

when each man is being given experience in giving commands, special attention being paid to the detail of each movement. Some fifty men have been enrolled in the class, and from these, it is understood, the final class will be picked and formed.

Pte. Scales, we regret to say, is again ill, and is awaiting anxiously the lifting of the quarantine, so that he can settle his earthly affairs. One night last week he arranged with his lawyer to meet him in the basement of the Company building to discuss matters. Although an invalid, his piercing whisper penetrated and disturbed the residents on the upper floor, and he was gently but firmly asked to desist. He positively asserts that he was discussing business matters only, and cannot understand why several whom he relied upon as witnesses to the fact refuse to testify.

Pte. A. McNaught suffered a disappointment on Friday afternoon when he had to attend bath parade just as he was waiting for a telephone call. However, we are glad to hear that he feels he has no real grievance, because he was allowed a long face-to-face talk (at the regulation distance) with the young lady the previous day, though to do so he had to volunteer for extra fatigue. Some fatigue, too!

The Dozery

The hours I've spent in quarantine
Are as a nightmare unto me.
They are numbered, without hope,
I mope, I mope; I mope, I mope.

Each hour some drill, each drill some sweat,
To keep us in condition, yet
Some are alive, now that we've got
A dry canteen, with nothing hot.

O dawn of day, when will it break,
When once more we shall be free
To mingle with our friends and take
A drink with thee, a drink with thee. —L.W.R.

From the Bulletin Board of No. 1 Company—In Quarantine

Now it came to pass about the second month of the year that the people of the land were sick, yea even unto death. And the rulers of the land met together and held conclave the one with the other and spake each his opinion of the malady. And those that were sick could not arise, but lay on their couches, and none could be found to tend them. Then there came to the land one McKibbon, which being interpreted means "the son of Kibbon." And he said unto those that were sick: "Arise and get thee thence, lest perchance the devils that afflict you enter the bodies of those around thee." And they that heard marvelled and said: "What manner of man is this, that he doth make the sick to walk?" And some answered and said: "He is the devil, for he doth order those that are decreed to have medicine to do their work." But the sick said: "Hath he not promised us a stove, yea verily, and have we not set aside a place for it?" Now it came to pass that the next day McKibbon conveyed the sick, arrayed in clean raiment, to a place without the walls of the city. And those that could not walk were carried by their comrades on a cunningly contrived thing, constructed out of canvas. And there was great rejoicing in the land, which resounded with the praises of Mac, the son of Kibbon.

NO. 2 COMPANY

What the men of No. 2 Company could do in the way of writing articles for the "Western Scot" would mean a great deal more than they realize.

Why they do not write is a mystery to me. Is it because they are bashful, or are they in want of paper and pencils?

I'm sure it's not the former, so I will gladly furnish paper required for articles upon application.

In co-operating with others furnishing the paper with good reading, you would be doing good work in more ways than one.

As I said before, it takes many minds to make a good paper. If only the men with the minds would find energy to push a pen or pencil it would mean that No. 2 Company would have a column second to none in the "Scot."

SERGT. SCHOFIELD.

Spring weather now, and what a relief it will be when the snow is all gone. It is going slowly but surely, and with much

(Continued on page 5)

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