

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The executive of the Y.M.C.A. (Willows Camp) met at the city Y.M.C.A., owing to the resignation of Lee-Cpl. Morden from his office as chairman of the Social and Entertainment Committee, and elected Cpl. Robert Morrison in his stead. Pte. Darby was also elected chairman of the Athletic Committee.

Arrangements are being made to put a new floor in the Y.M.C.A. building. The lumber has been given by the Cameron Lumber Co., Messrs. Moore & Whittington, Jas. Leigh & son, Messrs. Lemon, Gonnason, and Shawnigan Lake. The Victoria Truck and Dray Co. promised to do the hauling.

Last Sunday Capt. Comyn Ching, Chaplain of the 11th C.M.R., conducted the evening service, and delivered a splendid address. Pte. S. E. Walker very acceptably acted as pianist.

Those who are assisting with the work for the library are reaching the completion of arrangements previous to starting book-lending. Within a few days we hope to have a library well stocked with good books at your disposal, and hope that you will repay our efforts by borrowing them.

The executive is always ready to receive advice or suggestions regarding improvements to the building.

The Arion Club, Victoria's premier male choir, will give a concert at a date which will be announced later.

At a meeting with the Daughters of the Empire, the executive arranged to hold a unique concert under the auspices of the I.O.D.E. The entertainment will take place on the first Tuesday in March at the old Victoria Theatre. The proceeds are to go in aid of the Willows Y.M.C.A. This event will be the biggest of the winter. Please keep date open.

THE HOMEWARD TRAIL

(Richard Gordon Wright)

We have seen the snow-clouds drifting, aye, a-drifting in the North,

Where beyond the frozen frontier, we have followed fortune forth;

We have trod the path of perils and the trail of hidden woes,
In the hunger of the Arctic, in the silence of the snows.

We have felt the red sun burning, aye a-burning in the South,
Where the tinted tides forever kiss the coral sea-cave's mouth;
We have found a lure more lasting than a woman's wanton wiles,

In the peace amid the palm trees, in the incense of the isles.

We have watched the grey dawn breaking, aye; a-breaking in the East,

Where the luscious fruits of langour ripen fast for folly's feast;

We have lived beside the lotus and have fanned the fitful fire
In the palaces of pleasure in the dwellings of desire.

We have heard the wild winds whistling, aye, a-whistling in the West,

Where the plains of promise called us from the cities of unrest;

We have worked and watched and waited, and have found full faith again

And to guard our ancient freedom from the perils that assail,

We have smelled the smoke of battle, aye, of battle far away,
Where the flag of Britain flutters in the fiercest of the fray,
And to guard our ancient freedom from the perils that assail,
From the outer posts and pathways we have struck the home-ward trail.

—Supplied by Signal Section.

STRETCHER BEARERS' SECTION

Under the direction of Cpl. Morrison, the Section spent two forenoons last week in the vicinity of Mount Tolmie erecting shelters, such as we may have to build "somewhere in France," or Egypt. Several members of the Section are to be commended on their engineering ability; others on their skill of finding a short way back to the Willows and breaking trail for less speedy ones.

One member who desires to be nameless hereafter in the pages of "The Scot," attended the Royal Victoria Theatre no less than three times last week. As we know that he escorted

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PATRONIZE THE "WESTERN SCOT"

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two ladies the second time and four the third, we consider he acted very rashly.

Why did another member hug the lamp-post so closely as the Battalion entered the show on Tuesday afternoon?

We all enjoyed the coffee-tea combination dished out the other morning for breakfast. It was a delightful little surprise, but why were we not informed of the discovery before?

Pte. Dick has invented another little idea for melting frozen butter. Provided your coffee or tea (or mixture) is hot, it is quite good. Chip off a few pieces of butter, lay them on your bread, place mug with hot liquid on top. In five minutes it should be possible to spread butter. Patent applied for!

Pte. Robertson, poet and philosopher, has added to his laurels by giving valuable help and suggestions at the "Y" library. He is also contemplating writing a further thesis entitled "Apologia pro Bagpitiis."

Although we admit that it is hard to become an in-patient of the regimental hospital, those of us who are there acknowledge that it is worth while. Even Sergt. Fanner includes himself in the admission. Some say that the diagnosis of his complaint is a secret, but we have no doubt that the ball produced the germ that has so upset him.

Our Reverend Chaplain was delighted to find that two or three of our patients spoke a little Gaelic.

We are sorry that Dr. Bryant, our esteemed M.O., is leaving the Battalion. The hearty good wishes of the hospital staff go with him, and there is no doubt that every member of the Regiment will join us in hoping that the new doctor will be as considerate as Dr. Bryant has shown himself to be.