

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 13th, 1915

No. 6

THE BATTALION

The Officers had a most pleasant surprise last Friday evening after Mess, when Major Henniker and Officers of the Victoria Independent Squadron B. C. Horse, called in a body in order that we might become better acquainted. Major Henniker proposed a toast to our Officers and Battalion, and expressed the splendid feeling which existed between the two units, and hoped that this friendship would be encouraged and fostered by the officers for the benefit of the men while together in the Willows Camp. Major Christie proposed a toast to the Victoria Independent Squadron B. C. Horse, in his usual pleasing style, and a very enjoyable evening was spent, and we wish to express our heartiest appreciation of the thoughtfulness of Major Henniker in bringing us together in the manner he did.

The Union Bank of Canada has made arrangements to open a branch in camp for the benefit of units training at The

Of the issue of "The Western Scot," of October 30, Private Smith, No. 4 Company, sold \$3.40 worth; No. 3 Company salesmen, \$6.15; Private Glover, No. 1 Company, \$2.00; the Canteen, \$4.10; Sergeants' Mess, 80c; Officers' Mess, 45c; and City news stands \$1.20. Of the first issue the Canteen sold \$17.00 worth. Taken altogether, the results of the first four weeks' operation are most gratifying.

NO. 1 COMPANY

No. 1 Company takes this opportunity of congratulating O.C., Capt. Armour, on his promotion to Major.

Platoons 1 and 2 had their first inoculation on Monday. The hospital staff gave us some consolation by assuring us the charge was only five hundred million, but whether it was gallons, pints or germs we were not informed.

The company which threatens to publish an article "frankly



OUR FIRST PROMOTIONS—Major C. C. Harbottle, the indefatigable Adjutant and capable organizer, who as Junior Major will now command the left half battalion



OUR FIRST PROMOTIONS—Major S. Armour, in command of No. 1 Company



OUR FIRST PROMOTIONS—Major H. O. Meredith Jones, at present in command of No. 5 Company, the "Overseas Draft" of the Western Scots

Willows. The location selected is at the entrance to the Post Office in the basement of No. 2 Building. This step on the part of the bank is most commendable and should be of great help to all ranks, particularly in view of the fact that on pay days settlement will be made by individual checks. The presence of the bank in camp will also enable savings accounts to be opened without the trouble and inconvenience of visiting town during banking hours. This latter feature should appeal to a very large number, and it is hoped that the enterprise displayed by the bank will receive due appreciation at the hands of all concerned.

Don't imagine that you have a monopoly of the milk of human kindness. Lend a sympathetic ear to the hard luck tale of the man with "the sick wife," with "the aged mother," or the "ailing children," but don't encourage his "touching" story. Last week saw the sudden demission of a man with a sick wife at Seattle who had successfully touched several chums, including one C.S.M. The man's tale of woe influenced his officer to secure an advance of pay, and next day the cast-off uniform of that particular regimental number was found at a local hotel.

boastful in tone" should take care that the battalion orders of the day on which it is published redound more to their credit than did the orders of the day on which the intention was published.

The stretcher-bearers rendered Sgt. Burton's cat first aid. Sgt. Burton's cat is dead.

No. 3 Company was almost complimentary to us last week. What is coming? "Timemus Danaos et dona ferentes."

What did our gallant Colonel think at the staff dinner the other night when he heard that he had already "laid down his life" for his country in Flanders?

On our remarking to Pipe-Major Wishart that the brass band had been missed on a recent march, he replied: "It's a queer stuckin that's no missed oot the hedge." He says that he is afraid that when he gets home people will not understand him, as he has acquired such an English accent!

All the same, accent or no accent, the pipe-major certainly can organize a banquet, and carry it through with a swing, too. We hear his next activity is to be a dance "twa-three days aifter pey day." We'll bet on its being a huge success, too.

NO 2 COMPANY

One of the main events of the week at Willows Camp was the concert given in the Y.M.C.A. building by No. 2 Company. Owing to a number of No. 2 Company's men being temporarily out of action by inoculation, the programme was made up at the last minute out of those who were able to perform, and the result passed all expectations. We were sorry that some of the other companies were unable to be present, having been ordered into the trenches, but nevertheless there was a good attendance. We also regret that Capt. Bullen, our popular Company commander, was not able to attend, but in his absence Capt. Halliwell performed the office of chairman in a very creditable manner. On the platform with Capt. Halliwell were Lieuts. Wilmot, McDiarmid and Badger and Co. Sgt.-Major Johnston. Space will not permit of mentioning any items on the programme, which we would like to do, as there were some very excellent performances. Refreshments were furnished by Lieut. Badger. Decorations were kindly lent by Mr. D. Spencer. Our thanks are also due the Y.M.C.A. for the use of their building for the evening.

On Monday last, No. 2 Company was out cutting poles and brush to be used on the trench work. The men took a keen interest in the work, thereby getting out a large number of poles, which necessitated two or three trips to get them all to the trenches before 12 o'clock, and all came home with a good appetite for dinner.



OUR FIRST PROMOTIONS—Capt. G. W. Nicholson,
Commanding Officer No. 3 Company

During the morning, two men who had been carrying a very heavy pole, dropped it as being too heavy to carry, and took up a smaller one and proceeded on their way. Capt. Bullen and Lieut. Wilmot coming along, saw it, and decided to carry it themselves. Sundry bets were made by the men as to whether the officers would be game enough to carry it all the way to the trenches. The officers of course were unaware of the notice taken, but just the same they took the pole all the way, which was a surprise to many, and maybe more so to themselves. Capt. Bullen evidently does not believe in the old maxim, "The more work, the less soldiering."

In this next occurrence we are writing about we will mention no names out of respect for the number of years the individual in question has soldiered without a spot or blemish on his character. The other evening, being inclined, from some unknown cause, to kick over the traces, he proceeded down town. How much lemonade he crammed into his stomach we do not know, but we are sure some of it went the other way and lodged in his head, giving him the notion that he was a regular devil with the ladies. On young and old of the feminine gender he bestowed a wicked wink and a lilted leer. He soundly berated passing soldiers for not saluting him. After spending the evening in this joyous state he proceeded home after looking at a clock in a butcher's shop and finding that he had only ten minutes to get him in before roll-call. On arriving in barracks he was astonished to find out that there was two hours and thirty-five minutes

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THE PLACE TO CALL AFTER THE THEATRE

GOVERNMENT STREET

till roll-call. Anyway, he fell into bed like a good soldier. Next day, being in a remorseful and repentant frame of mind, he decided to go down town again, and at the same time to investigate who it was that kept a bum clock like the one that had fooled him the night before. He remembered the place where he had seen the clock, also that it was in a butcher's shop, and after various twists and turns, came to the place, but could not find the clock, and yet, and yet—there was something familiar there. Great heavens! it dawned on him that he had taken the time from the butchers' scales.

Last Sunday your humble correspondent and some more of No. 2 Company paid a visit to the trenches to idle away the time, also to add to our fund of very limited knowledge of such subjects. As far as we could figure out everything was all right, with the exception of one item. The engineers who had figured out the trench proposition had forgotten one important, or, we should say, two important items; they had not figured enough on the width of the trenches to allow for the passage of "Noisy" Kirk and "Tubby" Barr. We calculated that these two important items could make it by moving sideways, but after doing a little surveying on the persons of these two important items; the problem was still unsolved, as these two important items were wider sideways than t'other way. Just figure it for yourselves, you fellows that are reading this. Suppose "Tubby" should get stuck fast! and suppose—oh! shucks, we should worry!

The writer has just been inoculated and things are getting a little dizzy dizzy dizzy—good night!

Just a minute—why not get up a battalion concert?

NO. 3 COMPANY (Passed by the Censor)

Hearty congratulations to Captain G. W. Nicholson on his promotion.

The idea that the boys from Cariboo do not know the difference between a knife and a fork will be changed after that banquet on Monday evening. Admission by invitation only.

A jitney, carrying a civilian and three soldiers of the 67th, broke down two blocks from its destination. The civilian was the only one who refused to pay his fare. Yes, those Western Scots are a bad bunch.

Have you heard No. 5 Company explaining how No. 3 Company had all the luck in the football match on Tuesday? Its science that counts, not brute strength.

The Cariboo men asked permission of an officer of No. 3 Company to shoot from standing position, as they considered it taking an unfair advantage of target to assume the prone position.

No. 3 Company had its first experience of night work in the trenches on Tuesday night, and acquitted itself very creditably. Its duty was to advance towards the field of action and man the eight forts, without being discovered by No. 1 Company, who occupied the "enemy" trenches opposite. The night was fairly dark. The forts might have been rather hard to locate if the detachments had not been assisted by over-hearing two gentlemen of No. 1 Company arguing over the privilege of using a certain rifle. A few moments after opening fire No. 3 Company was relieved by the Draft, who came clambering in as if it was on a picnic.

No. 3 Company's record at group shooting:

No. 9 Platoon	10.9
No. 10 Platoon	11.0
No. 11 Platoon	11.1
No. 12 Platoon	12.7

Company average

11.4
What Company did better?

Talking about brute strength, did you see this Company having a tug-of-war against Nos. 2 and 4 combined, and at that it was a walk-away for the first two pulls. On the third pull No. 3 Company was beaten. However, investigation proved that Mr. Fullerton and Mr. McDiarmid, despairing of winning, had passed their end of the rope round a pillar of the building!

No. 12 Platoon is anxiously waiting for that supply of candles to illuminate its dungeon. Get to work, Q.M.S.; it is a painful job shaving in the dark.

The military expert of The Colonist, in describing Tuesday night's battle, said: "The Western Scots were exchanging courtesies with the enemy, listening posts were sent out, snipers were outlined against the blackness of the night, and the machine guns barked. By this time," continued the writer,

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"Major Armour was alive to the fact that something unusual was happening." That just shows the value of experience in judging incidents that would escape the attention on an untrained observer.

No. 3 Company had the long end of a two-to-one score against No. 5 Company in an inter-company Association football match on Tuesday. The state of the ground made scientific work difficult, but vigorous play made up for lack of control.

How long will it be before No. 3 Company can put a Rugby fifteen in the field? It has already the beginnings of a team with a halfback as good as any in Victoria, and a husky forward who has established his claim to a place on the Battalion team by his excellent work in last Saturday's match, besides other players who are above the average.

Our O.C. acknowledges congratulations from all the Officers commanding the other companies on Number Three's splendid shooting at Clover Point Range this week, when it came out with a clear point lead over the other companies in the grand aggregate in the First Battalion Shoot, Company average, 11.4.

Not a single casualty as a result of the after effects of inoculation is the greatest compliment that could be paid to the steady habits and ways of the boys of No. 3. So enthusiastic is No. 12 Platoon that though inoculated in the morning they voluntarily waived their twenty-four hours' leave and went on a self-organized route march in the afternoon.

Capt. Nicholson, his Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men desire to extend their hearty congratulations to Capt. Bullen and No. 2 Company on their success in heading the list in the Battalion Y.M.C.A. membership campaign; the dwellers of the N.E. corner of the main building obtaining 85 members against 65 of No. 3 Company.

We very much regret that our remarks in the previous issue have offended the susceptible feelings of No. 2 Company. We can assure them that our feelings towards them are of the friendliest, and that any help we can give them in becoming as efficient a company as ourselves will be freely tendered.

We suggest inter-company mutual benefit exchange, and if No. 2 Company would undertake to make us as efficient campaigners as themselves, we in return would proffer a little instruction in—say—shooting.

NO. 4 COMPANY

No. 4 Company notices that Major Armour was suffering from cold while in the trenches on Tuesday night, according to The Colonist's account. We should have thought that the major was inured to such exposure. Of course, it may have been that playing the part of the enemy against the Western Scots is a shiverry job. Whatever the cause, The Colonist refers to him, in its account Wednesday morning, as "Majjjjjjjjjjor" Armour!

NO. 5 COMPANY

We tender our sincere sympathies to Pte. Hedges of the Draft, in his disappointment. The other morning his platoon sergeant came into the tent and asked if there were any old soldiers present. Pte. Hedges (whom it is whispered has ambitions of future greatness) conceived the idea that the O.C. was about to present him with a medal in recognition of his fourteen months' service in the "Home Guard"; he promptly answered the call only to be informed that he must report in half an hour for Quarter Guard. It took our friend just 59½ seconds to realize that he would be unable to keep a date with

(Continued on Page 5)



The Western Scot

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT THE CANTEEN, "THE WILLOWS" CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C.

and Registered at the Quarter Guard as a
FIRST CLASS Newspaper

Terms of Subscription:—"Overseas".

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1915

THE Y.M.C.A.

It needs but a casual visit to the rooms of the Camp Y.M.C.A. to see what a large share of the everyday life of the men this institution accounts for. Small groups at every one of the numerous tables during the recreation hours is sufficient proof that with the exceedingly limited means at their disposal the Y.M.C.A. is doing a good work and one that should appeal to all who have the welfare of the men at heart. The local reading rooms of the Association, it is understood, are maintained by voluntary contributions, and as the monthly expenses of light, heat, attendance, etc., are quite an item, it should be the endeavor of all ranks to lend a helping hand to so worthy an institution.

THE BATTLE OF "TUESDAY NIGHT"

In its first engagement, sham though it was, the Western Scots gave an inkling of what may be expected from the many British fronts. The way in which the men entered into the spirit of the mimic battle was certainly extremely creditable. Of course, there were the usual mistakes associated with such scraps. One of the most important of these was that when the flares were sent up it was the signal for an immediate burst of rapid fire while, as a matter of fact, on no one occasion did the flares reveal the presence of any target save the man who had lit them. This, of course, was to be expected. On several other occasions the men did not fire when exceptional targets offered. For instance, a man tried three times to light a flare in the open with a match on one occasion, and not a single shot was fired at him. However, there is little doubt that the next time the Scots will have taken their lesson to heart.

In coming into the trenches both sides showed splendid discipline, neither side hearing the other until they were well relieved the former in the trenches) was in the main very quietly and expeditiously carried out, but there were occasional sounds that to a trained ear would give away the fact that something out of the ordinary was in the air. The returned from France, rendered services of great value to each side. Sergt. Murphy stated that he felt quite happy again when crawling with a lot of bombs toward the "enemy" wire, but bemoaned the absence of "whizz bangs," "coal boxes" and other Hunnish life destroyers.

S.B. SECTION

We were much relieved to get our own stretchers at last. The 50th had very kindly permitted us to use theirs up till the present, but it was often an inconvenient arrangement, especially when there was an emergency call. If our sheets and kneepads had arrived with them, we could, literally, get down much easier, to hard practice.

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With the help of the S.B. Section, the staff banquet was the "best yet." Even the grouchers admitted that Corporal Morrison and "Mr." Dooley excelled themselves—but, Mr. Chairman, why "Mr." Dooley? Fortunately, as all our Section are on the water-wagon, or nearly so, no one could blame John Barleycorn for the joyful noise after the banquet, on the way home. We had some time all right. "Professor" Ronald made an efficient conductor of our band.

The fact that the surplus from the banquet went to the 67th Hospital, suggests that we believe in supporting home "industries," and also suggests that similar contributions are always gladly received. Many little extras for patients can only be secured in this way.

Inoculation for the entire Battalion proceeds apace. There is some speed to our M.O.'s handling of this operation. The remarks overheard in the Hospital Tent while this work is proceeding are unusually jocular. But afterwards—! Very little sickness has resulted, however, up to date.

Yes! the Staff did get defeated in the Soccer game last Tuesday. We expect the Machine Gun Section will, as usual, do lots of crowing. But then, Johnnie (not "Jock"), got laid "low" before half time, and we missed his dashing style for the remainder of the game. "Teddy" played good football on the left wing, while Ede played a good defence. When the Staff team gets a little more practice, there will be something doing in that League.

A reliable informant states that Mrs. R—'s "tabbie scones" are "unco guid." Another says that we need some more pomade, and a few more looking-glasses in the cubicle. It was too bad about that photograph. We were commanded to quit the football field last Tuesday, rush back to Barracks, then to dress up for our photograph. We did so, marched out, then, without being "took," they marched us back again. Someone had blundered! Yes, it was too bad, for, in the rush, Settle used up all the pomade for his moustache.

Query: How is it that the "Baund" has among its members a Duncan, Wallace and Low, and the S.B. Section members of the same names. We eat at the same table, and drink the same drink—sometimes. Can it be that we have affinities in the "Baund." Heaven forbid!

(Continued from Page 3)

a certain lady fair that evening. However, his comrade, Pte. Pat Gauthier (a dashing young French Canadian) came to the rescue by offering to keep the appointment for his chum with the aforesaid fair maid. N.B. Pte. Pat Gauthier expresses his willingness to help any member of the 67th Battalion should they be unable to keep appointments such as the above.

A splendid advertisement for Goddard's plate powder may be seen when Pte. H. May, of No. 19 Platoon, is on parade; he enjoys the distinction of being known in the camp as the tall guy with the shining buttons, but his neatness of dress is only one of his many good points. Stay with it, May; virtue hath its own reward.

The entente cordiale stands for something more than words in No. 19 Platoon, as evidenced by the generous gift of table-cloths made by our comrade E.G.—whose ancestors came to Canada from La belle France. Vive l'entente! Vive nous ami!

Members of the 67th Battalion wishing to recover captured rifles can obtain same by applying to Q.M.S. Jones.

The Company is dispensing with a bugler, and reveille and other calls will be in future sounded by Sgt. Steele.

New recruit detailed to guard latrines. Orderly officer approaching, "Who are you?" New recruit, "Please, sir, I'm the latrines." (Collapse of orderly officer).

We were glad to welcome back Major Jones, after his recent illness.

No. 5 Company would have captured the enemy's trenches on Tuesday night if they had not been afraid of treading on the faces of No. 3 Company.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

No. 2 Company's marching was all that could be desired on the occasion of their tramp to the rifle range the other day. Other companies please take notice.

Ever since donning puttees we have all suffered at times with itchy legs, but something happened recently to make us doubt whether all the itchiness in camp can be attributed to puttees. Two men stood by the grandstand. One seemed to be an instructor, and his commands to the other were preceded by the cautionary word 'squad.'

Births: To Pipe Major Wishart, a "dochter."

Marriages: Logie—Taufkets.

Deaths: Pipers in general on Hogmanay Nicht.

The citizens of Victoria are hereby warned against meeting the 67th Pipe Band unless fortified with smoked spectacles, because the naked eye may be blinded by the glitter of our new drums, if not by the ardent glances of the sergeant-drummer as he "trocks keeks wi' the deemies" on the sidewalk and at upstairs windows.

No! Decidedly not! We are not biased to the point of blindness, and everyone knows that Johnny Cope was the fellow who evened up the score at last Saturday's football game.

Pipe Band marquee is visited periodically by members of all the other companies but one. A little more abuse would not add much to our present troubles with Pioneers, etc., etc., and a little intercourse with the brass band would add variety to our life.

At some time in the near future there will be a Pipers' and Drummers' Ball in town, for the purpose of raising funds to purchase sporrans, cross belts, etc. These articles of Highland Dress cannot be procured for the band except by private subscription, and we trust all the officers, non-commissioned officers and men to attend this ball if they possibly can.

In the band tent we are doing all in our power to raise the standards of our band daily, and the other companies, in their own way, can add immensely to the appearance of the pipe band by attending the ball, and by informing their friends about it beforehand.

Details, price of tickets, and the exact date of the ball will be announced later. Remember, boys, that when you disembark in England headed by a nicely equipped band, you will thank the impulse which made you attend that ball in Victoria.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

IN THE MUSKETRY CLASS

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A HIGH SCHOOL BOY'S RECORD

A guest at the Officers' Mess on Thursday was Pte. Milloy, No. 1 Co., 16th Canadian Scottish (Col. Ross' old company), a convalescent just home from the front. Private Milloy was wounded at St. Julien the day after Colonel Ross was hit. At the outbreak of war Private Milloy was taking the McGill Course at the Victoria High School and during his convalescence (he was shot through the right shoulder) is completing his matriculation, by which time he feels that he will be ready for the front again.

ATHLETICS

(By Corpl. J. HEWITT)

A well-earned draw was the result of the efforts last weekend of the Western Scots' soccer team in the league game with the Thistles, the unbeaten leaders in the series. The battalion rooters were out in force, but they did not get much opportunity of exercising their vocal apparatus in the first half, when, with a bright sun at their backs, the Thistles forced the play throughout and kept the Scots on the defensive nearly all the time. Two goals were registered by the Thistles, the first a rather fortunate one, when Riley let a high shot from Frakish slip over his hands, and the second a well-earned one, when a good drive from Lee gave Riley no chance. Changing over, the Scots showed their fighting spirit by attacking with renewed vigor. For a time it looked as though their efforts would be in vain, but after some twenty minutes of persistent work, Joe Dakers, who, curiously enough, manages to start the scoring for the Scots, located the Thistle goal. A few minutes after, while the rooters were still frantically cheering for the initial success, Shearman got his head on a pass from Plump and cleverly guided the ball into the net. Not content with evening up the score, the Scots kept up the good work, and it was a happy lot of Thistles when the whistle registered the finish and the league leaders secured the draw, for it surely looked as though their unblemished record was in for a stain of defeat.

An eleventh hour change in the team caused a lot of misgiving among the Western Scots' supporters, but Bob Christain, the bandsman from Vancouver, who was given a place on the half line while Shearman was moved to centre forward, amply justified the faith of the selection committee. Christain easily earned his place and added a lot of strength to the team. Lieut. Okell, as usual, was the star performer of the day for the battalion, and by his untiring efforts contributed largely to the satisfactory ending of a game that looked for a time a certain reverse for the battalion eleven. The halves and backs held up their end well, but the forwards, for the first half, were away off their game. They settled down in the second period, however, and more than made up for previous deficiencies. Drawing with the Thistles was, after all, some feat, considering the ease with which the leaders have taken the measure of all the other league teams, and it was most satisfactory, though naturally a win would have been doubly welcome.

Today the Western Scots have another away-from-home game. They have to travel to Beacon Hill to play the Victoria Wests. The latter have not been going very well this season, but they gave the Scots a stiff argument in their first game of the season, and the game should be interesting. At Royal Athletic Park the Thistles will meet the Sir John Jacksons, and it is just possible the leaders will have to acknowledge defeat. The Fifth Regiment retired from the league this week, but their withdrawal will not affect the standing of the leading teams.

The Battalion will undoubtedly be represented by several capable exponents of the hit and get away game at the patriotic boxing tournament which will be held under the auspices of the Vancouver Amateur Athletic Association at the old Victoria Theatre next Tuesday evening. Recent tournaments at the Horse Show Arena have demonstrated that the Battalion has some clever boxers, and they will likely participate on Tuesday. As the navy will be well represented, the tournament will largely be in the nature of a test between the army and the navy. It is for amateurs only.

The Battalion Rugby team was beaten in its first essay last Saturday by the Victoria team, largely because of lack of condition. The Scots had not had much practice beforehand, and they went down by a score of 14 to 5. They will do better in future.

Billy Weeks, the Vancouver middleweight boxer, has accepted the challenge hurled at him recently by Pte. McHugh (Cyclone Scott), and it is probable they will battle for the Canadian middleweight championship at the same arena in the near future. Weeks is both a hard hitter and a clever boxer, and Scott will have all he can handle if he takes him on.

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	Pte. Evanson			Pte. Hazel	
	Backs			Backs	
Pte. Hunter	Pte. Dutton		Pte. Ord	Pte. Cunningham	
	Halves			Halves	
Lt. Wooller	Pte. Davies		Pte. Dinsdale	Pte. Fenton	
	Pte. Fishwick			Pte. Haggerty	
	Forwards			Forwards	
Pte. Bradley	Cpl. Stronach		Pte. Preston	Pte. Monteith	
	Pte. Faichen			Pte. Ginnell	
Pte. Sharpe	Pte. Kerr		Pte. Dickson	Pte. James	

The first match of the season in this contest took place on Tuesday afternoon at the oval, and although, owing to the heavy rain of previous days, the ground was in a very wet and slippery condition, the players having great difficulty in keeping on their feet, a very fair game was witnessed.

Pte. Bain, of Company 3, the well-known local secretary of the Football Association, officiated as knight of the whistle.

Company 3 opened their account with a rather soft goal, the ball just rolling through the posts. This had the effect of livening up Company 5, and they were able to even up by a very fine shot from Cpl. Stronach, which the opposing goalkeeper was unable to reach. After this Company 5 still pressed strongly, but owing to a fine display by their opponents' defence, were unable to even up matters and Company 3 reopened their attack and were successful in scoring another goal, and after some evenly balanced play the game ended in a win for Company 3 by two to one.

The winners had a very well balanced eleven, and, taking everything into consideration, deserved the winning goal. Their backs were very safe and made some wonderful good saves, and their forwards combined together well.

For the losers, their defence was also very sound, but their goalkeeper seemed handicapped by the slippery state of the ball, but on a drier ground should make a good, safe man. Hunter and Dutton presented a stalwart defence, but the left half-back allowed the opposing wing too much liberty, and in future he should endeavour to stay in his proper position and feed his wing men better. Bradley and Sharpe on the left wing played well together, and given more opportunities might easily have scored. The forwards will prove a very strong attacking line, the goal scored by Cpl. Stronach being an exceptionally fine one. Fishwick and Davies were very efficient half-backs, and with one or two alterations in the team should put up a stiff fight for league honors.

OLD SPORT.

OUR FIRST RUGBY MATCH

The first Rugby match of the 67th Battalion C.E.F. was played on Saturday last against a scratch team of Victoria, who, however, had secured the services of several soldiers, consequently it could hardly be called a civilian team.

Capt. Grahame kicked off at 3 p.m. The game was fairly interesting, but our team lacked combination, and although we had several brilliant players, and occasional bright spells of combination work, our opponents were too speedy, and at the end of the second half scored repeatedly, with ease.

With more practice, and some changes in the team, we have the makings of a first class team.

The Western Scots won the toss and elected to play with the wind and sun in their favor, and pressed hard the whole of the first half, the ball being most of the time in their opponents' twenty-five, and forced them to touch down several times. Dickson, right threequarter of the civilians, made a good run, but were well tackled by Arbuthnot. Boys picked up the ball and carried it back to our opponents' twenty-five. Falkner then dribbled down the field and only missed a touch down owing to the ball being greasy. After twenty minutes play our goal was in danger for the first time, but Meredith tackled splendidly and brought his man down on the touch line. After some loose play Hayland looked dangerous. The ball then went down to Victoria's twenty-five and had not Daniels got hurt we would probably have scored. We continued to press and Meredith just missed scoring. A few minutes afterwards Meredith made his mark, and though he made a magnificent kick, failed to score; the ball travelled high and straight, but the wind took it a few inches on one side of the post.

In the second half Victoria did almost all the pressing. Scott made his mark, but failed to score. Griffith scored a

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try, which Adams kicked. The score now was 5-0. After some loose play Cutter picked up and passed to Hayland, who passed to Griffith, who secured a try. Adams failed to convert. The Western Scots then rallied and after some good play Meredith crossed over, and a good goal was kicked by Gray. For some reason, from then on our team seemed unable to stop the runs and both Hayland and Copas got over the line, but the score was not increased.

The game ended 14 to 5 in favor of Victoria. For the Western Scots, Meredith at three-quarter, and Mumford at half, were prominent by their play. They played a sound, heady game throughout, were always on the ball, and tackled hard, bringing their man down every time. Gray was good in goal; his kicks were strong and well placed. For Victoria Cutler, Hayland, Copas and Griffith were prominent. They passed well and were very speedy.

Capt. Nicholson made an excellent referee, and the game was clean from start to finish.

The Scots team was as follows:

Full back, Arbuthnot; three-quarters, Meredith (captain), Gray, Steele and Patterson; half-backs, Mumford and Gavin; forwards, Boys, Rayson, Falkner, McTavish, Daniels, Monteith, Timperley and McGillivray. Reserve, Masterton.

M.M.M.

THE OLD SCOUT SAYS

We keep on uncovering talent. Pte. C. C. Copping is there forty ways when it comes to drawing up reports of stations, bridges, etc. Having been an architect and surveyor in civil life, this is pretty soft for him. The maps Copping turns out look like "blue prints."

The next time the Sergeant of the Scouts draws the diagram of a bridge, he is going to mark it "bridge" distinctly to save misunderstanding. His last effort in this direction was mistaken for a German helmet.

On account of so many words rhyming with Mr. Okell's name, the "rooters" at football matches are requested to pronounce it with the accent on the "kell"; otherwise ladies present might think "O" something else was said.

That although Pte. J. L. Campbell was ingenious enough when he lost his boots to make a pair out of a little shoe polish, he could not rise to the occasion when he lost his swagger cane before last Sunday's Garrison Church Parade.

We understand that the bartender at the Manitoba is undergoing a course in map-reading and field sketching. His instructor is Pte. J——. Oh, well! He's a "good scout," and no names N. P. D.

That the columns of this paper are not intended to be used as a medium for mud-slinging, but we presume they are open for the passing of bouquets. We all enjoyed the field day with the Machine Gun Section, and think Mr. Okell's fine aggregation "play the game."

Wednesday night's march across country was very much enjoyed; the novelty appealing to every one. Still, the next time we go, we hope there will be no beautiful young ladies sitting on the fence outside of the University School.

FROM THE SPARKER

Pte. De Walt informs us that the "Green Venus" at Pantages last week was ONE good show. DeWalt should know, as he was reported present (in the front row) on the lower

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floor, at five night performances and one matinee. He is now suffering from a mild attack of "Rubberneckitis" (M.O. please note), but is rapidly becoming convalescent.

Lee.-Cpl. Henderson had a most embarrassing experience, while meeting his wife at the Vancouver boat on Friday last. Some of the boys returning from the front were expected on the same boat, and a large crowd had collected to welcome them. As he (Cpl. Henderson) was walking down the gang-plank, with his better half leaning on his arm, an old lady reached over and, tapping him on the shoulder, called out, "Welcome home, brave boy." The corporal says he felt like falling through into the ooze about that time, but, recovering his equilibrium, he "yelled" back, "I haven't been away yet, mum," and, diving into the crowd, disappeared from view.

Pte. "Slats" Haynes (our Champion Jam Walloper) was recently observed enjoying a cup of coffee and a sausage roll, at a certain refreshment stand, not a hundred miles from the barrack gates, when the following dialogue took place: "Slats" (taking a bite): "Say, boss, I can't see any sausage." Stand-keeper: "Well, you haven't bit fur enough yet." Slats (after another bite): "No sausage yet, boss." Standkeeper: "Oh, go on, you've bit over it now." (Collapse of "Slats.")

Our sympathy is extended to Sergeant Palston, who has been on the sick list this week. The sergeant has been feeling "dickey" for some time, but would not give in, as "sick reports" are "taboo" in the "Signal Section" unless in extremis (which would be well for M.G.S. to note). Good luck, Sergeant. Here's wishing you a quick return to health and duty.

FLAGS.

DIED

No. 102419 Pte. Frederick Butcher, born at Wrexham, England, July 15th, 1880, joined the 67th Battalion, September 9th, 1915, admitted to Work Point Hospital October 31st, suffering from pneumonia, and died at 5.55 a.m. November 4th, 1915.