

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 29th, 1915

No. 12

NO. 1 COMPANY

A certain non-com., well versed in musketry, appeared in our building with a fine double-barreled shot-gun recently. On being asked if the left barrel was "choked" he indignantly replied that he had cleaned it out that morning!

Why does the daily bulletin issued from the Orderly Room masquerade under the peculiar misnomer of Battalion Orders? Let's be candid and head it "The Daily Ne Temere Decree."

We were down town with the Pipe-Major for dinner last week, and were refused admittance to a certain restaurant until we put up security for any oyster-forks he might "borrow," and apparently thereby hangs a tale. Perhaps some of the members of the pipe-band can enlighten us.

The manager of the Empress says the Pipe-Major is the most liberal man to deal with that he has ever met. He was so pleased about the satisfactory dance arrangements the Pipe-



OFFICERS OF 67TH BATTALION, "WESTERN SCOTS," C. E. F.

PHOTO BY H. FLEMING

FRONT Row—From left to right—Capt. Bright (Quartermaster), Lieut. Sturgess (Adjutant), Major Christie, D.S.O. (2nd in Command), Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross (Commanding Officer), Major Harbottle (Junior Major), Major Sargison (Paymaster), Lieut. Bryant (Medical Officer). SECOND Row—Major Meredith Jones, Capt. Nicholson, Capt. Halliwell, Capt. Bullen, Lieut. Okell (Machine Gun), Lieut. Carey (Asst. Adjutant), Capt. Macdonell (Chaplain), Major Armour, Lieut. Marsden (Scouts). THIRD Row—Lieut. Terry, Lieut. Hinton, Lieut. Montgomery, Lieut. Wooller, Lieut. Geary, Lieut. Schreiber, Lieut. Duncan, Lieut. Wilmot, Lieut. Kennedy. BACK Row—Lieut. Baker, Lieut. Gillingham, Lieut. McDiarmid, Lieut. Meredith, Lieut. Edmond, Lieut. Martin, Lieut. Grahame, Lieut. McIntosh, Lieut. Badger, Lieut. Parks (Transport Officer)

With one important exception, we don't mind any of the nasty things the Scout scribe says about us. We do object to his saying we are entitled to wear one of the badges. That's the bit that hurts, and is the most unkind cut of all. We might wear the sign of the three gilt balls or almost anything else he suggests, but we must draw the line somewhere.

Beyond dropping first his drum-stick, then his drum, and finally doing a tight-rope act on his drum rope, Corporal Higgins acquitted himself with great credit on the brigade route-march on Tuesday.

If St. Peter is optimist enough to hope that our "K. of K." is near enough the parade to hear a bugle call when the 67th marches past on Judgment Day, then there is hope for us all, for St. Peter must be too unobservant to make a good recorder. Still, if Gabriel does by any chance get an answer, we bet it is "What's your hurry, old bird, I'm still at breakfast. Anyway, I thought the march-past was at 2.30, not 3.30."

Major made with him, that he went out of his way to inform various officers about how easy it was to arrange all the details. In fact, the account of the interview reached the camp before the Pipe-Major.

What about the Stewart Cup? When the kilts for the pipe-band arrive we hope to see the cup brought over to Victoria. Of course we wish the Pipe-Major to lift it in fair competition and not a la oyster fork.

Have you got your ticket for the Sergeants' Ball to be held on the 14th of January? It is to be the event of the season. Double tickets can be had from any sergeant at the ridiculously low price of \$3.50. Major Christie will be pleased to supply any officer of the battalion at no increase in price.

Congratulations to the escalating party and the tug-of-war team of this battalion. The final provided an excellent example of how necessary it is to take a beating gracefully. The unsuccessful contestants must, however, be congratulated on

withdrawing the protest before matters reached a crisis. Men should now take great care that their conduct at any future contest will not give any other unit the chance of throwing at us the retort "tu quoque." Remember its only sport, and a protest is always difficult to make, either before the contest or after you are licked, without loss of dignity. Always be careful, too, to give the victors, even if they do belong to another unit, their due meed of applause and credit. If you consider the other fellows who have won, unworthy of credit, is it not an admission that your own team or favourite is mighty poor?

We take this opportunity of wishing everyone a very happy Christmas and a victorious New Year.

NO. 2 COMPANY

No. 2 Company extends to the rest of the Battalion their hearty wishes for a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

We congratulate Sgt.-Major Johnston on his promotion to Acting Battalion Sgt.-Major and wish him luck. We hate to lose you, Sgt.-Major, and yet we are glad to see you take a step up.

The excuses made by some people to get a "pass" are numerous, and it is hard for a C.O. to distinguish a genuine

BRITAIN'S NEW HOPE



GEN. SIR W. ROBERTSON, K.C.B.

Appointed Chief of the British Imperial Staff,
and the New Head of the British Army.

reason from a fake one; but there was a "pass" presented to a C.O. the other day, for approval, that was unmistakably genuine. The corporal who was applying for the pass gave his reason, "for the purpose of going to see my girl." Needless to say, such honesty won its reward. Can it be possible that the "honest man" has been found?

A suggestion: Offer a prize to the man who has belonged to the greatest number of units that have been formed in Victoria and Vancouver since the war started. We know of a few who might qualify. Some of them enlisted at the beginning of the war and are still here, and have already transferred to later units than the 67th.

Strange to say that the day after pay day there was not a man in the guard house. A certain company was away at that time, so we are putting this in the "Scot" in order that they may know how well behaved the rest of us are. "Sabbe?"

It is no wonder that Sgt. Steele could only make magpies at the range on Tuesday. We detected him in the act of eating three whole pies at noon time.

Don't forget the Sergeants' Ball at the Empress Hotel on January 14th.

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GOVERNMENT STREET

Oh! we almost forgot about "Tubby" Barr. "Tubby" is not a Mess Orderly this week, so we sincerely hope that he will try and shave himself, once a week anyhow.

No, the 67th were not late for the "Tag Day" parade. Maybe the other unit that kept us waiting so long could not make up their minds which to take—their horses or boats. However, we all got started off at last. Most of No. 2 Co. learnt the "fox trot" and "three step" through trying to keep time with the "Pipe Band" in front of us, and the "Bugle Band" behind.

Merry Xmas to the Guard on the "West Gate"; more especially if it is a wet night. "Hope you can keep dry?"

Heard on the range—"How many did you make?" "Fifteen."

"How many did you get?" "1!!!"

Get a boat! Get a boat!

Again—Merry Xmas."

NO. 3 COMPANY

No. 3 boys certainly had a change of conditions when they took the trip to Sidney under active service conditions; it gave them a good idea of what they may get later. The trip to Saanichton by rail was carried on alright, nothing unusual occurring, and the boys, headed by the brass band, marched to the Agricultural Hall that was prepared for them all in the best of good spirits. The dry rations then suffered severely at the hands or rather the mouths of the boys, then all listened to the excellent concert by the 67th brass band, and finished by having a dance which was a real live one.

Facing a strong wind and a terrific torrent of rain, the boys sent up three hearty cheers and, singing at the tops of their voices, started the six mile march to Sidney, taking no notice of the storm. It created quite an impression on Saanichton people, who were hugging their fires, to see those boys march along in such cheery spirits, and with such smiles on every face. All the way to Sidney the storm kept up with all its force, and the harder it rained, the louder the boys sang and cheered until Sidney was reached, with every man in his file. The boys found good accommodations in Sidney, and were soon drying themselves in front of big fires, and getting paid they went to supper, after which a very excellent concert was given by the band and other members of the 67th, including Lieut. MacIntosh, Sergt. Morrison, Pte. Hughes and others, Mr. Garey being chairman. The dance was certainly enjoyed by all, the band furnishing some excellent music.

Reveille at 5 a.m. the day of departure brought the boys up all ready for the long walk. On reaching Saanichton they met with a great reception; everything was in readiness for dinner, and such a spread, that caused Pte. March's eyes to stick out enough for Pte. Litchfield to hang his Glengarry on. The mess tins were filled to their utmost capacity after everyone had stowed away all he could. The mess tins were full on leaving Sidney, with dry rations, but they were, strange to say, all empty at Saanichton. Nobody had eaten their rations. The boys extend their thanks to the people of Saanichton for their kindness and work, it was home cooking and they knew it. Meeting the Pipe Band at Royal Oak they marched back like veterans, and not at all downhearted.

Captain Nicholson was "right there with the goods" on the dance floor. The way he glided around was nothing slow. Many glances were cast at the lower edge of dresses at the conclusion of the various dances, but the captain's spurs had not done any harm.

We did not know that Pte. Thomas was a sleep walker, and were greatly surprised when he got up at 2 a.m. and danced the sailors' hornpipe. We did not wake him, however, neither did the bugler at reveille.

The sentry guarding our sleeping quarters showed great consideration for sleepers at the Sidney reading room. Every time a person approached his beat, he would "correct his slope" and, taking the person by the arm, would quietly say, "Come 'ere," and after bringing him or her to a standstill would quietly say "'Alt,' who goes there?" On getting the answer "Friend" he would say, "Awright, goo on."

Lance-Cpl. Gillies has gone into the dairy business. He could be seen at almost any time in Sidney, carrying a milk pitcher in one hand, and a pound of butter in the other.

Pte. Gemmel was seen gazing steadfastly at a fine array of turkeys in a window at Sidney, and was heard muttering something about taking one home to the "Mrs." for Xmas. Recollections of a pack and a long walk home, seemed to cause Pte. Gemmel to drift away. He was next seen behind

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a huge plate of beans in one of the cafes, while the turkeys remained untouched.

One of the sentrys on guard one night outside the Sidney reading room must have been studying the 1916 rules, when we were approaching his beat he challenged us in a very loud voice, "'Shun, who goes there?"

No. 9 Platoon can certainly do some destructive work with bombs, both in front and rear. Lance-Corpl. Gillies and Private Thomas will bear this out. Lance-Corpl. Gillies was in the enemy's trenches, and was in the act of picking up a bomb to throw back, when a "jam tin" bomb sailed gracefully through the air and landed on the broad back of the stooping corporal and would have stayed there, had not Gillies straightened up to pass an uncomplimentary remark to the thrower. Then again in the rear, Pte. Thomas was watching his bomb sail through the air, when a private swung back a "hair brush" bomb and caught Thomas underneath the eye, causing him to see thousands of stars. Then he swore! He then took three paces to the rear, maybe to count the stars.

There is a rumor afloat that the new jitney stand will be on the corner where the Britannia tea rooms have started; on account of there being so much embarking and disembarking going on at that particular corner, we will have to pay a visit to these tea rooms; maybe the attraction is a war bulletin, maybe not.

We thought it strange that only the officers went inside the sanitarium for mental disorders, or better known to the men as the "nut factory," but they know their wants better than we do.

We are greatly indebted to the ladies who so beautifully decorated the Y.M.C.A. building, which operation kept the ladies working from about 2 p.m. on Dec. 22 till about 7 p.m. Our thanks to Mrs. Morley, Miss Morley, Mrs. Symons, and Mrs. Elliott for their thoughtful kindness.

RARA AVIS IN TERRIS

At 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon the unsuspecting public were treated to the vision of a young British Bluejacket calmly holding a fine silk umbrella over his head as he stood reading the bulletins displayed in the Times Building. It rained some! and after finishing his reading the sailor proceeded down Fort Street seemingly quite satisfied with himself and all the world. Verily, these be strange times, and many fearful and wonderful sights (both naval and military) are seen, but this particular sight would seem to take the cake. It now only remains for the legendary "horse marine" to make his appearance in order to make the collection of freaks complete.



The Western Scot

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1915

THE BATTALION XMAS DINNER

On Christmas Day that portion of the Western Scots not on leave, to the number of about 500, sat down to real old fashioned turkey dinner in the men's mess room, which had been gaily decorated with evergreens and flags for the occasion. Lt.-Col. Ross, commanding, occupied the centre of the table, supported by the adjutant, Lieut. Sturgess, while Major Christie occupied the chair, and Major Harbottle the vice-chair. All the officers of the Battalion in camp, some twenty-five or more, were present, and all hands entered into the spirit of the occasion with a vim. During the repast the diners were treated, at the hands of the Battalion orchestra, under Prof. Turner, to a musical programme that in its way was unique, so artistically were the many popular national and patriotic tunes rendered. All hands joined in singing many of the refrains, and the pleasure afforded by the orchestra, and particularly by their well known and clever leader, will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. After the health of the King had been drunk, Colonel Ross made a short characteristic speech, wishing the officers, N.C.O.'s and men a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in the way of a wish that you may soon have an opportunity to meet the enemy. The sentiment met with prolonged cheers. The pleasant reunion was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S APPEAL

London, Dec. 24.—"There is one tremendous item of national expenditure that the ordinary citizen can help to diminish. That is the £160,000,000 spent on drink. Even if £50,000,000 could be taken off this expenditure and invested in the war loan it would be an appreciable help towards something every patriotic citizen ought to be absolutely set upon—that is, the winning of the war.

"My suggestion is that at the special services which close the old year and inaugurate the new, there should be given away at all the churches and chapels throughout the land, and on Saturday at the town halls of all boroughs, a war pledge which would be worn by men and women, rich and poor alike.

"The men who return from the front are often surprised to find the old comfortable home life so little changed and wonder whether, after a year and a half of war, with the end not in sight, the nation really takes it seriously.

"During the first six months of this year the nation spent on drink £88,084,000, as opposed to £80,154,000 in the first six months of 1914.

"I think the sight of 40,000,000 war pledges worn by those who would rather die than to have worn anything approaching the blue ribbon before the war might convince them more than anything else that the whole nation is in earnest at last."

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"THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH"

(From Vancouver Province)

The second issue of "The Canadian Scottish," the regimental journal of the 16th Battalion, First C.E.F., edited by Private J. F. Cadenhead, of Vancouver, is, like the first number, a noteworthy addition to the military publications which are now in circulation. A copy of the attractively-printed and well-edited magazine has been received from Mr. Percy F. Godenrath, a well known Vancouver newspaperman, (formerly connected with the Victoria Colonist), who is now at the front.

In an introduction to the latest number Brigadier-General R. G. Edwards Leckie explains the scope of the journal, and states that it has been suggested that the magazine be published in Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg and Hamilton—where the members of the Canadian Scottish hail from—so as to make it available to the public. The proceeds, after expenses of publication have been paid, would be devoted to one of the charities connected with the war, likely the Canadian Red Cross Fund.

There is a Christmas message to the folks at home from the lads in the trenches in the issue, the sentiment: "Seas between us braid hae roar'd sin auld lang syne," painted in the cover, eloquently conveying this feeling. The second number of "The Canadian Scottish" includes a number of articles dealing with the experiences of the 16th from the time of its departure from Canada to its arrival in the firing line and subsequently.

ENTERTAINMENT NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

All hands are reminded of the kind invitation of the Misses Spencer to the "Western Scots," their wives and sweethearts, to be present at the entertainment in the old Victoria Theatre next Saturday evening. It is understood that a very interesting programme of vocal and instrumental items has been prepared, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to be present on the occasion.



CARRY ON !

—Reproduced from Punch

COL. ROSS LECTURES ON TACTICS

(Taken from Vancouver Papers)

Small, quick-firing guns are better than big, long-range, once-a-minute boomers.

It's no use charging unless you arrange to have wind enough left at the end of the journey to use your weapon.

Trench warfare is a matter of machine-guns and bombs. The principle utility of a rifle is that it supplies a good staff to which to pin a bayonet.

If you are an officer commanding, see that your men are in good shape physically. A man who is a good football half-back is worth ten scrawny clerks who know book drill like clockwork.

Treat your men like men. You have got to depend on them when you get to the front.

Don't select too young officers. Boys have courage; but the degree of callous "nerve" necessary is not found in youth.

Remember not to discount your enemy. The only way we are going to win this war is by becoming a little bit better than he is. Strive to put on the extra finish necessary.

This array of hints, suggestions and admonitions is only a small part of the many practical and useful bits of advice given by Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, commanding the 67th Western Scottish, in an address delivered Thursday evening to the officers' mess of Garrison Vancouver.

Showed Grasp of Situation

Colonel Ross took a bold tangent from the orthodox in many of the opinions he voiced, but he always showed a nice grasp of the situation, and supported his suggestions with illustrations and material that went far to convince that he was right.

The speaker dealt first with the transportation of a contingent. Before the contingent embarks it is well trained in lifeboat drill, which is a precaution in case of attack by a submarine. On the voyage the men are constantly drilled with the rifles and have shooting practice at the temporary butts on board.

Col. Ross discussed many phases of the campaign, drawing from his own experiences to enlighten those around him who would themselves be shortly going overseas, as to the most effective means of training their men. Commencing with the organization of a battalion, brigade or division, and dealing with the composition of each of these units, he dealt with the systems of transporting troops, described the war zone, and proceeded to trench warfare and the most effective defensive and offensive operations.

The evolution of trench warfare from field operations was discussed in some detail. The manner of constructing trenches, posting sentries, sighting through periscopes, the system of bringing supplies up to the trenches with the least amount of personal danger, the construction of parapets, communication trenches, "gabions," "fascines," "hurdles," wire entanglements, "chevaux-de-frise," these were all touched on, and the audience found that the present war had brought into being systems and inventions which had never been heard of in military manuals. He then proceeded to describe the routine of the trenches, giving many interesting suggestions.

Soldiers' Rations

In speaking of the soldiers' rations, the colonel said that they could have as much to eat as they needed. The usual rations consist of meat, bully-beef, bread, biscuit, salt, sugar and tea, with plenty of eternal jam. Each soldier cooks his own meals on a charcoal stove, and is eating most of the day, "as fighting gives one an unusual appetite."

When the men are relieved from the trenches they go back to some village or shacks behind the trenches, where good fresh baths are made ready for them. The men strip as they go in one door and have a good bath, which is allowed to last not more than ten minutes. On emerging at the other door each man is supplied with a newly cleaned and disinfected suit. The time is spent after this in playing football and bayonet exercises. In Colonel Ross' opinion the trenches of both British and German, on the western front, are impregnable, and the advance will be caused by the breaking down of some other front.

He told how enemy shots were recorded, the direction whence they came worked out, and the trenches reconstructed accordingly.

Shrapnel and high explosives were greatly over-rated, Col. Ross declared, adding that the big casualty list was contributed through the machine guns.

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"The Germans have twenty-four of these guns and often nearly twice that number to a battalion, and it is no wonder they have been able to make the showing they have," he remarked.

Colonel Ross was enthusiastic in his praise of short-range firearms. Ninety per cent. of the casualties in the campaign so far had resulted from the deadly fire of machine guns.

Small Guns Deadly

"Small guns are much more effective than the big guns, because they shoot faster, are more economical, and do better work all round," declared Colonel Ross. "What on earth is the use of sending a ton of metal five miles over the country to kill two men? You can get a lot of small guns up close to the enemy and smash him with 18-pound shells. The French do more effective artillery practice than any of us. Why? Simply because they have the 75-M gun, which is the prettiest little fellow you ever cast eyes upon. It discharges something like fifteen shells a minute, and the enemy fear it more than all the rest of the Allies' cannon put together."

The heavy artillery fire was not nearly as effective, according to its cost, as machine-gun fire—in fact, he believed that the Germans were maintaining their front line trenches almost entirely by machine-gun fire. A huge shell from miles and miles behind the trenches would explode in "no man's land" or elsewhere; the men near it would fall to the ground when they saw it coming, and possibly it would kill four or five of them and make a great noise. Those who were not hurt, a surprisingly large number quite near the place where the shell struck, would get up, feel all over themselves to see if they were hurt, "wobble" a bit in the legs, and then "run like blazes." A new gun of very simple make, of large bore, and with a range of only about 500 yards, was now being brought into use, and was proving far more effective than its larger and apparently more modern brother.

Shoot Quickly

The effectiveness of rifle fire also depends upon the rapidity of it, according to Colonel Ross. He was training his men at Victoria to shoot between a height of two feet and five feet—and to shoot quickly. If men shot quickly and at this height they were fairly sure to hit somebody—possibly not the soldier they were aiming at, but some one of the enemy. It was better to shoot fifteen shots quickly and kill as many men as possible than to shoot carefully, aiming straight and shooting "with the slow pressure of the trigger finger." Inasmuch as the order to fire upon an enemy is usually not given until he is within fifty yards of the trenches, he would be upon them before this "slow pressure of the trigger finger" could be tried many times.

The reason the enemy was usually permitted to reach within fifty yards of the trenches before he was fired on, Col. Ross declared, was that, had firing commenced sooner, he would possibly have retired without getting far. By the other method he would suffer more casualties and the British could "get him both coming and going."

Bombing Effective

As for "bombing," he stated that there was nothing so satisfactory as being able to drop a "hairbrush," "jam-pot" or other such bomb into a dugout filled with Germans. "There should be a good deal of practice in bomb-throwing," the lecturer advised. "It was a most useful thing to have a few bombers accompany a charge on the flanks. While the attacking party were consolidating, the bombers were able to seize a position of vantage in the newly-built trench and keep back a counter-attack. Bayonet practice should also be encouraged to the maximum possible. Men should be taught to get out of a trench, cover 200 yards, bayonet a 50-pound bag over their shoulders and clamber into another trench without undue fatigue. There was a good deal of knack in this work, and the sooner the men learned how to handle themselves the better. A tyro usually ended up a bayonet charge all in.

Attack

Another thing that the British had been taught at the front was to keep an enemy trench when once they had it—not to try to go forward and capture more. The system of advancing had also been changed somewhat. Companies (which Col. Ross described as practically independent units with very little intercourse with the other companies of a battalion while in the trenches) did not send forward platoons one after another from adjoining parts of the line. This method had resulted at first in the annihilation of each platoon as it went forward by a concentrated machine-gun fire. By advancing four groups at a time and all reaching the enemy trenches simultaneously,

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the enemy machine guns could not concentrate on one group, and there was therefore a comparatively large number of men left to use when the objective point was reached. While these first line men occupied the front line trenches, reserves which had come up directly behind them and had at the last caught up to them would press on to the next trench if practicable, and make sure of that. But front line enemy trenches had to be firmly occupied before any attempt was made to go further.

Huns Are Not Cowards

Col. Ross was disposed to laugh at the theory that the Germans were a lot of cowards and ready to run the moment a bayonet appeared above the trenches.

"Don't be foolish enough to discount the enemy," he advised. "We have all got to 'speed up,' and the sooner we get at it the better. We have got to have men who are just a bit better than the enemy in war operations, and we cannot get into that condition by simply pretending to ourselves that we are better."

Sturdy Men Needed

Col. Ross laid particular stress on the physical training of men about to go forward. If possible the officers of a unit

should get hold of men who had lived much in the open—men who would still have strength to make a charge after having stood for days up to the knees in water. The officer indicated that he has practiced what he preached by having insisted that every one of his men at the capital shall have learned how to box, and, especially, how to take "hard knocks."

Games Keep Men Fit

"Any man of my regiment who plays football can get off from drill after he has mastered the necessary routine," pronounced the lecturer. "We want men who are physically fit, and games are the best things to make them so. I encourage boxing, football, running, and all kinds of games and athletics in my regiment. It is more interesting than a lot of routine business, and the men get into better shape through this kind of work."

In regard to officers, Colonel Ross said: "I have observed many of the very young men—almost boys—who joined the British Army practically from the public schools of England. They were as courageous as could be wished, but they lacked that nerve which only comes through experience. A young fellow sees sights that take his nerve, and that is why so many young officers have to be sent home to rest. I certainly do not believe in having officers too young."

"Treat your men like men. You will find that the little favors you show them will be returned an hundredfold when you get to the front. A good officer gets to look upon his men as his children. Distinguish between men who have human failings and men who are really bad or inefficient. Punish the latter to the fullest extent allowed. Deal with the former class kindly and tolerantly. A kind word will often be the making of a fine fellow who has a bit of a failing for something or other."

THE WESTERN SCOTS' FAVORITE

(Tune: "The Irish Lad.")

Composed and sung by Pte. W. J. Willis.

It's just twelve months today we began this awful fray,
My word, it's cost a price in human blood.
Some say it's just begun—let's pray 'twill soon be done,
But prevent this awful war we scarcely could;
But till the Germans fly, we'll do our best to try
To teach them how to do the thing that's right.
We have lost now quite a few sons of Britain that were true,
And our whole determination is now to fight.

Chorus:

We'll make the Germans feel the Western Scots are real,
We'll spill our blood to make our country free,
And when we've gone away, all we want the world to say
"That all have done their duty in B.C."

Our children left with you, for we know you're kind and true,
Their fathers may be slain upon the field,
But God will bless the heart who take those children's part,
Especially if their loved ones have been killed.
And in that brighter day, when wars are swept away,
This Province shall be proud of all her sons,
With their grand heroic name, and their boys right home again,
Will rejoice to know they all stuck to their guns.

(Chorus)

So, boys, we'll do our share to slay this German bear,
And place a flag above his head that's true;
And when this deed is done, and the mighty victory won,
We will wave our sacred flag—Red, White and Blue.
So we leave you one and all, to be victors, or to fall;
To leave our loved ones here it gives us pain,
And if God spares us to return to our dear old native town
We'll all join in and sing this sweet refrain:

(Chorus)

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NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT

The first naval and military tournament to be held in Victoria has passed off with unqualified success. The arena was filled to its utmost capacity on both evenings, and the applause was deafening at times. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and the Government House party arrived promptly at 8 o'clock, the band of the 5th C.G.A. playing "God Save the King" as he entered the centre box. Admiral Storey and Col. A. T. Ogilvie, D.O.C., were also present. Col. Ogilvie honored the committee

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by being present both evenings, and presented the prizes to the various winners as each event was contested. The final of the tug-of-war between teams of the 67th Battalion C.E.F. and the 88th Battalion C.E.F. was the most exciting event of the tournament. The win of the "Western Scots" was a well merited one, and Glengarries were tossed high above the rafters as the decision was given by Commander Shenton, R.N.C.V.R. The opening number by the massed bands set everybody in a good humor, and when followed by the Centipede race, the crowds were wildly enthusiastic and on the qui vive for something sensational. Probably the most spectacular event was the "escalading" of the "Western Scots" under Major Meredith Jones. These men are deserving of the greatest praise for their excellent performance over the 15-foot wall. Their training was done in less than ten days' time and reflects great credit on their commander, Major Jones. The 11th C.M.R. and 88th Battalion C.E.F. each put on a physical drill and bayonet exercise exhibition, and went through their performance without an error. The teams from H.M.C.S. "Rainbow" and H.M.C.S. "Shearwater" were in both mounted events and afforded much amusement, wrestling on horseback. The exhibition of the six-inch loader and contest for the silver challenge cup was much appreciated, and also the naval field gun display by the R.N.C.V.R. The win of the 5th C.G.A. in the blind-folded squad drill was merited, the 67th and R.C.R. tying for second place. The programme closed with the musical ride of the 11th C.M.R., and it was indeed a compliment to the management to note that not a single person attempted to leave their seat until the band struck up "God Save the King."

The Committee have reported a net surplus of \$601.25 to be expended on comforts for the returned convalescent soldiers at the Military Convalescent Hospital, Esquimalt.

SIDNEY FIELD FORCE

Permission was granted Capt. G. S. W. Nicholson, of No. 3 Co., to go to Sidney for three days' manoeuvres, the entire body to be known as the Sidney Field Force, and to work under service conditions as nearly as possible.

The force was composed of the following:

No. 3 Company	5 officers	184 men
Machine Gun Section	..	1 officer	28 men
Scouts	1 N.C.O.	10 men
Stretcher Bearers	1 N.C.O.	2 men
Signallers		2 men
Brass Band		30 men
Transport		2 men

Total 6 officers . 260 N.C.O.'s and men

Reveille was sounded for the Field Force at the Willows Camp at 5.45 a.m. and the men had breakfast at 6.45 a.m. and marched out through the main gate with full equipment at 7.30 a.m., and, headed by the brass band, proceeded to the V. & S. Depot, where, through the courtesy of the V. & S. Railway, who provided transportation for the force, they entrained for Saanichton at 8.30 a.m., at which place the force detrained at 9.25 a.m. Headed by the brass band they marched to the Agricultural Hall, where manoeuvres were carried out. The regimental brass band gave an hours' concert, which was appreciated by the citizens of Saanichton.

The weather was anything but propitious when the column fell in for their six mile march to Sidney. It was raining "cats and dogs," but the men evinced a most cheerful spirit, which was never lacking despite the fact they got a thoroughly good soaking. Upon arrival at Sidney at twenty minutes past three the men were assigned to the following billets, for which arrangements had been made previously by the billeting officer through the kindness of the Sidney citizens:

Headquarters	Sidney Hotel
No. 3 Btn., A Company	...	Berquist Small Hotel
No. 3 Btn., B Company	...	Berquist Block
No. 3 Btn., C Company	...	Sidney Pavilion
No. 3 Btn., D Company	...	Sidney Pavilion
Machine Gun Section	...	Billings Bungalow
Band, Scouts, Signallers	.	Red Cross Hall
Stretcher Bearers	Sidney Hotel

The billets were very comfortable and well provided with stoves, enabling the men to dry out their wet clothing. The Battalion cooks had tea ready by six o'clock, and at eight o'clock the ladies of Sidney gave a dance and entertainment, at which the brass band outdid itself in the music it rendered. The entertainment was well attended by those men who were not on guards, picquets and outposts.

Reveille on Tuesday morning at 6.30 a.m. proved the existence of more rain so that very little could be done in the way of trench digging, although the men were taken out for a sharp walk.

In the afternoon the column was marched out to Deep Cove, where some operations were carried out, returning after darkness had set in. One platoon remained behind and gave an exhibition of bombing, which proved very interesting to those who witnessed it.

Before daybreak Wednesday the column started on its twenty-mile march back, arriving at the Willows punctually at 4 o'clock, the time arranged before leaving Victoria on the Monday. The march was in every detail complete, and ready for any emergency, scouts being thrown a mile ahead and advanced, flank and rear guards in positions from start to finish, and it would have been impossible for any surprise force to take the column unawares from any quarter. A halt for half an hour at Saanichton found that the ladies of that district had very kindly prepared a hot cup of coffee for every man, with a sandwich, piece of pie and cake, too. This was greatly appreciated by all ranks, and no cheers could have been more heartier and genuine than those given for the ladies of Saanichton by the soldiers, as they loked off on the second stage of their journey. Another seven miles of road burned up quickly brought the column to Royal Oak, where an hour was spent for lunch; another seven miles found the column at muddy old Willows, dismissing at 4 o'clock, just as if all had been on the usual afternoon parade.

All ranks are loud in their praise of the manner in which the people of Sidney and Saanich treated them all the way along; not a detail was omitted for the comfort of the men in

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billets at Sidney, and everywhere great interest was taken in the work being performed by the soldiers.

The brass band having returned on Tuesday, the pipe band marched out to Royal Oak, and from there played the column back to the Willows, the music making the march much lighter for everyone.

The Quartermaster's Department just worked wonders, and though the force was strictly on service conditions, the meals

of the men were prepared and served just as regular and as good as at the Willows, not a single complaint being heard from the time the troops left Victoria till their return.

The following officers conducted the tour:

Commanding Officer, Capt. G. S. W. Nicholson; Staff Officer, Lieut. A. V. Gillingham; Machine Gun Officer, Lieut. S. H. Okell; Signalling Officer, Lieut. J. F. Meredith; Q.M. and Transport, Lieut. P. Mackintosh; Billeting, Lieut. F. J. Gary; Scouts, Sergt. Johnstone.

Lieut. Meredith and twelve men from No. 12 Platoon were detailed to stop back at Sidney to look after things and generally clear up matters that could not be attended to till the business people of that town were astir. This detail started out one hour after the main body, overtaking it just at Royal Oak, thirteen miles out, averaging well over four miles an hour throughout.

SIDNEY HITS

We like Sidney, but oh you Saanichton.

Ask anyone in No. 3 Company's Bomb-throwing Platoon what happened to the black dog that tried to retrieve a "hair-brush" at the bomb throwing demonstration at Sidney last week.

"Paddy" was the envy of all dogs in Saanich as he swanked along with the Sidney Field Force.

"Paddy" must have had pork for breakfast on Monday; that V. & S. train has sure some ship motion.

Ask the Machine Gun Section what is the weight of the pack carried on the Sidney excursion. Pack, 40 lbs.; water, 40 lbs.; total, 80 lbs. That was on Monday afternoon, at any rate.

Did the officers billet at Sidney just the same as the men? Yes, just the same.

We wonder if some of the "notes" that dropped from the roll of music at the dance on Tuesday were "Coming through (with) the Rye." Oh, pshaw!

At the foot inspection by the Colonel on Thursday of the Sidney Field Force, "Paddy" had no complaints.

Returning, the officer in charge of the Rear Guard had some "walker" at Saanichton—and it wasn't Johnnie either.

Oh you mallard ducks at the Royal Oak!

The officers came through at last with a "long one" for each man at the Royal Oak. But the pipe band proved that they were Scotch, by absorption anyway, having arrived there first.

Guessing competition open as to who the officer was that hooked the girl with his spurs. Every one that saw the incident wished to become mounted men.

We wonder why the officers were singled out for an invitation into "Resthaven." We fully expected to have to return to Victoria under the Battalion Sergeant-Major.

Pte. Murphy wants a permanent place on the Rear Guard. He says it's the only place where he can keep warm.

It was unfortunate for the officers that they never draw water bottles, and had to depend on the Machine Gun Section. They should have been Scouts (that is, the M.G. Section).

Oh you drug store!

Machine Gun Section Country Residence: Billings Bungalow, Sidney, B.C.

A little spot in Sidney: The Guard Room.

It is said that the Sidney Board of Trade intends holding a special general meeting to pass a hearty vote of thanks to the paymaster of the 67th Battalion.

Gazette Notices: Changes in names on Ordnance Map No. 12: Sidney should read Brethourville; Saanichton should read Sandwichton; Royal Oak should read Oil Oke.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sidney Saanichton to Mr. Brass Band of the Western Scots.

No soldier should ever go hungry or wait for a meal when Cook Adams is on the job. He certainly was the greatest friend of all ranks on the Sidney trip.

It wasn't only the privates who enjoyed that dance.

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ATHLETICS

(By Corpl. J. HEWITT)

On Saturday, the 18th, we had a visit from the 72nd Battalion, C.E.F., of Vancouver, when they brought over a soccer team, and also a tug-of-war team. The soccer match proved to be one of the best in which the "Western Scots" have participated, an exceptionally good brand of football being exhibited. During the first half play was exceptionally even, no score having been registered, but during the second period "our boys" just ran away with the visitors, superior condition and better team work being responsible. The final score was 5 to 2 in favor of the "Western Scots."

Before the match both teams paraded before headquarters, and, headed by the pipe band, marched to the grounds, a large number of supporters joining the column en route. During intervals the brass band enlivened matters with popular airs. Lieut.-Col. Ross kicked off the ball, while Pte. W. Lorimer, of the 88th Battalion, officiated as referee.

The tug-of-war resulted in somewhat of a farce, the 72nd team easily outpulling our men. It may, however, be stated that our team is made of ten men, while the visitors only brought over six, which necessitated the breaking up of our well-trained combination.

It has been arranged that return games be played in Vancouver on Saturday, January 8, when we are sending over a soccer, basketball and a ten-men tug-of-war team. All may rest assured that each team will give a good account of themselves.

THE POULTICE WALLOPERS

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear,
A-picking up the step that's lost between the band and here,
And when we're out upon the "route" we aye can raise a cheer
As we go marching on.

No! We are not downhearted!
No! We are not downhearted!
No! We are not downhearted!
As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear,
And at the "Diarrhoea Squad" you sometimes throw a jeer,
But how about that "No. 8" when you were feeling queer,
As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear;
But in prompt "first aid," or at "sick parade" when your works
are out o' gear—
You bless the "No. 9" that cured effects of last night's beer
As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear;
But for fractured bones or blistered heels you're pleased to
have us near.
Our bandages and splints you'll want before another year,
As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear.
We can't enjoy the martial strains that cheer the Pioneer,
But we'll be there in step, my boys, without a doubt or fear,
When we get to Berlin.

No! We are not downhearted!
No! We are not downhearted!
No! We are not downhearted!
As we march to Berlin.

—J.R., S.B. Section.

MINOR NOTES

"Well! He might have been a little less high and mighty."
The remark was made by one of the High School cadets at the recent entertainment at that institution by the pupils as an officer of the militia swept grandly in at the door, and with a

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lordly sweep of his hand produced for the inspection of the keen-faced little door keeper a pass entitling the holder to a free seat. The incident, small as it was, shows a sad lack of appreciation of the good work being done by the young men of the High School Cadet Corps, and if those who are seemingly so anxious to foster local recruiting would, or could, bear in mind the fact that "the boy is father to the man," it would be more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. A few words of encouragement or even a kindly smile to the hard-working youngsters would go a long way to encourage them in their work, because "they also serve who only stand and wait."

No, gentle reader, it is no more correct form for an officer to march down the aisle of a theatre or an auditorium with his cap on his head than it would be for an ordinary gamin. Both should know better.

The many friends of Sergt. Paul Edmonds, the well-known local singer, who left here with the first draft from the 5th Artillery, will be pleased to learn that he has secured a commission in the Royal Field Artillery and is now with his battery in India.

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

(Lieut. M. M. Marsden.)

Christmas and New Year drawing near, I, on behalf of the Scout section, wish the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion a very merry Xmas and fighting New Year.

We have been busy on examinations. The scouts detailed to me for instruction having worked hard and conscientiously, I, with the sanction of the C.O., submitted a badge for his approval which all qualified scouts of our Battalion should wear. He having approved of the badge, I held a series of examinations, and I heartily congratulate the men who have passed through Battalion Orders as Qualified Scouts for the 67th.

There are still a few of the men who have not qualified, for the reason that they have not been with me long enough to get sufficient training. I wish also to thank these men for the keen interest they are taking in the work, and should we not leave for the front soon, I will hold another examination in February.

The following were the points examined on: (1) Field sketch of a route travelled; (2) road report; (3) bridge report; (4) water report; (5) general information; (6) conventional signs; (7) map reading, use of compass, or setting of map; (8) general field work.

The Scouts under me hold a record of having no crimes against them, and the highest shooting average in the battalion. They have shown themselves to be in every way thoroughly reliable, willing and intelligent. I also want to thank the O.C.'s of companies for having selected last September such good men for the work.

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I cannot let pass the uncalled for remarks which appeared two weeks ago in the "Western Scot," and would say that it is the greatest honor an officer, N.C.O. or private can have is to be selected as a Scout. A battalion without Scouts is as badly off as a man without a dollar. A scout in all kinds of warfare has the other men's safety in view all the time. Who is responsible for the protection of troops either en route or at rest? The Scouts!

Who does the C.O. rely on for all information ahead of him? The Scouts?

Why is it that no Scouts have the V.C.? For the simple reason that on active service at the front they earn a V.C. a dozen times a day, but there is no one there to see them.

Old chum Scouts of mine have gone off and never returned. Some shot. Some captured and tortured to death. Some drowned swimming rivers in flood, trying to the last to bring back information. Some killed by lions. Some by snake bites. It ill behooves any man to cast any slur on a qualified Scout of the 67th Battalion C.E.F. or any Scouts in His Majesty's forces.