

much on paper, but it did not represent the superiority of the Gunners in either game.

Pte. Crozier developed unlooked-for soccer ability in the game with No. 3 this week. He loomed up as a likely candidate for the Battalion team.

Jack Flynn, "Finnegan," as the boys affectionately term him, proved a sensation in the soccer game against No. 3. And nobody suspected that he concealed all this ability about him either.

Pte. Parry is going to join the Battalion Boxing Class, in preparation for the next game with No. 3. Cunningham almost started a little set-to with him, and Parry intends to be well prepared.

Some time some day next week, between reveille and tattoo, the members of the Section will parade at the Arena Rink and engage in a hockey game. The doors will not be locked, but the Battalion police will be on hand to preserve order. The teams will be led by Corporals Hewitt and Mills, and a mammoth feed hinges on the result.

TO THE SIXTY-SEVENTH WESTERN SCOTS

Looking every inch a soldier,
See him march with manly tread,
Going forth to meet the battle—
Seeking life among the dead.

Chorus:

Who are these so nobly marching?
The Sixty-Seventh C.E.F.
For the Empire is in danger!
To the call they are not deaf.

Leaving all he loves behind him
For the master's voice he hears.
Follow me! the bugle echoes.
Pulses throb 'mid angel cheers.

Chorus—

Should he fall! No nobler deathbed,
With his colors folded round.
Gave his life for Home and Country;
Victory now his life has crowned.

Chorus:

Who are these so nobly marching?
The Sixty-Seventh C.E.F.
For the Empire is in danger!
To the call they are not deaf.

[Note.—This song was written by Mrs. A. Carolyn Bayfield, of Victoria, who at present is setting it to music.]

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

The Pipe-Major might have been seen hurrying down Yates Street the other day, talking to himself about some attestation papers or other. It seems he registered Miss Wishart with the wrong name, and had to fix it in quick time to avoid domestic undoing.

Our position as chaperone to the pipe band is no enviable one, and is garnished with numerous vexations. However, we assure the public that Piper D. C., the erect, handsome person, has been warned against his prevailing fancy for anything with short skirts and school books, so that his behaviour of last Monday may not contaminate the general parade dignity of the baun.

It is time to make a vigorous kick. All of you have reason to know that the pipers and drummers suffered from inoculation on Friday. As a result, our miserable self was Orderly Piper three days in succession. But the worst remains to be told. On Friday night there was but one piper at the Officers' Mess, and that Mess-Sergeant really looked astonished when we ordered a drink for the whole band.

Someone had the neck to suggest that one of our pipers was in a fuddled condition in town lately. It is all tommyrot. This band never, never gets tipsy. We once played in a band where one fellow came home at night and talked to a little dog which did not exist. Oh! Aye! Ye're damnation richt.

Geordie and Pat are to be congratulated on their work in our last football match. Geordie's goal was quite a football phenomenon in its way.

DRINK

PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

HOTEL PRINCE GEORGE

SPECIAL NOTICE TO "WESTERN SCOTS"

We are making Special Rates for the Boys,
and are offering nice clean modern Rooms
and good Hot Bath for 50c. per night. . .
Make your Home here when in Town.

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL (Opposite City Hall)

As secretary of the Pipe Band Ball Committee we tender our warmest thanks to all the men who took tickets, and paid for them.

(Censored by Pipe-Major).

The motorman of the Willows street car No. 178 showed the disposition of a selfish horse on the race track when he tried to crowd the pipe band at the expense of Piper Low's limbs on Wednesday morning.

How is it the Pipe-Major does not play at long dress in the morning? Little Miss Wee Shirt?

The draft seems to take things seriously. We are sure of it ever since we found our table and two benches in their possession. Some of them mistake our little piece of real estate for a timbered lot waiting to be cleared of every piece of combustible wood.

A certain lady, who dotes on soldiers, has quite an insight into stage jokes, and at Pantages lately she figured to a day when one of last week's stage jokes would reach the height of its application.

Awful weather! Eh, what?

The musical comedy item in Pantages last week was great.

The pet of the regiment is said to be contemplating a transfer. Overseas for us, fellows. We can read the weather away ahead of time.

We sincerely sympathize with Paddy and other dogs whose fate it is to be left behind every regiment which goes overseas.

You must not think the drummers got tired on that brigade route march. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to execute the fancy beats when darkness obscures the music, and—the sidewalk admirers.

STOP PRESS NEWS

They say the Sergeant-Drummer's pants feel lonesome. We always wondered what caused him to find such a deep interest in the fancy saddles, spurs, martingales, etc., displayed in the saddlery stores of Victoria. CRUNLUATH MACH.

PRAISE FROM GEN. CURRIE

Captain, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, chaplain to the 50th Regiment, Gordon Highlanders, received this week a letter from Major-General A. W. Currie, in which, inter alia, he says:

"I am glad Ross has had such great success. I always thought a lot of Ross, and will be glad to see him back again. Please give him my kindest wishes. I have many old friends in his regiment, and would also like to be kindly remembered to them."

The success to which Major-General Currie refers in regard to Lieut.-Col. Ross is that in recruiting the 67th Regiment, Western Scots.