

THE SASKATCHEWAN LADS.**PLEASE TELL US.**

What consisted of "Slim's" Christmas parcel?

Who was the acting Sergeant-Major on Christmas Day between the hours of five and six o'clock?

The true definition of the "Bing Boys."

Does one belong to the Fort Williams battalion and the other to the Western Cavalry Regiment—or are there more than two?

Who is the officer (not a sub.) who is saving enough money out of his pay to get married at the end of the war?

What has the Major done with the fourth wheel of his car?

Who are the "Gold Dust" twins?

What happened to the other pages of the battalion orders on Christmas Day?

Why the Quartermaster of a certain battalion kept the top drawer of his dresser locked and what became of his beautiful Arab steed—or was it a Scrub S—?

What did Lieut. Dougal do with the Paymaster's post cards?

If a certain sub. of the Lethbridge Highlanders can tell us where Burch's Hotel is situated?

Can he find his way there in a fog?

Who the Captain is who said Folkestone Central Station was closed on a certain day a short time back.

What did he say when, on arriving at Shorncliffe station, he found he had just missed the last train home?

The names of the two officers who will be O.K. if there is ever a Yellow Peril.

Does one have a Scotch accent and does the other wear glasses?

Who is the company commander who drinks champagne in his company orderly room at nine o'clock in the morning?

Sergeant Major, on church parade—"C. of E. fall in on the right, R. C. on the left. Fancy religions fall in behind."

FROM THE SIGNALLING BASE

The "Pipes" at Lucknow.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills,
The droning of the torrent
And the treble of the rills,
Not the braes of broom and heather
Nor the mountains dark with rain
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower
Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
In the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger,
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent,
Near and nearer circles swept:
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,"
"Pray to-day," the soldier said,
"For to-morrow Death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread."

So they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hopes became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing,
Filled the pauses of their prayer;
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground—
"Dinna ye hear it, dinna ye hear it,
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
But alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy's guns,
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle crooning,
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music,
Through the visions of the seer;
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear;

She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbells' call,
Hark, hear ye no MacGregors
The grandest o' them all?"

So they listened dumb and breathless
And they caught the sound at last,
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper's blast;
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingles woman's voice and man's,
"God be praised the march of Havelock
And the piping of the Clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife;
Came the wild MacGregors clanfall,
Stinging all the air to life:
But as the far-off dustcloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely,
Those pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Rose the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war drums,
Rose that sweet and home-like strain,
And the Tartan clove and Turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
In the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear:
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch,
O'er mountain, loch, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music,
The pipes at Lucknow played.

THE POST OFFICE WANTS TO KNOW.

WHEN there's a mail from every country,
Full fifty sacks or more,
Why is it someone always shoves
His head in at the door:
And asks in accents loud and strong
(It makes the sergeant sore),
"Do you suppose that there will be
Some mail for No. 4?"

Now Boys make a point and drop right into

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