

TAPS AND ROLLS FRAE THE PIPE BAUN.

Before leaving on his visit to the Chief of the Hebrides "Wullie" was persuaded to have his picture taken for the paper. Little did he know that it was for "The Wishart Number," which we are sure you will all have read and enjoyed by this time. The conspirators in the plot have applied for extended leave so that "Wullie" will have had time to cool down by the time they get back to duty.

On the journey to London he was accompanied by eleven members of the baun dressed in a' their braw gear, wi' a' wheen shullins in their pooches, and a mak siccar look on their faces. On their arrival in London Wullie naturally took command and said, "Boys, let's a' eat at the Union Jack Club." There was a murmur of dissent until he insidiously suggested that a wee drappie could be had wi' the meal. That decided it, and awa we went. The dinner was gran, but the whusky wis magneeficent. After the dinner we all gradually drifted away in twos and threes, and it was only on the return journey to camp that we learned the facts of the week-end happenings. A carefully edited account is given here, as it would tak' a volume of, say, the "Winning Post" to contain the tale of the whole of the adventures.

Colin and Jock Low wandered around seeing the sights, and partaking of various liquid refreshments until they succumbed to the blandishments of two of London's beauteous damsels. Shades of Five Nights. Tableaux Vivant.

Sandy Logie, Smoky Chalmers, and the Solo Kid behaved themselves in a most exemplary manner, visiting the various places of historic interest, including the famous Parliament buildings where one of the pictures, entitled "The executioner tying Wishart's Book round the neck of Stafford," particularly struck Sandy. In a loud aside he inquired of Smoky if that was Wishart's book on piping, and was rewarded by a look of disgust and annoyance, and a gruff "Hoo daur ye show yer ignorance in the company o' an Edinburgh gentlemen?" To Smoky's relief Sandy picked up a countryman of his and drifted beyond our ken. Smoky and the Solo Kid continued their peregrinations, between drinks, paid a visit to the Alhambra, and had ultimately to be escorted home by a representative of Law and Order—in other words, a policeman. Naughty boys! It would be a lucky thing if everyone was taken to the same place. They sure struck oil. Nothing was too good for them, and the good folks spent all Sunday showing them places of interest which they didn't know existed. The famous Petticoat Lane came under supervision, and it is some eye-opener. "Hoky poky a penny a lump," "Ere ye are, guv'nor, this 'ere fine set of china 'arf a crown, only 'arf a crown! Who says 'arf a crown? If I cawn't get 'arf a crown, I'll giv' it away." You go in at one end with a gold watch, and buy the same watch at the other end off some greasy old Jew. All the twelve tribes seem to be there like a pack of jackals round a carcass. Gee, we heaved a sigh of relief when we got clear of it.

Guid sakes! Sandy frae Pritchard wi' a quean on his airm, and a look of supreme happiness on his countenance. Wha'd hae thocht it? Thae dark horses! Ye never ken whit they can dae; but tae walk across Waterloo Bridge wi' his airm roon her waist, and her airm roon his neck (yum yum) that shairly is the speed limit. Oh, you Sandy, you are surely making up for lost time.

Hush! tell it not in Gath! Wullie did not leave London for North on Schedule time. In fact, not until he was urgently requested to do so by— Well, we won't give him away. He was trying to show Pat the ropes, so you can guess what happened. When he did ultimately get into the tube for Euston, every two minutes he would request the conductor in his very best English to be put off at Euston. From the extreme deference paid to him by the tube officials they must have thought him a person of some consequence. Somehow Wullie does impress some folks with his magnificent manner and condescending

smile. They would rather have a twopenny tip from Wullie than ten shillings from an Earl.

Jock Craigmyle was discovered dancing the Can Can, the Bunny Trot or the Foxy Hug in Hyde Park with two 'Arriets to the great admiration of the onlookers. Hi hi! Jock. Let 'er go, cocky! Ain't he some dancer, Liza! Hopera glasses, sixpence!

Wee Arthur left us hurriedly on Saturday afternoon to attend a tea meeting. Nuf' sed.

Oor ain Canadian, Johnny, struck it lucky in London. He left the rest of the boys to go and have a shave—ahem—but it seems he met a fairy instead. Avaunt shave; come fairy. He says she sure treated him royally. Good boy, Johnny. Hope we have the same luck next time we go there.

The Rauchabite went to Portsmouth instead of London, and judging from the time he had there, it must be a strong temperance town. Pubs are being sold out every day. He wis a wee thing late in getting back. It seems that his coat was wandering roon wi' naeboddy inside, and that he only caught up wi' it when too late for the last train. Ye'd better mak' siccar next time, Jimmy, or ye' michtna get off sae easy.

Pat is some hand at photography. He volunteered, or rather was asked to take a picture the other day, which when developed was found to be out of focus. Now Pat says he knew it wasn't right when he took it, but that he didn't like to shift the camera. Now the point is this. Did he really know his camera wasn't properly focussed? If he did, why didn't he correct it? Colin says Pat doesn't know a thing about photography, and we—well, when you can't tell whether it is a Pipe Band or a football match,—what are you to think?

Hector, Donald Ferguson and Oor Dunc were at an officers' garden party the other day. The flower of the neighbourhood was gathered there, and even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The ladies were particularly taken up by the fine upstanding appearance of our three worthy representatives. When the time for refreshments came round three glasses were filled up, one for each of them. However, Dunc being T.T., his glass was divided between the other two, to their great satisfaction.

When in the tailor's shop the other day getting our kilts fixed we heard a certain sergeant, who shall be nameless, thanking the tailor most effusively for making such a good job of his tunic, then—a clink of money—a hurried exit—a pause—and then, the language was lurid—the atmosphere a beautiful cerulean blue. The explanation was forthcoming. The tailor had spent over four hours of his own time, and taken considerable pains to make a good job of the tunic, then to have the magnificent sum of three-pence handed him as a reward—well, you can imagine his feelings. Plain thanks would have been better.

Some people have peculiar ideas of the use of things, but the latest by Geordie Allen is the limit. He has just got a set of new teeth, and carries them around in his pocket.

Fry's COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

OF WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

HAVE WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHERS.