

tented people. The children, too, would be sure to win honourable mention in any competition where plumpness, chubbiness, and the "clean as a new pin" kind of look happened to be in request.

At present the village has not obtained any public reputation as a health resort, a character to which, in these days, every place within sight of the sea is bent on laying claim; although its title thereto is as good as any, and a great deal better than some that might be named. I have been in the habit of going there, year by year, for more than a quarter of a century, and I am quite sure that there are few places washed by "Britain's silver seas" where that precious possession health is likelier to be regained when lost, or where the fagged and jaded mortal "below par" is likelier to rise even to a premium, to follow the same figure of speech, than on the breezy moors and broad white sands, or the heathery, furze-clad uplands, around the village of Craigmuir.

For several years in succession this little out-of-the-world corner has been my home and haven too. After months of moil and toil, of wear and worry in crowded city life, I confess that I have no taste for the so-called liveliness and fashion which mark our most popular health resorts. A good long spell of real rest, and unbroken quiet, together with plenty of stimulating ozone; lofty hills to climb, the big broad sea to gaze at and bathe in and sail on, good plain rustic fare and favour, cheerfully supplied and cheap withal,—that is the sort of thing I want, and that is just what I get *ad libitum*, and many other good things to boot, in the little fishing village of Craigmuir.