

Message from Mr. Bottomley.

The Editor of "John Bull," hearing of our Special Edition, sends us the following message :—

"Good luck to all the lads from Canada. May their 'Records' be further ennobled by more of those dashing deeds of valour which have already won them undying glory in this war. I have just promised my friend, Sir Max Aitken, to write a special article for the important War Book which is about to be published under his direction, and by the Canadian Government, and I shall not fail to pay full tribute to the boys from the land of the Maple Leaf. Good luck to all of them—and God's blessing!"

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

From our Friend Mr. J. M. Bulloch of "The Graphic."

DEAR COLONEL LORNE ROSS,

July 25, 1916.

Sergeant Condy tells me that your lads, the 67th Western Scots, are shortly to cross the Channel to lend their aid in beating back the barbarism that would fain envelop us all. Many another regiment has crossed the Channel before, but the crossing of the Western Scots is particularly inspiring to a fellow Scot.

You are Pioneers not only in the military sense, not only in the civilian sense, but still more pioneered farther West than any of their countrymen, might be described in the language of the enemy they are to meet as Super-pioneers.

Long before George Vancouver was heard of, the Scots were pioneering in what to-day we call Prussia—bringing it a "Kultur" far superior to its own—for from the middle of the sixteenth century they were the paramount trading power in that part of Poland which the Prussians annexed, and they filled the ranks of the Central Powers with some of the best soldiers. Many of the men whom the Western Scots will face are descendants of those pioneering Scots, and the 22nd Infantry of Upper Sleswig, have long been known by the name (though in Germany not the sound) of "Keith," in honour of Frederick the Great's heroic Field-Marshal, James Keith, who actually invented the game of Kriegsschachspiel, for the Enemy-in-Chief, which would have us believe that it alone understands the art of war.

But personally I am affectionately interested in the Western Scots through their military descent from the Gordon Highlanders, a regiment with a name to conjure with. They spring from the 50th, who wear the Gordon plaid of the immortal 92nd, who fought magnificently a hundred years ago at Waterloo almost within sound of our guns to-day: and the association is commemorated in your sporran and hose "flashes" and kilt pins. The 92nd, in turn, descend from that great family, the Gay Gordons, whose motto "Bydand," or Steadfast, shines from every Gordon glengarry to-day. The Gordons have always been pioneers, as the time-out-of-mind phrase "The Gordons ha'e the guidin' o't" constantly recalls. I am sure the Western Scots will also "ha'e the guidin' o't" reinforced, as their Gordon strain is by memories of the great House of Douglas, but most of all by their own endeavours as pioneers in the Great West, which the great enemy would fain filch from them.

Knowing all these things as I do, is it any wonder I feel immensely interested in the Western Scots, convinced that they bring to their heroic task all that is best in our ancient race—for, by a strange paradox, they have become all the greater Warriors in having spent their youth by the Pacific. And I will close with the historic Toast of my native Bon Accord, which your Pipe Major knows so well—"Happy to meet; Sorry to part; Happy to meet again."

123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

I am, yours truly,

J. M. BULLOCH.