

## 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

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**FLETCHER BROS.**

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### SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

We hear that Pte. Jones, Q.M. Stores, has in captivity a very fine collection of "Quadruped Greybackius." Visitors will please give the Trainer at least ten minutes' notice beforehand, as they are very securely screwed down. Investigating committees, please note same, as the Trainer is very quick-tempered.

P.S.—Pte. Jones runs a grave danger of going "bug-house."

Observing one of the Cook's Staff getting around very easily in six inches of mud last week, we complimented him on his ingenuity in inventing the pontoons on his feet—but we got badly stung when he told us it was his ordinary issue of boots. Apologies, old man; we thought "twelves" were the largest size in stock.

It happened in Scotland about four years ago. A big farm servant had gone to town for a holiday and had got into a fight with a soldier very much smaller than himself. The countryman had the worst of it, and on being asked how he let the little fellow beat him, he replied, "Well, it's his trade, onyway."

This occurred in town last week. The party under discussion is one of the Pioneers:

First Small Boy: "Say, Bill, what are them there axes on that guy's arm for?"

Second Small Boy (with look of great disgust at his chum's ignorance): "Why them's the fellers what chops the kindlings for the cooks."

#### The Last

"Is the Pioneer Sergeant around?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"I want to borrow a Stilson wrench."

"For regimental use, is it?"

"Sure! My wife came to town today and I want to go down today and fix up the boiler."

Collapse of yours truly,

"HAMISH."

### FROM THE SPARKER

Lance-Cpl. Henderson has been suffering with a swollen jaw, the past week, presumably trying to take the place of ex-Signaller Chapman, as the marquee orator. Give it up, Corporal, it can't be did.

We are pleased to state that T. C. Murphy, formerly of the 30th Battalion, that left here in January for England, and after five weeks in the Old Country was drafted into the 15th Battalion, is now with the 67th, as Sergeant of the real "Suicide Club," better known as the Bomb Throwers. Sergt. Murphy took active part in the battles of La Bassee and Festubert, where he was wounded. Sergt. Murphy was offered his choice of any quarters in camp, and, after looking over the situation, naturally chose to stay with the Signallers, owing to their comfortable quarters.

Sergt. Johnston, of the Pipe Band, insists that a certain section (of 32 men) be taught the wonderful art of keeping step for at least half a mile at a stretch. Farther than that seems out of the question.

## 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.

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*STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor*

We are wondering if there has been a Zeppelin raid in the region of the Machine Gun Section, as their machine guns are out of commission. We have observed that "No. 2 gun" is dismantled; presumably was struck by a high explosive shell. Eh, Jimmy?

Here's a good one: About four days after Sergt. Murphy had returned to Victoria from the Old Country, he was stopped on the street by a "Recruiter" of the 88th, and the following conversation took place: Recruiter—"Well, you're a husky young fellow; what do you say about joining the 88th?" Sergt. Murphy—"Sorry, but I don't know how to shoot." Recruiter—"Ha, we will teach you that in no time, and make a good soldier out of you." Owing to the laughter of some of the spectators, that overheard the conversation, the subject was dropped.

Ever since Pte. Davey attended the performance at the Pantages on Monday night and saw the educated dog, he has been trying to educate his motor cycle into doing stunts. For instance, rolling over, without command.

Our old friend Sergt. Cory, of No. 5 Company, was seen directing No. 4 Platoon at trench digging the other day. When do you submerge, Sergeant?

We would like to state that there is no connection between Pioneer-Sergt. Smith and Pte. Dakers, No. 102953 (notice we got his number?) although their football abilities and the color of their hair are similar.

Pay-Sergt. Best says it's against K. R., Para. O, III, 300, Sec. 12334, Diagram ZTX, Triangle O, neuter gender, divided by two broom handles, to draw any money between pay days! Yep, so be it.

There is no truth in the report that Cpl. Kendall has "tooken" unto himself a wife. Our zealous Corporal having been married twice and participated in four campaigns, says he prefers a faith campaign to another adventure in the sea of matrimony. Don't mistake the last word for "Marmora," either.

The Battalion Poet, Sergt. Burton, No. 1 Company—well I guess he's SOME poet, believe me!

"S.O.S."