9 a. m. to

9 p. m.

We know they are just as eager to go to the front as they were then, and now we know we are all going together everything should be lovely. "Here's to you, boys."

NO. 3 COMPANY

At last we have lights in No. 12 Platoon, so the call of the owl is no longer heard. "Here's looking at you" S. Moore.

Kit Carson looks kind of lonesome these days. Never mind, "Kit"; we all love you!

Some of the boys in "The Royal Platoon of Owls" thought one of the bears had got loose the other night and was paying them a visit. Anyway, it turned out to be our old chum Macgee.

We hear C. H. Mumford goes to all the meetings and socials of a church not many miles from the Willows. But why is it he doesn't go to church with the Battalion on Sundays?

Well, the third inoculation is over, and its effect seemed to be much lighter than that of the first two. Now for the vaccination.

Talking about shooting, the natural modesty of this Company prevents any comment upon the following averages of the various units at the 200 and 300 yards ranges (application): No. 1 Co., 28.2; No. 2 Co., 26.7; No. 3 Co., 29.4; No. 4 Co., 26.5.

Pte. Cotton had quite an exciting adventure on Quarter Guard at the West Gate a few nights ago. It was very dark. Approaching him he saw what he took to be two men carrying a load. He challenged them twice. They stopped in an uncertain manner, but did not reply. Pte. Cotton, having attained a high degree of military efficiency, would not retreat. The intruders would have one more chance before he took action. "Advance one," he cried, "and be recognized." Just then the moon peeped from behind a cloud and into the soulful eyes of Lieut. Sturgis' famous old black war-horse gazed our brave sentry, with the cold sweat on his brow, but still true to his duty.

No. 12 Platoon was leading the company on a route march and one of the big fellows from Cariboo was continually changing step, though he was in the leading section of fours. "Aw," he at last impatiently exclaimed, "how the blazes can a man keep step with the captain's horse?"

A significant cartoon, drawn by Pte. Moore, has appeared in the lines of the Company. Through a choppy sea a Glengarry, representing No. 3 Co., is being piloted by Capt. Nicholson. In the Glengarry are reposing three figures in a more or less exhausted condition. These are the other companies. In the distance, clinging to the masthead of a sunken ship, represented by an inverted peaked cap, the Draft is waving for assistance. Well, that's right; everybody knows what is the backbone of the 67th Battalion.

At the Piners' Ball a major entered into conversation with two ladies, who, on discovering that he was attached to the 67th Battalion, asked him, "Do you know our Joe? No? That's strange; he is a private in the 67th."

The Company has received a welcome addition to its strength in the shape of one platoon from the Draft, who, if it cannot go to England, is at least glad to leave its late quarters. No. 3 Co., with its usual good fortune, seems to have got hold of the pick of the Draft, and if the new platoon is as well disposed to No. 3 Co. as the company is to it, steady progress may be expected. All pull together and we won't have to take anybody's dust.

A lot of the boys think that an attraction at the military tournament would be a picked bayonet squad, under Sgt. Miranis. There are also several men who could give a tip-top display in a bayonet contest if equipment could be obtained from Work Point.

A Hint: When a Quarter Guard presents arms, the sergeant and the corporal of the Guard also present arms. On one such occasion lately, the two N.C.O.'s gave only the general salute of the right hand to the butt of the rifle. Military etiquette does not permit two different salutes at the same time.

Our Company has had several marches out lately with both the brass and pipe bands. Both these organizations have our moral support, and we wish them all success.

We had a right royal time at the Pipe Band Ball—a huge success.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major Watson! He certainly has worked hard for it.

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