

We are sorry to say our O.C., Mr. Okell, lost a great and life-long friend at the death of Sergt. Sedger. The whole Section turned out to the funeral, to show their deep sympathy.

We are sure getting to be the strong-arm guys. For instance, while doing bayonet drill, we stood at the point while the officer instructing the squad went into the full details laid down by the latest drill book, and furthermore explained how to make a clean job of killing a German. Once upon a time there used to be a command such as "Stand at Ease" while an instructor was getting the rough stuff off his chest. Guess the poultice artists were wise to the fact, as they gave us another shot of worms in the arm. They know when a rookie appreciates a rest.

The boys are wondering why the corporal never thought of putting sand down for a path and a small parade ground when it was fine. Out of luck again!

Pte. Allan James William Duggan, champion goaltender and mess-waiter, lost some skin off his finger while playing hockey, and cannot use a rifle at drill. At least, he says so, and Corpl. Mills hasn't the heart to disbelieve him.

We are still awaiting developments re Donald. The ways of a man and a maid are passing strange.

We should like to draw the attention of the sergeant's cook to the fact that the boys are stealing some of the meat and making hockey pucks out of same. Also to the just complaint of the rink manager about his ice getting damaged by the same home-made pucks.

For the benefit of those who never went to divine service in the C.M.R. Building, we may state that going to Berlin is all off. By the trend of the sermon it looks as if we shall be doing picket duty in the Holy City instead.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued from last week)

"War must always be the great test of character. No man can go through the ordeal of fire and remain unscathed. And to this truth there is no real exception. A man may be made by war, or he may be broken, utterly and beyond redemption, but whatever happens neither he nor his point of view will ever afterwards be quite the same. Some men will always be cowards in battle. Terror paralyzes their limbs and robs their minds of all sense of shame. Merely to die like soldiers is beyond their strength. This is the one real argument against conscription, which takes all who are sound of body, rejecting none, valuing quantity rather than quality. Others there are who know fear yet conquer it. The thought of death in all its manifold forms—by bullet, by shell or by bayonet—is terrible, yet far more terrible is the thought of what men might say were they to fail when wanted. Also, the man who turns his back on the enemy has no greater chance of safety than the man who advances bravely. Why not, then, die as a man should die, with honor? It is this feeling that makes war possible at all. Many things may be forgiven, but the one unforgivable sin is fear. But even in these days, when science has forged instruments of destruction so wicked that the slaughter of bygone wars is as nothing compared with the carnage of today, there are men who can enter a battle light of heart, seeking danger as the highest earthly prize within their reach. And these are the men who by sheer indifference to death snatch victory from defeat. Bravery as a virtue is confined to no one nation, country or creed. For that we may offer thanks. But be that as it may, no race under heaven can show such foolhardy and genuine contempt for an enemy—his horse, foot or guns—as the Irish. As they were in the past, so are they now, grim and joyous fighters, impatient, reckless, vengeful—in proof of which many a hard-fought field in France and Belgium, the gossip of trench and billet, and the casualty lists bear witness."

I did not write the foregoing paragraph. I wish I had, but some of Mr. Townend's ideas seemed to embody so perfectly what I was trying to make articulate that I swiped the whole business. I hold no brief for the Irish, as Mr. Townend so evidently does, but I do hold a brief for my own race—Canadians—and I will quote you a few words from an address by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, delivered in London some years ago. He said in part:

"I believe today that the Canadian and Australian are the finest fighting material on earth. In conjunction with their Anglo-Saxon, Celtic ancestry, which gives them temperaments somewhat resembling our own, they have picked up other qualities, probably from their peculiar environment. These qualities show particularly when they are en masse or in a

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