

HOOTS, MON, THE PIPERS.

Dae ye ken the music, the music o' the dells,
 The music o' the pipers that has its tale tae tell?
 It makes ye stop and listen, like yaer standin' in a trance
 It makes ye move yaer feet in the olden Scottish dance.

Hoot mon, they're a playin' and a comin' wi' a swing,
 They're comin' like the birds when the birds are on the wing.
 Just ye see the step they're takin' and they take it wi' awill,
 For they're marchin' to the music of the Heilan pipe's sweet shrill.

First ye see the Piper Major, who ye ken as Jim McLeod,
 An' the way his feet be swingin' dae ye ken that he is proud?
 Then next there're Davie Slicer and next is Billy Pow
 And both the lads will greet ye wi' the old time Heilan' bow.

Then Hosie an' McKenzie, wi' Basin on the run,
 An' then there's Jimmie Moore wi' his smile just like the sun.
 Noo look ye for the drummers, frae the Heilan' glen,
 An, such a pleasin' rattle, hoots, mon, dinna ken?

Kulbertson, McGill and Rush are comin' in a line
 Wi' Remington and Bradbury a-steppin' close behin',
 An' as they march afore us wi' that quick an' steady pace,
 Dae ye ken that we feel proud o' that noble Scottish race?

But, mon, there's somethin' lackin' in that line o' lade so brae,
 Tho' every face is smiling, there's not a heart that's gay—
 For where is Mick McGowans and bonnie David Horn,
 Both true Scottish laddies an' in the Heilan' born?

Then where is old Buchanan and smiling Heck McBeth,
 They're wi' Goldie in the trenches, courtin' German death.
 Then Smith, the drummer laddie, an' McTavish an' McLean,
 'Tis mony a day now, laddie, since their sunny smiles were seen.

'Tis said they've gone before us, gone ahead into the line,
 Where they're shootin' wi' the rifle and a layin' o' the mine.
 But soon they will rejoin us, they're comin' when they can,
 For they're the truest Scottish laddies, frae out the Hilan' clane.

PURELY PERSONAL.

For goodness' sake get Sergt. Ness transferred back to this unit. Some one has to look after Sergt. Bob Lanaway.

Sergt. Potter was acting Company Sergt.-Major in No. 4 Coy. for a few days last week. He is still wondering how it happened.

A certain orderly corporal is now taking lessons in keeping his bayonet in the scabbard.

Lieut. Farmer, in charge of the Y.M.C.A. Concerts, has been spending a few pleasant days in London. Captain Stoken also enjoyed a few extremely busy days while his assistant was away.

Pte. Gurr has been having the time of his life during the past week, trying to get his equipment clean enough to satisfy the Adjutant and R.S.M.

R.S.M. Jenkinson has been having a strenuous session with Brigade School during the past several days.

Major Hardisty is still wearing that old-time smile, which makes its appearance with the receipt of every letter.

Postal Sergeant Bayley is due for further promotion. He built the fire one morning last week.

Private, formerly Sergeant, Roberts, who recently reverted to the ranks to accept a place on the staff of the Record Office at London, has been returned to duty here. Some of the things he says about his experiences in the metropolis would sure land us in the guard house if we published them.

Former Sergt. McLeod, who transferred recently to the Motor Transport Service, was up from there Sunday saying hello to his friends in this unit. He and

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