

## MACHINE GUN PATTERN

Until Dan Wright told his lady friend over the phone, none of us had even suspected that a mess waiter was on duty till 9.30.

The boys have a lot to be thankful for at this glad Yule-tide. Crocker will not be mess-waiter again for many long weeks.

It is rumored that Joe Dakers intends to give his football togs away. His friends think he has no use for them since the game with the Thistles.

Anyway, says Mess-Waiter Crocker, there is enough water in the tea and coffee without providing any for dish-washing purposes.

When Georgie Nichols mutters ten for fifteen he is not figuring out a sum in mathematics, but merely emphasizing his ability as an organizer of refreshments.

The suggestion from No. 1 that every one should wear a badge seems to have taken effect, for Pte. Towson has orders in hand for a large sign to be hung on the manly shoulders of Sergt.-Major Henderson of No. 1 Company. Towson has another contract for a keg of gunpowder being exploded for another brave non-com. in the same company. The man in charge of the night-wagon is also inquiring for a sign of some kind.

Is McCuaig doing the courting, or is it the young lady? Funny how some things go to a man's head!

The remark was passed the other day that certain members when stripped showed a lack of bone in the legs. One of the boys seems to think that a man can not have a head all bone, and have it in his legs also.

Going by the latest rumor, we ought to be well on our way to the Holy Land by now.

Pte. Ronson has bought a tin of boot polish. At least he says he owns it. Has any one lost any blacking this week.

If we are still at the Willows this time next year, they say we are going to get a week's leave, the same as the C.M.R. are getting this year.

Finnagan says he is not going up for the V.C., as an Irish friend of his got stung on the job. The excuse he gives is that this friend had a chum who got shot in the leg. Then while carrying his chum to the rear a shell took his side kicker's head off. The doctor jumped Finnagan's friend for packing in a man with no head. Finnagan's friend said, "Why, the son of a gun told me he was only shot in the leg."

We are sorry to say that Pte. Ross is suffering from a severe sprain in the shin bone. But he is not kicking.

The bandmaster has regained his health and is feeling fine. He says it is the change in the weather, but the boys claim it is having to report every half hour to the hospital.

Who owns shirt No. 57? Pte. Kenny wants to know.

We trust No. 3 Company will not fancy they are flankers and rear guard on our hike next Monday. While returning from a route march the last time we were out, they sure showed up great on the extended order.

Yes, Duggan is a goal-tender, but not in hockey.

Mutual instruction—First Private: "Have you got the makings?" Second Ditto: "No, I left my sack at home." First Private: "Aw—!"

It is not true that our present mess waiter in chief, brave Pte. Crocker, is taking a position in the Empress grill.

The hockey game on Wednesday evening last, between the High School and the Battalion Second team, was certainly some encounter, and although the school boys emerged victorious by the narrow margin of one goal we feel satisfied that the result might have been different if our worthy representatives had only paid a little more attention to the condition of their skates before the contest. Three of the boys finished the game with one skate on and one more or less off. The redoubtable Duggan, who has proved his worth as an all around athlete of no mean standing, proved the most unfortunate in this respect. His work in the first half of the game was replete with sensational plays, but his skates refused to stand the strain in the second period, and one of them broke loose from his boot with disastrous results to the team. Being minus one skate he decided that he had outlived his sphere of usefulness as cover point and elected to play goal. At this time the score was two all, with five minutes to play, and both teams were striving hard to slip over the winning tally. Finally, one of the boys from the School of Learning sent in a feeble shot and low, and behold our worthy athlete, in endeavoring to clear this shot, in some mysterious manner known only to himself, got his stick caught in the goal-net and was unable to extricate it in time to avert disaster. Our boys

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promise to have their skates firmly riveted on for the next game, and swear they will show their opponents the way to victory. The team lined up as follows: Goal, J. Arbuthnot; point, Flynn; coverpoint, Duggan (capt.); rover, Parsons; centre, Everett; left wing, Peters; right wing, Crowley.

With the aid of three players—Nichol, Dakers, and Lieut. Okell—generously loaned for the occasion by the Machine Gun Section, the Battalion soccer team managed to take the measure of the gunners on Wednesday afternoon after an inter-