

The Western Scot

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN THE INTERESTS OF
THE 67th BATT., "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA, C.E.F.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 3rd, 1916

SOWING AND REAPING.

Surely it has become impressed on the minds of all of us ere now that our future as "The Western Scots" depends in a very large measure upon the impression we create. Up to the present we have had little or no opportunity to demonstrate our training and our ability to assimilate new ideas, owing to the wide dispersion of men and officers on courses and leave; but by our conduct as individuals, and by our smartness and discipline generally, we may do much to convince those with whom the decision lies that we are worthy of special consideration.

A copy of a notorious Victorian weekly has come to hand, in which appears an article in a style characteristic of the paper and of the spirit of its editor. This article is one that might serve to impress readers unacquainted with the paper's habits and inconsequence in a manner unfavourable to "The Western Scots; but those who know the editor of old will apply the rule of "cherchez le nègre." However, it is especially despicable, even for a print as despicable generally as the one that published it, inasmuch as it is an underhand attack in our absence.

TWO DAYS IN LONDON

(Continued from page 1)

alas! he too salutes! Eventually, having figured the Regalia into whiskies-and-sodas and taken some unnecessary exercise along Raleigh's Walk, to say nothing of speculating on the usefulness of ancient bills and halberds in trench warfare, see them emerge on Tower Green to inspect the paved site of the private scaffold where Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey and others were executed. From the corner of an eye they observe another awe-inspiring sentry pacing his beat in a smart and soldier-like manner, and they give him a wide berth. But, alas; becoming too familiar with their surroundings, they forget his presence and approach too near his path. "Biff! Bang!! Bing!!!" Both jump at least a foot and, all a-quiver with fear, turn jaundiced eyes in the direction of the sound. There he stands, rigid as a statue, at the "Salute." The Scoutmaster returns it in an apologetic manner, and our two heroes hasten through the portcullis to a taxi and safety.

It is the witching hour of 10 p.m., and the scene is the promenade of the Empire. A subaltern of ours has engaged two dapper Belgian officers in conversation. They speak English with the same fluency with which he speaks French, and the conversation is interesting in the extreme. The Belgians advance the information that they are bound for

the Congo, and our subaltern, not to be outdone in international courtesy, vouchsafes that as for him, he is going to Maxim's. Our Allies observe that he is Scottish, and the chap from ours qualifies the classification with "Canadien." Then the fun begins in real earnest. For the Belgian side it is politely but firmly premised that one cannot be Scottish and Canadien at one and the same time. For ours it is set forth that not only is such possible, but even common. In fact it is even possible, says he of ours, to have Italian Scottish and Serbian Scottish, such as we have in our International Platoon. This goes over the heads of the Belgians, however, and they dig in and prepare to repeat the Liège resistance on the ground that one may be Scots or Canadien as one selects; but both together at the same time?—non, non, my old; eet is to keed! Back and forth the battle rages, hampered only by the almost total inability of one side to comprehend the other. Ours wins, at last, on the arrival of local reserves in the form ("some" form, too) of a belle fille who savvies both lingoos, and who explains that our chap has a Scottish père and a Canadien mère. Exeunt all hands to that salon which native Empiricals designate, and fondly imagine, an "American Bar."

ECHOES FROM HOME.

Lieutenant-Colonel Forsythe, of the 50th Gordon Highlanders of Canada, has returned from Ottawa, and reports that he expects shortly to be authorized to raise the Highlanders to full strength for overseas service.

Official notice of the transfer of the office of D.O.C. of M.D. No. 11 from Colonel A. T. Ogilvie to Colonel J. Duff Stuart was contained in the District Orders of March 31st last.

Mr. H. B. Jackson, well known to all Victorians as the manager of the Empress Hotel, has been appointed manager of the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg.

It will be of interest to Soccerites to learn that the British Columbia Football Association have allowed the Victoria West team to take the place of the Western Scots in the final game for the McBride Shield, emblematic of the championship of the Province. We learn that the St. Andrew's XI., of Vancouver, are the winners of the Mainland Series, and while we regret that our departure prevented us from opposing them, yet we wish the Wests every success.

Up till April 2nd our late quarters at the Willows were standing empty. Captain Ritchie, C.R.E., will decide whether the 88th or the 11th C.M.R. occupy them.

At a concert at the Y.M.C.A. in the Willows on March 30th Mr. W. H. Wilkerson gave on his gramophone a record of the 67th send-off from Vancouver.

The "Colonist," in a recent issue, published practically the whole of the train edition of the "Western Scot."

The recent world's hockey championship series between the Canadiens and Portland was very disappointing from a monetary standpoint. The Canadiens emerged victorious, but their players only received \$238 each, while the Portland players, as losers, received \$207 each.

The 11th C.M.R. are conducting a recruiting campaign to bring their regiment to full infantry strength. Tents have been erected at various points in Victoria as recruiting centres.

DIED.

At the Isolation Hospital, Aldershot, on Wednesday, the 26th April, 1916, of pneumonia, No. 103271 Private A. R. Phillips, No. 2 Company, 67th Battalion, Western Scots of Canada. R.I.P.