"WESTERN SCOTS"

(To the Tune of "Dublin Bay.")

The Western Scots, the whole damned lot, The Western Scots, the whole damned to They are going o'er to France. They will make those Germans dance Till they lose their baggy pants. Old Kaiser Bill and little Bill They will string upon a tree, And say, "Oh, Bill, just make your will, For we're going to Germanie." Sure you can have a furlough in Sure you can have a furlough in A hole just dug for two; And listen to this little song, the Scots They wrote for you:

Good-bye, old Kaiser Bill, you'd better make your will, For we are going, you see, To your late country, Germanie. We've heard it's fair to see; we're going there With hate we're bubbling for Germanie.

Oh! Colonel Ross sat on his horse,
As they marched into Berlin.
Of the girlies there were lots
Just to see those Western Scots.
Old Bill had skipped in an old airship, Of the Scots he was afraid. He'd heard the stories of the stuff The Western Scots were made. They had a two-months' furlough, And the Scotties marched along, With Misses Hun they'd lots of fun, And to them sang their song.

Good-bye, old Kaiser Bill, you'd better make your will, For we're here, you see, in your late country,

Germanie.

The country's fair to see, for we've been there to see. With hate we're bubbling for Germanie.

CORPL. GLEASON,

No. 2 Company.

S. B. SECTION

As we are usually derisively dubbed "poultice wallopers," "pill-box hustlers," etc., it was quite refreshing to observe the neat little compliment paid us in last week's issue. For such appreciation we return grateful thanks.

Prof. Ronald's good resolutions about dieting collapsed, and his belt almost gave way with last Sunday's tempting fare. He has taken to Swedish exercise with keenness, though he was overheard the other day, on the parade ground, saying softly, "Got strafe Sweden!"

It is unofficially reported that the 50th S. B. men heard of the fire the other evening, through the kindly offices of Robt. Wallace. Did anyone hear him swear?

According to the Hospital Orderly. Pte. Duncan passed most comfortable night on Saturday. Oh! you dainty pillows!

Our wounded warrior made a trip via automobile to the Jubilee Hospital last Tuesday to have his leg "X-rayed." We were all glad to learn that our M.O. had made an excellent job, and that the bones were well and truly set. Bill passes on sincerest thanks to the chauffeur for his skilful driving; indeed, the only jolt he got was leaving the Jubilee again. We see where Bill gets more visitors soon.

Ptes. Dooley, Settle, Ede and Low made quite a hit at a Hallowe'en party on Saturday. Johnny's cute little moustache claimed much attention and broke many hearts. Johnny's favorite song is, "I Try to Raise a Face to Grow a Whisker!"

We welcome to our cubicle Pte. Maysmith, druggist and ventriloquist—another star to our galaxy! Just wait till our concert!

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EXTRA!-Sergt. Burton's cat is dead! The scribe of No. I is wrong in thinking we were singing on that memorable occasion. We were merely rendering much-needed first aid to said cat. There was a speedy recovery, but the "Hymns of Hate" with which we were saluted in our cubicle, added to the crazy noise on Tuesday evening, was too much for the feline. If that cat has any more lives, we will all apply for a discharge—from No. I Building.

Did you see the amount of earth that No. 1 Company threw out in trenching on Thursday morning. Some work, and after pay day, too!