

paint a picture of the corrie of Lochnagar at close quarters, to accompany him up to the col at the foot of the Ladder. It was a broiling hot day, and my friend had to carry the food and a rather heavy metal oil stove to make tea. He very soon got heated and rather winded. Sweat ran from every pore, and he was afraid to rest or take off his coat, in case he got pneumonia, so he toiled on till they reached the Fox's Well, where he unslung his knapsack. Looking round as he mopped his steaming brow he muttered, half to himself and half to his companion—"And this is what that — fool Levack calls pleasure!"

## HOGMANAY AT BRAEMAR.

What shall we do with Club Cairngorm?  
We'll drink to the founder thro' whom it was born.

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What shall we do with President P[arker]?  
At midnight we'll treat him to sweet harmony.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with Irvine of Drum?  
We'll appoint him the scribe all our doings to sum.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with Butchart, the Brave?  
When snow's on the hills we must let him rave.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with Birnie Reid?  
We'll put him on straw for his mid-day feed.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with the two of the Scrimms?  
We'll drive with them at the risk of our limbs.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with Nesta Bruce?  
We'll get her the Ghillie from Cluny Hoose.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with Symmers called Roy?  
We'll send him to climb the Old Man of Hoy.

\* \* \*

What shall we do with Morison John?  
We'll get him a car that won't go wrong.