

# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 16th, 1916

No. 19

## POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Welcome to the abode of Les Miserables—Lieutenants Hall, Blyth and Thain.

The "Scot" is going to continue publication on the train and on the boat. Now is the time to arrange for your subscription if you want copies.

Capt. Biggar's talk on sanitation was a masterly example of the suggestive instruction we appreciate. It was thoroughly enjoyed.

Glance through the nominal roll in the orderly room next time opportunity offers and run down the column headed "Trade

experience in handling men. While mine superintendent at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, he was waylaid by five highwaymen who opened fire. Hall returned the compliment and managed to get away with the pay-roll and five serious wounds. When he joined the ranks of the 67th Battalion, Mr. Hall was manager of the British Columbia Branch of the Standard Paint Company. Lieut. Blyth is a veteran of the South African War, where he served under Major-General Baden-Powell in independent cavalry. Was wounded. In 1915 Mr. Blyth passed his examinations for a commission in the U.S. Cavalry, but came north almost immediately afterwards and joined the ranks of the Western Scots. Lieut. Thain is a mining engineer in private

## RECENT APPOINTMENTS



LIEUT. A. M. HALL  
No. 4 Company



LIEUT. R. A. BLYTH  
No. 4 Company



LIEUT. H. S. THAIN  
No. 2 Company

or Profession." You will be surprised at the wide variety of life-walks represented, every man ready to do his bit—banker shoulder to shoulder with baker; fisherman cheek by jowl with manufacturer; farmer, rear file to chartered accountant. Truly, we have a fine lot of men.

It will be a sad day for our young subaltern gentlemen, when we embark. After all, the C.P.R. owns The Empress; why not arrange to take it with us?

When we reach England it is to be hoped we will not forget how to "look wise"—even if we cannot look him in the eye. Good luck to him!

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the country.

The time is close at hand when the test is to come of our assimilation of the excellent training afforded us by our commanding officer. May we do him credit!

The two "G's"—Gill and Gary—late generals commanding-in-chief of the James Island forces, or more properly the James Island Expeditionary Force, are with us once more.

The three officers who joined us last week have had prior experience, which should fit them for their new and important posts. Lieut. Hall was well known as a fancy shot with the Remington Small Arms Company. He has also had wide

life, and has held several important posts in Canada and the United States. When he joined the ranks of this Battalion Mr. Thain was engaged in inspecting and reporting on mining properties in the West from Mexico to Alaska. Lieuts. Blyth and Thain are Englishmen by birth. Lieut. Hall is a native Canadian.

When you come to think of it, how singularly appropriate the fourth day of March would be as a departure date for the Scots!—"March forth!"

Now is the time for all ranks to screw discipline down to the last notch. We mustn't have the imperial staff officers mistaking us for a lot of picnickers.

## PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

It is lucky for the Orderly Room Staff that our Colonel is not one of the 10-cent magazine type of Colonels, fiery, choleric and bad tempered. The smoke in his room lately has been enough to try anyone's nerves, but the Colonel keeps smiling. We suppose, however, that after Flanders, a little smoke without the fire doesn't bother him at all.

Why should one of our newest Subalterns enquire, after listening to a conversation between Major Christie and the Pipe Major, "Since when has the Major understood Gaelic?"

# FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE

We hope that the last photos in Major Harbottle's collection will be "The Western Spots of Canada marching into Berlin."

Speaking of photographs, does the rest of the Battalion know that we have a Regimental album, and that photographs of units or individual members of the Battalion will be gratefully received by Staff Sergeant Nicholls? We want to make this album a complete photographic gallery of the Regiment. Thank you!

We are feeling justifiably pleased with our ourselves again. Yet another Battalion has sent its representative to study our Orderly Room system. We have been entertaining Lieutenant Lough, the Acting Adjutant of the 172nd Battalion, who came all the way from Kamloops for that purpose.

Did anyone say "Acting Sergeant" Condy? We would like to know.

Pioneer Sergeant "Jimmie" Smith is busy studying all the latest and newest methods of high-grade salutes. We heard a vague rumor of this having something to do with the Pay Office. What is the explanation, Jimmie?

Talking of salutes, the variety observed even in the Orderly Room is amazing. They run every way, from the courtly and impressive salute of one of the majors, down to that of a certain well-known sergeant who salutes as if he has paralysis in his right arm and couldn't raise it above his elbow.

Apparently there are two sides to every question. Quite recently, down town we heard a new recruit greeted with "Why Jock! You promised not to enlist, you—coward!"

Armourer Sergeant G. N. Hughes has been granted his discharge for the purpose of obtaining a Commission in the 96th Battalion, C.E.F., "Canadian Highlanders." While we most heartily congratulate Mr. Hughes on his promotion, we are all sorry to lose so efficient a man from the 67th, particularly at this time. Armourer Sergeant Hughes was universally and well deservedly popular here, and his most efficient handling of his department was appreciated by all. We wish his commission had been in the 67th.

#### SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

Our Commanding Officer is making good his promise that vacancies in the commissioned ranks will be filled from his non-commissioned officers. Lieuts. Blyth, Hall and Thain, whose work as non-commissioned officers, has attracted the colonel's attention, are the three latest members of the Sergeants' Mess to receive promotion. We extend congratulations.

Armourer-Sergt. "Sam" Hughes has left us to take up an appointment as lieutenant in the 96th Battalion, "Canadian Highlanders." Whilst we are pleased to see him promoted, we cannot help feeling that the 67th has lost an expert rifleman in his departure. Those who were fortunate enough to come under his guidance at the range can bear witness that his tactful and kind method of instruction has helped to make the Battalion shooting average as high as it is.

Sergt. F. G. Williams, "one of the best," and who, by the way, is the senior duty sergeant of the Battalion, has been and gone and done it. His mysterious comings and goings have been viewed with curiosity for some time since. Now the cat is out of the bag. Sergt. "Willie" got married at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. G. H. Andrews, on Wednesday, the 9th inst. Although the wedding was kept secret up to the last moment, a number of the 67th were in attendance.

Staff-Sergt. Nicholls, of the Orderly Room, better known as "Nick of Johannesburg," was, of course, present to see his friend joined in holy matrimony, and whilst enthusiastically congratulating "Willie" after the ceremony, wished him "many happy returns of the day!"

The Damon and Pythias-like friendship of Sergt. N——d and "Mastey" has been somewhat broken up by the quarantining of No. 1 Company in their quarters. We understand, however, that these two keep in touch with one another by frequent billets doux. "Mastey" recently left us, but we hope this is only temporary, as he was always one of the principal contributors to the gaiety of the mess. Whilst these columns are intended primarily for light literature, we think it not out of place to point out the little moral, "If you get snow-bound, don't forget to telephone."

Congratulations to Sergt. Haines on yet another appointment. He is now "Provoking Sergeant." At the next mess meeting we are considering proposing a subscription to buy him a medal as the "champion transferee" of this, or we should think, any battalion.

Sergt.-Major Brogan, of the C.A.M.C., is now through with his "First-Aid" instruction. During the time the Sergt.-Major has been attached to us he has made many friends, and it is with regret we see him leave us to carry on his good work with some

other regiment. Whilst lecturing to No. 3 Company some time since, he was demonstrating the art of resuscitating a man after drowning. Sergt.-Major Watson kindly volunteered to be the "subject," and the men worked over him with great vigor. They were, however, disappointed in their hopes, when the simple, though peculiar test, to ascertain whether life was still existent was not applied.

Mention was made in the last issue of a suggestion to deduct 20 cents a month from the men's pay as a subscription to the "Scot."

We think this should be carried out. It is the intention to publish the paper at the Front, and to do this we shall probably need our own printing press. This entails money. Twenty cents per man a month would ensure the paper being on a sound financial basis, and no one would miss such a small amount, and no doubt they are getting their money's worth if all the editions come up to the standard of the last issue. In our opinion the laugh we got out of the cartoon of Lieuts. Sutton and Marsden was alone worth the money.

A certain man who held a prominent position in the Battalion, but who left us whilst holding the rank of sergeant, is preparing a thesis to be entitled "Dodging the column, or how to soldier without going to the Front."

#### NO. 1 COMPANY

Still we are a thing apart, and ever the cry goes up: "How long, how long!" Of prophets we do not lack. One cheerful optimist will "raise our hopes" sky-high with the "sure-thing" information that Sunday will see us at liberty; a couple of minutes later a prowling pessimist knowingly assures us that if we see the lights o' town in ten days we can consider ourselves lucky. Well, well, we must possess ourselves in patience. And we might be worse off these days, and have much to be thankful for. Our troubles came upon us suddenly and thickly. To the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion we are indebted for much extra work done on our behalf. Last week's storm found us sharing the general shortage of fuel, and during the height of the storm Lieut. Armstrong rustled a supply for us. During the first days of our captivity we had trouble with our food supplies, and Sergt. Haines put himself to considerable trouble to supplement our shortage. A very great convenience to us has been the opening of a branch canteen here in the building; for this we are indebted to the Canteen Committee. For our entertainment the Officers' Mess loaned us their piano, and on Sunday morning last the band "did their bit" by paying us a welcome visit. Even the rain insisted on coming in—mumps or no mumps. To Major Harbottle, for the kindly thought, and to Sergt. Swan and Pte. Moore, for the trouble taken, the sportsmen among us owe many thanks for the descriptive account, by telegraphy, of Thursday night's boxing match. We hope these good Samaritans will accept our hearty thanks for all they have done for us. But town will look good to us—when we get there.

Someone suggests that Cpl. Christian teach his buglers to play "Christians Awake!"—with the idea, we presume, that it be substituted for Reveille.

With reference to a paragraph in No. 3 Company's notes of the 2nd inst., we are requested to state that there is a Battalion Water Polo Team, but that owing to the outbreak of mumps in No. 1 Company—certain members of which are on the team—the matches arranged have been postponed until these men are better.

Cpl. James Everett Fortner, of No. 3 Platoon, was married on Tuesday evening last to Mrs. Amy Christina Carter. The ceremony took place at the residence of the officiating minister, Capt. the Rev. Dr. Campbell, chaplain to the 50th Gordon Highlanders. The bridegroom was supported by Cpl. Fawcett, also of No. 3 Platoon. The many friends of Cpl. Fortner here wish the happy couple the best of luck and future happiness.

Now, then, you Masons, hurry up and join the Stretcher Bearers!

We are glad to note that No. 1 Company, after listening to Lieut. Gray's short talk on Thursday afternoon, upon the past and future of the "Western Scot," unanimously agreed to his suggestion that each man become a regular subscriber to it in future. When this war is a thing of the past this little paper of ours will present a most interesting record of the changing life of our Battalion.

Starting Monday evening last, and continuing each evening this week, Major Armour has been giving a series of lectures to aspiring Non-Com. officers on the duties of Non-Com. officers in general. The lectures are followed by squad drill,

when each man is being given experience in giving commands, special attention being paid to the detail of each movement. Some fifty men have been enrolled in the class, and from these, it is understood, the final class will be picked and formed.

Pte. Scales, we regret to say, is again ill, and is awaiting anxiously the lifting of the quarantine, so that he can settle his earthly affairs. One night last week he arranged with his lawyer to meet him in the basement of the Company building to discuss matters. Although an invalid, his piercing whisper penetrated and disturbed the residents on the upper floor, and he was gently but firmly asked to desist. He positively asserts that he was discussing business matters only, and cannot understand why several whom he relied upon as witnesses to the fact refuse to testify.

Pte. A. McNaught suffered a disappointment on Friday afternoon when he had to attend bath parade just as he was waiting for a telephone call. However, we are glad to hear that he feels he has no real grievance, because he was allowed a long face-to-face talk (at the regulation distance) with the young lady the previous day, though to do so he had to volunteer for extra fatigue. Some fatigue, too!

#### The Dozery

The hours I've spent in quarantine  
Are as a nightmare unto me.  
They are numbered, without hope,  
I mope, I mope; I mope, I mope.

Each hour some drill, each drill some sweat,  
To keep us in condition, yet  
Some are alive, now that we've got  
A dry canteen, with nothing hot.

O dawn of day, when will it break,  
When once more we shall be free  
To mingle with our friends and take  
A drink with thee, a drink with thee. —L.W.R.

#### From the Bulletin Board of No. 1 Company—In Quarantine

Now it came to pass about the second month of the year that the people of the land were sick, yea even unto death. And the rulers of the land met together and held conclave the one with the other and spake each his opinion of the malady. And those that were sick could not arise, but lay on their couches, and none could be found to tend them. Then there came to the land one McKibbon, which being interpreted means "the son of Kibbon." And he said unto those that were sick: "Arise and get thee thence, lest perchance the devils that afflict you enter the bodies of those around thee." And they that heard marvelled and said: "What manner of man is this, that he doth make the sick to walk?" And some answered and said: "He is the devil, for he doth order those that are decreed to have medicine to do their work." But the sick said: "Hath he not promised us a stove, yea verily, and have we not set aside a place for it?" Now it came to pass that the next day McKibbon conveyed the sick, arrayed in clean raiment, to a place without the walls of the city. And those that could not walk were carried by their comrades on a cunningly contrived thing, constructed out of canvas. And there was great rejoicing in the land, which resounded with the praises of Mac, the son of Kibbon.

#### NO. 2 COMPANY

What the men of No. 2 Company could do in the way of writing articles for the "Western Scot" would mean a great deal more than they realize.

Why they do not write is a mystery to me. Is it because they are bashful, or are they in want of paper and pencils?

I'm sure it's not the former, so I will gladly furnish paper required for articles upon application.

In co-operating with others furnishing the paper with good reading, you would be doing good work in more ways than one.

As I said before, it takes many minds to make a good paper. If only the men with the minds would find energy to push a pen or pencil it would mean that No. 2 Company would have a column second to none in the "Scot."

SERGT. SCHOFIELD.

Spring weather now, and what a relief it will be when the snow is all gone. It is going slowly but surely, and with much

(Continued on page 5)

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# The Western Scot

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN THE INTERESTS OF  
THE 67TH BATT., "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA, C. E. F.  
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C. L. ARMSTRONG, LIEUT., EDITOR A. A. GRAY, LIEUT., BUSINESS MANAGER

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1916

## CONTRIBUTIONS

The task of editing a newspaper is always fraught with much work and no end of trouble. First there is the difficulty of prevailing upon people to contribute copy so that the printer may have something to put into type, and second, there is the unpleasant duty of editing and censoring the contributions to obviate libel suits and stave off riots. This week we are in receipt of a protest from No. 1 Company, and we feel much sympathy with it. The objection is that certain criticisms of battalion inter-organization system which were handed in for publication were deleted. For the benefit of all ranks we would point out now, that: "Deliberations or discussions by officers or soldiers, with the object of conveying approbation, praise or censure of their seniors, is strictly prohibited." The "Western Scot" is published by kind permission of the commanding officer, and it must be borne in mind that, as a battalion institution, it is subject to military discipline quite as much as any other entity of the battalion. With this—the correct—viewpoint thoroughly established, we feel sure that our friends in the Battalion will appreciate our position and make it easier for us to "carry on."

## VALUABLE ARTICLES

It is no secret now that the Western Scots will be leaving for England shortly. The editors of "The Scot" have fortunately been able, through the kindness of several of our senior officers, to arrange for some very helpful articles bearing on timely topics. Read them carefully as they appear. It will benefit you later.

## DISCIPLINE AND DUTIES ON BOARD THE TRAIN AND TRANSPORT

(By Major Christie, D.S.O.)

It is absolutely necessary for the comfort of all concerned that strict discipline be maintained when travelling by train or boat. The operations of entraining and detraining must be carried out systematically; quietness and rapidity are essential.

### Train

Section commanders are required to keep their sections together and will be responsible for the cleanliness and tidiness of their part of the car, and also that the men are shaved and clean in appearance, accoutrements and buttons kept clean and in order.

The Company Orderly Sergeants and Corporals carry on in the same manner as in barracks, and are responsible for the discipline, etc., of their Companies.

A guard is mounted as soon as the troops board the train, and sentries posted on the doors of the coaches with orders to allow no person to leave the train without an order from an officer. This is imperative. If not strictly enforced it usually happens that men leave the train for various reasons and are left behind when the train moves off. Such men are liable to be tried as deserters, as any man found in Canada after his unit has left for overseas without written authority, renders himself open to a trial by court-martial.

All kit bags and personal baggage are carried on the train by the individual soldier, who is responsible for his own kit, which must be stowed neatly away under the seat. Any damage done to the property of the Railway Company on the train or at stations will be assessed and charged against their pay.

### Meals

Sometimes rations are distributed to the men on board daily. In that case the Section Commander will receive the rations in bulk for his section and will distribute them pro rata. At other times a cook car is attached to the train and mess orderlies, etc.,

# VARIETY THEATRE

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are detailed by roster, and meals are served in each car to the men sitting in their seats.

No liquor is allowed on the train.

### Transport

The interior economy and duties of troops on board ship are similar in war and in peace, and will be governed by the "King's Regulations" on the subject.

Troops are marched on board the transport by units and assigned to their quarters by the Embarkation Officer. Units should be kept together as much as possible as mentioned above.

All ranks must make themselves acquainted at once with the regulations or standing orders of the ship. The Company Sergt.-Majors will intimate where they will post up Battalion orders for the information of the men.

The B.S.M. will carry on in the same manner as in barracks and appoint a place for the Orderly Sergeants to "fall in," when summoned to receive detail, etc., for the day.

A guard will be mounted each day in the usual manner and will receive orders according to existing conditions at the time at sea. All ranks must keep to the decks assigned to them and not trespass on that of another unit while parade is being held.

It is necessary for the health of all ranks that a certain amount of physical drill be taken daily, and no man is to be excused this if it is at all possible for him to get on deck, even if he has to be carried up. It is a fact that sea-sickness can be almost entirely eliminated by having all ranks take plenty of physical drill during the voyage.

One of the first things to be detailed by the C.O. is the alarm post for the different units and the method of reaching that place. On the alarm sounding all ranks will fall in outside their cabin doors if below decks, and be marched up by the senior officer or N.C.O. present in the order and by the route detailed to their respective alarm posts. This must be done silently and in good order, and is one of the severest tests of discipline.

The captain of the ship usually makes his inspection of quarters in the forenoon and during that time it is customary for the C.O. to hold his daily parade, all ranks falling in on their alarm posts for the purpose. When the bugle sounds the "dismiss," units are dismissed by their O.C.'s.

Orderly Room is held in the usual manner by O.C. Companies and by the C.O. and Battalion orders are issued daily.

Any complaints in regard to rations, quarters, treatment by the stewards, etc., will be reported to the Orderly Officer in the usual manner by the orderly corporal or sergeant.

On nearing the port of landing all troops will take particular care to have all kit and equipment neatly packed and clean, ready to move at a moment's notice. Remember that on Active Service, very little, if any, notice is given of movements. When landing all ranks must be orderly and silent, as the first impression of a battalion landing often stays with it for a long period. Section Commanders, particularly, must pay attention to their men and allow no one to leave the ranks except under definite instructions, by superior authority.

Troops will entrain in England by being told off in parties, usually eight men to a compartment, including a non-commissioned officer, who is responsible for the discipline during the journey. Once told off to a compartment, no man is to leave the carriage without permission of an officer.

(Continued from page 3)

less inconvenience in camp than could be expected from the depth of it.

That it can't go fast enough to suit some of the men I've overheard on a number of occasions. They are figuring on field days and manoeuvres again, though they are not alone in looking forward to field manoeuvres, for all are wanting them, I'm sure.

### NO. 3 COMPANY

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Sergt. Williams on his getting married, and all best wishes for the welfare of the newly-married couple.

The boys of No. 9 Platoon, who had an afternoon tea "somewhere near the Willows" a short time ago, speak very highly of the cook who turned out those fine cakes. Pte. Porter did justice to the cake, and when asked a little time after the meal was over if he had got all he wanted, he surprised us by saying that he had not. Excited questions caused Pte. Porter to assure us that he merely had all he could possibly eat, not all he wanted. No pockets in your tunic, Porter?

Pte. Thomas and Pte. "Taff" Hughes, late of the Fire Picquet, certainly choose strange times for wrestling. A short time ago they were together most of the evening, and proceeded to the residence of a friend together, arm in arm. They greatly surprised their host by getting up in the middle of the night and having seventeen bouts of wrestling, and were fairly well covered in snow when they were "put" to bed at two a.m.

With such a name for a "tough bunch," we wonder greatly why it is that the boys of the 67th are so ready to give up their seats to ladies when occasion occurs on the street cars. It was noticed and remarked upon a few days ago, on one car six of the 67th boys got up and offered their seats to ladies, whereas only one of another regiment (stationed at the Willows) did likewise. At the particular moment when a lady got on the car some of these fellows found something wrong with the riding whips which they were carrying, while the 67th boys, only having the ordinary "swagger" stick, had no loose strings hanging from them to attract their attention, and would immediately offer their seats. Isn't it surprising that a "tough bunch" should act that way?—and the majority of the "bunch" at that, aye, a big majority. A gentle hint is not sufficient for these refined (?) young men. Stay with it, boys, it won't cost you anything!

Women are on the warpath good and strong these days. Not content with hanging themselves all over with khaki and puttees, and leather bags that look like officers' water bottles, and badges and buttons, lost, stolen or strayed from brothers' (other people's, mostly) tunics and caps, they have now turned their attention to the Army headgear. The latest form of feminine millinery includes, besides the aviator's cap, a shrapnel helmet and a proof-against-everything—especially sense—hat. It would be decidedly fitting for a hen tea, or a friendly visit to your enemy, as a sort of if-you-can't-save-your-face-save-your-hair proposition.

The Kaiser's complaint has been variously stated as follows: "Inflammatory tumour" (Daily Telegraph); "Non-malignant furuncle" (Reuter); and "Suppurating phlegmon" (Central News). And all the time Bill just simply has a boil at the back of his neck.

History tells us of the old time soothsayer bidding Julius Caesar "beware the Ides of March!" Remembering this, we would bid Cpl. J. Eden "Beware the Irishman."

Pte. Deacon believes that a rifle can be made to "slip" from one hand to another very smartly, but was surprised when he discovered that in coming from the slope to the trail his rifle was in the left hand. It must have "slipped" very smartly.

Pte. Snowden has some strange ideas of how to use a bathtub. The landlord of the Northern Hotel (at which place Snowden was stopping) missed our friend for a considerable period of time, and decided on an investigation. The landlord got as far as the bathroom door, but could not gain admittance thereto. When the door was broken open the sight presented was a striking one. Pte. Snowden lay in the bathtub in his birthday suit, head and arms hanging over one end, feet sticking out over the other end, fast asleep, while the tub was full to the brim, of water.

Pte. Boyd, on sentry go, gave the usual challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?" and got the following unusual reply: "Oh! ah, er, I—I am ze French cook from ze 11th C.M.R."

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We would like an explanation from Pte. G—, of No. 9 Platoon, who left the camp with a dollar bill in his pocket, and returned with seventy-five cents after (as he said) taking his young lady friend to the Pantages.

Pte. Porter refuses to disclose his reason for getting out of bed in a hotel and crawling around on hands and knees searching all corners and cupboards. We will say, however,

that he would not have searched nearly as much if he had known that Cpl. Cunningham had been in the room previously.

Will the members of No. 12 Platoon spare their picture of the owl to the boys of No. 9 Platoon, who have now become the Platoon of Owls? One globe might make this request void.

We think a certain member of No. 9 Platoon should study what a permanent pass means before he talks so much about falling in.

Cpl. Cunningham must have a language of his own, judging by the way he spoke at the time of his plunging into a pool of snow and water a little time ago. How deep was it, "Cunny"?

#### NO. 4 COMPANY

No. 4 Company extends its heartiest congratulations to Sergeants Hall, Thain and Blyth on their receiving commissions.

We regret to lose Lieut. Thain, but that is No. 2 Company's gain.

We welcome Lieut. Blyth in our midst, and hope that our relations will continue to be amicable.

The presence of our new officers in the Orderly Room last week caused the laundry man to make a bad break. He saw so many new uniforms and Sam Browns that he thought he had entered a harness store, or Lange & Brown's, by mistake. For such a grave tactical error he received a severe reprimand, fourteen days standing fatigues—which gives us fourteen days more in which to pay our bills.

We have, after long and careful deliberation, decided not to be bothered with respirators when we get to the front. After what we have gone through during the past week in the way of fumes from the cooking of Welsh rarebits, the frying of kippers, the frizzling of onions, and smoky stoves, German gas would be a most palatable diet to us.

Who was the bright and brilliant sergeant in No. 3 Company who gave the guard the order to present arms from the stand at ease the other day?

We are not yet satisfied with the versatility of Staff, Musketry, Machine Gun, Provost-Sergeant Haines. He doesn't play any favorites. We will give him another chance next week when we form our Aeroplane Section.

No. 4 Company wishes to convey to Mr. Pearce, of Oak Bay Junction, their appreciation and gratitude for his kindness in providing hot coffee and refreshments during our physical jerks at snow shovelling.

#### Western Scot Canteen

To be waiter in our canteen  
Is a thing that's very rare;  
You hear such loving stories  
That go tinkling through the air.  
From the Sergeant to the Private,  
You can hear them on the phone;  
To hear, you can't prevent it,  
For they speak in loudest tone.

It was my joy to listen—  
I was there the other day;  
One private's eyes did glisten,  
And these words I heard him say:  
"Well, dear, I've got the toothache,  
And I can't come down tonight,  
But for your little heart sake  
I'm sure 'twill come all right."

I thought I heard her little voice  
Say: "Well, that's just my fate,  
I will have to make another choice  
For this Grand Masquerade."  
She must have spoke in words like these  
For the poor lad looked quite sad,  
And he sprung right upon his toes  
And his face looked awful mad.

So, boys, do pray be careful  
When you're speaking to your fleu;  
For to her it will seem awful  
If she thought some other knew.  
So when you take the phone again,  
Remember when to stop,  
Then no one will ever know your game  
That's in the "Western Scot."

—Pte. H. J. Willis, No. 4 Co.

Sleuth Stacey, of Nick Carter fame, won't have to sit up any more at nights figuring out an excuse for a pass now that he is on the police.

If Line Orderly Green would pay more attention to the shavings on the floor and less attention to the clippings in his misplaced eyebrows, we would have a better and brighter home.

#### SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

By Lt. M. M. Marsden

Weather conditions have prevented any field work of late, but the time has been well occupied with lectures and semaphore work. It pleases me to see the great interest all the men take in the work, and as an example I have much pleasure in publishing an article written by Pte. Jas. Murphy, No. 102912. He evidently is an experienced powder man, and although I do not entirely agree with his disposition of the charges, I publish it word for word. It should prove interesting and instructive reading, and next week I will give my opinion as to where the charges should be placed to do the most effective work in the time available.

#### Destruction of Bridges by Powder or Guncotton

By Pte. Jas. Murphy, 67th Batt., C.E.F.

On steel bridges, powder or guncotton in angle of stringer or flange over the pier or abutment, using detonator and fuse. Also, if possible, place a charge upon superstructure overhead, where several angle braces meet. Explode overhead charge first. By exploding overhead charge first you weaken the superstructure to such an extent that the charge on the stringer over the abutment will totally destroy the bridge, thus leaving the bridge beyond repair by the enemy. Always be sure you have sufficient powder or guncotton and detonator and fuse.

In destroying wooden bridges, powder or guncotton placed in cribbing or piers will destroy. If you have a small quantity of explosives, not sufficient to destroy by placing it or using it in one charge, if you have a two-inch bit and brace, bore a hole to a depth of eight inches, place powder, detonator and fuse, tamp with paper or cotton, earth, rags, or any material at hand.

Wooden bridges can be very easily destroyed if you follow these directions.

#### Destruction of Stone Bridges

Place powder or guncotton on centre of span. If not possible to place on span, place at foot of abutment, and tamp with earth or sand. Better still if you find a loose stone in the pier. Remove, place powder, tamp with material at hand, explode, and you will find you have destroyed beyond repair. Be sure you have enough explosives. Use same liberally. Too much used is just enough.

#### Explosives

The lifting or destructive properties of powder, or dynamite (commonly called giant powder) varies according to the percentage of glycerine it contains—20, 30, 40, 60, 75 and 85 per cent. glycerine. Dynamite freezes very easily, and will not explode in a frozen condition, therefore, it is not advisable to use except in a climate where the temperature averages about 60. The 20, 30, 40 and 60 per cent. dynamite are best for certain classes of rock, such as loose shale, and schist; the 20 and 30 per cent. are best for clay and earth, because they are slower acting, consequently their lifting powers in clay, or earth, are greater than their faster and more powerful brothers, the 60, 75 and 85 per cent. The destructive property of dynamite depends entirely if it is used on the surface or buried in deep holes, and tamped with sand or clay. One stick of powder tamped in a hole three feet deep equals five sticks on the surface.

But as guncotton is the chief explosive used in destroying bridges, and can be used in all temperatures, in the hands of an experienced powderman he can destroy and damage every bridge, either steel or stone, in an enemy's country. He will also use judgment in length of fuse. With no enemy in sight he will use sufficient length to get himself out of danger; with an enemy close at hand he will use very short fuse, and if necessary, sacrifice his life by doing so. The 75 and 85 per cent. dynamite is used chiefly on the hard and primary rocks such as granite, diorite, flints, and the several tough sandstones.

Either the 75 or 85 per cent. dynamite can be used successfully, if not frozen, in the destruction of bridges, fortifications, railways, engines, rolling stock and artillery, and as bombs in trench warfare. In fact, it covers the whole field of military operations in explosives in the hands of an experienced powderman.

#### SCOUT SECTION NOTES

In the athletic field, when the weather prevents participation in certain outdoor games, a modified form of the game is invented for indoors. We have invented indoor scouting and have been able to receive some very interesting and instructive lectures on our special subject from Mr. Marsden. Whilst "Indoor Scouting" may be a great game, we pine to be out in the open again.

The section has been practising semaphore during a part of each day this week, and having taken great interest in the instruction, will doubtless be able to send and receive messages from now on. Although it is understood that visual signalling is not in use at the Front, in a detail such as ours, there are numberless occasions when a knowledge of semaphore will be very useful. We will be able to put this to the test on the resumption of "Field Days."

On page, 7 of the last issue of the "Western Scot," some humorist certainly had one on our popular and energetic O.C. Mr. Marsden can afford to smile at this kind of thing, when one considers his strategic move in being outside of "Doberville" whilst the rest of No. 1 Company are "prisoners of war."

One of our brother scribes in some very amusing and clever notes, says: "We want to know what the arrow on the scout badge means?" For the benefit of the uninitiated we take pleasure in informing them that an arrow stands for "direction." It is used to indicate direction of travel, flow of a river, etc.

One of a scout's principal duties is to cultivate and use a knowledge of direction. Moreover, in the ancient days of chivalry, when heraldic devices were made much of, a silver arrow was worn on the sleeve as a mark of excellence. It will, therefore, be seen how peculiarly appropriate an arrow is for the distinguishing mark of our scouts.

We note that the Stretcher Bearers read our little appreciation of the shelters they built in the vicinity of Mount Tolmie. We might here say, that, although there is a saying, "A knock is as good as a boost," we, personally, believe in the boost direct any old time.

We have to express appreciation of the courtesy of the O.C.'s of 2, 3 and 4 Companies, in allowing us the use of their lines for scout parades during the time the Y.M.C.A., or usual lecture room, has been out of bounds.

Sergt.-Major Brógan, of the C.A.M.C., gave the section some lectures during the past week. He was particularly pleased with the manner in which the fellows absorbed the information he had to impart. Pte. Fisher, of No. 4 Company, seemed to be quite expert in demonstrating the different methods of reviving an apparently drowned man, and much curiosity was expressed until it transpired that Fisher used to be a professional "life-saver" at different resorts along the coast.

The following is the "first offence" of one of the section as a poet:

The 67th will soon leave for France;  
By their deeds they hope to enhance  
The glory and fame  
Of Britain's fair name,  
And lead the Germans a h—l of a dance.

#### SIGNALLING SECTION

Pte. Young, in isolation, has been particularly unfortunate, having been discharged from the hospital after a week's session of the grippe a few days before the measles grabbed him.

Pte. Day, for some time a despatch rider with the signallers, has transferred to the Base Company.

Our Ark nearly broke her moorings and drifted to sea during the recent freshet resulting from the melting snow and the rain.

She shipped several heavy seas and the crew had to trim her deck cargo to keep her on an even keel. Well reefed down and hove-to, she weathered the storm without serious damage.

The heliograph and night lamp shed underneath the grandstand is inundated and "blink" drill had to be suspended pending the pumping out of the Willows Valley by the Fire Department.

The lectures delivered in the signalling section marquee by Lieut. Marsden, of the scouts, were interesting and instructive.

An ill-wind blew us good when the recent order debarring the Battalion temporarily from the Y.M.C.A. came into effect.

Pte. Merrifield, on leave, visiting sick relatives in Vancouver, reported back again on time.

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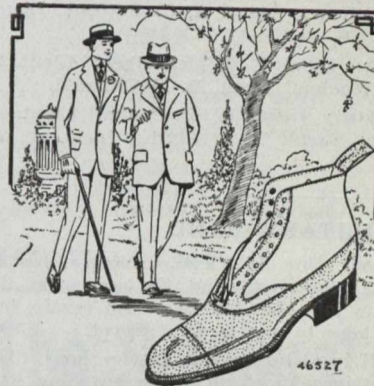


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## BATTALION APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

February 6th to 12th

To be Acting Sergeant: No. 103010, Cpl. R. Morrison, Stretcher Bearers Section.

To be Company Sergeant-Major: No. 102033, "Provisional" Sergt. J. Cartwright, No. 1 Co.

To be Quarter-Master-Sergeant: No. 102040, "Provisional" Sergt. W. S. Fernie, No. 1 Co.

Appointed Lieutenant: Sergt. R. A. Blyth, No. 4 Co.; Acting-Sergt. A. M. Hall, No. 4 Co.; Acting-Sergt. H. S. Thain, No. 2 Co.

To be Corporals: No. 102256, Acting-Cpl. Pain, No. 4 Co.; No. 102312, Lance-Cpl. Belyea, No. 4 Co.

To be Sergeant, "Provisionally": No. 103151, Cpl. S. E. Young, No. 2 Co.

To be Armourer-Sergeant, "Provisionally": No. 102051, Cpl. F. A. Halhed, No. 1 Co.

### Officer's Qualification

For the rank of Field Officer: Lieut. A. C. Sutton; Lieut. A. B. Carey.

For the rank of Captain: Lieut. C. B. Schreiber; Lieut. S. H. Okell; Lieut. G. R. D. Wooler; Lieut. B. McDairmid.

For the rank of Lieutenant: Lieut. W. F. Cooke; Lieut. A. A. Gray; Lieut. J. Falkner; Lieut. R. A. Blyth; Lieut. A. M. Hall; Lieut. H. S. Thain.

### 67TH MILITARY BAND

The band is in a sad mood. Our old friend, drummer, cymbal player, line orderly, general factotum, and the worry of the corporal's life, has left us to join the Bantams. Au revoir, but not good-bye, Jimmie. We hope to meet you in Egypt.

The Military Ball is still in abeyance, but not for long. The mumps, like our time, is getting short, and unless anything serious happens, we shall pull the big event off within the next ten days.

We are all sorry to see one of our family doing C.B., something very unusual in a military band. Nevertheless, we think this will be a good warning to our band. We might be bandsmen, but we must also be soldiers, take the discipline and do our duty the same as any man in the Battalion.

This is a serious business and we must all be prepared when the occasion needs, to drop our instruments and take our place in the trench and do our duty like a soldier and a man. In conclusion, we would like every man in the band to read carefully and remember the article in last week's "Western Scot," entitled, "Discipline and Efficiency," by Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.

Our sincere thanks are tendered to our friend and patron, Mr. Saumarez Carmichael, for his presentation of the beautiful Helicon bass horn to the military band. We hope to have the opportunity before leaving Victoria of entertaining Mr. Carmichael and showing him that we are able to blow his own horn if he won't do it himself.

### PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

There is some word of a singing competition between Jamie Ogilvie and the Sergeant-Drummer, with ourself as judge. Seeing we can't sing a single good note, we consider the choice of a judge eminently satisfactory, but, nevertheless, we suggest the presence at the competition of a stretcher bearer, armed with a squirt holding about a gallon of strychnine in the event of the judge having a sensitive heart.

Jock is becoming quite a night hawk, in spite of last week's warning.

The following is taken from the "Scotsman" of January 1st, 1916:

"The glorious war-pipe of the Gael has been winning deathless laurels on the fighting fields of France and Flanders, and how splendidly it has inspired our gallant lads to many of the greatest achievements of the war we have yet fully to learn.

"Piper Laidlaw, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who has won the Victoria Cross, was a time-expired man with

about seventeen years' service to his credit when the war bugles sounded, but, like the dauntless hero of Dargai, Piper Findlater, V.C., he rejoined at the call of King and country.

"How Piper Wishart, of the 1st Battalion Black Watch, playing his pipes with one hand led his comrades up to the enemy's trenches, is one of the most stirring stories of the war.

"When he got fully half the distance to the German trenches a bit of shrapnel got him in the muscles of the right arm, and down he went.

"An officer stooped down to him and said: 'Andrew, you are down.' 'Ay, Sir,' gasped the boy piper in reply, adding, as he reached for his bagpipes with his uninjured arm, 'but I'm going to play yet.'

"When within ten or twelve yards of the German trenches an explosive bullet got the brave young piper in the right thigh, and this time he was bowled out. When the men saw him fall a wild yell went up: 'The piper's down,' and with a menacing war whoop they charged right into the German trenches."

Now, boys, this same Wishart is cousin to our own Pipe-Major, and Piper Geordie Leslie, of our band, was in the same Dargai charge with Piper Findlater, V.C. We've got more of the same stuff in the band, and we shall produce the same goods when the time comes. Back us up!

We are absolutely devoid of news this week. Will say more later.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

### STRETCHER BEARERS' SECTION

We all wish to congratulate Lee-Cpl. Ronald for his promotion in our section.

We regret the loss of Cpl. Morrison from our section, but our Bob carries the best wishes of the whole of the Stretcher-Bearer Section.

Our patients of 67th hospital, wish to thank Mrs. Wilson and friends for the nice things they brought us recently. It is not alone the things they bring to eat, but their winning smiles and cheery talk, which our patients think is more of an antidote than any medications we can produce. Please call again soon.

### SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

A very instructive and interesting course of lectures is being given by Sgt.-Major Clements, R.C.E. These lectures should be of great value to us when we get in to "do our bit."

One would think that Pte. Lister was jealous of Pte. Pearson's reputation, judging by the appearance of his plate at breakfast on Friday. Never attempt what you can't finish, Jamie.

Pat and Sid. were wending their way home from the "War Pictures" on Monday, when they observed a chauffeur having trouble with his automobile. When the driver had finished an unsuccessful attempt to start the engine, Pat was heard to say: "Say, Sid.; that's the quietest street organ I ever heard." Needless to say, it wasn't a Ford.

We see by last week's "Scot" that the pipe band has great "absorbing power" when it comes to First-Aid lectures. Judging by Sergt. Cook's choice remarks to them at dinner on Wednesday, lectures are not the only victims of their power. Query: Who stole the Duff?

We surely are in great distress

Since we did lose our Sergeants' Mess;

The snow came down like the worst of winters

And knocked the whole blame thing to splinters.

We have great pleasure in announcing that a singing competition between Sergt. Drummer Sims and Cpl. Ogilvie, of the Pioneers, will take place in the Mess Building (if it is fixed), at 6:30 a.m., May 1st, 1916. Both parties are training hard. Reports from Sims' camp state that his voice now extends the full range of the bagpipe chanter, viz., one octave (which is a great improvement on his recent attempts). Cpl. Ogilvie states that owing to the storm chicken (feed) is scarce, so he is substituting bath-brick, saw filings, etc., to rub the rough edges of his throat. (He can't get Johnnie Walker as we haven't been paid yet.) Admission by invitation only—these may be had from the Pioneer Sergeant, who stands to win a lot of money (when it comes off.)

N.B.—Search parties will be stationed at each door and any one found carrying old shoes, bricks or decayed vegetables, etc., will be placed at least thirty seats back to give the contestants a chance to dodge the missiles. Pipe Corporal Angus will be judge, and as the front seat is reserved for the Pioneers (armed



with two-by-fours, axes, etc.), we cannot but think that "Oor Jamie" will bring home the bacon.

We wish to state that "it's a long lane that has got no turning." This also applies to the road to the pay office, so we hope the scouts manage to get our "proofs" finished this week.

Up to the present we have had no reply to our challenge sent to the Machine Gun Section a few days ago, regarding the "basketball game." Pearson asks if you play it with lunch baskets, and if so, he states he will compete against any other four who wish to enter.

To the pipe band: Don't forget that return football match. Shearman is itching to get at "Georgie Allen."

The business manager's suggestion is quite in accordance with our views as regards every member of this Battalion being a subscriber to the "Scot." Some of the out-of-the-way details don't even know on which day the paper is published. "Boost the 'Scot' and the 'Scot' will boost us."

HAMISH.

**MACHINE GUN PATTERN**

The wood parades to the Willows Beach are quite a success, the cutting part is fairly easy, but the transporting it to camp is a slow business.

The brass jar, recently brought into camp by Sergt. Mills, has proved to be the object of much curiosity and has been variously identified as a bomb, a Chinese idol, and a Sergeants' mess tin. We are authorized to state that said jar contains hair pomade and the necessary tools for coaxing a moustache.

Pte. Kendall must have been travelling some when he made it to camp from his home, a distance of twelve miles, in three hours. He was, we believe, wearing snowshoes.

The vocal efforts of the mean wild man at Pantages this week have attracted the attention of the section's noisy boy. Johnny, with his almost human voice, spends the evenings producing a series of howls, growls and shrieks, much to the annoyance of the whole camp.

The rumors floating around camp re our leaving here shortly must be true this time, that is, judging by the men who seem to think they would be more at home in another battalion, especially a unit just starting recruiting.

We are fortunate in having Sergt. Boucle, Ptes. Flynn and Fuller, attending the course in engineering.

The section will be able to have a little sleep and a smaller sick parade now that John has left.

**FAREWELL SONG OF THE "WESTERN SCOTS"**

Adapted: Air, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home!")

When Johnny Canuck goes off to war, good-bye! good-bye!  
 When Johnny Canuck goes off to war, good-bye! good-bye!  
 The girls all greet and the people meet,  
 To watch him marching down the street,  
 And we all feel sad when Johnny goes off to war.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!  
 When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!  
 The drums will beat and the ladies sweet  
 Will watch him marching up the street,  
 And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

**BATTALION Q.M. STORES' NOTES**

The Battalion Q.M. Stores now makes its entry into literature. We regret that up until now we have not the necessary time nor the talent to write up paragraphs for the Regimental paper. We must congratulate the present editors for the good showing they are making in their running of the "Western Scot," and heartily endorse the suggestion of a subscription list.

The last two weeks have been strenuous ones. First, we had the heavy snow, with continual requests for wood. Then we had late delivery of rations. We have a happy time indeed in the Q.M. Stores, and are seriously thinking of putting on a double shift, night and day. Now we have rumors of "marching orders." Let's hope the rumors are true. Those who have been in the camp since the war started are inclined to take all rumors with a grain of salt, and "wait and see." However, we are speeding up, and getting everything cleaned up with a view to an early move. We would ask the C.Q.M. Sergeants to give us all assistance possible by bringing their books up to date, and putting them in order for comparison and inspection.

Officers who have borrowed equipment from Stores should return same as early as possible.

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Week Commencing Monday Matinee, February 14th, 1916

**OVERTURE**

March ..... "Under Fire"  
 Selection ..... "The Serenade"  
 Exit ..... "Always Wear a Smile"

**PANTAGESCOPE**

**BETS' SEALS**—A Happy Family

**Ruth**—**THE HENRYS**—**Kitty**—Two Dainty Maids

The Celebrated Comedian **ANDY LEWIS**—In an original Farce entitled "The Duke"

**Cast**

Emma Churchill, an heiress ..... Miss Vera George  
 Jack Conem, a promoter ..... Mr. Jack Martin  
 Nebich Punim, a peddler ..... Mr. Andy Lewis  
 The Petite Prima Donna, **MISS GRACE CAMERON**—Songs and Characterizations, in her Latest Repertoire of Original Songs  
**NORINE CARMAN'S MINSTRELS**—The Acme of Minstrelsy  
 Bones, W. Barnes Interlocutor, Norine Carman Tambo, S. Carman  
 Opening ..... "Beautiful Lady"  
 "Kentucky Home" ..... Whitney Barnes  
 "Tulip Time in Holland" ..... Ben Johnson  
 "Yodel Song" ..... Ned Silvers  
 "Mother Machree" ..... Leonard Stearns  
 Selections ..... Harmony Trio  
 Eccentric Dancing ..... S. Carman and W. Barnes  
 Finale ..... Entire Company

**NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS**

Roland West's **DAIRY MAIDS**—A Miniature Musical Comedy by Edward Clark, with Eddie Foley and Lea Leture

**THE MYSTIC BIRD**—The Canary Caruso Presented by MASTER PAUL, the Boy Violinist

**SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION**

Sketch by members of the 103rd Battalion, located at Armory

**YATES & WHEELER**—Who's Who? Which?

**WRIGHT & DAVIS**—The Love Insurance Agent

**ANGELO ARMINA & BROTHERS**—World's Greatest Tumblers

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**THE BEST 10c. SHOW IN THE CITY**

Every man should see that his kit bag is numbered with his Regimental number and platoon number. No article of any value, apart from the army issue, should be carried in the kit bag.

Please do not ask for credit after the 16th February, as all Q.M. Stores' accounts will have been rendered to the Paymaster by that date. Any man who has to replace equipment which he may be short, will require to pay cash. Please do not lose your Glengarry caps, as the stock of same is running low, and the price is going up accordingly.

See that both pairs of army issue boots are in good repair. Any man who thinks that a fortune is being made off the boot repairs is invited to step into Q.M. Office and inspect accounts for last month's supply of leather.

By the way, we must congratulate the Paymaster's Staff on the splendid showing of upper-lip bristles, now such a conspicuous feature of the cheque dispensing department. The Pay Department should impart the secret of rapid growth to the little chap from the Emerald Isle, in this department, who feels acutely the recent drastic order, with all the fearful pains and penalties. However, with the aid of cream and the store cat, he is making a good effort to darken the upper lip.

We had a sad day in the store last Wednesday. Daddy, who clothes, feeds, equips, and generally supervises and regulates our comings and goings, had a holiday. What a miserable time of it we would have without Daddy. We would ask the C.Q.M. Sergeants to have some feeling for him, and promptly return shovels, axes, etc., borrowed from Q.M. Stores. Anyone who gets one over on Daddy will have to be up very early in the morning, indeed.

### "THE SURVIVOR"

(With apologies to the author of "The Crew of the Nancy Brig")  
and also to No. 1 Company, 67th Battalion.

On Wednesday last, as the Willows I passed,  
I met with a Private bold—

He'd the air of a Colonel, so great and eternal,  
And this is the story he told—

"Oh, I am the Major and Subalterns four,  
The Captain and Q.M.S.

I'm non-coms. galore, the guard at the door,  
And the cook of the Company Mess."

Then I wondered if he could be strictly T.T.,  
Yet he seemed to be able though old;  
And his eye twinkled bright with sparks of delight

As again the same story he told—  
"Oh, I am the Picquets, the Guards and Fatigues,  
The prisoners in their cell;

The Sergeant gruff and the Corporal bluff,  
And the C.S.M. as well."

Then I pondered, you see, how this wonder could be,  
And this man with these ranks who'd endow;  
Till he said with great glee, "I'm the only one free  
From the mumps in my Company now"—

"Oh, I am the Major and Subalterns four,  
The Captain and Q.M.S.

"I'm non-coms. galore, the guard at the door,  
And the cook of the Company Mess."

—Pte. A. A. CONNOR.

### BANTER BY THE BATMEN

Cheer up! the snow is going and "Snowy" won't have any more hard work to do.

The batmen are all smiles these days. Just waiting for the good word to "move on!" We'll be right on the job and give Kaiser Bill a warm reception.

Eating soup in the lines.

Pte. Ord: "What do you do when eating soup and you miss your mouth?"

Pte. Smith: "Bring the spoon to the chin in a smart and soldierly manner." (Put that in your drill book.)

We would like to see Lee-Cpl. Fawcett have a pair of brushes and tin of polish over his stripe.

Well, boys, the alarm clock is back. Glad to see you, Moses.

More work for the batman. Lieut. Gray is out of quarantine.

Did you fellows notice the smile on Smith's face lately? "Gee, fellows," he said, "I have been waiting two weeks for that letter."

Overheard from men floundering through a snowdrift: "Well, it would be worse if there were wasps."

### SPORTS

(By Lieut. "Stan." Okell)

Some considerable time ago Mr. J. M. Whitney, a prominent jeweler of the city, presented a handsome silver challenge cup to be given to the regiment obtaining highest aggregate number of points in any military sports. The last time this cup was in competition was at the late B.C. Horse Field Day, when the 5th Regiment, C.G.A., became the proud possessors of same. Well, now, the sports committee have decided that we should be the owners of this cup emblematic of the battalion containing the best athletes of the city, and so Lieut. Wilmot, the hard-working secretary of the sports committee, has been in touch with the 5th, issued them a challenge for any and all lines of athletes, and now all that is necessary are the details. Carry on!

The long-promised boxing tournament is beginning to assume a more definite shape. It has been decided that entries be called for all classes and a committee consisting of Sergt. Fenton, Sergt. Pough and Cpl. Ashton, has been appointed to secure contestants and arrange for the training. Entries close on Tuesday, the 22nd, and the first bouts will be held in the Horse Show building on the evening of Friday, February 25; that is, of course, if we are not by then en route to the Old Country, on the first leg of our long journey overseas. If such be the case we will hold the tournament at some later date in England.

On Friday the 18th, the V.I.A.A. are holding a boxing entertainment, to be held in the Victoria West hall. Open events for the Army and Navy are features of the evening, and we are entering several men. They are at present training hard, but the ones to represent the Battalion have not yet been chosen.

Our popular chaplain, Capt. Macdonnell, is now officially in charge of the tug-of-war team.

Pay-Sergeant Best is organizing a Battalion basketball league. Entries are to close February 9th. It is proposed drawing up a schedule and playing several games a week at the city Y.M.C.A.

Last week's meeting of the sports committee was a good one. Keep it up!

It is good to see patches of green once more and the heart of the soccerite is delighted at the prospect of an early game.

### A WIFE'S PLEA FOR A "P.P." FOR MARRIED MEN

My days are very lonely, Why can't the after-hour  
The worst is yet to come, fatigues

And there are many like me Be done by single men?  
Wish their "guid man" could But "marriage-shirkers" share  
get home. with him

They've made the men effi- Who served his Empire  
cient, then.

Trim soldiers of the King. Give prov'd men greater free-  
We give them for our country, dom,  
But hold them with a ring.

The ring that bound us closely Ye men who have the pow'r!  
And dearly, long before Time is so fleet with all of us,  
The Germans set the world in So swift the passing hour.

arms, I'd not keep back a man I  
And flung us into war. lov'd,

Our homes are sadly lacking, Lest I should live to see  
Tho' close at hand they be; Within his eyes a bitter shame

Our "guid man" finds it hard And veil'd contempt of me.

to get And so I give him freely,  
A "pass," to set him free. Facing all that is to come;

Our men were never shirkers, But while he's near, why can't  
In peace time, or in war; they

They assumed the burden of a Let "my ain guid man"  
home, come home?

And followed nature's law. —By the wife of a Western Scot.

A British Battalion appeared on the scene when a Roman Catholic Bishop was blessing a concourse of French soldiers. They promptly bared their heads and knelt down with their Allies.

The Bishop proceeded and gave his blessing to the British troops as well. With some consternation, he was informed that he had given his blessing to a lot of heretics. The Bishop calmly replied: "Yes, but I am sure there is a place in Heaven for the left wing."

Old soldier seeing a squad at semaphore drill for the first time: "That new fangled way of teaching the salute, simply beats me."

## GOOD GRAVY FROM THE COOK-HOUSE

Business as usual!

## Why?

Did Cpl. Turner's razor slip?  
Or, why no hair on upper lip?  
Or was it during the holiday season  
Some fair dame? Yes, that's the reason!

## Le Envoi

And now he's feeling mighty blue,  
He has to start it all anew.

Alex. Haggith is holding the floor down in No. 1 kitchen, and according to reports from No. 1 Company, is doing good work. Keep it up Al!

Note.—Pte. Haggith is a Canadian, although his name sounds Scotch.

Pte. McLaughlin is the cook for No. 2 Company. He makes things hum from morn' till night, and sometimes all night.

No one will doubt that Mac. is Scotch anyway. He has a leaning towards Scotch. However, No. 2 Company are well pleased.

Next comes No. 3 kitchen, where Walter Adams holds forth, when he is not writing letters to, "Well, who wants to know?" Where was it Walter was heard to remark that the roof is the ceiling?

No. 3 Company are well satisfied with their cook.

In No. 4 kitchen, Cook R. M. King, holds sway. Pte. King is confined to his home with a lame back. Well, here's hoping for a speedy recovery. Cook Sheppard, of the Sergeants' Mess, is filling his place in the meantime, and No. 4 Company will be well looked after as usual.

Pte. Duke Buckingham is the cook for the Base and Staff, and there has been no kicks from that quarter lately. Keep it up, Duke. Duke is thinking about buying a moving picture house, or is this just to offset us?

Last, but not least, are the butchers. Pte. A. Wild and Pte. J. Boyd.

Albert is having quite a time lately. Some of his pals who are penned up with No. 1 Company, have appointed him escort to their lady friends, and it sure keeps him busy. Of course Albert would not go back on a pal.

We hardly know what to say about Jack Boyd, outside that there is a city in Scotland, where there are 22 distillers, and he knows them all. Enough said. We can't leave any too soon for Jock, or any of the cooks, either.

Great credit is due to Cpl. Turner for the way he handled the Messing in the Sergeants' Cook's absence.

The sergeant cook was heard growling this morning about the rations of cheese and jam being cut in half for the next two days, but on being informed by the pioneer sergeant that Pte. Pierson, one of the pioneers, was on leave for two days, his growling soon changed to smiles.

Sergt. MacMaster takes this opportunity of thanking his many friends in the Battalion for their kindness during his recent illness, and is glad to be back on the job again.

## THE KEY OF HEAVEN

Is it the things which we have done  
Or have not done that will decide  
If we shall share God's deathless sun,  
Or cease to be, when we have died?  
Is it the things which we have done  
—Some heart-bent, self-defiant act—  
Or have not done—mere caution's pact  
With God a blameless course to run?

Shall darers of a chartless sea  
Or they who file the posted road  
Be hailed as winners of the key  
Whose lock is rest in God's abode?—  
The choosers of a chartless sea,  
Peers with the angel-demon Life,  
Or timid souls who shrink from strife  
As risk to sure security?

Surely the things which we have done,  
Though marred in doing, count for more  
Beneath God's active, golden sun  
Than mines of guarded, unworked ore!  
Though evil flaw the good that's done,  
Sooner at death's assay submit  
The tarnished than the counterfeit,  
Life crushed by living use than none!

—Richard Butler Glaenger, in Munsey's.



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### TRENCH SONGS OF THE FIGHTING FIRST

Tie a bunch of British Tommies up together for any considerable time and they will produce no end of stories and a couple of songs. It has been so with the famous Canadian First Division, and no doubt it will be the case with the later ones as well. Through the kindness of Lieutenant Sutton, we give, herewith, the words of two of the most popular produced by the First Division. Like the chanteys of the old sailormen, the weird lays of the cow-camps of the Southwest, and the interminable songs of the lumber-jacks, these songs of the Fighting First appear to claim no definite parentage. Particularly in the case of "Tickler's Jam" there seems to have been no traceable authorship. Someone started it and then verse after verse was added, until now its extent can only be adequately expressed in yards. The short song, "I Want To Go Home," is unusually good, combining, as it does, real pathos with humor.

#### I Want To Go Home

I want to go home; I want to go home!  
The Maxims and Johnsons around me roar;  
I don't want to go to the "Front" any more.  
Take me over the sea,  
Where the "Allemands" can't get me.  
Oh! My! I don't want to die!  
I want to go home!

#### Tickler's Jam

We went to fight the Germans and prepared to give them beans,  
We took out lots of soldiers and likewise some gay marines;  
We had everything we wanted, and the food was jolly fine;  
There was one thing in particular—an extra special line—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,  
How I love old Tickler's Jam!  
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,  
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;  
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep  
I'm dreaming that I am  
Washing my poor old frozen feet  
In Tommy Tickler's Jam.

We were fighting in the trenches at a place called Neuve  
Chapple;  
We fairly took the place by storm, midst hail of shot and shell.  
The Germans saw us coming and they stopped their old brass  
band,  
Then turned and ran like lightning when they noticed in my  
hand—

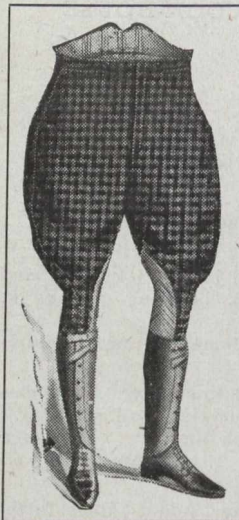
Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,  
How I love old Tickler's Jam!  
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,  
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;  
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep  
I'm dreaming that I am  
Forcing my way up the Dardanelles  
With the aid of Tickler's Jam.

We've done a lot of deadly work with bombs thrown by the  
hand;  
They go off like an earthquake and they shift some tons of  
land;  
These bombs are made in hundreds, and by men not highly  
trained;  
They're simply made of little tins that at one time contained—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,  
How I love old Tickler's Jam!  
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,  
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;  
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep  
I'm dreaming that I am  
Having my tea with Kaiser Bill  
And Tommy Tickler's Jam.

When I get back to Angleterre, back to my dear old wife,  
I mean to make the most of things and see a bit of life.  
I love my dear old woman, but her life I'll surely take  
If ever she puts in front of me jam of that well-known make—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,  
How I love old Tickler's Jam!  
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,  
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;  
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep  
I'm dreaming that I am  
Condemned to fifty years C.B.  
On Tommy Tickler's Jam.



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**THORPE'S**

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A Colonel named Armand Lavergne,  
For soldiering life does not yearn;  
Since Armand is pretty  
And thinks it a pity  
To give his poor 'tummy a turn.

Officer to sentry: "Call your corporal." Sentry (yelling)  
"Smithy!" Officer (sternly), "I told you to call your corporal."  
Sentry, "Yes, sir." "Smithy, you North American Chinaman,  
you're wanted."

The terms of derision Scotch and Scotchmen as applied to  
Scot and Scotsman, were created by Lord Byron in revenge for  
Scotland's rejection of his works.

The surest way to get promotion is to be proud of your  
Regiment.

The snowstorm by enforcing a break in the regular and  
strenuous training, has prevented many young soldiers from  
going stale.