scott was a member of the local Volunteer Company, and on Sunday the Volunteers paraded at a memorial service in the church here, conducted by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, at which reference was made to Private Scott's many admirable qualities—his devotion as a shepherd, his courage as a soldier, his kindly and winsome character as a man. Much sympathy is felt for Mr and Mrs Douglas, Menzion, as well as for Private Scott's parents, who reside at Douglas, Lanarkshire.

Instead of being a prisoner at Stendal, however, as post-cards sent by him, and stamped with the post-mark of that place had led his friends to suppose, it appears, from the indisputable evidence of a repatriated chum, that he was really employed behind the German lines to within a few days of his death. Weak and ill, he was sent to Stendal about the 15th June, with a number of other prisoners who had broken down, one of whom, in answer to an advertisement, now tells the pitiful story of a deliberate lie on the part of the Huns, and a truly heroic endurance on the part of Archie Scott and his comrades.

If I should fall, grieve not that one so weak
And poor as I
Should die.

Nay! though thy heart should break,
Think only this; that when at dusk they
speak

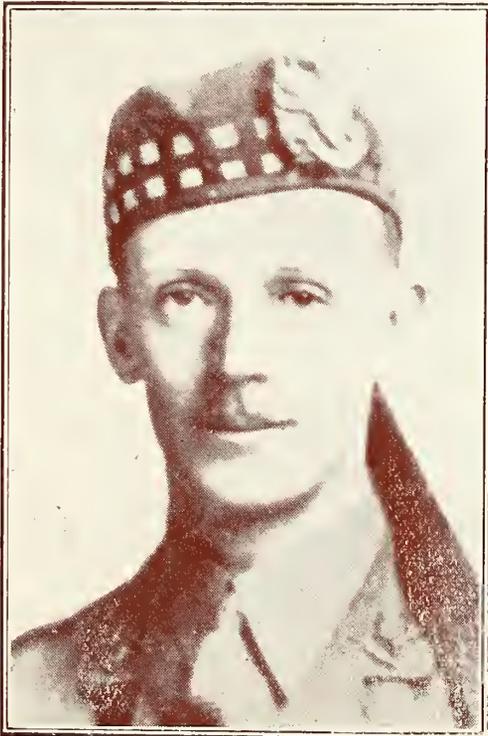
Of sons and brothers of another one;
Then thou canst say—"I too had a son;
He died for Britain's sake."



CORPORAL W. AITKEN.
INNERLEITHEN AND BUENOS AYRES.



MAJOR ROBERT DICKSON.
KIRKURD, NEWLANDS, WEST LINTON.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT H. H. YOUNG.
INNERLEITHEN.



CORPORAL ROBERT IRVINE HALL.
INNERLEITHEN.



SERGEANT JAMES R. BERRY,
WALKERBURN.



LIEUT. BENJAMIN HALL BLYTH HENDERSON,
TWEEDSMUIR.



PRIVATE ALEX. O'GILLIE,
LYN AND STOBO.



PRIVATE ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS SCOTT, M.M.,
TWEEDSMUIR.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

O my brothers, my more than brothers,
 Lost and gone are those days indeed;
 Where are the bells, the friends, the voices,
 All that made us one blood and breed.
 Gone, and in many an unknown pitfall
 You have fallen and died like men,
 And here I sit in a quiet chamber
 Writing on you with my pen.

PRIVATE ANDREW B. GEDDES

(MANOR AND LYNE)

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

1918. JULY 23 (TUESDAY).

Andrew Brown Geddes; born, April 3, 1899, at Hamildean, in the parish of Lyne, county of Peebles; killed in action, 23rd July, 1918; battalion, 10th Scottish Rifles.

Mr John Geddes, forester, Barns, received word that his second youngest son, Private Andrew Brown Geddes, Scottish Rifles, had fallen in action on 23rd July. In conveying the sad intelligence of their son's death to Mr and Mrs Geddes, Second Lieutenant Mackie spoke of him as a good and brave soldier, always striving to do his best in everything he undertook, and said how great his loss had been felt by all his comrades. Private Geddes met his death fighting bravely in operations which were ultimately crowned with complete success. Before joining the army, Private Geddes was employed as a forester on the Barns estate. On Sunday in Manor Parish Church, the Rev. M. Taggart, Lyne, officiated, and at the close of the sermon befitting the times, he made appropriate and feeling reference to the death of the young soldier. Much sympathy is felt in all quarters for Mr and Mrs Geddes and family in their bereavement.

SECOND MARNE BATTLE.

On July 18, 1918, the sway of battle in the second great struggle on the Marne turned against the Germans. They had opened the

last of their stupendous offensives at 10 a.m. on July 15. Just 10 minutes before their barrage broke loose, the French guns began to fire terribly, a sign that the French were not to be surprised. All day of the 15th, William II. watched from a wooden tower near Rheims through a haze of dust and gas the German pincers closing on that battered city.

On the 16th, his reports and the evidence of his eyes showed him definitely that the offensive was failing. The pincers did not close on Rheims. The French and United States troops attacked with extreme violence the Germans who had made their way south of the Marne and brought them to a complete standstill. The Allied aircraft concentrated and rained bombs on the German bridges and supply trains till the roads were black with the shattered wagons and bodies of horses and men.

On July 18, Foch delivered a heavy counter-stroke which compelled Ludendorff to break off the offensive. It was the beginning of the end.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will
 not deplore thee;

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian
 and guide.

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
 restore thee,

And death has no sting, for the Saviour
 has died.

No longer on their ears

The bugle's summons falls;

Beyond these jangled spheres

The Archangel's trumpet calls;

And by that trumpet led

Far up the exalted sky

The army of the dead

Goes by, and still goes by—

Look upward, standing mute;

Salute.

O God, the God of battles,

To us who intercede;

Give only strength to follow

Until there's no more need;

And grant us at that ending

Of the unkindly quest

To come unto the quiet isles

Beyond death's starry west.

**SECOND LIEUTENANT HENRY RAWSON
TAGGART**

(LYNE AND MEGGET)

3RD ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS,
ATTACHED 1ST BLACK WATCH.
1918. JULY 24 (WEDNESDAY).

Henry Rawson Taggart, the elder son of the Rev. M. Taggart, minister of Lyne, was born at Glasgow on 9th September, 1898, his father being then minister of St Thomas' Parish Church in that city. When he came to Lyne he was 9 years old. He was educated first at the parish school of Lyne, and thereafter at Peebles High School. He was at the latter when the war broke out, and early in 1915, when he was but 16 years of age, he joined the Peebles company of the Peeblesshire Home Guards. In September, 1915, he went to Glasgow Academy, and continued his military training by joining the O.T.C. contingent there. He also passed in the Higher Subjects of Latin, Greek, and English. In September, 1916, he entered the Edinburgh University O.T.C., where in a few months he was promoted to be Lance-corporal. In the following year, in the month of April, he was sent to No. II. Officer Cadet Battalion, Cambridge, and there, after four months training, passed his examinations. On 1st August of that year he was gazetted as Second Lieutenant in the 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Special Reserve), and joined the battalion at Dreghorn Castle, near Edinburgh. The following November the battalion moved to Kinsale, Ireland, and he was there for six months. In the spring of 1918 he received orders to proceed overseas, and on 9th May he arrived in France, and was attached to the 1st Battalion the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), which was in the 1st Division (General Horne's), and was at that time holding the line at the Hohenzollern Redoubt, near La Bassee. He went into the front line on 28th May, and with the exception of a fortnight at a gas school, was there until the end, which came on 24th July. At 3 o'clock on the morning of that day, while going his round in the trenches, he was struck by a trench mortar bomb, and mortally wounded. Half an hour later, without regaining consciousness, he passed away. He was buried the next day in the Communal Extension Cemetery at Sully-la-Bourse, where a cross has been erected over his grave. After

his death letters were received from his colonel, his company commander, and other brother officers, all of whom wrote of him in the highest terms. He had endeared himself to them all and to the men under him by his bright, cheery disposition and devotion to duty, by his clear mind, his keen brain, and eager spirit.

"Last Sunday, before going into the trenches, he attended a voluntary service, at which only three officers were present, the Colonel, the second in command, and himself, with a few men. I saw him the night before, and he was exceedingly cheery and happy."

"I should like you and Mrs Taggart to know how much his death means to all of us—officers and men—who knew him out here. As his company commander, I got to know him well, although he was out such a short time with us, and I can say from the bottom of my heart that your son meant more to me than I can possibly say. He was as gallant and diligent an officer as I could ever wish to serve with, and his constant cheerfulness and kindness of heart made him loved by all his men and by me as a very dear friend."

"I hope you will forgive me troubling you at a time like this, when I know a letter can do so little, but I feel I must let you know what a great loss I feel in the death of your dear boy, though I know it can only be trifling compared with the sorrow you must feel.

His smile and his ready laugh had won all our hearts. I shall always treasure the memory of it and of the good clean soul that is his. I think you will like to know these things, though you can scarcely need the assurance of them.

There is just one other thing I wish to say, and that is that our term was one of affection, for your boy was killed at a post of danger when there was security beside him. He had chosen the better part, and I'm sure he has his reward.

He was immensely popular, chiefly, I think, by reason of his quiet and unassuming manner.

He told me that he was thinking of transferring to the regular Army. Had he lived to do so I am sure he would have had a most successful career as a soldier. Still,

he died a soldier's death, gallantly standing by his men in the forward line.

I can assure you that his men will not forget his example, and I will always remember him as one of the best of friends."

Surely the Keeper of the House of Death
Had long grown weary of letting in the old—
Of welcoming the aged, the short of breath,
Sad spirits, duller than their tales oft told.
He must have longed to gather in the gold
Of shining youth to deck his dreary spaces—
To hear no more old wail and sorrowing.
And now he has his wish, and the young
faces
Are crowding in; and laughter fill's Death's
places:
And all his courts are gay with flowers of
Spring.

You have scaled the starry heights of fame,
Nor ever shrunk from peril and distress,
In fight undaunted for the conqueror's prize;
Therefore your death, engirt with loveliness
Of simple service done for Scotland's name,
Shall shine like a beacon-star of sacrifice.

SECOND LIEUT. ROBERT RICHARDSON
(MANOR)

4TH ROYAL SCOTS (ATTACHED 12TH).
1918. JULY 26 (FRIDAY).

Robert Richardson, 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Royal Scots (attached 12th), was born in Manor Schoolhouse, Peebles, on 23rd July, 1893, and died of wounds received in action on 26th July, 1918, and is buried in Souvenir Cemetery, Longuenesse, near St Omer, France. He was the eldest son of John Richardson, schoolmaster, Manor, and was educated at Manor Public School and Peebles High School, and at the time he joined the Army was an arts student at Edinburgh University. He joined as a private, and after getting his commission went to France, where he was reported "missing" on the 26th April, 1918, but eventually got back to his unit again. The following was sent by an officer from France re above:—

"Although entirely cut off from his own company in the early morning mist during an evening attack, he still retained those strongly ingrained characteristics of the so-called dour Scot—keen observation, perse-

verance, and endurance. With everything against him these pulled him through. He fought coolly and desperately with a fast dwindling platoon, and contrived at last to get into touch with an English battalion. There one might think an ordinary individual would rest content on his laurels; but not so. Incorporating the remnants of his platoon with the Englishmen, the Scots subaltern formed a company, and for the ensuing four days staved off several enemy attacks, resting but rarely during that period. Although practically isolated he cheered and encouraged his men, Scot and Southerner alike, getting out of them the last ounce of energy and resource, but still maintaining their good spirits. In the dusk he could see the points of a serious enemy attack. There was no time to inquire what to do; nor were there facilities. He was distinctly 'up against it.' One thing only remained. The most expressive word that occurs to one is 'swank'—bravado if you will. With only half a dozen men, but with the noise of a battalion accompanying them, he sprang on to the parapet, carrying a rifle and bayonet like the men, and tore across No Man's Land. The effect could have been no more instantaneous had a whole division swept across. The Hun was startled, his 'feelers' turned tail ignominiously, and infected the morale of the greater body behind them. All that could be heard was the scampering of feet and thereafter silence reigned. But for that gallant charge of a few men spurred on by sheer courageous 'swank' and, of course, the daring sangfroid of the platoon commander anything might have happened."

To his mother he wrote before going into another big battle:—

"Dear Mother, I am writing you to-day again as I expect to be in the thick of it at any time now, and may not manage to get a letter written. We managed in all the din of war to get a small Presbyterian service arranged. Our padre wears a glengarry and service dress instead of the usual padre's uniform, and is really a very decent sort of chap. The whole sum and substance of his address was: 'Make good use of to-day, for you do not know where you may be to-morrow.' It is a real truth here

and appeals to every thinker much more in this place than anywhere that I have been. All that I hope for is that I have not to come through what I came through the last time. One would be almost better to be dead. I am quite well and enjoying the good weather, and may say I feel quite ready to have another 'biff' at the Boche. The work will undoubtedly be hard, but you must not worry about me; if I am knocked out altogether you will know that I died fighting, for I must show the example to the men of the Royal Scots."

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their Dead
Raised up to life; then only for a season
Our partings are; nor shall we wait in vain,
Until we meet again.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack;
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track.

They came transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expecta-
tion!

PRIVATE GEORGE BROWN CLARK

(INNERLEITHEN)

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

1918. JULY 29 (MONDAY).

He enlisted in June, 1917, and went to France in June, 1918. He fell at Beugheuk, south-east of Soissons, aged nineteen. He was employed in Caerlee Mills, and was the son of James Clark, Glenormiston. The second Battle of the Marne had begun on July 15. There was a great German offensive on a front of fifty miles east and west of Rheims. July 18 was the high water mark of the war. There was a great Allied counter-attack on a twenty-seven mile front between Fontenoy and Belleau. On the 21st the French recaptured Chatcau Thierry, and the Allies continued progress in the valley of the Ardre. Advances continued north and south of the Oureq. By the 26th there was a general retreat of the Germans on the Marne towards

Epernay. There was a partial capture of Buzancy by the Scottish Division. On the following day the Germans retreated north of the Marne, and on the 29th, the day when Private Clark fell, the German positions north of Oulchy-le-Chateau were stormed, and the French and British captured Buzancy.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion
forsaking,

Perhaps thy dear Spirit, alone, lingered
long;

But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on
thy waking,

And the sound which thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.

Because he met with Life, and Death, and
stayed

When long the dying lamp shade flickered
dim,

We come, the darkness passed, to find
The Light we owe to him.

Friendship they gave; the love they hardly
knew;

All the dear little foolish things of earth,
And all the splendid things they meant to do;
These gave Victory to the world, and Beauty
which is Truth;

And glad, gay, generous Love; the uncon-
querable Love of Youth.

PRIVATE GEORGE RAMSAY

(INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA)

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1918. JULY 30 (TUESDAY).

Mrs George Pringle, 18 Tay Street, Edinburgh, received intimation that her brother, Pte. George Ramsay, Australians, had been killed in action. Private Ramsay, who was a native of Innerleithen, joined up in August, 1914, and had been through a lot of heavy fighting. He was in the first Australian Division, and claimed to be among the first 50 Australians to land at Gallipoli. A few months afterwards he was badly wounded there, and spent some time in hospital in Malta. He was also wounded in France in 1918, and returned to the front in July. Private Ramsay had been thrice in Scotland on leave, his last leave being at the beginning of

July. Previous to emigrating nine years before, he was a law clerk with the late Mr Will. Stobie, solicitor, Innerleithen. His brother, William, was serving with the New Zealand Forces, and the two brothers met in France, being their first meeting for nine years.

"The night before my brother was killed he was out on patrol and captured a German machine gun and killed the gunners. His battalion went over the top the following morning, and only 110 came back, my brother being shot through the head as he went over. My brother's companion states that my brother was to be recommended for a decoration, but all the officers were casualties."

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

At midnight on Sunday, 14th July, 1918, Paris was awakened by the sound of great guns. The last phase had begun in this struggle for her possession. At 4 a.m. the German infantry crossed over their parapets. During the day they made a substantial advance, but they had not widened their salient. At Vaux and Fossoy the Americans rolled back the German wave, clearing the south bank of the Marne, and taking 600 prisoners. The evening of the 16th July closed in with ill omens for the enemy. On the 17th July they persisted in attack with little success.

The time had now come for Foch's counter-stroke. It was to take place between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. Everything was staked upon this attack. On the morning of the 18th July a great fleet of French "mosquito" tanks came out from the shelter of the Villers-Cotterets Forest, and very soon the French and Americans were through the first German defences.

The secret of Foch lay in the combination of three things—the weapon of the light tank, the tactics of surprise, the strategy of complete mobility. After striking a blow he would stay his hand as soon as serious resistance developed, and then attack in another place. The enemy would therefore be subjected to a constant series of surprises.

By Saturday, 20th July, eight German Divisions had staggered back across the Marne, under the concentrated fire of the French batteries. On Sunday, the 21st, the Sixth and Fifth Armies of the Allies struck in earnest. On that evening the Sixth Army was

in the streets of Chateau-Thierry. Every day terrible fighting continued within three miles of Fère; and this threat to Fère sealed the doom of the now slender German front on the Marne. By the 27th of July the Allies were steadily pressing upon the German retreat from the Marne. On the 28th July General Mangin carried the strong point of Buzancy, where the 15th Scottish Division so distinguished themselves that by orders of the French Command a memorial was erected on the battlefield to commemorate their valour.

On the 29th and 30th July the enemy resistance stiffened, by the addition of reserves. On the morning of Thursday, the 1st of August, Mangin struck with his whole army, and by nine in the morning had captured the crest of Hill 205. On 2nd August the whole Allied line swept forward. On the 5th we crossed the Aisne just east of Soissons. On that day American troops entered Fismes, and on the 6th they gained ground on the north bank of the Vesle. This second battle of the Marne restored to the Allies the initiative.

August 1, 1918.

"Ici fleurira toujours le glorieux Chardon d'Ecosse parmi les Roses de France."

"Many brave Scots will lie forever round this monument."

The hand of the reaper

Takes the ears that are hoary,

But the voice of the weeper

Wails manhood in glory.

The Autumn winds rushing

Waft the leaves that are searest,

But our Flower was in flushing

When blighting was nearest.

They flung apart

The doors not all their valour could longer
keep;

They dressed their slender line; they breathed
deep,

And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
To the clash and clamour and dust of death
they went.

O glorious Life, who dwellest in earth and
sun,

I have lived, I praise and adore thee.

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one

Faded, and the hill slept.

PRIVATE DAVID T. SMITH

(Stobo)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. AUGUST 2 (FRIDAY).

Died of wounds on 2nd August, 1918, Pte. David Telfer Smith, aged 31 years, Royal Scots, beloved husband of Annie Pyper, and youngest son of William Smith, Newhouses, Stobo, Peeblesshire.

David Telfer Smith was born at Skirling, on 4th Sept., 1887. He received all his education at Stobo School. Entering the employment of the Caledonian Railway Company he served at Carmyle, Scotston West, Glasgow Central, and Greenock. Thereafter he joined the Caledonian Steam Packet Co., Ltd., and was in their office at Gourrock when the war called him to the Army. He joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers on 3rd July, 1916, and transferred to the 9th Royal Scots. He was severely wounded in France, and had to spend about a year in this country before he was able to return to the front. Then he was in active service for eight months until, on 2nd August, 1918, he was badly hit by machine-gun fire, and expired on the way to the dressing station. He was buried in the British Military Cemetery at Senlis.

He was of exceptionally gentle and kindly disposition, a great favourite with all who knew him. He was married to Miss Ann Pyper, by whom and a little daughter, Betty, three years old, he is survived. A beautifully illuminated address with portrait has been presented to Mrs Smith by the Steam Packet Company, paying tribute to her husband's worth as a man and valour as a soldier. The deepest sympathy is felt for her and her child as well as with David's father (Mr William Smith, Newhouses, Stobo), brother and sisters.

In Honour of

David Telfer Smith,

who gave his life in his country's cause in the Great European War, the Directors, Manager and Staff of the Caledonian Steam Packet Co., Ltd., desire to place on record the following facts:—

“Mr Smith, who was a clerk in the office at Gourrock, had a successful career in the Company. After two years' devotion on active service he died of gunshot wounds at a Casualty Clearing Station in France, on 2nd August, 1918.

The Staff are proud to have been associated with this gallant man in the peaceful occupation of former times, and in order that his devotion may not be forgotten and that his heroism may remain a shining example to after years, his name has been inscribed upon the Company's Roll of Honour.

When the Great War shall have come to an end and men look back upon the cause for which Britain fought, it will be seen ever more vividly and gratefully that those who have shown themselves thus loyal unto death have assuredly not given their lives in vain.”

God Save the King.

Not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou
wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with
kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

If thou caust but get thither,

There grows the flower of peace,

The Rose that cannot wither,

Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges:

For none can thee secure,

But One, who never changes,

Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

(Vaghan).

SERGEANT ROBERT COCHRANE

MILITARY MEDAL

(MANOR, KIRKURD AND NEW ZEALAND)

NEW ZEALAND RIFLE BRIGADE.

1918. AUGUST 12 (FRIDAY).

Regarding the death of Robert Cochrane:—his father a shepherd at Ladyurd—“When we came out 14 days after Bob's death I sent a man over to find his brother at the Entrenching Group. But unfortunately we could not find him as he was away. In a few words I will try and tell you how Bob Cochrane lived and died. On the night of 2nd of August we had just taken over, and were having a bad time with hostile shelling. I had just left Sergeant Cochrane when a piece of shell hit him in the side. I went to him at once and ban-

daged him up, and got him off to the Dressing Station at once. He was conscieous at the time and spoke to me. Later on, we were surprised and sorry to hear that he had died of wounds. His body was laid to rest in a quiet village well behind the Lines, called Fonquevillers, north of Albert, also a Cross was erected over his grave. In his death you have lost a brother, I and my brother officers and our men have lost a comrade and friend. Bob was one of the best liked and respected men in our Battalion; and I as his platoon commander knew him faithful and upright in all his work, in or out of the trenches. The best compliment I can give him is what was written in one of my men's letters home,—“ We have lost our Sergeant; I have not known him long, but he was like a father to me.” That Madam is the highest honour an N.C.O. or officer can win,—the respect of his men! My pen cannot describe my feelings, but I send to you all the sympathy of myself and brother officers of his Company; hoping this will help you in your hour of sorrow. Bob has made his supreme sacrifice. Believe me Madam, he lived and died a soldier and a man! September 4, 1918.—He was born at “ Warriors' Rest ” in Yarrow, and attained the Warriors' Rest in France.”

Death whining down from Heaven,
 Death roaring from the ground,
 Death stinking in the nostril,
 Death shrill in every sound.
 Doubting, we charged and conquered—
 Hopeless we struck and stood.
 Now, when the fight is ended
 We know that it was good.

Life! give me life until the end,
 That at the very top of being,
 The battle-spirit shouting in my blood,
 Out of the reddest hell of the fight
 I may be snatched and flung.
 Into the everlasting lull,
 The immortal, incommunicable dream.

PRIVATE ROBERT J. AWBURN
 (EDDLESTON)

1918. AUGUST 11 (SUNDAY).

He went out to France first of all in 1916 and was wounded in the Battle of Arras and returned to Britain until the Autumn of 1917 when he went back to France. He

got on very well until the Great Push in August 1918 when he was killed on the 11th of August 1918, on the Somme Front, leaving “ one child and myself to mourn his loss all our days and we will suffer hardships yet through losing an excellent husband and father.”

The Second Battle of the Marne had ended on the 4th of August; and the Second and Decisive Battle of Amiens began on the 8th. There was a great Franco British Advance on the Amiens Front from Morlancourt to Montdidier. The general line was advanced to Plessier-Rozanvillers. On the ninth of August the Second Battle of Lassigny began. The British occupied Morlancourt and reached Lihons. And on the 11th the Allied Advance between the river Avre and the river Oise reached the line Armancourt-Tilloy-Camvronne. This was the day that Private Awburn fell.

Rest on your battlefields, ye Brave,
 Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,
 Your dirge be in the moaning wave,
 We call you back no more.

Oh, there was mourning when ye fell,
 In your own vales a deep-toned knell,
 An agony, a wild farewell;—
 But that hath long been o'er.

Mourn not for me too sadly; I have been
 For months of an exalted life, a king;
 Peer for these months of those whose graves
 grow green
 Where'er the borders of our empire fling
 Their mighty arms.

What though my harp and veil be
 Both hung upon the willow' tree?
 What though my bed be now my grave,
 And for my house I darkness have?
 What though my healthful days are fled,
 And I lie numbered with the Dead?
 Yet I have hope, by Thy great power
 To spring, though now a withered flower.
 (HERRICK.)

PRIVATE WILLIAM SMART
 (INNERLEITHEN)

SCOTS GUARDS.

1918. AUGUST 4 (SUNDAY).

Mrs Smart, Buccleuch Street, Innerleithen, received notice that her son, Private William Smart, Scots Guards, had died a prisoner of war at Cassell, Germany. Pte. Smart, who

had seen service in South Africa, was one of the original Expeditionary Force in 1914, and was taken prisoner in November of that year. He was previously employed with the N.B.R. at Armadale. A brother was killed in August, 1917, and three brothers were serving.

"I am sorry I have not a photo of my son, William, but enclose a photo of his funeral, which was sent me by his companion in camp, a Belgian prisoner. He was 3 years and nine months a prisoner. He was first in Camp Gottingen, where he had great hardships, afterwards being transferred to Camp Cassell, where he was more kindly treated. He died after three days illness in hospital on August 4th, 1918."

I pray for peace: yet peace is but a prayer.
How many wars have been in my brief years.
All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere
The wide earth through: yet I do not despair
Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears,
Though not to me the golden morn appears,
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

The ancient groves have mourned our sons,
for whom no more

The sisterly kisses of life, the loved
embraces.

Remember the love of them who came not
home from the war,

The fatherly tears and the veiled faces.
Now henceforth their shrine is builded, high
and vast,

Always drawing noble hearts to noble deeds,
In the toil of glory to be, and the tale of
glory past.

PRIVATE JAMES A. C. MACPHERSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. AUGUST 11 (SUNDAY).

Hamish (James) Macpherson was employed with Messrs Harrison & Co., Chambers Street, Edinburgh, Wholesale Tweed Warehousemen. He joined the Ninth Royal Scots on the 12th August, 1914, and was thus one of those brave Tweeddale men who counted it honour to fight for the Motherland in the very beginning. He went out to France with his battalion in February 1915, and was wounded in July 1915. After a few weeks in Hospital he rejoined his regiment and

was with them until he received his second wounds at Arras, in April 1917. Being badly wounded in both legs he was sent back to Britain. On the 6th of March 1919 he returned to France, and at the Base was transferred to the sixth Royal Scots. He was killed on a Sunday morning, 11th August, 1918, at Parville's near Roye. He was a fine lad. His principal recreation was football. He was engaged to be married, and had he been spared would have married at Christmas 1918. His twenty-fourth birthday was on the 31st July, a few days before he fell.

Lest the young soldiers be strange in Heaven,

God bids the old soldier they all adored
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, and
new-shriven,

A happy doorkeeper in the House of the
Lord.

Lest it abash them, the strange new
splendour,

Lest it affright them,, the new robes clean;
Here's an old face, now, long-tried, and
tender,

A word and a hand-clasp as they troop in.

He died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,

Mindful of Scotland in his latest prayer;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

There's a Soul in the Eternal,

Standing stiff before the King.

There's a little British maiden sorrowing.

There's a proud and tearless woman,

Seeing pictures in the fire,

There's an ended Scottish Idyll, a broken
lyre.

PRIVATE DAVID F. BIGGAR

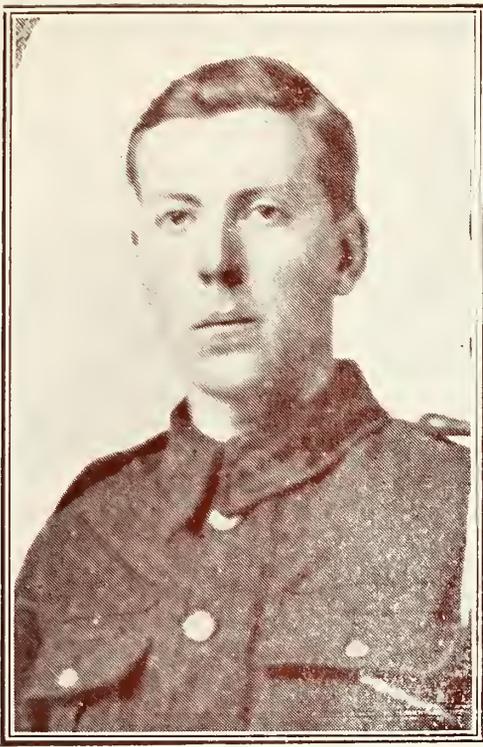
(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. AUGUST 12 (MONDAY).

David Biggar was wounded on the 11th August, 1918, and died on 12th August, 1918, and was buried at Crovy, France. He joined up in the 5/6th Royal Scots in 1916, and was through all the engagements with the Lewis guns up till August 11, 1918. He was a fish and potato merchant at Walkerburn, and is survived by a wife and one girl. He went to the Old Town School, Galashiels.

The 12th of August saw the close of the



PRIVATE ANDREW B. GEDDES,
MANOR AND LYNE.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT ROBERT RICHARDSON,
MANOR.



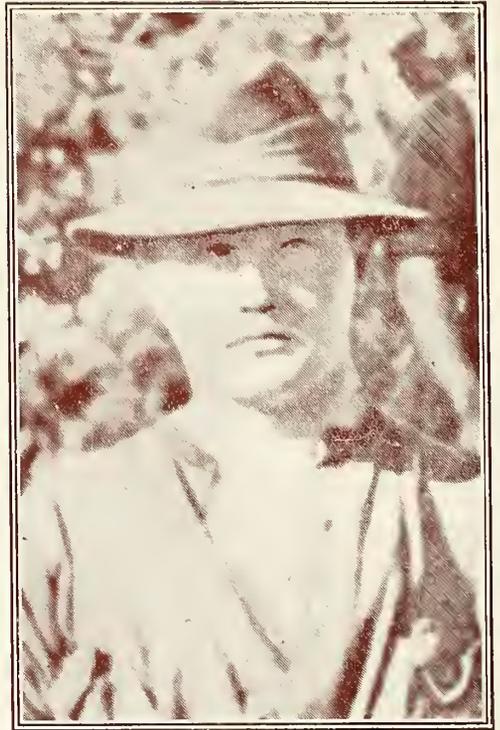
SECOND-LIEUTENANT HENRY RAWSON TAGGART,
LYNE AND MEGGET.



PRIVATE GEORGE BROWN CLARK,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE GEORGE RAMSAY,
INNERLEITHEN AND AUSTRALIA



SERGEANT ROBERT COCHRANE, M.M.
MANOR, KIRKURD, AND NEW ZEALAND.



PRIVATE DAVID T. SMITH,
STOBO.



PRIVATE ROBERT J. AWBURN,
EDDLESTON.

battle of Amiens, and the German staff beginning to lose heart. On the 11th, a general German retreat from the River Ancre began. They evacuated Beaumont-Hamel and several other villages. The French completed the capture of Lassigny Massif by the capture of Alliche farm. This ended the second battle of Lassigny.

“ Rest with your still and solemn frame;
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall
fast,
And ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn you now.”

The night-dew that falls, though in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where
he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret
it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls.

PRIVATE WILLIAM HOGG
(EDDLESTON)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
1918. AUGUST 18.

Killed in action on 18th August, 1918, 24392, Private Wm. Hogg, K.O.S.B., beloved son of Henry Hogg, Harehope, Eddleston, Peeblesshire.

Private William Hogg joined up in the 6th K.O.S.B. in June, 1916, and went to France on October 27, 1916. He took part in the battle of Vimy Ridge on 9th April, 1917, and shared in other important operations during 1917-1918. He was home on leave in November, 1917, and returned to duty on December 4, 1917. On the 18th day of August, while advancing with his comrades to the capture of Meteren he was struck by an enemy bullet in the head, death being instantaneous. Members of the Regimental Band carried back his body, and he was buried in a military

cemetery, an Australian chaplain conducting the burial service.

R. G. McConnochie, C.F., in a letter to his parents, at the request of the Commanding Officer, wrote as follows:—

“ We can imagine the grief of your home at the loss of your only son, and only trust that you will be enabled to bear the loss with the same bravery that Private Hogg always showed when anything difficult and perilous was required of him. We, the officers and men of the 6th K.O.S.B., offer you our deepest sympathy, mourning ourselves the loss of a gallant friend and comrade.”

Private Hogg was 28 years of age when he gave his life for his country and freedom, and was the only son (and child) of Mr and Mrs Henry Hogg, Harehope, Eddleston. Previous to joining up, he was his father's partner in the farm of Harehope, and was very highly esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends.

By all the glories of the day
And the cool evening's benison;
By the last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done;
By beauty lavishly outpoured,
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived,
Make me a soldier, Lord.

All that life contains of torture, toil and
treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but
a name;
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing
season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he
came.

Boys in the playground, shouting, running
and falling,
Ran they once the gallant and dead;
Always there now, shall the fallen in battle
be calling,
Your lives by their lives be led

DRIVER STEWART C. HOWARD

(NEWLANDS)

R.A.S.C.; M.T.

1918, AUGUST 22. (THURSDAY.)

Stewart Chouet Howard was educated at Edinburgh Academy, leaving school to enlist, when nineteen years of age. He joined the R.F.A. as gunner at Maryhill Barracks Glasgow, April 18, 1916. His health breaking down, he was discharged, July 8, 1916. After repeated attempts to reinlist, he was passed for Home Service. He joined the M.T.A.S.C., going to Beckenham, Kent, July 16, 1917, thence to Salisbury Plain, leaving for France, September 17, 1917. His health failing he was in hospital at Calais, from the end of January 1918, until March 20, 1918. He was then attached to A.S.B.A.C. as Driver. When taking a gun to the battle front, he was killed, August 22, 1918, near Arras, France. He was buried at Wailly Orchard Cemetery.

The following is an extract from a paper published at the time:

The writer of the letter from which we gave an extract headed "Laughter and Tears," in our issue of 24th ulto., has, we regret to learn since, been killed in action. We are now permitted to reveal his identity. He was Driver S. C. Howard, M.T., A.S.C., attached to Siege battery, son of Mr William C. Howard of 23 Mayfield Gardens, Edinburgh, and 8 Commercial Street, Leith. He was 21 years of age and was educated at Edinburgh Academy, being for three years in the school O.T.C. On leaving school he endeavoured to qualify for a commission through the ranks, and being placed in a somewhat low category owing to constitutional lameness, joined the R.F.A. as gunner. His health, however, broke down in training, and he was eventually discharged from the Army. After a rest, he again tried to get into the service in some capacity, and after repeated disappointments, was at last, accepted as a driver in the M.T., A.S.C., attached to a howitzer siege battery; and sent to the front within a few weeks of his joining up again. He came scathless through the German offensive, and consequent retreat in the early Spring, after many exciting experiences and escapes, and had been at it with his battery ever since.

Supplementing the official 'killed in action' intimation, his C.O. in a most sympathetic letter to his father, writes:—

"His death was instantaneous, caused through an enemy bomb whilst performing a most important duty during recent successful operations. His loss to the Column is greatly felt by one and all of his fellow comrades who were greatly attached to him owing to his gentle disposition and exceedingly good nature.

He had an obsessing contempt for slackers, and his oft expressed regret was his physical unfitness for a line regiment. He however after all worked his way by a devious route into the thick of the fight and died on the road to victory cheerfully doing his bit."

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving and cherished memory of Stewart Chouet Howard, aged 21 years, M.T.A.S.C., attached 253 H.B.A.C., killed in action near Arras, France, August 22, 1918, buried in Wailly Orchard Cemetery.

"The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;

Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest."

—23 Mayfield Gardens, Edinburgh.

Extract referred to:—

"A very sad thing happened last week. I mentioned in a former letter that I had heard the 'Forget-me-not' Intermezzo in a café here. Well, the woman who played it was killed by a filthy German shell the morning after I posted the letter. She was a very nice woman, and her family were very nice as well. 'Gerry' began to shell the neighbourhood early in the morning, and she went to the front door to see where they were dropping. She had just got the door open when a shell landed in the road, and she got it pretty bad—died at once. The funeral procession passed by our place. It was headed by three choir boys in white robes, bearing a cross and two caudles in sticks. Behind them came several ladies, bearing huge wreaths and flower crosses. These were followed by the priest, who chanted the service in Latin, and behind him was the coffin car-

ried on two cross members, one at each end, so that there was a bearer at each corner. A great flock of people, headed by the chief mourners, followed behind the coffin. Everyone was beautifully dressed, and it was quite an impressive sight. The morning it happened the younger son of Mme. — told me in the most pathetic French — ‘My mamma was finished this morning; the Hun was bombarding; it is always the same thing: its just the war.’

One thing that strikes me very much about the country people here is their manners. They are all very polite, so polite in fact that I do not care to think of the coarseness of the majority of people in Blighty. As to seeing and feeling the war, why there is no comparison. Outside London, nobody realises there is a war on. You can't think what the poor people here have to suffer, having all their homes and belongings smashed up.”

They have taken their youth and mirth
away from the study and playing-ground
To a new school in an alien land beneath
an alien sky:

Out in the smoke and roar of the fight their
lessons and games are found,
And they who were learning how to live
are learning how to die.

And there will be Ghosts in the old school,
brave Ghosts with laughing eyes
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by
the stream with a ghostly rod;
They will touch the hearts of the living
with a flame that sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong young
hands from the altar-fires of God.

Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for
you my son and my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward
new ones upward stole:

Vigil final for you, brave boy, (I could not
save you, swift as your death)

I faithfully loved you, and cared for you
living, I think we shall surely meet again.

Many a tie through iteration sweet,
Strove to retain their fatal feet:
And yet the Enduring Half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man's life,— slave
or king?

The Invisible Things of God before the Seen
and Known.

LIEUT.-COL. W. L. BRODIE, V.C., M.C.
(BROUGHTON)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1918. AUGUST 23.

Lieut.-Colonel W. L. Brodie, V.C., M.C., Highland Light Infantry, who was killed in action on August 23, 1918, while in command of a regular battalion of the regiment, was the second son of Mr John Wilson Brodie, C.A., 23 Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh, and for a time at Quarter, Broughton. He was born in 1884 and joined the 2nd Battalion in 1904, being promoted Captain on 10th September, 1914. He went abroad with his battalion in the original Expeditionary Force. He gained the second award of the V.C. granted to the regiment in the present war, the exploit being narrated in the “London Gazette” of 12th December, 1914.

“His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the grant of the Victoria Cross to Lieut. Walter Lorrain Brodie, 2nd Battalion, the Highland Light Infantry, for conspicuous bravery whilst serving with the Expeditionary Force, as set forth below:—

‘For conspicuous gallantry near Becel-
aire on the 11th November in clearing the
enemy out of a portion of our trenches
which they had succeeded in occupying.
Heading the charge, he bayoneted several
of the enemy, and thereby relieved a dan-
gerous situation. As a result of Lieut.
Brodie's promptitude, eighty of the enemy
were killed and fifty-one taken prisoners.’”

I. C. H., who had been closely associated
with him in the last proud months when he
commanded his own battalion and was by his
side when he fell, writes:—

“General Wilcox, in addressing one of
the battalions of the Highland Light In-
fantry, once said—‘There is no position
which the Highland Light Infantry cannot
capture.’”

These words were recalled to the mind of
the writer of “The First Seven Divisions,”
when he tells of the time when Lieut. Brodie
won the V.C., and to those of us who love
the regiment, the words of General Wilcox
bear no exaggeration. Winning the V.C. but

proved these words, and was it not for the battalion it was won?

To command his own battalion was to Lieut. Brodie, V.C., the great ambition, and it was, when leading his own, as Colonel, to the capture of a position, which, despite all difficulties, was captured, that he paid the sacrifice.

Those who had the great honour of serving under him in the battalion at the time of his command unconsciously found themselves thrilled with the same love and pride of regiment. All became enthusiastic in his enthusiasm.

One of his favourite expressions was "A good show," and for him that was the best compliment. It meant that things were going as they should in the Highland Light Infantry—without hitch or flaw.

One recalls his eager face and the proud look of gladness in his eyes as he watched the pipes and drums—the best in France—and thought of the future and the days when once again the Jocks would be back again in the tartans and the clean white jacket.

The small man and the mean apes at the cosmopolitan, and in pretending to love the whole world loves nothing but himself; the truly great man has at heart the love of a great cause, and W. L. Brodie was great in the love of his battalion.

He was great also in his own life and in the nobility of soul, "which feels a stain like a wound."

His conception of life, love and valour was of the fine old-fashioned lofty type enshrined in the phrase, "Noblesse oblige."

And noblesse oblige simply meant for him the spirit which inspires a gentleman and an officer of the Highland Light Infantry.

The "Edinburgh Academy Chronicle" thus outlines his career:—

"Lorrain Brodie, born in 1884, entered the preparatory school at the age of eight years and remained at the Academy until 1899. He subsequently went to Sandhurst, out of which he passed in March, 1904, and as Second Lieutenant joined the 2nd Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry. He was quartered at Jersey, at Edinburgh Castle, and at Fort George, and afterwards the regiment moved to Ireland, where he served from 1909 to 1913, first at Cork and

then at Mullingar. He was at Aldershot when war broke out. He quickly showed that he possessed military abilities of no mean order. In pre-war days promotion in the regiment was slow, and it was still as Lieutenant in charge of the Machine Gun Detachment, that, with over ten years' service, he embarked for France in August, 1914. Active service brought out the best qualities of such a man. Always cheerful, and always thoughtful for the men under him, his machine gunners soon proved well worth all the labour he had expended on them, and his delight was great when Driver Scott of the Machine Gun Detachment received a French decoration for gallantry during the battle of the Marne. Lorrain was promoted Captain in September, 1914, and it was in the following November that, for conspicuous gallantry in clearing the enemy out of a portion of the British trenches, he won the coveted V.C. He subsequently saw much hard fighting as Company Commander with his old regiment during 1915, particularly round Richbourg, Givenchy and Festubert. Later he was attached for intelligence duty to the Staff, first of Sir Hubert Gough, and afterwards of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and in May, 1916, he was appointed Brigade-Major of the 63rd Infantry Brigade. He held this position for eighteen months, and took an active part in the battles of the Somme and the Ancre in 1916, and of Arras and other engagements in 1917, and was awarded the Military Cross in January, 1917, and promoted Brevet-Major at the beginning of 1918. During all this time he was never wounded, and it almost seemed as if he bore a charmed life, and would be spared to share in the great home-coming at the close of the war. Although promotion on the Staff was open to him, had he so desired, he was always more attracted by regimental duty, and had long wished to command a battalion of his regiment. As the opportunity for this seemed rather remote, at the beginning of 1918 he accepted command of a battalion of the Liverpool Scottish, but in April last, to his own great joy, he was transferred to the command of his old regiment. It was in this position that he continued at the front, and on 23rd August, leading a considerable attack, and in the



FUNERAL OF PRIVATE WILLIAM SMART, INNERLEITHEN.



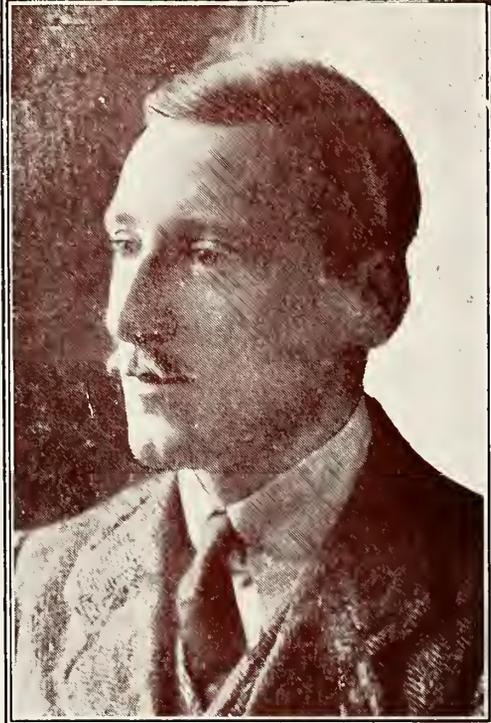
PRIVATE JAMES A. C. MACPHERSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE DAVID F. BIGGAR,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM HOGG,
EDDLESTON.



LIEUT.-COL. W. L. BRODIE, V.C., M.C.,
BROUGHTON.



DRIVER STEWART C. HOWARD,
NEWLANDS.



SECOND-LIEUT. ALFRED J. MAXWELL STUART,
TRAQUAIR.



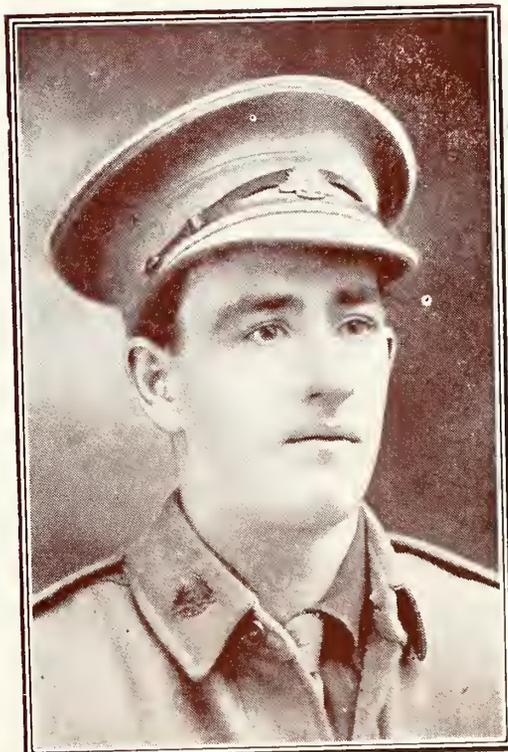
CAPT. KENNETH MACKENZIE,
DOLPHINTON.



LANCE-CORPORAL TOM SCOTT,
DRUMELZIER AND AUSTRALIA.



PRIVATE GEORGE HUNNAM,
INNERLEITHEN.



LCE-CPL. ALBERT KINGSTON LAURIE, M.M.,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



CORPORAL A. N. DUNCAN,
BROUGHTON AND CANADA.



PRIVATE ROBERT GRANT,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER FEDEN,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE ROBERT D. INGLIS,
WALKERBURN.

front line of his battalion, he was killed instantaneously. He had the strong features, the clear eye, and the erect carriage of the true man of action. His brother-officers—alas, how many of them have fallen—have testified to his strength of character, his love of honesty and fair play and clean mirth, his dislike and contempt for all shams, his love and devotion to his regiment, his cheery kindly disposition, and his keen appreciation of humour. These qualities made him at all times a delightful companion with an entire absence of 'side,' and a modest bearing in all companies. It is difficult to know what to say over the loss of one so endowed and so fit to render invaluable service in the coming years of peace."

Those who knew him, those who fought side by side, could say:—

"'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and
whole;
Second in order of felicity,
I hold it to have walked with such a
soul."

Another Academy boy, a class-fellow of Lorrain's father, wrote:—

"So from the hearth the children flee,
By that Almighty hand
Austerely led; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land.

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied his
ringing trade.

So like a sword the son shall roam,
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home,
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother well
content."

We stand with reverent faces,
And our merriment give o'er,
As we drink the toast to the Unseen Host
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

. . . When music on bright gatherings
lays
Its tender spell and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.
Drink to them—amorous of dear earth as
well,

They asked not tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a
kiss.

**SECOND-LIEUT. ALFRED J. MAXWELL
STUART**
(TEAQUAIR)

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

1918. AUGUST 24 (SATURDAY).

Second-Lieutenant Alfred J. Maxwell Stuart, born in London on March 26, 1898, was the sixth son of Mr and Mrs G. Maxwell Stuart. He was educated at Stoneyhurst College. On attaining the requisite age he at once joined the Officers' Training Corps. In due course he was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the Special Reserve of Officers Coldstream Guards, July 18, 1917. After completing his training, he was sent out to France in February, 1918, and was attached to the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards. From the day he entered the fighting line he displayed absolute disregard of danger. During the Guards' advance on August 21, he received his fatal wounds. Earlier in the day Lieut. A. Maxwell Stuart was slightly wounded, but continued to lead and encourage his men, until he fell with multiple gunshot wounds, from which he died in the hospital clearing station three days later, 24th August. The following are extracts from letters received from his C.O. and brother officers.

"He appeared altogether regardless of danger. On the 21st he showed himself absolutely fearless and set them (his men) a magnificent example. They all say they would have followed him anywhere he was so cool and brave."

Again—

“He did splendidly and I don't think he knew what fear meant, etc. He walked about trying to get in touch with the next company, taking no notice of shells and bullets.”

Lieut. A. Maxwell Stuart was buried in the Military Cemetery at Douzens.

“I may say that the patriotism of my family stands out somewhat conspicuously, seeing that of my eleven children, four sons have been killed, two are at present serving (the seventh still being at school), and of my four daughters, three have served as nurses and one is in religion.—I am, yours faithfully,

EDMUND MAXWELL STUART

When these men must go alone
Without Absolution,
When their sins feel heavy as lead,
Thou thyself wilt lift the head;
Thou, High Priest, wilt whisper low,
“Te Absolve!” ere they go.

When there is no sacrifice,
Bread and wine for Thy disguise;
Come Thou in the spirit then,
As at Agincourt our men,
With desire, a blade of grass
Served as Eucharist and Mass.

Our little hour, how soon it dies,

How short a time to tell our beads;
To chant our feeble Litanies,
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.
The altar-lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower,
So passes with the dying hymn,
Our little hour.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left
grow old;

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn;

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning,

We will remember them.

CAPT. KENNETH MACKENZIE
(DOLPHINTON)

9TH ROYAL SCOTS (ATTACHED 7TH).
1918. AUGUST 27 (TUESDAY).

Previously reported missing, now reported killed in action, on 27th August, Kenneth Mackenzie, of Dolphinton, Captain, The Royal Scots, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and J.P. for the County of Lanarkshire.

Gazetted October 1914; killed August 27, 1918, between Heninel and Fontaine les Croiselles.

Capt. Kenneth Mackenzie, Royal Scots, was the owner of the property of Dolphinton, Lanarkshire and Peeblesshire, and the only surviving son of the late John Ord Mackenzie of Dolphinton. Captain Mackenzie was born in 1882, and was educated at Cargilfield and Fettes College, Edinburgh, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He graduated B.A., and, after qualifying for the legal profession, was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet in 1909, and in 1910 became a partner in the firm of Messrs Wood & Mackenzie, W.S., Edinburgh. Captain Mackenzie took an active interest in the business of his county and in all matters connected with his property and neighbourhood. In October, 1914, he obtained a commission in the Royal Scots, and was actively engaged in service in the United Kingdom until he went to the front. In December, 1914, he rescued from drowning in Leith Docks a corporal in the Royal Scots, and was awarded the Royal Humane Society's Medal. He married in 1910 Eudora, eldest daughter of the late Moncrief Horsburgh, C.A., and is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter.

The fighting man shall from the sun

Take warmth, and life from the glowing
earth:

Speed with the light-foot winds to run,

And with the trees to newer birth:

And find, when fighting shall be done,

Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night:
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,

And that unrest which men miscall delight

Can touch him not and torture not again:

From the contagion of the world's slow stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn

A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in
vain:

Nor, when the Spirit's self has ceased to
burn,

With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

PRIVATE GEORGE HUNNAM

(INNERLEITHEN)

2ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1918. AUGUST 31 (SATURDAY).

Killed in action on 31st August, Private George Hunnam, Seaforth Highlanders, youngest son of the late Mr and Mrs Hunnam, Whin Cottage, Cockenzie, aged 25 years.

Pte. Hunnam was killed in action on 31st August. He was going forward with his platoon, which was making a small night attack against some machine guns, when he got hit by a bullet and was killed immediately. I have made inquiries as to where he was hit, but cannot find out, but I will write to you again, and try to give you full details about it. He had not been with us very long, but he has shown himself to be a fine soldier, very keen and intelligent, and he is a great loss to my platoon and also to the company. He was on my Lewis gun team, and he was an excellent gunner, and it will be hard to replace him.

Please accept the sincere sympathy of myself and the men of the platoon.—Yours truly,

J. E. STIRLING.

Pte. G. Hunnam, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, was killed in action on the 31st of August, 1918. The battalion was in the line at the time, taking part in a successful advance. During a night attack on a wood in which there was a German machine gun post, your son was hit, death being instantaneous. He was buried reverently by his comrades. The exact location of his grave has not yet reached us. When it does I will write you again. The engagement took place in front of Remy (about eleven miles from Arras).

We can well understand how great a blow this news will be to you. It may comfort you a little to know that your son was held in the highest regard by everyone here. His officers considered him a splendid soldier, and he was beloved by his comrades, who mourn his death sincerely. Officers and men join in sending you deepest sympathy in your irreparable loss. It is our prayer

that the God of all comfort will be with you and yours as you lament a good soldier faithful unto death, who has heard the Master's "Well done."—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

J. GRAY, C.F.

"It will be some consolation to you to know that he was killed instantaneously, and I trust your sorrow will be mingled with pride in the knowledge that he died most gallantly for his country, fighting for a noble cause."

(Father and mother they put aside, and the nearer love also—

An hundred thousand men who died, whose graves shall no man know).

. It was fair and level ground,
About a carven stone;
And a stark sword brooding on the bosom of
the cross,

Where high and low are one;
And there was grass, and the living trees,
And the flowers of the spring,
And there lay gentlemen from out of all the
seas,

That ever called him King.
(Twixt Nieuport sands, and the eastward
lands, where the four red rivers spring,
Five hundred thousand gentlemen of those
that served the King).

All that they had they gave—they gave—
In sure and single faith,
There can no knowledge reach their grave,
To make them grudge their death,
Save only if they understood
That after all was done,
We they redeemed, denied their blood,
And mocked the gains it won.

O noble youth that held our honour in keep-
ing,
And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
How shall we give full measure of acclaim
To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping?
For though we sowed with doubtful hands,
half sleeping,

Thou in thy vivid pride has saved a nation,
And helped to save with shouts and exulta-
tion,
With drums and trumpets, with flags flash-
ing and leaping.

LANCE-CORPORAL TOM SCOTT

(DRUMELZIER AND AUSTRALIA)

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1918. AUGUST 31 (SATURDAY).

He fought at Messines, Passchendaele, Hingarde Wood (wounded), and Clery Ridge, where he fell.

Information was received by the relatives of Lance-Corporal Tom Scott, Australian Imperial Force, that he had been killed in action in France, on the 31st August. Lance-Corporal Scott, though a native of Galashiels, had a close family connection with Drumelzier village, and spent part of his sick leave there, at the house of his cousin, Mr Wm. Blackstock, Emigrating from Galashiels, when quite a boy, with his parents some twenty years ago, to New South Wales, he was engaged, when war broke out, in farming in that colony. He joined up in October, 1916, and came over to this country in February, 1917, when, after the necessary training, he was drafted to France in the following May, where he came through a good deal of hard fighting. He was wounded in October, 1917, and was gassed in the beginning of the summer of 1918, and, as already stated, he paid a second visit to his friends at Drumelzier during his sick leave. After recovering, he returned to France in August, and on the last day of that month he fell in a desperate action with the enemy, being shot through the heart. Lance-Corporal Scott was married, and leaves a widow and one little girl, besides a widowed mother and other relatives, in far-off Australia, to mourn his loss. He was a fine type of the "Colonial," being of stalwart and muscular build, and formed one more of those loyal sons of the Empire who answered the call of the Mother Country.

And who, amidst the storm and stress of war,

Crossed in their thousands o'er the ocean wide;

Left home and kindred for a land afar,

To fight with us so nobly side by side.

Who in that fair but war-swept land of France,

'Mid shrapnel's shriek and deadly bullet's "ping,"

With martial step were foremost to advance.

To fight, to fall, for Country and for King!

LANCE-CORPORAL ALBERT KINGSTON LAURIE

MILITARY MEDAL

(STOBO AND AUSTRALIA)

1918. AUGUST 31 (SATURDAY).

He enlisted in March, 1915, and was wounded three times. He gained the Military Medal at Bullecourt for conspicuous bravery in the field in October, 1916. He fell at Mont St Quentin on the 31st August, 1918, aged twenty-four years. He was the eldest son of J. N. Laurie, "Stobo," Rawdon Vale, New South Wales, and great-grandson of Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Peeblesshire, Scotland. He and his two companions volunteered to get a gun which was giving them great trouble. They managed to silence it, but all the three gallant boys were killed in their enterprise. He gained the Military Medal for a very daring and enterprising act. He and a fellow scout captured a German Observation post, and after putting the Germans out of action, one seized the telephone instrument and gave the order in German to open fire on a certain trench, saying that the Australians had captured it. The German artillery thereupon opened a heavy fire on their own crowded trench and caused heavy losses to their own men. Private Laurie was offered a commission on several occasions, but refused to accept it, saying that he would rather remain a "Digger."

Are you sleeping, sleeping soundly,

Comrade, over there,

Where the grasses wave above you

In the summer air;

Where we laid you as we found you,

With the ravaged land around you,

Grim and bare?

Can you hear the bugle blowing

Faint and far away;

Can you hear the loud drums throbbing,

Hear the trumpets bray,

Hear the tribute that we render

To the souls that won the splendour

Of the day?

'Tis the day we fought and toiled for,

The day for which you died,

Underneath the flag of freedom,

The banner of our pride,

Which to-day is proudly flying

O'er the fallen victors lying

Side by side.

Under the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie;
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.
 This be the verse that you 'grave for me—
 "Here he lies where he longed to be;
 Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill."

CORPORAL A. N. DUNCAN

(BROUGHTON AND CANADA)

CANADIANS.

1918. SEPTEMBER 2 (MONDAY).

Lance-Corporal Arthur Norman Duncan, younger son of David Duncan, Ythanbank, March Street, Peebles, formerly at Rachan Stables, and educated at Broughton, emigrated from Peebles to Canada six years ago, being then employed with Lowe, Donald & Co. Before joining up he was employed in the Bank of Hamilton at Moose Jaw. Private Duncan, who enlisted at the outbreak of war, was among the first of the Colonials to arrive in this country for training, thereafter he proceeded to France for three years, during which time he had been invalided home on two occasions. His father received the following letter, dated October 26, 1918:—

"The Commanding Officer wishes me to convey to you his sincere sympathy on the loss of your son, Lance-Corporal A. N. Duncan, who was killed in action by enemy shell fire on September 2, 1918; death being instantaneous. He was a good soldier and showed splendid devotion to duty while serving with the battalion. His loss is keenly felt by all ranks of his company, and especially by his platoon comrades, with whom he was deservedly most popular.

"My Dear Friends,—No doubt you will have heard of your son being killed on the morning of September 2nd. We all miss him here, because he was always willing to do a good turn to anybody and for a cheerful lad you couldn't wish for one better. I thought it was my duty to write to you and explain how he died. He was killed instantly by a shell, and I can assure you he didn't suffer any. We had quite a few killed that morning, and everyone was picked up and carried back behind our lines and got a good burial. Tell Mrs Dun-

can, Arthur did not say a word after he was hit. He was killed with a big shell. I was very near Arthur when he was hit on the 2nd September; we were going over the top on the morning when we made the big advance. Arthur had gone about 1,000 yards before he stopped; it was a very hot place around there and hard fighting. There was a number of our boys fell quite near, but you can tell the world it cost the German army a good bit for the poor boy's life."

"It was a great shock to me to get your letter telling me that Arthur was killed in action on September 2nd. I do assure you that I most sincerely sympathise with Mrs Duncan, yourself and family in your great loss. Arthur was one of my very few friends out here; ever since he left Moose Jaw over three years ago we have corresponded very regularly, and we were always real good friends. Having worked beside Arthur at the bank, I can testify as to his popularity with his fellow-workers and his clean living. Any letters that I got from Arthur were always of a cheerful nature and we looked forward to the time when he and the others would again visit us in our home. Arthur was a good friend; it was a real pleasure to work in the same office with him, and he was popular with all and he went away with the good wishes of all his friends and acquaintances."

Like many, he builded better than he knew, as we recall the lines of Henry Newbolt:—

"Let us build for the years we shall not see,
 With silence due
 And with service free,
 Let us build it for ever in splendour new;
 Let us build in hope and in sorrow and
 rest in Thee."

THE BATTLE OF AMIENS, 1918.

For the attack on the 8th August, 1918, Sir Douglas Haig accumulated four hundred tanks of the small "whippet" type. On the date mentioned we began with an intense bombardment. After four minutes it stopped, and the tanks and the infantry moved forward. In the centre success was immediate and continuous. Canadian and British

cavalry performed miracles, and advanced twenty-three miles. On Saturday, the 10th of August, the Montdidier garrison surrendered. Steady advances followed every day until the 15th August. This closed the first phase of the Allies' advance.

BATTLE OF BAPAUME.

A new blow was now struck in a new quarter on Sunday, 18th August, by General Mangin, between the Oise and the Aisne. He was successful on this and the following days. Then on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, Byng struck with the British Third Army. It was a complete surprise to the enemy. Beaucourt, Courcelles, and other places all fell. Albert was recovered on 22nd August. On the 23rd the Australians took Bray. On the following day Thiepval Ridge was cleared. By the 25th, we had Mametz, Martinpuich, and Le Sars. On the 26th, the French took Fresnoy; and on the 27th, they were in Roye. On the same day Monchy, Roeux, Gavrelle, and other places fell to the Canadians. On Thursday, the 29th, the Germans were in full retreat to a new line. But on that day we had Combles and Morval; and the New Zealanders entered Bapaume. This opened up the road to Cambrai. On the 31st of August the Australians rushed Mont St Quentin, which was the key to Peronne. The Australians entered Peronne on the 1st September. Great progress was made in the first few days of September. During the whole of September indeed the irresistible advance of the Allies continued. The enemy was steadily pushed back, and thousands of prisoners and guns were taken.

That neither schools nor priests,
Nor kings may build again;
A people with the heart of beasts,
Made wise concerning men.
Whereby our dead shall sleep
In honour, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honour keep
That peace for which they paid.

PRIVATE ALEXANDER PEDEN

(WALKERBURN)

6TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. SEPTEMBER 3 (TUESDAY).

Two soldiers of the name Alexander Peden fell, and both were in the same regiment, and were cousins.

This Alexander, No. 353,386, had been a

dyer by profession in a mill. He went out to France in February, 1915, and was wounded in August, on the 11th of the month, 1918, on the Amiens front. He died in Chichester Hospital on the 3rd of September, and his body was buried in Innerleithen Cemetery.

The eighth day of August, 1918, was a black day for Germany. On that day the second and decisive Battle of Amiens began. On the 9th also began the second Battle of Lassigny, and on the 11th, the day when Private Peden was wounded. There was a great Allied advance between the River Oise and the River Avre, which reached the line Armancourt, Tilloy, Cambronne.

Hail and Farewell. We greet you here,

With tears that none will scorn—
O Keepers of the House of old,
Or ever we were born.

One service more we dare to ask—

Pray for us, Heroes pray,
That when Fate lays on us our task
We do not shame the Day.

Say: do they watch with keen all-seeing eyes
My own endeavours in the whirling hell?
Ah, God, now great, how grand the sacrifice.
Ah, God, the manhood of yon men who fell!

PRIVATE ROBERT GRANT

(WALKERBURN)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. SEPTEMBER 15 (SUNDAY).

Mr William Grant, Concrete Buildings, Walkerburn, received intimation that his son, Private Robert Grant, Royal Scots, had been killed in action. Private Grant, who was 31 years of age, was a Territorial previous to the war, and rejoined his old company at Innerleithen when war broke out. He went first to France in November, 1914, and thereafter saw much active service, and had been three times wounded. In civil life he was employed in the millhouse of Tweedvale Mills, Walkerburn, and was a keen bowler in the Walkerburn Club. His brother, John, served with the Black Watch.

The Battle of St Mihiel had ended on the 13th of August, and there had been a continued German retreat between the Meuse and Moselle. On the 15th, when Private

Grant fell, the British captured Maissemy, 5 miles north-west of St Quentin.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved?
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep?
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse?
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

But ye, dear Youth, who lightly on the day
of fury

Put on Britain's glory as a common coat,
And in your stature of masking grace
Stood forth a warrior complete,
No praise o'er-shadoweth yours to-day,
Walking out of the home of love
To match the deeds of all the dead

—

PRIVATE ROBERT D. INGLIS

(WALKERBURN)

ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS.

1918. SEPTEMBER 18 (WEDNESDAY).

Private Robert Dryden Inglis enlisted into the Army Ordnance Corps on March 15, 1916, and was killed in action with the East Yorks on September 18, 1918. He was 39 years of age, was unmarried, and resided with Miss Robina Inglis, his sister, at Jubilee Road, Walkerburn.

The 18th, when Private Robert Inglis fell, was the day of a great British advance on a 16 mile front, north-west of St Quentin, when over 6000 prisoners were taken and many guns. This was the end of the Battle of Epéhy.

Robert was one of three gallant brothers who fell—Archibald, June 24, 1916; William, March 22, 1917; Robert, September 18, 1918.

"Another for Hector," was the ancient cry,
As brother followed brother on the battle-field,

To save their Chief those Heroes willed to die

And life on Earth were satisfied to yield.

Such Gallant Souls die not. Scot follows Scot,

And Brother joins with Brother in the self-less Quest

For Honour, King, and Right. Death be their lot

But Life Eternal with the Gallant Blest.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to the glen,
No more will we wander Lochaber again.
Lochaber no more. Lochaber no more,
The lad will return to Lochaber no more.

The trout will come back from the deeps of
the sea,

The bird from the wilderness back to the
tree;

Flowers to the mountain, and tides to the
shore,

But he will return to Lochaber no more.

—

**COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR JOHN
MACINTYRE**

(STOBO)

11TH CAMERONIANS,
SCOTTISH RIFLES.

1918. SEPTEMBER 19 (THURSDAY).

John Macintyre joined the 11th Battalion Cameronians, Scottish Rifles, on September, 1914. He served in France, went to Salonica, November, 1915, and fell in action attacking the Bulgars on September 19, 1918. The rank he held at the time of his death was Acting Company Sergeant-Major; his age was 27 years.

On the 19th there were further British gains in the direction of St Quentin, and heavy fighting around Gouzeaucourt and Moeuvres. The British captured Lempire.

Why is it there—that bar of gold?

Listen, I'll tell you why;

My heart was fuller than it could hold

When I kissed my boy good-bye.

"So long!" he said, with his sunny smile,

As he shouldered his rifle and pack;

Ah! but it's long—a long, long while,

For my boy will never come back.

I hung up the card when he went away—

"Serving his country and king"—

That a gleam of light on my lonely way,

The sight of it there might bring.

"God keep him safe," was my daily prayer,

"Safe from each deadly chance!"

Till I got the tidings that brought despair—

"Your son has been killed in France."

My heart within me was turned to stone,

And never a tear I shed;

It seemed too cruel, I had but the one,

One only, and he was dead!

I had borne him and loved him all in vain,

But they should not forget my Jack,

So I left the card in the window-pane,

Crossed with a bar of black.

One night I was sitting, sad and drear,
 As I thought of past days of joy,
 When it seemed to me as if One drew near
 Who spoke to me of my boy:
 "He fought for his God, his king, his land,
 He is safe in the heavenly fold!"
 Then He reached out a hand—a pierced hand—
 And the bar was turned to gold.

A dream, you say? But a heaven-sent dream,
 That comforts my heart's sore pain;
 Cut off in his prime my boy may seem,
 But his life was not lived in vain,
 I shall see him again though he'll not come
 back,
 For the Master's word will hold,
 So the card's still there, but the bar of black
 Is changed to a bar of gold!

PRIVATE DONALD M. MALLEN

(EDDLESTON)

ROYAL SCOTS AND HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.
 1918. SEPTEMBER 21 (SATURDAY).

Private Donald M. Mallen, who was employed at Portmore, enlisted in October, 1914, in the Royal Scots, and was under orders for France in February, 1915, but was ill in hospital when his battalion left. Went out to France in August, 1916, and was transferred to H.L.I. He was invalided home in December, 1916, but returned to France in March, 1917. He came home on leave in March, 1918, left for France on March 18, and was wounded on March 25, 1918. He returned to France on August 13, 1918; was wounded on September 19, and died on 21st. He was in the 12th H.L.I. in 1916, but was in the 1/5th at the time of his death. His body was buried at Boyelles.

"It was the 1/5th Highland Light Infantry who took the village of Mouvres, then lost it, and retook it on the night of the 19th September, when Donald was wounded. The doctor was wounded in this same sector, and died of his wounds too. Donald was always so cheery. Even when he was wounded he was joking away, and making the doctor laugh at his sallies, and saying that he would surely get a nice soft bed to-night. He wrote home most regularly, but never one word that had to be scored out by the censor. If we said anything to him when he was at home about the battles he went through, he

put us off by saying the less we knew about them the better."

We must grow old, lose hour by hour the
 magic of life and the glory,
 Watch our illusions die, grow cold when our
 fires are spent;
 But he is as the sunshine is, as the fields, as
 the river—
 Freedom is his, and youth unchallenged, and
 power magnificent.
 His is the changeless good,
 And mine no longer barren solitude,
 Since in this music that floats from river
 and field and tree
 All the gallant and lovely songs that were
 his are restored to me.

LANCE-CORPORAL JAMES GRAHAM

(BROUGHTON)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.
 1918. SEPTEMBER 22 (SUNDAY).

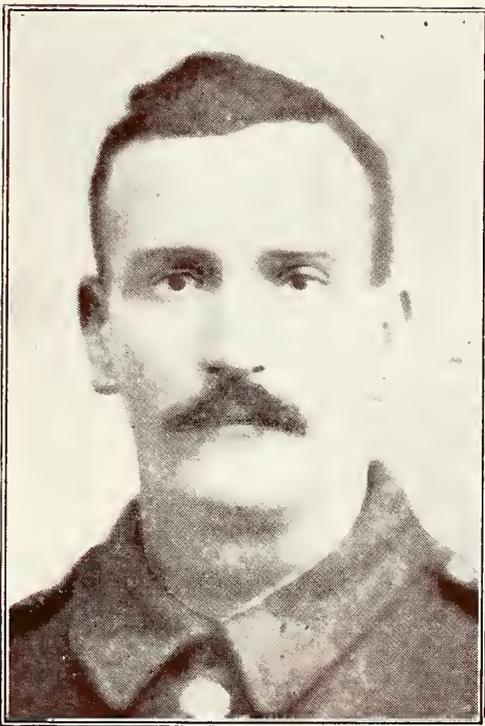
Lance-Corporal James Graham was ploughman at Coomlees when he joined up at the early age of sixteen in the beginning of June, 1915. Having been attached to the K.O.S.B. Regiment, he was drilled in Edinburgh, and thereafter was sent to the Dardanelles on his seventeenth birthday in September, 1915. During the winter, owing to an attack of dysentery, he was taken in a very serious condition to Cairo. After recovery in the summer of 1916, he went to the Western Front in France, and took part in the British offensive on 1st July, 1916. Shot through the right hand while rushing the enemy trench, he took refuge in a shell hole in No Man's Land for the most of the day, thence back to safety and ultimately to England, where he was an inmate of a hospital in the South of England for some time. Joining his unit in the end of the year, he was transferred to the Seaforth Highlanders, and was on guard for a time at Sandringham, being one of a small company of Highlanders, and whom Queen Mary termed "her boys." Having been attached to the 51st Division, he left home for the last time on January 2nd, 1918, bound for the Western Front. Things seemed to go smoothly with him till the dark days started in the latter days of March. After the first great German onslaught, he was luckily one



COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR JOHN MACINTYRE,
STOBO.



LANCE-CORPORAL JAMES GRAHAM,
BROUGHTON.



PRIVATE DONALD M. MALLEN,
EDDLESTON.



GUNNER TOM REID,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM R. W. FORSYTH,
EDDLESTON.



PRIVATE JOHN BALLANTYNE,
KIRKURD, NEWLANDS, AND AUSTRALIA.



SEC.-LIEUT. ROBIN T. ROSS,
TWEEDSMUIR.



SIGNALLER JAMES AMOS,
TRAQUAIR AND CANADA.



PRIVATE WILLIAM HOPE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE THOMAS SHIEL,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE TOM COCKBURN,
EDDLESTON.



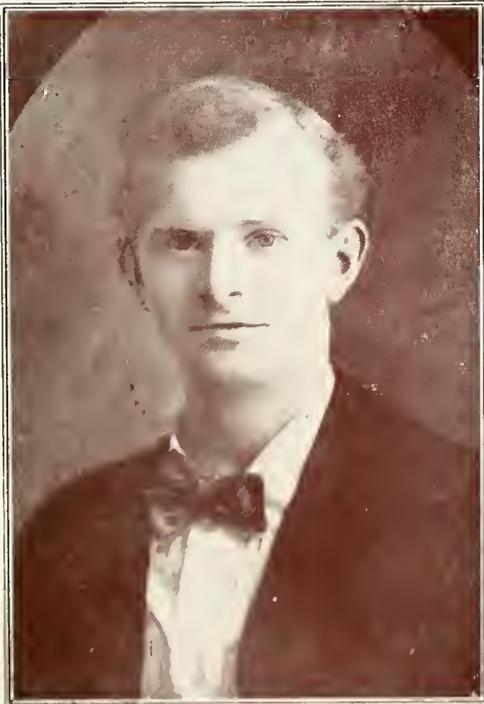
PRIVATE JAMES CARRIE,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM TAYLOR,
BROUGHTON.



GUNNER JOHN SIBBALD,
INNERLEITHEN.



PRIVATE TOM W. CAMPBELL,
WALKIEBURN AND NEW ZEALAND.



PRIVATE THOMAS SCOTT,
INNERLEITHEN.

of the few who got off scathless. After a short rest he was back into it again.

It was then that Sir Douglas Haig's order rang out—"Give no more ground, men, but fight as if your backs were at the wall." Private Graham was one of these brave Seaforths who fought the German horde till the last man went down, thus enabling the famous 51st Division to hold on. No word came from him for some time, but at length news from the War Office stated he had gone amissing between April 9th and 12th. After some time a field card came from himself saying that he was a prisoner of war. We learn through a fellow prisoner, an inmate of the hospital, who has come home since the signing of the Armistice, that Private Graham was carried out of camp seriously ill in September, and died on the 22nd September in his 20th year.

He had a fine nature; quiet, thoughtful, courteous in bearing, kindly in mood, he was beloved by his friends.

Of him and his comrades can we not say—

"They poured their spirits out in pride,
They throbbed away the price of years;
Now that dear ground is glorified
With dreams, with tears.
A flower there is sown, to bud
And bloom beyond our loss and smart—
Noble France, at its root is blood from
Scotland's heart."

"They went with songs to the battle, they
were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and
aglow;
They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe."

GUNNER TOM REID

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

1918. SEPTEMBER 22 (SUNDAY).

Mrs Naylor, Chambers Street, had the sad information by telegram from her sister-in-law that her brother, Gunner Tom Reid, was killed in action. Gunner Tom Reid, R.G.A., before enlistment, was employed with Messrs Duncan & Sons, tailors, Brechin, having left Innerleithen for that place eleven years pre-

viously. He had been enlisted about eighteen months, and had only been nine months in France. He was 39 years of age, and married. Private Harry Naylor, a nephew of the above, who had been twice wounded, was in hospital in Kent, suffering from shrapnel wounds in the left knee. A brother, Willie, was serving with the Scottish Rifles in France. His body was buried in the cemetery at Marteville in St Quentin area.

Hostile attacks by the Germans north-west of La Basee failed.

Sweet are the ways of death to weary feet,
Calm are the Shades of men.
The Phantom fears no tyrant in his seat,
The slave is master then.

Love is abolished; well, that this is so;
We knew him best as Pain.
The gods are all cast out, and let them go,
Who ever found them gain?

Not these bright feet
Which tread their chosen road of death,
deplore;
But ours which walk the customary street,
Barren and dull and anxious as before.

These million dead
Need not your tears; but let them flow
For us to whom is given our daily bread
And are content—as long as this is so.

PRIVATE WILLIAM R. W. FORSYTH (EDDLESTON)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1918. SEPTEMBER 29 (SUNDAY).

Killed in action on 29th September, 1918, Private William R. W. Forsyth, Highland Light Infantry, aged 19 years, third dearly beloved son of Mr and Mrs James Forsyth, 20 Station Road, Eddleston.

Mr and Mrs Jas. Forsyth, 20 Station Road, received official intimation that their third son, No. 55139, Private William R. W. Forsyth, Highland Light Infantry, had been killed in action on 29th September. Private Forsyth, who was only in his 20th year, in civil life was employed in the gardens at Portmore, Eddleston, for over three years, at the termination of which period he went to the Hirsell, Coldstream. It was while at this

latter place that he joined up in February, 1917. Private Forsyth was nine months on active service. Mr and Mrs Forsyth had other two sons serving in France.

On September 26 there was a great Franco-American attack on a forty mile front, from the middle of Champagne to the Meuse. On the 27th there followed a great British attack on the Cambrai front. The second battle of Cambrai and battle of St Quentin began. The Hindenburg Line was pierced. On the 28th the battle of Flanders began—British and Belgians—from Dixmude to Ploegsteert; and on the 29th, when Private Forsyth fell, several places—Dixmude, Passchendaele, Messines, Theluveer, etc., were taken.

THE BATTLE OF CAMBRAI-ST QUENTIN.

On the 27th September Sir Douglas Haig began this battle, which resulted in the capture of both these cities, which had defied us for so long. The deadly obstacle was the Canal du Nord, deep and broad, with sloping sides, every inch of which was ranged by the heavy guns of the enemy. Bourlon Wood was cleared; Marcoing was captured; and the outskirts of Cambrai entered that night. A breach of eight miles was made in the Hindenburg Line, north of St Quentin.

KING ALBERT'S VICTORY.

The third offensive in Flanders began on the 28th September. It was undertaken by the Belgians, French, and Second British Army, with King Albert in command. Dixmude was captured. Houthoult forest was cleared. General Plumer in two days took Poelcapelle and Passchendaele, and was within a mile of Roulers and Menin. Further south the Messines ridge had been seized once more. The last week of September was the most wonderful week of the war. The greatest battle in history was approaching a climax; the whole 250 miles of front, from the Meuse to the sea, was ablaze.

Dearly loved: untimely killed—

A Tweeddale lad of gallant soul
Left his dear flowers and bravely willed
To do his bit, and give his whole.
And now within Heaven's garden fair
He wanders from the battlefield,
Laurel and lily crown his hair,
And rosemary decks his unstained shield.

SEC.-LIEUT. ROBIN T. ROSS.

(TWEEDSMUIR)

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

1918. SEPTEMBER 29 (SUNDAY).

Sec.-Lieut. Ross spent 8½ years at Talla Reservoir. He was 1 year old when he went there, where his father was missionary during the construction of the Talla Reservoir. After 3½ years at Kinlochleven, he went to Oban, where he was educated at the Oban High School, and where he was the gold medalist before he went to Glasgow University as an arts student. He attested under the Lord Derby Scheme when 18, and was sent to Woolwich, then to Dover, and thence to France in the A.O.C. After 10½ months' service, he came over for training as a cadet, and was gazetted on October 31st, 1917. After 8½ months on this side he was sent for, and was only six weeks at the front when he was fatally wounded. He was a keen student, and had many plans of usefulness mapped out never to be realised in this world, but he died at his post "faithful unto death." We are glad that the sacrifice was not in vain. He fell near Armentieres.

The Allies had reached Roulers-Menin Road, and the British had broken the Hindenburg Line on a 6 mile front, taking 22,000 prisoners.

Suddenly a great noise shall fill my ears,

Like angry waters or the roar of men;

I shall be dizzy, faint with many fears;

Blindly my hands shall clutch the air—and
then

I shall be walking 'neath the quiet skies,

In the familiar land of former years,

Among familiar faces. I shall arise

In that dear land where there are no more
tears.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets
swell

His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand
mute,

And through the mist the guns he loved so
well

Thunder a last saluto!

And through the sunset of this purple cup
They will resume the roses of their prime,
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,
Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts
sublime.

PRIVATE JOHN BALLANTYNE

(KIRKURD, NEWLANDS, AND AUSTRALIA)

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1918. SEPTEMBER 30 (MONDAY).

Private John Ballantyne, A.I.F., was the second son of Mr and Mrs John Ballantyne, for many years resident in the parishes of Newlands and Kirkurd. He had been in Australia several years when war broke out, but returned to this country as a private in the Australian Imperial Force in December, 1917. He proceeded to France in March, 1918, and fell in action at Tincourt on 30th September, 1918. He was 35 years of age. His brother William fell on October 13, 1915.

On the 30th there was important progress on St Quentin-Cambrai Front. Thoirigny-Guistain-Rumilly taken. Cambrai was fired on by the enemy. There was also stiff American fighting in the Argonne Forest, and progress by the British north of Neuve Chapelle.

O praise the Lord, O praise the lord
For those whose course is ended—
True heroes, who with life outpoured—
The cause of right defended:
In lonely, distant graves they lie,
Or 'neath the wave are sleeping;
Their souls we trust, O Lord most High,
To Thy most tender keeping.

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,
Peal out your loud thanksgiving;
Henceforward be His Name adored
By every creature living.
Great King of kings, though stern Thy rod,
Thy mercy faileth never;
Be Thou our Guide, be Thou our God,
For ever and for ever. Amen

SIGNALLER JAMES AMOS.

(TRAQUAIR AND CANADA)

15TH CANADIANS.

1918. OCTOBER 6 (SUNDAY).

James Amos was not a native of Traquair, but his father and forebears had been connected with that parish for many years. His parents were William and Isabella Amos, and

both had been in the service of Lords Arthur and Lionel Cecil at Orchardmains for a long time, William having been estate joiner. In 1889 the Amos family accompanied the Lords Lionel and Arthur Cecil from Orchardmains to England, and James was born at Hildenburgh, in Kent, on the 17th February, 1893. He was educated at Lymington in Hants, and became an apprentice butcher at Sway in the same county. In 1911 James, along with his three brothers, emigrated to Canada, where James settled in Toronto as a butcher. When war broke out he enlisted in the 15th Batt. Canadian Infantry, and rose to be signaller. In the month of January, 1918, the closing year of the war, James went to France on active service, and in the following month was gassed, but not seriously. On the 6th of October towards the close of the same year, he was seriously wounded in the head, both limbs, and right arm, from which he succumbed within a few hours in the hospital of the 1st Canadian Clearing Station, aged 24 years.

He died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of Britain in his latest prayer;
God, of His Love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not fight the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold
A courage still unspent.

Tired of all Earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep.

Passing out of the shadow
Into eternal day.
Why do we call it dying,
This sweet Going Away?

PRIVATE WILLIAM HOPE

(INNERLEITHEN)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

1918. OCTOBER 9 (WEDNESDAY).

Mr John Hope, High Street, Innerleithen, received intimation that his son, Private William Hope, Highland Light Infantry, died of enteric fever at Simla, India. Pte. Hope joined up in September, 1914, and had been

wounded. At the time of his enlistment he was employed in Singer's Works, Clydebank. He was a member of the Vale of Leithen Football Club. He joined up in September, 1914, at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, then left for Plymouth, and was in training there for 3 months, and went from there to France in January of the following year. He was wounded in March at Neuve Chapelle on the head and back, caused by shrapnel. Private Hope was later taken seriously ill, and was in hospital at Epsom, England, for 8 months, and went from there to re-join his regiment at David Kilpatrick's School at Leith, being stationed there for 3 months, and then left again for Mesopotamia in the year 1916. He had rather an exciting experience, being chased by submarines. He landed in India 7 weeks later, and then went from there to Mesopotamia. He was only 3 weeks there when he had his first attack of enteric fever, and was again taken back to India, where he was in hospital for a few months, and was then sent to a hill station to a place for convalescents, called by the name of Wellington, and was there nearly 4 months, going from there to Bangalore Barracks in Bombay for garrison duty. He was feeling much better of his long rest, and said he felt that he would like a change and wanted to do a bit more of active service, so joined into the Machine Gun Corps for training, and in his last letter to a friend he said that was his last day of training, and expected to be sent either to France or Egypt, and was in the highest of spirits in that letter (27th Sept.), and in the best of health. Then came the wire informing his friends of his death on the 9th October, from another attack of enteric fever, having died in hospital at Simla the day after being admitted.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

Oh, blessed Vision, after all the years,
Christ's with us yet. To-day, as heretofore,
Men see Thee still, and they cast off their
fears,
And take fresh courage to press on once more.
The soldiers, bearing from the desperate fight
A wounded brother, meet Thee in the way,
And know Thee, Friend and Saviour, in the
strife,
(Oh, Christ, White Comrade, in their stand
For once again Thy loved ones hear Thee
say—
for Right)—
"Lo I am with thee always, Lord of Life."

PRIVATE TOM COCKBURN
(EDDLESTON)

14TH BLACK WATCH.

1918. OCTOBER 23 (WEDNESDAY).

Killed in action, on 23rd October, 1918, Private Thomas Cockburn, youngest son of Mr and Mrs Cockburn, late of Blowearry, Nether Fala, Eddleston. Sadly mourned.

"I have no doubt that you have been notified by the War Office of the death of your son who was killed in action on the evening of Wednesday, 23rd October. He was a brave lad, and on the night of the attack we had all to do our best, and not all of us could expect to come back. You can have the glorious satisfaction that your son died a hero for his home and country and for the peace and comfort of the world. I am proud to be able to testify to the gallant manner in which your son acted during times of the utmost need of courage and daring to enable us to conquer our enemy.

"Kindly accept of my very deep sympathy, but I hope you will be comforted in the fact that he died a hero for the sake of home and country."

This was the day on which there was a big British attack between Le Cateau and Valenciennes, which carried the line forward one to three miles after stiff resistance. Bruay was taken, and Scheldt reached.

OCTOBER VICTORIES.

On the morning of the 1st October a furious battle was raging for the possession of St Quentin. The French entered the city in the afternoon. Le Catelet was taken on the 3rd

October. The Germans evacuated Armentières, La Bassée, and Lens, which were occupied by the British, who also seized Aubers ridge overlooking Lille. In the early hours of the 9th October, the Canadians entered Cambrai. A little later the British entered the city from the south, and the two forces joined hands in the centre of the town. A great battle was fought south of Cambrai; and on the 10th October our columns reached Le Cateau. The Americans in the Argonne were having one of the stiffest tasks of the war. On the 13th October the French entered Laon without a fight. Le Fère was taken the same day. The British Second Army entered the burning ruins of Menin. On the 17th October the British allowed the French to be the first to enter Lille. Douai was occupied the same day; and on the 18th Roubaix and Turcoing were occupied.

I could see their colours floating on moor,
and moss, and glen,
And I saw the regiments mustered that ne'er
returned again.
They came from lonely moorlands and far
sequestered towers,
And every hill and valley yielded its fairest
flowers.
From Eddleston, Esk and Yarrow, from
Teviot, Tweed, and Jed,
From Cademuir and from Cheviot, to lone St
Mary's Lake,
They failed not of their summons, and knew
their lives at stake,
And they rode away to the eastward, and the
land was still as night,
With never a man that faltered, and never a
thought of flight.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber.
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever.

PRIVATE THOMAS SHIEL

(INNERLEITHEN)

SCOTTISH RIFLES (CAMERONIANS).

1918. OCTOBER 25 (FRIDAY).

On 25th October, died of wounds received in action in France, Private Thos. Shiel, Scottish Rifles, aged 26, third son of the late James Shiel, Innerleithen.

Mrs Gilchrist, Buccleuch Street, Inner-

leithen, received official intimation that her brother, Private Thomas Shiel, Scottish Rifles, died of wounds on the 25th October. Private Shiel, who was 26 years of age, joined up in March, 1916, and went to France two years before he fell, and had been previously gassed. At the time of his enlistment he was employed in the Bridge Steel Works, Wishaw, having gone there in June, 1914, previous to which he worked in St Ronan's Mill, Innerleithen. Private Shiel originally belonged to Innerleithen, but for a number of years previous to 1908 the family resided in Galashiels. He was a widower, and leaves one child. His brother William was in the Royal Engineers, and was in France. Private Shiel was a very enthusiastic member of St Ronan's Quaiting Club.

October 25 saw the end of the Battle of the Selle. The British had advanced three miles after heavy fighting, and had gained 9,000 prisoners and 150 guns. There was now a further advance between Le Quesnoy and Maing, and followed by steady progressive advances in the following days.

"We had difficulty for some time in finding where he was buried. My husband communicated with the Graves Commission, and got back word that my brother's grave would be found at Inchy, which is a village on the main Cambrai-Le Cateau road. My husband being in France at the time, immediately got leave to visit the place, and found my brother's grave at the place named. He lies beside a few of his comrades, in a place adjoining the French Cemetery, his grave being marked by a little wooden cross, bearing an aluminium plate with his name, number, and regiment.

"His letters home to me were always very cheery, but he seldom made any mention of his life out there. He was always popular with his comrades, owing to his good nature and cheerful disposition, and he is a great miss to me.

"He must have got wounded in the fighting for Englefontaine, and been conveyed from that place to Inchy Field Ambulance, which would be from 10 to 15 miles further back, and he must have died in the latter place."

"He was employed as a stretcher-bearer with this company during an engagement at Poix du Nord, near Englefontaine. He

was attending a wounded comrade when he himself was seriously wounded with shrapnel. He was conveyed to the 99th Field Ambulance, where he died. He was buried in the neighbourhood of Poix du Nord. Although I did not know your brother personally, I have heard from men of his platoon, and also several of the other officers who knew him, that he was a good, straightforward and conscientious soldier, who never shirked his duty at any time. He met his death while in the execution of his duty, and no soldier could wish for any other death."

The most Beloved on Earth

Not long survives to-day:
So music sweet is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade.

You lived for peace, and lived for war, you
knew no little strife:
To conquer first, then help your foe, make
music of your life.
And for the sake of those you led, you gave
your life away,
As youth might fling a coin of gold upon a
sunny day.

PRIVATE JAMES CARRIE

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS.
1918. NOVEMBER 2 (SATURDAY).

Mrs James Carrie, Morningside, Innerleithen, received the sad news by telegram that her husband, Private James Carrie, of the Royal Army Service Corps, had died from broncho-pneumonia in Serbia. In civil life he had been a chauffeur and enlisted in May, 1915. Having such a good knowledge and practice in motor cars he underwent only six weeks training, and departed to Salonika, where he joined the Motor Transport Service. He was with the Serbians for two and a half years. He left a widow and one child, and was aged thirty years. Private Carrie passed away on the very day after the Serbs re-entered Belgrade, having been driven therefrom by the Austrians. The Austrian army retreated and continued to do so towards the Venetian Alps. The death

of Private Carrie is the only one of a Tweeddale soldier occurring in Serbia.

And some leave wives behind—young wives;
Already some have launched new lives,
A little daughter, a little son,
For thus this blundering world goes on,
But never more will any see
The old secure felicity,
The kindnesses that made us glad
Before the world went mad.
They'll never hear another bird,
Another gay, or loving word,
Those men who lie so cold and lone,
Far in a country not their own.

Those men who died for you and me
That Britain still might sheltered be,
And all our lives go on the same,
Although to live is almost shame.

PRIVATE WILLIAM TAYLOR

(BROUGHTON)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.
1918. NOVEMBER 10 (SUNDAY).

Private William Taylor, eldest son of James Taylor, Beechglade, Mossfennan, educated at Glenholm, joined the army, and was trained in various camps at Fife and Newport. He was with the 2nd H.L.I. and went to France. Wounded on 23rd October, 1918, he was received into Rouen Hospital, thence transferred to England and received into the University War Hospital, where he died on 10th November, cheered by the loving presence and care of his relatives. He was laid to rest in Broughton Churchyard with every sign of respect, the deepest sympathy being felt by the community for his parents, brothers and sisters. An affectionate son, a loving brother, a trusted comrade, esteemed by his officers, a hearty Guildsman, and member of the Church. His memory is cherished in grateful hearts, believing "Life is ever lord of Death and love can never lose its own."

"In life and death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of
night
And He is there."

Hun men they marched, like an avalanche
on us falling.

Proud men they met, in the dark before the
dawning.

Seven to one they came against us to shatter
us and drown,

One to seven in the woodland we fought
them up and down,

In the sad October woodland, when all the
skies were mourning.

THE BATTLE OF VALENCIENNES.

Overwhelming defeats of powerful armies;
rapid downfall of mighty Empires. Thus
was history being made in the first eleven
days of November.

The fourth Canadian Division fought its
way into Valenciennes. On the 4th Novem-
ber began the battle of the Sambre. Lan-
drecies was captured; and the New Zealand-
ers compelled the surrender of Le Quesnoy.
The French carried Guise by assault; and
the Americans entered Sedan. On the 6th
November the Germans asked for an arm-
istice. On the 8th November we captured
Avesnes; on the 9th the Guards entered
Maubiege. On the 10th the Canadians were
advancing on Mons. The Belgians occupied
Ghent. The French had captured Mezieres
and Hirson. On 11th November the Can-
adians entered Mons. The Armistice was
signed on that day. The war was at an
end. The German Emperor fled. The Ger-
man Empire ceased to exist.

PRIVATE TOM W. CAMPBELL

(WALKERBURN AND NEW ZEALAND)

1918. NOVEMBER 12 (TUESDAY).

At Featherstone Military Hospital, New
Zealand, on 12th November, 1918, Tom W.
Campbell, aged 26 years, second son of Mr
and Mrs John Campbell, Fir Knowe, Walk-
burn, and husband of Belle Thomson, late of
Peebles.

He was only a few weeks in the Army
when he had a severe attack of influenza,
and died in Featherstone Hospital, New
Zealand, on November 12, 1918, and was
buried on the 14th, along with 17
other soldiers. He served his apprentice-
ship in Tweedholm Mill, Walkburn, as
a dyer, and left home 6½ years ago to fill a
post in Napier, New Zealand, which post he
held when called up. His minister in Napier

gave him a grand character, as being a good
church worker and an exemplary young man.
He was the second son of Mr and Mrs John
Campbell, Fir Knowe, Walkburn, and was
26 years of age.

Friend after friend departs:

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end:

Were this frail world our only rest,

Living or dying, none were blest.

Christ speaks:—

I knew you'd think of Me in hours of weak-
ness—

It was for you I suffered pain and weakness;
How else had been fulfilled the Father's
word—

“Perfect through suffering.” “Captain of
Salvation?”

Thus each tried Soul works out his own
salvation—

The servant is not greater than his Lord.

GUNNER JOHN SIBBALD

(INNERLEITHEN)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1918. NOVEMBER 28 (THURSDAY).

Gunner John Sibbald, born 25th April,
1898, accidentally killed by an explosion of
ammunition in France, on Thursday, 28th
November, 1918.

Mr and Mrs David Sibbald, High Street,
Innerleithen, received the sad news that their
eldest son, Gunner John Sibbald, of the
R.F.A., had met with a fatal accident through
the bursting of a shell in an ammunition wag-
gon. He joined the forces in November, 1916,
and was sent to Italy in March, 1917, and
when the great offensive started in March of
this year in France he was sent there. He
was wounded on 2nd September. In letters
from the Major commanding the battery and
the Chaplain, they state that he was buried,
along with other seven comrades, with full
military honours. Gunner Sibbald was 20
years of age, and, previous to being called up,
was employed as an apprentice butcher with
his father.

Extract from a letter dated August, 1918—

“I can tell you I have seen a bit this
scrap. We have the Hun on the run, but

we did not have things all our own way. I had been under shell-fire before, and had tasted his gas, but it was as nothing compared with what our boys went through these last three weeks. In one position we were under gas and heavy shells for a day and night. When we opened fire his planes came over flying low, and turned their machine guns on us. When we attempted to get the guns out, we were exposed to machine gun fire from one of his snipers. We have a Higher Hand than man to thank for coming out of that position alive. Some "Jocks" came along with some prisoners, so we made them do the job. I would not liked to have missed this scrap, although I do feel sorry for those that are no more."

To us it seemed his life was too soon done,
 Ended, indeed, while scarcely yet begun:
 God, with His clearer vision, saw that he
 Was ready for a larger ministry.

Remember, too, how short His life on Earth—
 But three and thirty years 'twixt death and
 birth.
 And of those years but three whereof we
 know,
 Yet those three years immortal seed did sow.

It is not tale of years that tells the whole
 Of man's success or failure, but the Soul
 He brings to them, the songs he sings to
 them,
 The steadfast gaze he fixes on the Goal.

Should you dream ever of the days departed,
 Of youth and morning, no more to return—
 Forget not me, so fond and passion-hearted,
 Quiet at last reposing
 Under the moss and fern.

PRIVATE THOMAS SCOTT
 (INNERLEITHEN)

DIVISIONAL EMPLOYMENT COMPANY.
 1918. NOVEMBER 29.

Private Thomas Scott, one of six gallant brothers, 209 Divisional Employment Company, died in Ellesmere Hospital on the 29th November. He was the youngest son of Mr Wm. Scott, Queen Street, Galashiels,

but previous to the war resided with his sister, Mrs Allen, Miller Street, Innerleithen. Before enlistment, he was employed as a piecer in Leithen Mills, and was a drummer boy with the local Boy Scouts. He went to France on the 23rd of February, and was gassed on the 17th November by accident in a dug-out. He was invalided home, and died as stated, the cause of his death being pneumonia and heart failure. He was the youngest of six brothers who were serving with the colours. His remains were brought to Innerleithen, in charge of two members of the Red Cross Society.

Mrs Allen, his sister, writes as follows:—

He went to France on February 23rd 1918, and was at the Base for a while, and then got sent up the line. He was with the Signal Coy., R.E., for a while, and liked it fine, and he was newly back to his old Company when he got accidentally gassed. It was a terrible blow to us all, for after the fighting was done and them all safe, we just thought how lucky we had been. But it was God's will to take him from us, so we can only say—Thy will be done, not ours. But I have one consolation, I have him buried here, where we can see his grave. My husband has been up since August 5, 1914, and went to France in July, 1915. My brothers' names are—Pte. Thomas Scott, 209th Labour Employment Company; Pte. Wm. Scott, 70th Labour Employment Company; Pte. Hugh Scott, 1st K.O.S.B.; Pte. James Scott, 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade; Robert H. Scott, 50th Squadron, Royal Air Force; Sergeant Geo. H. Scott, 4th K.O.S.B. George has been twice wounded in the leg, once in Egypt and in France.

Brave boy, regret not what you've done,
 You hoped to see the battle won;
 To rush on the foemen's ranks of steel,
 The lust of war and its joys to feel:
 The thing that to you seems sore amiss
 Is to lie alone in a place like this. . . .
 Rejoice, you are one with the men who fall
 Responsive to their country's call;
 Your duty done, for you the Eternal Crown
 is won.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ARTHUR A. WOLFE-MURRAY, C.B.
EDDLESTON.



GUNNER CHARLES H. FERGUSON,
NEWLANDS.



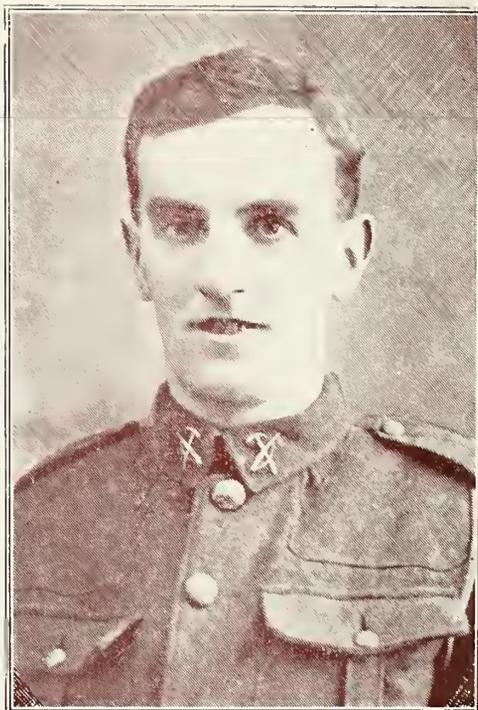
PRIVATE WALTER ELLIOT,
EDDLESTON.



TROOPER ROBERT LAURIE,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER KELLY,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



PRIVATE JOHN HENDERSON,
INNERLEITHEN.



CORPORAL ALEXANDER MURRAY,
TWEEDSMUIR.



SERGEANT DAVID STEVENSON,
WALKERBURN.



PRIVATE MELVIN HUSBAND,
INNERLEITHEN.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JAMES WOLFE MURRAY, K.C.B.,
EDDLESTON.



PRIVATE WILLIAM McARTHUR,



LANCE-CORPORAL WILLIAM CLEMISON,
SKIRLING.



SERGEANT GEORGE ANDERSON,
NEWLANDS.

**BRIGADIER-GENERAL ARTHUR A.
WOLFE-MURRAY, C.B.**

(EDDLESTON)

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.
1918. DECEMBER 7 (SATURDAY).

In loving memory of Brigadier-General A. A. Wolfe Murray, C.B. (Arty.), 7th December, 1918.

“O valiant heart, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through
battle flame:
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue
proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you
loved.”

On 7th December, at 156 Sloane Street, S.W., London, suddenly, of heart failure following on influenza, Brigadier-General Arthur Alexander Wolfe Murray, C.B., late Highland Light Infantry, aged 52.

The late Brigadier-General A. A. Wolfe Murray, C.B., whose death occurred on 7th December, at 156 Sloane Street, London, S.W., from heart failure, following influenza, was the son of the late Mr James Wolfe Murray by his second marriage with Lousia Grace, third daughter of Sir Adam Hay, seventh Baronet of Haystoun. General Wolfe Murray, who for some three years (1909-12) was Assistant Military Secretary to the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Scotland, passed nearly the whole of his career in the Highland Light Infantry. He served with the 1st Battalion in the South African War, was wounded at Magersfontein, and was twice mentioned in dispatches. In August, 1914, he went out with the Expeditionary Force in command of the 2nd Battalion, and served with it during 1914 and 1915. He was mentioned in dispatches, and was awarded the C.B. On the conclusion of his period of regimental command, he was given the command of a reserve brigade at home, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and held this post till last July, when he retired to the unemployed list.

“Arty” (as he was affectionately termed by his intimates), will be greatly missed by a large circle of devoted friends, and by many acquaintances, for he was widely known both in military and sporting

spheres. From boyhood, he had a genius, almost, for all games—a good cricketer, a fine golfer, and excellent shot, a remarkable billiard player, and a finished exponent of bridge—yet withal modest and unassuming, never boastful of his prowess, neither jealous of his equals or superiors, nor contemptuous of the many who fell short of his own high standard. A charming companion, of even temper, with a quiet but keen sense of humour, possessed of a fund of anecdote, courteous to all, he naturally attracted other men towards him, and few possessed as many friends as he. In his native county—with which in all respects he could claim a very close connection—he was well known as a soldier, a sportsman, and a gentleman. His memory will long remain green among the Peeblesshire hills, which he so deeply loved.

The late General married, in 1904, Evelyn, second daughter of the late Mr Colin J. Mackenzie of Portmore, Lord-Lieutenant of Peeblesshire, who, with an only son (Malcolm), born in 1908, are left to mourn his loss.

And you, to whom it was not given
To die upon the foughten field,
Yes, you full equally have striven,
For you your life did yield
As nobly as the men who fell
There, in the blazing mouth of hell.

Not in the wild rush of the fight,
God saw it meet for you to die.
Yet he who keeps his armour bright
His Lord doth magnify.
You answered equally the call
And he who gives himself gives all.

PRIVATE WALTER ELLIOT

(EDDLESTON)

MACHINE GUN CORPS.

1918. DECEMBER 11 (WEDNESDAY).

On the 11th December, 1918, there died in the Military Hospital at Grantham, of broncho-pneumonia, Private Walter Elliot, Machine Gun Corps, husband of Janet Stewart, and second son of Walter Elliot, Eddleston, formerly of Newby, Peebles. The deceased soldier was born at Benger Burn, Yarrow, and was a gamekeeper before enlisting. He was almost seven years with

the late William Allan Woddrop of Garvald, and later he was in the employment of Lord Tweedmouth, at Hutton Castle, Berwickshire. He attested under the Derby Scheme in November, 1915, and when Lord Tweedmouth's estate was sold in April, 1916, he went into a munition factory. He enlisted in the King's Own Scottish Borderers on 5th January, 1917, and was transferred to the Highland Light Infantry, and later to the Machine Gun Corps. Private Elliot went out to France in June, 1917. He was wounded at Spriet, north of Passchendaele, on the 26th October, 1917. Private Elliot was keenly interested in football, but his main sport was shooting. He was a good shot, and won many prizes at clay pigeon matches both in Peeblesshire and Berwickshire. He was of a very cheery nature, and was much liked by his friends and acquaintances.

Be sure that in the western sun

His evening prayers were mutely said,
And when the long night came at last,
Faith comforted his dying bed.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Death cannot rob him of the soldier's prize,
Self-sacrifice. Death is too weak to take
The joy of having given, from the eyes
The light of consecration, from the brow.
He has laid down his life for Scotland's sake;
He is the living soul of Scotland now.

GUNNER CHARLES H. FERGUSON
(NEWLANDS)

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.
1918. DECEMBER 14 (FRIDAY).

At 12 Stationary Hospital, France, on the 14th December, 1918 (of cerebro-spinal meningitis), 265010 Gunner Charles H. Ferguson, R.F.A., aged 21 years, third son of Mr and Mrs David Ferguson, Whiteside, Newlands, by West Linton, Peeblesshire; deeply regretted.

It will be observed that these latter deaths were those of soldiers who fell, not on the immediate field of battle, but from illness and disease as the result of military

service and hardships and wounds in the war. None the less, those gallant men, most of whom had fought in many battles, gave up their lives in the great cause for which the Allies had been fighting since the fateful fourth of August, 1914. As the war began at Mons, from which the British had in the beginning to retreat amid terrible hardships, owing to the smallness and unpreparedness of what the German Emperor styled, General French's contemptible little army, so by an unusual yet kindly gift of fate to a long-suffering army, the British captured Mons before dawn on the 11th of November, Martinmas. An Armistice was signed at 5 a.m., and hostilities ceased on all fronts at 11 in the forenoon. The war ended with the battle of the Sambre, and the British front extending about sixty miles, from near Montbliart to just north of Grammont.

O harmless death, whom still the valiant
brave,

The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the
grave

A short dark passage to eternal light.

And is this all? Was all in vain
The life that you so early gave?
And only swept by wind and rain,
Another Scottish soldier's grave?

We thought that radiant soul was meant
For greater things; we should be sure
No life is short, thus nobly spent,
No hero's death is premature.

TROOPER ROBERT LAURIE
(STOBO AND AUSTRALIA)

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.
LIGHT HORSE,
1918. (CLOSE.)

Son of Robert Laurie; grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, New South Wales, and great grandson of Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Peeblesshire. He enlisted early in the war in the Light Horse, and served two and a half years in Egypt and Palestine. He was severely injured from being buried by a bursting shell and also from a fall from his horse when attempting an almost impossible leap in endeavouring to escape a Turkish

ambush. He was considered to be one of the most daring and expert horsemen who left Australia. The hardships of the desert, when he was accustomed to be 16 hours daily in the saddle, proved too much for his constitution, and he was invalided home to Australia some months previous to the signing of the Armistice. He arrived home a physical wreck and passed away in a few months in his sleep at the age of 34. His body was buried in Armadale Cemetery with full military honours.

This is another of the gallant band of six, originally derived from Stobo, Scotland, and settled in New South Wales, of whom twenty-six came over and six fell, all descendants of the patriarch from Stobo Quarry, Stobo, Tweeddale.

PRIVATE ALEXANDER KELLY

(STOBO AND AUSTRALIA)

1918. (CLOSE.)

Youngest son of Robert Kelly, grandson of Joseph Lawrie of Laurieton, New South Wales; great-grandson of Joseph Lawrie of Stobo, Peeblesshire. Enlisted in 1916 and went direct to Britain for training; thereafter to France. He was only for a short time in the trenches before being wounded. Again returning to duty, he served up to the signing of the Armistice and afterwards with the Army of Occupation, where, unfortunately, he contracted pneumonia and died at the Casualty Clearing Station two days later.

This was also a member of the Laurie clan from New South Wales and Stobo, Scotland. Occasionally in their records, they mention West Linton as their place of origin also. But this is because the patriarch Joseph Laurie lived for a short time in West Linton, but considered Stobo as their original place. In correspondence with the author, they all mistakenly considered both Stobo and West Linton to be suburbs of Peebles.

. . . So long as the blood endures,
I shall know that your God is mine; ye
shall feel that my strength is yours,

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great
fight of all

That our house stand together, and the
pillars do not fall.

Draw now the three-fold knot firm on the
nine-fold bands,

And the law that ye make shall be law
after the rule of your lands.

This for the waxen heath, and that for the
wattle bloom,

This for the Maple leaf, and that for the
southern broom.

The law that ye make shall be law, and I
do not press my will,

Because ye are sons of the blood, and call
me mother still.

CORPORAL ALEXANDER MURRAY

(TWEEDSMUIR)

MACHINE GUN CORPS.

1919. JUNE 11 (WEDNESDAY).

At Sunderland Military Hospital, on 11th June, Alexander Murray, Corpl., M.G.C., eldest son of David and Isabella Murray, Bield Cottage, Tweedsmuir, and grandson of the late William Potts, Peebles.

After a period of weakness and ill-health, following on wounds received in France during the great struggle of March, 1918, Corporal Alex. Murray, died in Sunderland War Hospital on Wednesday morning, June 11. Corporal Murray, who was in his 33rd year, was the eldest son of Mr David Murray, roadman, Tweedsmuir. He was educated at Tweedsmuir School, and was afterwards apprenticed to the grocery trade, and on joining the army he was manager of the Maypole Dairy Company's branch at Portobello, a position in which he was held in high regard by his employers. He saw considerable service at home and abroad in the Machine Gun Corps. Having been shot through the shoulder, he came home to recuperate, and though the wound healed, and he was apparently in his usual good health, he never fully recovered the use of his arm. An attack of influenza and pneumonia again laid him low, and finally after a time meningitis supervened and carried him off. There can be no doubt that this melancholy succession of ailments was directly traceable to the wound received more than a year since. Corporal Murray was an ideal

soldier, of fine physique, and possessed of a singularly happy spirit, and he had many other admirable qualities befitting not only the fearless man of war but also the successful cultivator of the arts of peace. He was much liked by the people of his native glen. Deep sympathy was felt for his parents, who had three sons serving during most of the war.

By the grace of God and the courage
Of our soldiers far and wide;
By the toil and sweat of those who lived,
And the blood of those who died;
We have won the fight, we have saved the
right,
For the Lord was on our side.

We have come through the valley of shadows,
We have won to the light again,
We have smitten to earth the evil thing,
And our sons have proved them men.
But not alone by our might we have won,
For the Lord fought in our van.

PRIVATE JOHN HENDERSON

(INNERLEITHEN)

MACHINE GUN CORPS.

1919. FEBRUARY 8 (SUNDAY).

Before the war Private Henderson was employed as a tweed warehouseman by Ballantyne Bros., Innerleithen, and on the outbreak of war rejoined, after serving for five years, the local company of the 8th Royal Scots Territorials. He proceeded to France with that battalion on November 4th, 1914, and early in 1916 was invalided home with rheumatic fever. He was then transferred to the 32nd Batt. M.G.C., and proceeded to France with that unit in May, 1917. He was expecting to be demobilised when he fell ill with influenza, and pneumonia set in, from which he never recovered. He died on the 8th February, 1919, and was buried in Belgrade Cemetery, near Namur.

"I am sorry to inform you that Private John Henderson died here on the 8th February, from pneumonia, following influenza. He had every care and the most loving attention. He is buried in the beautiful cemetery of Belgrade, near Namur. I offer you my most sincere sympathy in your sad loss."

"He died in hospital on the 8th instant, after about 10 days' illness. As one of the oldest officers in this company, I have known your son ever since he came to this company in July, 1917. During the whole of this time he proved himself to be of great value, and performed all his duties thoroughly and conscientiously both in and out of the line. By his death the company lost a good soldier, and I wish to express to you the deepest sympathy of all the officers and men of the company."

Go down, go down, unwearable feet,
Together we will march towards the ways
Wherein the marshalled hosts of morning
wait
In sleepless watch, with banners wide unfurled

To greet the men who lived triumphant days,
And stormed the secret beauty of the world.

As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new—and near the end
The milestones into headstones change—
'Neath every one a friend.

SERGEANT DAVID STEVENSON

(WALKERBURN)

11TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1919. FEBRUARY 20 (FRIDAY).

He joined up as a Private at Innerleithen in August, 1914, in the 11th Royal Scots, and was sent to Aldershot for training. Promoted to the rank of Sergeant in April, 1915, he was sent to France in May, and was wounded on September 25, and taken prisoner on September 27, 1915, at the Battle of Loos. He was sent over to Holland in April, 1918, got home on sick leave on November 22, 1918, for two months' furlough, and was sent to Glencorse to await his discharge, but died from the effects of his wounds in Glencorse Military Hospital on February 20, 1919. He was a yarn store worker. He joined up at the age of 19, and died aged 23 years and 8 months.

We stand with one consent to plead—that
here shall spring
Such issue of our labour as may bring
Fresh laurels to the altars that have known
Service of men whose passion might atone
For worlds than this more faithless, men
whose names
Are very life—aye, swift and urgent flames
Of living are they.

We call them "dead,"
 But they look back and smile
 At our dead living in the bonds of flesh,
 And do rejoice that, in so short a while,
 Our souls will slip the leash.

There is no death
 To those whose hearts are set
 On higher things than this life doth afford:
 How shall their passing leave one least regret,
 Who go to join their Lord?

PRIVATE MELVIN HUSBAND

(INNERLEITHEN)

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

1919. FEBRUARY 26 (THURSDAY).

At 3 Canadian General Hospital, Boulogne, on 26th February, of bronchial pneumonia, Private Melvin Husband, aged 34 years, second son of John Husband, contractor, Innerleithen; deeply mourned.

We looked for his returning,
 To clasp him by the hand,
 But God postponed that meeting
 Till we meet in that better land.

On the 17th November, 1918, the Allied Armies began their triumphant march to the Rhine. On the 18th American troops entered Longwy and Briey, and Belgian troops re-entered Antwerp and Brussels. On the 19th French troops entered Metz. On the 21st British troops entered Namur, and the King of the Belgians returned to Brussels on November 22.

We heard not the march of the succours
 that were coming,
 Their old forgotten bugle-calls, the fifes and
 the drumming,
 But they gathered and they gathered from
 the graves where they had lain
 A hundred years, hundreds of years, on the
 old battle plain,
 And the young graves of Flanders, all fresh
 with dews of mourning.

We have built a house that is not for
 time's o'erthrowing,
 We have gained a peace unshaken by pain
 forever,
 War knows no power. Safe shall be my
 going,
 Secretly armed against all death's en-
 deavour;
 Safe, though all safety's lost; safe where
 men fall,
 And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

There is gathering in the heavens an
 innumerable host
 Of the valiant and the noble ones who
 count the world well lost;
 The Lord of Hosts had need of them for
 the work He has on hand,
 Now, like the stars for multitude, they
 wait His high command.

PRIVATE WILLIAM M'ARTHUR

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

1919. MARCH 14 (FRIDAY).

William M'Arthur was born in Rothesay in 1892, and was educated at Dunblane Public School. He then became an apprentice gardener, and was employed in the gardens at Stobo Castle, Peeblesshire. Thereafter he went to Minden, Peebles, to take charge of the rock garden there established by Sir Henry Ballantyne. When war broke out, William enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery and was trained at Maryhill. Subsequently he was drafted abroad on foreign service. During the retreat in Serbia he was missing for a few days, but eventually succeeded in re-joining his battalion after many hardships. On the Struma front William fought in most of the engagements, and on one occasion after dark, his whole gun-team—men, horses, gun, and waggon—fell into a shell hole, and lay there for twelve hours, a waggon wheel upon his leg. At daylight they were released. Later he contracted malaria, and was invalided home. He arrived at Merryflats Hospital, Govan, on the 9th February, 1918, and after some months there he recovered sufficiently to be sent to his parents' home in Stirling. In the autumn of 1918 he was able to visit Peebles, but in the following March he succumbed to an attack of influenza. His younger brother, James, was killed in action, and he had other four brothers serving in the war.

Across the warm, safe Tweeddale fields
 The sun brings up his day,
 I live my life because in France
 You gave your life away.
 The sad stars pale, the dawn-wind lifts
 The roses on the wall;
 Morning, and noon, and sunset-tide,
 To you I owe them all.

So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

Already see our brothers
 Build in the tottering fane.
 Though France should be a desert,
 While love and spring remain,
 Men will come back to Arras,
 And build and weave again.

So played the pipes in Arras,
 Their Gaelic symphony,
 Sweet with old wisdom gathered
 In Isles of the Highland sea,
 And eastward towards Cambrai
 Roared the artillery.

—

**LIEUT-GENERAL SIR JAMES WOLFE
 MURRAY, K.C.B.**

(EDDLESTON)

PEEBLESHIRE'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

A BRILLIANT MILITARY CAREER.

1919. OCTOBER 17.

It was with the deepest and most profound regret that the inhabitants of Peeblesshire learned of the death of Lieutenant-General Sir James Wolfe Murray, K.C.B., which took place with startling suddenness at Cringletie, the deceased's home, on Friday, October 17, 1919. Sir James had had the misfortune to meet with a rather serious accident on the High Street of Peebles. Returning from church, he had been, it appears, in the act of stepping off the roadway on to the pavement at Bank House corner, at the junction of High Street and Cuddy Bridge, when he slipped and fell heavily to the ground, sustaining a fracture of the right thigh, as well as receiving other injuries and severe shock. He was conveyed to his home at Cringletie after the unfortunate occurrence, and it appeared, even almost to the hour of his demise, as if he were making satisfactory progress, but, as has already been stated, the end came suddenly, death being ascribed to heart failure.

The sudden death of Lieut.-General Sir James Wolfe Murray has removed the most notable figure from our parish and county. The accident which befel him in Peebles raised fears in the minds of some, but his rapid recovery gave confidence. All the greater was the shock to our feelings when the news came that he had suddenly passed away. To pass by the service he rendered to the nation and Empire without comment in his own Parish Church would be out of place. But it would be impossible to make anything but a brief reference here to his many achievements. The Ashanti War seems an old story now; it was in 1899 that it took place, but he was there wrestling with the almost incredible difficulties of the advance through the jungle. In the South African War he was General in Command of the line of communications in Natal, and we knew then, and were proud to know, how well he accomplished his work. A grateful country recognised his ability. His capacity for organisation was well known, and not for one term only was he called to take part in the deliberations of the War Council. He served as Divisional General in India and later was called to the command of the Forces in Scotland and in South Africa. Lord Kitchener, who knew and trusted him, desired his help at home in the Great War, and he became Chief of the Imperial Staff. He was a true soldier, and gave himself unsparingly to his profession. He was master of many of the Indian dialects and of Russian. In 1918 he retired from the Army, and hoped to spend the leisured evening of his life in his own home—the place dearest of all the earth to him. He wished to share our interests, to take part in our life, and those who knew him can only feel that he was called away too soon. What I have said to you cannot convey to you any idea of the greatness of the man who dwelt among us. He came from one of the highest and most responsible posts in the nation to live with us and share our lives, and he came with such exceeding modesty, with such deprecating grace, so recognising our worth and humbling himself that we might well be pardoned if we felt flattered in our own self-esteem. That humility of his was so complete that he did not scorn to take part in our local councils, such as the Parish Council and School Board. This man came from the Im-

perial Staff which conducted the greatest operations of the greatest war to sit on the local Management Committee of our school! The modesty was visible to our eyes, patent for all to see—a greatness in itself. But that other greatness of the man who wielded power, and took and gave counsel in the greatest Council of our land in the moment of its greatest trial, we could not know so clearly. We begin to realise it in its fullness now. He came of a long line of soldiers, to whom duty and country were dear names, whose fame was ever clean, and as one of the greatest of them he has gone to meet them with his shield untarnished, with fame added to the fame of those who had gone before.

Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled—
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he; his work is done.

He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in God's vast Cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

LANCE-CORPORAL WILLIAM CLEMISON

(SKIRLING)

1920. SEPTEMBER 19.

William Clemison, lance-corporal, Royal Highlanders, was born in 1893. He enlisted at Glencorse on 20th January, 1916, and was discharged on 26th September, 1918. He served two years 250 days with the Colours, and was wounded at Salonika on 8th or 9th May, 1917; was torpedoed on hospital ship "Rewa" in January, 1918, and landed at Swansea. He died at Skirling on 19th September, 1920.

On December 12, 1918, British cavalry crossed the Rhine and began the occupation of Cologne, and on the 13th, the Americans crossed the Rhine and occupied Coblenz.

The night was long and dark, and hard the way,

But ever to the distant goal you pressed;
Weary and faint, sore stricken in the fray,

But never yet by craven fears distressed.
You kept your living faith, undimmed and bright,

In Him, your glorious Captain in the fight.

SERGEANT GEORGE ANDERSON

(NEWLANDS)

ROYAL SCOTS.

1917. APRIL 23.

Official notice reached Mr and Mrs Anderson, Stoneyknowe, Newlands, of the death of their eldest son, Sergeant George Anderson, Royal Scots, who was killed in action in France on the 23rd April, 1917. The sad news caused quite a gloom in and around Sergeant Anderson's home, where he was well known as a thoroughly steady and respectable lad. Before joining the Colours, the deceased was in the employment of the County Council. He rallied to his country's call for men on the 7th September, 1914, and had been on active service in France since the 2nd July, 1915. Sergeant Anderson was in his 23rd year.

The chaplain of Sergeant Anderson's battalion wrote to his parents:—

"You will doubtless have received from the War Office the sad news of the death of your son, and on behalf of the officers and men of this battalion I now write to express our sincerest sympathy with you in the great sorrow that has entered your home. On the morning of the 23rd of April, Sergeant Anderson went into action with his company. The battle was particularly fierce at the time, and the machine gun fire of the enemy was doing great damage to our ranks. I understand that he fell while urging his men forward, and died instantaneously. I was not with the battalion at that time, and so did not see him, but I know he will be buried on the battlefield, probably quite near to the spot where he fell. He was a man who was much respected by all who knew him here. A good soldier and comrade, he was ever ready to answer the call of duty, and I believe willingly laid down his life in the great cause in which he was so nobly serving. That God will strengthen and comfort you in your great sorrow is my sincere and earnest prayer."

PRIVATE JOHN W. ARMITAGE

(WALKERBURN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS AND
8TH ROYAL SCOTS.

1918. OCTOBER 4 (FRIDAY).

At the Alexandria Hospital, Egypt, on the 4th October, Private John W. Armitage, The Royal Scots, beloved husband of Margaret M. Petrie, Tweedview, Walkerburn.

Private John W. Armitage, Walkerburn, enlisted in the 8th Royal Scots in February, 1915. After serving about 4 months with the battalion he was discharged as unfit. Being made aware of the nature of his trouble he at once entered the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, where he went through an operation. Feeling quite fit by November, he at once offered himself for re-enlistment, and was accepted, being placed with the K.O.S.B. On the 1st March the following year he was sent to Egypt. He was severely wounded in the operations against Gaza. On recovery from his wounds, he was attached to the 1st Garrison Batt. Royal Scots, and was thereafter sent to Cyprus, where he contracted malaria. He was once more sent back to Egypt, where he entered hospital at Alexandria, dying a few weeks later on 4th October, 1918, aged 48 years. Pte. Armitage was a pattern weaver previous to enlistment, and resided at Tweed View, Walkerburn, where his widow and three boys still are.

But now that you have left your native country—

(How fair and sweet seems now your native country,

That "precious stone set in the silver sea.")
Remember, though you're far away from Scotland—

Though you have left your home and friends in Scotland—

You never can be far away from Mc.

You call, and call Me rightly, "Man of Sorrow"—

(Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?)

Yet was it I who gave you heart to jest,
Because I shared with you the weary waiting,
(How well I know the strain and stress of waiting).

You did your bit, now calmly leave the rest.

What matters Death if Freedom be not dead?

No flags are fair if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful tread

To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head

Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

CAPT. LACHLAN GORDON DUFF

(TRAQUAIR)

1ST BN. GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
1914. OCTOBER 24.

Captain Lachlan Gordon Duff was born on January 17, 1880, and was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. At the age of 19 he joined the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, and went out to South Africa with them in 1899, and served throughout the campaign. He became Captain in 1904. He married in 1908 Lydia, daughter of Joseph Pike, D.L., of Besborough, County Cork. In 1909 he left the Army and went for three years to the Agricultural College at Cirencester, where he particularly studied estate management and forestry. He afterwards settled here at Park House, and helped his father in the management of the estate. He was D.L. for Banffshire, and was County Commissioner for the Boy Scouts. He was a very good shot, an excellent rider, and won several point to point races in Scotland including the cup presented by Lord Grenfell in 1907 for Irish Army Lightweights. He was very fond of polo. On the outbreak of war he rejoined, and in October, 1914, was sent out to his old regiment, 1st Gordon Highlanders. On October 24, 1914, he was killed at Fanguissart, near Bethune, aged 34. He left two sons and a daughter. He was a grandson of the late Sir Charles Tennant of the Glen, Traquair.

PTE. GEORGE MORRISON

(WALKERBURN)

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS
DATE UNKNOWN.

Pte. Geo. Morrison, K.O.S.B., was employed as a piecer prior to the war with the late Col. Rough (Jas. Dalziel & Co.), Walkerburn. He belonged to Galashiels (Hunter Square), and while here stayed with a Mrs Dew, Beattie's Buildings. He left the mill and was employed as a surfaceman on the N.B. Railway. He joined up as such in 1914.

EPILOGUE.

Who shall name them, this numberless Army?
we know not their number or name.

But we know from the sign on their foreheads
through great tribulation they came;

No calendar blazons their triumph with service
of vigil or feast,

And he that was greatest among them is even
as he that was least;

They were men in the might of their manhood,
or boys in the beauty of youth,

But they held all as dust in the balance to
battling for freedom and truth.

We shall see them no more to our sorrow,
they are rapt from the sphere of our pain,

And the sword and the fire and the bullet
shall sear not nor slay them again;

Priest and poet, clerk, scholar, and craftsman,
sea-toilers, or sons of the sod,

From earth, air, and ocean up-gathered, they
rest in the Garden of God.

Appendix.

THE LAURIES AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

A PATRIOTIC STOBO-AUSTRALIAN FAMILY.

High in the uplands of Stobo parish, and eight miles west of the town of Peebles, there is a green hill, beautifully wooded with Scotch firs, stretching away to the east and north towards the Castle of Stobo. From the slopes of this grassy hillside the most entrancing view in the whole of Tweeddale may be enjoyed. Each of the four seasons reveals varying phases of this unique landscape, and all fascinating. To the south is the forest of Dawyck, with its immense varieties of trees clothing the sides of Scrape to its very summit. Between lies the green and level plain of Drumelzier Haugh, watered by the meandering Tweed, and enshrining the grave of Merlin, wizard and seer. At the foot of the hill may be seen the very altar-stone at which it is traditionally believed Kentigern received Merlin, the prophet of the Druids, into the Christian faith. Surrounding and embattling the plain are the hills of Trahenna and Penvalla, Caerdon and Tinto, all alike, the fabled subjects of poesy and history.

Near the summit of the hill is the ancient slate quarry of Stobo, whence for centuries slates of thick and heavy form were conveyed on pack-horses as roofing for the dwellings of the Royal Mile of Edinburgh, its Palace, and the Castle of Craigmillar. On the west side of the mountain-path stands the Quarry House, 1,200 feet above sea level, privileged more greatly than any other habitation in the shire, in possessing for its sole delectation the magnificent landscape already mentioned, and in its having been the cradle of the gallant and patriotic Stobo-Australian clan about to be recorded. Little did the patriarch and founder of the family imagine, as he scanned the wooded groves of Dawyck from his lofty eyrie, that scions of his house would go forth to war, under the banner of its titular chief, Viscount Dawyck, Earl Haig. Yet such is the case.

Before this history properly begins, all we know is that there was one, by name, "Robert Laurie, Stoho, widower," who married Grizzel Reid, widow, whose former name was Forrester. The family, though apparently resident in Peeblesshire for several generations, were decidedly engendered west of the Nith. Stone masons by profession, one in particular, a nephew, rose to prominence in connection with Liverpool Docks. A member of Mrs Grizzel Reid's family inter-married into the family of the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, whose nephews and grand-nephews were familiarly known to many inhabitants of Stobo in the present day, residing at Stobo Hope Head.

Returning to the Laurie family, it is recorded that one child only was born of the marriage of Robert Laurie and Grizzel Reid, namely, Joseph Laurie, in 1794, known throughout this narrative henceforth as The Patriarch. Joseph in due time married Elizabeth MacWhae, daughter of Thomas MacWhae, known as the Whistling Miller of Yarrow; and they reared a family of six sons and one daughter, all Scottish born, residing for a period in Stobo, in the Quarry House, known then and now as "Cheat the Beggars." One son at least was born in that house; the second, Thomas by name, afterwards head of the Norvendoc branch, of which more anon.

The Patriarch, Joseph Laurie and his family removed from Stobo to West Linton, where were born his fourth and fifth sons, namely, Alexander and Joseph, afterwards heads of the Rawdon Vale and Laurieton branches respectively. Finally, the family removed to Prestonpans.

The eldest child, and only daughter, Janet Laurie, married John Higgins, a native of Peebles, elder half-brother of Ebenezer Anderson. They became heads of the Berrico branch of the Lauries. Thus were founded the four great cadet branches of the house of Laurie.

The first to migrate from Scotland to Australia was this young couple, John and Janet Higgins: they entered into an engagement with a Mr Barker, and finally landed in New South

Wales in 1839, settling at Murnmell, in the district of Goulburn.

The Patriarch, Joseph Laurie, being desirous of following his daughter, entered into an engagement with a Mr Balfour, and landed in Sydney with his family in 1840. Mr Balfour's venture, for some forgotten reason, not maturing, Joseph Laurie took service with the Australian Agricultural Company, taking charge of a sheep station known as "The Seventeen Mile."

The Australian Agricultural Company had acquired an Imperial Grant of one million acres, in the Port Stephens district, in the early 'twenties, and at this period, 1840, were at their zenith, as far as their Port Stephens estate was concerned, and were virtually a colony, within the colony, employing four hundred assigned servants (convicts) controlled by an efficient staff, with selected emigrants as overseers. The agricultural venture having proved unprofitable, they had turned their attention to raising a high-grade herd of cattle and Merino sheep, extending their interests far beyond the bounds of their estate.

In the early 'forties, John Higgins (son-in-law of Joseph Laurie) brought his family from Murnmell, entering the service of the Australian Agricultural Company, taking charge of the sheep stations at the "Ten Mile"; and in 1847 took charge of the "Seventeen Mile," in succession to his father-in-law, who had been translated to Norvendoc station, in New England. Thither came, on landing, Liechardt, the explorer, on his last long trail, who halted at Norvendoc station; and Thomas Laurie, young and adventurous, was with difficulty prevented from joining the expedition. Liechardt went on, to disappear utterly from human ken in the heart of the Continent.

In 1849 came the tidings of the great gold find in California, and thither went Thomas Laurie and his young brother, Alexander, yet in his teens (sons of Joseph), with their future brother-in-law, Herbert, and Walter Kenwick. Shortly after this the A.A. Company broke up their sheep establishment at Port Stephens, exchanging with the then Colonial Government two-fifths of their estate for an equal area of Crown lands in Liverpool Plains, west of the range, and withdrawing their flocks and herds within the estate boundaries, gradually merged their flocks within the newly acquired estate. Joseph Laurie, their father, now leaving the staff of the A.A. Company, entered on pastoral

pursuits on his own behalf, and in 1850 purchased the present family residence, Rawdon Vale, in the Gloucester district, from the bankrupt estate of John Lord. 1851 saw the dawn of the great Australian gold fields, and Thomas and Alexander, fresh from California, went to Forest Creek (Victoria); Robert, the eldest, to Burrein; Andrew, the third son, to Hanging Rock; and Joseph (second of the name), the fifth son, to the Ovens (Victoria).

With Thomas Laurie (son of the first Joseph) alluvial gold mining was a hobby, a sort of happy relaxation from his pastoral cares, his Californian experiences standing him in such good stead, that he could place more alluvial gold-field discoveries to his credit than perhaps any other miner in the State—Burrend, Louisa Creek, Maitland Bar, Hanging Rock, and other fields falling to his lot.

The success of the brothers on the various gold fields was but the stepping-stone to their future success. Andrew Laurie (the third of the brothers, and son of the first Joseph) entered into negotiations with the then Superintendent, Mr Blane, of the A.A. Company to purchase a large tract of freehold land in the vicinity of their Gloucester head station, but before the deal could be completed Mr Blane died, and his successor, being averse to the sale, compromised with Andrew Laurie, and gave him two flocks of sheep, and their right to Norvendoc station, to forego the bargain. Norvendoc station, perhaps the finest property on the New England tableland, now came into the possession of Joseph Laurie (the first) and his two sons, Thomas and Andrew, and in after years it devolved upon Thomas solely.

Thomas Laurie, J.P., the ancestor of the Norvendoc branch, and second son of the first Joseph, married Elizabeth, third daughter of James Kenwick, and his wife, Janet, nee Kennedy. His sons, of whom three survive, following in the father's and grandsire's footsteps, have attained a high measure of success in pastoral pursuits, namely, Joseph N. Laurie, J.P., of Stobo House, Rawdon Vale; Thomas Albert Laurie, J.P., of Norvendoc; and Alexander Laurie, J.P., of an estate in New England.

The removal of the A.A. Company's flocks from Port Stephens completed the period of service of John Higgins with the A.A. Company, and choosing a pastoral life, he established a station in the Gloucester district towards the end of 1859. This property

on his decease finally passed into the possession (by purchase) of the eldest daughter of the Norvendoc branch.

The issue of the marriage of John Higgins and Janet Laurie (only daughter of the first Joseph), was one son (since deceased) and five daughters. Their grandsons, John Robert Higgins, J.P., of Falkland, and Thomas L. Higgins, J.P., of Heatherdale, became prominent pastoralists in the Gloucester district.

The elder, John Robert, by sheer dint of character, rose to high public position. Joseph Laurie (the first) died at Rawdon Vale in 1881, in his 87th year. Though for many years a martyr to asthma, in his youth he was tall and handsome, with those fine dark eyes peculiar to many of the Southern Scots; on his death Rawdon Vale passed to his third son, Andrew; and on his retirement from a pastoral life, to his brother Thomas; and, finally, at Thomas's death, in his eighty-fifth year, to his eldest son, Joseph N. Laurie, the present holder (the second Joseph).

Robert, eldest son of the first Joseph Laurie, in the early 'sixties, purchased Kangaroo Flat Station, New England, from Lieut. Richards, and was resident there up to the time of his death, aged seventy-four years; he had never married. Andrew Laurie, J.P. (3rd son of the first Joseph), retired from a country life, and became prominent in Municipal affairs, but dying at sixty-five, made the first break in the band of brothers. He had married late in life, and left no issue. John, the youngest son of the first Joseph, followed farming pursuits. Joseph Laurie, J.P., the fifth son of the first Joseph, was a man of great energy of character, and devoted his life to business occupations, and in the early 'eighties, in concert with his brothers Andrew and Alexander, entered into the timber industry, and founded Laurieton, his future home, on the Camden Haven River, between the Towering North Brother Mountain and the sea, dying here about his seventy-second year. He left a family of two sons and four daughters, which constituted the Laurieton branch—Robert Laurie, J.P., of Wollomombi, New England, and Joseph B. Laurie, of Laurieton (the third Joseph), being the sons, Alexander Thomson Laurie, J.P., was the fourth, and latest surviving son of the first Joseph

Laurie, and was head of the Rawdon Vale branch, being the owner of Bonny Doon estate, Rawdon Vale. Choosing pastoral pursuits as a livelihood, he married Jean Kennedy Kenwick, youngest daughter of James Kenwick, in 1854, but lost his young wife by tetanus in October, 1859, leaving four infants to his care, two sons and two daughters; Joseph E. Laurie (the fourth Joseph), J.P., of Invergordon, grazier, and James R. Laurie, of Maudville, grazier, being the sons. Marrying again at a later period, two sons and one daughter were added to the family; namely, William N. Laurie, J.P., of Airlie, grazier, and Alexander R. Laurie, J.P., of Bonny Doon. Alexander, their father, died at Bonny Doon in December, 1905, aged seventy-six. He was a man of many parts, and took a keen interest in all public affairs.

The Kenwick family, before alluded to, belonged to Dumfriesshire. James Kenwick had been the tenant farmer of Cragie, under the Duke of Buccleuch; his wife was a Kennedy of Moffat, and through her mother, Mary Park, a near connection of the African explorer of the like surname. Emigrating under engagement to the A.A. Company as a farming expert, he arrived with his family of eight sons and four daughters in Port Stephens in 1839.

In August, 1914, came the Great War, and the summons to the Colonies fired the imaginations of all the bravest and best, and like fire unto the heather set, the patriotic contagion spread, and out of a population of about 1800 males in the Gloucester district, from infancy to old age, 450 joined the A.I.F. The descendants of Joseph Laurie, the Patriarch of Stobo, Scotland, contributed twenty-six gallant soldiers towards the defence of the Mother Country. Seven of them fell; nineteen survived. The four septes of the Laurie clan contributed thus:—Of the Laurieton branch, three fell and six survived; of the Rawdon Vale branch, two fell and six survived; of the Norvendoc branch, one fell and four survived; of the Berrico branch, one fell and three survived. Two of the Lauries visited Peebles on their furlough during the war, staying with their cousin, Mrs Thomson, now of 29 Rosetta Road, but at 10 High Street at the time. Joseph Laurie, the third Joseph, frequently visited Peebles and West Linton, intent on

developing the timber trade with New South Wales, and was well known to many residents in that village and in Peebles. Portraits and records of all the twenty-six Stobo-Australian patriots follow this account, and in order to assist identification, a list of the original members of the family of Joseph the Patriarch of Stobo Quarry is given.—(1) Janet (Mrs Higgins) founded the Berrico branch with one son and five daughters; (2) Robert, died single; (3) Thomas, born at Stobo Quarry, founded the Norvendoc branch, and lived at Stobo House in New South Wales; (4) Andrew had no issue; (5) Grizell died young; (6) Alexander Thomson, founded the Rawdon Vale branch. He was born at West Linton, and was called after the Rev. Alexander Thomson, U.P. minister in Peebles, being the first child baptised by him; (7) Joseph, who founded the Laurieton branch; he, too, was

born at West Linton; (8) John R., no descendants.

Very suitably the badge of the family is the laurel, with which its members may well be crowned. The motto is "*Virtus semper viridis*" (valour ever green).

This is the story of the descendants of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. Of the twenty-six who greatly ventured, seven have passed to the Great Beyond. Two sleep in Belgian Flanders; one on the slopes of Mount St Quentin; one by the slumbrous Nile; and two with the flower of their battalion on the stricken field of Fluer Baix. One only sleeps with his kinsmen at their home in Australia.

Beyond the Bourne, beyond the pale,
Where grey Valhalla's shadows fit;
They rest where Odin's warriors sit
With dinted helm and rusted mail.



PRIVATE JAMES INGLIS,
 "C" SQUADRON, 1st CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

Private Inglis was a native of Manor Valley, being born at Woodhouse, July 19, 1890. He left the district when quite young. He was educated at Swanston School, in the parish of Colinton, and later at Corstorphine, where his parents still reside. He was barely twenty when he emigrated to Canada, and was doing well for himself there, but when the Great War broke out, he, like all the loyal young hearts, heard the call of the Motherland, and rallied to her aid.

He joined up on Christmas Day, 1914. After six months' training, he arrived at Folkestone, where he got a few days' leave. Along with his battalion he left for France on September 22nd, 1915. He was wounded during his first engagement on October 9th, and was in hospital until the end of the year. After that he served continually on the Ypres front until the great German offensive against the Canadians on June 2nd, 1916. Private Inglis was reported missing between June 2nd and June 5th. Though every effort was made no definite news of him was ever had. The following is a copy of a letter received from his officer, in answer to one from his father, requesting news of his son,

France, 6/7/16.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter re Pte. Jas. Inglis yesterday. I regret more than

I can say that I have no definite news of your son. I am the only officer left of his company, and there are very few men. Pte. Inglis was on the left of the company; that part was cut off very early in the bombardment. A number of prisoners were taken, but whether he was among them I cannot say. If so, he should be reported soon. That is all I can say, but, before closing, I should like to add a few words about the man. He enlisted in the battalion in Sask. at the start, and was with us ever since. When I was a troop officer, he was not in my troop, but I knew him well. He was always a very popular, efficient, and steady soldier, who could be relied upon by his officers to do his duty on all occasions. It was not until we came to France that I learned to know him personally, but I have thought a great deal of him since then. I hope he may be a prisoner, but am afraid I cannot extend that hope to you with any great feeling of assurance that it will be fulfilled.—I am, yours sincerely,

W. B. CASWELL, Capt.,
 O.C., C Coy.,
 1st Can. Mtd. Rifles.





JOSEPH LAURIE, STOBO, THE PATRIARCH.



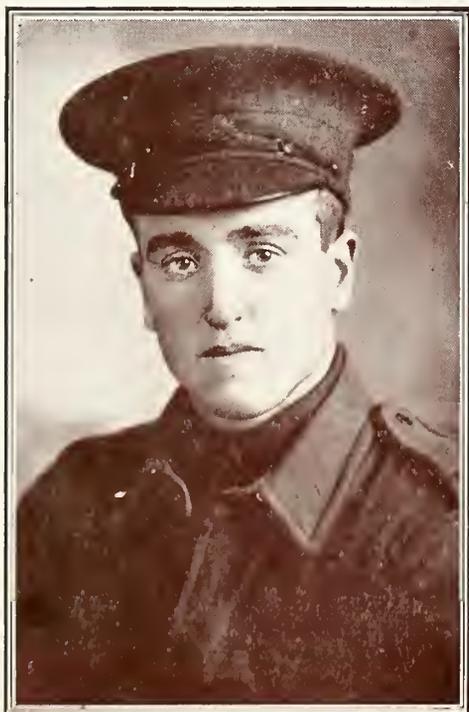
THE QUARRY HOUSE, STOBO.



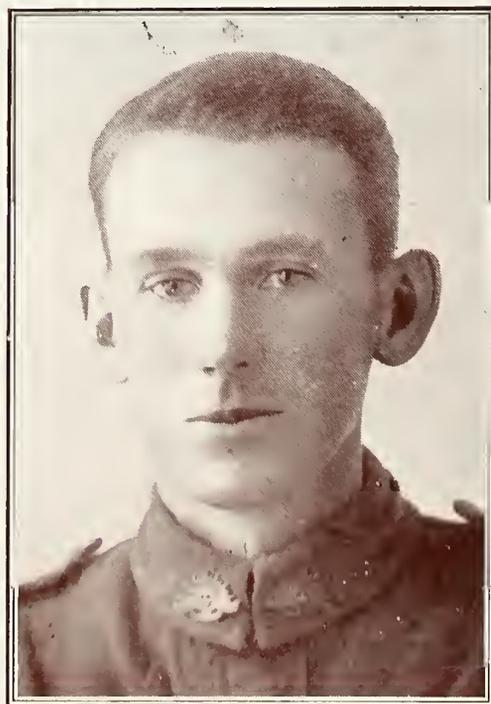
SFC.-LIEUTENANT ANDREW J. B. LAURIE.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER KENNETH LAURIE.



GUNNER THOMAS HENRY LAURIE.



SERGEANT ISAAC MOORE.



TROOPER ALEXANDER THOMSON LAURIE.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER DUNCAN GORDON LAURIE.



LIEUT.-CPL. CLIFTON WILLIAM JOSEPH LAURIE.



TROOPER ALEXANDER THOMAS LAURIE.



PRIVATE ROBERT STANLEY KELLY.



PRIVATE OSWALD KEITH MACKAY.



PRIVATE WILLIAM RUSSEL KELLY.



PRIVATE MAURICE WEBBER.

The Records and Portraits of the Descendants of Joseph Laurie, A.D., 1839, Quarry House, Stobo, Scotland, who enlisted for the War to the number of Twenty-Six, Nineteen of whom Survive.

1.

THE RAWDON VALE BRANCH OF THE LAURIE FAMILY.

The names of those who enlisted and survived are:—

Second Lieutenant Andrew J. B. Laurie, Military Medal.	Private Alexander Kenneth Laurie. Sergeant Isaac Moore.
Gunner Thomas Henry Laurie.	Trooper Alexander Thomson Laurie.

The names of those who fell are:—

Private Alexander Duncan Gordon Laurie. Lance-Corporal Clifton William Joseph Laurie.

SEC.-LIEUT. ANDREW J. B. LAURIE.**MILITARY MEDAL.****1ST MACHINE GUN BATTALION.**

He was the son of Joseph E. Laurie, of Invergordon; great-grandson of Joseph Laurie, the Patriarch. He enlisted on the 25th April, 1916. He was present at the Battles of Doignies, Lagnecourt, Messines, in France. He was wounded at Bullecourt on the 7th of May, 1917. Other battles that he was engaged in were Passchendaele, Meteren, Peronne, Jeancourt. He won his commission on the battlefield, also the Military Medal, September 20, 1918. He was a good horseman, a fine all-round cricketer, and a crack shot. He was aged then about twenty-eight.

GUNNER THOMAS HENRY LAURIE.**1ST MACHINE GUN BATTALION.**

He was the son of Joseph N. Laurie, Stobo, Rawdon Vale, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in April, 1916, and was wounded at Ypres when twenty-one years. He finally returned to Australia.

PTE. ALEXANDER KENNETH LAURIE

53RD BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was the fourth son of James R. Laurie,

of Maudville, Gloucester, New South Wales; great-grandson of Joseph Laurie, of Rawdon Vale, and great-great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. His great-grandfather was Alexander T. Laurie, the fourth son of the Patriarch Joseph of Stobo, Scotland, and this son of the Patriarch was born at West Linton, Scotland, after the family had left Stobo for West Linton, in 1839. The fifth son of the Patriarch was also born at West Linton; his name was Joseph (the second). Private Alexander K. Laurie enlisted on September 29, 1916. He was engaged in the Battles of Morlincourt and Peronne, at which latter place he was severely wounded on September 1, 1918. He returned incapacitated to Australia, on the 25th February, 1919. This district of Gloucester, New South Wales, held the record for enlistments—150 out of a total of 800 males of all ages having enlisted.

SERGEANT ISAAC MOORE,**10TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, A.I.F.**

He was the grandson of Alexander T. Laurie, of Rawdon Vale, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. The estate of the grandfather bears the name Bonny Doon. Sergeant Moore returned to Australia in due time.

**TROOPER ALEXANDER THOMSON
LAURIE.**

12TH AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE (PALESTINE).

He is styled also Signaller. He was the son of William N. Laurie, Airlie, Rawdon Vale, grandson of Alexander Thomson Laurie, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. The name "Alexander Thomson" came into the family when the fourth son of the Patriarch, who was born at West Linton after the family had left Stobo, was baptised by the U.P. minister of Peebles, namely the Rev. Alexander Thomson, a man of saintly character, and long established in Peebles. Signaller Alexander Thomson Laurie enlisted in April, 1915, at the age of twenty. He served in Gallipoli, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, up to the final capture of Damascus and surrender of the Turks. He was never wounded, but suffered much from malaria.

Here follow the records of those of the Rawdon Vale branch who fell:—

**LCE-CPL. CLIFTON WILLIAM JOSEPH
LAURIE.**

13TH BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was the fifth son of James R. Laurie, of Maudville, Gloucester, New South Wales; great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted on the 26th September, 1914, at the very beginning of the war, when aged twenty-one. He landed at Anzac (Australian and New Zealand Allied Countries) on the 26th April, 1915; was mortally wounded on the 3rd of May, and died at Alexandria on the 18th May, 1915. Such is the brief but glorious record of the very first of the gallant descendants of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie from Stobo, Scotland, to fall.

**PTE. ALEXANDER DUNCAN GORDON
LAURIE.**

30TH BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

Third and youngest son of Joseph E. Laurie, of Invergordon, grandson of Alexander Laurie, of Bonny Doon; and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted on the 5th of August, 1915. He landed in France in June, 1916, and was killed in action at Fleur Baix, on July 19-20, 1916.

II.

THE LAURIE-TON BRANCH OF THE LAURIE FAMILY.

The names of those who enlisted and survived are:—

Trooper Alexander Thomas Laurie.
Private Robert Stanley Kelly.
Private William Russel Kelly.

Private Oswald Keith Mackay.
Private Maurice Webber.
Private Ronald Bruce Smith.

The names of those who fell are:—

Trooper Robert Laurie.

Private Robert Burns Laurie.

Private Alexander Kelly.

**TROOPER ALEXANDER THOMAS
LAURIE.**

1ST AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE
(PALESTINE.)

He was the son of Robert Laurie of Will omombie, and grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurie-ton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch, Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in 1915 and served in Egypt and in Palestine throughout the war. His service

continued for three years and eight months. During the whole of that period, he was off duty for three weeks only owing to an attack of fever. Although never wounded, he talked of the hardships of the desert campaign as most severe, and expressed the opinion that the men who were shot early in the war had the best of it. Like his brother, the late Trooper Robert Laurie, he was an expert horseman. This is accounted for by the fact that their father was en-

gaged in pastoral pursuits, and on this account, were reared in the saddle. After his return from the war, Trooper Laurie was appointed manager of a cattle station in the Coastal district of New South Wales.

PRIVATE ROBERT STANLEY KELLY.

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

One of three brothers who enlisted. He was the son of Robert Kelly, grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He served in Egypt and afterwards in France. He was slightly wounded, and spent some weeks in hospital in that country. Returning to the lines, he took part in several important engagements, but was again wounded; this time desperately, by an enemy bomb bursting at his feet. He was left for dead by his comrades, but later recovered consciousness some hours afterwards, and in the darkness crawled a distance of three hundred yards and regained his own lines. It was a gruesome experience thus proceeding slowly over the bodies of the dead on that terrible night. After spending many months in British Hospitals, Private Kelly was finally sent back to Australia.

PRIVATE WILLIAM RUSSEL KELLY.

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

One of three brothers who enlisted. He was the son of Robert Kelly, grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in 1915, and served in Egypt and later in France. In 1916 he was wounded in France. This rendered him unfit for further service abroad, and he thereupon served in Britain for the remainder of the war.

Alexander, the third of the Kellys, died of influenza, and will be noticed later.

PRIVATE OSWALD KEITH MACKAY.

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was the son of William Mackay, grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, and

great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in 1916 at the age of eighteen, and served in Egypt and in France. While in France he was attached to the Lewis Gun Section. At Bullecourt, he received a severe shrapnel wound in the leg, and was sent to Britain, where he remained for twelve months. He then returned to France, but was in the lines for a few days when he was gassed severely. For this he was sent back to Britain, and was back again on duty in France when the last German offensive began. He was among the first to enter Peronne, when the Australians retook that town for the last time. After the Armistice, Private Mackay continued with the Army of Occupation for some time, and was then sent back to Australia; arriving there on the day when peace was being celebrated throughout the Empire.

PRIVATE MAURICE WEBBER

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was a grandson of Mrs E. Cameron, Laurieton, and great-great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He was thus the youngest descendant of the founder of the family, being a grandson doubly great. He, like the Kellys, was also a grandson of Robert Kelly. He enlisted at the age of eighteen in 1916, and served in France throughout the war. He won through unhurt, and returned to Australia.

RONALD BRUCE SMITH

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was the son of Samuel Smith, grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in 1917 immediately on arriving at military age. After completing his course of training, he sailed for Britain, and proceeded shortly afterwards to France, where he took part in most of the fighting right up to the signing of the Armistice. He came through the whole campaign unscathed, and returned to Australia.

Here follow the records of those of the Laurieton branch who fell:—

TROOPER ROBERT LAURIE

AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE.

He fell at the close of 1918. He was the son of Robert Laurie, grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted early in the war, and served for two and a half years in Egypt and in Palestine. He suffered severely from the bursting of a shell, and from a fall from his horse in endeavouring to escape from a Turkish ambush. The hardships of the desert entailing sixteen hours daily in the saddle proved too much for his constitution, and he was invalided home to Australia some months before the signing of the Armistice. By that time he was a physical wreck, and passed away in a few months in his sleep, at the age of 34, and was buried with military honours in the cemetery of Armadale, Australia.

PRIVATE ROBERT BURNS LAURIE *

36TH BATTALION, 9TH BRIGADE,
AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

1917. JUNE 12 (FELL).

He was the son of Joseph B. Laurie, grandson of Joseph Laurie, the pioneer of the town of Laurieton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. His grandfather was the first man to introduce New South Wales hard woods

to overseas' markets in 1888, and frequently visited Peebles and West Linton when visiting Britain. The father of this Joseph was born at West Linton, after the first Joseph had left Quarry House, Stobo, Scotland. Robert Burns enlisted in his twentieth year, having been engaged studying at the Teachers' College previously. He spent part of his furlough in Peebles with his relative, Mrs Thomson, a daughter of old Robert Rankine, and intended paying her and her husband another visit. Mortally wounded at Messines, three months after landing in France, he passed away at the age of twenty years and nine months. Fuller details are given in the body of the volume under date 1917, June 12.

PRIVATE ALEXANDER KELLY

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE

1918. DECEMBER 2 (DIED OF INFLUENZA).

He was the youngest son of Robert Kelly, grandson of Joseph Laurie of Laurieton, and great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie of Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in 1916, and went direct to Britain for training; thereafter to France. He was only a short time in the trenches when he was wounded. After returning to duty, he served again up till the signing of the Armistice, and continued with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Unfortunately, he contracted influenza pneumonia and died at the Casualty Clearing Station two days later. His two elder brothers survived and returned to Australia.

III.

THE NORVENDOC BRANCH OF THE LAURIE FAMILY.

The names of those who enlisted and survived are:—

Private Thomas Laurie.

Private John Andrew McIntyre.

Private James Christopher McIntyre.

Private Charles Alexander McIntyre.

The name of him who fell is:—

Corporal Albert Kingston Laurie, Military Medal.

PRIVATE THOMAS LAURIE

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was the eldest son of Alexander A. Laurie, of Mullerindie, great grandson of

Joseph Laurie the Patriarch, Stobo, Scotland. The following note was received concerning this patriotic lad:—"I cannot help but admire his modesty in so far as he makes no



RONALD BRUCE SMITH.



PRIVATE ROBERT BURNS LAURIE.



PRIVATE ALEXANDER KELLY,
STOBO AND AUSTRALIA.



PRIVATE THOMAS LAURIE.



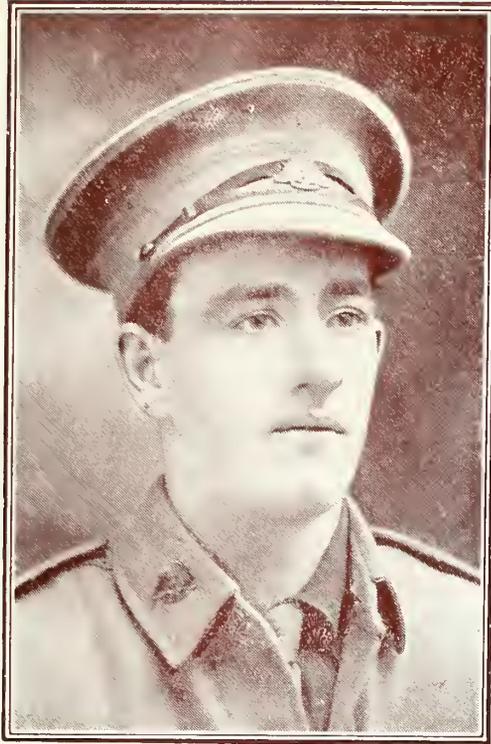
PRIVATE JOHN ANDREW MCINTYRE.



PRIVATE JAMES CHRISTOPHER MCINTYRE.



CORPORAL CHARLES ALEXANDER MCINTYRE.



LANCE-CORPORAL ALBERT KINGSTON LAURIE, M.M.



LANCE-CORPORAL NORMAN W. GUNN.



BOMBARDIER HERBERT TERRAS HIGGINS.



PRIVATE WILLIAM JOSEPH GUNN.



PRIVATE WILLIAM BRUCE HIGGINS.

claim personally for inclusion among his relatives. However, I am in a position to state that he was most anxious to enlist in the earlier stages of the war, but failed to obtain his parents' consent on account of his extreme youth. He eventually prevailed, and obtained their consent to enlist before he had attained his majority, and was on the point of sailing when the Armistice was signed."

PTE. JAMES CHRISTOPHER McINTYRE

25TH BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

He was the son of Mrs M. McIntyre, born Higgins, and the late Christopher McIntyre. He was the grandson of John Higgins, of Berrico, whose wife was Janet, the only daughter of Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland, the Patriarch. Private James Christopher McIntyre, Australian Imperial Forces, was born at Stroud, Port Stephens, New South Wales, in 1879; educated at Winghain in the same province, and continued farming until his enlistment in the Australian Imperial Forces. He was retained on home service at first, and left Queensland on the 12th of June, 1917, for the front, with the reinforcements for the 25th Battalion. He sailed from Sydney on H.M.S. Horantoa, and was disembarked ten weeks later, arriving at headquarters on the 20th August, 1917. The troops with which he was associated embarked for France in April, 1918, and went straight up to the front lines for the defence of Amiens. He was gassed on the 23rd of May, 1918, at Merricourt, near Albert. He was sent to Birmingham No. 1 War Hospital, where he recovered, and was discharged fit and returned to France on September 21. Private McIntyre continued in action thereafter until the 3rd of October, which was the last day on which the Australian Infantry was in action. This was at Bean-au-avor, near the Belgian border. He was stationed at Beaucourt, about twenty kilos from Amiens, when the Armistice was signed. He took part in the march to the Rhine, as far as Charleroi, which was as far as the unit went, and continued until July, 1919, with the Records Section. Apart from this period (from December, 1918, till July, 1919), he served with the 25th Battalion the whole time. He embarked for Australia on the 23rd July, 1919, on board the ss. Ulysses, arriving at Brisbane on the 27th September,

1919, after two years eighty-six days' service. Thereafter he continued on home defence.

PRIVATE JOHN ANDREW McINTYRE

15TH BATTALION, 4TH BRIGADE, A.I.F.

He also was a son of Mrs M. McIntyre, born Higgins, and the late Christopher McIntyre, grandson of John Higgins, of Berrico, whose wife was Janet, only daughter of Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland, the Patriarch. He was born at Winghain on the Manning River, and was educated at Scone School. He enlisted at Lismore in September, 1914, and embarked for active service from Melbourne on board H.M. Troopship Ceramic on the 22nd December, 1914. He disembarked at Alexandria, Egypt, but returned to Australia on board H.M. Troopship Themistocles in September, 1915, being found unfit for further service owing to rheumatic fever, contracted while on active service in Egypt. He was discharged in December, 1916.

CPL. CHARLES ALEXANDER McINTYRE

8TH QUEENSLAND GENERAL SERVICE

REINFORCEMENTS.

Aged twenty-six years. Occupation, chief clerk, The English, Scottish and Australian Bank, Brisbane. He was also the son of Mrs McIntyre, born Higgins, and the late Christopher McIntyre, grandson of John Higgins, whose wife was Janet, only daughter of Joseph Laurie, the Patriarch, Stobo, Scotland. Charles McIntyre was born near Kempsey, New South Wales, and was educated at West Maitland Superior Public School. He was rejected for service with the A.I.F. in September, 1915. He re-enlisted on the 2nd of May, 1918, and embarked for active service from Sydney on board H.M. Troopship Carpentaria in November, 1918. He was recalled while on the sea owing to the signing of the Armistice, and transhipped at Auckland to ss. Riverina. He returned to Australia, and was discharged on the 28th December, 1918, owing to cessation of hostilities.

LCE.-CPL. ALBERT KINGSTON LAURIE
MILITARY MEDAL.

He was the eldest son of J. N. Laurie, Stobo, Rawdon Vale, great-grandson of Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. He enlisted in March, 1915, in the 18th Battalion, A.I.F. He was wounded three times, and gained the Military Medal at Bullecourt, for conspicuous bravery in the field in October, 1916. He fell at Mont St Quentin on the 31st August, 1918, aged twenty-four years. He gained the Military Medal for a very daring and enterprising act. He and a fellow scout captured a German observation post, and after putting the

Germans out of action, one seized the telephone instrument and gave the order in German to open fire on a certain trench, saying that the Australians had captured it. The German artillery thereupon opened a heavy fire on their own crowded trench, and caused heavy losses among their own men. Private Laurie was offered a commission on several occasions, but refused always, saying that he preferred to continue a "Digger." He met his end thus:—He and his two companions volunteered to get a gun which was giving them great trouble. They managed to silence it, but all the three gallant boys were killed in their great enterprise.

IV.

THE BERRICO BRANCH OF THE LAURIE FAMILY.

The names of those who enlisted and survived are:—

Bombardier Herbert Terras Higgins.
Lance-Corporal Norman W. Gunn.

Private William Joseph Gunn.

The name of him who fell is:— Private William Bruce Higgins.

BOMBARDIER HERBERT TERRAS HIGGINS.

38TH BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN FIELD
ARTILLERY, 4TH DIVISION, A.I.F.

He was the son of John Robert Higgins (and Elizabeth, a daughter of Thomas Laurie); grandson of John Higgins, jun., and great-grandson of John Higgins, sen., who married Janet Laurie, only daughter of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland. At the age of nineteen he enlisted and was attached to the 1st Light Horse, and served for four months in Egypt. He then volunteered for artillery service in France, and was wounded on the 20th September, 1917, at Menin Road. He was then invalided to Britain. Herbert Higgins rejoined his unit in January, 1918, and was wounded for the second time, severely, at Armentieres on the 8th of August, 1918. This resulted in his being again sent to hospital in Britain, and continued there until the Armistice was signed. On the 4th January, 1919, he returned to Australia in the Hospital Ship "Morvana." His length of service was three years seven months.

LANCE-CORPORAL NORMAN W. GUNN.

21ST GENERAL SERVICE REINFORCEMENTS.

He was the son of John Gunn of Barrington, grandson of Norman Bell, great-grandson of John Higgins, and great-great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland.

PRIVATE WILLIAM JOSEPH GUNN.

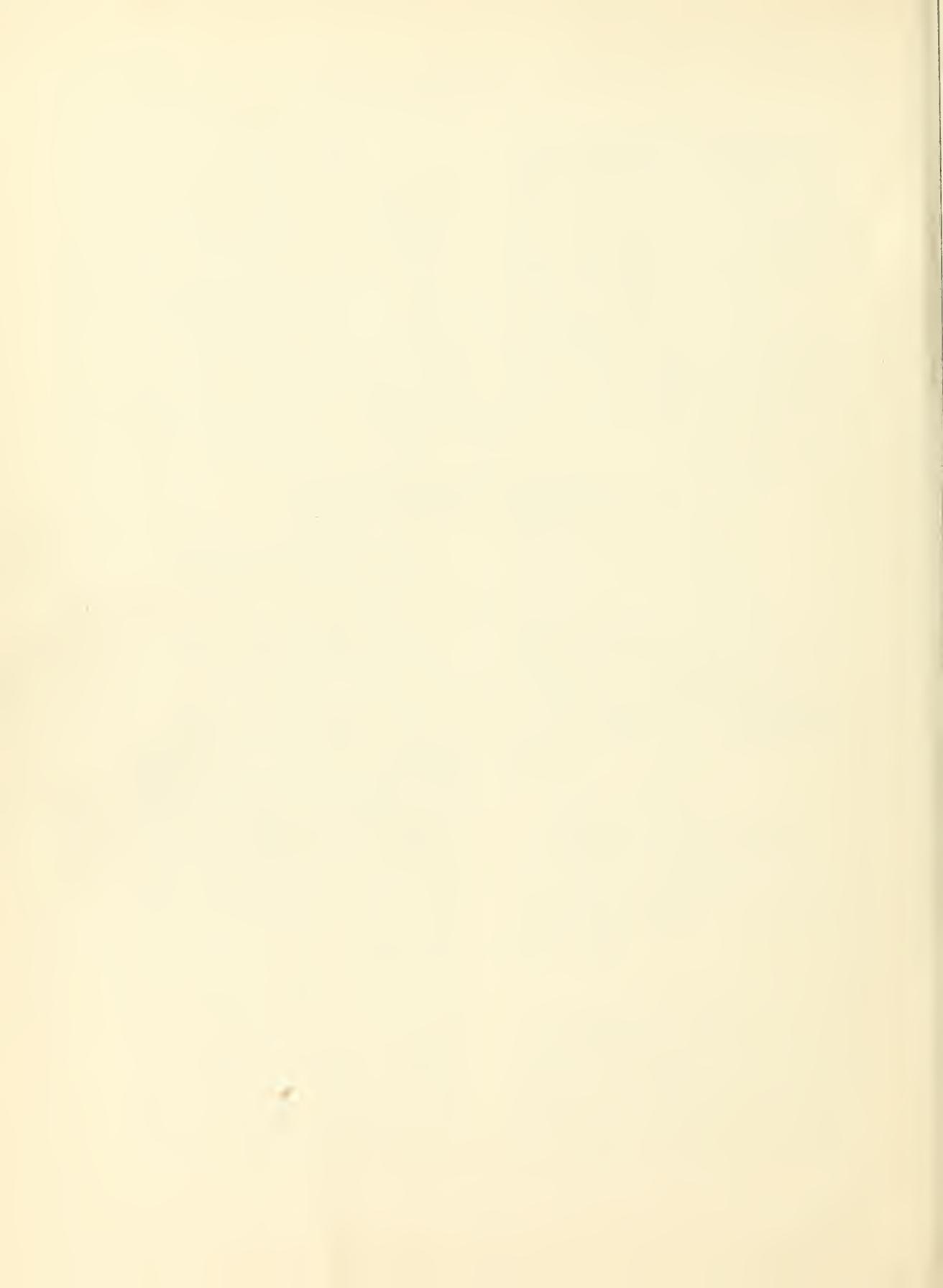
1ST PIONEER TRAINING BATTALION.

He was the son of John Gunn of Barrington, grandson of Norman Bell, great-grandson of Norman Higgins, and great-great-grandson of the Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland.

PRIVATE WILLIAM BRUCE HIGGINS.

30TH BATTALION, 5TH DIVISION, A.I.F.

He was the son of Thomas Lavers Higgins, of Heatherdale, Gloucester, grandson of John Higgins, junior, great-grandson of John Higgins, senior, who married Janet, the only daughter of the old Patriarch Joseph Laurie, Stobo, Scotland.



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BROUGHTON—Twenty-eight.

Graham, James Ormiston.	Cochrane, George.	McMorran, John.
Burnett, Adam.	Pretswell, John.	Aitken, James.
Hall, James.	Hall, Wilham.	Hamilton, Robert.
Inch, John.	Henshilwood, Thomas.	Telfer, Douglas.
Mackie, William.	Wilson, John Law.	Brodie, W. L.
Tudhope, Thomas.	Hunter, George W.	Duncan, A. N.
Bell, J. T. Scott.	Swan, Thomas.	Graham, James.
Ketchen, John.	Somerville, Thomas.	Taylor, William.
Sample, Gavin.	Ireland, George.	
Bell, John.	Bartholomew, George H. F.	

DOLPHINTON—Two.

Mackenzie, Kenneth. Lawton, Robert.

DRUMELZIER—Five.

Nichol, Robert.	Nelson, Thomas Arthur.	Scott, Tom.
Dove, Andrew Amos.	Watson, John Law.	

EDDLESTON—Twenty-seven.

Scott, John.	Brunton, John.	Ormiston, Thomas.
Russell, George.	Watson, James Fairbairn.	Awburn, Robert J.
Richardson, David Sandeman.	Gray, Alan Theodore.	Hogg, William.
McGlashan, Donald.	Fallerton, Thomas.	Mallen, Donald M.
Mason, Robert.	McGlashan, Donald.	Forsyth, William R. W.
Laidlaw, William.	Clark, John Y.	Cockburn, Tom.
Murray, Philip George Wolfe.	Gillespie, John.	Murray, Arthur A. Wolfe.
Benson, Mark.	Jamieson, G.	Elliot, Walter.
Cole, E. J.	Forgie, John.	Murray, Sir James Wolfe.

INNERLEITHEN—Eighty.

Walker, Charles C.	Anderson, James.	Boyd, George F. E.
Maguire, John.	Oliver, Edward.	Overend, Robert.
Cleghorn, William.	Doherty, Andrew.	Douglas, George M.
Campbell, Arthur.	Hume, Robert.	Duffy, Robert.
Smith, Archibald J.	Pringle, Joshua.	Lawton, Robert.
Turnbull, James.	Weir, William.	Mathison, William.
Turnbull, George.	Hume, John.	Thomson, James.
Ferguson, Duncan M. Grant.	Richardson, Joseph W.	Dargie, George.
Gardner, Thomas.	Riddell, Malcolm.	Brown, Thomas.
Henderson, George G.	McLachlan, Charles.	Smart, George L.
Sievwright, John.	Lennie, James.	Williamson, William.
Smail, Adam.	Tennent, William.	Shiells, Norman Rolf.
Borthwick, Thomas.	Redpath, James.	Eckford, William.
Somerville, George.	Aitchison, James.	Green, Francis.

Ellis, John Taylor.
Kerr, George.
Burton, John.
Mirtle, Harry.
Hume, Thomas Armstrong.
McIntosh, William.
Stobie, T. St. J.
Grierson, John.
Kelly, Alexander.
MacLennan, John A.
Doherty, John.
Watson, J.
Murdie, Tom J.

Somerville, William.
Richardson, R. W.
Collier, J.
Burnett, J.
Burton, Alexander.
McGiasson, J. W.
Birnie, Thomas.
Keen, William.
Blake, George.
Aitken, W.
Young, H. H.
Hall, Robert Irive.
Clark, George Brown.

Ramsay, George.
Smart, William.
Macpherson, James A. C.
Hunnam, George.
Reid, Tom.
Hope, William.
Shiel, Thomas.
Carrie, James.
Sibbald, John.
Scott, Thomas.
Henderson, John.
Husband, Melvin.

KAILZIE—Five.

Freckleton, George E.
Henderson, Thomas.

Drudge, William Henry.
Tait, Ralph.

Dalglish, Walter.

KIRKURD—Eight.

Miller, Thomas A. C.
Bartleman, William.
Ballantyne, William.

Telfer, William.
Miller, Archibald B.
Bartleman, Thomas Edward.

Ballantyne, John.
Cochrane, Robert.

LYNE AND MEGGET—Four.

Calder, James.

Mitchell, R.
Geddes, Andrew B.

Taggart, Henry Rawson.

MANOR—Sixteen.

Dick, Joseph.
Scougall, Alexander.
Gray, Alexander.
Preston, Robert.
Bertram, George.
Wyper, Tom.

Walker, John A.
Melrose, Robert.
Bertram, William.
McCran, Patrick.
Cameron, Tom.

Fairbairn, Peter.
Scott, John W.
Scott, George.
Wyper, Willie.
Richardson, Robert.

NEWLANDS—Thirteen.

Young, George S. H.
Dickson, Archibald.
Welsh, David H.
Scott, William Young.
Stevens, W. W.

Lockie, Alex. W.
Dickson, James.
Hunter, Christopher.
Souter, William.

Dickson, Robert.
Howard, Stewart C.
Ferguson, Charles H.
Anderson, George.

OVERSEAS—Forty-two.

(Enumerated also in their Scottish Parishes.)

Thorburn, William, Canada.
Dick, Joseph, Canada.
Sandeman, David Richardson, Canada
Scougall, Alexander, Canada.
Aitken Family, British Columbia.
Turnbull, George, Australia.
Henderson, George C., Australia.
Clark, John, South Africa.
Laurie, Clifton W. J., Australia.

Laurie, Alexander D. J., Australia.
Inglis, Archibald, New Zealand.
Dove, Andrew Amos, Canada.
Redpath, James, Canada.
Aitchison, James, Canada.
Scott, William Young, Canada.
Overend, Robert, Australia.
Stirling, William, Australia.
McNaught, James, Canada.

Stevens, William W., Australia.
 Campbell, James, United States.
 Scott, Andrew, Canada.
 Laurie, Robert Burns, Australia.
 Higgins, William Bruce, Australia.
 Gray, Alan Theodore, South Africa.
 Shiells, Norman Rolf, Australia.
 McIntosh, William, Canada.
 Stobie, T. St John, Canada.
 Booth, Patrick Diek, Canada.
 Gillespie, John, South Africa.
 Forgie, John, Canada.

Keen, William, New Zealand.
 Aitken, William, South America.
 Ramsay, George, Australia.
 Cochrane, Robert, New Zealand.
 Scott, Tom, Australia.
 Laurie, Albert Kingston, Australia
 Duncan, Arthur N., Canada.
 Ballantyne, John, Australia.
 Amos, James, Canada.
 Campbell, Tom W., New Zealand.
 Laurie, Robert, Australia.
 Kelly, Alexander, Australia.

PEEBLES—Three. (Omitted from published volumes.)

Macdonald, John.

Lockie, Alexander W.

Baigrie, William.

SKIRLING—Eight.

Barr, William.
 Carmichael, Alexander D.
 Gibson.

Lind, William.
 Henshilwood, Thomas.
 Addison, William.

McMartin, John.
 Mackay, David John.
 Clemison, William.

STOBO—Fourteen.

Parker, William.
 McVey, Hugh.
 Crawford, Hugh.
 Jervis, Robert Norrie.
 Inglis, Alexander.

Logie, John.
 McCran, Patrick.
 Shannon, John.
 Mathieson, Thomas.
 Brown, William.

Ogilvie, Alexander.
 Smith, David T.
 Macintyre, John.
 McArthur, William.

TRAQUAIR—Twenty-four.

Lister, Charles A.
 Clark, John.
 Scott, Robert.
 Dalgleish, Tom.
 Stuart, Joseph Maxwell.
 Stuart, Edmund Maxwell.
 Wood, Andrew R.
 Tennant, Edward W.

Constable, Douglas O.
 Tennant, Mark.
 Wilson, Hugh.
 Brown, Tom W.
 Bell, William.
 Tennant, Henry.
 Stewart, Andrew.
 Stuart, Harry T. Maxwell.

Hunter, William.
 Walker, William H.
 Muir, John Wallace.
 Macdonald, Peter.
 Ritchie, Thomas.
 Stuart, Alfred J. Maxwell.
 Amos, James.
 Duff, Lachlan Gordon.

TWEEDSMUIR—Fifteen.

Thorburn, William.
 Welsb, Tom.
 Lorimer, James.
 Knapp, Andrew.
 Tweedie, Private.

Thorburn, James.
 Goodfellow, John.
 Wilson, John Law.
 Yellowlees, Thomas.
 Booth, Patrick Dick.

Renwick, James.
 Henderson, Benjamin H. B.
 Scott, Archibald Douglas.
 Ross, Robin T.
 Murray, Alexander.

WALKERBURN—Sixty-two.

Egan, Edward.
 Davidson, David F.
 Scott, William J.
 Roberts, Andrew B.
 Aitken family.
 Campbell, William.

Thomson, Thomas
 Grieve, Harry.
 Watson, William D.
 Douglas, William.
 Fairbairn, Robert.
 Luke, George.

Lowrie, Andrew.
 Murray, Albert.
 Forrest, Henry.
 Aitken, James T.
 Hume, George.
 Johnston, David.

Lunn, George.	Maule, Dickson.	Tait, Gordon.
Bertram, Thomas.	Campbell, James.	Turnbull, Anthony McCutcheon.
Inglis, Archibald.	Scott, Thomas.	Preston, James.
Moritz, Oscar Frank.	Chalmers, George.	Paterson, John.
Stewart, Alexander Shaw.	Scott, Andrew.	Blaikie, Robert.
Ritchie, John.	Welsh, Robert M. B.	Berry, James R.
Biggar, Arthur.	Aird, Alexander.	Biggar, David F.
Robson, William.	Scott, Irvine.	Peden, Alexander. 353386.
Park, George.	Keith, Frederick	Grant, Robert.
Watson, William.	Watson, James Fairbairn	Inglis, Robert D.
Lees, Robert.	Peden, Adam.	Campbell, Tom W.
Stirling, William.	Shaw, James.	Stevenson, David.
McNaught, James.	Tait, Willie.	Armitage, John W.
McFadyen, John.	French, Robert.	Morrison, George.
Little, G .R.	Douglas, Robert.	

