

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH 15th, 1916

No. 23

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

We hate to do it, but after reading one in "The Kilt," of the Seventy-Two recently we cannot refrain. Yes, this is true, and it happened in our West Gate guard room (Heaven forgive us!).

Sergeant: "Pte. Doherty, what would you regard as an 'unusual occurrence'?"

"Such as a sentry box marking time, Sir!"

Overheard in the lines on publication day: "I don't see much in this here pot poor-i!" "Neither do we, but we have to do it. It's a punishment, just like pack drill!"

Our esteemed friend The Victoria Times intimated editorially on Friday evening that the Germans are contemplating remodelling their navy for land fighting. The editorial stated that the Hun navy would have to fight "on ground of England's choosing."

Lieut. Baker is strong for carrying out orders. "The Book" says that one of a soldier's first duties when under fire is to take cover. When Fred came under fire at our first mess meeting quizz, he did! But the C.O. is an officer of experience!

Officers miss much of the fun enjoyed by other ranks. For instance, we often wonder why, when the 'phone in No. 1 Company's orderly room rings, there are loud cries of: "Thomas! Thomas!!"

This is the umpty-umpth day of the war and the 'steenth day of our loiter "on the eve of departure." Oh, well—tarry on!

Good-bye, 62nd, and good luck! Our prayers go with you. Reserve us a box for the Big Show!

Officer in orderly room to witness: "Describe what passed between the prisoner and Pte. Brown." Witness: "It was a regular issue canteen, sir, without any handle!"

Our billets lie over the ocean,

Our billets lie over the sea,

Our billets lie over the ocean,

And that's where we all long to be.

According to The Times' line-up for Saturday's football match we have another hyphenated member of the mess—Capt. Okellor-Fenton.

Also, what does Wullie-o'-the-Pipes ken of machine guns? Why did the programme of the Military Band concert announce the machine gun demonstration as directed by Capt. Okell "under Pipe-Major Wishart"?

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

An occasional gleam of humor relieves the otherwise steady grind in the Orderly Room. We had one the other day when a lady 'phoned up and asked if she might register a complaint. On being informed that she might certainly do so, she requested that the Pipe-Major be asked if he would kindly see that the pipers didn't make quite so much noise going around the Willows corner, as they woke up all the babies in the neighborhood.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new Medical Officer and Paymaster, and hope they will be with us to the finish.

With all the extra work thrown on the Orderly Room Staff lately, there is considerable head-scratching as to when they will find time to polish up the new equipment, and study the mechanism of the animal. It looks no easy job.

The Staff wishes to extend its hearty thanks to the Staff of the 50th Gordons for their hospitality at lunch recently.

A number of photos have been received this week for the Regimental album, for which we are duly thankful, but like Oliver Twist, we still want more. A special word of thanks to Sergeant Pugh, who brought in a large number of very interesting snapshots.

Stan. Young, the genial secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at the Willows, has at last attained a much desired wish and been

sworn in as a member of the 67th. We are glad to have him with us.

SALLIES FROM THE SERGEANTS

Sergt. Haines, our champion transferee, is still living up to his reputation of being the most versatile man in the Battalion. He is now acting as B.S.M. As far as we know, he has had no experience as an aeronaut, but should we start a Flying Section in the Battalion, we have no doubt he would be able to rise to the occasion and take charge of it. We say this irrespective of the fact that we have never seen him go "up in the air" whilst handling any of his other jobs.

Our one real distingue member, Bandmaster Turner, was much to the fore at the last of our "Last Farewell Concerts." The concert was billed as being given by the Brass—beg pardon—Military Band, but 'as a matter of fact, the only items we particularly noticed were: 1st, Bandmaster Turner; 2nd, Sergt. Turner; 3rd, Prof. Turner; 4th, Louis Turner; 5th, Mr. Turner.

We were not aware that Nicholls was a Scots name, but from the enthusiastic manner in which Staff Sergt.-Major Nicholls (since he put the "crown" up we are rather chary of referring to him as "Nick") applauded the efforts of the Pipe Band, "under Pipe-Major Wishart," we are inclined to think that, if not a Scotsman, there must at any rate be a little Scotch in him.

One of the sergeants sends this one in from the West Gate Guard:

Sergeant: "You must learn your orders off by heart. Be able to spit 'em out smartly. You'll be on sentry-go when Visiting Rounds comes along and if you get your "orders" off correctly the officer will go away with the impression you are a good soldier."

Sentry: "Yes, and put me on guard again!"

We congratulate Sergt. Paul on his promotion. There are others also who have joined us recently to whom we extend congratulations, but we mention Paul in particular as we have a good story to tell about him:

He was going home one night when he was accosted by a gentleman who was in what the classical would call an ebrious condition, but, to save misunderstanding, we will say the man was soused. He requested Paul to help him home, which he did. On reaching his front door he wished Paul good night, only to call him back after he had gone about ten paces. "Well, sir, what do you want?" says Paul. "I can't find my door key." This being found, Paul turned to go, but was again called back. Getting a little impatient, he rather curtly enquired what was now wanted. "I can't open my door." Paul opened the door and felt assured he was through with his troublesome friend. He had barely started to proceed to his own home when he was again called for.

"What the dickens do you want now?"

"I just wanted to know the name of the gentleman to whom I am indebted."

"My name is Paul."

"Good night, Mr. Paul; good night, thank you, Mr. Paul."

Paul hurried away, but was halted by the insistent cry of "Mr. Paul, Mr. Paul, Mr. Paul."

Paul was now thoroughly exasperated. "I've brought you home, found your door key, opened your door, and told you my name; what on earth do you want now?"

Oh, Mr. Paul, I just wanted to ask you did you (hic) ever get an answer to that very long letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"

NO. 1 COMPANY

"Somewhere the sun is shining!
Somewhere the sky is blue!!"

Perhaps. For the past few days have not been without sadly solemn moments when our recently established faith in

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE

the usual super-excellence of the local winter climate trembled in the balance. Then, suddenly, as though to rebuke our unbelief—

"Ray on ray splits the shroud,"

and if we cast our gaze skywards, and not on the quagmire that surrounds us, illusion may fool us again—for awhile.

The week has been a broken one. General leave was granted from 1.30 p.m. Saturday to 10 p.m. Tuesday, this including the regulation 48 hours, the customary privilege of departing units. With Monday evening came the deluge, and the men of No. 4 Platoon returned on Tuesday to find themselves flooded out of house and home, a condition of things with them these days accompanying every rainfall, and which must keep them busy watching the weather forecasts. We understand that the porous condition of the roof has been admitted, so, in all probability the fact will now leak through to the Pioneers, and early action can be looked for.

Wednesday was another rain-soaked day, and was devoted to the issue of the Oliver equipment, and the filling in of identification forms. In the latter case the searching nature of such question as—

Are you married or not?

If married, state full name of wife.

Are you a widower?

Have you any children? etc., etc.,

seemingly proved a matter of perplexity to some. Certain members of the Company seem to have entered the holy state of matrimony in a somewhat light-hearted manner, judging from their indefinite replies as to the number of their offspring.

By mid-day Thursday the weather had taken a turn for the better, so, after a morning devoted to physical jerks and a lecture by Lieut. Marsden on sentry duties, a Battalion Route March was taken through the South Saanich Municipality, when the new equipment was worn for the first time. The presence of both bands helped considerably.

Friday was spent in Company route marching, both morning and afternoon.

Since the recent issue of new equipment we have all arrived at a greater realization of what has been meant in the past by the various journalistic references to a "Great Drive on the Western Front." Happily, however, we have not as yet located any straps which would interfere with our well known ability to kick.

Is it true that Sergt. Gammond volunteered to act as Orderly Sergeant that he might be near the telephone.

In answer to the query in last week's "Western Scot" as to the price of milk, Pte. Shaw says he always pays cash, and secures the usual discount, but that Pte. M. McGillivray could and will give any of the boys advice as to how, when or where to settle milk bills of long standing.

Pte. G. Irvine spent his leave with relatives and friends in Victoria, and sometimes Esquimalt. Since his return he has been in a very meditative mood, and his wandering remarks lead his friends to believe that Geordie will be asking permission.

Was it to benefit as much as possible from the free fares on the B.C.E. Ry. or to escape from the political turmoil that so many of No. 1 Co. travelled to Esquimalt and Oak Bay on Saturday (Election day). We think it must have been the latter, as all returned to Victoria after the polls closed at 7 p.m.

What We Would Like to Know

- 1st. Will it be compulsory to trim moustaches a la Chaplin style?
- 2nd. Was No. 1 Company glad to see Lieut. Gray back home again?
- 3rd. Why was No. 1 Platoon so quiet on the route march Friday afternoon?
- 4th. Does a man have to pay back any borrowed money to a guy that was crazy enough to lend it to him?
- 5th. Does a man have to get his hair cut these days?
- 6th. Why do the girls all love Waltho?
- 7th. Why doesn't Thomas get married?
- 8th. How old is Jack Smith?

Birthday celebrations are old institutions and always end happily when not carried to extremes. Pte. Cliff started out to celebrate his, full of good resolutions, but whether he ended happily is rather doubtful. It is hard to ascertain how he came to need the help of crutches, but from the beauty spots on his face we come to the conclusion that he must have used

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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his nose as a ploughshare. However, with the kindly help of the Poulitice Wallopers, he is once more his same old self and eagerly anticipating his next birthday.

Owing to the lack of the filthy lucre, Pte. Darby celebrated his in quiet reflection of the days that are no more. The many presents which he anticipated have not yet materialized, but the statuette which he did receive is a living likeness of his first appearance in this beautiful garden of Eden.

NO. 2 COMPANY

It has been said, and perhaps rightly said, that never a day passes but that the Main Gate guard omits to do, or is checked up for doing incorrectly a certain duty or duties.

Now, it is most essential that every sentry should pace his beat in a smart and soldier-like manner. Why, does he ask? Because the pride of his regiment is at stake. Could any man in the Western Scots be more conspicuous than on sentry go?

Every person that enters the camp sees him, comments upon him, his soldierly bearing, smartness, etc., and tells his friends his impression—good or bad.

The detail of mounting and dismounting is generally known to all N.C.O.'s, and the thing they usually fall short in is either smartness in themselves or the guard as a whole. Let every man bear in mind where he is, what he is doing, how he was taught to do it, and act accordingly. Not a move, unless standing easy, when on any parade, and particularly ceremonial.

The commander of a guard, upon the approach of the orderly officer shall bring his guard to attention, slope arms, dance to his left, and make doubly sure all are in place, salute and report "All present and correct, Sir," and return to his place in the ranks and order arms.

There is no excuse for a guard losing its dressing, providing every man keeps awake and acts lively!

On command "Right Dress," every man save the right hand man of the front rank and his rear rank man will turn his head and eyes to the right and dress in the usual fashion, that is, the right hand man of rear rank will cover correctly his front rank man, being two paces in rear of him. The third man from the right should be able to see the lower portion of number one's face, or, in other words, he will be able to distinguish the lower part of the face of the second man beyond him.

As aforesaid, you have all been instructed in this work, and the difficulty lies in remembering where you are, what you are doing, to do it smartly, and all together.

Keep awake!

If spoken to by an officer for neglect of duty, or anything else, salute him when he approaches and after he has spoken to you.

Everybody in London, and there are only thirteen millions, takes a pride in watching the guard mounted and dismounted at Whitehall, London, England, and particularly the soldierly manner of the sentries as they walk by, so why not the inhabitants in the vicinity of Willows Camp, Victoria, B.C.

Last week terminated in a very happy way. General leave was proclaimed at 1.30 p.m. last Saturday until tattoo on Tuesday, 7th inst., and ninety per cent. of the men and sixty per cent. of the officers left the camp for at least a three-day holiday.

The majority of the men had their best friends, such as father and mother, sister or brother, etc., on the Island, but as the saying goes, the 67th is everywhere, and so a worthy representative number congregated across the pond.

As the C.P.R. boat from Vancouver drew away from its moorings last Tuesday morning it was a pleasing sight to see joyous friends (and I may mention here for the sake of the weaker ones, if perchance this number should stray into their hands, "Keep smiling" on THE DAY) with smiling faces bidding their dear ones a fond farewell.

How must this sight have appealed to the average I-don't-care-if-I-work-or-not, give-me-a-meal-either-cold-or-hot, come-what-may-I-intend-to-not, do-my-duty? Well, I-guess—NOT sort of fellow?

And that was only a small, small parting!

Talking about facts, there was a man in Number 5 last week that told the inspecting officer, when asked where his moustache was: "Please, sir, the barber shaved it off this morning." "Did you go to sleep?" asked the officer. "Yes, sir." Can you beat it? A word to the Slackers' Union: Get busy; this is some excuse!

(Continued on page 5)

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C. L. ARMSTRONG, LIEUT., EDITOR A. A. GRAY, LIEUT., BUSINESS MANAGER

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15th, 1916

THE "HOLY" GERMAN WAR

If anything more were needed to stiffen the resolution of all ranks respecting this war, surely it is supplied in the sacrilegious mouthings of German pastors. Prostituting their faith at the behest of the monster they call Konig, they regularly give utterance to statements that defame the House of God—statements which are calculated to incite their already misguided and demented hearers to even lower depths of crime and infamy. What inference can be drawn from a national condition which includes such aspects as this, except that the poison born into the Kaiser's veins and rendered more virulent by the necromancy of Bismarck, has been communicated to the nation as a whole?

Quoting from a translation of a recent sermon delivered in Berlin by Rev. Fritz Philippi, a prominent Lutheran, we give for example the following: "Humanity must be redeemed by blood, by fire and by the sword. German warriors do not willingly shed the blood of other nations, but they do it as a sacred duty which they dare not neglect without committing a sin. Germany's divine mission is to crucify humanity."

These pious expressions are echoed by Rev. Doctor Lobel, of Leipzig, whose gentle heart and humble Christian spirit move him to this: "Germany stands for Christianity; her enemies are the enemies of true religion. It is this knowledge that enables us to rejoice and be glad, with hearts full of thankfulness, when our engines of war in the air strike down the sons of Satan, and when our wonderful submarine sends thousands of the unlect to the bottom of the sea. We must fight the wicked by all possible means; their sufferings must please us; their cries of anguish must fall upon deaf German ears."

But do not be too prodigal of your wrath! Wait for this charming avowal of brotherly love from Prof. Rheingold Seeberg, who adorns the Chair of Theology at the University of Berlin: "We do not hate our enemies. No, we obey the Divine command to love them. When we kill them, when we inflict untold suffering on them, when we burn their homes and overrun their territories, we are performing a labor of love."

Verily, comrades, we are fighting in a good cause. Learn to shoot straight, thrust true, to bear hardship and fatigue with fortitude, that we may teach Germany's mad men their "sacred duty"; give them something to "rejoice and be glad" about, and help them to an overwhelming portion of their own interpretation of brotherly love.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

In spite of discouragement we still cling to the belief that some day soon we shall be ordered "beyant the say." That being the case, we feel it is pertinent to ask if it is right that one of our most conscientious and hard-working non-coms. should be left behind. He has been with us for many months now and is keen for overseas, yet no definite arrangements have been made to have him go with us. It is true that his conduct sheet is not just as clean as it might be. Occasionally he becomes involved in a fracas, and once or twice he has missed a parade, but on the whole he is a good soldier, and he certainly knows his work. We refer to Sergt. Paddy, assistant-provost-sergeant, in charge of the work of keeping order among the dogs attached to us for rations and discipline. He isn't much to look at, and he's a most unsentimental old son-of-a-gun, but if any visiting dog desires to get gay, Sergt. Paddy knows how to apply the discipline. He has sand enough to lick the whole German army. We're strong for Paddy. We feel if we were as game and square as Paddy—in short, if we were as good a man as Paddy is a dog, we'd stack up ace-high. We put it to you, boys; does Sergt. Paddy stay behind?

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From the humble peasant to the Queen on her Throne,
No pride like a mother's in the wide world is known.

The Queen is proud when her subjects kneel,
But a far greater pride in her sons she must feel,
For she knows they are true as the truest steel.

The high-born mother in stately halls
Is proud of the son that when duty calls
Will lead his men on till he wins or falls.

The humble mother no grander pride knows
Than watching her own sons their courage disclose,
They are ready when wanted wherever the foes.

The mother of high rank great homage enjoys,
The humble-born mother no servant employs,
But in this they are equal, their pride in their boys.
—B. ROSSON.

(Continued from page 3)

There is one thing you can walk over but cannot get away from—dirty boots.

The kit inspection was good last Saturday save for one or two men who forgot—themselves. You have heard it said of old: "Safety First!"

It has been suggested that all semi-dormant and dreamy-eyed men in khaki be paraded to the 5c, 10c and 15c store for the purpose of giving them a cheap alarm clock issue—to be attached to their ankles and wound up ninety-nine times per diem. All clocks must harmonize and keep time to Pte. Swyler.

Credit is due to Lieut. McDiarmid, Pte. Findlay and Pte. Niven, representatives of No. 2 Company in the Battalion football eleven, for their brilliant play last Saturday. One more victory for the Scots. Keep up the good work, boys!

The definition of a modern fool is said to be one who imbibes freely and more freely from toot to toot, never sleeps at home, never uses the sidewalk, never fails to say "How-do," even if it is only a foot shake, and who's tongue resembles the bottom of a canary cage. Beware! take care!

What is the use of a Glengarry?
To keep the rain off.
Off what?

NO. 3 COMPANY

The boys of No. 1 Section of No. 9 Platoon wish to extend their thanks to Mrs. McCarrison for the fine entertainment given them on the night of the 10th. Pte. R. W. Price added greatly to the good time with his musical comedy, which came in for several encores.

At the party Pte. Mantle failed as a lady killer, while Pte. Harrison won hands down. The ladies admired and commented on his moustache all through the programme.

On the tenth, N.C.O., "Now, pick up the step there! You can't pick it up because you have lost it."

Was the silent detective (Bushy) afraid that some great criminal sought his life a few nights ago when he put two small logs in his bed and disappeared? That he was on some great case was proved by the fact that he did not appear until the next day.

Pte. Thomas drew a large audience to witness the drilling of nine Welshmen down town some little time ago. Thomas speaks in his native tongue frequently, since he learned that one of the "cops" on the police patrol is a Welshman.

The boys of No. 9 Platoon are wondering when they will get the issue of blinkers.

Corpl. Eden is there with the goods as a business man. He pointed out the necessity of making and saving to Pte. Ted Hughes, and got Ted in the notion of taking half a dozen empty beer bottles and a dozen and a half empty mickeys to town, to change for a dollar. After going to most of the hotels in town, Pte. Hughes returned home with his sack of bottles with the sad story that no one would take them.

The Reverend Gillies will conduct a service (if he does not get his pass to Seattle) in the lines of No. 9 Platoon on Sunday next at 6.45 a.m. Rev. Gillies will speak on "Hell," and Pte. Thomas will sing "Tell Mother I'll be There." No collection. Come early to secure a good place to stand up.

Pte. McConvil says, "We don't want any more warships; what we want is more schooners." He further adds that the cost of living soars way up: Eggs fifty cents a dozen, you have to hold your breath; pay less and you have to hold your nose. The only way to stop the high price of living if they put a tax on beer: Do without it. If they put a tax on pants—suit yourself.

Lance-Corpl. Gillies claims that man seeks but little here below, and a married man gets it when he goes to the Paymaster's office.

Pte. Algy Bryan is great on the comedy; in fact, he is looked on as the humorist of No. 9 Platoon. One of his late ones: If a chauffeur failed to keep his engagement with his girl, would the taxi-meter?

The town newspaper in a little country town contained the following advertisements: "Two respectable girls want washing. Phone, etc." "Wanted—A young man to run a pool room out of town." "Wanted—A girl to work partly outside and partly behind the counter." In the event of the latter, we wonder what would happen if the boss closed the door.

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Pte. Hardy came close to giving the whole of No. 9 Platoon a surprise a few days ago. Everyone thought he was going to change his undershirt, but all fears were put to rest when Hardy merely turned it inside out and put it on again.

When we are on the train it will be hard to tell if there is time to get off and have a drink when the train stops, unless— you get the conductor to take a drink with you.

Judging by the number of times some fellows go on the sick parade, and get pills and more pills, we should feel safe in saying that a great number of them must have ball-bearing knees by this time.

Pte. "Tank" Thornton surprised a friend who had told him he could have as many drinks as he liked by saying, "No. I can't hold that many; I've tried."

How the hearts of boys of the 67th did beat when they saw Sergt.-Major Watson appear on the stage at the Columbia Theatre on the night of Friday the 10th. Was it to be that he would prove to be some great star? But no, he was merely the holder of the lucky number which won for him a box of cigarettes. Bitter, indeed, was the disappointment when we learned of this. Now we understand why he chooses to go to the Columbia on a Friday night.

Up to date the best thing discovered to induce chest expansion: A medal.

The trains speeding West for the 67th must carry engineers and conductors who use calendars instead of watches.

NO. 4 COMPANY

"To go or not to go"; that is the question.

We said good-bye two weeks ago, so we shall wait until we are on board the boat.

All of the boys enjoyed their 48 hours leave, and on roll call being taken on Tuesday night we take pride in stating that none of the boys had abused Major Carey's trust that they would be back in good order.

We sure have some equipment now. On our march out on Thursday it got a good initiation. All made a fine showing, and we shall certainly look the "goods" when we march down Government Street to the boat.

According to the newspapers, Col. Ross is going to have cars to take us to town. We fully appreciate his action. The 67th will be the first battalion to leave Victoria for the front which will not be tired out before going away.

We heartily congratulate Lieut. Terry on his promotion to second in command of our Company. The boys of No. 13 Platoon hate to lose him, as he has been our "old man" for a long time. By the way, Lieuts. Armstrong and Hall came from No. 13 Platoon. Some platoon, eh!

Pte. Wallace sure enjoyed his leave, as he seemed very happy last Friday night on his return. He has graduated into a "Son of the Sea." But we may say the quartette in No. 1 Section acquitted themselves well on Friday night.

Who says No. 4 Company is not the "quick change artist" Company? How about last Saturday's inspection?

Cooks may come and cooks may go, but "Our Dick" King cooks on forever. He sure has some noble assistant in "Andy" Chalmers, and do you ever hear a kick? Sometimes, but not often, the reason being that everybody wants more.

We thought "Paddy" was barking this morning, but found out our mistake when we saw No. 15 Platoon "falling in."

On parade the other morning:

Officer: "Pte. French, stop shaving your upper lip."

Pte. French: "I cannot grow a moustache, sir."

Officer: "I did not tell you to grow a moustache; I said, stop shaving it."

Pte. French: "Yes, sir."

The Bantams tried to get "Shorty" Glover, of blank file fame, but "Shorty" said "Nothing doing!"

On our last line inspection No. 4 Company was congratulated and No. 13 Platoon had the neatest lines.

Congratulations to Lieut. Blyth on his appointment to Asst. "Adjt." Lieut. Blyth goes away from us with our best wishes, and it is another sign that No. 4 Company is supplying all the good men.

Our sympathies are with Pte. R. F. Wilson, of No. 16 Platoon, who was discharged, being found medically unfit, after being with us since last September. It is hard lines to be discharged just on the eve of our departure. We hope he will get strong enough again and get in another battalion, so he can go and do his "little bit." Pte. Wilson was in hospital.

The sporting editors of the local papers say the Western Scots have put up more sport than any other battalion that has trained in Victoria, and there is no doubt that we will make good in all sports when we get on the "other side."

Somebody tried to rope in Lance-Corpl. Copping for a little trouble, but, being a trained scout, he was able to give a clear

and concise report of his movements and got away with flying colors.

Although we lost Pte. Shearman, of the Battalion soccer team, from our Company to the Pioneer Section, No. 4 Company is ably represented on the Battalion team by Pte. Lumsden.

"Gasoline Gus" says he does not make love to any girls out by the Chemical Works any more; he has left it all to "Harry." We can say that "Harry" has taken advantage of this opportunity.

"Dave" S. says he will never do it again.

Q.M.S. "Bill" Dawson said: "Fall in, No. 16, for rations." There was very little moving going on, so Q.M.S. says: "Alright, no 'eats' today." Pte. Fair lets out one big noise and told all of them he was not going to suffer for anyone. They all fell in. No more trouble in getting rations now. Good work, Pte. Fair.

Some of our N.C.O.'s paid a visit to Vancouver on the occasion of getting their 48 hours' leave, but by the looks of things in one or two cases it does not pay to go over there too often.

Do not forget, boys, to boost for the "Western Scots" and the "Western Scot." Buy a few copies all the time.

Our old friend Pte. Green went to the Scotch concert the other night. He was also on 48 hours' leave. Consequently he went on the sick parade Saturday morning. (A bad cold.)

Our Company pipers and drummer were out with us on our "hike" on Friday and acquitted themselves well. By the way, Major Carey is some hiker, too.

Too bad "Jock" Craigmyle (Craigmiggle as he is generally known) was transferred to the Staff, as we would like to have him back with us in No. 13 Platoon.

Pte. Stacey had better hurry and get back to his Platoon, or he will not be able to see his —. Of course, we mean that it is fine to have your meals in the Company kitchen. "Nuff sed!"

From what we saw in the lines of No. 5 Platoon the other day, we thought one of our Irish members had died and his friends were holding a "wake" over him, but on closer inspection it transpired that it was only Pte. Atkin resting up after his strenuous efforts in passing the Medical Board.

Pte. Scaife, of No. 14 Platoon, says we are all going away soon. He was quite a prophet last Tuesday night. Ask Pte. Sloan.

Pte. "Algernon" Palmer surely enjoyed himself at "golf" the other day. He says he will endeavor to teach us the game when we get to the Old Country.

Well, boys, do not forget: Boost, boost, and then boost! So long.

"THE ENGLISHMAN"

Inspiring Tribute to the Briton's Chivalry

(An inspiring tribute to the chivalry of the Englishman is contained in the following poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the famous American poetess).

Born in the flesh, and bred in the bone,
Some of us harbour still
A New World pride; and we flaunt or hide
The Spirit of Bunker Hill.
We claim our place as a separate race,
Or a self-created clan,
'Till there comes a day when we like to say,
"We are kin to the Englishman."

For under the front that seems so cold,
And the voice that is wont to storm,
We are certain to find a big broad mind
And a heart that is soft and warm.
And they carry their woes in a lordly way,
As only the great souls can;
And it makes us glad, when in truth we say,
"We are kin to the Englishman."

He slams the door in the face of the world,
If he thinks the world too bold;
He will even curse, but he opens his purse
To the poor and the sick and the old.
He is slow in giving the woman the vote,
And slow to pick up her fan;
But he gives her room in an hour of doom
And dies like an Englishman.

BATTALION APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

March 4th to March 10th

To be Acting Sergeant while employed in Q.M. Stores: No. 102021, Corpl. A. E. Alexander, No. 2 Company, 4:3:16.

To be Corporal, "Provisionally": No. 102699, Lance-Corpl. A. DeClark, No. 2 Company, 4:3:16.

To be Lance-Corporals, "Provisionally": Ptes. S. G. Moore, A. E. Kendall, J. Boyd, A. C. Haynes, H. J. M. Beer, W. Merryfield, S. DeWalt, all of the Signalling Section.

To be Sergeant, "Provisionally": No. 103351, Acting-Sergt. G. M. Swan, Signalling Section, from 5:1:16.

Officers' Transfers and Appointments

Lieut. A. A. Gray, from No. 4 to No. 1 Company, 8:3:16.

Lieut. Montgomery, from Base to No. 2 Company, 8:3:16.

Lieut. Cooke, from Machine Gun Section to No. 4 Company, 8:3:16.

Lieut. Blythe, from No. 4 Company to Staff, 8:3:16.

Lieut. Terry is appointed second in command of No. 4 Company, 8:3:16.

Following officers, "Supernumerary," are absorbed in strength of Battalion from 8:3:16: Lieut. Armstrong, No. 1 Company; Lieut. Wooler, No. 2 Company; Lieut. Thain, No. 2 Company.

BRASS BAND CONCERT

The concert given by the Military Band of the Regiment at the Old Victoria Theatre on Monday, 6th inst., was a decided success. The attendance was not what it should have been, but is accounted for by the fact that the entire Battalion had been granted 48 hours' leave of absence.

Those who attended thoroughly enjoyed the excellent programme as arranged by Bandmaster Turner. The selection from "H.M.S. Pinafore" was enthusiastically encored, as was Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests." The band showed up splendidly on the stage platform. The officers and men felt a thrill of pride as the curtain rolled up and the full band seated with their polished instruments and presenting the appearance of a well trained military organization came in view.

Included in the musical programme were several vocal numbers by the ever popular favorite, Mrs. Macdonald Fahey, whose rendering of "The Early Morning" spellbound the enrapt audience. This was immediately followed by "Dawn in the Desert" and "Peace," both of which were well received. The Pipe Band, as usual, were given an ovation, which was well merited.

Capt. Okell's machine gun display was the feature of the programme. This has been fully covered in another column of the "Scot," but the Band Committee wish to express their thanks and appreciation to the Machine Gun Section for their voluntary assistance in making up the programme.

The concert was given for the purpose of raising sufficient funds to purchase band instruments which the band requires immediately. The object was a worthy one, but on account of the aforesaid unlooked for circumstance, the net amount realized fell considerably short of what was anticipated.

67TH MILITARY BAND

Well, we have had our farewell dance and quite recently our farewell concert, so we think we are out of the running as far as Victoria is concerned. We are now rehearsing for our "First Appearance in England" Concert, to be held in the Albert Hall, S. Kensington, London, Eng., on or about December 26, 1916. Admission will be from Five Shillings to the humble tanner.

A prize of \$5.00 is offered for the best suggestion to which we can tack that useful word Farewell to, to enable those sections of the Battalion who have not already said it, to say it, and say it with determination and confidence when selling tickets.

Our big drummer, Ben Swiler, has left us to join the signalling section. He is an expert telegraphist and marconi operator, having seen considerable service across the

PANTAGES THEATRE

GOVERNMENT STREET
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE--3 PERFORMANCES DAILY

PROGRAMME

Week Commencing Monday Matinee, March 13th, 1916

March "Captain Betty" Selection ... "Three Little Maids"
Exit "Ragging the Scale"

PANTAGESCOPE

Watch for First Instalment of big Serial, "THE IRON CLAW"

THE PACKARD "4"—Not an Automobile, but 12 Cylinders of High Speed Mirth, Melody and Terpsichore. "Let's Go."

KNIGHT & MOORE—Comedy Entertainers

America's Fastest Dancers—THE LA VARS—Dancing Whirlwinds Introducing their Original Revival of the Cake Walk

MICHAEL EMMET & CO.—The Irish Tenor and the Irish Beauty Present "A Glimpse of Old Ireland." Guaranteed Real Irish Talent from Ireland

CHRIS RICHARDS—English Eccentric Comedian

Ted Reilly Presents a Piquant and Fascinating Offering

"THE DREAM PIRATES"—A Melodious Cruise on an Ocean of Mirth With **Viola Wilson and Sammy Wrenn**

Book, Lyrics and Music by Ted Reilly

Cast of Characters

Dick Deadeye .. Evelyn Southern Desperate Desmond .. Edna Lindsay
Playmates of Elsie Van Colt, who afterwards in her dream become her pirate crew

Shrimp Fagan Gene Carrick Dago Joe Mae Harris
Lefty Frank Nan Long Black Jim Irene Carr

Hal Sykes Louise Carr
Scullery Sam, afterwards cook of captured ship Sammy Wrenn

Elsie Van Colt, afterwards pirate chief VIOLA WILSON

Synopsis—Bed-time—The Story—The Dream—The Capture—The Pirate Chief—The Prisoner—The Court Martial—Impending Danger—A Quiet Night—The Battle—VICTORY.

Musical Numbers

"Pirates Bold" .. Entire Company "Sailor Rag" Mae Harris

"The Motion Picture Show" Edna Lindsay

"Mother" VIOLA WILSON

Harmony Medley Misses Wilson, Carrick and Lindsay

"Victory Is Ours" Entire Company

Business Representative, Viola Wilson Stage Manager, Joseph Shilling

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

A Magnificent Musical Spectacle—"A DREAM OF THE ORIENT"

10—TEN PEOPLE—10

Featuring **Madame Makarenka** and Her Beautiful Oriental Girls

EDWARD FARRELL AND COMPANY

In "After the Wedding"—A Farce Comedy

DE MICHELE BROTHERS—Wizards of the Harp and Violin

Joe—FABER AND WATERS—Minnie—"Nifty Nonsense"

THE AUSTRALIAN CREIGHTONS—Eccentric Juggling Acrobats

LEE STODDARD—The Phona-graf Man

Commencing Next Week: The Big **Pathe Serial, "THE IRON CLAW"**

First Performance at night, starting at 7 o'clock

SPECIAL ATTRACTION FRIDAY MATINEE for the **LADIES**

FASHION SHOW—Living Models

MATINEE AT 3.00 P. M.

EVENING AT 7.15 AND 9.00

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

MAIN GATE, WILLOWS CAMP

A. C. JEWEL, Proprietor

To the Men of the 67th Battalion

You mean to have your photograph taken before you leave for the front.

COME IN THIS MONTH and we will give you our \$10.00 panels for \$5.00 per dozen.

"GIBSON PHOTOS"

WILFRED GIBSON, LTD.

CENTRAL BLDG. VIEW ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

line. Although we are sorry to lose him he goes to his new work with the best wishes from the whole band.

Thursday we had our first experience of marching with part of our harness on, and although it was something new to most of us, we all survived to reach home without assistance. Altogether, we rather liked the experience and are of the opinion that a similar experience every day from now on with a few more pounds and miles tacked on each day, would do us a world of good, as we do not need marching practice.

We have several more newsy items in stock, but owing to the severe eye of the censor we are holding them back for future culling.

Good-bye is gone but Farewell we have with us still.

DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN

For Wullie's edification, we wish to state that on Friday last, a lady who said she resided outside the Willows Gate, rang up the Orderly Room and asked if she could lay a complaint. On being told to go ahead, she said that when the pipe band marched out, it wakened all the babies in the neighbourhood, and asked as a favour that the pipe band be asked to play softly as it left camp.

Our idea of Satan reproving sin—Wullie calling down a piper for using language more forcible than polite.

No, Wullie, we cannot publish your sweet and touching little anecdote of the two pipers who took their lunch to church.

On application, Wullie will be pleased to give the address of a hotel in London which has all the latest new-fangled inventions. The said hotel is run by one Donald Macpherson.

Does a certain amorous young piper know how strict a supervision Wullie intends to exercise over his comings and goings in the Old Country? "Surr, he's only seventeen."

We hand it to Geordie Leslie for the way he kept the pipes going last Friday when No. 1 Company met the other Companies on the road.

We may be prejudiced, but we think that the nomer "Battalion Orders" is more euphonious than the name the said Geordie has for them.

All thy cross-belts and silver buckles, Wullie, will avail thee naught, when Charlie sports his new cougar skin.

Will the padre, having heard a censored account of Wullie's account of the pipers who took their lunch to church, exercise due caution in selecting a text for any sermon Wullie and his baun attend, and thus avoid a possible embarrassing denouement?

THANKS OUR PIPERS

Editor, "Western Scot."

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly find space in your paper to thank the Pipe Major and his Band for the two beautiful framed pictures of the band they presented to us, which we very much appreciate and value as the first pipe band to leave Victoria.

Assure the gallant lads they carry our best wishes and a safe trip to Europe, lots of sport and a speedy return.

ELIZABETH REID,
MARGARET MACPHERSON.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

Last week's general leave was a great success. All the members of this section went home or spent the time visiting friends and relations. Our sergeant and corporal went to Hillbank and Duncan to visit their "claims" there. Corp. Ogilvie undertook to show Sergt. Smith the scenery, etc., but reports from there state that Smith was in charge the whole time. Who was the imitation rooster at 8 p.m. on the 6th March, at Somenos?

Pte. Shearman informs us that the soccer team's motto is now "Onward and Upward." This is alright, but we hope they have more than one goal in view when they meet the "Westys" in the final of the Peden Cup ties.

An Appeal

A soldier has spent his last month's pay,
Therefore, he is now on the rocks;

As he is worrying how to pass the time away,

Won't some kind lady show him how to knit socks.

No offers to above ad. received after the 16th. What?
No, not going away, only another pay-day.

Last Sunday one of the Pioneers spent the night in camp although general leave was on. On coming to the main gate he was met with the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?" and immediately replied: "It's me; but I'm not going—I'm coming back."

Some of the boys must be down-hearted at the thought of going away by the tone of this:

I've had some hard jobs to do
Since to be a soldier I did try,
The reason why I am so blue
Is because I hate to say good-bye.

This parting seems an easy matter
To some—free of speech are never dismayed,
But to me—my wits they seem to scatter
And leave what I want to say unsaid.

—HAMISH.

IF "BURNS" HAD BEEN ALIVE TODAY

(By Base Company)

"Burns' Message to the Shirker"

As a patriot and one who was himself ready to fight to defend his country, "Robbie Burns" had he been alive today, would have had no patience with the shirkers. We can be positive of that. His sparkling wit and biting sarcasm would have been used to the full at their expense.

Ye guid-for naething lazey lout,
Hoo can ye shirk whilst heroes shout,
And see them fall in some fell bout
Through shells and gases?

Had I my way, I tak' ye a'
And line ye up in ae big raw,
Then wi' "Mons Meg" the lot I'd blaw
To Hell and blazes.

Then aff ye go and fecht the foe,
An' dinna be a dodger;
But class yersel' wi' heroes true,
An' prove yersel' a sodger.

Some hae grit who are na fit,
Some canna noo be wantit;
But you are fit, so "dae yer bit,"
And be nae longer taunted.

The able man wha idly stands
In Britain's hour o' danger
He sure to Honour, Justice, Right,
Maun be a perfect stranger.

When victory-crowned oor lads come back
Frae Fields o' Battle glory,
'Tis only those wha've shared the strife
That then can share the glory.

It mebbe disna suit yer views,
Tae hae a haun' at fechtin',
But ye sud pit sich thochts aside,
When wrangs need fearfu' richtin'.

It's no jist for yer King alane
That we wid risk yer life, sir;
But a' at hame, an' a' yer freens,
An' for yer future wife, sir.

MACHINE GUN PATTERN

Excitement reigns supreme in our midst owing to the arrival of a real machine gun. Having struggled along so far the best we could with wooden dummies, it sure is a treat to get the real article. If the men in the Companies were to see what kind of a mess fifty rounds from this gun will do, they would appreciate having a few guns with them, when it comes to the real business.

Sergt. Mills has now got a Bible, dictionary, large knife, and a pair of riding pants. We expect great things of Alf when we reach England. At the present time some fair lady is taking up all his leisure hours.

Having now got a Bible apiece, we are wondering if, when we get to the other side, we shall have time to read them. It seems by the interest taken in this good book by a lot of us

that we are very backward in its detail, especially the last few chapters, which foretell "the future in store for us."

Six of the boys are taking instructions under Lieut. Perks in regard to transport work, horses, etc. Lack of the necessary equipment does not enable us to go into this kind of work to its fullest extent here, but at the same time we are gaining a good knowledge of what will be required of us when we do reach the other side and get equipped, and we trust with the training we shall get under the Transport O.C., to reach that state of efficiency required of us in this particular branch to be ready for the firing line when called for.

Seeing there is every appearance of us leaving here shortly and taking into due consideration the extra little things to be done before leaving, we would, under the circumstances, appreciate a load of wood to make our last few evenings here as cheerful as possible.

Opinions voiced by all present at the concert last Monday night tend to prove that Capt. Okell's demonstration with the colt machine gun, was the "star turn" of the performance. His explanation of the gun and its use in the present war was masterly in its conciseness. The gun drill and demonstration of rapid firing given by the detachment were performed in a manner which reflects great credit on Capt. Okell's training of the section. Two casualties which occurred during the action were reported by Sergt. A. J. Mills with tears in his voice, even though they were only Dakers and Flynn.

Seeing we have been issued with new equipment and having tried same out on a route march, we should, with luck, soon be on the move to new pastures. Victoria is certainly a nice place but England looks better to us as a whole, it being so much nearer to Berlin, our final destination.

Everyone is getting his share of stripping the gun we now have, but how the bolt gets into Wee Wilson's pocket is certainly a mystery. The idea seems to prevail that he must use it for a toothpick, or as a balance for the knife which we got with our kit.

Query—are the rubbers we have, to be worn on the boat, or are they for use in the trenches? At present we find them very useful for hiding dirty clothing, etc., during inspections.

"BLASTS FROM THE BASE"

Though we have lost quite a few men by transfer and other things, we still have K. R. & R.

The strength of the Base Company may be low at present, but we take credit that over 160 men have passed through our hand and been transferred to other units or companies since its formation in the early part of December last.

The Base Company have for visitors this week 30 men from No. 1 Company, and they are so satisfied with us, that they are willing to stay until they have to quit.

If leaving for the Front means quitting we are all quitters.

We know the eats are good by the number of visitors we get.

The Base Company fed the other Companies during the general leave.

And how those Companies grew during the week-end—we all know.

Now that we have left in the lines on duty such a small number of men—a prompt response to the call of mess orderlies from the details, would help.

Those who eat should help with the chores.

SUCH IS FAME

"The Saxon, Gaul and Celt agree
With Scots to keep us free."

A teacher at Moss Street School was questioning her class on above two lines to see if the pupils knew who Saxon, Gaul, etc., were. The children answered. English, French and Irish correctly. There was a pause and the teacher said: "Now, who are the Scots?" A small boy jumped up in great excitement, with a triumphant "Please, teacher, the 67th."

Wanted

Work wanted for several hundred able-bodied men. At present employed only 20 hours each day. Would like profitable employment for remaining four hours. Digging or carrying preferred. Apply, 7th Battalion.—"Listening Post," 7th Batt.



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A TOBACCO THAT PLEASES EVERYBODY

1-9 Pound Tin - Price 25c. 1-5 Pound Tin - Price 45c.
1-2 Pound Tin - Price 90c. 1 Pound Tin - Price \$1.70
Service Pipes 25c and 50c. each

TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' SUNDRIES

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WE CATER TO THE SOLDIERS' TRADE

Our Wagons Call at the Camp Every Morning.

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OPPOSITE SPENCERS

**LAUNDRY ONLY 35c.
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- † Send Your Laundry Here This Week.

THE MILITARY LAUNDRY OFFICE OPPOSITE ARENA RINK

SPORTS

(By Capt. S. H. Okell)

During the past week the hearts of the champion boxers and wrestlers of the Battalion were gladdened, each receiving an order for merchandise to the value of five dollars at some store in the city. Each man was allowed the privilege of stating the merchant on whom he would like his order made. It was easy to tell the married man, he had his order on a dry goods store; the thrifty bachelor at his clothiers, the beau at his jewelers. While it is not authentic, still it is rumored, that one man, recently engaged, intended securing the ring at this opportunity. He must be a champion indeed.

Let's have another tournament soon.

Soccer

We are now the proud champions of Lower Vancouver Island and holders of the handsome Peden Cup.

It is only after strenuous games and good team work that we are able to hold this position. At the commencement of the league there were seven teams, viz.: "Western Scots," Victoria West, Thistles, Sir John Jackson, 88th Battalion, 103rd Battalion and North Ward. Our first victims were the 103rd. Then we defeated the 88th in a hard-fought game. In the meantime the Victoria West team had been following a victorious path eliminating the Thistles and Jacksons, whereas North Ward had previously been disposed of by the 88th. Thus it was that the 67th and Victoria West remained to fight out the final. Last Saturday was the day. Beacon Hill was the place, and the game sure was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

It is some years since a soccer game has attracted such interest in this city. Moreover, it is conceded by all that it is a long time since a better or more evenly contested game has been played here.

The grounds were in perfect condition and the fine weather had brought out an immense crowd of spectators. Needless to say, the soldiers were out in force. Our pipe band was on hand and did splendid work, especially at the close of the game, when they paraded about the field, followed by hundreds of excited "Western Scots."

The first half found the "Scots" kicking down hill and playing superior team work to the "Westes," finishing the period with a lead of one goal, being the result of a well-aimed shot by Lumsden.

In the second half the "Westes" pressed continuously, but only to be repelled by our strong defence, Christian and Ord returning time and again, while Dakers, in goal, was a tower of strength. We, in turn, had our share of the play and Allen, after a splendid run, tallied our second goal. The "Westes" came back strong, Sherratt securing their only tally of the game. From this time to the final whistle play was most exciting, especially when a penalty was awarded against Ord. Petticrew took the kick, which was stopped in fine shape by Dakers, amid the deafening cheers of the crowd. It was then that time was up and the "Western Scots" left the field champions by a score of 2 to 1.

For the enemy, Bob Whyte was the mainstay, who, with Petticrew, strove unceasingly to avert defeat. For the "Scots" all did well, but Dakers in goal and Nichol on the forward line, deserve special attention.

Our team was: Pte. Dakers, Cpl. Christian, Pte. Ord, Pte. Niven, Lieut. McDiarmid, Capt. Okell, Sgt. Fenton, Pte. Nichol, Pte. Sherman, Drummer Allen and Pte. Lumsden.

Referee, Goward.

The result of last Saturday's match entitles us to play for the McBride Shield, emblematic of the soccer championship of B. C.

There are three soccer centres, namely, Victoria, Vancouver and Nanaimo. The "Western Scots" are now champions of the Victoria centre, but the other leagues are not yet completed.

It is only problematical if we will be here to see this series through. It will be a pity if we are not, as it would be indeed nice to leave for overseas with the championship of B. C. in our vest pocket.

Miscellaneous

At the last meeting of the Sports Committee Lieut. McDiarmid was appointed to do preliminary work regarding a baseball team for the coming summer, while Capt. Okell was appointed to act in a similar manner regarding lacrosse.

The Soldiers' Film Home

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MAJESTIC
THEATRENone But First-Class Reels
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CHANGES THREE TIMES A WEEK

- MONDAY -

- WEDNESDAY

- FRIDAY -

WARM AND COMFORTABLE

Anything the new management can do to make this Theatre, and also the Rex Theatre at Esquimalt, a place where yourself and friends can feel at home, will be done.

THE BEST 10c. SHOW IN THE CITY

Preparations are being made for entertainment and amusements during our long ride across the continent and on ship-board. While on the train it will not be possible to have any athletic games, except during stops when, no doubt, some football games may be arranged; but in each car it is proposed to organize a committee so that entertainment may be given nightly. On the boat many games can be played, such as boxing, wrestling, fencing, running, jumping, etc.

The instructions in fencing under Capt. St. Clair is much appreciated by the officers. We think this instruction should be passed on by the officers to the men.

Mr. A. W. Yeo, M.P., has been telling a very good story in the House, which has the merit of being true. A soldier at the front wrote home to his mother a very dramatic story of the fighting at Loos at the end of September, and gave a very fair idea of its exceedingly fierce nature. At the end of the letter he finished up by saying: "Fortunately, I came through without a scratch, but the bullets were everywhere, and went through everything with the exception of the bread pudding which you sent me."

"Somewhere in France," two regiments were returning from the trenches when they chanced to meet. At once there was the usual exchange of wit. "When's this bloomin' war goin' to finish?" asked one North-country lad. "Dunno," replied one of the South-shires. "We've planted some daffodils in front of our trench." "Giddy optimists!" replied the man from the North. "We've planted acorns!"—"Weekly Chronicle," 47th Batt.

Montenegriens can enlist with the Canadian battalions, if physically fit.

Germany is taking steps to control the consumption of cheese. A watch on the rind!