

The Western Scot

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THE "HOLY" GERMAN WAR

If anything more were needed to stiffen the resolution of all ranks respecting this war, surely it is supplied in the sacrilegious mouthings of German pastors. Prostituting their faith at the behest of the monster they call Konig, they regularly give utterance to statements that defame the House of God—statements which are calculated to incite their already misguided and demented hearers to even lower depths of crime and infamy. What inference can be drawn from a national condition which includes such aspects as this, except that the poison born into the Kaiser's veins and rendered more virulent by the necromancy of Bismarck, has been communicated to the nation as a whole?

Quoting from a translation of a recent sermon delivered in Berlin by Rev. Fritz Philippi, a prominent Lutheran, we give for example the following: "Humanity must be redeemed by blood, by fire and by the sword. German warriors do not willingly shed the blood of other nations, but they do it as a sacred duty which they dare not neglect without committing a sin. Germany's divine mission is to crucify humanity."

These pious expressions are echoed by Rev. Doctor Lobel, of Leipzig, whose gentle heart and humble Christian spirit move him to this: "Germany stands for Christianity; her enemies are the enemies of true religion. It is this knowledge that enables us to rejoice and be glad, with hearts full of thankfulness, when our engines of war in the air strike down the sons of Satan, and when our wonderful submarine sends thousands of the unelect to the bottom of the sea. We must fight the wicked by all possible means; their sufferings must please us; their cries of anguish must fall upon deaf German ears."

But do not be too prodigal of your wrath! Wait for this charming avowal of brotherly love from Prof. Rheingold Seeberg, who adorns the Chair of Theology at the University of Berlin: "We do not hate our enemies. No, we obey the Divine command to love them. When we kill them, when we inflict untold suffering on them, when we burn their homes and overrun their territories, we are performing a labor of love."

Verily, comrades, we are fighting in a good cause. Learn to shoot straight, thrust true, to bear hardship and fatigue with fortitude, that we may teach Germany's mad men their "sacred duty"; give them something to "rejoice and be glad" about, and help them to an overwhelming portion of their own interpretation of brotherly love.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

In spite of discouragement we still cling to the belief that some day soon we shall be ordered "beyond the sea." That being the case, we feel it is pertinent to ask if it is right that one of our most conscientious and hard-working non-coms. should be left behind. He has been with us for many months now and is keen for overseas, yet no definite arrangements have been made to have him go with us. It is true that his conduct sheet is not just as clean as it might be. Occasionally he becomes involved in a fracas, and once or twice he has missed a parade, but on the whole he is a good soldier, and he certainly knows his work. We refer to Sergt. Paddy, assistant-provost-sergeant, in charge of the work of keeping order among the dogs attached to us for rations and discipline. He isn't much to look at, and he's a most unsentimental old son-of-a-gun, but if any visiting dog desires to get gay, Sergt. Paddy knows how to apply the discipline. He has sand enough to lick the whole German army. We're strong for Paddy. We feel if we were as game and square as Paddy—in short, if we were as good a man as Paddy is a dog, we'd stack up ace-high. We put it to you, boys; does Sergt. Paddy stay behind?

Royal Victoria

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A MOTHER'S PRIDE

In whatever station her lot may be thrown,
From the humble peasant to the Queen on her Throne,
No pride like a mother's in the wide world is known.

The Queen is proud when her subjects kneel,
But a far greater pride in her sons she must feel,
For she knows they are true as the truest steel.

The high-born mother in stately halls
Is proud of the son that when duty calls
Will lead his men on till he wins or falls.

The humble mother no grander pride knows
Than watching her own sons their courage disclose,
They are ready when wanted wherever the foes.

The mother of high rank great homage enjoys,
The humble-born mother no servant employs,
But in this they are equal, their pride in their boys.
—B. ROSSON.