

PIPE BAUN CORN KISTER.

Probably the best description o' the Pipe Baun's Corn Kister was given by Major Christie, who remarked with great fervour that it was "some party." Everyone who was invited knew instinctively that there was going to be quite an evening. The formal invitations issued were as follows:—

"INVITATION.

The Pipe Baun requests the pleezure o' yer company the nicht, at the celebration o' oor Wullie's birthday, a month too early, in their ain biggin, number twenty-twa, at seven-thirty p.m. Bring yer ain tools and yer ain meal in yer pooch that yer brose wull be the thicker

"R.S.V.P., meanin' ye've got tae come.

"Caits, Bogies and Wheelbarries at 2 a.m."

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At the same time we received the programme and menu, which was as follows:—

GRAUN CORN KISTER

UNDER THE GUID FAVOUR

O'

THE WESTERN SCOTS PIPE BAUN,

IN

THEIR AIN BIGGIN.

MENOO AND PROGRAM.

Grace Before Guzzlin—By Oor Meenister.

KIPPER HERRIN

Richt frae Aberdeen, wi'

Mealy Puddens and Bannocks o' Baurley Meal

Frae auld Reekie. Washed doon wi a drappie o'

Johnny Walker

Frae Ayrshire, wham ne'er a place surpasses for honest men and bonnie lassies.

TOAST.

"THE KING."

(Staunin on yer feet, yer dram in yer haun, yer heid up and yer shouthers back.)

A Guid Song. By Rab Morrison.

The Troubles and Trials o' Wullie in Lunnon. By Himsel.
(First a wee nip to help him droon his sorrows.)

Another Song. By Wee Geordie Allen.

TOAST—"Caunada,"—Wha's only misfortin is that its no in Scotland. Wi a drap o' the auld Kirk.

Sang. "The Auld Thing ower again. By The Rauchabite.

Another Wee Drap.

Piano Solc. Oor Hector wull gie ye somethin o' his ain on the wee bit music box.

Sang. By Oor Auld Freen Mscaulay o' the Brass Baun.

TOAST—"Tae the hale o' the Imperial Forces and oor Allies." Yin, we'll drink wi a' oor hert.

A few words by a Glesca Drummer.

We're dry noo, gie us anither.

Sang. By oor new piper, Maister Mackintosh.

A Real Hielan Dance. By Wullie McKay, o' the Seventy-twa.

TOAST—"The Man o' the Moment. 'Oor Kurnel.'" Yin o' the best. He and us are awfu thick. In fact, o' the twa, we are the thickest. (Some mair o' the auld stuff.)

Another Guid Sang. By Wee Geordie Allen.

Colin wull noo obleege us wi a Gaelic Yin. (an excuse for anither drink.)

A doon richt Guid Sang. By Lauchie McMullan.

TOAST—"Oor Officers. —Particularly oor guests. They're a' unco guid. It's a peety they're no a' Scots. (Come again Johnny Walker).

Sang. "A Wee Deoch an Doris." By yin o' oor ain. (Fill up, chieels, if there's onything left, and sing wi nicht an main.

Auld Lang Syne. By the hale jing bang.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The officers fell in under Major Armour, and were kept there until they numbered and formed fours in a manner worthy of the Guards. Piper Lieut. Mackintosh played them over, all carrying their ain tools. Here it may be stated that Wullie's plans for once miscarried. For the last few weeks he has been busy teaching Lieut. Mackintosh how to play "A man's a man for a' that," in the hope that he could thus get the officers marched over to a tune usually associated with "Defaulters" in a Highland regiment. Our piper, however, was too old a bird to be trapped so easily. The kippers were also played in by oor ain braw piper.

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The pipe-major confided to us before the repast that he meant to see that Major Christie had a good time, anyway. That's not exactly how he put it, but its what he meant. When we saw the pipe-major sit down at the Major's side, we threw up our hands and prayed for the Major. Our prayer was answered, for as the evening progressed, it became quite evident that each of them had the amiable intention of seeing that the other had a good time. Thanks to the Major, Wullie had an exceedingly pleasant time.

After the Padré had said grace, the kister went ahead.

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Wullie gave the toast of "Caunada," which was replied to by Mr. Armstrong. We understand that both speeches were masterpieces, but owing to our chasing around camp trying to find some more of a certain article indispensable to the success of a corn kister, we did not hear either. Following this, Piper-Lieut. Mackintosh and Drummer-Major Armour gave us a fine selection. Piper Logie followed with a refined but melancholy little ditty. Pipe-Corporal Angus proposed the toast of "The Imperial Forces and our Allies." Mr. Meredith's reply, as one might expect, took the form of a simple little story about engagements.

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The baun started, as we have said, with Piper-Lieut. Mackintosh and Drummer-Major Armour, but on each successive selection the baun increased. Finally it also included Pipe-Major Sutton, Drummer-Lieuts. Morrison, Gary and McDiarmid, and Sergt.-Drummers Capt. Okell and Nicholson, to say nothing of Drum-Major Lieut. Armstrong.

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The Pipe-Major's toast was proposed by Mr. Gray, who gave the life history of the interesting Wullie, reducing the audience to tears. Wullie made a characteristic reply. His flow of language was so pure and uninterrupted that one could almost have imagined that it was a meeting of the sergeant's mess. He was good enough to dilate at considerable length on the proposer's civil profession, and his books, character, morals, and past life.

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In conclusion, he remarked that he could not allow the occasion to pass without thanking the proposer, his quondam messmate, for the care he had taken of him on a famous occasion in Victoria, after a visit to a certain "socialist on the Conservative side." Wullie's speech was undoubtedly the gem of the evening.

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At this stage Major Harbottle sent a letter of regret for his inability to be present. He enclosed, however, a short but touching little story of the gold fields in South Africa. Drummer Allen then sang "My Ain Folk," and Piper Leslie followed with a fine fighting talk on a piper's duties at the front. The toast of "The Colonel," proposed by Chairlie Sims, was drunk with Highland honours. In the Colonel's absence Major Christie replied on his behalf.

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Drummer Orr again obliged, and sang "I'm foo the noo," and told a very pathetic little story about two lovers trying to get past a cow in a country lane. Piper Colin Campbell was to be the next performer, but he was a casualty, and his place was taken by Angus Morrison, who sang a Gaelic song. The toast of "Our Officers" was proposed by Drummer Allen and replied to by Major Sutton and Lieut. Morrison.