

CARIBOO DINNER

The Cariboo men of the Battalion held a banquet in the Dominion Hotel on November 15th, at which Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross and several other officers of the Western Scots were present, besides a sprinkling of civilian Caribooites. Covers were laid for about 125, and among those present in khaki were seen several native sons, such as Russell Craig and George Johnston of Barkerville, the Boyd brothers of Cottonwood, Henry Deschamp and Fred Sheppard of Quesnel, and several others. Many of these boys' fathers were pioneers in the early days of the Cariboo rush. A typical Cariboo dinner was served, and the sour-dough cake slid down easily after being well oiled by beaver-tail soup and Van Winkle cauliflower au gratin.

At the completion of the gastronomic performance the toast to the King, proposed by Col. Ross, was drunk. The Chairman, Private Montgomery, then made a few remarks as to the reason for the banquet being held, and he alluded to the happy coincidence that Lieut. W. F. Cooke, who had recruited the Cariboo members, had arrived from Ottawa that morning. The toast to "The Battalion" was eloquently proposed by Pte. James Murphy, a geographical expert, and replied to by Lieut. Meredith. Private Peck, of the Machine Gun Section, poured forth a fusillade of words on the subject "Our Guests," to which Lieut. Okell delivered a vigorous counter-offensive.

Col. Ross was kind enough to say that his hosts had made a splendid showing since their enlistment, and gave Lieut. Cooke the credit he richly deserved for completely draining dry the Cariboo country. (This is not a joke.) Lieut. "Billy" Cooke made a very modest speech, saying he could not understand why so many nice things had been said about him. He reminded his hosts that efficiency spells effectiveness, and he hoped they would all make efficient soldiers. Sgt. Burton then conclusively proved that he could play "black jack." Major Armour was so busy at his table that it was with difficulty and Lieut. McIntosh at different times sang songs without music but not without words. The latter evidently is the author or introducer of a very popular battalion route march song (not "Goodbye, My Bluebell," or "Alluette"). The toast to "Our Allies" was fittingly proposed and replied to by Major Meredith Jones and Major Sargison respectively. Pte. Donnelly gave a recitation well punctuated with damns. The final toast—that to "The Cariboo"—was proposed by Capt. Nicholson, who expatiated on the charms of the reindeer and was replied to by Corporal Beasley, who told a sheep story. Lance-Cpls. Condry and Jobson and Pte. J. O. Wilson were so overcome by the proceedings that they have not been seen since. We think they must have returned to the Cariboo to take one last long lingering look at that great country and its inhabitants as depicted by the speakers of the evening, whose flights of forensic and appreciate eloquence, we are reluctantly bound to confess, must have been spurred on by the color of the port.

"God Save the King" was then sung, and amidst cheers for Col. Ross the party broke up to go and help fight fire. An enjoyable time was had.

S.B. SECTION

Ptes. Ede and Settle bade us farewell last Tuesday, having transferred to the C.A.M.C. now at Work Point. We shall miss the warblings of Ede, and the ravings of Settle. Both were nice young things, and we hope for their speedy promotion in circles where their superior knowledge will be recognized.

Yes, the cast is dead, so too must be the scribe of No. 1, for he evidently does not carefully read the "Western Scot." No flowers.

Overheard in No. 1 Building, during "physical jerks." "Now, then, heads and eyes erect." A good reason for strained eyes! "Tabbie" scones? No, sir! We carefully spelled "Tattie" (two ts' ts) scones, and we hereby repeat that they are "unco guid."

At the miniature range, Private Danby got the highest score for our Section. He is some shot—possibly it runs in the family, as his two brothers are crack shots, also, and both serving king and country—one in France, the other in England.

The first casualty from the trenches was received in the hospital the other day. It was no horrible wound from shot or shell. It was a more commonplace matter. Just a wound from a shovel, on the head—painful, but not dangerous. "Paddy's" comment on seeing the victim was, "If the do that in the day-time, what the h— will they do at night?"

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Officer (in hospital tent before inoculation): "With what will you inoculate us, doctor, if we go to the Dardanelles?"
M.O.: "Harem serum, sir."

Patient (who has just walked (unaided) over to hospital): "Give me something quick, I believe I have four ribs broken. Oh, oh, oh!"

Private Armstrong's discharge has removed a jolly good comrade from the hospital. Our best wishes follow him into his civilian career.

THE RENEGADE

(With apologies to the author of "Fee")

To some of the "men" who lined the streets as the 67th marches through town, the following is respectfully dedicated:

"Have you heard about me, and my sentiments free,
As a man of position and wealth,
A Canadian born, yet my country I scorn,
Though its climate is good for my health;
Such a poltroon I am that I don't care a damn
For this land with its milk and its honey.
I at Canada sneer, for the Lord put me here
For only one thing—to make money.

"I can hear the drums beat as they march down the street
To fight for this land blessed by God;
They may leave their dear wives, they may all lose their lives,—

So that I can hold tight to my wad;
For the land of my birth is just so much earth,
I care naught for its woes or its needs;
But I love the dear land when I hold in my hand
A lot of land titles and deeds.

"Bah! the Union Jack! I on that turn my back,
For I don't care a cuss for the flag;
My heart only hankers for cash at my bankers—
Why should I die for a rag
Though this land gave me birth, gave me all that I'm worth,
Important and rich it me made,
I care not for the right or the brave boys who fight,
In fact, I'm a d— renegade."