

OFFICERS' MESS.

Few more pleasant evenings have been spent in the officers' mess than when we entertained Brigadier-General Lord Brooke, C.M.G., M.V.O., commander of the 12th Brigade, to dinner at Bordon.

His lordship, who was accompanied by Major Johnnie Foulkes, of Victoria, and Captain George Sparks, of Ottawa, proved himself a charming man, and laughed and chaffed his way into the hearts of all. There was nothing of the ponderous "brass hat" about General Brooke, who entered into the spirit of the occasion. To add to the gaiety of the occasion Major Foulkes and Captain Sparks were at their best, which is nuf said, Captain Sparks saw that all the officers were introduced to the General, and if, as happened on occasion, he introduced an officer more than once—the writer was presented five times—Lord Brooke overlooked his too zealous efforts. Before dinner the pipe band played its now famous Retreat and received high praise from one who ought to be in a position to differentiate between good and bad. The brass band never sounded better than when playing during and after dinner, and also received its meed of praise.

WHAT THE OFFICERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

- What was in the Cedar Cup the other evening.
- When Captain Okell is going to get married.
- Where Drummer Plump was on guard mount the day after we beat the 47th.
- When our kilts will be here.
- Why so many men have dying relations just now.
- How the Padre got measles.
- Who Sergt. Smith was with in Guildford the other day.
- Where the name Stronk originated.
- Why the Bandmaster needs to go to London so often for music.
- How many bears Major Carey has shot.
- How to defend a bridge with 30 men.
- Why the Padre doesn't wear kilts.
- Why the Paymaster does wear kilts.
- Why Major Harbottle's batman always goes in the Bordon direction to exercise the Major's horse.
- How many persons in the battalion have seen our Medical Officer in kilts.
- If it is possible for the Medical Officer and a certain subaltern in "C" Company to appear in Highland garb at the same time.

PIPE BAUN KRAICHS.

Our projected trip to London in the "smowk" is all up a tree.

There have been rumours, hints and direct references to some men of this battalion who haunted the neighbourhood of Headley, but there must really be something or someone there, for the attractions of Headley seem to be infecting the "artistic élite" of the regiment, to wit—(censored).

Mr. Gray, of No 1. Company, following an old custom in Scots regiments, has put his hand in his pocket by way of expressing satisfaction with his platoon piper, and Geordie Leslie will sport a nice sporran as a consequence.

Look out! Our drummers are developing a few phenomenal beats.

The air in this district seems to induce sleep very quickly. Just a few nights before leaving Bordon one piper stuck his head out at the window for a breath of fresh air and fell asleep on the window sill. The quarantine picket had quite a time locating the sawmill solo sung by the somnolent snake charmer on the first flat of No. 112.

'A Perfect Safeguard'

is the unanimous opinion of Officers who have tested The

TIELOCKEN BURBERRY

Overlapping fronts doubly safeguard every vulnerable part of the body, providing, from throat to knees, a light, dry and comfortable shelter against rain and tempest.

The Tielocken is quickly adjusted as it has no buttons to fasten or lose. The belt, fitting the coat to any thickness of under-garments, holds it smartly and well.

Officers' Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready to Use

Every Burberry is labelled "Burberrys."

Naval or Military Weatherproofs
Until further notice **BURBERRYS**
CLEAN AND REPROOF Officers'
"Burberrys," Tielocken Coats and
Burberry Trench-Warms
FREE OF CHARGE.

Illustrated
Military
Catalogue
Post Free



NOTE.—The collar may be worn (1) open as depicted; (2) closed up like The Burberry; (3) stand with fall points; or (4) buttoned right up.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Boul. Maiesherbes PARIS; also Provincial Agents

Oh, yes, we did notice that epic on the theme of pipe music in last edition of the Scot. It's sad the things a man will publish when he is hard up for news and has a costermonger's knowledge of piping. Surely the poet in question must be a Londoner. We can only judge by symptoms. You'll notice the quotation was not original, a sure symptom. Of course, this kind of thing turns up every now and again in our midst, in the form of a Rip Van Winkle brand of mouldy jokes (?).

[We'll be good, Cruiluath Mach; honestly no offence was meant: the "epic" in question was inserted by our proof reader, who—owing to the hurried move from Bordon—was not a member of the battalion. We are sure that he thought more of the testimony to the honorable age of the pipes than of the poet's apparent dislike of this form of music.

Moreover you're right in your conjecture that we were short of news—you see we figured on a six-page edition and we ran to eight. So have a heart and don't be too severe.

By the way, it's a wonder to us that the Brass Band has any wind left to play their instruments when you have finished "punching" them. Some of our readers are liable to think that the members of the two bands are at daggers drawn instead of the best of friends as we know you really are!

Still no bones are broken and—by gosh and by gar—we are ready as a battalion to parade anywhere and before any critics behind our two bands.—ED.]

For the benefit of Simon MacAulay of the Brass Band be it said that we are particular with whom we play football, but are prepared to bet that five pipers and five drummers would like to use an odd dozen brass bandsmen on Saturday forenoons. As a rule we mop