

The Mouth Organ in Camp

¶ The Mouth Organ is a simple but a cheery instrument—just the thing for those dreary wet days when there is no parade, and time hangs heavy between lectures . . . Why not have one in **your** section? We have all the best makes at low prices.

The New Songs

¶ Standard and Popular Songs, as soon as they are published, will be found in our Song Department. It will pay you to come here for any thing in Music.

MEN IN KHAKI ALWAYS WELCOME

FLETCHER BROS.

WESTERN CANADA'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
1231 GOVERNMENT ST. Phone 885

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION.

The appointment of "Bob" Morrison to the rank of Lance-Corporal was a popular one with our boys. He was a well-known figure in musical circles in Victoria before enlisting and is already a general favorite among the men.

Since our organization the S. B. Section has been known as the Singing Bunch. We are not a large body, but we make ourselves heard in No. 1. Building and on route marches. Selections are given varying from Italian opera to the latest ragtime. Accompaniment in Barracks is provided by Pte. Settle on the mandoline, while on the march Pte. Hickling toots his piccolo. There is some class to our "Major," and, by the way, he strongly objects to the Machine Gun Section always getting out of step. Verbum sap.

Private Dooley, a graduate male nurse, has been attached to us, and has become a valuable asset to the Hospital Tent.

We are all wondering why Pte. Duncan got that chocolate given him by a lady, while we were marching down town. Was it his good looks, or did he look exhausted with packing the kit bag and water bottle?

Speaking of that march, a lady, or rather "a female of the species," was overheard passing some sarcastic remarks upon the appearance of our Battalion, and finished by saying that the best men had all gone away. This is our answer:

We're training at the Willows, and we're feeling mighty fit,
And soon we cross the ocean, each to do his little bit,
For B.C.'s stalwart soldier boys have not all gone away
While we go marching on.

THINGS A ROOKIE LEARNS.

That the precautionary: "The company will retire!" doesn't mean "fall asleep."

That an officer must always be saluted, but it isn't necessary to go out scouting to find one to salute.

That trying to touch the Quartermaster for jitney fare is not regarded as *au fait*.

INVITATION

The DOMINION HOTEL, Yates Street, extends a courteous invitation to the Officers and Men of His Majesty's Forces to make the DOMINION HOTEL their Headquarters when in the City. Make the Hotel your Club—your Home—your Meeting Place—write your letters in our commodious Writing Room.

The duty of economy is the most popular text of the day.

A de Luxe meal is served for 50 cents.

It is the Dining Room that wins so many favors for the DOMINION HOTEL. A high standard of food and service is always maintained. Try our meals. Breakfast, 50 cents—Luncheon, 50 cents—Dinner, 50 cents.

A special Military Rate for rooms of 75 cents single and \$1.00 double will be made to all men in the Service.

Ask your Jitney Driver to leave you off at the DOMINION HOTEL.

A change to a first-class home-like Hotel from barracks or camp life when on leave will prove agreeable. You are welcome at the DOMINION for a minute—a meal—a day—or a week. Come any time.

STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor

That "Lights out" enjoins silence on pain of being sapped on the bean with an army brogue.

That it isn't a safe bet to address a Sergeant as "Sarge."

That even if the Corporal's grammar is at fault it is wisest to obey the order.

That when the Sergeant-Major says: "By the right!" he means "Your other left."

That the policy of "Apres vous, mon cher Alphonse" is inadvisable at meal time.

That an overloaded palliasse, like an overloaded stomach, isn't good to sleep on.

That the quarter guard is **not** for the purpose of guarding anyone's two bits.

That Romeo and Juliet are awful cuties but that distance lends enchantment to the view and absence makes the pants last longer.

That if officers of other units find it necessary to enjoy a "little rubber" at 2 o'clock Sunday mornings they might in common decency make it a "quiet" one. This is "the third and last call."

SCOUTING ADVICE.

The following advice re scouting was received by Pte. Johncox from an old Japanese soldier:

A.D. Sept. 21st, '15.

- (1) Look out time and get chance.
- (2) Don't sleep all day, open eyes all day for spirit.
- (3) Alive time live and die time die, though men must die once.
- (4) Nothing think about nothing, but I hope you must do example in the soldier.
- (5) Brave man's spirit can come though bravely in this war and get over extra merit, so if I live this world I see you again.

Goodbye,

Frank S. Yoshikawa.