

NOT A MOVE !!

Not a move but blows Good to Somebody. Our move—after 17 years in one location—is blowing good to everybody who needs music or music goods.

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In Sheet and Book Music, Mouth Organs, Banjos, Accordeons, Mandolins, Guitars, and everything else in our Big Stock.

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FLETCHER BROS. WESTERN CANADA'S
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A SOLDIER'S FEW DON'TS

- Don't chew gum on parade or on the street.
- Ditto tobacco.
- Don't lounge.
- Don't question or discuss orders.
- Don't be careless in your dress.
- Don't forget that the honor of the regiment is yours.
- Don't do anything to bring dishonor on yourself or the regiment.
- Don't get drunk.
- Don't say "Yep" when an officer addresses you.
- Don't forget to say "Sir" to an officer.
- Don't forget to salute all officers always.
- Don't be late for parade.
- Don't be afraid of hard work.
- Don't forget to clean your arms and accoutrements.
- Ditto your buttons.
- Don't forget the ones on your greatcoat, either.
- Don't make trouble.
- Don't get into trouble.

FROM THE SPARKER

"Donner und blitzten! What in the ensanguined Hades did that dod-gasted corporal of the Stretcher Bearers do to me?" Thus explet Private Menary in his usual flowery style of language after a couple of restless days and fitful nights. On further enquiry it was discovered that the above anathematized dignitary, being out of No. 18 pills, had administered two No. 9's to his unfortunate victim. Make it three No. 6's next time, Corp.

"Who stole Merifield's dinner?" is still an unsolved mystery. Private Sherlock Haynes was hot on the trail the other day and was observed with a strong magnifying glass examining some footprints leading in the direction of the Pioneers' tent, but, unfortunately, both footprints and clue disappeared in a sea of mud a few yards S.E. of the wood-butchers' domicile, or there might have been some revelations. By the way, Corporal Ross has repeatedly asserted that he knows nothing about it. Pte. Merifield has given up the problem as hopeless and says he should worry anyhow, as the culprit left the plate, knife and fork behind, and washed up at that.



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.

Ross took a drop of Scotch,
Henderson some beer.
Mack, a little gin (all three
Are
rep-
re-
sent-
ed
here).

There's a Sparker who cannot keep still,
Wears his cap as if made up to kill;
But let me tell you
There isn't a Jew
That has a darned thing on our Bill.

It is not length Slats is needing,
Though slimness might show his good breeding;
And while he does cram
With cheese, ham and jam,
I'm damned if he pays for good feeding.

BY OUR TAME POET.