

Y.M.C.A.

Even the most casual observer will have noticed the part that is taken by our camp Y.M.C.A. in providing the boys with comfort and entertainment. During the past week, Mr. Stan Young, an old and tried worker of the Victoria branch, took up his duties as camp secretary. We hope the boys will welcome him royally, and do whatever they can to help the work. The Soldiers' Y.M.C.A. belongs to the soldiers. Let us make ourselves proud of it by our interest in it.

From the present time the publications on file will, as far as possible, be kept up to date. There will also be a library of from six to seven hundred books within a short time.

The latest war news is to be placarded on bulletin boards each day in the building.

The first French class met last Thursday. The fee is small, and we shall be glad to welcome more students.

Any particulars regarding Y.M.C.A. activities may be obtained from the Secretary.

CARTOON BY OUR BATTALION ARTIST



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

A NEW "WESTERN SCOT" RECORD

With Apologies to the Victor Talking Machine Co.

G. W. MOORE
No. 3 Company

LETTERS OF A RECRUIT

Dear Bert:—Once I had a name. Those days are almost over. Now my number is 10000002456, and I have a dickens of a time trying to remember it. It wasn't long ago that I gave up being Tom Jones but it seems like years. First of all they took me in and made me swear to be true to my King and Country. Somehow I kind of liked that, as it made me feel that I, too, was really in on the war. Next I was handed over to the Sergeant-Major of my Company. Up to that time I thought I was some pumpkins, as all the folks in town had treated me like a hero. But the S.M. didn't seem to see it for a minute. "What's your name?" he said. "Tom Jones," I answered. "What's your number?" he questioned. "Haven't got one," I said. This seemed to make him wild. I didn't know it, but S.M.'s expect everyone and everything to have a number. He grew purple in the face and asked me in a queer sort of way if I was kidding him. Then I remembered that someone had told me that my number was 1 something, but I couldn't remember the rest of it. The S.M. looked at me in a haughty way and yelled out "Quar-masersant." "Whatyouwan" came the reply. "A rookie," says the S.M. "Oh, hell," says the Q.M.S. He comes out and eyes me up and down. "Can't fit him for a week," he says, "but come along and we'll see what we can do." I went into a place piled up with boxes and was told that stores had closed an hour ago. Back to the building and watched the company come in off parade. Gee, I felt small. All the men in uniform and me in my last year's suit. They didn't pay much attention to me, for which I was glad in a way, but it made me feel lonely, specially after Perkins Corners, where I knew all the fellows and they all knew me.

In the afternoon I went round to the stores again and got my kit. I didn't know where I was going to get all the stuff stowed away. I got it all nicely laid out to suit myself when the company comes in off parade again and a fellow much bigger than I am came in and said, "Who in hell put all his truck over my bed?" I was too scared to answer, and he just picked up my things and threw them on to the floor. Just then, of course, the company orderly corporal had to come around and pinch me. Gosh! I got the dickens from him. It was funny going to bed that night. It felt queer

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getting undressed in a whole room full of fellows, and the room was none too warm, I can tell you. No one told me how, and I filled my mattress too full and rolled off it during the night. Two blankets and a greatcoat didn't keep me over warm and I wished, when I lay awake early in the morning, that I had my comforter with me.

Just when I had got nicely to sleep reveille sounded and I was roused out. I got into my uniform, which fitted pretty well. The boots seemed cold and hard as a rock. Just managed to make roll call. Breakfast was my first meal in camp. Some meal! I never saw so many fellows