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try, which Adams kicked. The score now was 5-0. After some loose play Cutter picked up and passed to Hayland, who passed to Griffith, who secured a try. Adams failed to convert. The Western Scots then rallied and after some good play Meredith crossed over, and a good goal was kicked by Gray. For some reason, from then on our team seemed unable to stop the runs and both Hayland and Copas got over the line, but the score was not increased.

The game ended 14 to 5 in favor of Victoria. For the Western Scots, Meredith at three-quarter, and Mumford at half, were prominent by their play. They played a sound, heady game throughout, were always on the ball, and tackled hard, bringing their man down every time. Gray was good in goal; his kicks were strong and well placed. For Victoria Cutler, Hayland, Copas and Griffith were prominent. They passed well and were very speedy.

Capt. Nicholson made an excellent referee, and the game was clean from start to finish.

The Scots team was as follows:

Full back, Arbuthnot; three-quarters, Meredith (captain), Gray, Steele and Patterson; half-backs, Mumford and Gavin; forwards, Boys, Rayson, Falkner, McTavish, Daniels, Monteith, Timperley and McGillivray. Reserve, Masterton.

M.M.M.

THE OLD SCOUT SAYS

We keep on uncovering talent. Pte. C. C. Copping is there forty ways when it comes to drawing up reports of stations, bridges, etc. Having been an architect and surveyor in civil life, this is pretty soft for him. The maps Copping turns out look like "blue prints."

The next time the Sergeant of the Scouts draws the diagram of a bridge, he is going to mark it "bridge" distinctly to save misunderstanding. His last effort in this direction was mistaken for a German helmet.

On account of so many words rhyming with Mr. Okell's name, the "rooters" at football matches are requested to pronounce it with the accent on the "kell"; otherwise ladies present might think "O" something else was said.

That although Pte. J. L. Campbell was ingenious enough when he lost his boots to make a pair out of a little shoe polish, he could not rise to the occasion when he lost his swagger cane before last Sunday's Garrison Church Parade.

We understand that the bartender at the Manitoba is undergoing a course in map-reading and field sketching. His instructor is Pte. J—. Oh, well! He's a "good scout," and no names N. P. D.

That the columns of this paper are not intended to be used as a medium for mud-slinging, but we presume they are open for the passing of bouquets. We all enjoyed the field day with the Machine Gun Section, and think Mr. Okell's fine aggregation "play the game."

Wednesday night's march across country was very much enjoyed; the novelty appealing to every one. Still, the next time we go, we hope there will be no beautiful young ladies sitting on the fence outside of the University School.

FROM THE SPARKER

Pte. De Walt informs us that the "Green Venus" at Pantages last week was ONE good show. DeWalt should know, as he was reported present (in the front row) on the lower

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floor, at five night performances and one matinee. He is now suffering from a mild attack of "Rubberneckitis" (M.O. please note), but is rapidly becoming convalescent.

Lee.-Cpl. Henderson had a most embarrassing experience, while meeting his wife at the Vancouver boat on Friday last. Some of the boys returning from the front were expected on the same boat, and a large crowd had collected to welcome them. As he (Cpl. Henderson) was walking down the gang-plank, with his better half leaning on his arm, an old lady reached over and, tapping him on the shoulder, called out, "Welcome home, brave boy." The corporal says he felt like falling through into the ooze about that time, but, recovering his equilibrium, he "yelled" back, "I haven't been away yet, mum," and, diving into the crowd, disappeared from view.

Pte. "Slats" Haynes (our Champion Jam Walloper) was recently observed enjoying a cup of coffee and a sausage roll, at a certain refreshment stand, not a hundred miles from the barrack gates, when the following dialogue took place: "Slats" (taking a bite): "Say, boss, I can't see any sausage." Stand-keeper: "Well, you haven't bit fur enough yet." Slats (after another bite): "No sausage yet, boss." Standkeeper: "Oh, go on, you've bit over it now." (Collapse of "Slats.")

Our sympathy is extended to Sergeant Palston, who has been on the sick list this week. The sergeant has been feeling "dickey" for some time, but would not give in, as "sick reports" are "taboo" in the "Signal Section" unless in extremis (which would be well for M.G.S. to note). Good luck, Sergeant. Here's wishing you a quick return to health and duty.

FLAGS.

DIED

No. 102419 Pte. Frederick Butcher, born at Wrexham, England, July 15th, 1880, joined the 67th Battalion, September 9th, 1915, admitted to Work Point Hospital October 31st, suffering from pneumonia, and died at 5.55 a.m. November 4th, 1915.