



Supplement to the Weekly News, dated October 9, 1915.

“Shoulder to Shoulder!”

*In memory of the gallant officers and men from Glasgow
and the West of Scotland who fell in the hour
of victory—September 25th, 1915.*

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

Leal lads of the khaki and tartan, sons of the West, born free,
They heard the call and gave answer clear, “Homeland, we’ll fight for thee!”
So the worker came out of the shipyard, and the miner came up from the pit,
The lad who had served at the counter too—all willing to do their bit.
To fight, aye, and die if need be—and we cheered them out of the town;
Strong was our faith in their manhood, for we knew they would bring renown
To the City who sent them forth, and we clasped firm each soldier’s hand
As they marched away to fight for us—and to die for the dear Homeland.

There were aching hearts and lonely homes, and the prayer was oft breathed at night,
That the God of Battles would keep them safe when they played their part in the fight;
And we knew that the fire of the olden days had never grown cold or dead
In the hearts of the sons of soldier sires whom the dauntless Sir Colin had led.
“I have given my sons to the H.L.I.!” sighed a mother left all alone,
As with tear-dimmed eyes she saw them pass in the ranks of Glasgow’s Own;
“And mine has gone to the brave Argylls! I buckled his bayonet on,
And he didn’t see the scalding tears, for I smiled till he was gone.”

Brave mothers of men! there’s no V.C. for you, but you all had your part to play
When your lad came home from the shop or yard and told he was going away.
You fain would have kept him, mother!—but you smiled and said “Well done!”
And your sore heart leaped with the pride you felt for your gallant soldier son.
Whether the Scottish Rifles, the Seaforths, or H.L.I.,
They were sons of the west in the Khaki line ready to fight—and to die.
The heir from the rich man’s mansion, with the city lad as a chum,
Marched side by side in martial pride to the pipes and the tap of the drum.

Lowland and Highland lads were there, the men from the banks o’ Clyde,
And they sang a song as they marched along, how they’d fight and whate’er betide
We ne’er would have cause to blush for them, their hearts were as keen as their steel,
And we knew by the glint in each strong lad’s eye that they’d make the foeman reel
When the bayonet, clenched in their strong brave hands, went flashing red-tipped in the fray.
For weren’t they pledged to ’venge the weak who groaned ’neath the coward’s sway?
So they passed from the streets of the city right eager to have their chance
Of striking their blow for God and the Right—out there, somewhere in France.

It needed true courage for men to wait for the dawning of Britain’s day,
With the big guns booming—booming o’er the trenches where they lay;
In whispers they talked of the Homeland, the old folks and friends true and leal;
Of sweethearts they loved, and the kiddies too—then the word was passed round, “The Steel!”
A husky “So Long” to a comrade, then out of the trench they sped,
Crashing like mountain torrent o’er the field bestrewn with the dead;
Comrades went down and leaders fell, but the gallant lads went on,
Till the British cheer told its story—trench, town, and hill were won.

They have carved a Cross for the heroes who sleep on the battle-field over the sea,
And borne on the wind comes the calling, “We have given our lives for thee!”
Oh, mother! who gave up your son to the Buffs, Oh, wife of the Cameron bold!
Your brave ones lie close to old Scotland’s heart, shrined in a halo of gold,
Thank God for such men, aye, and women too! They will give till the cause be won;
For the gaps in the lines must be filled by our own, till the long day’s darg is done.
Their souls go marching on!—So let’s follow the path they trod,
Ye mothers! Your heroes have fallen for their Country, their King and their God!

HECTOR MACKAY.



THE TROPHY.

SCOTS WHO HAVE DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.



Corporal G. T. Runciman,
Canadian Exped. Force,
56 Clerk Street, Edinburgh.



Private Robert Ritchie,
Cameron's,
160 New Street, Musselburgh.



L.-Corp. Magnus D. McLeod,
Seaforth Highlanders,
253 Leith Walk.



Private Norman Hossack,
A.S.O.,
33a Gayfield Sq., Edinburgh.



Sergeant William Patton,
R.F.A.,
7 Lapicide Place, Leith.



Private James M. I. Wraith,
Scots Guards,
Barrmill, Beith.



Gunner W. Hope,
R.F.A.,
17 Fowler Square, Loanhead.



Private Walter B. Scott,
Royal Scots,
32 Pilrig Street, Leith.



Private Henry Brown,
Royal Scots Fusiliers,
33 Duke Street, Leith.

THE CALL.

The Call rings loud and true
To all men sound and fit.
Your country's call to you!
How shall you answer it?
When others do and dare
Across the narrow sea,
Can your own heart declare
"They have no need of me?"

Listen once more! The Call
Beats in the throbbing drum,
Bidding not one but all
Of Britain's manhood come!
Because your comrade went,
Freely and nothing loth,
Shall all his toil be spent
To keep you here in sloth?

What use to shut your ears?
Your country claims her debt,
And in the coming years
Your heart shall judge you yet!
Think of that future day
And choose the nobler plan.
That you may truly say,
"At least I played the man!"

—ANON

Out on the dreary cold North Sea,
Far on the ocean deep,
They are watching over you and me,
Our Sailors who never sleep.
Brave as their hardy British Sires
Who fought in Trafalgar Bay,
And the Fleet all know that in Jellicoe
Lord Nelson lives to-day.

Braving a death from underseas,
Mocking the murderous mine,
Chasing the Huns in an ecstasy,
From the Arctic to the Line.
Mustering as upon parade,
On the dock of a sinking ship,
True Bulldogs of the Old Brigade,
Who never lose their grip.

He takes on everything as it comes,
Just as a part of the day;
He does his duty, like his sire
Of old, in Trafalgar Bay.
He fights and never mentions it,
While we sleep sound at night,
Our Navy's always "doing its bit,"
You can bet it is all right.

Out in the dreary cold North Sea,
Far on the ocean deep,
They are watching over you and me,
Our Sailors who never sleep.
Brave as their hardy British Sires
Who fought in Trafalgar Bay,
And the Fleet all know that in Jellicoe

ECHOES FROM THE DARDANELLES.

Pte. E. McGeachie of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, Mediterranean Force, writes a cheery letter from the Dardanelles, in which he encloses a few lines of poetry—"his first and feeble attempt" as he puts it. He knows there will be faults to be found with it, but his only excuse is that the enemy would not give him time to concentrate on it properly. He did not think the enemy were very much interested in poetry, otherwise they might have been more considerate. There were a lot of Bathgate boys out at the Dardanelles. They were doing well and had gained a lot of ground. The enemy had got a terrible shaking up. They would not forget the Kitchener's boys in a hurry. He was not exaggerating when he said that we would not be long in polishing them off once we got set agoing. The snipers were very numerous and irritating out there, but we were getting at them now. Quite a lot of them had been discovered since we came out.

I sit here in the trenches with my comrades side by side,
The way the boys are fighting, it fills my heart with pride;
How time has changed the universe from what it was before,
With the Continent of Europe plunged in deadly terrible war.
To Bathgate and the bonnie hills my thoughts go o'er the sea,
My ain folk by the fireside, I know they think of me;
To my breast there comes a longing to be with them all again,
For I know that they are waiting—Pray God 'tis not in vain.
Your country's sons are falling, they fight and die for you,
Don't go loafing round about shirking duty you must do;
Come on, be men, not cowards, throw pleasure to one side,
Nobly play your part and give a helping hand
Fighting with your gallant Allies to slay this German Band.
Proudly waiting, wives and mothers, when you cross the foam,
Because you've done your duty for country King and home.

Here is a clarion call sounded by "Spalpeen," Addiewell:—

I am just a common private
Of the brave 5th H.L.I.,
I am trying for promotion,
And I'll win it, do or die.
We are going out to Egypt,
And the Turks we hope to meet,
And we'll run the lot to blazes,
Till they've blisters on their feet.

Now, boys, sit down and listen,
And hearken unto me,
It is not at all for pleasure
We are going o'er the sea.
And now, boys, do your duty.
And come you, one and all,
Don't let 'em pass conscription,
Don't let our honour fall.

TWENTY-TWO VIOLENT ATTACKS.

In the Carpathians fighting continues. In the region of Bortfeld and Svidmik the enemy attempted active operations, but being unable to stand the fierceness of the fight retired, leaving many prisoners behind.

In the region of Lucknow Pass the Russians have captured 69 officers, 5200 soldiers, and 18 machine guns.

The German forces, having crossed the Kukholka Pass, made twenty-two violent attacks against the heights in the region of Kozromoka occupied by the Czar's troops.

The Germans attacked in massed formation, seven ranks deep under the Russian violent cross-fire. The enemy twice seized one of the heights, but was dislodged by a counter-attack by the Russian infantry after a long bayonet fight without precedent in history.

The losses which the Germans suffered here were excessively serious.

GRACIOUS LADY, NOBLE QUEEN.

Gracious lady, noble Queen,
Welcome to fair Scot's shore,
Stately, smiling, and serene,
As thou wert in days of yore,
When as lovely Princess fair
Loyal hearts did thee acclaim.
Till the old Cathedral Square
Long resounded with thy name.
Still in fancy I can trace
All that glittering cortege grand,
And thy Royal husband's face
As he smiled with hat in hand;
And thy gentle glance so sweet,
Loving mother, happy wife,
Lighted up the dismal street
O'er so dark with pain and strife.
As you view our River Clyde,
And its works of great renown,
With Sir William* by your side,
Honoured both by State and Crown,
May you find that Scottish grit
Still can wield the hammer bright,
And 'gainst any hand can put
Men of skill and men of might.
If while passing thro' our shire,
Coatbridge, Wishaw, Motherwell,
You could pause just to admire
Bothwell Brig, where heroes fell,
They for God and conscience there
Laid their lives so nobly down,
That posterity might wear
Liberty's undying crown.
Then the laird of Newlands fair
Welcome gives at Maudslie Hall,
With the Boy Scouts marshalled there,
Sounding forth their bugle call.
Generous friend he's ever been,
Open-handed, staunch, and true,
In the forefront always seen.
When a courteous deed's to do,
May this tour thro' Lanarkshire
Thrill your hearts with joy and pride,
And our loyalty inspire.
Britishers the whole world wide,
And together let us all
Boldly stand for King and Crown,
Unity need fear no fall.
Nought can pull such bulwarks down,
May the house of brave Montrose
Welcome you with Royal cheer,
There mid scenes of sweet repose
Rest awhile with friends sincere,
And may every good attend
Our King George and Queen, so dear,
Heaven its richest blessing send
Round their pathway year by year.
*Sir William Beardsmore.

MRS JEANIE MILL

SIR GAWLNE BAILLIE.

Bathgate, Saturday.—A special telegram was received from Lord Kitchener last night announcing that Sir Gawlne Baillie of Polkemnet, had been killed in action. Sir Gawlne was a Lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys. Arrangements for the celebration of his coming of age were postponed owing to his hurried call to his regiment in Whitburn. The news of his death has been received with keen regret.

ENEMY LOSES TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN.

A message from Petrograd shows that the Germans undertook active and simultaneous operations on the two wings of the East Prussian front, in the region of Iaschehen, where, in repelling a German attack, the Russians succeeded in exterminating almost entirely one of the attacking battalions, and also on the Rypine Railway lines, where our cavalry concentrated towards Serpetz, on the left bank of the Vistula.
To judge from the bodies abandoned before the Russian positions, the Germans seem to have lost in killed and wounded during the six days' attack on the positions of Borjomeff, Gourmine, and Volmishdowski, tens of thousands of men.

Moonlight in the Trenches.

THE moon shines bright this weary night;
She shines in Yorkshire too,
On moor and city. "holt and height
As she was wont to do.

"Och, that she does," said Pat O'Neil—
"And silvers Dublin Bay,
Jack Barraclough, you're true as steel,
You saved my life to-day."

"Fair quittance," laughed the Yorkshire-
man.

"You risked it once for me,
Yon night o' Joffre's cunning plan
To make the Germans flee."

"Ay, maun," said Robin Wishart then,
Beside them in the trench—
"The mune shone bright upon oor men
An' on thae gallant French."

A bit ower bright, we cudna hide,
Yet did we no sae bad;
An' noo she's shinin' on the Clyde
Whaur mony a ploy I've had."

"You hail from Clyde," said Barraclough,
"And Pat from Dublin Bay,
And I from Leeds where, black enough,
The Aire goes on its way."

So here we be, good soldiers three,
And there be our three wives,
Our lasses—(each with babies three)—
For whom we stake our lives!

Eh, 'Romeo and Juliet,
It was a touching play;
We saw it at the Grand, and yet,
My lads, we would not say—

That lass and lad can reach the love
That wife and husband know,
That fathers feel—O God above,
For them we face the foe!"

"Ye're richt," said Robin, and he sighed;
"Right, right, me bhoy!" said Pat—
"Look out—a shell—it's fallen wide!
And so good night to that."

"Hoot," mandered Robin, gin yon mune
Wad tak' a message noo
Tae my leal lassie, gey an' sune,
I'd send it sparkin' through."

"And I"—"And I"—"To Dublin Bay"—
"To Girvan"—"And to Leeds.
The moon she sails upon her way
And naught of us she heeds."

"Yet yon mune's Maker—He sud mark
That shapit us flesh an' soul;
Why does He leave us in the dark?
Has He nae real control?"

"These bluidy trenches tranquil noo,
(Short calm afore a storm)
Is it His will that sic a brew
Soaks Europe wet an' warm?"

"Och, Robin Wishart," put in Pat,
"We are not priests we three:
For King and Country—stick to that
And let your questions be!"

"You speak not ill," said Barraclough—
"It's Duty night and day;
And if we find our duty tough,
Well—Some One led the way."

"He shed His blood as we do here,
And—unless—all—be—lies—
He came to life—so persevere—
It is but once one dies."

"O lads, we fight for Peace and Right;
Let this our one word be—
'As I am true to God this night,
Lord God, be true to me!'"

L. R. MAR.



PTE. DAVID DONALDSON.

On Saturday morning Mr and Mrs Donaldson, Post Office Row, received the sad information that their son Pte. David Donaldson, Cameron Highlanders, had been killed in action on the 12th of April. The letter came from Sergt. Rose, of the same Company, stating that while Pte. Donaldson was engaged in outpost duty he was shot, death being instantaneous. A parcel containing the dead soldier's letters, etc., was also sent home by the Sergt., who expressed his sincere regret in the letter. Pte. Donaldson is the first soldier to fall in action from the Fauldhouse district. He was a keen football enthusiast, and played for the local Primrose when that team carried off the East of Scotland Juvenile Cup last year. For that performance Pte. Donaldson was the recipient of the cup badge. Along with a few others he enlisted at the first call for men, his comrades still being in the fighting line, although some of them have been home wounded, and have since returned to France. The following is a copy of the letter from Sergt. Rose above referred to:—

British Expeditionary Force,
April 13th, 1915.

Dear Mrs Donaldson,—It is with the most sincere feelings of regret and sympathy that I write this letter to you on behalf of myself and the comrades of your son, David. I am sorry to say that he was killed yesterday morning whilst on look-out duty in the advanced trench, and died almost instantaneously. Your son came out to this country with me in December, since when he has been in the same company as myself, so I have had a good opportunity of knowing his worth, and that he proved himself an able and willing soldier is the very least I could say of him. He was always of such a cheerful disposition, and on the march he was the life of his section, always trying to make the road seem less hard by playing popular airs on the mouth organ, which he could play so well. During a time when so many young men were being so severely tried he proved in the short period of his soldiering he was a first-rate soldier, which meant so much these days. So if there is anything which would tend to soften the terrible blow which his death may mean to you it is the thought that he proved himself a man in every way, and he died actually at his post. With the expression of most sincere sympathy with you and all Dave's friends in your sad bereavement, I will close. Believe me, most sincerely yours,

SERG'T. G. ROSE (4337).

B Company,

1st Cameron Highlanders.

P.S.—I would like to add that his remains were carried several miles to the rear, and were buried in a small cemetery along with others who like himself have died serving in the future cause. Should you at any time in the future enquire for the exact place it will only be necessary to enquire of the Cameron Regiment authorities, who as they keep a record, as far as possible, in his case will be able to let you know.

WE ARE COMING, NURSE CAVELL.

A woman's voice is calling,
It is borne upon the breeze,
To ev'ry land and ev'ry strand,
Of all the Seven Seas.

And Freedom's sons are rising,
A stern and mighty host:
They are coming, they are coming,
They are counting not the cost.

Above the din of battle,
And the roar of giant guns,
Above the braggart shouting
Of the lewd and murderous Huns.

The tramp of untold legions
Is rising loud and clear,
And 'mid the tempest of their wrath
These words I seem to hear—

"We are coming, we are coming,
From city, mount and shore,
To avenge this latest infamy,
And twice ten thousand more.
And not one heart shall falter,
And not one hand shall fail;
Now tremble, all ye murdering hordes,
For Right shall sure prevail.

Our way may oft be dreary,
Nurse Cavell,
Our feet will oft be weary,
Nurse Cavell,

We know not what's in store,
Some shall return no more,
They shall reach the 'silent shore,'
Like thyself, Nurse Cavell.

But this we know—we're coming,
To speed the Reckoning Day,
And swell the conquering millions,
Already on the way.

Let unborn ages hear it,
Let our children's children tell
How swift we sent the answer—
We are coming, Nurse Cavell."

WILLIAM SHAW.

Maybole, Scotland,
25th October, 1915.

NEWBRIDGE MAN KILLED AT THE DARDANELLES.



The above is a portrait of Private James Lillie, 18th Battalion Australian Forces, who died of wounds at the Dardanelles on 30th August. He emigrated to Western Australia three and a half years ago, and at the beginning of the present war volunteered for active service. He was 31 years of age and formerly worked as a shale miner in Ingliston Shale Mine, belonging to Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company. Prior to leaving this country he resided at Newbridge, and was a member of the local Recreation and Bowling Club. He was of a cheery disposition and much respected by all who came in contact with him. He has three brothers serving with the Colours, and much sympathy is extended to them in their irreparable loss.

A Soldier's Song.

See these ribbons gaily streaming—
I'm a soldier now, Lizette!
Yes, of battle I am dreaming,
And the honour I shall get;
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a prancing steed to ride,
I shall rush upon the foe;
Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,
'Tis a life that well will suit,
The gay life of a young recruit.

We shall march away to-morrow,
At the breaking of the day,
And the trumpet will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play.
Yet before I say good-bye
And a last sad parting take,
As a pledge of your true love,
Give me 'kerchief, scarf, or glove';
Then, cheer up, my Lizette,
Let not grief your beauty stain—
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizette, to thus be weeping
While there's a fame in store for me
Think, when home I am returning,
What a joyful day 'twill be!
When to church you're fondly led,
Like a lady smartly dressed,
And a hero you shall wed
With a medal on his breast.
Oh, there's not a maiden fair
But with welcome will salute
The gay bride of the young recruit—
From the French.

THE AULD KIST O' DRAWERS.

They staun in the kitchen and look unco braw,
Tho' they are a bit laigh wi' their feet taen awa;
Yet the wonnerfu' charm o' their auld-fashioned grace
Aye keeps me frae pittin' ocht else in their place.

You see, they were grannie's for mony a year,
Gotten new when she mairret, and dootless were dear;
For they're solid mahogany, guid as you'll get,
And gey proud was she o' her bonnie wee set.

Aye! And mony a queer up and doon they hae seen,
Frae the day she first tidied and polished them clean;
They are fragrant wi' memories, sweet and sad baith,
Some brichtened wi' joy, ithers daurkened by death.

I picture them whiles in a cosy wee hoose,
When grannie was young, and weel favoured and spruce;
When life was a sang to twa young mairret folk,
And the care o' the worl' mair or less o' a joke.

Ah! Then they were looked at and haundled wi' pride,
And in them lay snugly the braws o' the bride;
A stock o' guid linen, and a suit o' black claes,
That served the guid man till the end o' his days.

And syne, when the bairnies cam' baith thick and sma',
They were gey and sair racked to hand for them a';
Wee troosers and petticoats, peenies, and goons,
Laid by for the cleedin' o' lasses and loons.

Whiles I vision the hame fu' o' laughter and glee,
And I hear grannie lilt to the bairn on her knee;
And in the daurk oor, when the shadow was nigh,
See the last paintin' made wi' a tear and a sigh.

And helpin' thro' a' wi' a bricht, cheery face,
The auld kist o' drawers aye stood in its place.
Till the yince cheery circle had vanished and gane,
Leaving grannie to sit at the fireside alane.

Auld grannie! Brave grannie! Left lanely and puir,
Yet as cleanly and decent as ony, I'll swear;
If only for her sake, the auld drawers'll bide,
Whaur I see them the noo at my humble fireside.

M. HUNTER.

MY VILLA.

(As described by an Officer at the Front.)

I've got a little villa
At . . . somewhere out in France,
And the landlord never asked me
For a quarter in advance.
To tell the truth, the fellow
Would hardly have the face,
For one cannot well help seeing
That he does neglect the place.

The roof is mostly missing,
There are holes in every wall;
There is no front door to open
If a visitor should call.
The ceilings all have fallen,
And the floors are perfect snares;
You can scarcely reach the bedrooms
For the plaster on the stairs.

Yet I think this careless landlord
Is a pleasant sort of gent.;
If he's slack about repairing,
He's the same about his rent.
And if my little villa
Is not all I could desire,
They've reduced the cost of living
Out at . . . Somewhere-under-Fire.

C. E. F.

A Miners' Problem at Fauldhouse.

THE HOUSING OF WORKMEN—EMPLOYERS' ULTIMATUM.

"Which shall I give up—my job or my home?"

That is the stern problem exercising the minds of about a hundred miners in Fauldhouse. Surely never before in the history of Scotland were miners faced with so curious and difficult a situation as that which confronts these men as the result of a Colliery Company's action.

Fauldhouse is a flourishing mining centre of about 500 souls. There are a number of collieries in the district, the biggest of them being the Cultrig Collieries, owned by Messrs Barr and Thornton. These collieries employ between three and four hundred men. Peace and contentment reigned over the district until some few days ago, when, at a hundred homes in Fauldhouse, was delivered an official-looking letter. When the letter was opened exclamations of consternation arose on all sides, and small wonder!

COME TO US OR CLEAR.

The letter bore the head-note of the Cultrig Collieries Company, and was as follows:

We beg to inform you that we have taken over the houses owned by Mr Dunlop. As they are taken over for a specific purpose, viz., the housing of our own workmen, if you are not already in our employment, it is imperative that you should either get work in our collieries or vacate the house in which you reside within fourteen days!

"Now at the first glance," said a grey-haired miner with whom I discussed the situation, "you probably won't take in the full hardship of all that letter means. Well, it's this way, &c."

"At the present time there's a shortage of miners in the district owing to the war, and consequently, the Colliery Companies are fighting one against the other to get hold of them. From what I gather, various new developments are taking place at the Cultrig Collieries; and apparently Barr and Thornton are determined to get the necessary men for the work."

THEY'VE BOUGHT THE MEN.

"In Fauldhouse there were about a hundred houses, occupied almost entirely by miners, which were owned by a Mr Dunlop, Glasgow. The Cultrig Collieries Company approached this owner, and, without a word to us—the tenants—bought the houses over our heads. Then suddenly they shoved this note in front of us? What does it say in effect, sir? Why this—'Either throw up your present job and take a new job with us at our own terms, or we turn you out of your house and home!'"

"For this is where the Company has got us, sir. There are no other houses in Fauldhouse to be had. No, not for love or money. It's a case of take the job that Barr and Thornton care to give you, or leave the district!"

"They haven't just bought the houses; they've bought the men, too!" was the angry exclamation of another man with whom I talked. "It's a piece of sheer Kaiserism, nothing else! Holding a pistol to the head of the workers—that's what I call it!"

THE COUNTER MOVE.

"You see," he went on, "for a miner to change his working-place isn't the same as for a clerk or an engineer. The clerk or engineer goes to another situation, and he goes on doing just about the same work he was doing before."

"Now in the case of a miner the conditions of work are never alike in two pits. I know Fauldhouse men who are earning as much as 12s 6d a day regularly in the places where they are now working, but if they go to Cultrig Collieries, and they aren't lucky enough to get a good place, it's ten to one they won't be able to make more than 7s 6d. How's that for hardship?"

"But surely," I said, "the other colliery proprietors won't sit still and let their men be taken from them without making some sort of effort?"

"You'd certainly think they'd stir themselves," was the reply; "but there's no word of building fresh houses or running up huts that I've heard of. In fact, I'm certain that no move of that sort has been commenced as yet."

A MINER'S THEORY.

"It's not to be expected that a house fit to shelter a man and his family could be run before our notices expire. Why, the fourteen days given us to make up our minds has gone already, and I suppose we'll be receiving our summonses any time now."

"But, to my mind," he went on, "there's more in this than meets the eye. Word has gone round that a big Glasgow mine-owner is going to open up pits in the district, and it strikes a lot of us that this house-buying is a move to try and keep him out. With a new man coming to the district there'd be a rush to his pits. Hence the precaution to anchor the men firmly to other jobs before he comes upon the scene."

"LET THEM TRY."

"It isn't only the tenant of the house who must work in the Cultrig Collieries Company's pits. If there's a son and he's a miner, he must work there as well; and if there's a ledger he must also work there," another indignant miner declared. "That's most unfair to my mind!" he went on heatedly. "Surely if the man who pays the rent works in their pits it ought to be quite sufficient for them!"

"It's a pretty pass when a Company owning a house can dictate how everyone who lives in it shall earn his living!"

"I reckon," he added, "there's likely to be some rough work before this business is through. Nobody's going to make me work for another Company against my will, and if anyone tries turning my belongings out of the house before I've another place to go to, he'll wish he'd left them alone!" and he brought down a large fist with a bang upon the table. "There's a good many more of the same mind as myself. We're not the sort of chaps to stand bullying from anybody!"

THE WIFE'S STANDPOINT.

The indignation of the miners' wives was fully equal to that of the husbands; but in most cases it was mingled with a sentimental regret at the thought of giving up a home in which they had happily dwelt for many years.

"I was born in this row," said one wife to me. "It was here my mother and father died, and here I settled down after my bit o' honeymoon. It was here my bairns were born, and I always said, 'I've lived all my life in this row, and nothing shall scare me out of it.'"

"But, well, sir, there's no telling how things fall out, is there? Here are we with notice to quit, and nowhere to go to unless my man chooses to do what the Colliery Company wants. And I'm not the one to tell him to knuckle under. He knows that!"

One of the most pathetic cases I came across was that of an old lady, some seventy years of age.

"I've been in this house for 37 years," she quavered, "and I wouldn't like to leave it now, sir. I've had my notice same as the rest, but surely they won't turn me out! I'm very ill and very poor, and I don't think I'll live long in any case, sir. My man's dead, and my two sons are away at the war, and I'm a poor lonely old woman. I think if they made me leave it would be the death o' me!"

THE OWNERS' POSITION.

Although I did not see either of the partners in the firm of Barr and Thornton, I had a word with the manager of the collieries. He, while declaring that it was not his province to speak officially on the matter in any way, put the case for the collieries clearly enough.

"I'm sure the firm don't wish to ride rough-shod over the miners," he explained. But they have a perfect legal right to buy any houses they wish to, and they have a perfect right to say only their own employees shall occupy those houses. The whole thing is a business proposition."

"As to the case of miners' widows and so forth occupying some of the cottages," he added, "these old people can make their minds easy. They will suffer no hardship."

A SICKENING BUSINESS.

Meanwhile the miners and their wives are waiting on events. "We've discussed the advisability of striking over the matter," one collier informed me; "but it's a bad time for striking, and the firm, by all accounts, have got the law completely on their side. We shall just have to hang on and see what happens. The matter has been brought before the Executive of the National Union, and they will no doubt get the Company to be as reasonable as possible."

"But we may as well face the issue. Either we shall have to give up our present jobs and take new ones, or we shall be turned out of our houses neck and crop before many days are past. It's a sickening business altogether."—Special Commissioner in the "People's Journal."

NEUVE CHAPELLE.

The charge it is over: the Battle is won.
Some girls lost a sweetheart, some mothers
a son.
Sadly we heard of comrades who fell
For Britain's honour at Neuve Chapelle.

There were honours won in that glorious
fight
By our lads who died for the cause that is
right:
There's a price to be paid, that, the Ger-
mans know well,
For the cold-blooded murder they did at
Chapelle.

"The Roll Call" was sounded, after the
fight,
And some there were, Oh, a piteous sight;
And some, alas, had died, fighting, where
they fell;
Each man was a hero at bloody Neuve
Chapelle.

Many homes are lonely, many mothers sad,
Wives and sweethearts crying for their sol-
dier lad;
But down through the ages will be heard the
knell
Of German hopes blasted by Britons at
Chapelle.

JAMES SMITH, Pte.,
Black Watch.

122 Jewel Cottage,
Portobello.

To the "Eye-Witness."

AN APPEAL.

When we read the magnificent story
Of all that our heroes achieve,
When proudly we think of their glory
And the honour their names should receive,
Then we long, with a thrill of elation,
To blazon their merits afar—
Till we find, with intense irritation,
We are not even told who they are!

So Mr Official "Eye-Witness,"
When you send those long telegrams through,
We want further proof of your fitness
For the job they have set you to do;
When the work of brave men who are fighting
Your special acknowledgement claims,
Just cut out a bit of fine writing,
And fill up the space with their names!
—"The Passing Show."

"Too Proud To Fight."

"Too proud to fight." 'Tis your banner
unfurled.

How the words stink the nostrils of the
civilised world.
"Too proud to fight," you've boastfully said;
Yet American blood dyes the ocean red.

Is it nothing to you when a ship goes down?
Sunk by the Huns with intent to drown.
Is it nothing to you when the drowned are your
own

Blood of your blood and bone of your bone?

If you've grit, if you've pluck, if you've back-
bone at all,

Your brain will go mad at the children's call.
Children left fatherless—motherless, too—
Calling for justice. Calling to you.

Unsheath the sword, clean off the rust,
For your pedestal of neutrality has crumbled
to dust.

The War Lord! the Blood Fiend! your
vengeance has dared.
You're no longer neutral. War's been declared.

Too proud to fight? Then submit you must
To the Huns' dictates or bite the dust.
Take care! Lest other nations might
Incline to think you—too cowed to fight.

In the name of your kin who lie dead in the sea,
Seeds of the fathers who fought to be free,
Fight for your rights 'gainst the murder-
stained fraud.

'Tis your duty to them; 'tis your duty to God.
ARCHIBALD MACCALLUM.

KAISER WILLIE'S PRAYER.

OH, Lord, you ken I'm kind and true
And cultured to the heel!
Give me this earth, You've lost Your power,
And I will guide the wheel.
I'll spread the light, and light the flame
With chariots of fire;
Crush misbelievers in the dust—
Lord, that is my desire.

For I was born to rule and guide,
Endowed wi' talents ten.
I ken that you are God above,
But I'm the Lord of men.
In Germany they homage pay;
By crazy crowds I'm cheered;
And if it's no' for love—oh, Lord,
It's something to be feared.

The Jews were once the chosen race,
But now they're in decay;
You have placed the Germans first,
And I must lead the way.
Proud cities, Lord, I'll overthrow;
In me great strength You'll find;
Cathedrals, kirks, and monuments
I'll scatter to the wind.

In triumph we shall march along;
On earth we have no fears;
We glory in the death of men,
And bathe in women's tears.
Our hands shall play the national lay;
Red blood shall mark the line;
For a' oor wounded enemies,
We put them oot o' pine.

And all my officers and men
Have my command to slay
Old men and maids and helpless babes
That dare stand in the way.
Like hungry beasts we'll scour the earth;
I mean to play my game;
From pole to pole each shrinking soul
Shall dread the German name.

The widow's cot I'll burn to ash
And trample down the grain
And mak' oor prisoners often wish
In battle they'd been slain.
We'll steal their priceless works of art,
Demolish "brigs" and trees,
An' blame the Allies for the loot,
An' fill the Press wi' lees.

A' this for you, Lord, I shall do,
If you'll remember me,
And gie the Crown Prince, and Von Kluck,
One brilliant Victory.
For my name, Lord, must stand alone,
On history's glorious page,
For bluster, blood, and blasphemy
I hold the world's stage.

If you'll but hasten that great day,
To Heaven I'll build a tower,
When Europe and America
Shall bow to Prussian power.
Oh, Lord, if you'll do this for me,
You will not suffer loss,
For you can tak' my Royal word
You'll get my Iron Cross.

Mair honours, Lord, I canna gie,
It's worth a place on High.
And you'll appreciate my gift,
It's sure to please your eye.
Another favour I would ask.
As lang's I have your ear,
Lord, smite the Czar, and a' his hosts.
They fill my heart wi' fear.

Gie me one sign you'll no forget,
In fact, guid Lord, you must,
Or that great Russian roller
Will crush Berlin to dust.
Do this, Lord, for thine instrument,
Altho' the task is rough,
But aye keep mind o' what ye'll get,
And ye'll be richt enough.

And, Lord, confound the Japanese,
I dearly hate the race,
I fear they'll tak' my China Store,
An' drum me frae the place.
Lord, crush them wi' a powerful hand,
And multiply their cares,
And send them back to Tokio,
To mind their ain affairs.

But never mind the Belgians,
I'll manage them mysel',
I've turned a peaceful heaven on earth
Into a perfect hell.
They'll rue the day I trod their soil,
They're thorns in my side,
And they shall feel my iron heel,
For sair they've hurt my pride.

Yea, Lord, I'll lay their country waste,
Although it cost me dear,
Tho' German bluid does their land guid,
The weak my name shall fear.
And if I canna conquer them,
I'll drive them to the sea.
At bold King Ab., I'd like a dab,
If his back were to me.

they fill my heart with fear.
My eyes wi' burning tears.
I winna gie them back the land
That I hae held for years.

Strike General Joff, and a' his staff,
They canna now be bought.
And, faith, his vile rank and file
Fight better than I thought.
Yet though we're armed to the teeth,
We've had nae knock oot blow.
The same as Bismarck and Grandad
Had some forty years ago.

That I wad dine in Paris soon
Was sung by German bards.
But that was rot, it's a' to pot,
Just like my Prussian Guards.
But, Lord, I could forgie the French,
Although it mak's me shiver,
But cousin Georgie an' his clans,
I them forgie shall never.

I ken he's plottin' my downfall
Wi' Albert and "Monsieur,"
A-haudin in through thick and thin,
Wi' French and Kitchener.
I ken Sir John's baith bold and cute,
But maybe so am I.
If I can't beat him on the land,
I'll "bomb" him frae the sky.

But Kitchener stands at his back
And he's nae love for me.
And should I fa' aween the twa
Lord pity "Germany."
But by my cross and by my crown,
And by the River Rhine,
Lend me your aid, ye ken I'll pay,
And vengeance shall be mine.

I'll throw fresh millions in the field,
I'll bet him five to one,
My kingdom for a German Corps,
To mak' the beggars run;
But British troops are hard to shift,
If I could get them fear'd
I'd even shave my moustache aff
And cultivate a beard.

For a' I've done wi' shot and shell,
Great force, and German bluff,
The Scots Greys and the Highlanders
They dinna care a snuff;
They play fitba' in face o' fire,
Their tongues a gang like bells,
And, damn them for their impudence,
They've nicknamed a' my shells.

"Jack Johnson," Coal Box, "Black Maria"
A national disgrace!
If auld Krupp canna shift the hounds
I'll burn his bloomie place.
The Irish, Welsh, and English,
They come at me pell-mell,
And keep my strongest trenches
As hot's whaur Satan fell.

An' there's the wild Colonials,
For balls they winna flee;
They fight like devils at the front,
And laugh at death and me.
But Lord protect me frae the blacks,
They mak' my bluid rin cauld,
Ma hair comes oot in handfuls,
And on my croon I'm bauld.

Wi' the grim lancers on the field,
And Ghurkas wi' their knives,
I'm feared a lot o' Germans
Will never see their wives.
But, Lord, I ken that you will shield
And guard baith me and mine,
And keep me aye aboot twa or three mile
Behind the fighting line.

Protect my spies in every land,
And those in Britain, too,
That they may keep me posted up
To cut their Navy down.
The British law's simplicity
In thinkin' Germans true!
If Emperors can brak' their word,
What may their subjects do?

Blaw Jellicoe to Jericho
An' a' his bloomin' fleet,
But keep my ships behind the mines,
I canna let them meet.
Britannia ever rules the waves,
I deur not face the foe,
Or my ships, made in this land,
To Davy Jones would go.

Heligoland they dare not touch,
My hooligans are there:
But, like the hooligans at home,
Their valour's very rare.
But cunning schemes wi' submarines
Will maybe do the trick,
And if you canna help me, Lord,
I'll try and get Auld Nick.

Dumfounder all my enemies,
But aye uphold my cause,
And cut the British lion's throat,
My heid's ower near his jaws.
Oh, batter them, and scatter them,
My bitterest of foes—
The Thistle, Leek, and Shamrock,
And that confounded rose.

Behold an Emperor at your feet,
In Thee I place my trust,
Exalt the righteous Germans, Lord,
Roll others in the dust.
Put all my sins behind your back,
And grind the Allies sma';
If I've three Iron Crosses left,
I'll maybe gie ye twa.

AND T. MATTHEW

DEATH OF MR THOMAS DODDS, BATHGATE.



Bathgate has lost one of its best known citizens by the death of Mr Thomas Dodds, solicitor. The deceased gentleman had been confined to the house for a month from the effects of a chill caught on the night of the Choral Union concert, but was able to go about indoors. He retired to rest as usual last Wednesday evening, and died suddenly after midnight, death being due to syncope. Mr Dodds was a native of Linlithgow, where he served his legal apprenticeship. After a time spent in an Edinburgh lawyer's office, he came to Bathgate 30 years ago, to be partner with the late Mr George Sinclair, writer, and after the latter's death carried on the business on his own account. Besides being a successful law agent, Mr Dodds took a leading part in public affairs. He was Chairman of the Parochial Board for twenty years, and was unanimously elected Chairman of the Parish Council at its first meeting. He also held the office of Chairman of the Combination Pothouse, Linlithgow. Mr Dodds served for a time as a Commissioner of the burgh. He was first Clerk to Bathgate Landward School Board, and held the office till his death. In politics Mr Dodds was

AN ACTIVE LIBERAL.

being Secretary to the West Lothian Liberal Association, and agent for Mr A. Ure, M.P. He was a member of Bathgate U.P. Church, of which he was an elder, Session Clerk, and Superintendent of the congregational Sabbath school. One of Mr Dodds' main interests was musical culture, and the musical organisations of Bathgate owe much to his encouragement. In the early sixties he was Secretary for a time of Edinburgh Choral Union, and since settling in Bathgate he has been perpetual President of the various Choral Unions that have passed across the stage of Bathgate. At the weekly practice of the Union last Thursday evening it was agreed to adjourn the meeting. The Secretary was instructed to convey the sympathy of the members to Mrs Dodds in her bereavement, and to send a wreath as a token of respect for their President. Mr Dodds took a prominent part in the movement which culminated in the formation of Bathgate

PUBLIC BRASS BAND

a year ago, and he was elected Chairman of the Joint Committee of Commissioners and Ratepayers to secure funds for the band. He took an active part in promoting the band bazaar held three months ago, which so successfully met the wants of the band. Mr Dodds was a member of the Hopetoun Lodge of Freemasons. The deceased was 63 years of age, and married a daughter of the late Mr John Arthur, Edinburgh, who survives him.

At Linlithgow Sheriff Court on Friday, Sheriff-Substitute Melville, before opening the Court, said he thought it right and appropriate to make reference to the loss which the Bar had sustained through the sudden death of Mr Dodds, who was one of the oldest members of the Faculty of Procurators in the county. He was well known as a zealous and able lawyer, and in every sphere of life Mr Dodds had been ready to do what he could for the benefit of his fellow-men. His loss would be much felt, and, he was sure, deeply regretted by all present.



FOR ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY

In order to advertise our stock of Engravings, Water Colours, Oil Paintings, and other Fine Art Pictures we are offering you the above splendid picture Absolutely Free. The above reproduction gives but a faint idea of the beauty of the original Picture. Its size is 30in. by 20in., and it is printed on Superb Fine Art Paper. No charge is made for the Picture. Write your name and address on the Coupon and send it with 6d. P.O. (or 7 penny stamps) for postage and packing. By return of post you will receive this noble work of art, securely packed, absolutely free. Applications from Foreign Countries and from British Dominions across the seas must be accompanied by 2s. owing to extra cost of packing and postage.

The Marching Song of the Royal Scots.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O;
How happy am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!
'Tis a soldier none can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O;
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.
My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Gentle, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.
Though commissions are dear
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.
A soldier has honour and bravery, O;
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O.
He minds no other things
But the ladies or the King;
For every other care is but slavery, O.
Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And when'er that beats I'll be ready, O,
Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,
They are as right like my dear Johnnie, O;
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!

My Son.

Here is his little cambric frock,
That I laid by in lavender so sweet,
And here his tiny shoes and sock,
I made with loving care for his dear feet.
I fold the frock across my breast,
And in imagination, ah, my sweet,
Once more I hush my babe to rest,
And once again I warm those little feet.
Where do those strong young feet now stand?
In flooded trench, half numb to cold or pain,
Or marching through the desert sand
To some dread place that they may never gain.
God guide him and his men to-day,
Though death may lurk in any tree or hill,
His brave young spirit is their stay,
Trusting in that they'll follow where he will.
They love him for his tender heart
When poverty or sorrow asks his aid,
But he must see each do his part—
Of cowardice alone he is afraid.
I ask no honours on the field,
That other men have won so brave as he,
I only pray that God may shield
My son, and bring him safely back to me.
—Ada Tyrrell, in "The Saturday Review."

FOR FINE YE KEN.

Noo come awa ye shirkers,
Ye seem tae hae nae shame;
Ye never seem tae think o' them
That's been sae lang frae hame.
An' while ye've been enjoyin' yersel',
An' ha'en sports in galore,
There's mony a braw braw lad gone west,
Amid the cannon's roar.
It suits ye fine juist tae come hame,
And at the papers glance,
And read about the glorious deeds
The Boys are da'en in France.
Sae pit some life intae yersels,
And gang and list at wance,
Fer fine ye ken ye're needed here
Tae help the Boys in France.
And when ye don the Khaki claes,
A prood lad ye will be,
Tae think ye're gaun tae help the Boys
Tae fecht for liberty.
Then whan the battle's foct an' won,
And you come safely hame,
Ye'll lift ye're heid wi' pride an' say,
I've nae cause tae think shame.

JAMES CHAPMAN,

Broxburn, R.A.M.C.

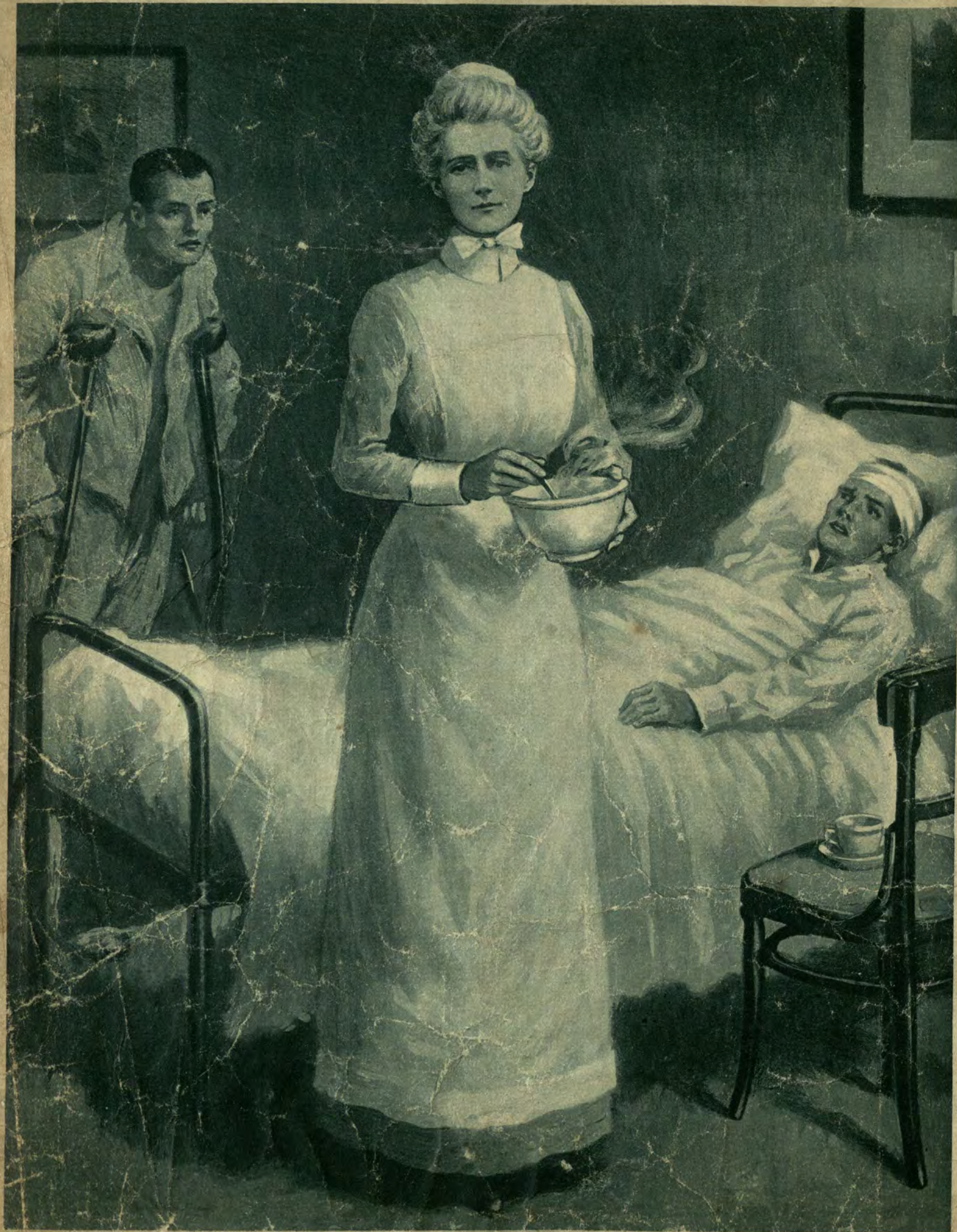
Now somewhere in France.

LOST SPEECH SUDDENLY RECOVERED.

Private Muckley, of the Border Regiment, was struck by lightning on Sunday last. He was rendered unconscious, and remained so until Wednesday, when it was found the shock had deprived him of speech. Yesterday morning he was taken to the Barrow Hospital and put under special treatment. He was placed afterwards in a ward, every one being enjoined to keen silence. Muckley went to sleep. He suddenly awoke and shouted "Speak, speak." He gradually recovered his speech, and stated that he had dreamed he could speak again, awakened at that moment, and shouted out.

I canna live in peace,
If there be but one man alive,
Exterminate the race,
Send a fine message





NURSE EDITH CAVELL.

HEROINE / D MARTYR. SHOT IN COLD BLOOD BY THE GERMAN TYRANTS ON OCTOBER 12th. 1915. FOR
SUCCOURING REFUGEES

STONEYBURN MALE VOICE CHOIR : PRIZE-WINNING RECORD.



Above we give the members of Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir. The Choir, under the direction of Mr David Sangster, has taken part in nine festival competitions. The awards have been thus:—Brown Cup, United Collieries, won three years in succession; Craig Cup, Renfrewshire, and the honours, 3 first class; 1 second class; and 2 merit certificates.

The names of those comprising the choir are thus:—

Front row, left to right—R. Sangster, Whitburn; J. McAuley, Addiewell; R. Haggerty, Stoneyburn; W. Faley, president, Addiewell; David Sangster, conductor, East Whitburn; W. Tweedie, Stoneyburn; John Sangster, East Whitburn; James Sangster, East Whitburn; Owen McQueen, Stoneyburn.

Second Row.—John Graham, Bents; Wm. Lees, treasurer, Stoneyburn; R. McQueen, Loganlea; P. Reid, jnr., Bents; F. Clark, Stoneyburn; Joseph Colquhoun, jnr., Bents; Bernard McAuley, Stoneyburn; Alex. Dymnock, Loganlea; Thomas Faley, Addiewell; William McKinlay, secretary, Bents; Robert Reid, Loganlea; J. Ferguson, West Calder.

Back Row.—Frank Cosgrove, Addiewell; Daniel McConnachie, Bents; James Irvine, Stoneyburn; Johnston McQueen, Addiewell; William Grieve, Stoneyburn; Thomas Faley, Bents; J. Toynbee, Addiewell; Peter Kane, Addiewell; John Orr, Stoneyburn.

The choir take part in Westlothian Festival at Linlithgow this week and will take part in festivals this season at Glasgow, Lanark, Edinburgh, and Falkirk.

Photo by Mr Benzie, Bathgate.

In Sunshine Ward

The Midnight Dawn

Nearing the End of the Road

by PHILIP INMAN

ONE of the most poignant letters I have ever read reaches me from a reader of this paper. It comes from a woman of fifty-five who is suffering from an incurable and painful malady.

Tenderly cared for by her husband and her two daughters, they have tried to keep the news of her doom away from her. My correspondent goes on:—

"But God has told me I shall never be well again, and I have a dread of breaking down and appearing a coward before my loved ones. Death is a terrible thing, isn't it? And I am really afraid to go. Last night I dreamt I was standing on the brink of a precipice, and I seemed to be falling over; it was dreadful.

"You write so wonderfully about the sunshine of life that I wonder if you can shed a ray for me on my darkened path."

It so happens that in my recent experience I have come across one "the beating of whose heart has been keeping time to the beating of the heart" of my correspondent. This woman is suffering

from one of the most painful diseases—cancer of the throat.

Every day there sits by this woman's bedside her husband. For over thirty years these two have been all in all to each other. Now the parting is at hand, and they both know it, but there is no resentment in their hearts.

The other day I heard them talking together. She was telling him how he would find her waiting when his turn came to cross the bar. She was just going on in front to get things ready for him. During this woman's stay in the hospital she has unravelled for me the meaning of life and the mystery of death.

So when I wondered what I should say in reply to my correspondent I took my difficulty to her.

"There is a kinship between her and me," she said. "We are both getting near the end of the journey. Just now

she is treading on a hard bit of road, but it will come all right."

The next day she asked me if I would allow a letter to be sent to my correspondent. Here are some extracts from it:

"You and I have never met, but yet I feel I know you because we both belong to the fellowship of suffering. I too know that I shall never be well again, but I have given up worrying, and I am ready to go when the call comes.

"We shall both have to leave behind these we have loved, but one day, please God, we shall see them again. . . .

"Outside a clock has just struck the hour of midnight. Another of my few short days gone, and I am a day nearer the Unseen.

"When it comes I shall go like a tired and weary child to its father's knee asking to be raised in his arms, to be held to his heart. He will but look in my face and I shall understand without a word. I am sure that when you and I awake in that new land we shall both be satisfied."

FADACHD-MARA. (Sea-Longing.)

Och! it's lonely that I am
In this cottage by the sea,
Waiting, waiting ev'ry day
For a ship that ne'er will be.

There's a smile I'll never see,
And a voice I'll hear no more;
Och! it's weary that I am,
Watching, watching by the shore.

But I keep my lamp aburning
In the window over night,
In the hope of his returning
Ere the skreigh o' morning light.

All the same, I'm ever longing.
Longing for what cannot be,
For my Colin is asleeping
With his steed in Picardy;
And it's, oh, so lonely that I am
In this cottage by the sea!

ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR.

BIG EMIGRATION FROM SCOTS VILLAGE.



Scenes at the departure of seventy-five emigrants from the West Lothian village of Whitburn, near Bathgate. The party, which consists mostly of miners, has just left on the Canadian Pacific liner Montcalm en route for Vancouver. Fifty-one of the number are going out under the auspices of the Government 3000 Families' Scheme, whereby they are enabled to travel the 6300 miles to their destination at a cost of £4 3s 1d each, or less than a farthing per mile.

APRIL 19, 1926.

BOGSIDE FATALITY.

W. Watkinson Succumbs to His Injuries.

NOTED JOCKEY.

Ayr, Monday.—W. Watkinson, the steeplechase one. Following the death of Sergeant at Ayr, who was injured when Gilerux came to grief in the Montgomerie Steeplechase at Bogside on Saturday, died in Ayr Hospital at 1.30 this morning.

Watkinson suffered from hemorrhage of the brain and was paralysed on one side, and since his injury little hope was entertained for his recovery. He died without having regained consciousness.

The tragic event follows closely on his recent achievement in riding Jack Horner to victory in the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. Watkinson, who was 40 years of age, was born in Tasmania, and his mother was a sister of Charlie Hogan, a great cross-country rider in his time. Watkinson was apprenticed at the Curragh with Mr Philip Bellan, the father-in-law of Steve Donoghue. Watkinson afterwards rode for Mr Lindsay Fitzpatrick.

Grand National Success.

Mr M'Guigan met him at the Dublin Horse Show thirteen years ago and brought him to Ayr. On his first public appearance in Scotland, Watkinson rode two winners, and has since been a familiar figure at Scottish and North of England meetings. He rode in the Grand National at Aintree five times, and got round on four occasions. In 1922 on Drifter he finished second to Music Hall, and in 1923 and 1925 he also completed the course on the same horse.

It had always been an ambition of his to win the great steeplechase, and when he realised it last month his success was thoroughly deserved, as he had ridden with skill and judgment.

A bright, cheery little fellow, he met with many accidents in his racing career. When he heard someone remark that the jumps at Aintree should be lowered he exclaimed, "Go away. I'd like to go round them every morning before breakfast."

When he won the Grand National he received a cheque for £1000 from Mr Schwartz, the American owner of Jack Horner, and numerous gifts from other admirers. Mr James M'Lean, the Glasgow owner, one of the chief patrons of the M'Guigan stable, for whom Watkinson had ridden on several occasions, gave instructions that the best medical skill should be made available for Watkinson, and also for Paxton, whose mount fell in the same race, and who still lies in Ayr Hospital in an unconscious condition.

Watkinson's funeral, which will be a public one, will take place to Ayr Cemetery at 2.30 on Wednesday from St Margaret's R.C. Church, Ayr.



Specially drawn for "Answers" by Adrian Hill, R.I., R.B.A.

THE MENIN ROAD 1918.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM



Photo by Vandyk.

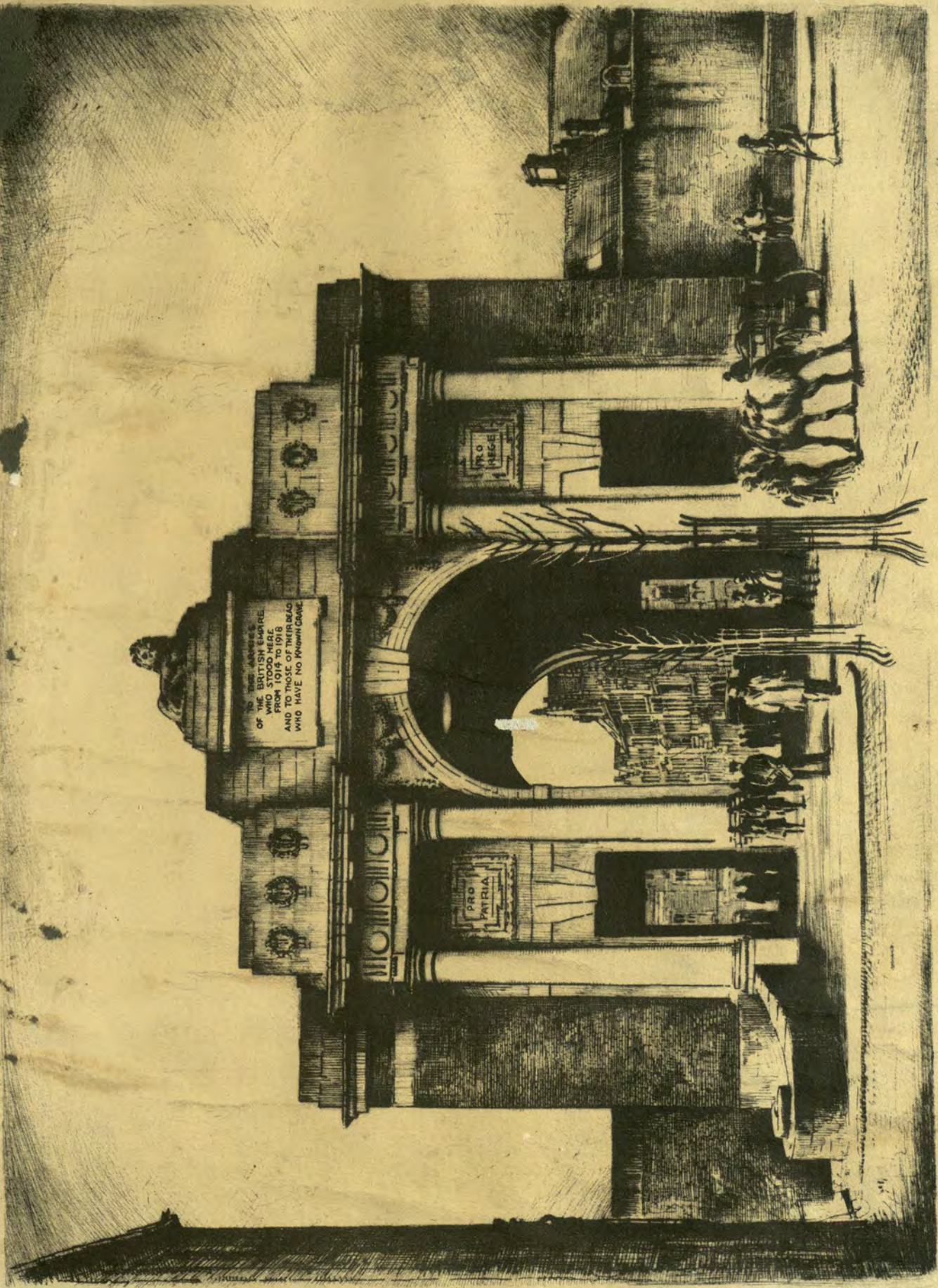
THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF BATHGATE.



Annual Highland Ball.

(Photo by Benzie, Bathgate.

On Friday evening, in the Co-operative Hall, Bathgate the annual Highland Ball, under the auspices of the Scottish Society of Bathgate was held. There was, as usual, a large attendance, and from start to finish the proceedings were of a most enjoyable character. Mr J. W. Stuart of Brighthouse, the hon. president, and Mrs Stuart, led off the Grand March with, in attendance Councillor Irvine, president, and Miss Irvine and Councillor Nicholson and Mrs Nicholson, Mr and Mrs Burgoyne, Edinburgh. The M.C.s were Messrs Hamilton and Nicholson, and excellent music was given by the Scottish Bathgate Orchestra. The refreshment arrangements were carried out in most up-to-date style by the Bathgate Co-operative Society, Ltd.



Specially drawn for "Answers" by Adrian Hill, K.T., R.I.A.

THE MENIN GATE 1928.

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796.

Old Scotland loves her darling sons
And smiles upon them all,
Though they be tenants in the cot,
Or in the lordly hall.
But on this day, the twenty-fifth,
Her highest thought aye turns
To hail his memory with pride,
Her peerless minstrel Burns.

Yet by the mountain and the glen,
Where the burnie glides along,
We still can hear with rhythm clear
The echo of his song.
We aye admire his honest work,
As o'er his works we scan,
The dauntless, kind and noble heart
Who helped his brother man.

His purest gems, his songs of love,
Plain beauty far surpasses,
Immortal here upon this sphere,
The poet and his lassies.
We see his crown of myrtle,
We see his crown of bays,
We see him a true lover,
And we hear his loving lays.

The essence of his noble work,
Love, honesty and truth,
He never failed to honour age,
And cheer the rising youth.
The Muses long have wept his loss,
But as "The Day" returns,
We'll hail his memory with pride,
Our glorious minstrel Burns.

Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir.

ADJUDICATOR'S REMARKS.

EDINBURGH MUSICAL COMPETITION FESTIVAL.

—Class 36 No. 1, Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir—(a) "I've a Secret to tell Thee."—Faithful work here at the beginning of each stanza; most delicate; not quite eager enough with the "Secret," and the last page was disappointing. The tones of the individual parts did not match here. (b) "Down Among the Dead Men."—Vigour; some rawness of tone; some crudeness. Try to refine this without loss of power; it is an interesting study. Well timed. Words clear. They vary their tone well, and have a good range, and graduate it successfully. (Sgd.) Sir H. Walford Davies.

UPPER WARD LANARKSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Class 49, No. 2—Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir—(a) "Feasting I Watch."—A great opening; manly and elemental. A great significance in the words "solemn and splendid." The triplet rather rushed. At "look down pleased," the basses got in octaves with top parts, but there was a good build again to the finish, and the whole was full of life. (b) "Cargoes."—A fine opening. First verse, the inner parts sometimes not too sure; second verse, good; third verse, very vital words, and very well accented. They got off the rails at where they should have been on at "road rails" but they got back again and finished well. It was all very much alive and gripping.

(Sgd.) Herbert Wiseman.

The Performance by the Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir.

The Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir (Conductor, Mr David Sangster) competed at two musical Festivals on Saturday last—Edinburgh and Lanark.

At Edinburgh they were the only entrants in their particular class, but they decided to attend in order that they could have the criticism of the distinguished adjudicators, Sir H. Walford Davies, and Mr H. Plunkette Green. That they were justified is shown by the fact that from such keen critics they obtained for their first song, "I've a Secret to tell thee," 84 marks, and for their second song, "Down among the Dead Men," 83 marks—Total 172 marks. 150 marks were necessary in order to qualify for a first class certificate, so that the Choir obtains that with 22 marks to spare.

The standard of marks indicates what the adjudicators thought of the performance and they did not find any great fault beyond a slight weakness in the opening of the first song. Sir Walford Davies complimented the Choirs on their spirited rendering of "Down among the Dead Men."

The Choir then returned by train to Addiewell where a special bus awaited them for the journey to Lanark.

Three choirs were entered for the Festival at Lanark, and Stoneyburn had to take second place to the Lesmahagow Choir. The test pieces here were "Feasting I Watch" (Elgar), and "Cargoes." "Feasting I Watch" is considered to be the finest piece set for male voices, and "Cargoes" is considered by many to be one of the most difficult pieces of the same class.

The adjudicator, Mr Herbert Wiseman, who judged at the recent Glasgow Festival, complimented Stoneyburn on their interpretation and rendering of the first song, but quite justly pointed that the basses had gone wrong in a very difficult but very important passage towards the end of the second piece. Lesmahagow, the winning choir, also went wrong at this particular point, but, as the adjudicator remarked, were cuter and managed to recover more quickly and effectively. The marks were—

Lesmahagow—"Feasting I Watch"—92 marks 1st class certificate; "Cargoes"—94 marks—Total 186.

Stoneyburn, "Feasting I Watch"—90 marks 2nd class certificate; "Cargoes"—89 marks—Total 179.

The following is the record of the Stoneyburn Choir this year:—Winners Brown Cup (United Collieries, Ltd.), Glasgow; 1st class certificate, Coatbridge; 1st class certificate, Edinburgh; 2nd class certificate, Lanark.

This is a good record for such a young choir, and we consider that it reflects great credit on their popular conductor, Mr David Sangster, and on the members themselves. Such excellence can only be attained by frequent well-attended practices.

We offer our congratulations to Mr Sangster and his merry men, and hope to see them continue as they have commenced. Here is an opportunity for some of the organisations in the County who find it difficult to compile a programme for their musical entertainments. Let them encourage real good local talent.

We understand that the choir has only a very few engagements booked, and are willing to sing either indoors or out. The fee would be very moderate, and the choir can render a full programme lasting more than two hours. The secretary is Mr Wm. McKinlay, Bents, Stoneyburn.

"Jake Plain" relates the story of a sweet-tempered maid:—

Miss Maggie Singlebody has
A temper quite amusing;
See, there she sits fermenting like
A pot of tea infusing.
There's sure to be a terrible
Explosion in a minute;
No doubt she's waiting patiently
For some one to begin it.
Tom Funnysellow dearly loves
To have a talk with Maggie;
Tho' frequently the confab ends
In language rather jaggy.
The other night he said—"Sweet, maid,
Oh, tell me why you're single?"
By Jove! the answer would have made
A donkey's wee lugs tingle.
"Shut up, ye daft gorilla wi'
The monkey face," cried Maggie;
"Shut up, or wi' a greasy cloot
I'll decorate and gag ye.
Each time I see yer jib it minds
Me o' a full-blown blister;
Rin hame as quick's ye can an' put
The question to yer sister."

us were guilty of a very serious offence, in this particular case accused's own friend had lost his eye. That was a natural consequence to a fight in a confined space. In imposing a fine of £2 with the alternative of 14 days' imprisonment, the Sheriff further remarked that if accused could not behave himself when he took drink then he should not take drink. Accused was allowed three weeks in which to pay the fine.

A QUEENSFERRY DISORDERLY.

A fine of £1, the alternative being 10 days' imprisonment, was imposed on Wm. Grieve Marshall, Brewery Close, South Queensferry, for having behaved in a disorderly manner at Craignethan, South Queensferry, on 14th ult. Accused said he went up to the inspector of poor's office for money which he thought he was entitled to, as he was not getting any bureau money. The inspector pushed him out of the office.

The Fiscal said accused called at the inspector's office asking for able-bodied relief. He was offered 10s. but this he refused, and demanded 12s 6d. a sum which for some reason or other he thought he was entitled to. He became very troublesome, and wanted to fight. It was impossible for the inspector to carry on his work, and ultimately he did eject accused. The Sheriff allowed Marshall 14 days in which to pay the fine.

MAN'S ANKLE FRACTURED IN SCUFFLE.

Robert Thomson, slater, Oakland Terrace, Armadale Road, Whitburn, was charged with having on 7th ult. on the public road at the Square, Durhamtown, assaulted James McKay, miner, residing there by striking him with his fist and knocking him to the ground, whereby he received a fracture of the ankle of his right foot and also having conducted himself in a disorderly manner and committed a breach of the peace. Accused pleaded guilty to breach of the peace under provocation.

In accepting accused's plea the fiscal said accused joined the Whitburn bus at Bathgate and undoubtedly he was under

DEATH OF WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT.

ER.—It is with regret that we announce the death of Mrs John White, 84 West Main Street, which took place in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary on Monday. About a month ago Mrs White was admitted to the Infirmary, suffering from internal troubles. She was operated on, and was subsequently removed to a Nursing Home. Later, however, she was again removed to the Infirmary, and another operation was performed on Sunday last. The operation was successful, but Mrs White had not sufficient strength to recover, and she passed away, as stated, the following day. Deceased was well known and highly respected in Whitburn and district. She is survived by a widower and by a family of five. The funeral, which took place to Whitburn Cemetery on Wednesday, was largely attended.

I.O.G.T.—The weekly meeting of "Almond Vale" Lodge was held in the Baillie Institute on Wednesday evening.—Sis. Margaret McGregor, C.T., presiding. Visitors were present from "Anchor of Hope" Lodge (Edinburgh), "Liberator," and "The Craigs." Sis. McGregor invited Bro. James Hind, C.T., "Anchor of Hope," to preside. The programme for the evening took the form of "a hat night." Solos were given by Sis. Hind ("Anchor of Hope"), Bros. A. Glen, A. Brodie, J. Muir, R. Sangster, J. Stevenson, J. Martin, G. Liddell ("The Craigs"), recitations were given by Bro. Hind ("Anchor of Hope"), Bro. R. Murray ("The Craigs"), Sis. C. Gray, and Bro. J. McLean. At the close, Sis. Mrs Moncur ("Anchor of Hope"), and Bro. J. Marshall ("Liberator"), offered a few appreciative remarks.

THE GREAT WAR.



WHEN THE BOYS COME MAP

by PHILIP INMAN

LITTLE BITS OF HEAVEN



Philip Inman

POLITICIANS and war lords are adepts in the art of phrase-coining. We in this generation know something of their prowess. "The war to end war," "Make the world safe for democracy," "A land fit for heroes to live in"—how well we remember them. And how futile and foolish they all sound now that the bitter experiences of post-war days stare us in the face.

Of the many letters which reach me from readers of this paper, a large number come from ex-Service men. They are good enough to take me into their confidence. They tell me of their struggles and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears.

I am not ashamed to say that often their soul-stirring missives have touched me to the quick.

It was because I wished to know more of the conditions under which these people lived that I made up my mind to visit some of them in

their own homes. Would that I could describe all that I have felt and seen!

A few months ago I had a letter from a man living not far from Whitby in Yorkshire. He told me a good many of the things which made up his life. When I called upon him the other day I discovered how much he had left blank.

I found him laid upon a camp-bed in the downstairs back room of a thatched cottage. His age, he said, was thirty-four, but had he been twenty years older I should not have expressed any surprise.

"We've got each other"

One glance was sufficient to indicate that he had come through some great tribulation. He did not tell me of the sufferings he had endured, but when I walked with his mother in the trimly kept garden, I heard from her the catalogue of his infirmities.

In 1914 this young fellow was a "farm hand," full of the health and vigour associated with that calling. He enlisted in the first months of the war, and after two years' service in France he was seriously wounded.

For months he hovered on the brink of death, and knowing what he has gone through since it almost seems as if his recovery must have been engineered by a cruel fate.

He has undergone nineteen surgical operations, and never once has he been able to leave his bed.

"Yet he never complains," said this tender-faced, grey-haired woman to me, "and though it's heartrending to see him sometimes, we've got each other." A smile lit up her worn features, and in her eyes shone a wonderful love-light.

The relationship between a mother and her son is one of God's most precious gifts in life.

When I returned into the invalid's room I asked him how he was faring. This victim of the surgeon's knife on nearly a score occasions replied cheerfully, "I keep very well except for a bit of a cold, now and then." The marvel of it all. Stoicism? I have never seen its like!

For over two hours this young fellow and I chatted together. Secluded and isolated though he was, I found him eager for news of the outside world. We talked of the coal strike, of the test match, of the books he liked.

Only once did he show the slightest trace of bitterness. We had been speaking of the two million unemployed and the tone of his voice indicated his deep feeling. "A land fit for heroes—my God, what a let-down!"

When a little later his mother joined us, I saw what these two meant to each other, and I recalled something she had said to me earlier in the day. "He lost his dad when he was only two. I've had to be father and mother to him—that's why he means so much to me."

An earthly Paradise

And I had not long to wait before I heard what he thought of her. "When I came home a cripple many forgot me—she didn't." "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," sings the poet. But it is not confined to childhood days, for a mother and her son have found Paradise in an old thatched cottage.

It was well into the evening before I left them. Nothing on earth would I exchange for the experience of that day. Like one of old I felt that for a brief spell I had been treading on holy ground, and those moments come too rarely in this workaday world for us to part with them lightly.

THROUGHOUT the country hundreds are passing through the deepest gloom, hidden away from the sight of others. But even for them there is frequently one watching beside them, bringing gleams of sunshine into their darkened lives

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Our auld Grandfather Clock there stan's

At ower in the recess;

Dozin' I sit an' watch

Creep ower its face o' brass.

Although at times it takes the strunts,

To strike the hour forgettin',

It's stood the hooch an' the dunt

O' mony a shoochy flit.

It chappit in my father's house,

An' guidness only kens

Hoo mony a douch guidman an' spouse

It's roused at their fire-en's,

'Twas left to me as bein' heir

To what the auld folks gathered;

Whate'er it's worth, 'tis anchored there—

By hallow'd ties 'tis tethered.

His heid's no' sair this bonny day

That set again the wheels;

It's seen the years in mony a way

Gang tumbin' heid's ower heels,

It yet may gang for mony a year,

The march o' time recordin'.

Guid kens wha 't's chap may hear

When 'e crossed the Jordan.

It's chapin' noo—that's ten o'clock—

'Tis time I socht my bed;

'Twill chap again to ha'e me yoke

When mornin's brakin' red.

Lang syne I thought it travelled slow,

An' weary dragged the secon',

But noo it bids the hours ava'—

Time o'er my beld pow quickens.

—THOMAS MORROW, in "The Glasgow Herald."

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A GUARD USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

LANG, LANG SYNE.

Dae ye mind o' lang, lang syne, when the
coal wis eight and nine,
And the fires burned brichter then than
they've ever done since syne.
Dae ye mind the eggs and ham, the butter
and the jam,
That we had for oor breakfast in the mornin'.
Dae ye mind the happy days when we had
four suits o' claes,
And we were dressed sat bonnily frae oor
heid doon tae oor tae.
Dae ye mind a rig oot then just cost ye two
poun' ten;
Ye gaed dressed tae yer wark in the mornin'.
Dae ye mind the mountain dew—I wish I had
some noo.
It didnae cost ye two poun' then if ye wantit
tae get fou.
Ye just taen aff yer dram, and listened tae a
sang,
And carried hame a drap for yer mornin'.

come ower the country noo, ye cannae
ve a u.
a buddy do.
the simple plan a' the pro-
tae hang,
e leave behin' many mournin'.
F. W. F.

WHITBURN SCHOOL.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

At Whitburn Public School on Thursday there were present Rev. Father Whelahan (Education Authority), Provost Shanks, Baillie Adamson, Rev. Mr. James, Mrs. Patterson and Miss Adamson, with Mr. Patterson, headmaster, and staff.

Short speeches were made by Rev. Father Whelahan, Rev. Mr. James, Provost Shanks and Baillie Adamson with the usual kindly words to the children for their future behaviour and best wishes for a pleasant holiday.

Songs were attractively rendered by classes under the control of their teachers. Misses Henderson, infant mistress, Russell, Wight, Brown, Campbell, Miller, Corstorphine, Elder, Muir, Simpson and Murray.

A recitation with special reference to Provost Shank's well-known love for beautiful dogs was tastefully given by Miss Sarah Livingstone. The pawky poem was her father's work.

A very pleasant gathering was closed by the children giving hearty votes of thanks to the Education Authority and to other donors of prizes for their great liberality and to those who had come to give them a hearty send off on their holiday and to the teachers for all their interest in the children's welfare.

In all 98 prizes for perfect or excellent attendance were given, then the following merit prizes.—

Advanced II—1st (equal) Isabella Mackie, John Tennant; 2nd (equal) William Tennant, Grace Shanks; 3rd (equal) Sarah Hamilton, Archibald Ferguson.

Advanced I—1st (equal) Minnie Forrest, Jessie Burns; 2, Alex. Fisher; 3, John Stirrat; 4, Mary Nelson; 5, Margaret Tennant.

Senior III (b)—presented by the teacher, Mr. Dodds—1, Thomas Allan; 2, Robert Lambie; 3, Isabella Whitelaw.

Special prizes.—Prizes for domestic subjects presented by the teacher, Miss Wylie. Advanced II.—Isabella Mackie. Advanced I.—Minnie Forrest, Jessie Burns (equal).

Modified advanced.—Margaret Livingstone. Prize for rural science, presented by the teacher, Mr. Lyall. Advanced division.—George Robb.

Presented by Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for essays.—1, Sarah Hamilton; 2, John Tennant.

Presented by Scottish Band of Hope Union for essay on "Temperance"—a lecture given by their lecturer, Mr. John Sutherland.—

Advanced II.—Isabella Mackie, John Tennant. Advanced I.—Agnes Heally, Samuel Arnott. Senior III (b) Jeanie Sangster, Edward Stewart. Senior III (a)—Annie Whitelaw, James King. Senior II (b)—Henrietta Sangster, William Sangster. Senior II (a)—Marion Nelson, John Livingstone. Senior I (b)—James Forrest, Elizabeth Robertson. Senior I (a)—Cathie Fitzpatrick, Mary Wood.

Net ball prizes, presented by the teacher, Miss Adamson, to the team who represented the school at the county sports.—Ruth Stewart, Grace Shanks, Cathie M'Groarty, Jessie Clark, Jessie Thomson, Annie Gray.

Congratulations to Mr. David Sangster and the members of Stoneyburn Male Voice Choir. They have made a name for themselves this year. To their credit stands the following successes:—winners of the Brown Cup (United Collieries Ltd.) Glasgow; first class certificates at Coatbridge and Edinburgh and second class certificate at Lanark. May Mr. Sangster lead his men on to more and more successes.

THE LATE MR WILLIAM SANGSTER.

WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN.

FOUNDER OF WHITBURN CHORAL UNION.

Musical circles in the County of West-Lothian have lost a valued friend by the death on Tuesday of Mr. William Sangster, East Main Street, Whitburn. Mr. Sangster had been in failing health for almost three years now, and for the last year of his life was unable to cross his own door-step. About a fortnight ago he became so weak that he was confined to bed, and from then until the hour of his death sank rapidly.

Mr. Sangster was born in Whitburn sixty-six years ago, and from his early childhood his musical ability was manifest. His parents, recognising this ability, gave him an excellent training, and in time he became celebrated throughout the midlands of Scotland as a baritone singer. Along with Mr. John White, Whitburn, he visited almost every town and village in the county and outside, as a much sought after artiste. He also had a connection with the theatre in this capacity, appearing first on the stage at the tender age of eighteen.

His deep love of mankind made him turn his musical abilities into benevolent paths and soon he became known as the miners' friend. During any period of trade depression, or general financial distress from any cause whatever, he toured the countryside giving concerts and entertainments, the proceeds of which were, without fail, devoted to the cause of relief. It is to be feared, alas, that the thanks he received was scanty, but the affairs did not strike him from this angle. The only thing he saw was "want" and his sense of his own responsibility to men made him sacrifice his own desires and comfort on their behalf.

Love of children was another emotion that prompted him to further good and benevolent work. Here also he utilised his talent. He threw himself into the work of training children to sing, using kinderspiels as his medium. Soon he became famous in this line, and his services were constantly being sought after. Latterly he was known as the "King of Kinderspiels."

Thirty years ago he formed the Burns Choral Association. Bringing his charge up to a remarkable degree of ability, he promoted concerts, the proceeds of which were devoted to the poor of the district.

Nine years ago, he formed the Whitburn Choral Union, and with it, was successful in winning a large number of first places in various competitions throughout the county.

Mr. Sangster was presenter of Longridge U.F. Church for twenty-five years, and after that of Whitburn U.F. Church.

He was a member of the old Whitburn Public Band, being an exceptionally fine player on the horn.

On many occasions he was called upon to adjudicate in musical competitions, of which work his deep insight made him master.

Before the Great War, he was an active president of Whitburn Children's Gala Day Committee for many years, and has always been a staunch Liberal in politics.

Mr. Sangster is survived by his wife and a grown up family of eleven children.

The funeral, a public one, took place on Thursday to Whitburn cemetery. Large numbers of people turned out to pay their respects to a real friend, and almost twenty wreaths were placed on the grave.

SANGSTER.—At 52 East Main Street, Whitburn, on Tuesday, 20th July, William Sangster, beloved husband of Isabella White, in his 66th year.

Happier far is he than those
Who on him the tear bestows;
On earth there's strife, in heaven rest;
God taketh whom He loveth best.

All is sad within our dwelling,
Lonely are our hearts to-day;
For the one who tried to cheer us
Has for ever passed away.

Sadly missed.

Vale Lodge I.O.G.T., Whitburn, visited Abbotsford Lodge, Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. After being officially received by Bro. Allan, C.T., on behalf of the Abbotsford Lodge, Sister Margaret M'Gregor, the Whitburn C.T., was asked to take the chair and in doing so offered a few appropriate remarks. Tea, daintily served, was partaken of, and thereafter a delightfully varied programme sustained by the Almond Vale deputation was entered upon. Recitations were given by Sister C. Gray and Bro. R. Sangster, and solos were rendered by Sister A. Bryce and Bro. A. Glen. A dialogue was contributed by Sister M. Bryce and Bro. R. Sangster. Much as these items were appreciated the tit-bit of the programme was undoubtedly the humorous sketch "The New Waiter," which was presented by the Almond Vale Sketch Party, and provoked unrestrained laughter. The programme was interspersed by dances, and, altogether the evening proved a thoroughly enjoyable one both to the members of the home lodge and the visitors. At the close Bro. Kennedy, D.G.C.T., Abbotsford Lodge, proposed a vote of thanks to the Whitburn members, and this was heartily responded to. In acknowledging the compliment Sister A. Bryce, V.T., asked the members of the deputation to award a vote of thanks to the Abbotsford members for their kind hospitality, and this they readily did.

HARTHILL.

O.E.S. FUNERAL.—Mrs. Mary Stewart, who died suddenly on Thursday evening of last week, at her residence at 11 Eastfield, was accorded an O.E.S. funeral by Craig Chapter, Blackridge, of which she was a member. The funeral on Monday to Shotts Kirk Cemetery was one of the largest seen in the district for many a day. The deceased, who was very well known locally, was ever willing to help a neighbour in time of need. She was in her 73rd year, and was a native of Dalry, Ayrshire. She came to this district 60 years ago, and for a great part of that time resided at Gibbshill, on the lands of Paxtane. The service at the house was conducted by the Rev. Kennedy Adams, B.A., and at the graveside by Sister Mary Wilson, with the full burial ritual of the Eastern Star. The deceased is survived by a grown-up family of seven sons and seven daughters. The number of her direct descendants, practically all of whom are resident in the district, is computed to be almost (if not quite) one hundred. In Eastfield, Mary Stewart's name was a household one, and many will regret her passing.

KILLED IN ACTION.



Lieut. Sir G. Baillie (Royal Scots Greys), killed in action.

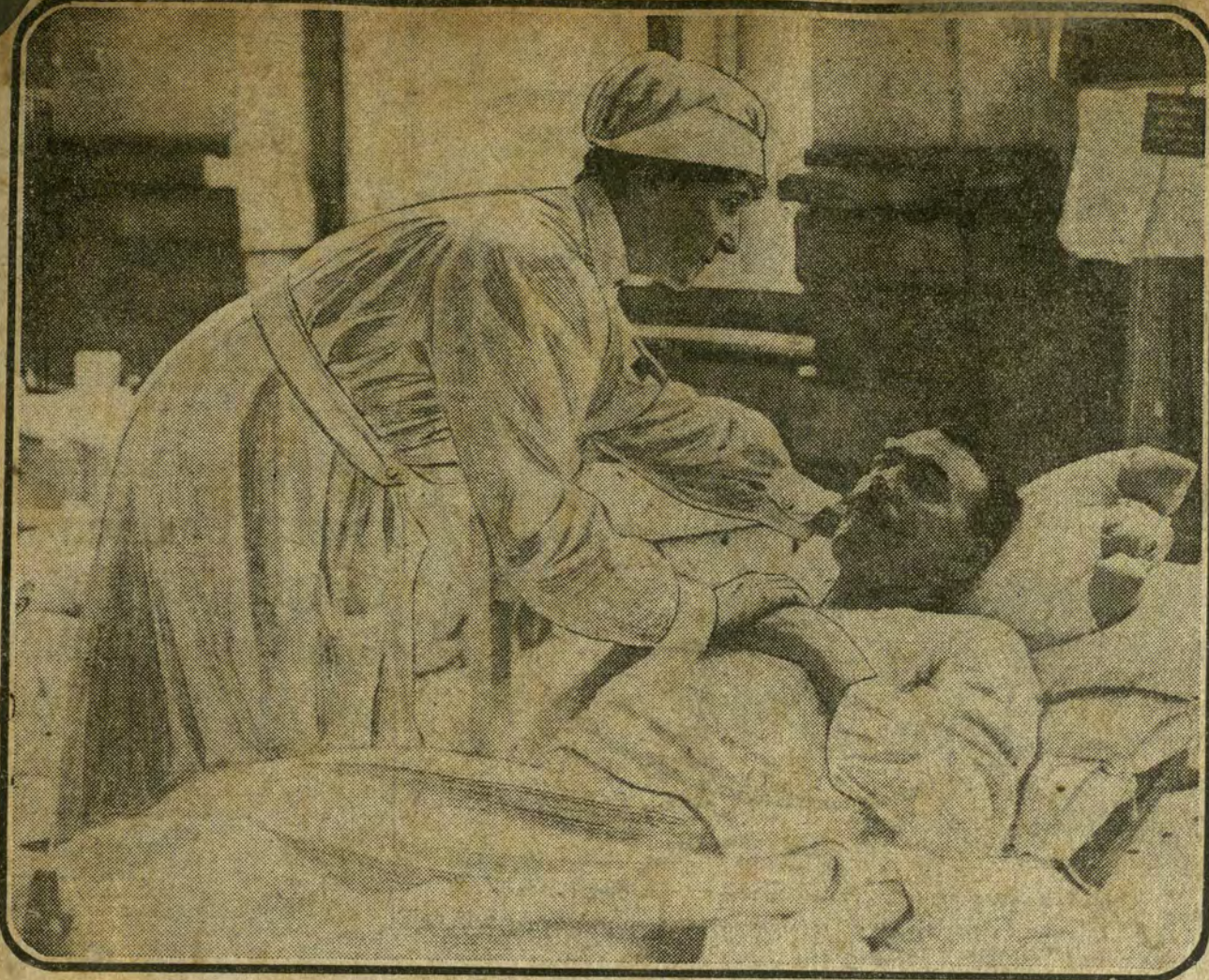


THE BATTLE ON THE LAND

A REMARKABLE MILITARY WEDDING.



Considerable interest was taken in the wedding at the Brixton Registrar's Office of Private D. Morgan (Suffolk Regiment) and Miss Mary Merriner, a dwarf employed at a London hotel. The bride is 30 years of age. (L.N.A.)



Our photograph is of the Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria, who is acting as a Red Cross nurse in a hospital on the Eastern Front. (Topical.)

presented with "The Boys' Friend," March 27th, 1915.



THE BATTLE ON THE SEA.

THE GREAT WAR



KING GEORGE AND THE V.C. HERO.

P. H. WARD



THE BATTLE IN THE AIR.



This project was funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund's
First World War: then and now fund.



Le taic bhon
Chrannchur Nàiseanta
tro Mhaoin-Dualchais a' Chrannchuir

