

of the oval again, with some degree of comfort, for drill. In the afternoon we made what we hope will be our first and last farewell Battalion Parade through the city, to the Parliament Buildings, on the entrance steps of which a fine photograph of the Battalion was taken. The parade itself, the most complete yet held, was a success in every way, and reflected great credit on the Battalion. Tuesday was consecrated to shovel work, the filling in of the trenches dug last fall near Mount. Tolmie. With evening came the ball, given by the band at the Connaught Hall, one of the most successful and enjoyable dances of the season. The whole thing moved with an easy swing from start to finish, partly due no doubt, to the excellent orchestra provided, which answered generously to every demand made upon it; but congratulations are due to everyone connected with it. Wednesday was devoted to Company drill in the morning, Battalion drill in the afternoon, and the Pipe Band concert at night. We are glad to hear that the last event promises to be as successful financially as it undoubtedly was artistically. A Battalion route march to Cordova Bay and back claimed Thursday. Upon this occasion our transport was well ahead of us, and we had no long, wearisome wait for our dinner. Friday was occupied with drill in the morning, route march in the afternoon and boxing tournament at night. So the days pass!

Who wouldn't be a scout! Pte. Last had been at it four days, when his recently-developed perceptive powers enabled him to locate his long-lost sweater, parading with the cook house detachment on Thursday last.

Now that there is no more sleighing, Ptes. E. J. McGillivray and D. L. Williams may be seen any fine afternoon with their families, on the sunny slopes of Oak Bay. Both are becoming experts in pushing the carriage.

We had often wondered, but after seeing the Pipe Band dance the Reel o' Tulloch the other night, our doubts were set at rest. They don't! Don't what? Never mind.

As the time approaches for our departure we hear much discussion amongst the men, particularly as to the class of food we shall receive. However, members of No. 1 Platoon say they have nothing to fear, for, have they not their own Baker?

Some of the wiser ones in No. 1 Platoon exchanged their spare cash for English shillings this week. Amongst the heavier investors were Pte. J. Glen and Pte. Bull.

No. 1 Platoon has been boasting of its steadiness on the march; the absence of any "rocking the boat," etc. But why shouldn't they be well balanced? Is any other platoon in the Company—or the Battalion, for that matter—possessed of two Scales?

Pte. M. McGillivray, who is noted for his cheerful disposition and regular attendance at Table Roll Call was indisposed on Thursday, resulting from injuries received from over-exertion in trying to reach camp at his usual time, on the previous night. He claims that he did not know of the 12 o'clock leave on that night; also that he thought all the trenches had been refilled. It is greatly to his credit that, despite his injuries, he insisted on attending the route march to Cordova Bay.

Pte. J. Lindsay is one of our scout students for this week. His companions in No. 1 Platoon expect him to obtain high honors in this branch of the work, as previous to his selection, he was known to be of a very observant nature, able to detect various things even by his acute sense of smell. And as to knowledge of his surroundings, he claims to know more trails (heading South West), than he cares to commit to paper. With all the extra duties his new work imposes on him this week, Jim informs his friends that he has just got a girl, and believes himself to be seriously in love. But to make sure he is consulting Pte. W. Parkin as to the true symptoms.

It is to be regretted that Pte. S. Allen did not have the expert guidance of Pte. D. Scales, while making the rounds of the manicurists last week.

Pte. R. Peters has our best wishes on the occasion of his recent engagement. It is always a pleasure to see men attain to high ideals.

Certain members of the Company, while in Vancouver last week, claim to have seen C.P.R. cars on a siding there, marked "67th Battalion" in chalk. To the sceptical, this recalls those carloads of Russians, seen passing in the night through England, something over a year ago.

Overheard on parade Friday morning, when one-half of No. 1 Company drilled the other half:—

Pte. Carss, interrogating his front rank man:—"Are you supposed to be standing at ease now?"

Front Rank Man:—"Yes."

Pte. Carss:—"Well, then, stand easy!"

Tonsorial and Hirsute

When we came off guard one sunny day,
We certainly had the pip,
For the powers-that-be, gave us all C.B.
For shaving the upper lip!

The girls don't like it one little bit,
This is a hard world to please,
And when we explain, they get in a fit
Saying, "What is a bunch of C.B.'s?"

But smile at a little set-back boys,
This world is a vale of woe;
And a higher power must shape our joys
From now 'till the time we go.

—J.D.C.

Platoon 4 was sorry to lose two of its members recently, in the departure of Lee-Cpl. N. Montgomery and Pte. E. F. W. Heath, both of whom obtained their discharges to receive commissions, becoming attached, for the time being, to the 50th Gordon Highlanders. "Monty" was a member of the firm of Cook & Montgomery, barristers and solicitors, of Prince George, and came down to Victoria on the 10th of September with the first Prince George contingent. We are glad to see that he passed his preliminary examinations successfully last week. His partner, Pte. Jno. Cook, is still with us. Pte. Heath joined the Battalion on the 2nd December, also coming down from Fort George, where he was a forest ranger for the Fort George District. We wish them both every success in their future careers.

NO. 2 COMPANY

A few nights ago a number of Victorians assembled en masse outside The Colonist building to investigate and ascertain the direct cause of the cracks in the set of pipes displayed there by our Pipe Band. The general consensus of opinion was that it was not Jack Frost, but Johnny Walker or his wee brother, Paddy Jamieson, of the Three Stars, who did the damage.

We all regret losing Lieut. Montgomery. He has been a long time with No. 2 Company, and has done much to weave together his old platoon. We wish him good luck in his new command—the Big Bass Base.

The cleanliness of the lines on every kit inspection adds credit to the Company. Why cannot we gain credit every day by keeping the lines up to standard?

No. 2 Company offers hearty congratulations to the Regimental Band on the success of the concert last week. It was excellent.

Will the person or persons that appropriated the razors from No. 2 Company's line, please call at the orderly room where the strops are awaiting them.

Please take notice, canteen committee; a periscope is required for the Pipe Drum Sergeant, to prevent him from falling into ditches.

Sergeant Steele to Sergeant Young: "I had an awful dream last night." Sergeant Young: "What was it?" Sergeant Steele: "I dreamt that my watch had gone, but woke up and found that it had not gone but was going."

In future anyone detained in hospital, sick, wishing lady friends to call, kindly notify Sergeant Young, who will meet them at the gate; for references apply to Sergeant Steele.

Number 2 Company, as usual, were well represented at the military ball, which everyone enjoyed immensely. The only kick was, there were not enough three-steps, schottisches and fox-trots.

One day last week a certain private in No. 7 Platoon, who was very sick, suddenly regained his health and beat it downtown at the double. We wonder was it because another private beat him to it? Never mind, Frisco, you can have it, too much of the "Dreadnought" type for the old man.

We would like to know what Pte. Dan's idea is in wrestling with street cars, also why he sometimes takes a round trip via the Willows. Never mind, Dan, you always manage to make it.

Little Percy is very sad these days, and we wonder why. Never mind old man, Ed. says she will phone you up in a day or two. He knows!

Tubby Barr, openly and without shame, has gone back on his native dish; when sighting the excellent "Mulligan" that was served out on Thursday last, he exclaimed: "Ah, ha! that's the stuff, it's a darn sight better nor parritch!" Shades of St. Andrew and Robert Burns and other Saints in the Scottish calendar!