

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 6th, 1915

No. 5

NO. 1 COMPANY

No. 1 Company, under Capt. Armour, was out on a route march on Wednesday night. The march was partly cross-country, partly on roads, and mostly in mud. The scouts were also with us—sometimes. There was plenty of variety, occasioned by men falling into ditches and over ruts in the dark. The route was cross-country to Little Mount Tolmie, and home by Cedar Hill cross-road and Richmond Avenue. All commands were whispered from man to man, and the whole route march was conducted in silence, as if in the presence of the enemy. The company started out at 8 o'clock and got back to barracks about 10.

Sergt. Johnston says it is time there was a business Government in Canada, as the present one only makes clothes for children. The largest size of undervest issued is only 46.

NO. 2 COMPANY

In last week's issue of the "Western Scot" we were a little unkind in taking a crack at Pte. Johnson, who left us to go to the Fire Piquet, but since we witnessed the wonderful work he did at the fire the other night we take it all back.

Last Sunday as the 67th were marching through town to Church Parade, we heard a lady remark, "Here come the Wildcats!" You bet, we are wildcats when it comes to the fighting.

Which would you rather do, take a nice little stroll out in the country and cut a few poles, or be put through your paces on the "Oval"?

We have been trying to figure out why Pte. J. Donovan's hair is black and his moustache the color of a glass of—lemonade. Maybe if we could look into the dark mysteries of J. Donovan's past, we should find out that he used to



NO. 1 COMPANY, 67TH BATTALION, "WESTERN SCOTS"

PHOTO BY SHAW BROS.

Pte. Hedges wishes to enter his bears in the beauty contest. He thinks that with the present field they are sure winners.

Speculation is rife in No. 1 Company as to how Sergt.-Major Henderson got the suspicious-looking mark on his cheek while in Vancouver. He blames Sergt. Johnston—but we "hae oor doots."

Any member of the Battalion is invited to come to the steps of No. 1 building any morning at 8:15, and guess what part of the world Pipe-Major Wishart comes from. The only clue given will be the gallant Pipe-Major's pronunciation, "Baund, an' ready? Quick mairch!"

Lieut. Edmond has returned from Ottawa looking well—and right on time, as usual.

Pte. N. F. Turner is on the sick list with a badly slashed hand. "Cherchez la femme."

A gaudily arrayed individual, who gave his name as Sousa, was up at the Willows Camp this week looking for Corpl. Higgins as a side drummer for his band.

The sergeants are looking for new quarters, now that the brass band is practising in the mess hall.

drink a large number of glasses of—lemonade, which dyed his moustache that way. Eh, Jack!

Can someone invent a way to put on a khaki shirt by oneself? It usually takes seven or eight men and a carpenter to do the job.

We were asked one day by an ambitious recruit, "What were the qualifications necessary to make a good company Q.M.S.?" That was a hard one to answer, so we personally made a few observations, with this result: A good company Q.M.S. should first of all be a good penman, and be able to make an erasure that cannot be detected with a microscope. He should be able to make a 3 look like an 8 or vice versa to suit his own convenience. He should be an expert forger, for reasons that are obvious. He should have a fierce and commanding appearance, he should have a meek and mild appearance, to be used as occasions arise. He should have the virtues and good qualities of a Jew money-lender and a second-hand clothes-dealer. He should be a hypnotist, in order to make a poor unfortunate recruit take a uniform five sizes too small or large for him, according to circumstances. He should be able to steal, lie, murder, forge, bluff, beg, borrow and never pay back, swear, sing hymns, pray, and gamble. If he can turn in crooked

reports and get away with it, if he can steal blankets and equipment and get away with it, if he can keep fat, and keep his hair on his head—then he can say his little prayers every night with a clear conscience, knowing that he has done his duty as a good and faithful company Q.M.S.

You can always find Lance-Cpl. Kirk when No. 2 Company is on a route march. Just look along the line till you see a cloud of steam like the exhaust from a donkey engine. Look under the steam and you will find Lance-Cpl. Kirk. Easy, isn't it?

How strange it is when you are looking for singers to get up a company concert, how small a percentage of the men can sing.

How strange it is when you are looking for a good night's sleep after pay day, how large a percentage of the men can sing!

Our thanks are due to Capt. Bullen for the neat manner in which he has had No. 2 Company's mess tables fixed up with oilcloth, at his expense. It is a great improvement, as the writer knows, having many a time before lost his share of butter through the crack in the centre of the table.

Q.M.S. Stewart has had a new lock put on his stores door, wire entanglements overhead, and the knot-holes plugged up. The Q.M.S. prefers to issue stores, rather than having them issue. He says it is more regimental.

Puttees should be worn on the leg. Some have an idea they serve as a gaiter, and not as a bandage.

Concert at the Y.M.C.A. by No. 2 Company next Tuesday night.

NO. 3 COMPANY

It is but fair to note that the criticism of certain units of the Battalion is beginning to have effect. A short time ago the members of No. 2 Company decided that one of them needed a bath and proceeded to give it to him. While this is a step in the right direction, No. 3 Company, having painful recollections of marching, on certain hot days, in the rear of No. 2, would respectfully suggest that the treatment be extended to the rest of the unit.

Q.M.S. Jones, No. 5 Company, in a simple little act of gallantry, established a record for the 67th, when in a street car he gave up his seat to no less than three ladies.

If a certain offender, now at Work Point, has his sentence reduced, will it prove that the "sword" is mightier than the pen?

A statement about this unit in last week's write-up of No. 1 Company was couched in such cultured, beautiful language that one is almost inclined to overlook the absolute lack of truth.

Some of the companies appear to be a little peeved about the references to them in this column. No. 3 Company being a gentlemanly crowd, can only reply in a roundabout way, by stating that each of its members has a piece of mistletoe pinned to the tail of his tunic.

Meanwhile, though it may give expression to some home truths, No. 3 Company freely admits its esteem of the other units of the Battalion, for if, in the firing line, the worst comes to the worst, these other units can always be used as reinforcements!

Warning is given that one of these issues of the "Western Scot" will contain an article frankly boastful in tone. It will be a truthful resume of the accomplishments of this company, which has so far studiously refrained from making any statement savoring of conceit. For the purpose of comparison, it may be necessary to refer to other units, but this will be avoided as far as possible to the end that the article may have the dignity compatible with the conceded standing of No. 3 Company. (Writer in good form today!)

As many of the men of No. 2 Company are in delicate health and wish to sleep near the stove this cold weather, No. 3 Company has graciously given up the first rank of its lines and withdrawn into the draught. But for pure hoggishness!

NO. 4 COMPANY

No. 2 Section extends a welcome to Pte. E. W. Wallace, the man who holds the record for rapidity of kit collection. He got everything the Q.M.S. had in one afternoon. Furthermore, he was distinguished by being posted in orders two days in succession, as a rookie.

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GOVERNMENT STREET

After Last Post.

Oft, in the stilly night,
 'Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Strange visions meet my sight,
 And stranger sounds confound me.
 Weird shadows pass; the crash of glass
 And murmured sighs betoken
 That in the fall, beyond recall,
 Some mickey has been broken!

No. 4's Special Commissioner reports that the difference between brains and brawn on the menu cards—or cartes du jour—in the popular downtown cafes is a mere jitney—and in favor of brawn!

Pte. Bond is official publican—cook-house fatigue—this week, and likes it so well that he has been promised another week of it soon—if he behaves.

It is quite noticeable, since kit inspection has become stricter, that the heels of shoes left on the shelves are delightfully clean!

Sergt. McKay gave a valuable example of efficiency on the night of the fire. He was right on the job the minute the alarm was sounded.

When Lieut. Terry asked an intelligent private what had become of 15 Platoon after the fire was out, the reply was: "Can't say, sir; looks as if most of them were wiped out!" Casualty officer, kindly note.

Pte. "David" Dryden evinces the marvellous power of imagination daily—when he combs at his moustache.

Rumor hath it that a private in No. 1 Section, during the general parade last Sunday, was marching so strictly to attention that he ran full tilt into a telephone pole—and then begged its pardon.

We are deeply indebted to Pte. F. L. Smith, of 15 Platoon, for a spirited poem relative to the events which may be expected to follow the arrival of the Western Scots on the battle front. However, while the sentiment expressed is highly laudable, the religious nature of the poet's form of expression precludes the inclusion of the contribution in a column of this character. A copy of the poem is in the possession of Lance-Cpl. William Carlisle and may be seen by those interested.

There is a man in 3 Section who is sure to escape outpost duty at the front unless he is allowed to go well to the rear for sleep. A steam siren wouldn't be any more useful in notifying the enemy (cuss him!) of our whereabouts.

Pte. Fido was out of luck last Saturday night. He seldom honors 2 Section with his presence, but Saturday night he decided to pay his section mates a visit. He was just enjoying the first half-hour of (we trust) well-earned rest, when the "alarm" sounded!

Lance-Cpl. Belyea, who has been laid up for some time, was back on the job on Tuesday. Curiously enough, Tuesday was announced as pay day.

He'll Have to Get Up Earlier!

There once was a cock-eyed old Kaiser
 Who thought he was some early riser:
 He got up at dawn;
 Found the Western Scots on
 The job; and is now somewhat wiser.

One of the bomb-throwers from No. 4, after a demonstration, asked the instructor: "Isn't this a pretty dangerous occupation?" And the instructor, out of a fund of experience, replied: "Oh, no! men have been known to come out of it alive!"

Another bomb-thrower—not in No. 4 Company—after a strenuous lesson, was asked if he had any questions to put. "Yes, sir; please how can I transfer to the Pioneer?"

Pte. Halliwell, of 1 Section, was real pleased on Monday afternoon when, after he had covered 200 yards to open a gate, the company's direction was changed and he had to double back.

No. 4 Company has a kick! Each of its members pays 50c to the band fund, yet it never hears the band except when it is practising. The suggestion is made that the men of the band blow their bit whistles wi' mair wund.

DRINK

PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

"Ichabod" has been written above the name-card of the record kit-cleaner of 1 Section. Heretofore the pride of his section for kit-kleanliness, he fell from grace this week over a pair of slightly-soiled shoes.

Will the men who rise up in the morning
 Before the "Reveille" doth sound;
 Who, others' dream-romances scorning,
 Go prancing and capering round,
 Remove their great iron-shod footwear
 When parading before the sky's pink?
 Or they may have a very real nightmare
 In the depths of the nethermost "clink!"

"What are the privates cheering for?" said Files-on-Parade. "They've got the word; they've got the word!" the Sergeant-Major said. "You'll see a sight tomorrow night. They'll paint the whole town red. They're going to get their pay tomorrow morning!"

There is an Irishman in No. 1 Company. The other day he was right guide and was told to align two marks to march by. When, a few moments later, his platoon was seen going off at an angle, the O.C. called him to account. "Did you take marks?" "Oi did, sor!" "Well, how is it you are not marching on them?" "Well, sor, I picked thim two cows over there, but bechune wan movin' off to the roight an' wan to the left, shure oi' don't know where oi'm at all, at all!"

On Wednesday Lieut. Terry announced to 13 Platoon that he had found ten cents on the headquarters orderly room floor on pay day. Five Scotsmen in 13 respectfully claimed it forthwith!

In commenting on a slight slip of 13 Platoon at drill the other day, the O.C. 14 Platoon, wishing to take a dig at 13, said: "Why, they're worse than 14!" This is disgraceful, 13! What are we coming to!

NO. 5 COMPANY

The Company decided to form a sports committee and selected two men per platoon to carry out their wishes. This committee first called upon the men for funds, which was done by ballot, with the result that each man gave 25c towards the fund, bringing in from the men alone, not including officers or N.C.O.'s, of over \$60. The spending of this amount is directly in the hands of the committee, acting upon instructions of the men. Footballs, both Soccer and Rugger, have been purchased, colors are under discussion, basket ball is to be provided, etc. Inter-platoon matches are under way for the championship of the Company, and from these platoon teams a good Company team should be provided. The main idea is that every man in the Company shall receive direct benefit from the fund, and other forms of sport will be provided as fast as possible, so that there will be a game suitable for each man.

The Company this week has assisted in the work on the trenches, cutting and packing trees, assisted on the trench-digging. Even here the idea of competition crops up, and two platoons competed in digging. On their own suggestion, they proceeded to Telegraph Bay and, although only having pocket-knives, and few of them, made and carried back to camp 32 gabions and hurdles, doing the seven miles there and back in some 3 hours 10 minutes. On Wednesday afternoon they carried out a line of outposts and were attacked by No. 2 Company. Another day this will be reversed, so that both Companies will have instruction with an objective.



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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1915

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.

"WESTERN SCOTS"

(To the Tune of "Dublin Bay.")

The Western Scots, the whole damned lot,
They are going o'er to France.
They will make those Germans dance
Till they lose their baggy pants.
Old Kaiser Bill and little Bill
They will string upon a tree,
And say, "Oh, Bill, just make your will,
For we're going to Germanie."
Sure you can have a furlough in
A hole just dug for two;
And listen to this little song, the Scots
They wrote for you:

Chorus

Good-bye, old Kaiser Bill, you'd better make your
will,
For we are going, you see,
To your late country, Germanie.
We've heard it's fair to see; we're going there
to see.
With hate we're bubbling for Germanie.

Oh! Colonel Ross sat on his horse,
As they marched into Berlin.
Of the girlies there were lots
Just to see those Western Scots.
Old Bill had skipped in an old airship,
Of the Scots he was afraid.
He'd heard the stories of the stuff
The Western Scots were made.
They had a two-months' furlough,
And the Scotties marched along,
With Misses Hun they'd lots of fun,
And to them sang their song.

Chorus

Good-bye, old Kaiser Bill, you'd better make your
will,
For we're here, you see, in your late country,
Germanie.
The country's fair to see, for we've been there
to see.
With hate we're bubbling for Germanie.

CORPL. GLEASON,
No. 2 Company.

S. B. SECTION

As we are usually derisively dubbed "poultice wallopers," "pill-box hustlers," etc., it was quite refreshing to observe the neat little compliment paid us in last week's issue. For such appreciation we return grateful thanks.

Prof. Ronald's good resolutions about dieting collapsed, and his belt almost gave way with last Sunday's tempting fare. He has taken to Swedish exercise with keenness, though he was overheard the other day, on the parade ground, saying softly, "Got strafe Sweden!"

It is unofficially reported that the 50th S. B. men heard of the fire the other evening, through the kindly offices of Robt. Wallace. Did anyone hear him swear?

According to the Hospital Orderly. Pte. Duncan passed a most comfortable night on Saturday. Oh! you dainty pillows!

Our wounded warrior made a trip via automobile to the Jubilee Hospital last Tuesday to have his leg "X-rayed." We were all glad to learn that our M.O. had made an excellent job, and that the bones were well and truly set. Bill passes on sincerest thanks to the chauffeur for his skilful driving; indeed, the only jolt he got was leaving the Jubilee again. We see where Bill gets more visitors soon.

Ptes. Dooley, Settle, Ede and Low made quite a hit at a Hallowe'en party on Saturday. Johnny's cute little moustache claimed much attention and broke many hearts. Johnny's favorite song is, "I Try to Raise a Face to Grow a Whisker!"

We welcome to our cubicle Pte. Maysmith, druggist and ventriloquist—another star to our galaxy! Just wait till our concert!

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EXTRA!—Sergt. Burton's cat is dead! The scribe of No. 1 is wrong in thinking we were singing on that memorable occasion. We were merely rendering much-needed first aid to said cat. There was a speedy recovery, but the "Hymns of Hate" with which we were saluted in our cubicle, added to the crazy noise on Tuesday evening, was too much for the feline. If that cat has any more lives, we will all apply for a discharge—from No. 1 Building.

Did you see the amount of earth that No. 1 Company threw out in trenching on Thursday morning. Some work, and after pay day, too!

ATHLETICS

(By Corpl. J. HEWITT)

Today is the red letter day of the present soccer season so far as the Western Scots are concerned, for the Battalion representatives will take on the unbeaten Thistle team at Royal Athletic Park. The league standing shows three teams tied for first place with six points apiece, the Jacksons and Western Scots being on even terms with the Thistles. The latter, however, have a game in hand, their fixture with the 88th Regiment, scheduled for last week-end, having been called off because the grounds were not properly marked off. Thistles have a powerful defence, having had but two goals scored on them in three games, and they have a formidable attack which has managed to gather goals at the rate of almost three a game. Nevertheless the Battalion rooters will be keenly disappointed if the Western Scots fail to take the measure of the Victoria Scots this afternoon. The Sixty-Seventh team is going along splendidly now, and the players should render an excellent account of themselves today. It was perhaps fortunate for the Western Scots that they were given four games in which to find themselves before being called upon to meet the Thistles, for a lot of experimenting has had to be done. But now the team has had several real games as a whole, and they are beginning to work together as they should. Last Saturday the Western Scots had a delightful little workout against the Fifth Regiment team at Beacon Hill Park. A one-sided game ended in a three to one score for the Scots, the event being notable only for the fact that the Fifth managed to get a goal, their first in four starts this season. The other league game last week was between the Jacksons and the Victoria Wests, and resulted, after a rather ragged exhibition, in a score of four goals for the Jacksons to one for the Wests. The league standing is appended:

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points	Goals For	Goals Agst.
Thistles	3	0	0	6	8	2
Jacksons	3	1	0	6	13	7
Western Scots	3	1	0	6	10	7
Victoria Wests	1	3	0	2	5	8
88th Fusiliers	0	2	1	1	1	6
Fifth Regiment	0	3	1	1	1	8

Although the attendance was not what had been expected, the boxing tournament held under the auspices of the Battalion Sports Committee in the Horse Show Arena last Tuesday evening was a splendid success in every other respect, and as a result it is quite probable that the Western Scots will be treated to other similar events in the near future. The feature event between Seaman Russ Leighton, of the Royal Canadian Navy, and Pte. McHugh, of the 67th draft, better known as Cyclone Scott, resulted most satisfactory from a Battalion standpoint, for the navy representative was declared the loser after the affair had gone the limit of twelve rounds. The bout, while hardly a good exhibition of boxing, was interesting, and, as is generally the way after a bout where both boxers finish on their feet with no great damage done to either, there was the usual criticism of the referee's decision. The Leighton supporters contended that their representative should have been awarded a draw, mainly, apparently, because of what he ought to have done instead of what he actually did. Leighton looked big enough and strong enough to annihilate Scott, and appeared to have something in reserve at all stages. But he overlooked the all-important fact that it is action that counts, and for practically all the distance he let Scott set the pace. After being clearly outpointed through the first eight rounds Leighton woke up and began to do some of the leading himself. But he started too late. He held his own in the ninth round, which was marred by reason of foul work by both principals, Leighton trying to wrestle Scott to the floor and Scott replying by butting, and then went on and had a margin in the next two sessions. In the final session both boxers tried hard to put over a finishing punch, but their efforts were wild, and the finish found them still at it, with the margin of points still on the Scott side of the ledger. The bout was under straight Marquis of Queensbury rules, as in vogue across the border, with the boxers permitted to hit at all times and

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breaking at the referee's command. As a result the affair was spoiled by frequent clinching. Leighton was content to hold on in the early part of the battle, evidently relying on kidney punches to weaken his adversary, while Scott piled up the points by steady, aggressive work. At no time was either boxer in danger and neither landed a blow that dazed the other, though on several occasions both were so tired from the constant clinching that the spectators at a distance may have had the impression their slowing up was due to punishment. Both were leg and arm weary at the end, and the final gong was very welcome. The loser promptly challenged his opponent to a return battle over a longer route and they may hitch up again, when the sailor will be afforded an opportunity to give a better display of judgment. Had he started his rally earlier on Tuesday there might have been a different ending, and he doubtless realizes his mistake now.

The preliminary bouts were replete with action. Seaman Seedhouse, of the Navy, was too clever for Pte. Parsons, of the 67th, and though the budding soldier packed a deadly wallop in his right hand he could not connect sufficiently often to win, though he earned a draw after four rounds. The bout was fought under amateur rules and there seemed to be some confusion in the minds of the spectators as to what constituted a clinch, for Pte. Parsons was jeered for hitting at close quarters when he was perfectly correct. It takes two men to make a clinch, and just so long as a boxer is not holding he is entitled to hit, even though his opponent may be hanging on for dear life. It is the boxer who is holding who is doing the fouling. Pte. Boyce, of the 67th draft, who is eager to hook up with Joe Bayley, the erstwhile Canadian lightweight champion, in a headline bout, showed a lot of class in his bout with Pte. Dunn, also of the draft. Boyce was all over Dunn from the start, and dropped him for the count in the second round with a right to the jaw, after giving him a severe pounding. Boyce and Bayley would make a great contest, and as both are of the aggressive, willing type of performers, the affair undoubtedly would be brimful of action. The bout between Pte. Augustine, of the 67th, and Seaman McCoy, who substituted for Seaman Milne, was a rich burlesque, and ended in a hurry when the boxers knocked down the ropes in a wild charge. McCoy was given the verdict after less than a minute of comedy in the first round. A couple of navy boxers put on a two-round exhibition to fill out the card. During the evening the 67th Battalion brass band and pipers supplied some excellent music, the brass band playing the new Regimental March. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation by Colonel Lorne Ross of a cane and belt to Battalion Sergt.-Major Boys, the gift of the N.C.O.'s of the 67th.

RUGBY

The Rugby Club is now well under way, and hopes to settle down to serious business during the present week. The only stumbling block is the matter of colors. The Sports Committee has not yet decided on them, and we therefore cannot place the orders. We understand that it is not so much choosing colors as being able to get a sufficient number of jerseys of the colors decided on which is delaying the Sports Committee. We have got a field to the west of the camp, and with the generous—and, of course, voluntary—aid of a number of defaulters, it is being put into good shape. Messrs. Lemon & Gonnason were good enough to donate the posts and cross-bars and deliver them on the grounds. Lieut. Meredith is entirely responsible for the rapid progress made in the formation of the club. We have several first class players in the various companies. Pte. Ryan, who is a first class half-back, was unfortunate enough to break his collar-bone in a practice game, but is now getting along rapidly, and hopes to be able to play again in a few weeks. Lieut. Meredith is a first class wing three-quarter, but he also is on the injured list as a result of a practice game. Amongst the Nanaimo men in No. 1 Co. there is the makings of a fine husky pack. It is hoped that matches will be arranged with various local regiments and also with the various regiments in Vancouver and New Westminster. The club is indebted to Pioneer-Sgt. Smith and his staff for their aid in erecting the goal posts.

Card-playing platoon of No. 1 Company "numbering." One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Jack, Queen, King, Ace.

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SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

We hear that Pte. Jones, Q.M. Stores, has in captivity a very fine collection of "Quadruped Greybackius." Visitors will please give the Trainer at least ten minutes' notice beforehand, as they are very securely screwed down. Investigating committees, please note same, as the Trainer is very quick-tempered.

P.S.—Pte. Jones runs a grave danger of going "bug-house."

Observing one of the Cook's Staff getting around very easily in six inches of mud last week, we complimented him on his ingenuity in inventing the pontoons on his feet—but we got badly stung when he told us it was his ordinary issue of boots. Apologies, old man; we thought "twelves" were the largest size in stock.

It happened in Scotland about four years ago. A big farm servant had gone to town for a holiday and had got into a fight with a soldier very much smaller than himself. The countryman had the worst of it, and on being asked how he let the little fellow beat him, he replied, "Well, it's his trade, onyway."

This occurred in town last week. The party under discussion is one of the Pioneers:

First Small Boy: "Say, Bill, what are them there axes on that guy's arm for?"

Second Small Boy (with look of great disgust at his chum's ignorance): "Why them's the fellers what chops the kindlings for the cooks."

The Last

"Is the Pioneer Sergeant around?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"I want to borrow a Stilson wrench."

"For regimental use, is it?"

"Sure! My wife came to town today and I want to go down today and fix up the boiler."

Collapse of yours truly,

"HAMISH."

FROM THE SPARKER

Lance-Cpl. Henderson has been suffering with a swollen jaw, the past week, presumably trying to take the place of ex-Signaller Chapman, as the marquee orator. Give it up, Corporal, it can't be did.

We are pleased to state that T. C. Murphy, formerly of the 30th Battalion, that left here in January for England, and after five weeks in the Old Country was drafted into the 15th Battalion, is now with the 67th, as Sergeant of the real "Suicide Club," better known as the Bomb Throwers. Sergt. Murphy took active part in the battles of La Bassee and Festubert, where he was wounded. Sergt. Murphy was offered his choice of any quarters in camp, and, after looking over the situation, naturally chose to stay with the Signallers, owing to their comfortable quarters.

Sergt. Johnston, of the Pipe Band, insists that a certain section (of 32 men) be taught the wonderful art of keeping step for at least half a mile at a stretch. Farther than that seems out of the question.

INVITATION

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STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor

We are wondering if there has been a Zeppelin raid in the region of the Machine Gun Section, as their machine guns are out of commission. We have observed that "No. 2 gun" is dismantled; presumably was struck by a high explosive shell. Eh, Jimmy?

Here's a good one: About four days after Sergt. Murphy had returned to Victoria from the Old Country, he was stopped on the street by a "Recruiter" of the 88th, and the following conversation took place: Recruiter—"Well, you're a husky young fellow; what do you say about joining the 88th?" Sergt. Murphy—"Sorry, but I don't know how to shoot." Recruiter—"Ha, we will teach you that in no time, and make a good soldier out of you." Owing to the laughter of some of the spectators, that overheard the conversation, the subject was dropped.

Ever since Pte. Davey attended the performance at the Pantages on Monday night and saw the educated dog, he has been trying to educate his motor cycle into doing stunts. For instance, rolling over, without command.

Our old friend Sergt. Cory, of No. 5 Company, was seen directing No. 4 Platoon at trench digging the other day. When do you submerge, Sergeant?

We would like to state that there is no connection between Pioneer-Sergt. Smith and Pte. Dakers, No. 102953 (notice we got his number?) although their football abilities and the color of their hair are similar.

Pay-Sergt. Best says it's against K. R., Para. O, III, 300, Sec. 12334, Diagram ZTX, Triangle O, neuter gender, divided by two broom handles, to draw any money between pay days! Yep, so be it.

There is no truth in the report that Cpl. Kendall has "tooken" unto himself a wife. Our zealous Corporal having been married twice and participated in four campaigns, says he prefers a faith campaign to another adventure in the sea of matrimony. Don't mistake the last word for "Marmora," either.

The Battalion Poet, Sergt. Burton, No. 1 Company—well I guess he's SOME poet, believe me!

"S.O.S."