

meeting a young lady, and greatly surprised us when he returned with a beautifully fat black eye. Was there another there, "Bunny"?

Pte. Wallack, our dashing Mustang Albert, undertook to teach two members of No. 9 Platoon the art of horsemanship. Choosing a very fiery steed he proceeded with the demonstrations, by placing the right foot in the stirrup and getting into the saddle facing the horse's tail. This was resented by the horse, who very firmly placed our hero into a large pile of soft mud, and Pte. Wallack announced that school was out; he could not ride without his chaperados and sombrero which he had pawned.

NO. 4 COMPANY

I am sure that No. 4 Company tenders its heartiest thanks to the "Daily Colonist" for having made us so comfortable during Monday night. No one kicked, but where were all those braziers?

Heard on Monday—

Sentry—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Reply—"Visiting rounds, Mr. Terry."

Sentry—"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir."

It is unfortunate to have to announce to No. 14 Platoon that Pte. Quinn's dinner party at the Westholme has again been postponed. He never could play poker, anyway.

A message passed along the lines ended up as follows: Retire at 4.26. Expect an attack at the rear. (The spirit of the Draft still lives).

It is rumored that Sgt. Allen has been smoking "Cubeb's." Would recommend to the powers that be that some of Dr. Bryant's inoculation dope be taken along and used against the Germans.

We can sympathize with Pte. O'Brien, who was accused by a certain sharpshooter for not having marked his shots at the range. As he stated, he absolutely refused to crawl all over the damn bank to see where the bullets were going.

Congratulations to members of the Old Draft for having greatly helped No. 4 Company to attain the lead (with No. 3) in the 300 yards and rapid fire shooting.

Should like to know why most of the N.C.O.'s receive extra cartridges, and, more to be deplored, added points, when firing on range days. "Palmam qui meruit ferat."

Every section of Company 4 is requested to turn in an item or two for next week's "Scot." Have the copy in the company orderly room by Tuesday noon.

WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME



G. W. MOORE, "WESTERN SCOTS"

The Kaiser: The shape of that sign gives me that same feeling that I can't get by it.

A NEW YEAR PARTY

The Misses Spencer have very kindly invited all the members of the Battalion to a New Year party which they are giving for the Western Scots in the Spencer (Old Victoria) Theatre on New Year's Night from 7 o'clock. This is a very kind act on the part of these ladies, who are going to entertain us in a manner quite fitting the occasion, and every soldier of the Battalion who hasn't already applied for leave to go home for the New Year's Day will certainly be there.

DRINK PHOENIX PHIZZ PURE MALT AND HOPS SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

Boys of the Western Scots

If spending your Christmas Holidays in the City make the PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL your home. We are offering special rates to all service men during the Holidays. Our rooms are bright, clean and warm with hot and cold water, phone, etc., in every room. The rate for the five nights is \$2, with all privileges. (OPPOSITE CITY HALL).

ON OUTPOST DUTY

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Sentry!"

"Advance, sentry, and give the countersign!"

"Go to blazes, you blankety blank blank!"

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Halt, or I fire!"

"Ki-yi; ki-yi; bow-wow-woof!"

No, gentle reader, this is not intended as a description of polite conversation in Doctor Dippy's Retreat; it is merely an attempt to convey some idea of the avid manner in which the sentries of the various pickets challenged companions and stray dogs on Monday night last during No. 4 Company's justly celebrated night practice in outpost work.

To sum the whole evening up, "a pleasant time was had by all," as the country correspondents describe the festivities at the marriage of the town marshal's daughter. The Company—after having been all day on the ranges—was pleasantly surprised, on reaching camp, to learn that the night march was ahead of it. Hastily rolling blankets and drawing rations from the cook house, the Company left camp with Capt. Halliwell in command, assisted by Mr. Duncan and Mr. Terry. Stealthily—observing the rules for night marches, to prevent surprise by any German patrols that might be meandering about—the company proceeded to The Uplands Limited estate. There, Platoons 13 and 14 located headquarters and selected a place to sleep and Platoons 15 and 16 posted sentry groups. Soon the big braziers at headquarters were glowing cheerfully and the men of the relief were snoring peacefully, the fresh night ozone filling their lungs and adding depth to their slumbers. In fact, many of the men were heard to express a wish to sleep out in the open every night, rather than in a stuffy barracks. The night passed without event of moment. No enemy parties stumbled upon the watchful pickets. There was life enough, nevertheless. Sentry challenged sentry in the stillness of the gray dawn, and every stray dog in the neighborhood got himself disliked. When mealtime came around the men drew rations under the watchful eye of Q.M.S. Dawson, who, good old soldier that he is, accompanied his company. Grub was cooked in mess-tins, each man being his own mulligan-expert. At about 8.30 Tuesday morning the Company reassembled and marched back to camp. Every man in Company 4 enjoyed the experience thoroughly, feeling that work of this type is real preparation for what is to come.

Capt. Halliwell was, as usual, most solicitous for the comfort of his men at Monday night's outpost work. It is said that Lieut. Terry, when it came time for rest, lay him down without so much as a blanket and, in two minutes, was sleeping soundly. Lieut. Duncan showed himself anything but a novice at the work. One of the features of the night was the effort of Sergt. Banks and Corpl. Hall to carry a message from the O.C. to the various pickets. They did it, after being lost about twenty times.