

The Brass and Pipe Bands being frozen up solid during the recent cold spell, the new Scout Mouth Organ Band, composed of Ptes. Gardner and Gibson, is a very welcome acquisition. How about some more musicians to help them out?

We are sorry Lce.-Corpl. Mumford has been under the weather recently, but confidently expected him to recover in time for the Farewell Ball. This proved to be the case, but he spent the night of the 14th on guard, and that on the West Gate, too! This was too bad, as the gallant corporal had purchased four tickets, one gentleman's and three ladies'.

Big McNeil, of No. 1 Company, guided the Battalion home "by the shortest route" when we returned from Colwood the other day. He did fine with the exception of going up one bum street, the reason for which was not apparent until we saw the young lady wave to him from a certain window there.

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

The following is a list of unusual happenings around our Section during the past week:

Sunday—Peters made no kick about anything.

Monday—Teddy established a Field Hospital. (Some hospital too).

Tuesday—Bill got stalled in the snowstorm. (Some class to the Dominion).

Wednesday—Ronald paid us a visit at mess table.

Thursday—Wallace made no quotations.

Friday—Johnnie had no date on.

Saturday—Rashleigh had a bath.

Who cracked Peter's mirror? Why the one who used it most.

Why did a certain Scotty ask who was in bed on New Year's Day? He did declare he enjoyed Johnnie's treat.

We all feel anxious about "Marmaduke."

Overheard during a visit of an officer to the hospital: "Yes, sir, we are getting on well, sir—allright sir—yes sir—sir—sir—sir—sir—sir."

The new hospital is beginning to get into good shape. Many articles are yet needed, however, to make it a fit place for sick men during these cold, stormy days. The thanks of the entire battalion are due the local Red Cross organization and to Mrs. Chas. Wilson and Mrs. Burton in particular, who have given so much and worked so hard to make both our hospitals comfortable and well equipped. Again, fellows: "The ladies, God bless 'em."

Norman and Ted took their week-end together. That's the long and short of it.

After his indisposition, Pte. Dooley has returned to his duties and continued his course of lectures.

We hope that the entire Battalion will appreciate the lectures on First Aid given by Sergt.-Major Brogan. He is well fitted to "deliver the goods."

THE PIPES

We note a protest from the Pipe Band in this week's notes, and, as a result of personal observation, we feel that it is quite justified, if a trifle impassioned. Naturally it is not possible to force a man to care for the music of the pipes if the love for them runneth not in his blood. Nevertheless, every man, whatever his rank, in the 67th Battalion owes respect to the pipes. The 67th Battalion has the honor to be regarded officially as a Scottish Battalion, and in the history of British arms there is no prouder distinction. Turn where you will in the pages of British glory and you will read of the Scots and their prowess; listen to the echoes of past British battles and you will hear, above the din and the clash, the skirl of the pipes. To one who has the blood o' Scots folk in him, the pipe music is the grandest of fighting music—more than music; an inspiration, a recitation of the brave deeds of his fathers, a reassurance of the fact that in him runs the blood of daring that can emulate those deeds. It sounds ill in the ears of such an one to hoot the pipes, to refer to the pipers as "snake charmers," and otherwise to evince contempt of them.

Therefore, we repeat, while it cannot fairly be expected that one who comes not naturally by a love for the pipes shall prefer them, it certainly must be demanded of every man who is a member of this Battalion, that he pay to the pipes the respect that is due to their high place in the history of British military achievement.

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