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A REGRETTABLE CIRCUMSTANCE

A most regrettable and unfortunate contra temps has recently taken place in connection with two invalid soldiers returned from the front. It would seem that two men invalided home to Victoria, owing to having developed tuberculosis, duly arrived here and were taken in charge by those whose duty it is to care for such cases. Shortly after the arrival of the two unfortunates referred to, orders were received from Ottawa that all such cases were to be treated at a sanatorium in the East. Accordingly, the two invalids were placed on the steamer en route for the new scene of their future treatment. Hardly had they been started on their way when further orders were received from Ottawa countermanding the trip East and directing them to remain on the Coast. It would seem that telegraphic advice was sent to the O.C. troops at Kamloops, asking him to intercept the two travellers and have them headed for Victoria again. Through some regrettable misunderstanding of the telegram, the two unfortunates were thought to be deserters and were taken from the train and kept in a guard tent all night with no extra provision made for their proper attention, with most disastrous results to one of the sick men, whose health had been rapidly failing. The two unfortunates, despite protests, were thus harshly treated and put aboard a westbound train and sent back to this city, where they arrived none too well disposed towards those who had thus, innocently, subjected them to such outrageous treatment. So much so, that one of the men visited the officials responsible and his indignation found vent in some pretty caustic remarks. To cap the climax of official blundering, word was received once more ordering the unfortunates to proceed East for treatment. However, it is stated that the local medical authorities of the Militia Department absolutely declined to allow the men to again undertake the trip, as it was apparent that they were in no fit state to withstand such a journey in their then condition of health. And so the men for the time being remain here for treatment.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

The 67th Brass Band has our hearty congratulations on its first public appearance on Sunday last. Since Sunday the cornet work has improved very much and the general progress made suggests carefulness and musical sincerity on the part of the Bandmaster.

Overheard on the Oval: "Wake up! No. 4 Company!"

We have a little professional advice to give to some of the boys as regards taking up the step from the band. No names are mentioned, as in many cases the mistake in

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question is not one of carelessness. You may have noticed that the drums, before the commencement of a tune, beat two groups, each consisting of three beats, as follows: One, two, three—One, two, three. The left foot comes down at "one" and "three." To some of you this explanation may seem needless, but we have seen whole companies, commanders included, make the mistake of bringing down the right foot to the accented beats in music.

The baun has "Rab Ha's" authority for the fact that the bagpipe is no kind of an instrument at all. Now, Rab, listen! You know you should not peddle such stuff to the staff, therefore we advise you to be guided by your own—(yes, we will say it) intelligence. You've eternally quered your chances of bumming a meal at the staff table. Have you ever noticed, Rab, that overworked tunic buttons go hand-in-hand with discontent?

Talking of football, and the "Baun," did you ever hear of the "Chippendale Twins"?

Anent our stove, the unquenchable Logie says: "Ye could mak' a braunder wi' a bit o' pailin' weer, an' roast yalla haddocks on't."

Oh! There's mony a hert'll be dowie an' saft,
For we'll tak' awa Logie, the floower o' the draft.

He's learnin' the chanter,
An' weel he can blaw,

He tells mirky bours
The best o' them a';

So the pipers and drummers 'll lauch tull they're daft,
For we're sure tae get Logie, the floower o' the draft.

Lauchie is considerably embarrassed these days. He dreads having his name too much in print, and is generally of a retiring disposition. A stitch in time saves nine, and this is published for the benefit of the "Western Scot," "Punch," "Mayfair," etc., etc.

The Regiment is justly proud of its football team. Is it also too proud to pay for football boots, or do the players really have to choose between playing barefooted and buying their boots?

CRUNLUATH MACH.