

"O they listened, dumb and breathless
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goantee
Rose and fell the pipers' blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
God be praised! The March of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

The Pipes of Lucknow.



"I AM NOT A HIGHLANDER, BUT I WISH I WAS ONE," said Havelock after Cawnpore. The Highland regiments have always enjoyed a popularity that has been in part independent of their achievements. They have appealed to imagination and to the sentiment of romance. The spectacle of a Highland regiment, its pipes playing, and its kilts swinging file by file, recalls the old days when the clans rallied to the support of the Stuarts. But there is more than the glamour of distinctive dress and the swirl of the pipes to give them a passport to popular favor. The descendants of the men who died for Prince Charlie, fought as loyally for King George, and during the hundred and fifty odd years intervening, the story of courage, self-sacrifice and endurance that have established our Empire among strange lands and peoples, is in large part the story of Highland regiments. They have won deathless prestige.

This unit is in the happy position as yet of having no history; but it is not too much to hope that the simple pride in the honor of the regiment, the steadiness under fire, the uncomplaining heroism under trying conditions, that have become a part of Highland tradition, will shine as clearly when the history of the 73rd is written. The horrors of war are forgotten when the years have passed. The thing that matters is the spirit in which they have been met and conquered.

The battle of the Marne brought this unforgettable tribute from Sir John French: "The Black Watch—a name we know so well—have always played a distinguished part in the battles of our country. You have many well-known honors on your colors, of which you are naturally proud, but you will feel as proud of the honors which will be added to your colors after this campaign. At the battle of the Marne you distinguished yourselves. They say that the Jaegers of the German Guard ceased to exist after that battle. I expect they did. You have followed your officers and stuck to the line against treble your numbers in a manner deserving the highest praise" I am very glad of this opportunity of addressing you, and thanking you personally for your splendid work."

The great traditions of the past have been established chiefly by professional soldiers. Now when the summons of the pibroch is being answered from every glen and hillside in our country, and Highlanders are going back under Canadian colors—recruited from the field and forest, the office and store, from men of every