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Guide Book

Tomintoul, Banffshire.

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TOWN

Richmond Arms Hotel,

Tomintoul, Ballindalloch Station.

[IN CONNECTION WITH KING'S ARMS HOTEL, OBAN.]



FRENCH AND GERMAN.

ON PARLE FRANÇAIS.

MAN SPRECHT DEUTSCH.

COACH DAILY 15½ MILES FROM BALLINDALLOCH.

POSTING.

FISHING.

Store
25120

A. M'TAVISH, Proprietor,
(from The Trossachs Hotel.)

M'TAVISH," Tomintoul.

[In connection with King's Arms Hotel, Oban.]

RICHMOND ARMS HOTEL,

Glasgow University Library

POST



This is

description.

season 1896.

T

Hotel is
ending on

its own grounds, and overlooks the whole surrounding district. From its windows are seen the clear winding rivers Avon and Conglass. These afford good sport, trout and salmon, free to visitors at the Hotel.

The new Richmond Arms Hotel is a great contrast to the village Inn which accommodated Tourists in past years.

The Hotel contains: Dining-room, Drawing-room, Parlours, Smoke-room, Commercial-room, Twenty

Store
25120

oms, Bath
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30114013845568

the Highest Village in Scotland.

DOMINTOUL,
BANFFSHIRE

Health, Holiday, and Fishing Resort.

1160 feet above the level of the sea.

INDALLOCH STATION, Mail and Passenger Coach[Road, 15½ miles.

MTOWN ON SPEY, 14 miles.

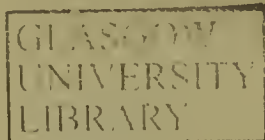
IORAL, 20 miles.

R. S. SHEARER & SON, Publishers, Stirling.

TOMINTOUL

THE HIGHEST TOWN IN THE HIGHLANDS,
AND THE HEALTHIEST.

This Highland village is situated on a table-land overlooking the river Avon, 14 miles from Grantown-on-Spey (nearest station), amid fine rugged mountain scenery, at an elevation of 1160 feet, or 25 feet higher than Braemar. The drives in the neighbourhood are interesting, the floral view changing with every mile; and the views of rugged hills and glens and wooded passes, with the mountains of Ben Avon and Ben Macdhui in the distance, should satisfy the most ardent admirer of Nature. The air is exceedingly bracing, and there is every liberty to roam about, with plenty of trout fishing and free salmon fishing over two miles of the river Avon. There is also a chalybeate spring about a mile from the village, which is rapidly improving,—new houses taking the places of the old ones. There is a licensed general store, where meat and poultry can be obtained, and a post hiring establishment. A mail gig, carrying passengers and parcels, runs daily to and from Ballindalloch, 15½ miles. It may also be mentioned that Balmoral is only 20 miles distant, and can easily be visited in one day.—*From Walker, Fraser, & Steele's Property and Estate Guide (Glasgow).*





TOMINTOUL.



TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

Short extracts from an Article by Dr. Charles Blatherwick in "Good Words," December 1891, by kind permission of the Proprietors.

This is the proud distinction of Tomintoul. Twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, nestled on a broad plateau that would make a fitting site for a city—with the heather-clad hills on either side and the silvery Avon babbling away at its feet—it is at once the breeziest, healthiest, and most primitive little town in the kingdom.

A *bonâ-fide* health resort, too. A place where the invalid or jaded worker can roam at his will, and drink in the recuperative mountain air without the strain and stress of foreign travel.

He may easily fancy himself abroad, for seen from the distant heights above the Conglass valley, Tomintoul scarcely seems to belong to Scotland. You are bewildered, and it is not until your nose is assailed by the sweet musk of the peat-reek, and your ears by a hearty greeting in the unmistakable northern burr, that you realise you are in the highest town in the Highlands.

If you happen to be a painter you will be confronted with unexpected revelations of beauty. You will not only learn a stern lesson in aërial perspective, but during some aspects of the day be rewarded by seeing subtle mysteries of colour you have never seen before. According to Tomintoul, it is a panacea sought alike by the pale-faced girl and the rheumatic old cripple. There is even a tradition of its having cured broken ribs, but the invalid will rely chiefly on the fine air, and the liberty to stretch his legs in whatever direction he pleases. A grand privilege this! North, south, east, or west—wherever he pleases—he may go, regardless

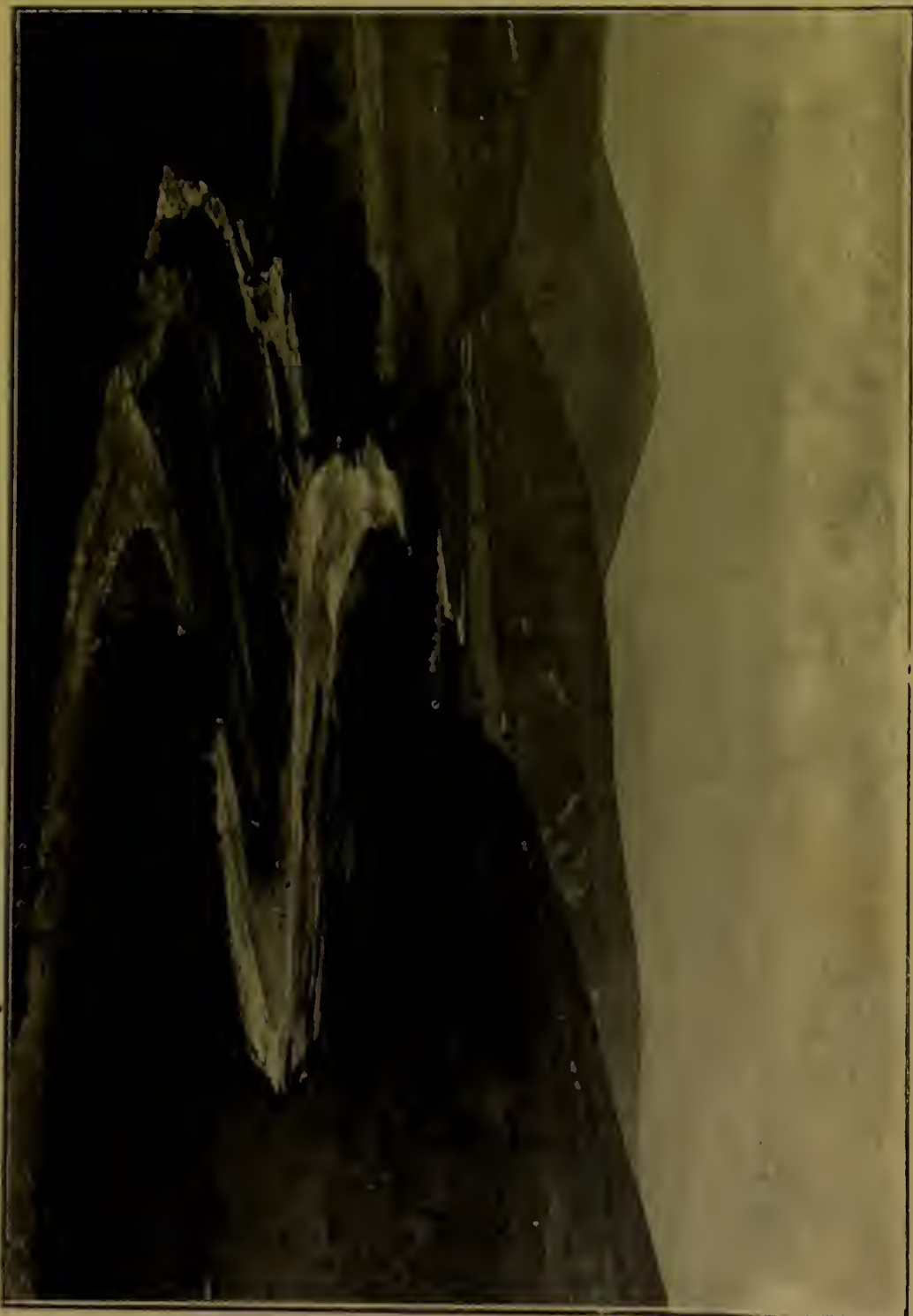
TOMINTOUL,—HEALTH, HOLIDAY, AND FISHING RESORT.

of tracks or roads. Strathavon is the natural attraction, but there are other points well worth his attention.

In the fifteen mile drive from Ballindalloch we pass through a succession of pastoral pictures. We see comfortable farmsteadings, with cattle lazily grazing in the meadows. We have the song of the river in our ears and the scent of the birch woods in our nostrils. Call at any one of these farms and you may be sure of hospitality. You will taste how sweet is the Strathavon milk, how good the oatcake. Your entertainer is pretty sure to be a Grant, for they are as firmly rooted here as their fragrant birks. An inbred courtesy, too, seems to attach itself to the name, from the laird himself down to his humblest tenant.

Look around! In the whole of Scotland there is no mountainous corner like it—no place where the big Bens crowd so closely together as do these Cairngorm giants at Loch Avon. The sun never reaches it. It is in the perpetual shade of the granite crags. Above in the crevasses, are deep patches of snow that never melt, and at your feet, strewn in the wildest possible confusion, are the fallen boulders that have been rent from the rocky walls.

A good deal might be said about the invigorating quality of the air. The climatic influences of high altitudes and their beneficial effects on certain pulmonary diseases have been demonstrated, but not half enough has yet been said about the benefit a couple of months' stay in a place like Tomintoul, only twelve hundred feet up, may confer on many a one suffering from ailments of less gravity. Let him try the Brae-side here. It will make him forget his rheumatic twinges, knock his dyspepsia on the head, and put fresh blood in him.—*Copies of complete Article may be had from the Publishers at 16 Tavistick Street, London.*



THE CLEAR WINDING AVON, AND CAIRNGORMS, FROM TOMINTOUL



TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

*Extract from "Dundee Advertiser" of 5th October, 1895,
by kind permission of the Proprietor.*

From a recent newspaper correspondence it seems that we are in want of a new place of summer resort—a place that shall be high and bracing,—and to meet the want, what better spot could be suggested than the highest village in Scotland—Tomintoul? Standing nearly 1200 feet above sea level, Tomintoul is visited by breezes blowing from the tops of Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui, laden with the strongest and most invigorating mountain ozone, while its situation is extremely picturesque, perched as it is on a narrow ridge between two valleys, with a wide expanse of hill and moor all round. Tomintoul, from its situation, is the breeziest place imaginable. When you open the front door on a windy day there is some difficulty in shutting it again, while all the other doors in the house immediately close with unnecessary violence. The air is keen in the mornings and evenings, however warm it may be during the day, and the inhaling of it is exhilarating beyond description. The symptoms are an alarming appetite at every meal (that is four times a day), prolonged and dreamless slumber by night, and a tendency to break out into the Highland Fling on the heather.

But do summer visitors really go to such an outlandish place as Tomintoul? Of course they do. Why, this year every available bedroom was occupied, and there was a keen competition for such places as became vacant. Two gentlemen, holding high positions in a Government Office in London, started on their holiday without mentioning to each other where they were going, and they met at Tomintoul! They had both

TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

taken houses in the village, and had brought their wives and families. Out of the way as it is, Tomintoul will undoubtedly grow in favour as a place of summer resort. But in order to learn its beauties, you must spend some time in it. After a week or so, the quietness, the freedom, the old world easy-going restful ways of a place that is fifteen miles from a railway station become very pleasing to the wearied city dweller. Those who visit Tomintoul on a day's excursion merely see little but the bleak moorland surrounding the village, and come away with the impression that the highest village in Scotland is anything but a nice place to live in. But that is quite a mistake.

There are two ways of reaching Tomintoul from the South: (1) You may go by the Highland Railway to Boat of Garten, and thence per the Great North line to Ballindalloch, from which outpost of civilization Tomintoul is distant fifteen and a half miles; (2) Grantown, and drive from there. The Grantown road, indeed, for four or five miles—from Bridge of Brown to Bridge of Avon—is of the switchback railway order, except that while a switchback railway is straight, the road doubles at right angles occasionally. Conveyances can be hired either from Tomintoul or Grantown, and with a waggonette and a pair of good horses the journey can be done in two hours and a half. The railway will no doubt be extended to Tomintoul by and by; at present, indeed, the folks of Strathavon are looking forward to an early extension of it to Drumin. Tomintoul is distant 22 miles from Braemar, and 20 miles from Balmoral. Both of which can be visited in one day.

The highest village in Scotland consists of one very long and steep street, with a very wide square about the middle of it. In the square, trees have been planted,

TOMINTOUL,—HEALTH, HOLIDAY, AND FISHING RESORT.

while a clock tower is to be erected in the centre, and round this, seats are to be placed. Tomintoul Square used to be the scene of a great cattle fair.

Before next season, 1896, the square will be further enhanced by a splendid new hotel. The Old Richmond Arms has been acquired by a new proprietor, who means to knock down the present building and erect in its place a large establishment, affording first class accommodation. His enterprise, which will greatly benefit Tomintoul, deserves to be rewarded with success. Many of the older houses are in a tumble-down condition, but a number of new ones have been built, and more are in course of erection. These new houses are furnished with all modern conveniences, including even electric bells; and better dwelling places neither natives nor visitors could desire. At the foot of the village stands the Parish Church, near the centre is the Free Church Meeting-house, while at the top, towering over both, is the large and handsome Roman Catholic Chapel; for the people of Tomintoul and Glenlivet belong very largely to the ancient communion. Next the chapel is a large dwelling-house which serves as a home for a number of Sisters of Mercy, and within the grounds there is a churchyard and a school. It should be said that Catholics and Protestants live together on the best of terms, as do also the Presbyterians. The buirdly, pleasant-faced gentleman—an elder of the Church—who so efficiently conducts the Psalmody in the Parish Church of a forenoon performs the same service in the Free Church in the evening, and there is a friendly arrangement between Established and Free Churches as to evening services.

The highest village in Scotland (for so it is called) has a drainage system, a capital water supply, a number of street lamps, a public hall, a bank, a library, and

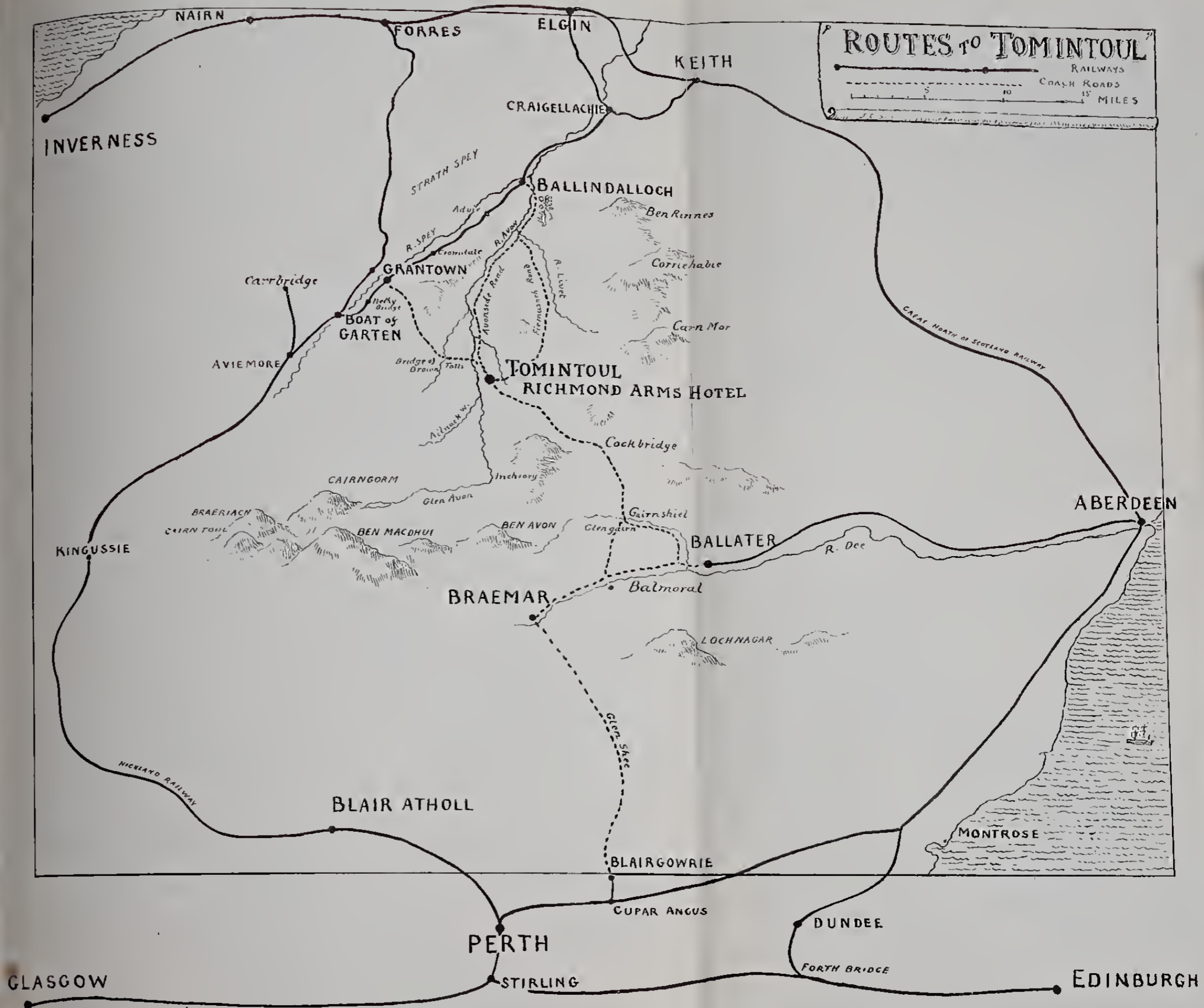
TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

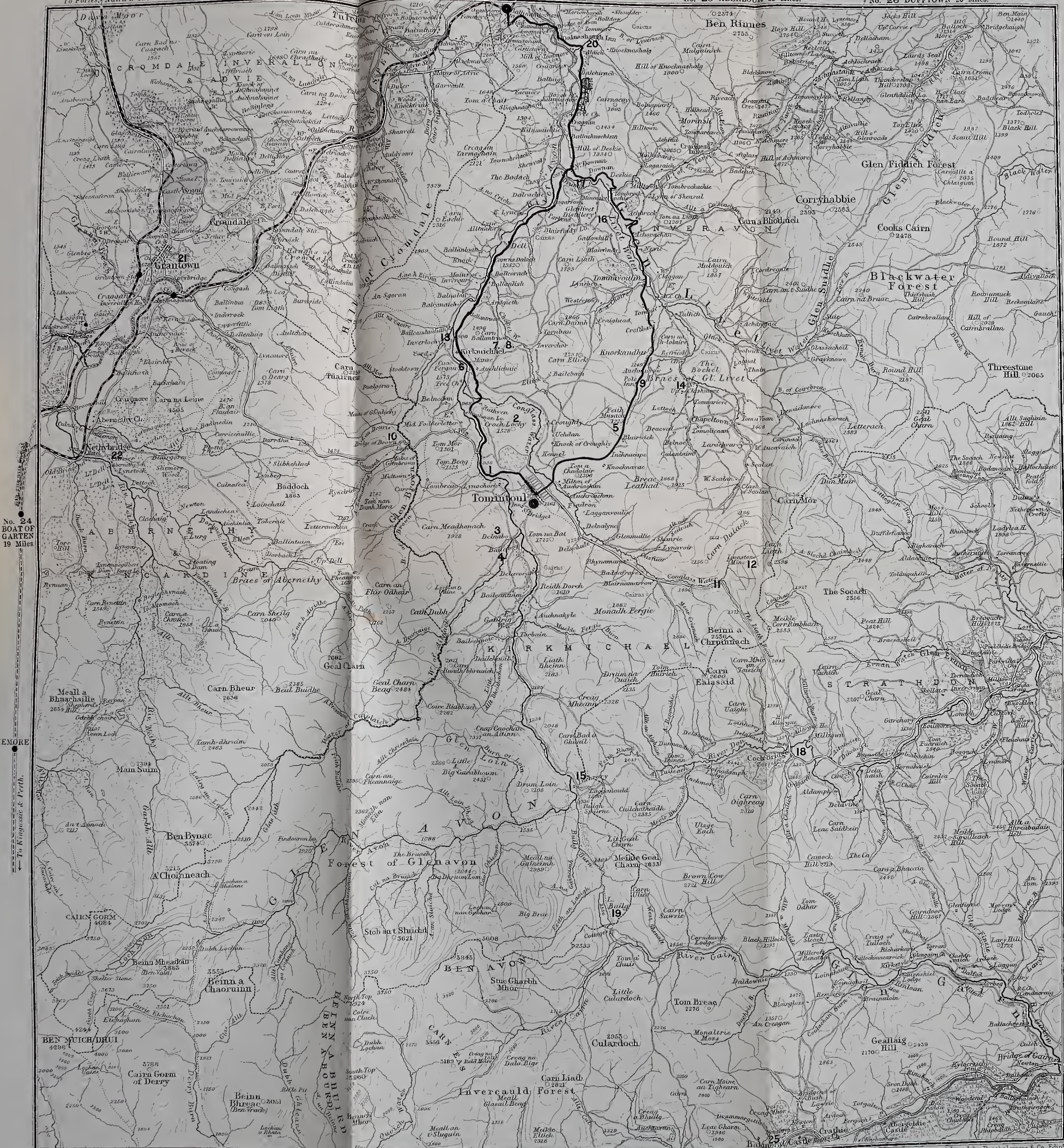
a resident medical man—all this with a population of about 500. There are several shops, but, as might be expected, the supplies sometimes run done, so that a prolonged shop to shop visitation may have to be made in search of a half-loaf. The butcher will civilly send a message to say that he was killing last night, and if you wish a bit mutton you had better speak for it at once. A van, or rather a little Whiteley's on wheels, comes from Dufftown, twenty miles away, laden with bread, scones, biscuits, cookies, sugar, salt, and numerous other luxuries. The first and only delivery of letters takes place at four o'clock in the afternoon, and not unfrequently the morning mail misses the connection somehow, so that to-day's newspapers may not reach Tomintoul till to-morrow afternoon. [These circumstances have been very much improved, through the instrumentality of the enterprising proprietor of Richmond Arms Hotel.—ED.]

At Tomintoul the Southron makes what is probably his first acquaintance with that great Highland institution, the peat fire. For in the highest village in Scotland coals cost something like £2 10/- per ton, and we must use the fuel formed recently on the surface of the earth, instead of that formed ages ago below it. Now, peat reek, like bagpipe music, is a pleasing thing when wafted to you upon the mountain air, but indoors it is apt to be a trifle too strong for Sassenach eyes and nostrils. Prince Charlie, we read, could not stand it. But peat burns readily, and with slight attentions from the poker will brighten up from what seems to be a "black out" state to a bright red glow. Fortunately for the Tomintoul folks, peat is very abundant in their neighbourhood. Two miles away, on the Glenlivet road, is the immense peat moss, where the peats are cut in May and June, and left all the summer to dry.



ORDNANCE
 SURVEY MAP
 OF
 TOMINTOUL
 AND
 DISTRICT
 (See Inside)





No. 24 BOAT OF GARTEN 19 Miles

AVEMORE

To Kingussie & Perth.

TOMINTOUL,—HEALTH, HOLIDAY, AND FISHING RESORT.



They lie in stacks like sheaves on a harvest field—and, indeed, this is the only harvest of which these moorland dwellers are quite sure—till September, when they are dry enough to be taken in. Then men, women, and children sally forth to the moss, and toil all day carrying the peats to the earts waiting for them. Though the work is not light, and they are exposed to any sort of weather that may come, the workers seem to enjoy it. Up on the open moorland the keen wind brings a brighter colour to the cheeks of rustie beauty, and heightens the spirits and inspires the gallantry of stalwart young men. Towards afternoon the earts come home across the moor, and soon peat stacks at cottage gables and in backyards grow bigger and bigger till there is enough to last through the winter, and frost and snow may come when they like. Immense quantities of peats are taken from the moss for the Glenlivet Distillery, for it is peat reek that gives to Glenlivet the pleasing flavour which (according to those who have tried it) this famous whisky possesses.

Glenlivet is not the only native liquid for drinking at Tomintoul, for the place boasts of a mineral well, the water of which is declared to be of great service in certain diseases. Its taste, however, one may fear, is not sufficiently abominable to please the connoisseur in mineral waters. To its other attractions, Tomintoul might easily add a golf course, the braes and haughs by the Conglass, below the village, being very fairly

TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

adapted for one, and there would be no more finely situated golfing green in the world. The angler may catch trout and salmon in the Avon, the Conglass, and the Ailnack,—all streams within easy distance of the village. To the rambler, whether botanist, geologist, lover of scenery, or unpretending idler, Tomintoul and the neighbourhood offer many attractions. The valley of the Avon from Ballindalloch to Inchrory presents one scene of beauty after another, and the valley of the Ailnack, with its precipices, is deep and dark and impressive. All along the Avon's western bank one can trace a raised terrace, indicating that once upon a time the river ran much higher than it does now, and opposite Delnabo the transition from loose shingle to solid rock below can be observed. The Ailnack valley, too, is geologically interesting, showing as it does the tremendous power of water in altering the face of



nature. A breezy walk is afforded by the Glenlivet road winding among the heather, with wide-stretching views from Benrinnes in the north to Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui in the south, while nearer at hand are smaller hills by the dozen.

Standing so high above sea-level the district around Tomintoul is of course somewhat bleak. The principal crop is oats, and in the middle of September much of it is still green. The common trees are the birch and rowan, which grow in great luxuriance, and with its

TOMINTOUL,—HEALTH, HOLIDAY, AND FISHING RESORT.

profusion of shining red berries, beautifies the roadsides on a September day. Beeches and elms are unknown, and when at long intervals you come across a stunted oak or ash you feel inclined, like Dr. Johnson, to lift your hat. The Duke of Buccleuch's experiment at Bowhill showed that birch, rowan, and hawthorn will grow wild on a hillside, but not any others of our native trees. Around the highest village in Scotland there are of course miles and miles of heather, with black crowberries and red bearberries in great abundance, and also the fine leaved and cross-leaved heaths, which latter—*Erica tetralix*—so good a hill man as Mr. S. R. Crockett seems to confuse with the common ling—*Calluna vulgaris*. The bright green sphagnum moss abounds in every peat hole, and spreads over moist knolls, and in odd places there are blue milkworts and yellow saxifrages. The variety of wild-flowers is quite surprising. Yellow rock roses abound by the waysides, along with graceful bedstraws and flaunting yarrow, ragwort, hawkweed, and scabious, and the more modest eye-bright and tormentil. In marshy places that queen of wild-flowers, beautiful as any hothouse exotic, the Grass of Parnassus, grows in great quantities. In a few minutes you may gather as large a bouquet of its brilliant white blossoms as that which a bride carries to church. The blue cornflower gleams among the yellowing grain, while by the edge of the field one may even come upon a plant of the somewhat uncommon pennycress, which, as readers of "Mona Maclean" will remember; that accomplished novel heroine considered a rarity when she found it on the Fifeshire coast. The red and the ragged robins grow in Strathavon, but there is no sign of the white campions, so common on every roadside in the South. Probably the insects which fertilise the lychnis and

TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

silene do not flourish in the bracing air of Scotland's highest village.

It should be said that the people of Tomintoul are an excellent class of folks among whom to sojourn. They are one and all kind and courteous, and extremely anxious to promote the comfort and enjoyment of visitors. The holidaymaker may rest assured that he will enjoy the fine air and the romantic scenery, and that the home-fed mutton, the heather honey, the fresh eggs, the milk and cream, the home-made butter and scones, all to be had at very moderate prices, will prove most appetising. Those who are growing tired of bustling fashionable places of summer resort might do worse than turn their steps towards the highest village in Scotland.



PASSENGER AND MAIL COACH BALLINDALLOO TO TOWNSTOWN



TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

*Reprinted from "Scotsman," of 26th August, 1890, by
kind permission of the Proprietors.*

It is just possible that some of our readers may still be so unfortunate as never to have heard of Tomintoul, the highest inhabited village in Scotland. Such was my own unhappy state till within the last fortnight, but from the day of our arrival in Cromdale, we heard so much of the charms of the place, and of the beauty of the road thither, that we were constrained to make it the goal of our first expedition; and having once been there, I should like to recommend it as well worthy of a visit from all those who like a real out-of-the-way place, far from the busy haunts of men. The worst of the place is that it is so difficult of access. It is about fifteen miles from Grantown and quite fifteen from Ballindalloch; but the whole route is full of excitement and adventure, and every fresh turn of the road discloses new beauties to the lover of nature in her wildest forms. "Tomintoul," said a man to me, "must be seen: it cannot be described." "I hope," he added, "that you are good walkers, for going up the hills you will have to walk for the sake of your horses, and coming down for the sake of yourselves." We were warned to see to our drag, so we spent half-an-hour at the Grantown smithy getting all made tight and strong. Our turnout was not exactly elegant. We had hired a waggonette from Grantown, but used the horses of the farm where we were staying. One was a powerful cart-horse, which had never before been in double harness; the other was a South American pony of large and bony make, branded on the left leg, and certainly not beautiful to look upon. Our steeds, you will observe, were not the best, and it was a perfect marvel how we got up and down those hills in safety.

TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

From Spey Bridge the road ascends steadily but not precipitously as far as Dirrdhu, the first stopping-place, about seven miles from Grantown. Rothiemurchus forest and the Vale of the Nethy lay below us to the right, while on our left were the Cromdale hills, now purpling with heather, and facing us were the Cairgorms, veiled at times in mist, but ever and anon appearing in new shapes, with fresh lights and shadows. The silence was very wonderful, and marvellously soothing to the weary brains of us townsfolk. We roused one covey of grouse, and saw what we took to be a ptarmigan; but, save for these, I think we did not meet a single bird all through the day. Here and there we could descry a lonely cottage or farm-house on a distant slope, with its patch of corn and potatoes. There used to be quite a number of illicit stills in the neighbourhood, and until quite lately they lingered on in the more remote corners, but now all are gone. The houses were few and very far apart. Dirrdhu itself is a fascinatingly lonely spot. What was formerly the inn is now inhabited by the shepherd and his wife. A little burn runs past the house, which stands alone upon the barren muir, with a wonderful outlook towards the mountains. The shepherd's wife, a slow and silent person, who lent us pails to fetch water for the horses, owned that the life was a lonely one, and "gey dreich" in the winter time; "but you get used to it wonderfully."

It was after leaving Dirrdhu that the fun began. There is a burn they call Brown's Burn, about two miles farther on, and I think I never saw a worse bit of road than there. It went sheer down to the burn, several hundred feet, turned at right angles at the bridge, and then rose as steeply as it had descended on the other side. Of course we all got out and

TOMINTOUL,—HEALTH, HOLIDAY, AND FISHING RESORT.

walked, save my brother, who drove, and sat in a perfect perspiration of anxiety for his horses, and dread least even our very powerful drag should prove unequal to the strain upon it. The people who live at the cottage at Brown's Burn stood gazing with interest at our downward progress. From this point onward the road was nothing but a series of steep hills and precipitous descents, but the beauty was undeniable, and the danger kept the drive from being monotonous. None of us, I think, were sorry when we found ourselves driving into the village, and our poor horses were uncommonly glad when they were lodged safely in the smithy, for we could get no accommodation in the hotel for them, as it was fair day, and the place was full of farmers. At first sight of the village, one could not but think, "How disappointing"—it all looked so essentially respectable. It consists of one long street of houses facing one another, each having a long strip of ground belonging to it at the back, and running down to the river. Slates, alas! have taken the place of the old thatch, which was only to be seen on one or two of the poorer houses. The people cannot be said to be ill off, for they have this strip of ground in perpetual fee, and, besides that, have common grazing ground on the hillside at the end of the village. What struck one most was the quiet. It was, as I have said, fair day, and in the square of the village were quite a crowd of farmers and shepherds, and, of course, no end of collie dogs looking after the sheep gathered there to be sold. That part of the village was certainly very busy, but quietly so,—shepherds and farmers transacting their business in a tranquilly meditative fashion peculiar to country folk. But when we left the square, and went up to the village, we could not but notice the silence that

TOMINTOUL,—THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

reigned. It was like a deserted place, clean and tidy indeed, but deadly quiet, and hardly a creature was to be seen anywhere, yet there are several hundred inhabitants. We turned up towards the church, as we had heard it was Roman Catholic, and thought we should like to have a look at it. The priest opportunely appeared, and courteously bade us go on and he would send some one to open the church for us. We felt as if we had left Scotland, and got to some out-of-the-way Swiss or Bohemian village. Close by we came upon a little convent, where all the year live three sisters teaching in the school, and doing good in the village, and whither some six or eight other sisters come every summer for rest or refreshment. It was all very strange and unexpected. Not much less surprising was our next discovery of a police office. We were informed that the chief policeman is also the librarian of the place. His "beat" includes Cairngorm, but he does not very frequently take it on his rounds; but when he goes up the Avon, he takes his fishing-rod with him.

Almost the entire population are Roman Catholic, and pleasant, courteous, people they were, as far as we came in contact with them, and we hear that they have sent up to the Universities not a few distinguished students. The little inn, too, where we lunched, was most comfortable, and very inexpensive. I should think it would be an ideal place for a reading party—who really wished to get through some study. The fishing is excellent. I cannot say what exactly it was that impressed me about Tomintoul, for the village itself is not particularly beautiful. I think it was the feeling of old-world remoteness, the silence and desertedness, if one may use such a word, combined with the evident comfort of its people and the strangeness of that

TOMINTOUL,—HEALTH, HOLIDAY, AND FISHING RESORT.

little Catholic church and nunnery. Anyhow, it stands out in our memories with a striking picturesqueness and a strangeness as of some other country than our well-loved Highlands.

We really did not dare to return to Cromdale by the road we went, but preferred the longer, more circuitous route by Ballindalloch and Advie, and we were very glad we took the round, for it was most beautiful. Liker English scenery in its soft gentle beauty, the valley of the Livet (famous for its distilleries) forms a fine contrast to the Dirdhu route. It is well wooded with that most lovely of our Scottish trees, the birch, and there is an air of prosperity about the valley not visible in our morning journeyings. The road, though better, could not be described as a "dead level," and our poor horses needed a good rest at Ballindalloch before facing the last ten miles of our journey. The evening was cool and fresh, and a lovely sunset cheered us on our way; but I must own it was rather a wearied party that reached home that night shortly before ten o'clock, for fourteen hours in the open air, whether walking or driving, proves pretty exhausting. But even the horses were none the worse of their forty-five miles; they and we spent the day following in utter idleness and rest, and we all felt that we had accomplished something, and added a very pleasant memory to that store which delights the "inward eye" in those less blissful hours of winter which must be spent in the toilsome city.

M. S.

[OVER]

CHURCHES: Established, Free, United Presbyterian, and R. C. Chapel.

Resident Physician.

Telegraph and Post Office.

Bank.

Lawn Tennis.

Places of Interest.

No. on Map.		Miles.
1.	Craig Halkie Limestone Quarries,	$\frac{1}{2}$
2.	Croch Lochy Mineral Well,	$\frac{3}{4}$
3.	Delnabo, Mansion of Col. Smith,	1
4.	Craigs of Ailnack, of stupendous height, towering thousands of feet,	2
5.	Faemusach, extensive Peat Moss over a once famous Pine Forest,	2
6.	Cnoc Fergan Slate Quarries,	3
7.	Kirkmichael, Ancient Burying Ground of Ancestors of General Gordon,	3
8.	Kirkmichael Church, part of building still standing which was used as a Chapel before the Reformation,	3

DRIVES.

9.	The Pole Inn,	4
10.	Bridge of Brown Waterfall,	$4\frac{1}{2}$
11.	Well of the Lecht, founded by General Wade,	5
12.	The Lecht Iron and Mangonese Mines,	5
13.	Inverlochy House, late residence of General Gordon,	5
14.	Braes of Glenlivet,	6
15.	Inchroxy Shooting Lodge, where begins the ascent of the Cairngorm,	9
16.	The Glenlivet Distillery,	9
17.	The Old Castle of Drumin,	10
18.	Cockbridge,	10
19.	Loch Builg,	12
20.	Dalneshaugh Hotel,	14
21.	Grantown,	14
22.	Bridge of Nethy,	15
23.	Ballindalloch,	$15\frac{1}{2}$
24.	Boat of Garten,	19
25.	Balmoral,	20
26.	Dufftown,	20
27.	Braemar,	22
28.	Ballater,	$22\frac{1}{2}$
29.	Aberlour,	23

TARIFF.

Breakfast,	2/, 2/6.
Luncheon,1/, 1/9, 2/.
Cup of Tea, Bread and Butter,	6d.
Dinner,	3/, 3/6.
Plain Tea,	1/6.
Bedroom and Attendance,	from 2/5.
Private Sitting Room,	from 5/.
Bath, hot or cold,	1/.
Fires in Parlours, per day,	2/.
Fires in Parlours, evening,	1/.
Servant's Board, per day,	5/.
Dogs, per day,	6d.
Children under 12,	half the ordinary rates.

ALL MEALS ARE TABLE D'HÔTE.

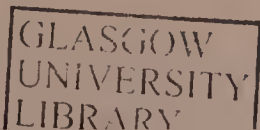
Meals in Private Room Extra.

SPECIAL TERMS ARE MADE FOR BOARDING.

FINEST WINES, APRÈS LE CHOIX FRANÇAIS.

Le Cuisine is specially appointed, and under the direction
of the Chef.

*FISHING FREE.—On Rivers Avon, Conglass, Brown, Lochy,
Imtich, Livet, Cabet, Ailnack.*



The Highest Village in Scotland.

* * *

Tomintoul, — — *Banffshire.*

* * *

Health, Holiday, & Fishing Resort.

1160 feet above the level of the sea.

Articles reprinted from "SCOTSMAN" and "DUNDEE ADVERTISER";

Also, Dr. BLATHERWICK'S opinion of Tomintoul as a Health Resort,
in his Article "Off the Beaten Track" in "Good Words."

BALLINDALLOCH STATION, Mail and Passenger Coach Road, 15½ miles.

GRANTOWN ON SPEY, 14 miles.

BALMORAL, 20 miles.

Map of District: Published by Mr. M'TAVISH, Richmond Arms Hotel,
Tomintoul.

R. S. SHEARER & SON, Stirling.