

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH 8th, 1916

No. 22

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Major-General Currie must have been quite alarmed, if he read a recent number of "The Sketch," to learn that he was present at the burning of the Canadian Parliament Building in Ottawa while he thought he was in —. However, "The Sketch" makes it unmistakable by publishing his photo inset in a picture of the ruins with an explanatory caption describing how he "gallantly carried a line of hose to a point of vantage."

We are still "on the eve of departure."

Swank doesn't make a soldier, and pride goeth before a cropper. As Chaucer has it: "The higher they fly the harder they fall, and he that canneth the bull and getteth down to brass tacks shall, in the fullness of time, become a main squeeze."

It is explained that the new knives that are being supplied to the men of the 67th are weapons of opportunity.

We wonder if the band and all ranks have taken the trouble to learn our suggested farewell song to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"—published a week or two ago?

Well, when the order to move finally does come, we sincerely hope it will not be followed by, "As you were!"

Say "good-bye" to the friends you know
And set your house in order;
Pay all your bills before we go,
Or hear from the Recorder.

The first day of March is a feast day. It was generally noted that the genial Major Meredith Jones sprung a leak in his Glen that day.

Everyone should be kind to us now, because one of these days, honest-to-Agnes, we're going away from here. Yes, there's a regular war on, you know; people being killed, and all that sort of thing, and we are to serve. In fact, we're serving now. "They also serve who only stand and wait!"

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Congratulations to Major Sutton on his joining the Ranks of the Benedicts. The arrows of the little god Cupid appear to have accomplished much more effective work than the more up-to-date weapons of the Huns. We hope that the Major's second experience of the latter will be entirely free of any casualties and that he will return to enjoy many years of connubial bliss.

Major Meredith Jones celebrated St. David's Day by adorning his glengarry with a leek. We don't remember ever having heard of the combination before. Well, we don't mind the gallant Major wearing the leek on his cap, as we know well enough there is no leek inside it.

A private of No. 1 Company had a week's leave recently. He left camp with a quite respectable growth on his upper lip, but came back with it bare. On being questioned, he replied that he had left same with the Q.M.S., but apparently, like several other things, it had got lost or been mislaid.

The Orderly Room was "under fire" last Thursday for the first time, when the hurricane smashed one of the windows. Several casualties might have happened, but luckily didn't. The glass splattered all over the Colonel's desk, and but for the fact that he had gone into the main room to speak to someone, he would probably have been badly cut. "Fitz" is now enquiring as to premiums on accident insurance.

We have had our Poet's Corner for some time, but we now have an even greater attraction of interest in Geoffrey Chaucer's Printing Press, which occupies part of the space reserved for the "Western Scot."

Many thanks to the few—very few, we are sorry to say—who responded to our request for views and photos for the Regimental Album. But we have lots of room for more, so please step up, you modest youths.

One of our subalterns has the reputation of being amongst the very best dancers in Victoria. As he is also a crack shot, we expect he is looking forward to giving Wilhelm a few lessons in the "dancing" game.

Now that we have a printing press, we would also like to have a moving picture machine to take along with us. Then those at home can both read of us and see our doings as well.

We are glad to see that B.S.M. Lindsay has been confirmed in his rank, and extend our congratulations to him. "Hughie" has always been popular from the time he was in the Gordons, and a popular B.S.M. makes a big difference to a battalion, as any member of the Sergeants' Mess will readily tell you.

The Orderly Room Staff extends its sincerest thanks and appreciation to Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Nicholls for their hospitality recently. A bounteous spread was followed by a most enjoyable social time, with cards, music, etc., and everyone from the B.S.M. downwards expressed themselves as having had the time of their lives. We doubt if "Nick" ever previously realized what a "musical" staff he had, but we certainly had some great choruses. Here's to you, Nick! and may you have many more years to enjoy life, is the wish of the entire staff.

NO. 1 COMPANY

During the past week unsettled weather has more or less interfered with outside work again. A fine afternoon favored the Battalion Church Parade at Beacon Hill Park on Sunday, which, in addition to the military, was attended by quite a large civilian element. On Monday morning musketry was the order of the day, but upon arrival at the ranges such a breeze was blowing that it had to be postponed, and a route march substituted in the morning, with an outpost duty drill in the afternoon.

Tuesday morning, set down for field operations, was again unpromising, and was replaced by physical jerks, company drill and route march. Wednesday we again visited the ranges, and this time with better luck. The 500 yards application and 200 yards snap-shooting, we understand, complete our musketry course here.

Thursday—well, Thursday was pay-day for one thing, and quite the most interesting event of the week to many of us. During the morning we also underwent a final medical examination, with no disastrous results that we have heard of. The day also included an instructive lecture from Lieut. Marsden on scouting. Friday was devoted to a route march, a lecture by Capt. Helliwell, and company drill; also to searching for some solid foundation to the persistent rumors concerning general leave over the weekend.

To be "up in the morning early," we have been assured from our youth up to be one of the keynotes of success, but we wish those aspiring ones, who seem to wake with the sun, would exercise a little thoughtfulness for those others, who feel that reveille comes soon enough to suit their case.

While thankfulness is felt for the recent illumination of certain outbuildings, it is suggested that a light hung at each entrance to our building would be a convenience greatly appreciated, particularly at the back entrance; also it might discourage a great deal of the private enterprise we have noticed amongst certain individuals in coming back to barracks considerably "lit up."

Company 1 is making the most of its last few days in Victoria. We hear that on the other side there is more bully beef and fewer luxuries, such as chicken, etc., etc. Some members of the company, however, are of the opinion that the plainer fare may be more wholesome.

Oh, Mister Dooley!

One or two of the smaller store-keepers—just outside the barracks—are thinking of adopting as a business motto, "Take the cash and let the credit go!" As the Battalion is now about to leave it is to be hoped that all members of it will remember the past favors they have received from the said store-keepers, and will leave them with more than the proverbial "soldier's farewell."

Taffy Hughes had the most exciting time of his life the other evening while discussing his favorite cabinet with a friend in the language of his motherland.

The conversation got so interesting that a looker-on, mistaking Taffy for a German spy, sent for a police patrol. Amid the

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE

excitement that followed, our friend, who found in the Inspector of the Patrol another Welshman, had not, with his usual pressing way, much difficulty in explaining matters satisfactorily.

Numerous friends of "C. B." Thomas will be glad to hear that he is now in good health once again, having sufficiently recovered from the shock of having two old friends calling upon him last week-end. Happily, things are going along swimmingly now, and judging by the number of phone calls, the happy event is not far distant.

The relay team of No. 5 Section is getting in great shape, thanks to the efforts of Trainer M—y. Mack says, judging by present progress, the team won't be ready for any heavy work until next year.

Conversation overheard in No. 1 Company Outroll:

Pte. B.—"Pretty rich girl you have got up in Nanaimo, P."

Pte. P. "Yep."

Pte. B.—"Do you think it is right for you to marry a rich girl?"

Pte. P.—"For twenty dollars I would marry the missing link and live in a cage."

Suggested motto for the stretcher-bearers—"Watch and prey!"

Wasn't it Napoleon who said that an army fights on its stomach? Several armies could fight on the stomach of somebody we know!

The following are the two highest scores in each platoon at Wednesday's shooting:

Platoon 1		Platoon 3	
Corp. J. T. Williams.....	39	Pte. S. J. March.....	36
Pte. R. E. James.....	39	Corp. R. Potts.....	33
Platoon 2		Platoon 4	
Sergt. C. Stronach.....	43	Pte. L. W. Railton.....	31
Pte. A. L. Moore.....	35	Corp. E. E. Railton.....	28
		Lee-Corp. Sumpton.....	28

The two Petes of Platoon No. 3 are honorably mentioned in dispatches this week.

Pete Primus having attained the dignity of a lance-corporal. While Pete Secundus attains the higher dignity of benedict life.

The first promotion was no surprise to us, and carries with it our best wishes.

The second promotion came like a bomb from the hands of the enemy.

We had suspected for some time that the thoughts of Pete Secundus had been centred not on things material, but on things ethereal; but had no idea that the crisis was so imminent.

Consequently the culmination came as a shock, but peering from the gaseous vapors which envelope us, we submit to the inevitable and regret the loss of another celebrate.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

Things We Want to Know

How many Turkish bath houses are there in town? Ask Scales.

What is the price of milk? Shaw will tell us.

What is the main attraction for H. W. McNeill in Vancouver—business? We wonder.

Does Collins like his own name in a glass?

How many men in the Battalion said "Never again" on Friday morning last?

Sergt. Stronach is arranging a moustache-growing competition for No. 1 Company, and will receive entries until March 17.

The heavyweight class includes Sergt. Gammond, Ptes. Rilley and Pover; Lance-Corp. Peter, Ptes. Findlay, Laird, Salvator, West and Rayson have entered the meagre class; Pte. Barnes has not decided which class he should enter, owing to the uncertainty as to which direction his will grow.

We wish to state that company officers are not barred from entering either class.

Ptes Waltho, we wish to state, has received his working pay, to the great satisfaction of his friends.

Some wondered why Pte. G. Ryder should shoot so steadily at the 500 yard range and fall down so hopelessly at the 200 yard. If those in authority had looked for the reason, she could have been found quite close; and a fine, healthy reason, too, George.

The weather having moderated, Pte. Gann decided to dispose of two of his blankets; but that he should do so to the discomfort of his friends is a surprise to those who know him.

Pte. Thomas, No. 2 Platoon, says that the company telephone is unreliable, and he refuses to answer any more calls, preferring to take C. B. rather than do so.

FOR TRAIN AND BOAT

take along a Mouth Organ, a Flute, or some other small instrument to help while away the tedium. Other Battalions have Mouth Organ Bands; why not the 67th?

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Q.M. Sergt. Fernie refuses to issue any more Glengarries unless the men treat the same with the respect due them, and wear them on the proper side of their heads, remembering that one end is supposed to be one inch above the right eye. Any recruits wishing to learn the proper manner of wearing same he will willingly instruct.

NO. 2 COMPANY

It has been a great source of pleasure to see the keen interest displayed by the N.C.O.'s and men during the past week in connection with semaphore signalling. Keep up the good work, lads.

We know the Major has many more outpost schemes up his sleeve, and all regret very much that the weather did not permit the anticipated field day on outpost instruction under his able direction and command.

The Church Parade last Sunday was quite a success, and everybody in No. 2 enjoyed it.

We take this privilege of tendering our hearty appreciation for the eloquent address and kind thoughts—even though they be with reference to our departure—of Capt. Campbell. Every utterance was thoroughly worth pondering.

It is very probable that when we get to England a Field Day will be arranged to relieve the strain of our hard work. We feel quite certain that if the Sergeant-Major be put in charge to train the men no other unit would stand a chance.

Who mentioned "Duck on the Rock"?

The other day, when Lance-Corp. Murray was instructing his section in signalling, he gave the word "Glasgow." "Can anybody tell us the words last signalled?" said he. "Yes," said a voice from the corner; "it was 'mush!'"

There are rumors that a certain senior N.C.O. is going to change his "chambre de naissance."

No, it is not dirty—there's a fire in it.

There were many big smiles on many faces in No. 2 when general leave was proclaimed last week, but did anybody catch a glance at the Major as he walked down to the Orderly Room on the morning of St. David's Day?—some smile.

We all thought our issue of rubbers looked big enough even if they did fit, but when a private in No. 9 Section gets issued with an eleven rubber to fit a six shoe—that's going some.

The two medical officers who have just recently inspected the Battalion expressed surprise indeed at the wonderful physique of all ranks, and said that it was the best they had ever or even could hope to inspect.

For instance, take one point. Our chest expansion is away above normal—but as for all things there is a reason, and perhaps the medical officers forget. We may depart any moment!

During a conversation in the guard house the other day, Tubby Barr was asked how far from Shorncliffe did his nearest relative live. Tubby answered, the nearest saloon.

Why wait for transports when we have our overshoes? They may not resemble steamers, but they look like scows. They will be useful in building pontoon bridges.

The men kick no more, at last they have some one to assign pay to; their housewives were issued to them this week.

At the Alexandra Hall on Tuesday night a certain sergeant in No. 2 Company, while dancing with a lady, told her the old, old story. The lady asked him if he smoked. He promptly replied, yes, thinking there were cheap cigarettes awaiting him. The lady said she knew the brand. He then asked her what it was. She answered, "Bull Durham."

The sergeants of No. 2 Company extend a hearty welcome to Sergt. Peacock and Sergt. Paul.

A visitor at the west gate thought he saw Mutt & Jeff on guard, but on closer inspection it turned out to be Slim Broadhurst and Tubby Barr.

Lieut. Blyth visited No. 1 Section of No. 5 Platoon last week. By his actions, we think his sentiments are the same as the boys in the platoon, who wish he was back with them again.

Red Martin told the Medical Examiner he was a mulligan cook before he joined the army. Some yarn from a man who sold his Cadillac before he joined the Scots.

I saw six short soldiers scrubbing six short shirts.

Six short soldiers scrubbed and scrubbed,

Six short shirts were rubbed and rubbed.

Six short soldiers sang a song, their singing surely showed

Those six short soldiers scrubbed six short shirts Sister Susie sewed.

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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, MARCH 8th, 1916

A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Much has been written, since this war began, about its probable duration. When Great Britain's declaration was yet in wet ink there were false prophets who tried to convince us that only a very quick successful smash would win for Germany, and failing that, the end of the war would come at once. Today we hear prophecies from super-optimists all tending to lead us to believe that a few more months will see the dawn of peace. While we all of us would, doubtless, forego our chance for a go at the Hun for the sake of seeing an end of the slaughter and misery, it is unwise to look for anything but a long, pitiless struggle, a struggle in which the best of us have to offer will be wanted. Prepare for this; work to render yourselves efficient, and then, if God wills that we be not needed, so much the better. Don't be misled into slackness by false prophecies. Take as your policy the safer belief that—"It's a long, long way to Tipperary!"

OUR THANKS TO CAPT. ST. CLAIR

We wish to take this opportunity, in what we hope will be our last issue of the "Western Scot" from the Willows Camp, of conveying the thanks of the Battalion to Capt. St. Clair, of the 50th Gordon Highlanders. For some months past Capt. St. Clair has voluntarily and gratuitously come to camp daily and instructed officers and men in bayonet fighting and sword exercises. Capt. St. Clair is descended from a Scottish family which for generations has borne an honourable name in the British Army, he himself having at one time held a commission in the Highland Light Infantry. The Captain says that if his instruction is the means of saving the life of even one member of this Battalion he will consider that his time has not been wasted, and he is further good enough to say that he considers ours a splendid battalion. Our thanks, therefore, to Capt. St. Clair for the time and trouble he has spent over us.

THE DREAM OF A ST. CLAIR PUPIL

One night I met two cavaliers,
Swashbucklers bold were they.
As I approached, their argument
Developed to a fray.
Each swiftly drew his trusty sword,
And I was in between.
So I just drew my walking stick
And sapped each on the bean.

I tried a wondrous range of thrusts;
I parried like a Guard.
But both upon me rushed at once
And pressed me passing hard.
Whereat I stepped in, close and quick,
To strike a telling blow—
The "Duke of Norfolk" I essayed
And laid one villain low.

The other then betook him off;
To fight he tarried not.
"Egad!" I heard him muttering,
"Who fights a Western Scot?"
And when, once more, calm peace prevailed
I wiped my trusty cane,
And I will let you know the rest
When I have dreamed again.

OUR PRINTING PRESS

We are now in proud possession of a printing press. This will enable us, with the support of the Battalion, to realize our ideals and keep publishing the "Scot" on the train and the boat. These issues, containing, as they will, an account of our doings en route, should prove very interesting to friends left behind. As we shall only be able to publish a limited number, you should call at the Editorial Office now and leave your subscription, as the mail copies will be dispatched first. The subscription rates are: 25c per month; \$1.50 for six months; \$3.00 per annum.

COME ALONG NO. 1 COMPANY

What was the matter with No. 1 Company last week? For the first time in the life of the "Western Scot" it did not lead in sales. About as many copies as usual were sold in the Company, but Companies 3 and 4 increased their sales so much that No. 1 was left behind. Keep it up, 3 and 4, but come along No. 1, and try not to lose your position at this late date. The pipers each week dispose of at least a copy for each man, while the Pioneer Section's average is the best in the Battalion, usually being three copies per man.

"FALL OUT THE SICK"

At a certain military hospital all soldiers who wish to see the doctor assemble each morning at the door of the surgery. There used to be a great deal of malingering, or "swinging the lead," as the soldiers call it, among the sufferers, but this has been effectively stopped by the following notice, which has been affixed to the surgery door:

Hints to those who, for one reason or another, wish to "go sick."

1. Don't spring smartly to attention and walk briskly up to the medical officer when you have chosen an injured knee-cap.
2. Don't forget that sprained wrists and ankles are always swollen.
3. Don't, on emerging from "the presence," let your friends shout "Any luck?"

Those wishing for further advice should apply for my various illustrated pamphlets, price 6d. each. The most popular are:

1. How to raise and lower your temperature.
2. How to strengthen and weaken your pulse.
3. How to get a bad tongue.
4. How to get a very bad tongue (price 1s.).
5. How to make joints swell.
6. Paleness.
7. Useful illnesses, their duration, symptoms and remedies.

67TH MILITARY BAND

To the Powers That Be:

Is there any just cause or impediment why this should not be the farewell issue of the "Western Scot"? If there is, ye are to declare it, for this is the third time of asking.

We have received nothing but praise for the dance the band gave last week, and although the band worked strenuously as a body, we take this opportunity of thanking the following men who bore the brunt of the work both before and at the dance: B.M. Turner and Sgt. Gaiger, music; Lance-Cpl. F. Ives, president; Cpl. R. G. Humphreys, secretary, Bandsman A. McAulay, treasurer; and Bandsmen Pye, Hibbert, Fieldstead, Lee and McEvers for yeoman work in the kitchen and dining room.

We have moved once more, this time back from whence we came, i.e., to the balcony in No. 3 and 4 building. We understand the Buglers occupied our territory the short time we were away, and if this Battalion needs a wrecking party, we strongly recommend the Bugle Section for the job. We thought nothing short of a cyclone could have caused the destruction and upheaval that faced us on our return. However, we are settled once more and we pray most sincerely that the next order to move will take us on the first stage of wherever we are bound for, and let it be soon.

"The N.C.O.'s Handy Book," prepared by the officers of the McGill Training Corps, has just been published by Grafton & Sons, Montreal. It is valuable.

BATTALION APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

February 28th to March 3rd, 1916

Officers' Resignations: Lieut. Eardley-Wilmot resigned his commission in the Battalion at 29:2:16. Lieut. C. H. Edmond, No. 1 Company, resigned his commission in the Battalion at 29:2:16.

Officer's Transfer: Lieut. Montgomery returns from Base Company to No. 2 Company.

Appointments and Promotions: To be Sergeant, "Provisionally": No. 103254, Acting-Sergeant G. P. Gaiger, No. 4 Company.

To be Battalion Sergeant-Major, "Provisionally": No. 103185, Acting Battalion Sergeant-Major H. W. Lindsay, and transferred from No. 2 Company to Staff, 1:3:16.

To be Sergeant, "Provisionally": No. 102132, Corporal F. Paul, No. 2 Company, 2:2:16.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

All our tunes for the parade to the boat are in good shape, and we are just waiting for orders to pack up and get out. Piper Leslie will have a hard time of it when he bids farewell to his daughter, but he looks forward with glee to his approaching marriage in the Old Country. Piper Duncan Campbell is taking a whole sackful of photos with him.

Jamie Wallace did some remarkable trench work on the way home on Thursday night, and the same evening we met "Reekie" on Cook Street, doing duty as escort with an expression of deliberate rapture on his saturnine countenance.

Big Chief "Pain in the Face," the beer pirate de luxe, is smoking a respectable pipe once in a while, and is to lecture to the Battalion at an early date on the correct, ingrowing pronunciation of "Piobaireachd Dowhuill Duibh."

On Thursday night an officer boarded a car for town in company with some ladies, one of whom made room beside her for the officer, who took a seat beside another lady. Thereupon the chagrined first lady rose and sat beside another soldier, who blushed to the roots of his hair. Who was that soldier? Sergeant Jamie Smith. The same Jamie has openly accused us of being a lady's man!

By way of a clue to Jamie's intimate friends, it may be mentioned that the Pipe-Major has not been able to scare a drink out of Jamie for ages. Why? Where is the money going? Who is getting ginned up? Enquire at Tighe & Wheeler's, Pantages, etc.

Most of the pipers have been allotted to companies, and Jock Low is to have Captain Bullen for a chaperone.

We sympathize with Captain Bullen, but console ourselves with the knowledge that he knows Jock very well.

For the satisfaction of those of our Battalion who are interested in piping we shall give a weekly instalment of a continued article on pipe music, commencing forthwith.

It is not our intention to deal with the early, crude forms of bagpipe forming so many links in the chain of evolution which led up to the modern Piob Mhor, or Highland War Pipe.

Instead of this we shall write of the modern instrument.

The principal external difference between the bagpipe and any other instrument is in the former having a bag, which is used as an air reservoir while the player takes another breath. This bag is made, as a rule, of sheepskin, although other skins have been employed with success, particularly kangaroo skins.

The quantity of air which would leak through the pores of a dry skin might seem, on first thoughts, inconsiderable, but it really amounts to a great deal, and the loss is prevented by smearing the inside of the bag with various sticky substances, of which we mention syrup, treacle, honey, the white of eggs, glycerine, and even stout, as examples.

The alcoholic odor which sometimes emanates from a bagpipe is usually due to the fermentation of the sugar in the substances just mentioned, the fermentation being assisted by the heat of the breath. (Capt. Bullen will not believe this.)

That part of a bagpipe which is actually fingered in playing is called the "chanter," and has eight working holes, with a range of nine notes. The scale is best described as follows: G natural, A natural, B natural, C sharp, D natural, E natural,

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From the viewpoint of musical science there is no key signature which can represent, perfectly, the Celtic scale as found on the bagpipe, on account of the second highest note, or leading note, which is a quarter tone. The nearest key signature is that of A major, because the tonic of the pipe scale is A natural.

There are two more holes in the chanter, and they serve a truly wonderful purpose. To explain this purpose would entail

technical words, but anyone who is interested is welcome to the knowledge if he calls at the band tent.

The three parts of a bagpipe which are supported on the shoulder are the drones, a large one and two smaller ones of identical size and shape. The small drones are tuned in unison with low A on the chanter and the big drone is tuned an octave lower.

In next issue we shall deal with grace notes in pipe music.

Band Limericks (No. 2)

Colin is full of good cheer,
Tho' his antics are daring and queer;
As Chief "Pain in the Face"
He set a swift pace
When he pilfered a poor girl's beer.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

OVERHEARD IN THE PIPERS' TENT

C.S.: I hear Saundy has got six months.
W.W.: Whit fur?
C.S.: Stealin' a coo.
W.W.: Ach, the stoopid body. Whit wey did he no' buy it
and ferget tae pey for it?

DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN

Our faith in Wullie, our Pipe-Major, has been rudely shaken. We notice that he had to pay \$10 for damage to the piano at the Pipe Band concert. Had Wullie been in his best form we are sure that he could have convinced the piano owner that a three-legged piano was a money-making freak, and could have got them to donate \$10 to the "baun" for the improved money-making properties of the piano in question.

We beg to differ with No. 2 Company's correspondent of last week. We had a seat at a point of vantage, and the Pipe Band dancers did.

How will the pipers receive the chaplain and his request? They are half committed, anyway, on account of a recent item in the Skrachs. The chaplain, however, since no one realizes better than he does that "pipers is pipers," may give the baun tent the go-by.

We consider the amount charged for postage in connection with the recent concert excessive. The charge of four cents means that Wullie must have mailed two city letters. With street cars being free, the mailing of the letters was inexcusable.

"GOOD-BYE, WESTERN SCOTS"

"Good-bye, Western Scots," we say with a sigh,
As we watch the long line for the last time march by.
"We are sorry to lose you, but we know that within,
You are longing for action, on the road to Berlin.

"There are others to follow, we admire them all,
So willing, so anxious to hear the same call;
And don't you forget, they will think it no sin
To give you a race on the road to Berlin.

"In fancy we hear the many 'Mein Gotts,'
And the whispers in German: 'There's the Western Scots';
But don't think they'll duck, they are still in the swim,
And you'll have a hard fight on the road to Berlin.

"But we know you are spoiling for just such a scrap,
And will follow your leaders all over the map,
And hold your end up through thick and through thin.
Then Good-bye, Western Scots! May you get to Berlin."

—B.R., Victoria.

WHEN BILL COMES BACK

A large number of Army deserters have surrendered to the Manchester police. One man declared that his wife had prevented him from surrendering earlier, and added, "Don't tell her I've gone until I am in London, or she'll do her best to get me back." When the wife was informed she declared that "When Bill came back he could look out for a bigger row than that on the Continent."

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COOK & ROTHERT—A Comedy Acrobatic and Dapcing Novelty

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In Song Sketches with Dance Trimmings

1. Prologue, "Just a Little Bit, That's All"
2. "The Tango Dream."
3. "Coster's Serenade."
4. "In the Evening."
5. "The Merry Minuet."

REED & WOOD—American Basso and the Queen of Pianists

AL. FIELDS & CO.—In "The Misery of a Hansom Cab"

BOARDING SCHOOL GIRLS—A Musical Farce with Miss Tommy Allen

Book and Lyrics by V. Chandler Smith and Harold Lindsay

Music by Henry Muhlke

SCENE—Lois' bedroom in Miss Simmons' Seminary

TIME—Eleven o'clock p.m.

Cast of Characters

Lois Cecil Andrus Margaret Bennie Benson
Bess Betty Hite Annabel Tommy Allen
Gussie Jessie Robbins Larry De Witt Frank Hughes
Miss Simmons Jean Pollard

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

THE PACKARD FOUR

12 Cylinders of High-Speed Mirth, Melody and Terpsichore

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The Irish Tenor and the Irish Beauty in "A GLIMPSE OF IRELAND"

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A Melodious Cruise on an Ocean of Mirth, with Viola Wilson and

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We wish to thank

THE BOYS OF THE 67th BATTALION

for their generous support during the past few months. If you have been well treated, Boys, pass the word along to those who are staying behind at the Willows

The British Lunch Counter

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A. C. JEWEL, Proprietor

THEY LIKE BADGES

The buttons and regimental badges of Canadian soldiers seems to be in considerable demand among the fair sex around the camp. The vendors of badges do quite a thriving business among men wishing to replace badges given away, or wanting duplicates to give to some charmer. And it is not only the younger generation who covet the soldiers' badges; ladies of mature years are sometimes heard passing adroit hints that a button or badge would not be refused if offered. Nor are the school-children, both boys and girls, less insistent in their solicitations, but they also ask for cigarette cards, which are more plentiful, of course.—"Weekly Chronicle," 47th Batt.

Encountered by Censor

Dear Mag: I put in 5 francs so as you can git that new hat—Your loving husband, Jack.

P.S.—They tells me there's a censor bloke what reads this letter, so I sends no five francs.—"Listening Post," 7th Batt.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

The Inter-Company football games started again on Wednesday last. Three of our sections played for the staff—Corp. Ogilvie, Pte. Shearman and "Pat" Stronach. We might mention that though Pte. Shearman played a great game, he didn't shine so well as he did at centre-forward for the Battalion against the 103rd last Saturday. Although we got beaten, Pat says the next team we meet won't have so much of their own way, as he "is gettin' a new pair of fitba' buits next pay day."

Pte. Robinson is now considering a divorce, as the Government has issued him with a brand new "housewife," and, furthermore, will allow him to take the said "housewife" overseas with him (in his kit bag).

Pte. "Sherlock Holmes" Cope, while strolling around during the gale on Thursday night, discovered what he thought was an anti-aircraft battery at No. 2 Company building, but on closer investigation found it was only a stovepipe blown down with the wind. Better luck next time, "Sherlock," old-timer!—you'll get a "case" yet. No, we don't mean a two by six.

The "Western Scot"

Perhaps you've never had any interviews
With our weekly, "The Western Scot";
This paper gives you all the news
Of our training and what not.

Our editor, who is very nice,
Thinks "Brevity is the soul of wit";
The C.O., too, gives sound advice
On "How to do our bit."

We also have a column called
"Pot Pourri from the Officers' Mess,"
The Orderly Room has its Paragraphs
By "Mick." May his shadow never grow
less!

The Machine Gun and The Signallers
Have newsy and witty jottings;
The Scouts, too—they are the fellers
Who keep us right at the various cross-
ings.

We also have "Hash" from the cook house,
Which always has a few real laughs;
But the part a Scotsman's pride to rouse
Is by "Mac," in the "Pipe Baun Skrachs."

Then the companies have their sections,
The Stretcher-Bearers their dope;
"Hamish," too, we might mention,
Writes "Shavings from the Pioneers'
Workshop."

Not one is trying, but everyone,
To make the "Scot" a big success.
Why, it's worth a nickel alone
To read "Willie," in the "Sergeants' Mess."

Should you want, then, to get this paper,
Which we'll publish when we go away,
Subscribe now—you can do no better—
With Business Manager Lieut. A. Gray.

"HAMISH."

Verily our Baun is like unto the "Pied piper of Hamlin." The receipts for the very excellent concert given at the Old Victoria Theatre the other night amounted to \$507.65, and the net profit to \$471.61. Wee Wullie was thus able to keep the expenses down to \$26.04. Of this amount four cents was for stamps and \$10 for repairing the hind leg of the piano, which could not stand the shifting about at the hands of the braw pipers.

Book Reviews

"Beer as an internal lubricant."—by D. T.
The author's initials seem strangely familiar. He is evidently full of his subject.—"Listening Post," 7th Batt.

Sentry: Halt! Who goes there?
Voice in the dark: Working party.
Sentry: Pass, 7th Battalion.—"Listening Post," 7th Batt.



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ARENA RINK

TRANSPORT SECTION

The Transport Driver's Farewell

Written by W. H. Churchill, Transport Section

On the burning plains of Egypt,
One scorching summer day,
Inside a transport wagon
A dying driver lay.
His comrade stood beside him,
With low and drooping head,
Listening to the last words
The dying driver said.

I am going to a better land,
Where everything looks bright,
Where hand-outs grow on bushes,
You can sleep out every night,
Where you do not have to work at all,
Nor even change your socks;
There are little streams of whisky
Come trickling down the rocks.

Tell my sweetheart, back in Victoria,
Her face no more I'll view;
Tell her I have jumped the transport train,
And that I am going through.
Tell her not to weep for me,
No tears her eyes must lurk,
For I am going to a land
Where I won't have to work.

Hark! I hear the Germans coming!
We must catch them on the fly!
Farewell, comrade, I must leave you;
It ain't so hard to die.
The driver stooped, his head fell back,
He sung his last refrain,
When the sergeant swiped his hat and shoes
And jumped the transport train.

ON LEAVE

Leave is now practically all over; that is to say in the bulk, and, as we said recently, 1916 is our year.

We were asked by a lady, "was it true we were going to the front immediately?" She had misunderstood our reference in a former issue to 1916 being our year. What we meant was that 1916 is the year destined for us to show what metal we are made of. When we enlisted last June we did not think we would be in action before 1916, and so it has proved, the past few months have been one of preparation.

Now we are all looking forward to the last lap, when united we go to do our best.

We are more fortunate, or we think we are, than our first battalions, in that we have all had a longer training together, under better conditions than they had. The war is now more settled down, so to say. We have the advantage of learning now all that is necessary, and all that is necessary only.

The ones gone before have borne the brunt, and learnt by bitter experience what to avoid, and we gain by their knowledge.

Another horror may or may not be invented to take the place of gas, but anyway, this is only one of the episodes that we will not have to face with its terrors unknown.—"Weekly Chronicle," 47th Batt.

GERMAN STAR-FISH DEFENCES

Extraordinary ingenuity has been shown by the enemy in the defences immediately behind his front. A well-known ex-member of the Chamber of Deputies now serving as a major with the French forces, has given some highly interesting details as to why the French offensive in Champagne, which opened on September 25, and resulted in the taking of the Butte de Tahure and other strong strategic points, has not progressed as quickly as it might have been expected to. It was only when the German second line had been pierced that the intricate nature of the enemy's defences were made evident. At intervals of approximately 500 yards behind the second line the Germans have constructed underground strongholds which cannot be detected from the surface. They are known as "star-fish" defences, and their construction is most ingenious. About 30 feet below the ground is a "dug-out" of generous dimensions, in which are stored machine-guns, rifles and other weapons. Leading from this underground chamber to the surface are five or six tunnels jutting out in different directions, so that their outlets form half-a-dozen points in a circle, with a diameter of about 100 yards. Along each of the tunnels is laid down a narrow gauge

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railway to allow the machine-guns to be speedily brought to the surface. At the mouth of the tunnels are two gun platforms on either side, and the mouth itself is concealed by being covered over with earth or grass, as the case may be. These "star-fish" defences are also mined, and can be exploded from any one of the various outlets. On several occasions when the French endeavored to press home their advantage they found themselves enfiladed by machine-guns raised to the surface by troops who had taken up their position of these underground defences constituted the most serious obstacle to the French advance in Champagne.

FORGET IT!

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or at least may annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

A man from Toronto confided a great war secret to me the other day. He says that Kitchener has discovered a great labor-saving device. Whenever he wants anything done on the Flanders front he saves time now by asking the Canadians to do it.—Sentinel.