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IN AID OF THE SANATORIUM COMFORTS FUND

" The Great Venture "

OR

" Fort-Augustus in Verse "

By Dom ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.

WITH A

FOREWORD by LADY LOVAT

oooooOOOooooo

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots  
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede you tent it;  
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And faith he'll prent it."

Burns.

## DEDICATION

To my two kind friends and critics, in whose  
house these verses had their humble beginnings,,  
and were guided past certain pit-falls.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE Author of these verses owes apology to those whose names he has taken in vain and with whose solid virtues he has made free. A debt, we fear, he will never pay! Well, the Good Cause, as Lady Lovat says in her gracious Foreword, must hold him excused. Moreover, he is only too happy to seize his opportunity of expressing in his own way his affection for and admiration of those he has "immortalized!" If there is any exaggeration in what he has written, let it be put down to that elastic thing, "poetic licence"

But, "where there is smoke there must be fire!" There is indeed in this case. And the Cause, too, is such as may well excuse a little exuberance. "The Comforts Fund," started a few years ago by Lady Lovat, exists to provide the Matron and Staff with the means of supplying a few extra comforts to those whose lives have not abounded in comfort, and who have been smitten with a fell disease, too often in the very flower of their youth. It is a great comfort—that Fund—to the very devoted Staff of this little Outpost of Succour.

The Author would only add, "God bless the people of Gleann Mor (which Fr. Cyril says should **NOT** be spelt with an "h") and prosper all their works."

An "Index Libellorum" may be found at the end of the book.

ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.

## FOREWORD

THOSE who know Father Romuald's busy life as parish priest of Forti-Augustus, and the untiring energy with which he visits and helps the Sanatorium, may well be surprised that he has any time to spare for writing poetry. But he was writing poetry all the time behind our backs; and now, "gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost," he has determined to publish them in aid of the Sanatorium Fund. I feel confident that those who value these writings of his for their own sake will value them still more highly for the generosity which has devoted them to charity, and that even those whose names Father Romuald takes liberties with, when he is in lighter vein, will not mind appearing publicly in so good a cause. I hope that a large public will buy the book for the Sanatorium's sake, and read it for their own.

(Signed) LAURA LOVAT,

Chairman of the Inverness-  
shire Sanatorium Committee.

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	<b>Libellorum</b> .....

## THE GREAT VENTURE

### THE GREAT VENTURE.

Tho' pipes no more those pibrochs blow,  
That hurl'd the clansmen on their foe,  
And many a sweet and tuneful bell  
Its tale of peace and concord tell;  
Tho' love and hate no more combine  
These mountain glens t' incardine,  
The spirit of the days of old  
Hath not outfl'd its native glen,  
The home of brave and generous men,  
And women, kind and true as gold.

When on the mountain wind there floats  
Faint echo from far battle cry  
Of that great venture's chivalry,  
And visions pass, like fairy boats  
Close reef'd beneath a windy sky;  
Courage and faith and hope so high,  
The flames that lit each beacon'd hill,  
Those three bright flames are soaring still;  
And Courage, Faith and Hope, we cry,  
So help in God, shall never die.

### FORT-AUGUSTUS IN VERSE.

"Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Short swallow flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears and skim away."

"In Memoriam."

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

### PART I—GENERAL.

#### 1

There's a "wee toon" in Scotland's north-west  
By the fairies belov'd and caress'd.

Where each sister and brother  
They love one another,  
Like so many doves in a nest.

Where the day is as sweet as it's long,  
And no one does anything wrong;

But just for a hobby  
We keep a "Big Bobby,"  
Whose work, like his pay's, a mere song.

You may fancy I'm pitching it strong,  
But we never do anything wrong;

'Tis just a mere hobby  
That keeps a wee "bobby,"  
Whose life's like a sweet Highland song.

#### 2

There you'll meet with the wisdom of age.

And youth with its unwritten page,  
Clever school-ma'ams and masters,  
And Reverend Pastors;

But there's one thing that's ever the rage—

'Tis a word, let me say, rhymes with "gammon,"  
Far, far more important than mammon;

For just open one ear  
And I warrant you'll hear  
The sacrosanct name of the Salmon!

Now dream not I'm giving you gammon,  
It's the god we adore more than mammon;

For as Israel of old  
Made a calf out of gold:  
We have made a god out of a salmon!

THE GREAT VENTURE.

3

But seeing we've four bonnie kirks,  
It is plain we're not quite heathen Turks;  
    And think you our faith  
    Is a phantom or wraith?  
No, we don't hold with "faith without works."

What our "works" are you well may surmise,  
In the season they chiefly comprise  
    The transfer of fish  
    From the loch to the dish.  
And—telling the truth of their size.

4

Since the railway has come to this "toon,"  
It no longer lives "up in the moon";  
    I assure you, dear sirs,  
    That the place fairly stirs  
As the second train leaves about noon.

Our officials have no time for play;  
Oh! they really should treble their pay.  
    For when summer comes in—  
    It's a scandalous sin—  
We really have three trains a day!

Yes, we really have three trains a day,  
When the weather is fine, that's to say;  
    Ah, there's no cause to grin,  
    For, when summer comes in.  
We often have three trains a day.

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

### 5

The romance of the old four-horse coaches  
No more on our vision encroaches;  
    But Romance is not dead,  
    If it seem to have fled;  
Here's a theme that my pen gaily broaches.  
For our Jacks and our Forbes and Macleans  
Desire their charabancs, Ford cars or trains,  
    Well equipp'd to enhance  
    Any page of romance  
With their compound of courage and brains.

### 6

If you don't care to travel by train  
Or by car, then there's Mister MacBrayne,  
    Who will give you a trip  
    On an old-fashioned ship;  
But your hurry you'll have to restrain.  
But, with great Captain John at the wheel  
You will not make the fishes a meal;  
    Then there's table-d'hote tea  
    Which MacBrayne gives you free,  
So you've no cause to grumble or squeal.

### 7

Our tourists need feel no alarms  
Lest we ply them with "pussy-foot balms";  
    Tho' we never carouse,  
    We have one licensed house—  
Our comfy, well-kept Lovat Arms.  
In the best law there's always a kink,  
And it's never so bad as you'd chink;  
    And, I'm sure, if you beg her,  
    Kind Mistress Macgregor  
Will give you some "limejuice" to drink.

THE GREAT VENTURE.

8

Of our merchants we justly are proud,  
And they're never aggressive or loud,  
    Tho' quite ready to sell us,  
    They constantly tell us,  
Anything from a plaid to a shroud.

And, if you don't find what you seek,  
There's no reason for chagrin or pique,  
    For by boat or by train  
    Or the first aeroplane,  
They are certain to have it "next week."

9

Just how good children really can be,  
You must go to Kilcumein to see,  
    For our bairns are the nicest  
    All-sugar-and-spicest  
Bairns in the world you'll agree.

There is Alastair, Angus and Donnie,  
And Ian and Ewen and Ronnie,  
    Wully Andrew and Robbie,  
    Kenny, Hughie and Bobbie,  
And Jenny and Jessie and Johnnie;

Katrionas, Cathies and Maries,  
Little girls who can sing like canaries,  
    Whose soft Gaelic songs  
    Sound like echoing gongs  
From the hills of the Brownies and Fairies.

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

10

Fort-Augustus is famous for midges  
And for young men who stand about bridges,  
While the roads we ride on,  
Thanks to "Oenigan's John,"  
Are almost without holes or ridges.

Oh, would they but give him a chance,  
On his roads you might hold a good dance;  
But when he cries "Tar!"  
They just beam and say "Ah!"  
And get on with their trips to South France.

Or if only they'd spare him a roller,  
To his soul that would be a consoler,  
For his roads then, I ween,  
Would be smooth as the green  
That emblossoms the dreams of a bowler.

11

New Tennis and Badminton courts  
Betoken our passion for sports;  
But that "Down went McGinty's,"  
Our motto for shinty's  
Just one of our cynic's reports.

Soon, soon in the happy "to be"  
A champion golf course we'll see;  
Meanwhile a blue cloud  
Overhangs like a shroud  
Each indignant but keen devotee.

14

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

12

If you visit our yearly Flow'r Shows,  
You may see every blossom that blows,  
    Each conceivable hue  
    Prom bright pink to deep blue  
Makes a Drill-Hail to "bloom like the rose.

For our gardeners take off their coats,  
While there's one who on culture so gloats  
    That he cultivates swine  
    Fat as Pharaoh's fat kine,  
And a breed of the real Guernsey goats.

13

Tourists! come to this modern Utopia,  
Our northern complete Cornucopia;  
    Oh, waste not your hoard  
    On vain rambles abroad.  
Is it Europe? Well, we are Europier.

And then rambles in Europe are risky,  
Moreover you seldom get frisky  
    When drinking that wine,  
    Which is all very fine,  
But is not like our good Highland whisky.

14

Our climate is surely unique,  
Why, we've rain every day in the week;  
    But that's far from all,  
    If you love "the White Squall,"  
Well, you really won't have far to seek.

15

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

When our West wind blows soft it is balm,  
Only hark! it is chanting a psalm  
Of melodious numbers  
That woo you to slumbers  
Most soothingly, restfully, calm.

Then the East wind turns balm into crystal,  
And the sun—if he's there—will have kist all  
The deep purple mountains  
And waterfall fountains,  
Sweet music's soft notes—they enlist all.

It's the truth, with the sun in the sky  
Your heart it will leap up on high;  
And when 'tis combined  
With our free mountain wind,  
You will realise heaven is high.

. 15

Here are virtues that gold cannot buy,  
Things that grow 'neath this grey cloudy sky;  
Tho' my words may seem proud,  
We're a wonderful crowd:  
"Here's tae us! Wha's like us"? we cry.

But it is not our custom to boast.  
Except when proposing a toast;  
Still we hold the Great Glen  
Breeds the finest of men  
As compared with "puir folks" on the coast!

## PART II—PERSONAL.

16

So our citizens' virtues I'd trace.  
In a word—they're the flower of their race:  
Grants, Chisholms and Frasers,  
Their numbers amaze us,  
And Macdonalds all over the place!

THE GREAT VENTURE

What tales the rapt bard might forth-tell  
Of Macgillivray, Grant, Macdonell,  
MacAskill and Kennedy,  
Pibroch or threnody,  
Plaintive and sweet as a bell.

Maclennan, Macleod and Macneil,  
Maclean and Macraes of Glenshiel,  
Macvarish, Mactavish,  
A host that could ravish  
The Glen to the March of Lochia.

Macphersons, Mackenzies, Macphees,  
Maclarens from over the seas,  
Macintyres and Macdougalls,  
These names are like bugles  
That call in the fresh mountain breeze.

Making common names sound as mere bosh,  
Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson, losh,  
They're more like a grimace  
Side by side with the grace  
Of our regal Bunoich Mackintosh!

Macgregors with Campbells rub noses,  
And all love the fair Stewart Roses,  
For old-time disputes  
Are pull'd up by the roots,  
And none to re-plant 'em proposes.

The clans are at one in the Glen,  
And there's no "one" who thinks himself "*tea*,"\*  
And the Matheson sees,  
Without bending of knees,  
The March of the Cameron Men.

THE GREAT VENTURE.

17

First, the Abbot, whom everyone knows,  
Like the lightning he comes and he goes!  
    Bubbling over with fun,  
    He is aye on the run,  
With the sparks flying out of his toes.

There's no doubt but one day he'll be Pope;  
We will call it "the Highlanders' hope!"

    Then the Highlands will hum,  
    And the Golden Age come,  
But the poets will have to elope.  
    Ay, things will fair hum,  
    And the good days will come,  
And the poets—they'll all get the rope!

18

Oh, the magic that lurks in a name  
Writ large on the annals of fame!  
    Too tall for this story,  
    The high Lovat glory  
That soars to the sky like a flame.

But the Frasers who swarm in the Glen,  
Like their Chieftain are true noble-men,  
    And if called, as of old,  
    Would work wonders untold,  
And each hero comport him as ten.

The Deil will not get OUR Exciseman,  
If he did he would get a surprise-man.

    Only just let him try,  
    And our Dicky would cry—  
"Hoots—or hopit—awa' with your lies, man."

"To tackle a Fraser with lies, man,  
Is not the recourse of a wise man,  
    So my good Deil, whatever,  
    A good deal more clever  
You'd be with a better disguise, man!"

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

19

Hark! the sound of a Pibroch I hear,  
The Campbell's a-coming, 'tis clear,  
    In his Royal Stuart tartan  
    The saddest he'd hearten,  
While his chanter enchanteth each ear.

The days of clan feuds are long past,  
The King's Piper, long years may he last;  
    May his pipes never burst,  
    May his throat never thirst,  
Nor his wee home be wreck'd by his blast.

20

There's our Banker, whom all must admire,  
A sterling, financic, live wire;  
    Then there's big ruddy Mac,  
    With his jolly broad back,  
And our Plumber whom frosts set on fire.

Our Pat's just the king of all plumbers,  
With his Mate he could take on all comers;  
    Tho' they do say he's fat,  
    He's as spry as a cat,  
And as gay as a band with its drummers.

21

With two Doctors we wholly rely on,  
The marvel is how we still die on!  
    For our Nurse too's the best  
    You could find in the west;  
A disorder that she claps her eye on  
Just utters a groan and collapses,  
For she will not put up with "perhapses,"  
    And at sight of her bike,  
    With her fierce little "tyke,"  
It spreads its foul wings and "out-flapses."

## THE GREAT VENTURE

22

Now a word let me say of our Baker,  
The Doctors must think him a Fakir,  
For his buns and his cakes  
Have abolish'd all aches,  
Which is rough on the Cabinet-maker!

But he's made a new stick for the King,  
Which will make that Royal Monarch to sing,  
And will cast such a glamour on  
The name of Rob Cameron  
That the world with his praises will ring.

23

There is one who has kept that great name  
Ninety years, if not more, without blame;  
Oh, the kindness and grace  
In our Old Shepherd's face!—  
They are brighter than any bright flame.

Then there's one whom we long to acclaim,  
But wild horses won't draw forth her name.  
Wit and wisdom of age  
All writ down in one page!  
Compared to such souls, what is' fame?

For these are the Flow'rs o' the Glen;  
Their beauty outsoars the Great Ben.  
We may boast "They are ours,  
And our favourite flowers,"  
Brave women and gentlest of men.

24

We, of course, know the tale of the pieman  
Who was fool'd by the cute Simple Simon;  
Well, our Simon, we'll GRANT you,  
Can charm and enchant you,  
For his tongue's not the tongue of a shyman.

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

A most popular man is our Simon,  
Tho' not tall, I would say he's a high man;  
And he's jolly and strong,  
And as broad as he's long,  
And a regular "never-say-die-man."  
He can joke and tell stories uproariously,  
But never untruthfully, curiously,  
And he's really like Jehu  
That Great Monarch, he who  
Was said by his friends to drive furiously.  
And now that he drives a Rolls-Royce,  
He has silenced each critical voice.  
As the milestones fly past  
We just gulp, "Will he last?"  
But we always alight and rejoice.

25

We've a dear old crony named Sandy,  
With an Old Scotch contempt for French Brandy;  
In his raincoat of white  
He's a wonderful sight,  
But for blushes, we'd call him a Dandy.  
But there's one who outshines all our cronies;  
She is one of those "all-skin-and-bone-ies,"  
But her soul it is fine,  
And her humour like wine,  
And her heart is as free as the coney's.  
She is said to be—well, rather deaf,  
So we talk to her in the bass clef;  
Very canny and wise,  
She can wink with both eyes,  
And at cooking she's simply a chef.  
Then there's Robert, whose talk is a "scream,"  
And "Whang," who could write you a ream,  
And our gentle Lock-keepers,  
Kilcumein's Seven Sleepers,  
Who twist capstan-bars in a dream!

## THE GREAT VENTURE

26

If you've got too much wool on your head,  
And poetic ideals have fled,  
    Go to Paterson's shop  
    For "a bit off the top,"  
    And your love-locks you quickly will shed.  
The cut that he gives is the smartest;  
He's a suave "please-which-side-do-you-part-ist."  
    There is not in Lochaber  
    So clever a barber—  
A real Tonsorial Artist.

27

Fort-Augustus is full of young "nuts,"  
Dress'd in clothes of most fashionable cuts,  
    For our Tailor's the smartest  
    Sartorial Artist:  
I hail him as one of my butts.  
One fine day he shall make me a kilt,  
And, if I can manage to flirt,  
    You'll see this same Ronald,  
    Like Captain Macdonald—  
A Hielandman up to the hilt.

28

The west wind doth blow soft as silk,  
Which is good for the cows and the milk;  
    And as the rains hammer on,  
    They seem to cry "Cameron,"  
And at Auchterawe he of that ilk  
Says "No more need I pray for the rain,  
For my prayers have been heard it is plain."  
    Then he rattles each can—  
    A well-satisfied man—  
And drives off in his cart down the lane.

## THE GREAT VENTURE

29

Which reminds me our Dairy's changed hands,  
And will shortly supply our demands:  
    All its plant up-to-date,  
    It will really be great,  
So at least this old Bard understands.

No more need to drink whisky and beer,  
For soon, very soon, it is clear,  
    Tho' it sounds like a dream,  
    We shall drink mugs of cream,  
Flowing fresh from Culachy's own Weir.

30

On our Farmers I'd take up my text:  
Stout fellows, but sadly perplex'd  
    When they see hay and sheaves  
    Floating off like the leaves,  
And one harvest is merg'd in the next.

Then those Shepherds whose ewes and whose rams  
Share a nook in their hearts with the lambs  
    Who are frequently lost  
    In the snow and the frost;  
But they leave all complaints to their dams.

And those Stalwarts who "keep" the red deer,  
Quick to "spot" them before they appear,  
    Who construct monster bags  
    Full of grouse and great stags  
For those sportsmen who sport once a year.

These may all have their faults, but they're men;  
I salute them with heart in my pen;  
    Weather-worn and robust,  
    They are souls you may trust  
With the name and the fame of our Glen.

23

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

31

The great Caledonian Canal  
Is our life-long familiar pal;  
    But of views and of vistas  
    Its "capstan-bar-twisters"  
Are a long way its best views of all.  
They are constant as Nature's own clocks,  
Blithe of soul and as cheery as cocks,  
    For they put all their "blues"  
    In the dungaree trews,  
Which are part of these primitive locks.

32

When we leave this rough world and its noise,  
And have laid down our trinkets and toys,  
    Then the forest win wave  
    O'er each one's little grave:  
That's the work of our Forestry Boys,  
Who work hard in the mud and the slush,  
With a zeal that should cause us to blush,  
    That the musical breeze  
    May play chords in their trees  
For the songs of the blackbird and thrush.

33

There are some whom we seldom remember,  
Save perhaps at the end of December,  
    At it hard all the year  
    In a job that must cheer,  
One would think, like the fog in November.  
Our Post-Office ladies—that labour-  
Must jolt one like tossing the caber.  
    Let us hope they don't mind it,  
    But hard they must find it  
All the day to be loving their neighbour!

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

Here we have the "Macalpine tradition,"  
And how, in that thankless position,  
    A worthy successor  
    Of one who, God bless her,  
Toil'd a life-time without intermission—

And to help keep that lofty tradition  
In an even more thankless position,  
    The most cheerful successor  
    Of her—the gods bless her—  
Who's embark'd on a still nobler mission!

'Twill be long ere the name of Macalpine  
Is forgot in the Glen, and we all pin  
    Our faith to the fact  
    Of her kindness and tact,  
But if not, then we all deserve scalpin\

3 4

Let me show you Glenmoriston's Bishop,  
And indeed I could easily fish up  
    Quite a number whose claim  
    To that high-sounding name  
Is also sound, for the stuff that they dish up!

Our belov'd Alan Cameron, sure,  
In Episcopal state will endure,  
    Like "My Lord of Glengarry,"  
    His crozier he'll carry  
Till he grounds it within Heaven's door!

35

Time fails me to sing of the others,  
The pride of their fathers and mothers.  
    But I'd forfeit my fame  
    If I left out the name  
Of our justly-renowned "Speedy Brothers."

## THE GREAT VENTURE

You should hear Jimmy mimic his brother;  
It's so good that the which from the tother  
    You really can't tell,  
    For he does it so well,  
It would take in their father or mother.

But Alec can play on the pipes;  
He is one of the best Highland types;  
    So it's clear the one brother  
    Can "silence" the other;  
All scores he thus loudly outwipes.

### 36

Ah, that gay gallant Highlander type!  
Prone to fight or to dance and to pipe,  
    Now shy and "umbrageous,"  
    Now wild and outrageous,  
Then merry and mellow and ripe.

Not to-day would he leave just your stump  
With its head stuck on top of a pump,  
    For he's more ways than one  
    Of providing you fun  
When attacked by the doldrums or hump.

Often mov'd in the old Highland manner  
To brandish his "monkey-wrench" spanner,  
    Your clansman, so brave,  
    Is as gentle and suave,  
And the lamb might be blaz'd on his banner.

True, a spanner's not like a claymore,  
When you'd "gralloch" the Sassenach's gore,  
    But the sword there's a tax on,  
    And so the poor Saxon  
Is safer to-day than of yore.

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

Ourselves, we are English and proud of it,  
But we don't, in these parts, talk too loud of it,  
And we cultivate manners  
(In fear of those spanners),  
Lest we happen to make our last shroud of it.

37

Then here's to each lad and each lassie,  
I could do with a pint in a tassie,  
To drink to each one  
Full of innocent fun,  
So comely and gay and un-blassée.

For we're proud of our boys and our girls,  
And we hold them as diamonds and pearls;  
But while owning a passion  
For each modern fashion,  
We've a fancy for long-flowing curls.

38

Time was when men wrangled and jangled,  
And in each others' nets got entangled,  
When religion, all hate,  
Molten fury in spate,  
Left their souls all distorted and mangled.

Far from us be such dismal distortions,  
And all such "religious abortions"  
Who wrangle and tangle  
And jangle and mangle  
May eat with the Furies their portion.

Then all silly old feuds let us bury,  
And be brotherly, breezy and merry,  
For it can't be so long  
Ere we sing our last song  
And cross over the stream in the ferry.

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## THE GREAT VENTURE

And, even since singing this ditty,  
The bells of Death's Mystical City,  
    How many sad times  
    Have their soft muffled chimes  
Filled our hearts, and the Angel of Pity  
Hath borne to the Land o' the Leal,  
That land of all lands the most real,  
    The ones whom above  
    All things earthly we love  
With that love which alone is ideal.  
But it's time that I ended my story,  
Which I think you'll allow is Glen Mor-ey;  
    In fair or foul weather  
    We'll all hold together,  
And together we'll all go to Glory.

### ENCORE.

As recited at the concert, in aid of the Comforts Fund  
of the Sanatorium, in the Drill Hall, Fort-  
Augustus, on February 10th, 1928.

If you're out for a good holiday,  
And would really be merry and gay,  
    Aye and clever and canny,  
    Go and visit the "Sanny,"  
And, if you're not drown'd on the way,  
You'll be happy to find yourselves there,  
Where there's any amount of fresh air,  
    While each Nurse and the Matron,  
    You'll find her the patron  
Of everything spicey and rare.  
They're the objects, as all of you know,  
Of this Concert Variety Show;  
    All our musical rockets  
    Are to fill up their pockets  
And make their high spirits to flow.

THE GREAT VENTURE.

To be thrifty I know you'll be scorning,  
And deaf to economy's warning,  
So give them a chance  
And stay on for the dance,  
And go home, with the milk, in the morning.

SUNSHINE.

[To the Matron and Staff of the Sanatorium.]

"Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing  
it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

Ecclesiastes,

If the day is long and toilsome,  
There is happiness and fun  
When the longsome day is over,  
And the hardest work is done;  
For there's joy beneath the surface  
If you only try to find it,  
And however black the cloud  
There's the golden sun behind it.  
If the night is sad and lonely  
And the darkness inky black,  
You will soon forget your sadness  
When the cheery sun comes back;  
And there's light with every shadow  
If you only look to find it,  
For, however black the cloud,  
There's the golden sun behind it.  
There is sorrow on the surface,  
But there's comfort deeper down,  
And the Cross that looms so largely  
Hides the splendour of a Crown.  
So we look beneath the surface  
For the joy of life, and find it,  
And love the very cloud  
For the golden sun behind it.

The Sanatorium, 1925.

R. A.

**THE GREAT VENTURE.**

**"GOOD NIGHT."**

**[To the Patients of the Sanatorium and all on the  
threshold of Heaven.]**

**"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark."**

**Tennyson.**

**The sun has set and soon it will be dark,  
The animals are all inside the ark,  
And we must quit these shores of song and laughter,  
'Tis time to say "Farewell," and to embark.**

**The night is here, and so " Goodbye " to play  
In the bright sunshine 'midst the scented hay;  
Down with our toys and things and up to dreamland,  
Like every dog, we've had our little day.**

**A jolly day it was, and full of fun,  
So short, it seems as if 'twere but begun;  
We were just children, laughing at each other,  
Shouting and romping, revelling in the sun.**

**Still let us laugh together in our sleep,  
While the clear stars come out and at us peep;  
And if in dreams, perchance, we roam or ramble,  
Our Ramblers' Union always will we keep.**

**" Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark,"  
As the Victorian poet aptly doth remark.  
Let us dream peacefully o' the day that's over,  
And not disturb the others in the; ark.**

**R. A.**

**July, 1928.**

**THE GREAT VENTURE.**

**L'ENVOI.**

**Birds of Paradise! All my day  
I would hear you round me flying,  
And, when near to death I'm lying,  
Birds of Paradise, with me stay,  
Brightly-plumaged as the ray  
Of that golden sun now dying  
In the west, and voices crying  
Out of the moon and over the bay.**

**Children of the heavenly mountains,  
Angels of the dew's bright fountains,  
Bear my soul to lands of light;  
Gentle-handed, softly winging,  
Comfort me with your sweet singing,  
Birds of Paradise, all my night.**

**R. A.**

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

### MERCHANDISE.

**"Of our Merchants we justly are proud;  
They are never aggressive or loud!"  
May I claim your attention  
While briefly I mention  
The deeds of this wonderful crowd.**

**For here's a whole tribe of "great ventures,"  
Who merit far more than "debentures,"  
And they who won't raise  
Loud paeans of praise  
Deserve the most practical censures.**

### IMRAY'S.

**If "Shoes and ships and sealing-wax  
And cabbages and kings"  
Are proper things to talk about,  
Well, here's the shop to walk about  
And see those very things,  
Or most of those same things.  
Come, one and all, to Imray's Store,  
Most Curious shop in all Gleann Mor,  
Where all the people meet together  
To hear the news and "bless" the weather,  
While Shetland wool and Harris tweed  
Supply the very things they need.  
And "Winkie" in the window keeps  
Her woollen watch, and never sleeps.  
Here, tho' each rival's furious,  
We satisfy the curious.**

## THE GREAT VENTURE

### MACDONALD'S STORES.

The very aspect of this Store  
Must make you want to buy a score  
Of articles of every kind  
Attractive to the healthy mind.  
We stock all that is seasonable  
At prices quite unreasonable!  
Unreasonably cheap, we mean,  
Risking the charge of being "green,"  
And "ever-green" indeed are we,  
And all we say is "Come and see!,"  
N.B.—We trust we need not mention  
We'll give you our MOST PROMPT attention.

### CHISHOLM'S TEA-SHOP.

If you want something nice in the tea-line,  
You had better at once make a bee-line  
To Chisholm's shop 'cross the Canal.  
You will notice a sign saying "Tea-Room,"  
The question is "Will there still be room?"  
Because it's the Mecca of all.  
At Chisholm's you'll speedily know what I meant  
When I said "A good tea there is money well spent."  
And after you've had two or three of those ICES  
You'll gasp, "My! the quality's more than the price's."

### CAMERON'S WALKING-STICK DEPOT.

We all know "The March of the Cameron Men,"  
And have sung it ourselves, maybe, climbing a ben;  
But though climbing Ben Nevis, you'd never be sick  
If you took the precaution of buying a stick  
At Cameron's Shop, where a King once did stop  
And started that fashion, for when  
Our Edward the King did that sensible thing  
He was crown'd King of "Cameron's Men,"  
Who can climb any mountain or ben.

THE GREAT VENTURE.

LESLIE'S STORES.

The bridge across the River Oich  
Is not "The Bridge of Sighs,"  
For Leslie's Shop is at one end,  
And he who enters buys  
The very best of everything  
Until his heart begins to sing,  
And "sighs and shadows" shrink  
Like thirst doth shrink, for here indeed  
Are things to eat AND DRINK.

THE MALVERN TEA-ROOMS (Macdonald.)

If such good things as tea and cakes  
Can make a soul good-humoured,  
This house such an impression makes,  
As it is more than rumoured  
That it must have a deal to do  
With making hungry people view  
Life through bright-coloured glasses.  
For you will find it's very true  
The tea and cakes it serves to you  
All such-like food surpasses.

N.B.—Its famous home-made scones  
Will cheer the marrow of your bones!

CAMPBELL'S "CALEDONIA" TEA-ROOMS.

"The Campbell's are coming." What ho! they have  
come,  
And coming yourselves you will find them at home.  
And you very soon, nay, "instanter" will be  
Snug and cosy inside after ten cups of tea!

THE LOVAT ARMS HOTEL.

"The comfy," well-kept "Lovat Arms"  
Is the place to allay all alarms,  
For "All's quite of the best  
In this sumptuous nest,"  
Sing the gnuts in continuous psalms.

## THE GREAT VENTURE

The tasteful cuisine and the wines,  
The lounge and the hall—all combines;  
But what we would mention  
Is the courteous attention  
That gilds, so to say, and refines  
This hospice that's called an hotel.

## THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL.

"The Caledonian" is a phrase  
To stir one's very marrow,  
For it recalls heroic lays  
And makes one think of spacious days  
When folks were not so narrow.  
Mistress Macgregor, too, enthrones  
The graces of the perfect host;  
Her homely comfort, too, will toast  
Your own most human marrow-bones.  
Indeed, I say it not for self:  
She is a Hostess in Herself!

## MUNRO, TAILOR.

"It's not the coat nor yet the vest  
That make the gentleman,"  
So the old adage doth attest,  
And, as for me, I give it best,  
I don't suppose they can.  
But this I know, and you can prove it,  
It's bed-rock truth, and nought can move it -  
Here is an artist, he who can  
Make a man look—well, like a man.  
And as for ladies, when they view  
Themselves in looking-glass that's true,  
They'll think—"We LOOK like ladies too."

THE GREAT VENTURE

GRANT'S EMPORIUM.

The engine says " I think I can, I think I can, I think  
I can  
The engine says " I think I can "  
When climbing up a hill;  
The weakling wails " I know I can't, I know I cant,  
I know I can't";  
The weakling wails "I know I can't,"  
For he is weak until—  
Until he's been to Simon Grant's. Ah! then you'll  
hear no more "I cant's,"  
But now, a fully-furnished man, he'll cry—" I can, I  
know I can!"

ALEX. MACDONALD, BOOT AND SHOE DOCTOR.

There is a merry Cobbler Boy  
Sings by the riverside,  
And you will all be merry too  
When once his skill you've tried.  
The boot that's felt his magic touch  
Renews its very sole,  
And you who wear his boots will sing  
And dance about like anything,  
As gay as Old King Cole.

W. WILLIAMSON, FANCY GOODS, ETC.

At Williamson's Variety Shop  
You buy at will a "topping" top,  
A walking-stick, a picture-frame,  
A lovely doll or jolly game,  
A briar pipe and best tobacco,  
A monkey up a stick, named " Jacko,"  
Or truly almost everything  
To make a song about AND SING.  
And to sing songs I've got the mind  
In this wee shop, so SWEET and kind,  
Because—Oh, well, I'm not QUITE blind!

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

ALEX. MACKENZIE, BUTCHER.

The Zulu word "Sebenze"  
Denotes what we call "work,"  
Now Mr A. Mackenzie  
Would get into a frenzy  
If called a Jew or Turk;  
Just call and see and hear him talk,  
And you will find he sells good pork  
As well as every kind of meat,  
Such as the highly tasteful eat.  
Fed up" by him your strength will grow,  
And you will then begin to know  
The possibilities that lurk  
Within that thing which we call "work."

RICHMOND HOUSE (Aitchison Bros.)

To Richmond House the Quality  
Go flocking by the score,  
And—this is what impresses me,  
And with surprise possesses me—  
There's always room for more!  
So here you have them, don't you see,  
Both Quality and Quantity;  
And all I know agree—  
The quality of all the food  
To put it mildly's very good.  
It has just flown into my head—  
Like Bethlehem, it may be said  
To be in truth "The House of Bread!"  
For it is run by a great baker.  
Also, of course, a first-class caker.  
Let's sum it up in three words—guess!—  
A QUITE UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS!

THE GREAT VENTURE

CAMERON'S FRUIT SHOP.

A Kodak is a kind of fruit  
Which, so the poet sings,  
Grows in this "bijou" fruit-shop,  
'Midst other pretty things  
(e.g., engagement rings)!  
I wish I knew a rhyme for "kodak."  
The nearest I can get is "go back."  
But that's enough for you and me,  
For when you've entered, say, to see  
Things to put on a Christmas tree,  
This little Fairies' Paradise,  
Which fills you with its glad surprise,  
YOU Will "GO BACK" AGAIN  
As certain as the rain.

MACVARISH ACTIVITIES:

Stationmaster — Boarding Accommodation.

Now, with Miss or with Mr Macvarish,  
We expect nothing gaudy or garish,  
Whether Master of Stations  
Or Mistress of Rations,  
They are—well, they're the Pride of the Parish.

I'd say "best," but then Mr Macvarish  
Would say that WAS gaudy or garish;  
And others might cry—  
"That's a Boarding-House Lie!"  
And I can't have a war in my Parish.

This house—it is one of the best;  
It's the acme of comfort and rest;  
I could write a large tome  
On this snug little home  
And the way they consider each guest.

THE GREAT VENTURE

**D. J. MACDOUGALL, FLESHER.**

Unless you are a vegetarian  
Or else a very crude barbarian,  
You will appreciate a sweet  
And tender cut or joint of meat;  
That so, and if you would refresh her,  
Call in and see this noted flesher,  
Who, in her shop so cool and fresh,  
Retails some really first-class flesh.  
Then will you know that her renown  
For selling " the best meat in town "  
Is not a myth or idle fable,  
But a great fact, secure and stable.  
And if your house-keeping be frugal  
You'll bless the name of THE MACDOUGALL.

**Mr H. MACRAILD, Tailor, at the Well of the  
Heads, Glengarry.**

God save you lest you lose your head  
In such a way as that,  
And sport for all eternity  
For every tourist's eye to see  
A head without a hat,  
And made of stone at that!  
But if you really have a head  
Upon your either shoulder,  
You'll chuckle, when you think of it  
Some day when you are older,  
Because your common-sense prevail'd,  
And you look'd in on H. MacRaid,  
Whom Father Curwen once confess'd  
THE CLEVEREST TAILOR IN THE WEST!

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

### S. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, MARKET HILL.

" On Richmond Hill there lives a lass "  
Of deathless lyric glory;  
On Market Hill we may surpass  
The charm of that sweet story:  
For here are, dear inquisitor,  
A bedroom and a parlour  
Which must delight the visitor,  
Be he or she a snarler!  
The scones, the cakes and other food,  
I speak with knowledge—they are good;  
As for the view, look out at seven,  
And you will think—"Why, this is heaven!"  
And Mrs Forbes, yes, you can safely trust us,  
Is the best pastry-cook in Fort-Augustus!

### INVERMORISTON SHOP (Chisholm).

Shell Spirit, etc., for Cars — General Merchant.

This little Corner Shop,  
Where all the 'busses stop,  
Has many things to sell you,  
And I may safely tell you,  
If you've a little cash  
And would " do nothing rash,"  
You really might do worse  
Than open your wee purse  
And spend a pound or two  
On just what meets your view  
In the little Corner Shop,  
Where all the 'busses stop.

N.B. — I've failed to tell  
That the Red Pump with its " Shell,"  
If your petrol's running dry,  
Will refresh and vivify.

## THE GREAT VENTURE

Mr J. GRANT and Miss M. GRANT, Shoemaker and  
Confectioner, Invergarry.

If you're on tour in fair Glengarry,  
And have a lot of weight to carry,  
You'll probably be sore of foot,  
There's some'at wrang wi' your old boot!  
Well, thank your stars which guided you

To this most favoured place,  
Where lives a man who'll see you through,  
And do a rapid job for you,

And do it with a grace  
That marks him one of Nature's Kings;  
Hark, how his merry humour rings!  
Jokes old and new for you he'll dish-up—  
Our dear old quaint shoemaker-Bishop!

N.B.—A bike's above his porch,

On which wee Johnnie used to scorch!

And then if you are wise and wary,  
You'll see his daughter, Mistress Mary,  
For wise, wise and wary is she,  
Wise is our Mary.

The pastry-cooks of Glengaree  
Canna' compare wi' Mary.

And since she's opened a wee shop,  
The travellers, each and all, must stop  
And take their cakes and ginger-pop  
Frae oot the hands o' Mary.

Now, tourists, bear my words in mind,  
And never leave her wares behind  
Until ye've tasted every kind,  
But kinder still is Mary.

Sae kind, kind, BUT CANNY is she,  
Kind is our Mary;  
The finest lass you'll ever see  
Canna' compare wi' Mary!

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

The Deil is aye upon her track.  
An' gies her mony a hefty thwack  
Trying to get her in his sack,  
But he'll get " the sack " from Mary.

" Clack, clack, clackety clack,"  
Hark at the Deil and Mary!  
The toughest nut you'll ever crack  
Is soft compared wi' Mary!

### FOWLIS COTTAGE (Mrs Munro.)

If you've heard of " the snare of the fowler,"  
And ever been hailed as " an owl,"  
Or have had much to do with a " growler,"  
And sometimes yourself " done a growl."  
When Dame Fortune has guided your feet to this spot,  
All such nightmares and epithets you'll have forgot,  
For this is a house  
Where you're snug as a mouse  
In its own little cot.

### INVERGARRY HOTEL (Mr and Mrs Buchan).

This Paradise of Fishermen,  
By far-famed River Garry,  
To which they all come back again,  
And longer love to tarry.  
No need for me to chant its praises;  
I won't, lest you cry— "Go to blazes! "  
But I would sing a little song  
About this fine Hotel;  
Indeed, indeed I won't be long;  
Oh, don't cry "Go to----" well,  
No need to name that nasty name,  
Mr and Mrs Buchan's fame  
Upon me casts its spell,  
And I am dumb, but come, O come  
To this Hotel!

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

### THE INVERGARRY STORES.

This is the Glen's Emporium,  
A better word than Store,  
For here we never "story 'em"—  
I mean deceive—but "glory 'em"  
With measure running o'er.  
This is the Crematorium  
Of profiteering lore.  
We understand and can provide  
The things you really need  
At prices very close allied  
To profit-maker's suicide:  
As "he who runs may read,"  
And deals with us in deed.

### TOMDOWN HOTEL (Mr and Mrs Grant).

Tom Doon is "up in the moon/  
Well on the way to heaven,  
So you will think as your tea you drink  
On a summer morn at seven.  
Tom is a wizard, sure enough.  
And knows the ways of wooing;  
He's merry and bright and up to snuff.  
And knows just what he's doing—  
Wooing you all to Fairyland,  
And fairy board and bedding;  
And after a day or so with him  
You'd dream of a Highland wedding.  
Sighing to dwell in that fairyland  
On a fairy farm or steading.  
And they who understand so well  
The way to run this snug Hotel  
Will expedite the wedding.

THE GREAT VENTURE.

THE MAIL SERVICE, INVERGARRY.  
James Macphee—Motor Cars—"Helen the Post."

All those who bring my mail,  
By rail,  
Or sail,  
Or trail,  
On horse or foot, o'er hill and dale,  
Who never fail  
Whate'er it doth entail,  
Year in, year out, and know not rest,  
Such ones I hail  
With zest!

All those who bring my letters,  
I hail them as my betters:  
Nay, rather, "Give them best!"

Thus Mr James Macphee  
Hath a high claim on me;  
He doth deserve to be  
Hailed as a benefactor,  
Together with his tractor.  
But when it comes to walking, losh,  
No one can touch our Helen Mackintosh.  
Shell traverse glen or ben  
With strength of any ten;  
Nor fears she deils or men,  
Aye, nor lion in its den!

DUNCAN KENNEDY, Blacksmith, Piper, Invergarry.

When Duncan plays upon his pipes  
You'll hear what music ought to be.  
No base, degraded, modern types  
For such a man as he.  
None of your wretched "rag-time";  
Nor dreary, droning "drag-time,"  
But true soul-stirring melody—  
That is the stuff for him—and me!

### THE GREAT VENTURE.

But when you hear his surging bellows roar,  
You think him still more wondrous than before,  
And cry,  
"The Smith a mighty man is he!"  
And why?  
The roughest work he'll never shirk,  
And yet is he  
Forger of skirling, high-soul'd minstrelsy.

### CMACHAN KENNELS (Scotch Terrier for Sale).

The little rough-haired Terrier  
Which Douglas Brown, of high renown,  
Will sell to-day, if you will pay,  
Well, let us say ten pounds, or five at least,  
Is bound to make life merrier.  
For 'tis a dog that's all a-gog  
For fun or sport of any sort.  
And every little merry, virile beast  
On this wee Kennel Farm  
Can boast a wondrous pedigree,  
Which all may see, and you'll agree  
At once with me,  
Is longer than your arm.

### THE FRIGATE BIRD.

#### Macintyre's Motor 'Bus Service, Fort-William.

The Macintyre 'Bus is a beautiful thing;  
Like a great Frigate Bird, it is swift on the wing.  
It has link'd up the Forts and forbye either sea  
In the closest of bonds and a real unity.  
Fort-William at 9; Fort-Augustus 11,  
And if sometimes we fear it will land us in heaven,  
How vain is that fear! there'll be no requiem,  
For its driver—Young Macintyre—'s simply a gem,  
And we safely arrive Inverness 1 p.m.  
The pace that it travels annihilates midges:  
But why, gentle sirs, don't you strengthen the bridges?

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

CLUANIE INN (Mr and Mrs J. Macdonald).

Quoth the Piper—"I mind it and when  
It was naught but a wee 'butt an' ben,"

And now, as you see,  
It's well worthy to be

The resort of sportswomen and men!

If splendid mountain scenery,  
Which to ignore were sin;

If gracious summer's greenery  
And autumn's wistful "gleanery"  
Can woo the heart and win,  
Then come to Cluanie Inn.

If lochs and rivers full of fish,  
And sport of every kind;

If joys that echo, every wish,  
And Mrs M's most dainty dish  
Can captivate the mind,

Then here you surely find  
What must indeed be next of kin  
To Paradise—Sweet Cluanie Inn!

INVERMORISTON HOTEL (Mr and Mrs Kydd).

The brave "Men of Glenmoriston"  
Are famous men in history,  
And it will be no mystery  
If only you will list a wee;

The Men of Invermoriston  
In council or consistery,  
In rough work or artistry,  
Alike excel, as facts will spell,  
If you but come and see.

Two reasons are the cause of it,  
Or you may say the laws of it;  
Two things—just two there be—  
Their St Columba's Well  
And this Superb Hotel.

## THE GREAT VENTURE

### LAGGAN LOCKS

W. & C. Fraser, Wholesale Merchants).

At Laggan Locks the 'steamer  
In summer loves to linger,  
As tho' it were some dreamer  
Pointing admiring finger  
At mountain's towering ben  
And lovely Highland glen.  
Yet man doth aye remember,  
Naturally in November,  
And even in September,  
That he is but a man  
Built on material plan,  
And simply has to think  
Of stuff to eat and drink.  
Then Fraser's shop he spies,  
And with a glad surprise  
He runs inside—and buys—  
That is if he is wise!

### MACRAE & DICK.

Motor 'Bus Service, etc., Inverness.  
Macrae & Dick are my two chums—  
A very noble pair, sir;  
Their syren screams, their engine hums,  
There's always time to spare, sir.  
When you're with them, and safe and sound  
Are they as well as swift, sir.  
Lor' lumme! how the wheels go round,  
And how they do "mop up" the ground!  
A ride with them's a gift, sir;  
A quick but not "short shrift," sir.  
Now, as you know, of course,  
The horse  
Has yielded place to motor car,  
So there you are.

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

THE GARAGE, PIER HEAD, INVERMORISTON  
Cars on Hire — Pratt's Spirit — Licensed to Sell Beer.  
(Macdonald Brothers).

Ronald and Donald are men of good cheer  
(Both of them "lads" without any fads).  
Good spirit, high spirits, and jolly good beer  
(Which a licence allows 'em to sell on the Pier).  
They deal with alike, and your car will just jump  
After taking a drink from the bright Golden Pump.  
Now these three things they mix, so at least I should  
say,  
Which accounts for the highly remarkable way  
Your car shows of doing a side-step or sway.  
'Tis no wonder, I say, if it's merry and gay,  
For you'll catch a man's spirits from five minutes'  
chat,  
And Beer is good cheer, and Pratt makes you fat.  
Look at Ronald and Donald and cry "That is that! '\*

## INVERMORISTON SMITHY

(D. & D. Macdonald Bros.)

"Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The Village Smithy stands."  
In point of fact they're two of them,  
With hard and grimy hands.  
Just come and take a view of them,  
And see the iron bands  
Upon each brawny arm of them,  
And you will think no harm of them,  
For what can be the hurt,  
When horses all day long you shoe,  
And all those "blacksmith" wonders" do  
(And they are first-rate dancers too!)  
What, say I, is the hurt  
Of a bit of honest dirt?

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

RHU POULTRY FARM, Pier Head, Invermoriston\*

White Wyandottes, Flowers, etc.

From Orient the Savant sails  
On friendly philanthropic gales,  
Intent to set us on our legs  
By means of poultry and fresh eggs.  
But he, Lieutenant-Colonel Lane,  
Late of the Indian Army,  
Is not, I hasten to explain,  
Made by his learning "balmy";  
For though he wrote a book upon  
"The Bounding Buck of Babylon,"  
It did not, as you might expect,  
Have on his mind a bad effect.  
No, No, his Wyandottes, pure white,  
Cackle that he is e-Rhu-dite,  
For he can, with his learned pen,  
Soon educate an average hen,  
Who, fed with excerpts from old tome.  
Repeats the lays of Ancient Rome!  
Not quantity alone but quality  
His eggs derive from Persian Polity.  
How can he but brace up our legs  
With stuff like that in all his eggs?  
The Colonel and his winsome Dame  
Were Amateurs when here they came  
(A very few short years ago!)  
But, at the Horticultural Show,  
Each was proclaimed a full-fledg'd pro!  
Ho! Ho!!

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

SPEAN BRIDGE HOTEL (Mr and Mrs Macdonell.)

If the Bridge across the Spean  
From your heart extracts a paeon,  
When you get to this Hotel  
It will turn into a yell  
Which your very soul produces  
In contempt of all the sluices  
And the forces that control  
Your too long enduring soul.  
There's Ben Nevis in mid-distance,  
But the line of least resistance  
Is your line, sit down and rest.  
Give Old Ben "a breezy best!"  
For he's just a rough old mountain,  
And there's no Ben Nevis Fountain  
On his summit as of old.  
When the land was full of gold.  
Sit you tight in this Hotel,  
Where Hamish Macdonell—  
A villain whom I know—  
Will take you well in tow,  
And you'll have, ere you've said "knife,"  
Just the time of your old life.  
What a life, and what a night!  
In the heavens—what a light!  
There's the moon above Ben Nevis,  
Glimpse of heaven through a crevice.  
Oh, the Spean how it flows!  
How it thunders as it goes!  
Said the Prior, and he knows,  
"It is lacking in repose!"  
Sure, the Bridge across the Spean  
In your soul will raise a paeon,  
But the Spean Bridge Hotel,  
AND Mrs Macdonell—  
Oh, well . . . !

**THE GREAT VENTURE.**

**TO OUR VISITORS**

**(In Aid of the Comforts Fund of the Sanatorium).**

To you who come to us for sport  
And love of purple heather,  
I give this verse, not to extort,  
But woo your kind and rich support  
For those to whom Life's weather  
Has not been quite so kind,  
Nor tempered its rough wind.

Ere that you leave the moor and glen  
And seek the clearer-sky lands,  
And cry farewell to towering Ben,  
With views that point the distant ken  
To far-off Western Islands—  
Think of those lives that spend  
Their strength so fast, and lend

Your gracious aid, which may entail  
Kind transference o'er Mountain  
That slopes so sudden to the vale  
Of the dark shade, to those that fail  
And faint, ere yet the Fountain  
Of the New Life flash bright  
And day dispels the night.

Farewell to Heath and Blue-bell Glen,  
To distant-pencil'd Islands;  
Farewell to rugged, misty Ben,  
To gentle, kindest-mannered men;  
Farewell to Loch-bound Highlands,  
Dower'd by the gods to bless  
With comforts numberless.

ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.

" CIAD MILE BEANNACH LEIBH."

## THE GREAT VENTURE.

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