

HOW THE SCOTCH THISTLE GOT ITS NAME.

An old legend gives this account of the origin of the National Emblem of Scotland.

The Danes had invaded Scotland in considerable force. The Scots were a brave warlike people and scorned to take what they considered an unfair advantage of the enemy. According to one of their axioms it was dishonourable to surprise a foe under cover of darkness.

At dawn, therefore, one winter's morning, the Danes carefully laid their plans to steal upon the Scottish Camp while still asleep. The soldiers were ordered to march bare-footed that the enemy might not hear them.

Silently and unobserved they crept as near as they dared to the sleeping camp, and then sent forward scouts to discover the weak points of the enemy's position. One of these was stealing cautiously round when he trod on a Thistle with his bare foot. The unfortunate man gave an agonized howl. In an instant the Scots were aroused. At once they attacked and completely routed the invaders.

Out of gratitude to the prickly little plant, the Scots dubbed it the "Scotch" Thistle and made it their National emblem with the Motto—*Nemo me impune lacessit* ("no one injures me with impunity.")

HOW THE SCOTCH WHISKEY GOT ITS FAME

Since I'm Irish, and me dear country is far away, sufferin' plenty, makin' history and thinkin' serious, it do appear to me that the daily ration of wit-producin' stuff is getting very low. I'm sure that its in the lack of good Irish whiskey that the trouble lies—the Irish whiskey that used to fill one with wit and contentment on an empty stomach and empty pocket! Now I know that they are all so sober over there that they tell the truth—the literal truth! Me uncle writes me (I'm wid me regiment in Scotland) that everything is gettin' plackarded so that you don't need to use yer wits—"Wait until the car stops; it stops at both ends," says one! Now who in Hivin doesn't know that! Shure, I'll be thinking it sounds like the Scotch. — And another sign on a station says "If the train don't shtop here, it'll go on"! Now by all the saints, who would be so literal and matter-o-fact as that but an Englishman!

Begorra! I'll say no more for I'll lose me own wit in recounting the deficiencies of it in me fellow men.

But I'll tell you one about a Scottie,—aye my Pal Sandy—He disremembered to take his pipe wid him when he started out the other night, and was in such a hurry to get it that he bumped into himself coming back! "I've no had a single dhrink," said Sandy in explanation—*I drank it a'!*

But, since my learned friend has just told you how the Scotch Thistle got its name—I'll tell you how the Scotch whiskey got its fame.

Once upon a time,—before Johnnie Walker started going strong even, the Scotch Thistle had such a kick of its own that the people sought long for a pain-killer to alleviate the sufferings engendered by the national plant. It was a priest from Ireland, let me tell you, who found that a drink of dope made of fermented barley, green heather and boggy peat, cooked and distilled—would give you courage and comfort enough to do a highland fling over a whole acre of tull grown emblem—without a murmur!

That's why the old time Scottie drank his smoky dope, and so, to-day, when a fellow thinks he's found a bed of Roses, but which aint, he takes the national dope.

"You can do anything with night clothes," is the heading which the Daily Mail puts over an interview with Miss Ruth Chatterton. Well, maybe, but has Miss Chatterton tried going to church in them?

The Passing Hour

AT THE PAY DESK.

Pte. Brown—"If you please, Sir, I'd like to get a little extra money this time.

P. M.—"What do you need it for"?

Pte. Brown—"I want to buy a new wrist-watch."

P. M.—"That's the third watch in six weeks:—can't be done!"

Pte. Brown—"Then, Sir, my Aunt is coming down to-morrow and I want to shew her around.

P. M.—"That tale has long white whiskers—nothing doing!"

Pte. Brown—"And I want to get my teeth fixed and buy a fountain-pen."

P. M.—"I fancy I've heard that tale before—next please.

Pte. Brown—"Well, Sir, the fact of the matter is, I've discovered a German plot to land an army in Ramsgate, and I want to finance a moving-picture company to take exclusive feature films of the landing.

P. M.—"By Jove, I believe that's original! Sergeant, give this man five pounds!"

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As sung with great success in the latest Revue—

"A LA TRANCHEE"

When I first joined the Army I thought that the life
Of a soldier was perfectly grand,
I pictured myself with a sword and a gun
Keeping step to a military band,
But after a year at the front I confess
I am wiser far wiser by now,
For they fed me on biscuits that ought to be bricks,
And tins of solidified cow.
Yet there's one Army custom I really think fine,
You won't hear me grouse when I'm falling in line—

CHORUS:

For my—Rum, Rum, issue of Rum!
Nobody's late for their issue of Rum!
You forget all your trouble
And go on the double
For Rum, your issue of Rum, Boys!
Rum, your issue of Rum.

When you've been in the trenches a couple of days
And are frozen right through to the bone,
When you paddle around in two feet of slush
Life dosen't seem cheery, I'll own.
When its raining and snowing and blowing all day
And freezing the whole of the night,
How you long for a bullet, a soft "cushy" wound,
That'll ease your deplorable plight.
But wait, I've a rumour, cheer up, don't be glum,
To night, yes, to-night, there's an issue of Rum
(Prolonged cheers)

CHORUS AD LIB.

After the manner of Miss Letty Queen
I thought I'd join the Army not so long ago,
I said I'd fight the foe, help Kitchener you know,
I've been out here six months or more a fighting them, and yet,
I haven't seen a German, all I've seen is mud and wet.
So to-morrow when the officer asks "Any-ah-complaints?"
I'm going to stand right up and say "You bet not 'alf there
aint"

LAMENT

Won't you take me back, take me home again,
Take me away from Belgium, where its rain, rain, rain,
I thought I'd seen some climate when I lived on Salisbury
Plain,
But here, oh my I know I'll die, with water on the brain.
At this point our poet was placed under close arrest
pending enquiry as to his sanity.—Ed.