

**NO. 4 COMPANY**

I'm sure that all in No. 4 Company join in thanking the officers and others for the very generous way they arranged things over Xmas and the New Year, in the way of leave, pay, and excellent fare for those staying in camp.

What a rattling good time we had on New Year's Night! We all join in tendering our heartiest thanks to the Misses Spencer and all the "artistes" who helped us to pass such a pleasant evening.

Would suggest to all members of the 67th Battalion that they refrain from sending their laundry to any firm employing many youths of military age. Verb. sap.

The last field day was a decided success. Every one had a most interesting time, and picked up one or two things that should prove useful in Flanders—or Egypt.

By the way, have you heard the latest rumor? If not, you all know where to go to get it.

One should be careful when addressing civilians unless fully aware of their identity. They might be officers in mufti. Some of them do look different, don't they? Ask Corpl. Carlisle.

Should any member of No. 4 Company discover two collar badges in his laundry will he be good enough to return same to Private Pinks, of No. 14 Platoon.

Private Paterson, our late talented "line orderly," is attending the next fancy dress ball as a "shower bath."

Glad to see that Pte. Palmer has fully recovered from his New Year's vacation. It doesn't take long if you know the cure.

Heard in Camp—Two friends talking seriously—First: "Say, Bill, did you ever read a book called 'The House of Clavering?'" Second (innocently): "No, but I read one that I think was called 'The House of Usher.'"

If Pte. Denby gives us any more samples of his vocal talent and histrionic ability we shall nail him for the next concert.

**MACHINE GUN PATTERN**

The boys of the Section wish to tender their sincere thanks for the concert and supper, so kindly furnished by the Misses Spencer.

Who saved the day at the Battle of Royal Oak, by going into action on their own accord, after getting the order to retire? Who started firing a whole belt of ammunition at twelve hundred yards? Who heard the "cease fire" first? Why, our leading man, of course, No. 102892.

Pte. Duggan, after giving a display of fancy skating to two young ladies the other day, ended up by a diving stunt feet first in some nice cool water and slimy mud. He stayed with the two chickens till they went home, and although he was wet up to the waist, stoutly denied he was cold. The boys like a cheerful liar.

They say women rule the world. We are beginning to believe the same, judging by Pte. Lineham's hands and the wood he says he cut while in Prince Rupert.

Cheer up, MacMaster. The boys appreciate the grub so much that we are pleased to say we have now five boarders.

Bread at the mess should never be served fresh. It should be kept several days, and then if you can eat it after soaking it in your tea (God forgive me for calling it tea) it is a proof you have good teeth and that your stomach will stand anything.

Cpl. Mills was going to Vancouver for the New Year, so we were informed, but it proved only a rumor, like the Battalion going away. At least we notice he turns up at meal time.

Three members of the Section, Kenny, Duggan and Jack Arbutnot, were on the relay team that won the New Year race.

Our gallant corporal, after three attempts at getting to Vancouver, admitted to the orderly officer, on being asked if he had a bad night, that he was suffering from the effects of last night, yesterday night, and the night before that.

The boys are wondering whether it would be easier to move the stove, or Pte. Peck. They seem to have formed a strong attachment for one another.

Query: Do the steers supplied to the camp have no hind quarters? Some kind reader please enlighten us on the point.

The New Year's dinner was simply fine, but how about the supper. There is no report of any one getting indigestion from the fine assortment of food we never got.

We are eagerly awaiting the rest of Duffer's Drift. It sure has got forming fours skinned a mile.

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