THE WESTERN SCOT



MINOR NOTES

St. Peter (To Archangel Gabriel on Judgment Day, after watching Western Scots file past)—"Sound another blast, old man! I don't see 'K. of K.' on parade."

We have to hand it to Private Kirk, of No. 3 Company, as "the" salesman for the "Western Scot." On Saturday, the 4th, he sold 150 copies. On Saturday, the 11th, he sold 75 copies, all that were given to him, so buck up, other Companies.

There are very good pictures shown at the Variety theatre this week and the manager has also promised something good for next week.

Pantages promises a particularly fine programme all next week, and they always fulfil their promise. Don't miss it.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

An officer of the "Western Scots" is in receipt of the following gems of original composition as gleaned from some of the recently filed national registration papers in the Old Country. The extracts were sent by a friend in England who had access to the originals, and are reproduced verbatim et literatim. The letters, it may be explained, were written with reference to the separation allowance and other kindred matters in connection with men now at the front:

"Dear Sir,—According to instructions on my paper I have given birth to a little girl."

"I write these lines for Mrs. H. as she is expecting to be confined and can do with it."

"I have received no pay since my husband went away from nowhere."

"We received your letter. I am his grandfather and his grandmother. He was born and brought up in the house in answer to your letter."

"Mrs. H. has been put to bed with a little lad wife of Peter H."

"You have changed my little boy into a little girl will it make any difference."

"I am expecting to be confined next month will you let me know what I am to do about it."

"Respected Sir Dear Sir Though I take the liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to ask you if you will kindly be kind enough to let know where my husband is though he is not my legible husbin as he as a wife though she says she is ded but I dont think he nos for sure but we are not marryt though I am getting my allotment reglar which is no fault of Mr. Loy George who would stopit if he could nor of Mr. McKenna but if you know where he is as he is belong to the Royal Naval Flying Corpse for ever since he joined in the January when he was sacked from his work for talking back at his boss

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.

The duty of economy is the most popular text of the day.

A de Luxe meal is served for 50 cents.

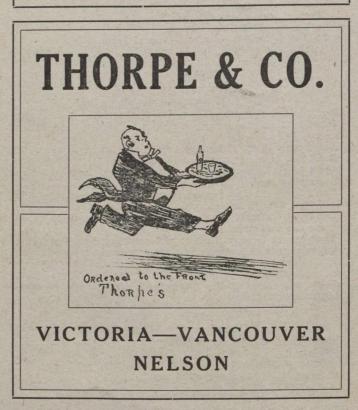
It is the Dining Room that wins so many favors for the DOMINION HOTEL. A high standard of food and service is always maintained. Try our meals. Breakfast, 50 cents—Luncheon, 50 cents—Dinner, 50 cents.

A special Military Rate for rooms of 75 cents single and \$1.00 double will be made to all men in the Service.

Ask your Jitney Driver to leave you off at the DOMINION HOTEL.

A change to a first-class home-like Hotel from barracks or camp life when on leave will prove agreeable. You are welcome at the DOMINION for a minute—a meal—a day—or a week. Come any time.

STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor.



which was a man at the laundry where he worked. I have not had any money from him since he joined though he told Mrs. Harris who lives on the ground floor that he was a petty ofciferat 6 bob a day and lots of warm underclothing for the winter cold weather and I have three children what is being the father of them though he ses it was my fault. Hoping you are quite well as it leaves me at present. I must close now hoping you are quite well. Mrs. Jane Jenkins.