



Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JUNE 21, 1916.

No. 36.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.

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# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JUNE 21, 1916.

No. 36

## PROMOTIONS ON THE FIELD.

### Recent Outstanding Additions to High Honours Won by Canadians in the Battle Line.

There are not a few splendid examples of the valour and ability of Canadian officers and men in the list of promotions on the field compiled since the first of our troops took their places in the firing line. One very near to us as British Columbians is that of Major-General A. W. Currie, commanding the First Canadian Division, whom many of us recall as a lieutenant-colonel only a short time ago. Recently there have been some noteworthy additions to the list. Brigadier-General Lipsett, formerly in the command of the Second Brigade of the First Division, takes command of the Third Brigade with the rank of major-general. General Lipsett's excellent record as a soldier is well-known. Major Gardiner, formerly a Brigade-Major in the First Division, has taken over command of the Fighting Seventh Battalion with rank of lieutenant-colonel; and Lieut.-Colonel Odium takes command of the Second Brigade, a position at one time held by General Currie.

## PLEASANT NEWS.

The news contained in an Ottawa cablegram published in "The Morning Post" of the 13th inst. under the caption "Canadian Fuse Contracts," brings us the pleasing knowledge that our hard-working and capable Minister of Militia has been cleared completely of the charge of illegal interference in the proceedings of the Shell Committee. None who know Sir Sam's character believed for a moment that there was an iota of truth in the allegations of his vilifiers, and his thousands of friends among the Canadians now in England and Europe will see in the incident only a fresh evidence of the minister's brave fighting spirit; for none but must admire the manly, straightforward manner in which he faced unfounded charges. It is hard to believe that in this crisis we have in Canada men who continue to hold political exigencies paramount and who would seek to injure the standing of a political party at the expense of the good name and honour of one who has borne great burdens patiently and well. But the name of Sir Sam Hughes will be honoured in spite of the efforts of those who endeavoured to besmirch it—honoured by this and succeeding generations as that of one who did his whole duty and who had the ability to do that duty well.

## R. I. P.

### In Memoriam.

4TH (DIV.) CYCLE CORPS.

It is with the profoundest regret that we have to announce the death, on June 9, 1916, at Bramshott Camp, after a long lingering illness, contracted in Niagara in August, 1915, of the above Corps(e), whose young life, after such promise, was so suddenly terminated in so tragic a manner. The funeral was held with full military honours, on Friday afternoon, June 9, at the Trenchatorium outside the Camp. The Corps(e) was laid to rest after a very impressive sermon delivered by the "Right Reverend" John Savage who kindly officiated. Around the bier were assembled a brilliant gathering of notables, amongst whom were the following:—Chief Mourners: Lieutenants E. L. Scott, J. W. Boyd, S. J. Pepler, C. Sparrow, R. M. Anderson, G. R. Elliott, and E. J. Henderson. Pall Bearers: Full

Privates McKenzie, Morton, Moffatt, Fuller, McBride, and Richardson. Among others at the Trench side who were deeply moved and too full for words were Slats Martin, Hennessys, 3-star Brandy, Bull Moose Folger, Sten Young, and Happy McIlroy, the Gordon Highlanders, etc.

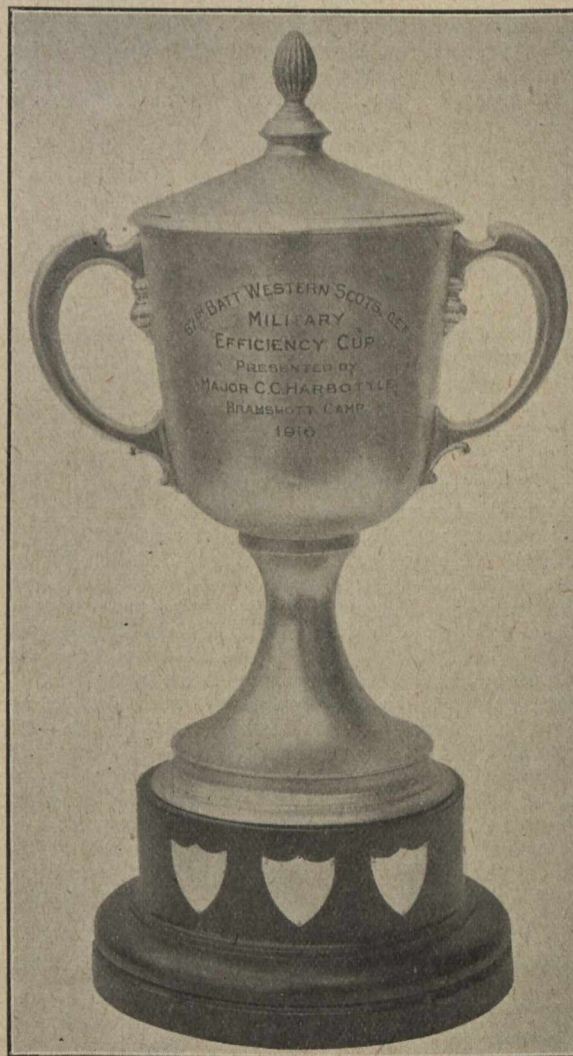
After these last sad rites the assembled mourners with full pack marched "cheerfully" away to the 74th Battalion lines. "To the halt, sections right, form platoon never more. The word of command is two deep, form fours."

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,

The 74th got us and there we were bust.

Pte. J. S., 74th Battn.

## MILITARY EFFICIENCY CUP



Splendid Trophy presented by Major C. C. Harbottle for supremacy in Military Work in the Battalion. Something well worth striving for. What Companies will win a place on it?



## 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.)

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

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21st, 1916.

#### CANADA AND THE WAR.

It is nearly fourteen months since the Canadians fought their great fight at Ypres and kept the battered salient safe when in danger of falling under the then new form of German attack—gas. They are now fighting their third great fight in the same salient.

What is perhaps not fully realised is that the Canadians have held the salient day and night in the intervening period and that they have kept up a continuous trench warfare against the enemy in one of the most fiercely contested parts of the British front. In the first big fight Canada had only one division. There are now three Canadian divisions in France and over 300,000 enlisted men in the Canadian army.

A list compiled recently shows that Canadians have won:—

5 V.C.'s.  
61 D.S.O.'s.  
51 Military Crosses.  
30 D.C.M.'s.  
490 mentions in despatches.

A showing of which we may all be proud.

\* \* \* \*

It is one of the legends of the past that discipline in the Canadian battalions is not as good as in the British. Those who have seen the Canadians at the front say that no discipline could be better than that of the men who have held the dangerous Ypres salient for over a year.

#### BRAMSHOTT MILITARY HOSPITAL.

For excellent management, cleanliness, attention and general efficiency surely the palm must be awarded to the Bramshott Military Hospital. It's a delightfully easy place to get into.—all one has to do is to go and consult the M.O. when he is busy and he will effectually keep you out of his way for some time. You are gently but firmly placed in a bed in the hospital before you quite know what has happened and before you can frame a protest. To get out again, however—provided there exists a soul who is so blind to see when he is lucky as to wish to—"hic opus hoc labor est." In case you do tire of their hospitality and attention, all precautions—and your clothes—are taken. Had the writer wished to sneak out, he would require to have done so arrayed in a Sam Browne, a kilt apron and a glengarry, a garb which even in the leafy month of June might have been considered insufficient, and would certainly have attracted some attention and the military police who guard the exits.

Everything that can possibly tend to comfort or vary the monotony is done. The food is excellent in quality and plentiful in quantity. The sisters and nurses are always cheerful and obliging, and goodness knows that with their long trying days there would be ample excuse for them were they otherwise. The patients come from all corners of the Empire and include wounded men from the Front.

\* \* \* \*

Taking it all over, within twelve hours one ceases to kick one's self for butting in on a busy M.O., and fervently blesses one Captain Campbell, our own esteemed M.O.

#### DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN!

We understand that an interesting little pamphlet is being published by the joint efforts of the pipers. The title is, we hear, "Wullie and the Washer-wumman."

\* \* \* \*

Wullie is seriously contemplating entering the paper business after the war, he tells us. He imagines there is a fortune in it, and, as he has been taking expert advice, he should know.

\* \* \* \*

Wullie had a great time bringing Chairlie Simm's courage to the sticking point. When he did manage he led Chairlie around by the hand for two days, until he could see the colonel and get the necessary permission for Chairlie to get married. Wullie may have to answer for his share in the affair when he gets back to Victoria.

\* \* \* \*

Oor pipers are noo oot in aw the glory o' their braw new sporrans, an' sic a graund show they mak'. An thae new pipes—haud yer tongue!

\* \* \* \*

Imagine two officers of a highland battalion displaying such lamentable form as to walk through the pipe band while it is playing! It's certainly a good thing for them that the wrathful glances of pipers are not fatal.

\* \* \* \*

If you happen to know how, laundry at Whitehill is an inexpensive item.

#### PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

The O.R.S.M.'s week-end trip was varied last week by a journey to Portsmouth. London is not the only spot on the map.

\* \* \* \*

We have now got a Field Telegraph and Telephone installed. The signallers take it in turn to go to sleep in that corner.

\* \* \* \*

Acting-Sergt. Rourke is the latest addition to our Staff. He was with us once before in the old days, and we are glad to welcome him back.

\* \* \* \*

Divisional Orders of the 12th inst. contained a notice of a missing piano. Very careless of somebody to let it cut like that, but possibly Sergeant Condy found it, and took it to London with him.

\* \* \* \*

Last reports from Canada state that a third of a million men have now enlisted over there, which is approximately 1 in every 20 of the entire population. Britain's 5,000,000 means about 1 in every 16, so we can still handle a few more.

\* \* \* \*

The "Daily Mirror" of June 13 contained a very fine sea portrait which we found to be the work of Sergt.-Major Nicholls' brother. The subject of the picture—which was

# FRY'S

Pure Breakfast  
Cocoa and Chocolate



in reference to Lord Kitchener—was "His Monument—His Army—His Grave our Unconquered Sea."

\* \* \* \*

We are all sorry to lose Condry's charming talents from our midst, but our loss is London's gain. The Sergeants are looking for a worthy successor to fill his place at the piano, but so far in vain. Sergeant Jones has no superiors on the instrument, but lacks Condry's staying powers.

\* \* \* \*

Will someone tell us :—

If the Pay Sergeant loves to get up at Réveillé and run around the Parade Ground?

\* \* \* \*

If Sergeant W. Young really likes the Pipes or the Military Band better? And if he still likes sardines?

\* \* \* \*

How many Orderly Officers' Reports are used in the Officers' Mess, and what they are used for?

\* \* \* \*

If it isn't safer for those who wear glasses to keep their cases under cover when a certain gallant Major comes around?

\* \* \* \*

Why Sergeant Graves gets so many letters from Manchester, and why he takes two nights to write one letter in return?

#### POTPOURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

Who was it that wrote to the War Office complaining that there was no light in his hut?

\* \* \* \*

Are the South Africans surprised to learn that one of our number is ill?

\* \* \* \*

Saundy Moffatt has awaited so long in vain for the implements of his trade that it is small wonder he is seeking to compete with "Doc" Campbell. Recently a misguided private wandered into the sergeant-tailor's quarters and complained of deafness. Saundy picked up a hammer and walloped the table soundly. "Can ye hear that?" he demanded. "Aye!" was the pleased response. "Then just ye do that every hour for a ween or so and ye'll soon be as good as new."

\* \* \* \*

Those of our mess who were so fortunate as to be on hand spent a very pleasant evening last mid-week, when we entertained some of the officers of the 44th Battn. C.E.F. The visitors brought the original rag-picker-Bandsman Saurensen. With their aid Bandmaster Turner (of ours) rendered an excellent lot of violin numbers, assisted in some instances by three members of our fine orchestra. We all enjoyed Prof. Turner's splendid solos, and Saurensen was "right to home" at the old piano keys. Incidentally, he sang that touching, if somewhat sentimental, ballad "The Rubber-Tired Harse" with great effect, and convinced everyone present that Johnny certainly had "done Frankie wrong." Why can't we have more such evenings? The war will end some time and we ought to have something pleasant by which to remember it.

\* \* \* \*

The 44th officers are some bunch. Hope we meet them often here and also hereafter—in some cosy estaminet, not too close to a cross-roads. Come any time, fellows!

\* \* \* \*

Here is an excellent little sketch of C.S.M. Duffett (attached), putting a sleepy early-morning squad of ours through physical jumps. The good C.S.M. is in fine form after a great night's rest. "Now then, that man in the rear rank, do you think this is a — music-hall act? What the — (Note to Editor: You should know better than to turn in such copy as this for publication. A repetition will warrant a court-martial. Let this be fair warning.—Censor).

Why not have a piano in the mess? "Doc" Westcott is a regular Paderwhisky in disguise, and we have Victoria Bob Morrison, the British Columbia Nightingale!

\* \* \* \*

No doubt the Left Half will regret the conclusion of the Musketry Course. When the Right Half marched back they felt so sad that people along the route believed a minstrel show was passing.

\* \* \* \*

Glad to know Major Meredith-Jones is out and about again and able to put the proper emphasis into "Cuthra jowl!"

\* \* \* \*

Sorry to learn the recent fitba' match was too much for Pittenween Alec. Hope he is back wi' us in twa shakes!

\* \* \* \*

Early last week an odd procession passed through the battalion lines and attracted marked and appreciative attention. Poor old Charlie Simms, professor of drumming, was led away to his fate. He passed out in state, surrounded by the entire pipe band playing that well-known Aberdonian dirge: "He was a Good Fellow while He Lived." One of his pals carried his suit case. The condemned man walked with head erect and wore a smile, no doubt to mislead curious spectators. Wullie played heartily, his expressive countenance betraying a determination of adamant quality as who should say: "He'll no' [escape this trip!]" Hector's face was sad as if his heart were full of compassion for this friend taken off in his young manhood. But Dunc. Campbell's expression was one of frank hero-worship. Piper Jock Craigmyle had laid his pipes aside and was seen in Charlie's old position. His short-arm jolts lacked the easy grace so marked in Charlie's technique, but he kept splendid time. "Rolls—quick maich!"

\* \* \* \*

All ranks in the mess join in wishing the popular and able sergeant-drummer of the pipe band many years of married bliss. None deserves it more!

\* \* \* \*

Mr. R. F. Green, M.P. of Victoria, was a recent visitor at our mess and a most welcome one. It is pleasant to meet good friends from the home country, and Mr. Green is one of our best friends.

\* \* \* \*

"Next detail: Advance!—Five hundred rounds at five yards, lying, ready!!" More or less point blank!

#### 67th MILITARY BAND.

Observations and Queries of our official scout within the jurisdiction of the camp boundary of the 67th Battalion Pioneers :—

1. Why is it that our musical brethren the Pipe Baun can get all their wants supplied "ad lib" and walk out dressed up like a bunch of circus heroes when we, the official "Divisional Band," are unable to get a decent pair of trousers to go on parade with?

\* \* \* \*

2. Why is it necessary for certain help in our Cook-house when mixing and stirring such things as soup, mush, etc., to always have a dirty old pipe going full blast, stuck between their teeth? Does this account for the sundry specks of foreign matter sometimes found in the above-mentioned articles of diet?

\* \* \* \*

3. Why is it that cooks in other battalions, when preparing and cooking food, are always dressed in white overalls and white caps, while ours mooch round the kitchen like a bunch of the "great unwashed"?

\* \* \* \*

4. From the times of Adam we believe it has always been the rule to perform all tasks tending to get a person more or less dirty before washing hands and faces, etc. Since our arrival in Bramshott, and an introduction to the wash-house, we find these conditions have changed, and owing to the architectural design of the aforesaid wash-house, we now have a continual process of cleaning boots, washing



hands, cleaning boots, washing hands, and finally go to bed with dirty hands, but with the firm impression that we will have at least "clean boots" to start another day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who owned the young lady who was heard to remark that a particular unit of the 67th Battalion were a living advertisement for McKenzie's "Highland Dew," particularly after 9.30 p.m.

\* \* \* \* \*

The band had their first experience on a war footing as stretcher bearers in and out of the trenches (mostly in) on Thursday last. One half the band accompanied B section, the defending party; the other half followed A section, the attacking party. The A section stretcher bearers deserved credit for the manner in which they carried out their duties. Five minutes after the advance they had captured and made prisoner the person of Bandsman A. McAulay, who after being put through the "first degree" confessed to having deserted his post with the idea of locating the field kitchen, and "getting there first." This was frustrated by his timely capture, and he was taken with A section, as an extra bearer. This conquest so imbued the Bearers with desires to win more laurels that when the time came to succour the wounded, one party got behind the enemy lines and picked up two of their dead, and only after walking half a mile did they discover their dead were two of B section stretcher bearers, who, overcome by fatigue, had sneaked into a dug-out and gone to sleep.

N.B.—From enquiries since made we find that B section stretcher bearers did not get into action until tea was ready, hence the reason for the above valour unrecognized.

\* \* \* \* \*

The new duties of the Brass Band, *i.e.*, playing for Réveillé, was received with great comment by the Battalion. The remarks passed were many and varied, but we will say mostly to the good. Ah, well, we are only doing our duty, and a certain poet raved on the pleasure of being awakened in the early morn by the singing of the lark, but we bet it would take "some" lark to wake us, so when ye all awaken to the strains of some soul-stirring march, why, get up, turn round, and "as you were," "ish ga bible."

#### "A" COMPANY NOTES.

ON GUARD.

DEAR TOM,—Since my last I've been on guard. It was my first time. It would take too long to tell you all, but I can mention a few things. There are only three of us privates, although we are a *mainguard*. We must not leave the guard-room without taking our rifles with fixed bayonets. We have no orderly to look after us (too busy training I think), so as one chap wanted something special he had to go for it. As he was away a long time I was sent for him, as the B.S.M. had the bugler away. Off I went and found him almost in tears. You see he was a stickler for military rules and regulations and couldn't enter his room with a fixed bayonet—he daren't take it off, or leave it outside, consequently he was raging up and down waiting for someone to come and get what he wanted. As nobody came we both returned from an unsuccessful journey. On arriving at the guard-room we found the Sergeant raving. It seems that an armed battalion passed in our absence and the sentry called the guard out, and the sergeant and the bugler doubled out and had to stand at the "present" till they had marched past, and all the time they were standing there, two men in the cells were yelling at the top of their voices for somebody to come and attend to them. The interview with the sergeant was not pleasing; what he said was certainly clear, though not polite. Being a new camp the guard-house is not fitted up yet, so it is rather awkward when the men in detention wish to wash, etc. I had to take six of them out. It was a serious responsibility. Being dressed all alike and I not knowing them personally, when they stood among the other men in the wash-house, I was fearful of the consequences. What if they slipped away? What would happen to me?

I felt fearfully anxious, and began to think up all the penalties for letting a prisoner go. In a few minutes three came up to me. Three more men missing. What should I do? I was told to bring them back in five minutes. I couldn't recognise them, and the other men didn't *seem* to know them. I called out, but perhaps I didn't call loud enough, as nobody came. What *was* I to do? I thought three were better than none, so I marched the three I had back. The Sergeant said more things. Off I went to find the other three, so chased all over the place and then, fearful of consequences, I hurried back, and to my relief found they had strolled in by themselves, saying I had left them!! The Sergeant added to his former remarks—I didn't think he could have, but he did! But I was so relieved, I didn't mind so much. My other troubles arose from saluting. I saw a man coming along, the flash of red from his cap caught my eye, so I halted smartly, and as he passed I gave him a really good "present." "You d— fool" came a growl behind me, "don't you know the difference between a 'red cap' and a staff officer?" It was a policeman I had saluted, and in spite of the 'Look out!' by the Sergeant, I was too blustered to notice the Colonel and the Adjutant pass me as I marched up the other end of my beat to get away from the guard-room door. For the rest of the two hours I was in a perspiration of fear lest I should make more mistakes, and salute those not entitled to it. It is so difficult to recognise the ranks of officers, so when relieved I suggested to the Sergeant that it would be much better if one who knows all the different grades could stand outside and call out directions to the sentry what to do. The Sergeant's answer was very uncomplimentary and quite unprintable. I have to go on afternoon parade, so must close, and I will continue next time.

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain sergeant is wondering why two of his girl relatives (?) have not written lately, and is beginning to wonder if he put the letters in the wrong envelopes. It is well to be very careful in this matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Company enjoyed the football parade. Platoons 1 and 2 were victorious and will play off the final. Both 3 and 4 Platoons put up a good game. Talent galore was displayed. Judging distance in football is apparently as hard as in musketry, as many times an enthusiast was seen pushing his head up into the air in the good hope of connecting with the ball, which fell about ten feet or so behind. A good match is expected in the final, and it is arranged that the winning platoon will then play a team from the whole Company, which is expected to easily beat the winning platoon. There are many really good players in the Company, and it is hoped that we can get a representative in the Battalion team. The idea of giving exercise to a large number is a splendid one, and 44 men of the Company got all they wanted, and the remainder exercised their lungs and visible muscles till they were tired. We expect to be in the Company finals.

\* \* \* \* \*

How did Sergt. Condy proceed (without pay) to London? (see Battn. Orders). Did he walk?

\* \* \* \* \*

We are extremely sorry to hear that Mr. Gray is in hospital with an injured knee. We trust he will soon be with us again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bugler Bennett went off with a smiling face lately. Rumour has it he is to be married. Are bugle boys allowed such luxuries? There seems to be an epidemic of a like nature. We might suggest quarantine as a cure!

#### "C" COMPANY NOTES.

Under anything but ideal climatic conditions, the left half battalion under Major Carey, at the moment of writing, is about half way through its musketry course at Whitehill Ranges, and unless the God of Weather smiles on us a little more pleasantly the remaining five days than he has done up till now, we don't hold much hope of breaking



any divisional records. Shooting at this range under the best conditions is always difficult, and with these atmospheric conditions is extra hard.

The two half battalions gave each other hearty greetings when they passed on the road near Passfield last Saturday morning, the right half returning and the left half going out to Whitehill.

Major Sutton is proving a real father, having quite a family, by adoption, under his charge here; not only has he "C" Company to look after, but attached to him are parties from every other company and detail in the battalion, including all quarantine cases and batmen. But this is little worry to the Major.

An illuminated petition has been received from the O.C. Batman's Company, praying that for the duration of the war Major Carey's batman and groom, and in fact his whole suite, be provided with a specially reserved tent; "and this we pray," the petition goes on to say, "is merely in the interests of all the battalion." First the Major's groom brought mumps into our midst, although he only slept in the hut one night; three weeks' incarceration from that cause were just up, when his Batman brings the measles. We can see the Physical Instructor's bayonet course finished up in good shape when we get back.

The question is, "Who's batman is Germaine?" The Editor would be glad to hear of any officer who has not had our esteemed French friend waiting on him since the others were all quarantined. In spite of this fact Germaine has proved one of the best marksmen in his company.

Who it was that wished on us all the general cleaning up in the musketry line? We don't care, but we do know that they missed count when they found that the left half had gone and had taken with them the entire regular staffs of the Officers' Mess, the Sergeants' and the men's messes; so if we don't have good weather for shooting we are all right with our commissariat and that's saying a great deal at Whitehill. Officers and all ranks are unanimous that the food is excellent and in plenty.

The continued cool weather has considerably affected the attendance at the swimming baths, and except for all the officers, who have never missed a morning yet, only a few hundred go in before breakfast now.

We are glad to be alongside our friends the 87th Grenadier Guards of Canada, and the best of good feeling and fellowship exists between the two units.

"Jim! Jim! I want Jim's tent."

Cooke, Falkner, Blyth and Morrison, with Hall as official fielder, are to be seen out with the lacrosse sticks every evening.

Our esteemed friend the Camp Adjutant was awfully disappointed at being appointed to that office, and he looked it too (?) when it rained every day; for he always could shoot better in the rain than in fair weather. Some people do land "snaps."

What was that dark round object that "accidentally," by force of gravity only, rolled down the hill behind the canteen one evening, and in broad daylight too?

Within two miles of our camp is the village of Liphook; and situated in the centre of the village square is the original chestnut tree mentioned in Longfellow's famous poem, "The Village Blacksmith." It is a grand, stately old tree. Also, in another direction from camp, and about the same distance, on the outskirts of Haslemere, is a house where once Lord Tennyson lived. And close to the house is an oak tree, under which he used to do lots of his writing.

A certain private on the ranges some short time ago had in some way missed the target several times in succession; the instructor inquired how it was that he continually missed. On looking at his sights, they were found O.K. and everything was in favour of good shooting. When asked where he was aiming on the "bull," he said "Just to the right high corner at 6 o'clock." "That is not aiming at 6 o'clock," the instructor informed him. "Well," said our marksman, "hasn't the time changed since we left Victoria?"

Oh! you quarantine. Who wouldn't like to go out for supper? Also pay a visit or so to some of the favourite stopping places?

By the way, look out for the company shooting averages. Who gets the cup?

A receipt for a "Whitehill Pill." Take seven hours on the ranges, twelve hours guard, sprinkle freely with fatigues and a little sleep and rifle inspections; if necessary add a few rations. Coat with sand, and you will have a "pill" guaranteed in any climate.

Oh! you mad minute.

On May 24 last there were 12,000 troops on parade in Montreal.

We wonder if the meals we are thinking of are waiting for us.

#### WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who was the lieutenant who called the major "sergeant" at the rifle range?

Do all the officers know the reason why a black button is worn on the tunic of a private?

We were all anxious to see Paddy come out of quarantine, but what about Frenchy? Has he the mange?

By the look of some of the officers' boots and spurs, it seems well-nigh time that their original batmen returned to duty.

## EATS

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## "D" COMPANY NOTES.

We wonder who the corporal is that wears the farmer's leggings and receives and answers all salutes. Excuse us no ignorance.

\* \* \* \*

The canteens sure do a rushing trade nowadays; but we think the prices are just a little too high and the quality of some of the goods too low.

\* \* \* \*

We wish to extend our congratulations to Corpl. Bell on the occasion of his entering the ranks of good married men. We wish him all the luck.

\* \* \* \*

Pte. Brown, of the 13th Platoon, has been walking around with a proud air these last few days. The reason is that he made high score in the company.

\* \* \* \*

It was very noticeable that when the sergeant-major called for volunteers for the sand-bag fatigue all the boys jumped for it, the same as falling in for pay!

\* \* \* \*

Pte. Forrest is back in our midst and has been relegated to the cook-house. Rumour has it that he was put on that job because he is a marksman, sometimes.

\* \* \* \*

Everybody has been taking a great deal of interest in the instruction we are getting from our staff-sergeant musketry instructor, and we are all benefiting by it.

\* \* \* \*

We wonder why, when an officer gave the command to stand "at ease," somebody moved. The officer threatened to "stand them at ease for the duration of the war."

\* \* \* \*

We have "Jimmie" Smith now as our platoon sergeant. Pioneer work for the battalion must be hard work or "Jimmie" would still be with his old bunch along with "Red Nose Jim."

\* \* \* \*

There was a great time among the boys of the 14th Platoon when they found out that Pte. W. Patterson had developed into a marksman. He always took his rifle to bed with him. His best friend!

\* \* \* \*

"Frenchy" Menard, of the 15th Platoon, must have a pretty good "stand in," as we see he is quarantined once again. Our old friend Bates, of the 13th Platoon, is the man responsible for it.

\* \* \* \*

We have put in a very strenuous week at the ranges, but the shooting was very good. Some "marksmen" have developed and, for various reasons, some of the former good shots of the company have fallen a little below their former average. All the practices were pulled off in good time and there were no "casualties."

\* \* \* \*

"Gasoline Gus" has been wandering around disconsolately for some time, and "Gimmie" Green is highly elated. He has beat "Gus" out of letters, etc., for two weeks now, and to cap the climax "Gimmie" received a parcel yesterday.

## HEARD ON THE RANGES.

We give thanks unto the chief and cooks at Whitehill for the exceedingly good grub we have been receiving while in camp. It might not suit the tastes of those epicures who patronise Princes and Frascati's, but for three good squares and under such adverse conditions the keen appreciation of the junior N.C.O.'s and men go out to Sergeant McMaster and his staff on the successful undertaking of an exceedingly difficult task.

\* \* \* \*

Sergt. (his score not up to his expectations): "My rifle seems always to kick at the 300." We would suggest to the sergeant that the next time he shoots at the 300yds., he put his sight up to 400, thereby deceiving his rifle.

## PIPE BAUN SKRAUCHS.

Hooch! Cherie's awa tae the Broch tae get mairriet tull his deem, an' the feet waushin's a' by an' deen wi'.

\* \* \* \*

Geordie wis gyaun tae get his hochs splybert wi' bleck an' watter the same wye, bit he wis ower chuck'n hertit tae staun't an' we hid tae lat him and Cherie awa tae the waddin' ohn dook't the best man. It wis an awful' surprise. Dyod, mon, Geordie hisna the spunk o' a rottin'. Noo, if it wis Logie he wid be wullin tae dee the hale job, bridegroom' bisness an' a', bit a hope he nivver gets mairriet. Finiver a think about Sauny a think about a tauty chapper or the lum o' a stem mull.

\* \* \* \*

Did you ever notice that the correspondent of the Brass Band does considerably better in his literary spasms when we stick the spur into the loins of his pride? Ah! Dear men, yes! We are quite envious of the number of tunes which the Brass Band has accumulated in its repertoire, and wish we played as great a variety of pipe tunes. Still, they say we can play our few quite correctly in most details. One of these days, one of these "field" days, we are going to sprain an ankle and ride home in state on a stretcher carried by members of the "Brass Baun."

\* \* \* \*

There is a regular epidemic of matrimony in this battalion. One of the latest to succumb is an old crony of the "baun," Sergeant "Bob" Roxburgh. Pat says he has a home to go to now.

\* \* \* \*

Overheard' recently:

CAPT. BULLEN: "Those new pipes sound fine."

MAJOR CHRISTIE: "Yes, but then, it's the same old pipers playing them, that's why!"

\* \* \* \*

To leave josh entirely aside, we are really proud of our own Brass Band and never would stand for hearing it run down by anyone outside of our own regiment. It's time some folks understood that. Nothing could happen in this regiment to give us a greater personal enjoyment than the hearing of our Brass Band playing, for instance, Rachmaninoff's Military Prelude in G minor. We imagine

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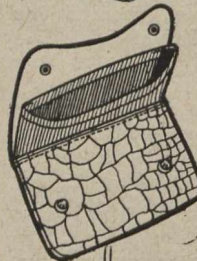
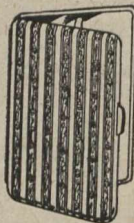
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the band themselves would like it immensely. Bob Christian in particular would find in it a world of opportunities for a cornet player.

It is quite a time since we met Drummer Knox in Haslemere talking to an elderly, refined lady who was accompanied by a young, willowy miss. They were apparently mother and daughter, and Arthur's manoeuvres savored of "clappin' the cat tae get the kitlin."

Our chaplain, finding Colin is altogether a Campbell and consequently a hard pill, intends to detail two Presbyterian ministers who will tackle Colin's case and make a spiritual diagnosis. There is only one possible medicine for Colin's troubles, but he is taking that regularly, and his case is more or less hopeless for that reason.

Piper James Wallace, our Zulu War veteran, the father of the baun, number three from the door, will organise, at an early date, a regimental branch of the Temperate Order of "Rauchabites." All teetotallers are urgently requested to attend the opening meeting, which will happen with astounding suddenness. Oh Ay! There's a when o' "Rauchabites" in the baun.

Colin supplies this paper with lots of "copy" and says he is going to "hit up" the Editor for a beer or two on the strength of his distinguished appearance in the columns of the WESTERN SCOT.

Previous to making his debut as a piper, Logie was once questioned as to what a "grip" is in pipe music. "Aw dinna ken," he answered, "bit au think it maun be some kin' o' a shootcase."

Whitehill! The fool who named it was colour blind, for the dust and dirt of the place are black beyond all comparison. Then the wind has a playful way of mixing up all the loose gravel with your grub, which might be all right for an ostrich having a powerful gizzard. By the time we left Whitehill we were rather uncertain whether we were intended for a soldier or a steam shovel, but felt like the latter, if a steam shovel ever has feelings and emotions after a week's work in a ballast pit. Of course, it will all become a mellow memory of better times when we get crumbing in France. We can picture those things, built lean-waisted, and so big that we'll be using, not a comb, but a rake. The butterfly net of our tender years will certainly seem childish compared to the bug busting overshoes of the Great War. Can't you imagine, dear reader, that you already feel the crunching sensation in the pleats of your kilt when you sit down to eat—once in a while.

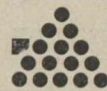
Did you perceive in a recent issue of battalion orders that buglers were to report for instruction to Piper Craigmyle, who is acting as big drummer in the absence of Charlie Sims. In the event of the battalion requiring a colonel, adjutant, medical officer, or chaplain, we suggest that application be made to the "baun."

"Pat" was up in London with two well-known N.C.O.'s of No. 3 Company, one of them a sergeant with very temperate habits. It mortified the sergeant to be turned down by a barmaid in the matter of his first drink of port wine for an age, and all on the strength of his appearance.—CRUNLUATH MACH.

Note to Crunluath Mach: He's the whitest o' the lot. The reason is the ither is no' sae popular an' forebearin'. Dae ye ken?—EDITOR.

#### PROBLEM.

Sergeant (whose score is 0 and target clean): "Some d— fool shot on my target." What did the fool make?



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## CABLE NEWS FROM CANADA.

[Under special arrangements by the Honourable the  
the Minister of Militia and Defence.]

There is grave anxiety throughout Canada in regard to  
the latest casualty lists.

\* \* \* \*

The trial of Dr. Simpson is deferred until autumn.

\* \* \* \*

Ottawa has adopted the Daylight Saving Scheme.

\* \* \* \*

Chief Detective McCaskill, of Quebec, Provincial Police,  
has died.

\* \* \* \*

Ernest Miller, of Grand Forks; William Mason, of Prince  
Rupert; and Dr. A. G. McGuire, of Vancouver, have  
become members of the British Columbia Government.

\* \* \* \*

A motion to quash the indictment against Thomas Kelly,  
contractor for Manitoba Parliament Buildings, has been  
dismissed.

\* \* \* \*

International League stands as follows:—Providence,  
Newark, Richmond, Baltimore, Montreal, Buffalo,  
Rochester, Toronto.

\* \* \* \*

For his great activity, the Methodist Conference has  
passed a resolution giving tribute to Sir Sam Hughes.

\* \* \* \*

Toronto is to hold a Memorial Service for men who have  
fallen at the front.

\* \* \* \*

Montreal and Toronto have suffered most in recent  
Canadian casualties.

\* \* \* \*

British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba have  
nearly recruited their full proportion of men for active  
service.

\* \* \* \*

Canada's revenue for May shows an increase of 50 per  
cent. compared with May, 1915.

\* \* \* \*

There is a serious shortage of agricultural labour in  
the West.

\* \* \* \*

The general business situation throughout Western  
Canada continues favourable and, while trade had slowed  
up somewhat on account of the farmers being busy seeding,  
the outlook is generally good. Winnipeg retail trade  
continues very fair, and at the large centres business is  
much better than it was a year ago.

\* \* \* \*

Last year 70,000lbs. of wool were produced in Manitoba,  
for which an average price of 26 cents per pound was  
obtained. This year the output is expected to reach  
150,000 lbs., for which 30 cents per pound will be realised.

\* \* \* \*

The consumption of wood in Canada for the manufacture  
of pulp has increased threefold during the past eight  
years, the value in the same time growing from slightly  
under three million dollars to nearly \$9,500,000. Fifty  
mills reporting to the Government show a consumption in  
1915 of 1,405,000 cords of wood, valued at \$9,426,000,  
with an average value of \$6.71 per cord. Canada produced  
pulpwood in 1915 valued at \$15,590,000, of which  
\$6,164,000 worth was exported. The Province of Quebec  
leads in the number of mills, and in the value of pulpwood  
exported, possessing twenty-four out of the fifty mills in  
the Dominion and exporting over four million dollars worth  
of pulpwood.

\* \* \* \*

The Summer Report for the year 1915 of the Geological  
Survey Branch of the Canadian Department of Mines has  
just been published. A number of the reports contained  
in it are of economic interest. With regard to the antimony-  
silver ores of the Wheaton District, Yukon Territory, it is  
stated that hand-sorting will furnish limited quantities  
of ore for shipment, but for any considerable tonnage  
concentration will be necessary. At Carbon Hill there are

natural facilities for erecting a mill, and a wagon road has  
been constructed to the railway, a distance of 30 miles,  
with a down grade all the way. At the Hydro-Magnesite  
Deposits in the Atlin District of Northern British Columbia,  
an estimated quantity of 180,000 tons occurs in surface  
beds of 1ft. to 5ft. thick, with no overburden, and it is  
thought that about 150,000 tons of material analysing  
41 to 42 per cent. MgO and about 3 per cent. CaO, Fe<sub>2</sub>O<sub>3</sub>,  
and SO<sub>2</sub>, can be produced by simple means. As regards  
artesian wells in Southern Alberta, a study of geological  
conditions in the area between Milk River and Old Man  
and Saskatchewan Rivers warrants the expectation that  
in part of the area artesian wells sunk about 800ft. (to the  
Milk River Sandstones) are likely to be flowing wells.  
The area in which these flowing wells are to be expected  
covers about one million acres lying north of Chin Coulee.  
As regards the reported discovery of high grade silver at  
Fond du Lac, Lake Athabasca, although no high grade  
ore such as was reported was seen by the geologist, the  
area north of Lake Athabasca is worth prospecting for  
copper, nickel, silver and gold, especially for free milling  
gold quartz. Respecting the Amisk (Beaver) Lake Gold  
District, north of Le Pas, Manitoba, gold bearing quartz  
veins have now been discovered in so many parts of the  
district that there seems to be good possibilities of finding  
gold in paying quantities. A careful examination requires  
time and work, especially in the eastern part of this region,  
where thick deposits of clay mantle the rock surfaces.

\* \* \* \*

The "Right of Way" conveying the Banff-Windermere  
Automobile Road to the Dominion Government from the  
Provincial Government of British Columbia has been passed  
by the Legislature of the Province, and the National Park  
will be extended to the Kootenay and Columbia River  
Valley.

\* \* \* \*

In the Manitoba wheat area, 2,990,000 acres are reported,  
showing a decrease of 366,000 acres, compared with last  
year. Sown oats area shows a slight decrease.

\* \* \* \*

Memorial services in memory of Lord Kitchener were  
held in all churches in Canada on Sunday.

\* \* \* \*

Newfoundland is to recruit 1,000 men for the navy.

\* \* \* \*

The Congregational Union of Canada has adopted a  
resolution favouring the scheme for the registration of all  
men of military age for military service.

\* \* \* \*

The Hollinger, Acme, and Millerton gold mines have  
amalgamated.

\* \* \* \*

Guelph, Brentford and London have adopted the Daylight  
Saving Scheme.

\* \* \* \*

Nationals lead the lacrosse league with three straight  
wins, Shamrocks second with one defeat, and Ottawa and  
Cornwall tied with one win and three defeats each.

\* \* \* \*

The six nation Indians cabled his Majesty the King  
condolence on the death of his great and trusted chief.

\* \* \* \*

The word Kitchener is suggested as a new name for  
Berlin, Ontario.

\* \* \* \*

Hon. J. J. Foy, former Attorney-General, Ontario, died  
on the 13th inst.

## THE MATTER OF KILTS.

Seldom does a day pass without the question of kilts  
for the men of this battalion being raised. And we reiterate  
the question here: "When are our men to have the issue  
of kilts promised us a long time ago?" Ours is a Scottish  
battalion and our men are imbued with the old Scottish  
fighting spirit. We mean to live up to the best traditions  
of Auld Scotia's military history—or, at least, to do our  
very best—and we want those kilts. Will not the proper  
authorities hear our request and grant it—speedily?



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