



Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 12, 1916.

No. 391

JEWELLERS



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The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 12, 1916.

No. 39.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

The British press has published the following letter. It was written to his father by a Cambridge scholar, who when he left for the front was only twenty-one:—

"I estimate my chance of getting wounded 1 in 4, of getting killed or totally disabled at 1 in 10. These are pretty heavy averages, and I should be foolish not to go out prepared for the worst. In a sense, therefore, I count myself already dead.

* * * * *

"Wear no mourning for me if I am killed; if I die, I die gladly. I have lived longer than many, and life has been very good. Pleasures innumerable, sweet and high and pure, have surrounded me all my days. I have learnt to take delight in the greatest works of man, in music and literature and art. I have had strength to follow the hard road of learning, in its austere track, to that deep valley of humiliation where all the mighty scroll of human knowledge dwindles down to an ill-formed question mark, and whence coming no one ever again thinks that he knows anything in the whole wide world.

* * * * *

"All that I have asked of life I have had; I am well content to die whenever it is demanded. And if not death but something worse should fall—well, I am prepared. The only thing I fear at all is the loss of both hands or total blindness. Both of these are improbable contingencies.

* * * * *

"Well, that risk had to be faced before I enlisted. Was I or was I not prepared to enter on life as a blind man? You know how I answered that question. The cause is worth even that sacrifice. And I have had so pleasant a life heretofore that even if the rest of it is to be passed in darkness the balance will be on the side of pleasure."

* * * * *

We are not told what has been the fate of this noble fellow, but what a wealth of meaning there is in what he wrote. It is a terrible thing that war should demand such a sacrifice, but what a great thing it is that men as gifted as he should be ready to give up everything for the cause of human liberty. How paltry such a letter makes the small issues which disturb us here seem.

—Victoria Colonist.

DAILY NEWS CABLE.

OTTAWA, JUNE 27, 1916.

Col. C. C. Ballantyne, of Montreal, is raising the 245th Battalion.

* * * * *

Inspector French, with three constables of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, are leaving for the Arctic Circle, in order to continue the search for the Esquimaux murderers. It will be remembered that Ridford and Street were murdered two years ago.

* * * * *

A statement from the bank shows that the Canadian Savings Deposits have increased 73,000,000 dollars since May last.

* * * * *

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught leaves for inspection of troops. His first visit will be at Petawawa Camp.

* * * * *

The gross earnings for all the Canadian railways for the first week of June show an increase of 44.6 per cent., as compared with the corresponding week of 1915.

Personal News in the Orders.

Transfers:—The following men have been transferred to the 51st Battn. C.E.F.:—

102582—Pte. A. McNaught.
102667—Pte. D. Scales.
102991—Pte. R. Boardley.
102842—Pte. A. Wallach.
102550—Pte. L. McMillan.
102881—Pte. A. L. Bryan.
102830—Pte. W. Lucas.
102373—Pte. W. Corkish.
102393—Pte. J. Nelson.
102435—Pte. J. Dineen.
102346—Pte. F. T. Kirby.
103354—Pte. W. W. Fisher.
103409—Sergt. A. Peacock.
102651—Pte. F. J. Parks.

The following man has been granted permission by the Officer Commanding to marry at date 5/7/16:—

102376—Lce.-Corpl. A. Ronald, Stretcher Bearer Section.

To be Acting Sergeant at date 3/7/16:—

102334—Acting Corpl. O. Massey, "B" Co.

To be Acting Corporal at date 3/7/16:—

103182—Pte. F. S. Feddern, "B" Co.

The following is the result of the Bombing Course held at Bramshott from 3/5/16 to 11/5/16:—

Major Meredith-Jones	95
Major S. D. Armour	95
102061—Cpl. W. J. McLaughlin, "A" Co.	85
102334—Sgt. O. Massey, "B"	86
103135—Pte. L. L. Dorais, "C"	69
103015—Pte. W. R. Foster, "D"	98

The following man is confirmed in the rank of Sergeant:—

102409—Acting B.S.M. A. E. Haines.

The undermentioned Officer, N.C.O.'s and men who attended the Divisional Signalling Course from June 5-24, 1916, qualified as under:—

First Class:—	Lieut. F. J. Gary.
Distinguished:—	102178—Sergt. E. E. Kendall, Sig. Sec.
First Class:—	102080—Cpl. J. Boyd
	103420—Lce.-Cpl. J. D. Sloan
	103244—Cpl. S. G. Moore
	103270—Pte. B. H. Swiler
Second Class:—	103378—Pte. S. G. Lawrence
	102652—Lce.-Cpl. A. C. Haynes,

ADVENTURES OF OUR PADDY.

HALIFAX, N.S., June 1/16.

"I went to the steamship office, and was informed that it is absolutely necessary for you to secure from the health authorities in England a permit for the dog, as no dogs will be accepted by the steamship office without a permit from the proper authorities. After you get this send it to me and I will arrange shipment. The fare by C.P.R. boats is five pounds to Liverpool, but I will probably be able to get him through for less by sending him in care of a steward or some minor official. It will be unnecessary to cable; just drop me a line and I will send him on.

"I lost him in Halifax for a week: had all the cops and all officers of different regiments on the lookout, and found him at the citadel minus his collar. I bought another one for him just as good." (Signed) F. A. GRAHAM.

Re "Paddy," part of letter written by F. A. Graham, Halifax, N.S., to J. E. Graham, 67th Pioneers.

The Western Scot.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
IN THE INTERESTS OF
THE 67th PIONEER BATTALION
"WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA,
4th Canadian Division, B.E.F.
(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

Office of Publication: Orderly Room.

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C. L. ARMSTRONG, Lieut.	Editor.
A. A. GRAY, Lieut.	Assistant Editor.
Sergeant R. L. CONDY	Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12TH, 1916.

AN IMPRESSION.

From more than one quarter since the royal review on Dominion Day has come the assurance that the 4th Canadian Division made a favourable impression upon his Majesty the King, and also upon Lord French. What is even more pleasing to us as a Battalion is the repeated asseveration that we did particularly well in a good division. Of course we are not gullible enough to accept all such statements without a wide margin of reserve; nevertheless it is cheering to know that we were regarded favourably, and it is to be hoped that in the difficult and serious work that lies ahead of us, we shall do all that is expected of us, and be all that those who look to us expect us to be.

PRAISES WESTERN SCOTS.

In the course of a comprehensive descriptive story of the King's review of the 4th Canadian Division at Hankley Common on Dominion Day, the "Daily Mail" of July 3 says, under the caption "Western Giants":—

"The guns led the parade. Then came the Pioneers and Infantry Battalions. The physique of many of the men was amazing. Spectators could have sworn that in one half-company, four out of every five were over six feet high and broad in proportion.

"Take for example the 67th Battalion, the Pioneers, the first of the infantry to march past the King. They are husky Western Giants from Vancouver Island. Last September Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross issued an appeal for a new battalion of a distinctive kind. He wanted none but out-door men, lumber-jacks, miners, rivermen, hunters of wild game and the like. So many volunteered that he could take his pick. His battalion wears the Douglas Tartan, in honour of Sir James Douglas, the great fighting Governor of Vancouver Island, and Sir James's powder horn, which he used against the Indians, is their mascot. Frank Slavin, the pugilist, serves in the ranks of the Pioneers. He is a first-class soldier, although no longer young, and everyone likes him."

AFTER THE WAR.

We have been hoping for some weeks past to publish an article from the pen of Mr. Freer, the very capable Editor of *FALL IN*, on the Aims of the Brotherhood of Khaki. This gentleman has been so very busy that it has taken him all his time to do the necessary work in connection with his own paper, and we have to wait a little longer for the promised article.

Meanwhile we want the men of the Battalion to "think ahead." We Canadians under Expeditionary Battalion numbers after the war will probably cease to exist. Take

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an Imperial Regiment. Years ago, this Regiment was formed, and has honours on its flag and some honours on its uniform, and every man joining is told these, and the Battalion goes on war or peace, and men belonging to them get an "esprit de corps" that we shall not have. Those Canadians who have gone before have made a name for themselves, and while we shall as a whole receive credit, the special Battalions, having served in certain well-known battles, pass out of existence, and the deeds they have done get confused with others. Their records, being looked after by someone who is not specially interested in that Battalion, will not get the prominence they would do if looked after as an Imperial Battalion looks after its own. If these Battalions were not disbanded, of course everything would run smoothly. Two suggestions have been made. A paper to be published for all. Another for the Government to build premises at the centres where the Battalions were raised; each Battalion to have its own suite of rooms. Records and trophies to be kept there under charge of some late member of the Battalion. These buildings will serve admirable purposes. A memorial, containing the records of Battalions raised in that district, to which the citizens of the district can point with pride; and assembly rooms to which each member of a Battalion can go and take his friends, and show them the records of the Battalion to which he had the honour to belong.

Now our records are being carefully kept for us by those who have the interests of the Battalion very deeply at heart. At the end of the war they will not only make interesting reading, but will form a record that every man of the Battalion will be anxious to have in his possession. Do you men of the Western Scots realize what it will mean to have a complete file of the *WESTERN SCOT* in your possession? We just want to remind you that, although the paper is merely interesting now, afterwards by you and your families it will be very greatly prized.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

We note with regret that the O.C. has gone from our midst for a few days' sick leave, and sincerely hope that he will come back much benefited and ready for the arduous tasks which he, his fellow officers and men of the Battalion have now before them.

* * * *

Those tasks are no longer of the mirage variety, but are now looming up ahead of us in stern reality. As the faithful mariner and his crew returning safely from a long sea voyage see the homeland on the horizon as in a mist, excitement runs high; so with us, we note as the days go by the various incidents which point to the goal for which we have looked forward so long.

* * * *

The circular letters, rules of instructions, Army Council details, etc., upon the office walls are now being replaced by large maps, showing the various methods of trench workings and dug-outs, the intricacies of which are most confounding to the uninitiated. Very shortly we may safely expect these to be replaced by maps of greater significance, showing the fair landscapes of La Belle France, or that fairer province of Alsace Loraine, the retaking of which is very dear to the Frenchman's heart.

* * * *

Yesterday evening saw the completing of the Battalion transport section, with a complement of forty-nine mules and eight draught horses. Such incidents as these tend to make our hearts glad and rejoice that the goal is drawing near.

* * * *

We miss our two braw Scotsmen, Sandy and Archie, who are going through their musketry course at the Longmore ranges. We wish them luck and fair weather, and may that much-talked-of sand and wind not deter them from becoming good shots, nor disturb their temperaments?

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

The late occupants of No. 4 Tent of the Scout and Sniper Section, now returned to their former love, have noted the remarks that the design in front of their tent is described as "plainness of design." With all due respect to the would-be critic, we would point out that the said "plainness of design" was executed by the said occupants, and not by the hired hands who have received "honourable mention" by the paragraph, and furthermore is in strict conformity with the book—therefore a flower-bed was not laid out. We think Sergt. Copping must have a lien on the two geranium plants outside Tent No. 1, as they are still permitted to remain in the line!

* * * *

"Parting is such bitter sorrow." Battn. Order No. 455 put an end to the "Scout and Sniper" Section for the time being. Those men from "A" Company returned to their Company with mixed feelings. They were sorry to leave the able leadership of Lieut. Marsden (in passing we wish him the best of luck in his illness and a speedy and complete recovery), and the company of William and his beloved instruments. It must have been with feelings of remorse that he returned all the instruments of torture to the Battn. Q.M. Stores. Particularly so would this be the case with the Range-finder. William and the Range-finder were as brothers, and the Scouts sometimes wondered whether Will was not part of the instrument itself, he was so attached to it.

* * * *

The C.O. paid a welcome (to us) visit to the Mess Room at breakfast recently.

* * * *

'Tis evident that the various courses of instruction taken by the men of this Battn. unearths much latent talent, for we are informed by one of the "graduates" of the Sanitary Section that he learned not only the practical, but the *theatrical* side. As the divine Scout William hath it, "cut out the comedy."

The Scout and Sniper Section (now deceased) have gained no little fame for the manner in which they can disguise the beauty of the human form, but the day surely arrived on the 30th ult. when they were to be seen careering along through Hindhead in every style of clothes, head-dress, and footwear issued by the Q.M., with the exception of overshoes and kilts, to the evident amusement of the natives, who doubtless appreciated the effort at masquerading and facial expression (without grease paints).

* * * *

Welcome to the 4th Division.

* * * *

The White Horse boys in No. 1 Platoon were sure pleased to see the Dawson contingent quartered so close to them. It makes the Yukon seem thousands of miles nearer, and the fellowship that is quite unexplainable to chechakos, exists in a most affectionate way. Many a happy re-union has taken place this last few days; which makes one long to return to the land of the Midnight Sun as soon as we have accomplished what we all enlisted for. The boys all intend to blaze a good trail, and God help the Huns that are in the way!

* * * *

The efficiency of the men of "A" Company from its infancy to present maturity is shown by the number of men employed as below, which speaks for itself, in carrying on the important work of the battalion. Though transfers have occurred from time to time from one detail to another, the fact remains the same, "A" Company is predominant. Sergt. W. Young, Stenographer to O.C.

Act.-Sergt. A. R. Graves,	} Battn. Ord. Room Clerical Staff.
Act.-Sergt. A. A. Cannon (of poetic fame),	
Act.-Sergt. H. S. Rourke,	
Act.-Sergt. R. L. Condy, Records of Battalion, Record Office, London, and Business Manager of Western Scot.	

Act.-Sergt. T. A. Bayley, attached to Pay Office, London.	
Act.-Sergt. L. W. Railton, Battalion Postman.	
Sergt. R. M. MacMaster, Battalion Cook.	
Sergt. F. A. Halhed, Armourer.	

* * * *

DEAR TOM,—Great doings since my last letter. We have been received by the King himself! Rising at 5 a.m., breakfast at 6, we got away at 7. A march of seven miles or so brought us to an ideal inspection ground, a natural amphitheatre. There were thousands of troops, but the most remarkable to me were the artillery. How many guns I cannot say, they stretched away over a hill out of sight. It made me realise what preparation is needed for a war like this when such an enormous amount of men and material is needed for one division alone. The King and staff rode up and down the front of the massed battalions, and as I was in the front I had a good view of him. When I thought that for him as representative of the British Empire these thousands of splendid troops, the manhood of Canada, had come so far I felt proud of being a Britisher. When he looked at us I threw out my chest (it's only 32, but I've got a 38 tunic and that makes up for it!) and he seemed quite pleased. The artillery went by first, then we followed in column of half-companies, and I must say our company made a splendid showing and marched past like veterans.

* * * *

We got back about 4 o'clock after a really enjoyable day. The Colonel told us we had made a good impression. You will see by the papers what a fine Battalion we are. We have been told this so many times that we are beginning to believe it.

* * * *

I find my duties as lance-corporal quite strenuous at times. It seems to me a lance-corporal is the most useful man in the company—that is, they make the most use of him. I don't know how long it will take me to become a sergeant. At the present rate of progress it will take just

two years and three months, so I'm afraid I shan't get there during *this* war. It seems also that a sergeant must have a fairly good moustache.

* * * *

Now comes the real thing. Being pioneers "A" and "C" companies were called out to improve an entrenched position. Pioneers work at night. So at 9.30 p.m. after a light supper we moved out of our billets. Our objective was some four miles away. Silently through the night we marched and with all due caution moved up a long communication trench and spread out to our allotted tasks. Mine was to cut a fire step. That is a place for the men to stand on when firing, as the trenches were too deep to see over the parapet.

* * * *

The enemy were quite quiet and were some little distance off, and only by a flash now and then of a signal lamp were we made aware of their presence. We pegged away as silently as possible, the silence of the night being disturbed only by an occasional cough, the tap of a mallet by the wiring party away out in front, and the swish of the gravel and earth from the shovels and the thud of the dirt as it fell. The walls had fallen in at places and these had to be built up, it seemed the result of shell fire. The sergeants fearlessly exposed themselves walking up and down the parapets directing the work in low tones. Dug-outs were improved, and bombers' shelters, and the machine gun men were pushing on a big job. I went to see the work they had tunnelled down by steps over 20 feet deep from the communicating trench and also from the front trench, and where the passages met they are excavating a chamber for their gun, so that when the shell fire is heavy they can retire with their gun into safety below. When the enemy advance and the shell fire ceases, they rush up, mount the gun on the parapet and sweep away the attacking force. I think that a "nicky" dodge, don't you?

* * * *

We worked hard, and just before dawn filed back as silently as we had come. Fortunately the enemy remained quiet and we withdrew without losing a man, a very creditable performance. It was a lovely night and we returned to our billets rather sleepy but happy at the thought that we had done another little bit of *our training!* We go bombing next, then engineering, but that must follow next time.

* * * *

HAPPENINGS.

What score did you make.

Pte. P. (not English): I make-a de two insides and de two bagpipes!

* * * *

NOT IN THE DRILL BOOK.

Officer about to examine rifles: "For inspection. Present arms!"

* * * *

S.M. of — Co. (not "A" Company): "Company, Stand to! Unpile! *pick up arms!*"

* * * *

The orderly officer at Whitehill one day found the guard without bayonets on and a few more things that ought not to have been. (It was not a 67th guard.) After these irregularities had been remedied, he proceeded to lecture them on the condition they were in. "Suppose now," he said "an air raid were made, what could you do without your bayonets on?"

* * * *

We greatly regret that Lieut. Marsden is on the sick list, and trust he will rapidly recover.

Despite the cold and backward spring, reports are to hand that the western crop is favourable; the grain is well-rooted and with the good weather of the past fortnight is making quick growth.

* * * *

C. C. James, C.M.G., Federal Commissioner of Agriculture and formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, died suddenly at St. Catharines.

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

A lance-corporal went into the shoemakers' shop the other day, and the following conversation was heard:—

Lance-Corporal: "Have you any shoes mended yet?"

Shoemaker Sergeant: "What is the name?"

Lance-Corporal: "Mendham."

Shoemaker Sergeant: "Yes, sure, we mend 'em!"

* * * *

One of our boys is in a terrible predicament. He wants to send a picture of the Platoon, also last Monday's "Daily Mail," but he doesn't know which slings the hatchet best.

* * * *

Heard in Orderly Room:—

Sergeant-Major (looking over roll-book): "What is Stafford?"

Sergeant Massey: "Large manufacturing town."

* * * *

Private Aitchinson has just received a letter from his brother, who has been at the Front since the war broke out. He gives a few points which will be very useful. The first, you must have the instinct of a rabbit; the cuteness of a sewer rat; and a skin like a macintosh.

* * * *

Sergeant C. received a letter the other evening from the War Office. On being asked what it was, he replied that it was his pension for the Boer War. "Were you wounded?" "Yes, eighteen times, and I get a £1 for each wound!"

* * * *

Our old friend, Happy Barr, is a man of all trades. He has offered himself to fill the position of the mule that was struck off the strength.

* * * *

The boys of "B" Company would like to know from "D" Company, who is Annita? Also where is the usual place?

* * * *

Heard in Sergeants' room:—

"Oh/h——! I have written three letters, and posted the writing-pad instead of the letters."

"In luck to-night, boys! Have to go to the trenches, but won't have to clean brasses, as it will be dark!"

* * * *

Two of our boys were that pleased at seeing the King last Saturday that they went up to "The Smoke" at night to celebrate. Didn't care how much they spent, as it cost them 8s. 6d. for a taxi to get to their Hotel, and 4d. for a room.

* * * *

About a week ago a certain private went out of his hut during the night to see what the weather was like, and when he returned he found that his bed was occupied. Not liking to disturb the sleeper, he went out and in several times, and came to the conclusion that the hut had turned around; and he was found some time later running at high speed in his bare feet trying to get into the hut at the proper end before it turned round again.

* * * *

Boys, it was a great day Saturday last, and it is not given to everyone of us to see such a sight in a lifetime. The whole 4th Canadian Division was on its mettle. It seemed to me, and I wonder if it did to you, that the thought in His Majesty's mind as he made his inspection was to show to us one and all the titular head of the British Empire; and also, don't forget it, one of the hardest-working men for the Empire. God bless him! We did well, and while we may flatter ourselves that we did so, it was only what was expected, and we must not let our conceit run away with us. Anyway, we showed that there are still more men of Canada who are only too willing to do our "bit" for the Empire we love so well.

* * * *

Our new issue of clothing may leave something for criticism, but they at least clothe us.

* * * *

Congratulations to Corporal Massey and Private Feddern on their promotions. May they make good at their new jobs.

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Our first try out at night work turned out very successfully. We were set to dig a communication trench, between the hours of darkness and dawn, approximately four hours. The first relief worked for an hour, and were then relieved by the remainder of the company, who in turn worked an hour. Many were the strange things that occurred there in the darkness.

* * * *

Once Pte. Richards, industriously sinking his own particular stretch of trench, felt something more solid than usual in the bottom of the trench, which he could not move with his shovel; he asked Pte. Dinsdale to pass him the pick, as there was a stone that he wanted to loosen.

* * * *

In the act of passing the pick, Pte. Dinsdale felt something tugging and grovelling at his feet, and discovered, just in the nick of time, that the particular "stone" Pte. Richards intended to loosen was his own beloved foot. But in the darkness the mistake was excusable.

* * * *

Another ambitious pioneer started off on a sapping expedition of his own, with the result that there was left an overhanging of earth, which, our instructors inform us, is very dangerous in the construction of a communication trench. But the main thing is that the trench was finished when the first signs of dawn began to make their appearance.

* * * *

Oh! you machine gun section. "Some" emplacement you built at the head of aforesaid trench. As a site for bringing down stray aeroplanes that might be hovering about, it was a masterpiece, but for getting an enemy approaching along the trench it was useless. Better luck next time.

* * * *

Many are the styles that Bugler McGlaulin has of arising in the morning. Sometimes he gracefully slides out on the right, other mornings it is on the left. Blankets and bed-boards usually accompany him as he does this morning practice, thanks to an esteemed corporal of the hut.

* * * *

Why sigh for Chemanieus, you fellows of No. 10 Platoon? There will be still plenty of clams left to dig when you return. You will be still able to see the same old train come in and depart. And the same old mill will still be working. So cheer up, and all will be O.K.

* * * *

Who says our brass band is not long-winded? If doubtful, refer to the march past of the Artillery at the recent inspection, and make a few inquiries which band played during the march past, which took somewhere in the neighbourhood of forty minutes.

* * * *

Pte. Fat Wallach startled the 9th the other night when he asserted in a muffled voice from under his sulphurous canopy—*i.e.* his army henskins—that, "That was not in his at-tit-tissuee papers." Later it was discovered that it wasn't the sulphur which had upset his olfactory organ, but that he referred to his "attestation papers." Pte. W. has been in the U.S.A. Army, and we wonder if it was only a new "Americanism." Even so, the U.S. Army is not to be sneezed at.

* * * *

Pte. Thorton is a very wise dog, in fact quite an intelligent canine, who answers smartly to the nick-names of "Silver-tip" or "Tank." It has been calculated that he absorbs more tobacco than any other man in His Majesty's Forces. By way of taking "refreshment," as he is pleased to call it, he pulls out a few yards of "cat-twist" and takes a snack of three inches at intervals of fifteen minutes. It makes an excellent filling for hollow teeth, he asserts, and is so much more economical and tasty than gold. Watch his smile!

* * * *

If there should be a debating society formed in camp, let us offer Pte. McIlvride as a probable starter. He "can" talk, and has been known to debate about nothing for one

hour by the clock. He has a partner in his next door neighbour "Irish Dickson." However, they lost out when they tried to prove that "O.O." was "nothing" to Frank Porter. The latter would not be convinced, although he admitted that it might be so, to those who liked milk, but talking for himself, it was "dashed good whusky, old timer-r-r."

* * * *

An appreciation:—Pte. Hippo Harrison, the blue-eyed bouncing boy from Yorkshire, has two attributes by which he may claim distinction. The first of these is the remarkable constitution of his stomach. Ye Gods, any ostrich would give its most expensive tail feathers to be the proud possessor of such a hardy organ. In the nine months he has been in the Battalion, not once have weird concoctions given him cause for the slightest complaint. It was a sad blow to his ardent group of admirers when he refused to eat "jaundiced" rice. "Wall," says he, "it wouldn't hurt my digestion, but it would burn my mouth before I could swallow it." His second claim to fame is the fact that in all his career he has never been known to buy a box of matches. We understand that he is saving up to get married, but he is very reticent on the subject. Be that as it may, the only sums he is known to spend go on an occasional packet of "Woodbines," which he buys just to keep up his appearance of affluence. Such devotion in one so young is to be commended, and arrangements are under way for a flag day to be given for his benefit.

* * * *

The Battalion is to be congratulated on the fact that when the boys have a legitimate kick to make, and that same is delivered to the proper quarters, complete satisfaction is forthcoming. The boys were highly pleased with the substantial fare dished out in lieu of "curry-ous" mixture served up after a long day in the trenches on the 6th inst.

* * * *

A public man once bought a yacht
And sailed on it one day.
A German "sub" torpedoed it
And blew that boat away.
The doughty owner drew his pen
As he the water smote,
And sent unto "Unholy Bill"
Another little note.

R.P.

Toronto has now raised 29,000 recruits.

* * * *

Quebec and Guelph, after giving the Daylight Saving scheme a trial, have reverted to standard time.

* * * *

Four platoons of Russians have been raised in Toronto battalions.

* * * *

Sherring, former marathon champion, has enlisted with the Hamilton Tiger Battalion.

* * * *

Camp Borden will be open on July 15. 40,000 troops will be stationed there.

* * * *

It is announced that the Duke of Devonshire will become the new Governor-General of Canada.

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"D" COMPANY.

We have noticed a change in badges worn by the C.S.M.'s of our battalion, and we are very pleased to note that they have now got their warrant rank.

* * * *

Who was the corporal who halted the rear end of a party last week, and wanted to know if they were a working party?

* * * *

Everybody enjoyed the outing to the trenches beyond Grayshott the other night, but there were more "cuss" words used that night than can be found in the English vocabulary. The most flagrant offenders were those of the "wiring" party. It sure was some job to see where you were getting off at; nevertheless, all the work was "pulled off" in time, notwithstanding the fact of a big downpour of rain.

* * * *

The "Colonist" has been printing some little extracts from the WESTERN SCOT, especially about the doings of some of our unsophisticated members.

* * * *

"C" Company has shown that there is one man who can write poetry, and he is 102954 Pte. T. R. Now, "T.R.," you call at Hut 27 and see Pte. Stacey and receive your prize.

* * * *

Say, fellows, how does the Gorge look to you now? Then a little trip to Tighe and Wheeler's for a good square. Not ham and—you know, but the real stuff.

* * * *

Pte. Carlisle has been all "fed up" this week as he has been doing his little bit in the cook-house. He says it takes a diplomat to handle the job. Well, we will see what can be done about the matter.

* * * *

"Mac" Pimlott's leg is coming around nicely now, and by the time this issue is off the press he will be on parade once more.

* * * *

Pte. Binks was on duty for the last time before going home to England on leave when he saw a big bald-headed German approaching his post. "Halt, who comes there?" shouted Binks.

"I'm a Prussian officer come to surrender."

Binks: "Well, you go back and get your helmet. I am going on pass next week."

* * * *

Pte. J. Brown, of 13 Platoon, had an accident last week, and we were very glad to see him around again none the worse for his little experience.

* * * *

It is hereby stated on behalf of the men of "D" Company that we have won the Battalion Cup for shooting and are not a bit nervous in defending it at any time.

* * * *

Pte. Berry is now back on the job once again. He does not look any the worse for his little experience of a week or so ago, but he has not "set" them up yet, and the canteen is open at certain hours daily.

* * * *

Well, the 67th Battalion wiring party won second prize at the sports, and the members of the party are now 1s. 6d. richer.

* * * *

There certainly was a great crowd at the divisional sports held on July 2.

* * * *

Officer: "Why do you always aim at six o'clock?"

"Because it is often too dark at seven o'clock," replied Pte. X., after some hesitation.

Ottawa Lacrosse team defeated Cornwall by 11—7. Shamrocks beat Nationals by 9—2.

* * * *

Sir Wilfred Laurier is suffering from a slight attack of neuralgia.

POT-POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

When visiting the Big Smoke, it is well to be careful not to use the platoon whistle as a taxi-hail. It has been tried and the results are too sensational to warrant its general adoption.

* * * *

Every member of the mess rejoices that one of our most popular brother officers—Maurice M. Marsden—is now on the road to recovery from a serious illness. France would be no place at all if Matey weren't with us.

* * * *

The reference to the 67th as "Western Giants" by "The Daily Mail" has fired the imaginations of all ranks. On a recent route march, one of our game little shorties, about four-feet two-and-a-half, was swaggering along quite oblivious of the step, when a husky-voiced sergeant checked him with: "Hey, you—little giant, get into step!"

* * * *

John Perks was laid up for a day or so last week with a badly-strained foot, the result of a slight accident when boarding a 'bus. We hope that long before this in is type, he will be on the job again. Fortunately his accident has not prevented him from issuing the usual monthly messing statements. Everyone was pleased about that.

* * * *

P. Mackintosh—he o' Mackintosh, ye ken—was canoodling a few days syne, when a wee bit snag gied the canoodle gar squinty an' Pether spent some hours by the fire

DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN.

There was great consternation in the baun last week when some wag started a rumour that the Pipe-Major was in "jile." The baun paraded en masse under McLean Angus, but trouble was saved by the appearance of Wullie, who was greatly puzzled for a while to understand what the commotion was about.

* * * *

The Pipe-Major said the step o' the baun was not up to the mark on a recent route march, and ascribed it to Chairlie having lost his "pep." Chairlie, however, asserted that the Pipe-Major's ploughman step was the cause.

* * * *

It's just a year ago since a certain high personage in the baun played the "Cock o' the North" at \$3.50 per minute in Seattle.

* * * *

There is hope for the pipe baun home-wrecker yet. Geordie Leslie has returned to duty, and a noticeable improvement is looked for.

* * * *

Hae ye heard aboot the "cornkister"? By the time this appears it will be a' by an' deen wi', as Crunluath Mack would say.

SCOUTS AND SNIPERS.

We have decided to collect the sayings of a certain sergeant in the S. & S. section and give them publicity from time to time in the WESTERN SCOT. As our readers will be able to judge for themselves, these gems of gentle satire and wit ought not to be withheld from the rest of the battalion:—

"Excuse is no ignorance."

"Beds will be placed outside the tents before réveillé."

"Don't get cushy or you will do the high-jump to the guard-room."

"Trigger-pulling means pressing the trigger."

"You fellows ought to study the psychology of the prismatic compass."

* * * *

Life in the Army is supposed to be hard. Is this so? Since we first joined up we have found it a regular bean-feast.

KILTS IN CLONMEL.

The ticket collector never took my ticket : that was the first intimation I had.

* * * *

Then when I jumped upon the side-car to drive home the jarvey said : " Would yer honour like the rug for yer knees ? " As the day was roasting hot, " his honour " didn't. When the jarvey asked 4s. for a 2s. drive I thought I must at least *look* like a Scotsman ! I told him I was no " towerist," but was brought up in the South of Ireland ; and eventually we compromised for half-a-crown.

* * * *

But the fiery cross had gone round, and the first time I showed my nose in public I was met by an advance guard of ten curious children *waiting*, if you please, to see the " High-Lanther." Inside of half an hour the ten had increased to a hundred (the Irish are terrible people for " childer "). Fortunately they kept at a reasonable distance ; but even then it was embarrassing, particularly as one could hear the comments not only of the children but the women. Blinds were drawn aside, doors opened, and bonnie blue-eyed girls giggled.

* * * *

" Run, Mickey, run quick ! lave ye see the High-Lanther ! " .

* * * *

" Hurry wesht the shtreet now, Dinny, and ye'll catch another glimpse of himself."

* * * *

" Wisha, my God ! Isn't it a fright ! " .

* * * *

" He must be cowl ! " .

* * * *

" Does he wear annything benathe thim ? " .

* * * *

" Neragh hould ye'er whisht, Mrs. Cronin : he'll hear ye."

* * * *

" Glory be to God ! But thim Scotchmen is quare entoirely."

* * * *

The next day I wore trews.

" SABAIID."

" A Victorious Fight to a Finish."

We win the fight, so fear not Death,
We battle for a principle, a cause.
With sinking body, fading breath,
Still press ye on without a pause—

" Sabaid."

* * * *

Struggling hand to hand, or, like a beast,
Snarling and biting—" seeing red "—
Glorying in brute strength and ghoulish feast,
Till finally we kill—" He's dead !

Sabaid."

* * * *

Count not the lives of comrades lost,
Who come not back from out the strife.
They gave their all—nor counted cost
In Death, they've justified their life.

" Sabaid."

* * * *

When at the last our aims are ended ;
Our hopes, our aspirations all attained,
Minds at rest, and bodies mended,
We'll say—halt, blind and maimed—

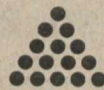
" Sabaid."

And if in this never-ending gluttony of blood,
You find your death, from Hand on High—
A grain of sand to stem a flood—
Exulting to the last, still cry

" Sabaid."

C. B. SCHREIBER, Capt.

There is a considerable increase in Canada's trade for the months of April and May, showing a total of 284,000,000 dollars, or nearly double for the same period of 1915.



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TAPS AND ROLLS.

FRAE THE PIPE BAUN.

One of the Baun who has travelled extensively in the course of his reminiscences the other evening said that he had been in Switzerland, and that whilst there he visited the ancient town of Athens, and had a walk round the Rock of Gibraltar the same day. Can you beat it?

Who was the member of the Baun who was the cause of the young lady losing her home in London?

The Baun extends a hearty welcome tae Geordie Leslie, who we're gled to see back wi' us again. We hope you'll sin be able tae tak' yer place in the front rank. We have missed ye sairly. It's a guid thing we're no in Victoria or the Italian Quarter would sure catch it. What price the Savoy Rooms, Geordie?

We wondered where the chief "Colin Dhu" was gaun the ither nicht, when we saw oor Wullie takin' him along bi the haun in the direction o' the officers' quarters, but from his beaming countenance and the heavenly smell o' his breath, he must hae been gettin' a tonic.

The marriage microbe has attacked our hut, and we are afraid that should any more of our members contract the disease, the doctor will have to quarantine the hut.

The Pipe Baun should receive a bonus frae the County Council for assisting the steam road roller to fix the road between here and Grayshott. We've bin ower it often enough. That tars awfu' sticky.

Dunc is hard to satisfy. Satiated with the pleasures of London, he has decided to go further afield. This time his destination is Borstal, and we are in a quandary whether to wire the mayor or the police that he is coming. We wonder what the attraction is.

Talking about Dunc it is a toss up whether he or Wyoming Brown has the greatest number of lady admirers to their credit. Personally we will back Dunc every time.

The Rauchabite Society is going strong. Three more members of the Baun have joined up, and Jimmy, oor chief, hopes to have an influx of new members before pay day, as he won't vouch for them after that date.

Chairlie is gradually regaining his strength after his strenuous time over the wedding festivities. He receives one letter per day, which seems to act as a wonderful tonic. Beecham's Pills are not in it.

Wee Airthur, the infant phenomenon, is haunting the Post Office every spare moment in the hope of receiving a billet doux frae London. We wonder if he thinks the lassie has nothing else to dae bit write tae him.

Smoky has developed a very argumentative disposition of late. He argues that "Bobby Walker" is King of Scotland, whilst "Pat" argues that "Jimmy Quinn" is the real king. At present honours are even, and we await the conclusion of the debate with interest. The betting is 2 to 1 on Pat.

Halo tillicum to Sandy frae Pritchard. When asked why his girl didn't write him he said she couldn't write English. Oh you smoked salmon.

Battling Nelson hasn't been feeling very good lately. We hope his kilt will arrive soon, so that he will be able to parade with the baun and get a little exercise.

We understand that the shoemakers and staff are working overtime repairing the boots of our brother musicians in the Brass Band. They must be doing a lot of walking lately. We wonder how Macaulay stans it.

When in Victoria we used to note that in passing any of the schools, Chairlie was always there with the fine twirl o' his sticks. Of late he slams in the double taps every time he sees a member of the fair sex. Whit's cam' ower ye, Chairlie?

We have a fine bunch of debaters in the Pioneers; but, unfortunately, they always commence their debates after lights out. The subject varies from the Peg to the curl on Bill Shearman's moustache. From the sparks that fly around you would imagine you were in the village smithy.

THE CHIPPENDALE TWINS.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

The Recreation Room is increasingly popular among the men. The writing facilities are used to the utmost, and the writing paper and envelopes supplied free by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. are made good use of by the men. The room is crowded each evening, some of the men writing letters, others playing games, and some singing around the piano. The Battalion emblem, beautifully executed by Pte. Geo. Moore, which adorns one of the walls, attracts a good deal of attention, and the Bulletin board, on which the war news is written each day, proves interesting.

Through the medium of the "Western Scot," we wish to thank Mrs. Beveridge, of "Pitfold," for her weekly contribution of flowers. Eight vases of flowers give the beautiful room a homelike appearance. She also very kindly loaned us three large plants. Sergt. Johnstone, of the Scout Section, procured two geraniums from Mrs. Beveridge. These plants grace the front of his tent.

Col. Ross, our Commanding Officer, very kindly gave us permission to form a Battalion Y.M.C.A., himself consenting to act as Hon. President. To that end a general organization meeting was called by means of Battalion Orders. The meeting was held in the games room, and the election resulted as follows:—Hon. President, Lieut.-Col. Ross; President, Pte. B. H. Wallace; Vice-President, L.-Sergt. Redgrave; Secretary, Sergt. H. S. Young.

Our weekly teas held in the Y.M.C.A. Hut, No. 3, are proving very popular. Last week forty-four attended, and this week fifty gathered around the table.

Pte. Wallace, President of the Battalion Y.M.C.A., presided and made a very acceptable chairman. After tea those present were delighted with a programme of songs, recitations, and mouth organ selections, arranged by Pte. T. Dick, chairman of the Social Committee. Capt. Horn, one of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries in camp, also spoke. These teas are held weekly, and are open to anyone in the Battalion, but unfortunately there is only room for fifty.

The library of 400 books has been unavoidably delayed. The secretary has gone to London to attend to it.

Sergt. Young, through the Canadian Y.M.C.A., has supplied the Sergeants' Mess with a dart board, a game of wall quoits, one set of chess, three sets of checkers, and six packs of playing cards.

SPORTS.

Two games of baseball have been played this last week. The first was played against the Canadian Army Pay Corps under very unfavourable weather conditions. We again came out with the lead. The score was 12—2. Our second game was with the 47th Batt., and was much the better game. Although a few of our star players were missing, we put up a good game, and lost by the narrow margin of 10—8. Cothrin came through with a home run in the fifth: he tossed a good ball for three innings, our old redoubtable "Yammy" pitching the last four; and the game, on the whole, was good. But more practice, boys, is what we want. We also need a good man at the head of the team to run things. The sooner we get one, the better.

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