

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 19th, 1916

No. 15

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

A memory—but what a memory!—the Sergeants' Ball. Some of our most jovial members danced themselves into such a state as to be fairly intoxicated—with joy; and it was not confined to subs. either!

Attention is directed to the operations of the Pioneers in the mess ante-room. On Saturday forenoon a party of them engaged in much hammering and sawing, and, while we are not prepared to go on oath, we will say that it appeared very much as though they were deliberately trying to shut out all our pet draughts. If this proves to be the case, something should be done about it. After knowing old Daddy Draught, whose home was in the northwest corner, and little Johnny Draught, who playfully shot forth from a spot above the north doorway, and all the other little draughts so endeared to us by long acquaintance, it will come hard to part with them.

WANTED! The identity of the officer who, upon being ordered home from the Sergeants' Ball at 3 a.m. by his wife, promised, in a stage whisper, to "come back." He didn't! Like Jack Johnson, they never do!

The lectures now in force by Capt. St. Clair in bayonet and sword work are much appreciated by those members of the Mess fortunate enough to be detailed for instruction. Capt. St. Clair is a master, and the "haymaker" and "thrust-over," as exemplified by him, should bring home the bacon.

It is fitting that another series of lectures should be in force at the same time, under the capable direction of Sergt.-Major Brogan, on the important topic of "First Aid." While Capt. St. Clair shows us how to inflict a wound, Sergt.-Major Brogan teaches us how to cure it.

It is unfortunate that the weather man upset our series of field days, but those we had were decidedly productive of ideas that should prove most beneficial in the hot times ahead.

NO. 1 COMPANY

Congratulations to our new Sergeant-Major. The appointment is universally popular. We now know where we are at and we are not disturbed every few minutes by the shrill blasts of a whistle.

One of our contemporaries, in its account of the route march on Tuesday, remarked that the officers and men seemed to regard the whole affair as a merry romp. Speaking for the men we might add that the romp continued merrily throughout the night, and Private W. G. Fraser is quite certain he covered more ground after than before dark. Some night.

Thanks, Brass Band, for your concert in our building on Sunday. Come again, for you will always be welcome as the flowers in spring—or pea soup after an 18-mile march. Besides, we like to see Sergeant Jones doing his terpsichorean stunts, also, Lce.-Cpl. Railton must learn the fox trot before the Sergeants' Ball, and no one will teach him, poor fellow.

The stove sure acts on the chronic grouchers like a magnet on steel. Why don't they give the other old soldiers a chance.

Great interest is being taken in the First Aid lectures given by Quartermaster-Sergeant Brogan, of Work Point. We can't have too many of them, and they are just the thing for wet days.

By the bye, does No. 1 Company ever march to "shun"?

As we go to press Sergeant Brice is delivering one of those delightful little lectures for which he is so justly famous.

NO. 2 COMPANY

At last we have a new flag proudly waving over the main gate.

Lt. Falkner met with a painful accident during the hockey match between the City Amateurs and the 67th Battalion, sus-

taining a broken nose, necessitating his absence from duty for a few days. We are glad to see him back again with us.

During C.S.-Major Johnstone's absence as Acting Battn. Sgt.-Major, Sgt. Crosswaite has been Acting C.S.-Major. We bet the little girl thinks you're the only thing now, eh Sergeant?

Another one on the casualty list: We are sorry to hear of the illness of Private F. Wood, who is laid up at home with bronchitis.

"Tubby" Barr got mad the other day when he had been promised a good supper after the route march, and only got a little "pea-soup." "Tubby" maintains that he is no Frenchman. He is thinking of transferring himself to the "Bantams," though we have our doubts if he can get in if they take the weight of the applicant into consideration. Pea-soup or no pea-soup, you are looking in good health anyhow, "Tubby." "Carry on!"

Hurrah! We got a load of wood. How we got it is not the burning question at present, but we got it anyway.

Kilts may be warm, as we are informed by some, but don't you notice the Pipe-Major wearing "breeks" these cold days, or is it his natural modesty (?) that makes him cover his manly knees up?

Talking of "modesty," ask any of the Empress Hotel officials if he is so, or attend a Sergeants' Mess meeting when he is making a speech, and you'll find out.

The devil sat by the lake of fire, on a pile of sulphur kegs;
His head was bowed upon his breast, his tail between his legs.
A look of shame was on his face, the sparks dripped from his eyes;

He had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies.
"I'm down and out," the devil said; he said it with a nod.
"There are others who outclass me, and I want to quit my job.
Hell isn't in it with the land that lies along the Rhine;
I'm old and out of date, and therefore, I resign.
One Krupp-Munition maker, with bloody shot and shell,
Knows more about damnation than all the imps of hell;
Give my job to Kaiser Bill, or Ferdinand the Czar,
Or to Sultan Abdul Hamid, or some other man of war.
I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well,
But I feel I'm not up to date in the art of running hell."
And the devil spat a spurt of steam at a brimstone bumble-bee,
And muttered: "I'm outclassed by Hohenzollern deviltry."

Maybe we are training for campaigning in the Far North, as it is said that the Kaiser is "up the Pole."

Capt. Bullen, Lieutenants McDiarmid, Falkner and Wooler, all the sergeants and a number of the men of No. 2 Company attended the ball at the Empress Hotel on Friday night.

Some dance!!

Pay day,
Big day,
Grouch gone,
Hurrah!!

NO. 4 COMPANY

We saw Pte. Higgins, of the band, having an automobile ride the other night. It's true he did not seem any too keen about participating in it, but no doubt he enjoyed himself after he got going.

The ball on Friday night at the Empress was voted a huge success. Perhaps it will help to show that the Western Scots are not quite so "tough" as they are painted.

We trust No. 3 Company enjoyed the meal we gave them at Colwood. We are, of course, always delighted to sacrifice our meals to any company which comes along in the nice gentlemanly way No. 3 did.

We would like to call the attention of the fire picquet to C.-Sergt.-Major Watson's ability as a fire extinguisher.

We liked the nice way another unit fell in and blocked the road as we approached them on a recent route march.

Sir Edward Grey has nothing on Capt. Nicholson as a diplomat when it is No. 3 Company's turn as Duty Company.

When it comes to field days you will notice that we are always to the fore, and the comfortable assumption of effortless superiority usually indulged in by certain others gets a rude shock.

We must congratulate Q.M.S. MacNicol on the realization of his dreams about the wood. It is greatly appreciated these balmy, sultry evenings.

We regret that we have lost Lieut. Perks. Still, our loss is the Transport Section's gain.

Surely something can be done to make the main building more comfortable. These buildings have now been in use as barracks since August, 1914, and still nothing is done. It's all very well to assume that we can muddle through somehow, but the assumption doesn't make you any warmer at nights or help you to get rid of a cold. We shall royally entertain the Camp Quartermaster if he will spend his nights in our building for one week. We are sure that any expense we were put to would be as bread cast upon the waters. We want but little here below, but want that little without a draught.

Ask the Red Cross if the Western Scots are not amongst the best behaved men they have come in contact with, notwithstanding the remark made in the city that all the nice men had left. Citizens are at last beginning to appreciate that when Colonel Ross asked for hardy men he got them, but at the same time these hardy men are able to comport themselves as gentlemen. The entertainment given by the Red Cross, under the supervision of Mrs. Chas. Wilson, was one of the most sociable we have attended. We were made to feel at home right from the start, and we wish to take this opportunity of conveying our thanks to all.

When it comes to a Highland Schottische you should see our "gallant galloping major." He certainly entered into the spirit of the affair.

If Pte. Stacey's feet were as large as his chest the broad highway to the hospital tent would be very much broader.

If the line orderlies for No. 13 Platoon would pay less attention to the outpourings of such a flippant writer as Rider Haggard and more attention to the proper alignment of the bed lines on the blanket, there would be fewer complaints from the Orderly Officer.

On reaching Parson's Bridge the order was given to break step. This only referred to No. 4 Company, as the other companies' step had been broken ever since they left the barracks.

SCOUT SECTION

Pte. C. C. Copping, the pen and ink artist, ably assisted by Pte. Wolf, spent the greater part of Saturday and Sunday tracing out copies of "Scout Section Field Sketch No. 1." As the old lady said of a certain thing in her household, "These are useful men to have around."

When we returned from one of the recent field days a discussion arose as to whether a man could make the distance to Sidney and back in eight hours "Go as you please." Those who accompanied Mr. Meredith when he took his speed-burning flying column around the left flank of the Blue Force are prepared to back him to accomplish the feat. Ask Pte. Hen-shall what he thinks.

Pte. Fatcher managed to make an accurate route map of roads covered on our reconnaissance of the 10th. Although we travelled at times at at least five miles an hour, Fatcher had his map correct and kept up with the Section all of the time.

On-Again,-Off-Again,-Gone-Again-Finnegan Johncox has left us again. First the Scouts, then the Musketry Department, the Scouts again; now he is in the Transports.

Does Major Christie know how near he was to being captured during the manoeuvres of the 10th inst.? Pte. Sheppard crept up to within twenty yards of him while he was standing at the edge of the wood opposite the little school on the Cedar Hill Cross Road.

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GOVERNMENT STREET

The Brass and Pipe Bands being frozen up solid during the recent cold spell, the new Scout Mouth Organ Band, composed of Ptes. Gardner and Gibson, is a very welcome acquisition. How about some more musicians to help them out?

We are sorry Lce.-Corpl. Mumford has been under the weather recently, but confidently expected him to recover in time for the Farewell Ball. This proved to be the case, but he spent the night of the 14th on guard, and that on the West Gate, too! This was too bad, as the gallant corporal had purchased four tickets, one gentleman's and three ladies'.

Big McNeil, of No. 1 Company, guided the Battalion home "by the shortest route" when we returned from Colwood the other day. He did fine with the exception of going up one bum street, the reason for which was not apparent until we saw the young lady wave to him from a certain window there.

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

The following is a list of unusual happenings around our Section during the past week:

Sunday—Peters made no kick about anything.

Monday—Teddy established a Field Hospital. (Some hospital too).

Tuesday—Bill got stalled in the snowstorm. (Some class to the Dominion).

Wednesday—Ronald paid us a visit at mess table.

Thursday—Wallace made no quotations.

Friday—Johnnie had no date on.

Saturday—Rashleigh had a bath.

Who cracked Peter's mirror? Why the one who used it most.

Why did a certain Scotty ask who was in bed on New Year's Day? He did declare he enjoyed Johnnie's treat.

We all feel anxious about "Marmaduke."

Overheard during a visit of an officer to the hospital: "Yes, sir, we are getting on well, sir—allright sir—yes sir—sir—sir—sir—sir—sir."

The new hospital is beginning to get into good shape. Many articles are yet needed, however, to make it a fit place for sick men during these cold, stormy days. The thanks of the entire battalion are due the local Red Cross organization and to Mrs. Chas. Wilson and Mrs. Burton in particular, who have given so much and worked so hard to make both our hospitals comfortable and well equipped. Again, fellows: "The ladies, God bless 'em."

Norman and Ted took their week-end together. That's the long and short of it.

After his indisposition, Pte. Dooley has returned to his duties and continued his course of lectures.

We hope that the entire Battalion will appreciate the lectures on First Aid given by Sergt.-Major Brogan. He is well fitted to "deliver the goods."

THE PIPES

We note a protest from the Pipe Band in this week's notes, and, as a result of personal observation, we feel that it is quite justified, if a trifle impassioned. Naturally it is not possible to force a man to care for the music of the pipes if the love for them runneth not in his blood. Nevertheless, every man, whatever his rank, in the 67th Battalion owes respect to the pipes. The 67th Battalion has the honor to be regarded officially as a Scottish Battalion, and in the history of British arms there is no prouder distinction. Turn where you will in the pages of British glory and you will read of the Scots and their prowess; listen to the echoes of past British battles and you will hear, above the din and the clash, the skirl of the pipes. To one who has the blood o' Scots folk in him, the pipe music is the grandest of fighting music—more than music; an inspiration, a recitation of the brave deeds of his fathers, a reassurance of the fact that in him runs the blood of daring that can emulate those deeds. It sounds ill in the ears of such an one to hoot the pipes, to refer to the pipers as "snake charmers," and otherwise to evince contempt of them.

Therefore, we repeat, while it cannot fairly be expected that one who comes not naturally by a love for the pipes shall prefer them, it certainly must be demanded of every man who is a member of this Battalion, that he pay to the pipes the respect that is due to their high place in the history of British military achievement.

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==== PURE =====

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The Western Scot

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1916

RESUME AND FORECAST

By Lt.-Col. Ross, C.O.

We started the Battalion training by attention to organization, the placing of men in sections, forming up the sections in platoons and companies. Squad drill was then carried out, accustoming men to obey orders and to carry on elementary work. When sufficiently advanced, battalion drill was taken up. Physical drill, alternating with route marches, were frequently carried out, to get the men's bodies in good physical condition. Rifle exercises were next taken up and a thorough course in musketry imparted to the men, with practice at the Clover Point Ranges. Bayonet work was next specialized in and the whole Battalion put through a rigorous course of training in this important field work.

The men, having learned the principles of military training as applied to peace times, attention was next concentrated in training essential to the present mode of warfare at the front, in France, and trench warfare was undertaken. Having secured the use of an 80-acre field, trenches were dug, parapets built, wire entanglements constructed, and the men accustomed to the duties required, being taught how to take over trenches at night, to cook their rations on brasiers, and how the work is carried on in Flanders.

A systematic grounding having been given them in this class of work, and the developments in the Eastern theatre of the war precluding the possibility of the Battalion being sent to Egypt, it was thought advisable to teach the men something of the warfare that might be expected to be coped with in that field of action, and a course of field operations was undertaken. Marches and manoeuvres were planned in the vicinity of Royal Oak and Mount Tolmie, and constant practice given the men in defensive positions, attacking formation, reconnaissance work, outposts, and guarding of strategic positions.

The Battalion is now taking up a course in First Aid work, to fit every man to look after himself or any other man wounded.

Next week it is proposed to take up an elementary course in field engineering, and instruction will be given the men in fortifications, demolition of buildings, bridges, etc., defences for villages, barricades, and destruction of railroads. When this course is through, the Battalion will then be fitted to take their place in any sphere of warfare, with the feeling of confidence that the men know how to carry on effectively.

It has been a matter of considerable pride to me to have had the opportunity of watching the efficient leadership of the officers, and their thorough grasp of difficult situations and the good common sense that they have displayed in looking after the welfare of the men. The loyal way in which the men have responded to the orders and plans of the officers and have entered into the whole work in a spirit of determination to fit themselves in every way possible to be efficient soldiers has been a source of great gratification to me, and has given me a sense of confidence that the Western Scots will make a splendid showing when they have the opportunity of putting into practice the principles and training they have gone through while in Canada.

Just one word to officers, N.C.O.'s and men, that is, at all times to play the game, to realize just how serious is the task before the British Empire in fighting against a so highly organized and trained foe. I want to impress upon all ranks the urgent necessity for every one to be as efficient as possible and to know every detail of their work, for only in this way will we be able to avoid casualties through mistakes, and when we meet the enemy, inflict upon him heavy losses.

Now that we are drawing close to the time that we may expect to move to the front, anything that makes for inefficiency in the Battalion, such as lack of discipline, drink, want of attention to details and unsoldierly conduct, will not be tolerated.

I want to see all ranks put forth their best efforts to assimilate knowledge imparted to them, and in every way train themselves to be efficient soldiers, so that when the time shall come, the Western Scots may deserve and earn a reputation that will be an honor to Canada.

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Scouts and Scouting

(By Lieut. M. M. MARSDEN)

The Field operations in the neighborhood of Parson's Bridge, which took place on Tuesday last, were very instructive for the Scout section. The Scouts were divided up into eight small parties, each one of which had certain specific work. One party had to make a report on bridges, another party to report on roads and grades, and so on. The result of the combined work of all the parties is shown by the Field sketch and reports attached.

Headquarters, 67th Batt., 11th January, 1916.
 From Lt. M. M. Marsden, O.C. Scout Section,
 To Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O., 67th Batt.

Sir:—In accordance with your instructions, I, today with the Scout Section did the following work:

Special Idea

To select a good defensive position in the neighborhood of the intersection of East Sooke and Metchosin Road, and the Otter Road and Malahat Drive.

Operations

I entrained 30 Scouts at the Willows Camp at 9 a.m. on the B. C. Electric tram line, and proceeded to the nearest point, namely the intersection of Tillicum street and Craigflower Street, where I detrained. From there I proceeded by the nearest route to Parson's Bridge. There I encountered a small patrol of the enemy, who were captured by my first line of Scouts.

I then advanced as far as the Colwood Hotel, where I established my headquarters. I kept in close communication with Lieut. Wilmot, who was in charge of the Vanguard, and whose headquarters were at Parson's Bridge. I sent out a screen of Scouts to guard all roads and trails approaching from the north and west.

Attached find copies of messages sent and received.

The Scouts all worked with great intelligence, and as soon as possible I will be able to give you a very complete Road and Bridge report of the route travelled.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

MAURICE M. MARSDEN, Lieut.,
 O.C. Scout Section, 67th Batt.

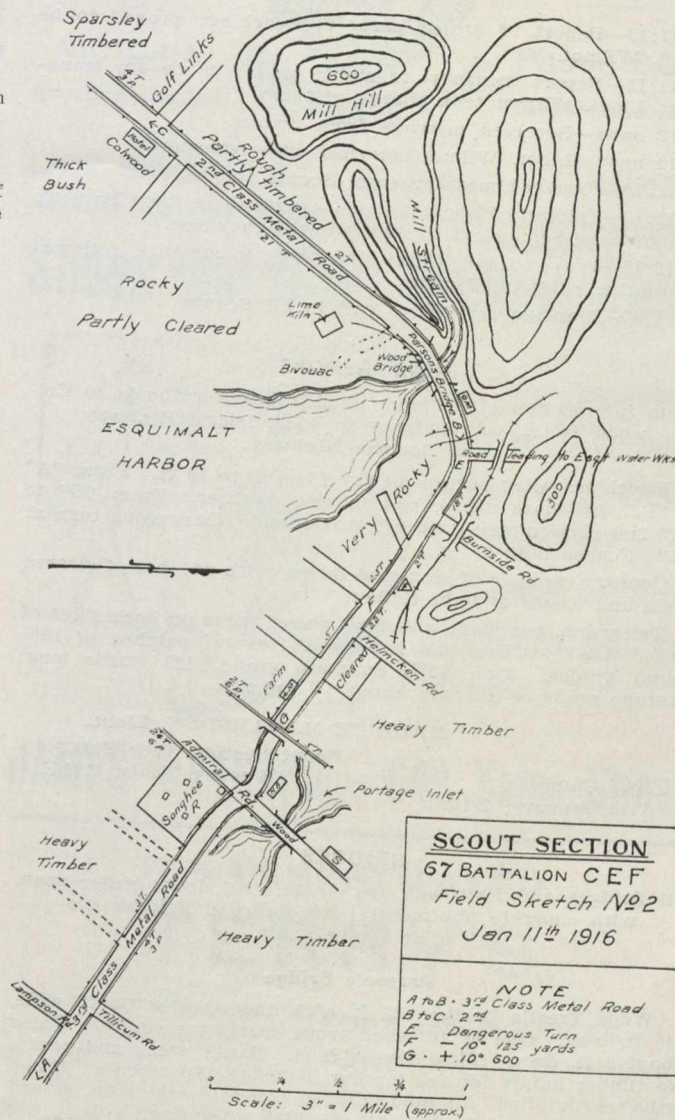
(Copy)

MESSAGES SENT

- No. 1. 10:40 a.m. Parson's Bridge.
 To O.C. Advance Party:
 Small party of the enemy, six men, captured at Parson's Bridge.
 (Signed) M. MARSDEN, Lieut., O.C. Scouts.
- No. 2. 11-1-16. 11:15 a.m. Colwood Hotel.
 To O.C. Advance Party:
 Have destroyed bridge crossing Mill Stream, about one mile and half north of Colwood Hotel.
 (Signed) M. M. MARSDEN, Lieut., O.C. Scouts.
- No. 3. 11-1-16. 11:30 a.m. Colwood Hotel.
 To O.C. Advance:
 Have established Headquarters of Scouts at Colwood Hotel, and sent screen of Scouts ahead on all roads approaching from north and west.
 (Signed) M. M. MARSDEN, Lieut., O.C. Scouts.
- No. 4. 11-1-16. 12 noon. Colwood Hotel.
 To O.C. Advance:
 Nothing new to report.
 (Signed) M. M. MARSDEN, Lieut., O.C. Scouts.
- No. 5. 11-1-16. 12:20 p.m. Colwood Hotel.
 To O.C. Advance:
 In accordance with instructions you will retire to bivouac.
 (Signed) M. M. MARSDEN, Lieut., O.C. Scouts.

MESSAGES RECEIVED

- 11:05 a.m. 11-1-16.
 To O.C. Scouts:
 Have seized and destroyed Mill Stream Bridge.
 (Signed) SERGT. JOHNSTONE, Scouts.
- 11:43 a.m. At point about one mile from Hotel.
 To O.C. Scouts:
 Have detached party of men to examine country to right of road and work back to Hotel under Mill Hill. Am deploying off road and examining country to left of road with remainder of party.
 (Signed) SERGT. JOHNSTONE, Scouts.



- 11:55 a.m. 11-1-16. At point on R.R. Grade.
 To O.C. Scouts:
 Am sending two men with this message to follow R.R. Grade to main road (Sooke Road), and thence to you. Am continuing across country with remainder of men.
 (Signed) SERGT. JOHNSTONE, Scouts.
- 12:07. 11-1-16. Colwood P.O.
 To O.C. Scouts:
 Am returning to Hotel Colwood from point of despatch of this message with remainder of my party. Colwood, small village of about 100 inhabitants—Post Office, Hotel and two small churches (one with steeple), which, however, are not good landmarks.
 (Signed) SERGT. JOHNSTONE, Scouts.
- No. 2. 11-1-16. 11:20 a.m. Near Colwood Hotel.
 To O.C. Scouts:
 Received your message 11:20. Have found bivouac ground and detailed men to guard bridge and ground. Am marching

THE WESTERN SCOT

towards Colwood Hotel to reconnoitre, and will be back at Parson's Bridge at 12 noon.

(Signed) WILMOT,
O.C. Vanguard.

To Scout Officer:

Troops all in bivouac at Parson's Bridge. Call in all Scouts.
(Signed) C. HARBOTTLE, Major,
O.C. Advance.

Received 12:40 p.m.
At Headquarters. 11-1-16.

NOTES

- 11:35—Report of armed party approaching; proved to be Lieut. Wilmot.
11:55—Report transport in sight; proved to be our transport; Lieut. Wilmot took charge of them.
12 noon—Received message from Scouts.
12 noon—Lieut. Wilmot returned with transport.
12:10—Received message from Scouts.
12:15—Column of about 50 men approaching from Parson's Bridge; sent Scouts out to find out who they are.
12:17—Proved Lieut. Garry and party in advance, followed by another party of 50 men.
12:40—Message received to call in all Scouts.

ROAD REPORT

From intersection of Tillicum and Craigflower Roads to Colwood Hotel, via Craigflower Road, Island Highway and Roemac Highway.

Width travelled portion 24 ft. Cleared to 50 ft. From "A" to "B," 3rd class metal, bad in wet weather. From "B" to "C," 2nd class metal, good all year round. Dangerous turn at "E." Fenced both sides.
Country consists of scattered farms, with patches of cleared lands and woods of light timber.
Telegraph, telephone and high power wires on both sides of road. Road winding and hilly, with several patches of 10% (plus) grades. One 12% (minus) grade, 125 yards long. Average grade of all road about 4% (plus).

MAURICE M. MARSDEN, Lieut.,
Scout Section, 67th Batt.,
Western Scots, C.E.F.

Willows Camp,
11th January, 1916.

BRIDGES

All Bridges and Railroads are single steel deck, girder span, with concrete abutments. All Railroad Bridges are 12 ft. above roads.

Parson's Bridge

Wood Trestle Bridge. 35 ft. high above water, 18 ft. wide, 240 ft. long. One 60 ft. wood truss span over water. Water about 9 ft. deep. Tidal rise of 2 ft. Banks steep and rocky. No timber handy for reinforcing. 17 bents. Abutments: Wood cribs, earth filled. All mud-sills on concrete and rock. Guard rail both sides of bridge, 3½ ft. high. Condition: Good for Field Artillery only.

MAURICE M. MARSDEN, Lieut.,
Scout Section, 67th Batt.,
Western Scots, C.E.F.

Willows Camp,
11th January, 1916.

WATER REPORT

No water available except from wells.

General Remarks

Country sparsely populated and undulating. Alternate thick brush, woods and cleared lands. Probable food supply available: Cattle 40, Horses 20, Sheep 100, Poultry 500. (Attached find Field Sketch No. 2).

MAURICE M. MARSDEN, Lieut.,
Scout Section, 67th Batt.,
Western Scots, C.E.F.

Willows Camp,
11th January, 1916.

The Scouts have been extremely busy the last week doing the work in Field operations that they will be required to do on Active Service at the Front. I am too busy this week to do more than give to our readers a copy of one of the reports brought into me by one of the Scouts who was Scout observer for the Red Force during the Field operations on the 6th January, 1916. This report is most excellent, and I would advise our readers to carefully read it.

All the Qualified Scouts have worked well on the manoeuvres, having shown intelligence, and both the Qualified and Unqualified Scouts have proved to be most willing to learn all that it is in my power to teach them.

An article which I hope will prove most interesting to all our readers will appear in the next issue.

Following is the report of the Scout observer with the Red Force on January 6th:

REPORT RE FIELD OPERATIONS ON THURSDAY, 6-11-16

General Plan of Operations

A body of troops, holding a position directly south and adjacent to Mount Douglas, are running short of ammunition. An ammunition column is proceeding from the Willows to their relief.

Route of Travel

Advance and main body of troops guarding the advance of column will travel by Mount Tolmie, Cedar Hill Cross and Cedar Hill Roads. Our extreme western flank will be guarded by a party advancing along Cook Street. Convoy will proceed to objective by traversing roads along the coast line.

Information Regarding Enemy

Enemy in a position in line and to the west of Mount Douglas.

The Operations

Operations proper started at 9:30 a.m., when I detailed two men to proceed to the top of Mount Tolmie as look-out men, with special instructions to watch any attempt of enemy to land along the coast.

At 10 a.m. I left the Willows with my party of Scouts and proceeded to the corner of Lansdowne and Mount Tolmie Roads, where I despatched Scouts through the woods in the vicinity of Mount Tolmie, along Cadboro Bay Road, Finnerty Road, and as far west as Cook Street, all intervening country being covered. My own advance was on a diagonal line across the fields from the corner of Lansdowne and Mount Tolmie Roads to Cedar Hill Road. Instructions to Scouts were to thoroughly scout the country through which they advanced, paying special attention to cross roads and all possible cover. Information was to be brought to me at the Church at the Cedar Hill Cross Roads in the first instance, and thence on the Cedar Hill Road, as our general advance proceeded to Mount Douglas.

On reaching the Church at the Cedar Hill Cross Roads information was brought to me that the country to the south of Cedar Hill Cross Road and east of Cedar Hill Road, was clear of the enemy.

Shortly after my arrival at the Church, two of the enemy were captured and sent to the rear in charge of messenger and message despatched as per copy attached (No. 1). This message requested the Advance Guard to halt until country in vicinity (which afforded magnificent cover for an ambush) to be thoroughly scouted. This message was despatched at 10:50 a.m.

At 11:08 a.m. an enemy cyclist was captured approaching along Cedar Hill Road towards the Church from a southerly direction. This prisoner was sent to the rear as per message (No. 2) attached.

At 11:18 a.m. a message was despatched (No. 3 attached), informing that a body of the enemy was advancing along the Blenkinsop Road on our extreme western flank. Immediately following this, word was received by me of the capture of a portion of our flanking party, and I despatched a messenger to make his report personally.

Having received no word from either our Advance or Main Body, I surmised that the general plan of advance as laid down before the commencement of the operations had been changed, and that instead of advancing along the Cedar Hill Road to Mount Douglas, another road or roads to the east had been traversed. This assured me that the main object of our force, i.e., to get convoy of ammunition in safety to Mount Douglas, would be achieved, as all my information tended to show that the enemy was concentrating his forces with the intention of preventing any advance along the Cedar Hill

Road. I, however, deemed it advisable to hold my position, as I had not been advised officially of any change of route.

At 11:26 a.m. a message (No. 4 attached), was despatched to C.O. Red Force, informing of the presence of a large body of the enemy 250 yards from the church at the Cedar Hill Cross Roads.

At 12 noon a message (No. 5 attached), was despatched to C.O. Red Force, informing of the presence of a large body of the enemy lying in ambush on the ridge to the west of the Cedar Hill Road, and about 400 yards north of the Cedar Hill Cross Road. This message further informed of the presence of a Signal Station there.

Hearing the sounds of battle in the north, I then deployed across the fields to the east of Cedar Hill Road with the intention of getting nearer the scene of operations; before, however, I could reach my objective, the bugle sounded "Cease Fire" at 1 p.m.

Comments on the Operations

The scouts under my charge worked exceedingly well, in fact I do not think any body of men could have brought better or more comprehensive information than that with which I was served. At all times since first sighting him, the Scouts were in touch with the enemy, and when one Scout came to me with information, another would keep up with any fresh move the enemy might make.

(Copy)

No. 1. Cedar Hill X Roads.

To O.C. Advance Guard:
In touch with enemy. Please wait till country scouted this vicinity. Two prisoners herewith.
10:50 a.m. 6-1-16. O.C. SCOUTS

(Copy)

No. 2. Cedar Hill X Roads.

To O.C. Advance:
Enemies cyclist herewith. Was captured approaching Cross Roads from South along Cedar Hill Road to Church.
11:08 a.m. O.C. SCOUTS.

(Copy)

No. 3. Cedar Hill X Roads.

To O.C. Advance:
Half Company of enemy advancing column of route along Blenkinsop Road, going towards Mount Douglas. Sighted at 11:05 a.m.
Time of message 11:18 a.m. O.C. SCOUTS.

(Copy)

No. 4. Cedar Hill Road.

To C.O. Red Force:
Two hundred and fifty of enemy lying in extended order facing west in position 250 yards from Cedar Hill Road, and to north of Cross Road.
11:26 a.m. O.C. SCOUTS.

(Copy)

No. 5. Cedar Hill X Road.

To C.O. Red Force:
Enemy in large numbers (one Company) lying in ambush behind ridge to west of Cedar Hill Road, and about 400 yards north of Cross Roads. There is Signal Station behind large stone house.
12 noon. O.C. SCOUTS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued.)

I don't imagine that many of the boys knew that in South Africa early in 1901 we had two British officers tried by court-martial, found guilty and executed for killing a German. Had it not been for that fact I don't think I would have mentioned the subject at all. It's not very pleasant to dwell on, and was very keenly felt by all ranks at the time. Of course I did not have access to the evidence, so I am going to give you the bare facts as they came to my attention afterwards. Even the men attached to the outfit at the time were loth to speak of it. My information came from Ernest Lord, of Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island, who was a sergeant in the Bushveldt Carabiniers at the time. This corps was one of many semi-colonial mounted regiments formed in 1901. This particular one was officered principally by Australian officers who had remained in the country after their regiments had returned home.

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The Bushveldt Carabiniers, as the name implies, were serving in the bush veldt of the Eastern Transvaal, the Zoutspanberg, Lydenburg, and Barberton districts. It is a semi-tropical country, very malarious, with a low altitude in contradistinction to the central portion of the Orange Free State and Transvaal, which averages from three to four thousand feet above sea level. As far as I can understand, the whole trouble started from a feeling that some sort of reprisal should be taken against the Boers as a protest for the treatment meted out to our fellows by them if they were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner. Their favorite method was to strip a man to his skin, take his clothing for their own use, and finally turn him loose on the veldt, maybe four or five days from any British camp. I have seen men turn up insane from this treatment, and you can imagine what a state their bodies would be in after roaming around naked, exposed to a tropical sun.

Well, this bunch, the Carabiniers, made up their minds that they would take no more prisoners, or in the old phrase, put every one they caught "out of mess." Whether this idea was inspired by the officers or not I don't know; probably it was, but I don't suppose the men needed much encouragement under the circumstances. Anyhow, that was the beginning of the trouble, and from killing prisoners to committing other excesses was but a step. There happened to be a German mission station near the headquarters of the Carabiniers, and it seems they remonstrated several times to the commanding officer, protesting that their actions were against the rulings of the Geneva and Hague Conventions, and threatened to bring the matter to the attention of Lord Kitchener. What a difference fifteen years have made! Think of a German at the present time, their very name odious to the civilized world, guilty as a nation and as individuals of every conceivable form of brutality, doomed to be ostracized by civilization for generations—and we can thank God for our own code, which makes women and children non-combatants, prisoners, a wounded enemy or Red Cross workers sacred in our eyes.

It doesn't need Geneva conventions to teach us this. It is simply our way; and lax though it may seem in view of what has happened in this war, this same code breeds men instead of beasts, makes for confidence in place of contempt with neutral nations, and allows the British soldier as a citizen to retain his whole self respect.

However, in the present instance the missionary persisted in his accusations, and eventually started for Pretoria, accompanied by some Kaffir servants. He was killed on the road, and Major Morant, Captain Hancock and Lieutenant Witton were implicated. Unfortunately for these officers Lord Kitchener just at this time was inflicting very severe punishments on Cape Colonial rebels and Boer leaders who had been guilty of outrages and captured. Commandant Lotter had been executed, and we were trying our best to catch Jack Hinton, notorious for blowing up trains at every opportunity.

Morant, Hancock and Witton were found guilty, the two former officers were shot at Pretoria, and Witton, the junior, was sentenced to life imprisonment. He served six or seven years and was eventually released owing to the repeated solicitations of the Australian people.

Writing of the Lydenburg district puts me in mind of Paul Kruger. This was the country he was in when he finally escaped from South Africa; not escaped exactly, because he had his own train and we had no troops there to prevent him going. Many curious yarns were current for years afterward regarding Kruger, his habits, his mode of life, and especially what disposition was made of the enormous amount of gold he was popularly supposed to have carried off with him. When Lord Roberts entered Pretoria Kruger, with some of his Generals, retreated towards Portuguese territory and halted at a place called Machadodorp, or I believe Kruger personally was at Waterval Boven, a few miles away, on the Pretoria, Lorenzo Marquez railroad.

This was the last gasp of the Republic as an organized government. The President was accompanied by the officers of the government, the archives, mint officials, etc., and as it turned out, many of them said farewell for the last time. Among the troops were the foreign legion and the Irish brigade. This foreign legion was composed of all nationalities, Scandinavian, French, Austrian, German, in fact, of adventurers from every country in Europe. The Irish Brigade were Irish or American Irish, commanded by Col. Lynch, now Mr. Arthur Lynch, M.P. for Galway, his second in command being Col. McBride, of Chicago. Some of you remember Col. Lynch's peculiar history, his trial in London for high treason, his imprisonment and eventual release to become one of the Irish legislators at Westminster. Among McBride's men was a young American enthusiast named Edward Morris, a Texas boy who purely in sympathy, had paid his own expenses from Galveston to Pretoria to assist the Boers. We did not possess the sympathy of the great body of the American people in the South African war, principally, I suppose, because the Transvaal had a Republican constitution and form of government.

As a matter of fact it was a dictatorship pure and simple, and a vicious one at that. General Diaz in Mexico did not have anything on Oom Paul when it came to running a one-man concern. So here was young Morris with the rest of the Irish Brigade and foreign legion, or in his own words, "the finish she had come and we were all bust." On the siding was Kruger's special train, including four box cars. They surmised that in one of the cars was the bullion old Kruger was getting away with. Morris told me they had all paraded to Mr. Reitz, the Secretary of State, asking him to see the President and try to get them enough money to leave the country with. He absolutely refused, giving as a reason that the

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country needed all the finances it had and they must shift for themselves.

This made them hostile and penniless, as they were desperate. These adventurers considered that as volunteers they had done everything in their power to aid the beaten government and were entitled to consideration, especially as Kruger was preparing to desert the country as a rat does a sinking ship. On Mr. Reitz bluntly refusing them aid they determined to take it if they could.

However, it was impossible, they had delayed too long and too many nationalities were in the plot to make it feasible, as they would not stick together. One morning they woke up to see three or four thousand burghers around the train as a guard, and their opportunity was gone. It has always been a mystery what became of the bullion. Kruger himself went to Holland on a Dutch man-o'-war, and he was supposed to have shipped a great deal of personal effects on a sailing ship called the "Dorothea."

This vessel was wrecked with all hands on the Portuguese east coast. To my own knowledge two expeditions were organized in Johannesburg to hunt for and salvage the "Dorothea," but they had no success. Undoubtedly he had some millions of pounds, for in addition to the plunderings of years the Boers for some time had worked some of the richer gold mines for their own benefit, the Robinson, the Village Main and Bonanza all suffered in this way.

A great deal of gold was made up in what is called "Pilgrim's Rest" sovereigns. Just a disc of gold with "ein pond" (one pound) stamped on one side.

These coins possess considerable value from a numismatic point of view, as they were a regular issue of the mint officials of the Transvaal Government.

H. M. CAMPBELL,
No. 1 Company.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

To the Editor of the "Western Scot":

We revive! Life once more feels worth living, and the regiment needs our wonted, impertinent appearance in print.

To begin with, Piper Brown is to be congratulated on leaving hospital, also on the attention he received there at the hands of the Stretcher Bearers—and others.

Our drummers are the limit, but Drummer 'Iggins, of the Brass Band, is the dizzy limit, particularly when it comes to stealing another man's chicken.

Drummer Paterson's audacity at a recent "cornkister" promises to introduce a strong comparison between himself and 'Iggins aforesaid. Up to the present Pat is satisfied to travel by the common or garden jitney, but ambition often does lead to liveried chauffeurs. For a translation of "cornkister," consult Pioneer Sergt. Smith.

In the course of our travels we see many objects of familiar appearance. It did make us feel at home to find a 67th officer's cap badge in the house of Jim Crawford, who has the store at Saanichton. There are two possible explanations of this, but No. 3 Company is probably in a better position than anyone to give the correct one.

In accordance with the earnest desire of our Pipe-Major and the rest of the Band, we take this opportunity of mentioning something which happened on the occasion of our recent route march to Colwood. Before starting on the return journey we tuned pipes—after thawing them out at a fire. As soon as a reed could be heard some of the men in the companies had to give vent to a howl. This happens very frequently, and in a truly Highland regiment would lead the vocalist to tap his heels on the guardroom floor in quick time. For the benefit of those afflicted with this particular brand of nuisance we intimate that another such exhibition will prove sad for someone. There are other regiments for those who dislike anything Scotch.

Take the self-styled "civilized" haters of Highland dress and Highland music out of this regiment and you would not lose very much brain quality. Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that the Pipe Band is a congregation of bare-legged savages, there are many reasons why it earns all the respect the regiment has to give.

Just because a few men in the regiment are entirely, painfully, ignorant as regards pipe music, or any kind of music, is no reason why they should advertise their ignorance, along with a total lack of gentlemanly thought or consideration.

Take it for granted, the officers of the regiment have allowed some of this to pass unnoticed for the simple reason they are ashamed to have to tell any of their men that their manners are those of animals—half-witted animals.

We are tickled to do our share in giving the Battalion a proud history, short as it is, and we expect to take dirt from no man, nor number of men, in the regiment. We gave a ball recently because we felt too proud to levy money from the men without giving something in return. Our gratitude to those who helped us on that occasion has no limit, and we expect them to do their best in discouraging such unseemly conduct as sometimes becomes a real disgrace to a Scotch regiment.

A gey queer, hauf hung tae curn o' chiels in this regiment. If a' hid my wye wi' some o' them a' wid beery them in the midden.

They say Piper Duncan Campbell has been corresponding with some matrimonial bureau. Of course, not having seen him actually write, we can't swear to that part of it, but we do know he has received an answer from Vancouver from a lady already very much married. His affair of the heart has been materially helped along by the efforts of another piper, rather more experienced in the gentle art of love.

Charley Chaplin has written to us expressing his indignant jealousy of Battling Nelson's moustache. The Pipe-Major refuses to be held responsible for the law-de-daw effect of the said moustache. Eh! What!

Great men think alike, and the Kaiser used to pose in front of a life-size figure of Frederick the Great. Charley Chaplin, too, is almost an historical figure, and Battling Nelson's hairy adornment would match any or all of Chaplin's peculiarities. Who is Battling Nelson? Look for the moustache!

At the time of writing we are out of wood, and have had to make the best use of our primeval Highland looting talents. Our

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forefathers lifted cattle to avoid hunger. We lift wood to avoid death by freezing, but there comes a time when wood owners get very vigilant, and it is too dreadful to contemplate. Just fancy us sitting around an empty stove, with a drop at our noses, waiting for someone to press us with a thumb in order that we may feel like oil cans.

On very cold nights Pipers Low and Leslie keep warm by beating each other up with pieces of cardboard, brooms, shoes, and even pieces of wood which are too long for the stove.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

NOTE TO NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

Remember that we are out to make the "Scot" the liveliest, newsiest paper of its kind in existence. To do this we must, first, have the right kind of material, and, second, we must have it on time. **Saturday noon** is the final hour for receiving copy, and **the place to leave it** is the pigeon hole marked "Western Scot" on the railing to the right, just inside the Battalion Orderly Room door. **Write news first** and quips and jokes second. News consists of the doings during the week of the members of your Company or Section. There is **always some news** if you look for it and observe it. Lt.-Col. Ross, C.O., is determined that the "Scot" shall be a winner. It is up to all of us to make it so.

Any suggestions from you will be received with thanks.

THE EDITOR.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The Y.M.C.A. secretary of the military branch at the Willows, being desirous of interesting the men more definitely, and wishing them to feel that it is their organization, called a meeting for the purpose of electing officers and committees on Monday, January 10th. The meeting was rather poorly attended despite the fact that a notice of same had been put through general orders. However, a splendid meeting was held, the organization resulting as follows:

Hon. President: Lt.-Col. Ross.

President: Pte. Wallace, 67th.

Vice-President: Trp. Campbell, 11th C.M.R.

Secretary: Pte. Tarling, 88th.

Reporter: Pte. Duncan, 67th.

Librarian: Pte. Vaughan, 88th.

Following are the committees and chairmen appointed: Religious Committee, Capt. Comyn-Ching, Chaplain C.M.R.; Social and Entertainment Committee, Lce.-Cpl. Morden, 67th.; Athletic Committee, chairman to be chosen by committee. These committees are to consist of one man from each of the other regiments in camp, to be chosen by the chairmen.

It will readily be seen by the above that we have endeavored to balance the organization, giving all units as equal representation as possible.

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We have just completed a room for our library, having shelf accommodation for about five hundred books. We have quite a number of books on hand and as soon as these have been catalogued and numbered they will be ready for loaning. The secretary has appointed four depots for the receipt of books down town and hopes to have the shelves full in a short time.

Our concert programme is interesting. On the 18th of the month we have the Congregational choir with us with a varied programme of part songs, solos, conjuring, etc. Rev. Mr. Sykes is also to give an address. On the 19th the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church members are to give us an entertainment. The young people of Fairfield are to be with us on the 20th, and on the 21st the 88th are putting on a concert.

Each Sunday evening, commencing at 7:30, a religious service will be held with enjoyable singing and addresses.

Try and keep the 27th open, as the Ladies' Musical Club are giving us a concert that night. The secretary is expecting a splendid time that night, as they are repeating the concert they gave at the Empress last week.

TRANSPORT SECTION

The Transport now is started right,
We're here to help the boys to fight;
And every one will do his share
To slay that cursed German Bear.

It is with pleasure that we announce the formation of the 67th Battalion Transport Section. It was entertaining, interesting, fascinating and amusing to note the many applications that were made for the few available vacancies. Pte. Wall and a few more of the unmarried men in the section, with that long cavalry stride and the jingle of spurs along the sidewalk, are making a great hit with all the ladies. Pte. Wilson, No. 1 Company, is very keen to join the Transport Section, on account of the spurs and bandolier, and we are very sorry there are no vacancies. However, there is no call to be discouraged or depressed. We are quite happy.

BRASS BAND

The scribe of the Brass Band apologizes to the editor of the Western Scot for writing in pencil, but owing to the density of the atmosphere in and around the band quarters, everything liquid has been frozen solid for the past two weeks.

For the same reasons the Band humbly apologizes to the O.C. and the Battalion in general for not accompanying them on their rural ramblings of late.

The Brass Band has gained great strides towards perfection under the supervision and instruction of Bandmaster Turner and Sergt. Gaiger, and just as soon as weather permits we are ready to regale the troops with a fine lot of new and popular marches, etc.

Despite the frost, the Brass Band Orchestra has given no less than seven concerts since New Year, so we are not altogether idle.

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The new big drum arrived yesterday and we are now looking for a volunteer to come forward and play it. Any man in the Battalion who thinks he is capable of handling this important end of the Band will be welcomed by Cpl. Humphreys, who will submit names to the B.M.

Stripes may come and stripes may go, but we go on for ever! There has been a few changes in the Band in this direction also. Jimmy Higgins is still with us.

We are pleased to say that owing to our silent marching and the superior strategical manoeuvres of Sergt. Gaiger, the Band was the only section to escape capture and return safely home after the battle of Mt. Tolmie and Christmas Hill.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of the "Western Scot":

If it won't take up too much space in your interesting publication, and if it is in order to write such letters to you, would like to show my appreciation for a certain article published in your last issue entitled "A Plea for Reflection," an article which should be read and digested by every soldier. The writer shows a deep knowledge and clear insight of the ways of a soldier. We know how true are his words, part of which I will quote: "Just about the time a regiment is ordered to the front, its members seem to give themselves up to having 'a good time,' in other words, to lose their identities in 'riotous living.'" How many of us that know the temptation to do this, and are doing it, and it is such articles as the above mentioned one that make some of us pause and consider, and maybe change our ways, to some extent, anyhow.

It seems to me that if we had some more of this kind of stuff in the "Western Scot" and a little less of personalities, we could improve the morale of this publication, to the uplift of individuals and the benefit of the Battalion. Maybe I am wrong, but I wish to express the sentiments of one of your readers, and I hope there are others who will also suggest ideas for the benefit of us all.

Please let us have more articles by the same party on the same subject. "Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

R.A.B.

(Contributor of "A Plea for Reflection" please note.—Ed.)

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

Here we are again! We have just heard that the Pioneers seem to have forgotten that there is such a publication as the "Western Scot," but we hope you will forgive us as we have been so busy recently. Route marches, etc. Ahem!

We hear that since Pte. Pearson, No. 102254, came back from his New Year's vacation that the man who collects the refuse from the cookhouses has to make one trip per day less to the camp. We cannot understand why this should be so.

Rumor bath it that the ruddy appearance on the face of Pte. Cope, No. 103130, is caused by indigestion. Perhaps the man behind the bar in the Dominion Hotel is an authority on dyspepsia, which may account for his frequent visits there.

Pte. Stronach, No. 102299, slipped one over the tailoring staff last week. He disguised himself by the simple but very effective method of washing his face and managed to talk the Sergeant-Tailor into cleaning and pressing his tunic and pants on credit. We hear the said sergeant is still looking for payment of same, as Private Stronach belongs to a city which even the followers of Moses shun.

Our sergeant is certainly looking well since his visit to the Cowichan Valley last week. He arrived back in camp a little late and put up a yarn that he was out hunting. We believe him alright, but didn't ask him what kind of game he was after, or what luck he had. Reports from the neighborhood say there are some very fine "dear," and prairie "chicken" are plentiful.

The Pioneers are certainly great footballers. The "Pipe Baun" challenged us to a game last week, which ended in a draw of three all. Pte. Lister, outside right for the Pioneers, was easily the best man on the field, whilst Pte. Pearson, at right back, played a very "steady" game, brilliant at times, but mostly "steady." The sergeant would be better left outside than left back. "Geordie" Allen and Sergt.-Drummer Simms starred for the Pipers. Please, Sergt.-Drummer, let us know when your next open date is.

More next week.

HAMISH.

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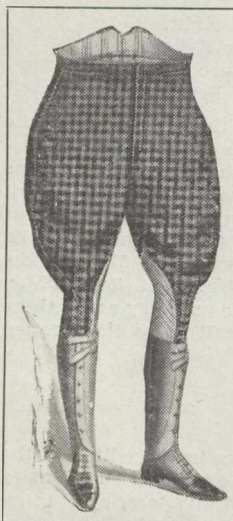
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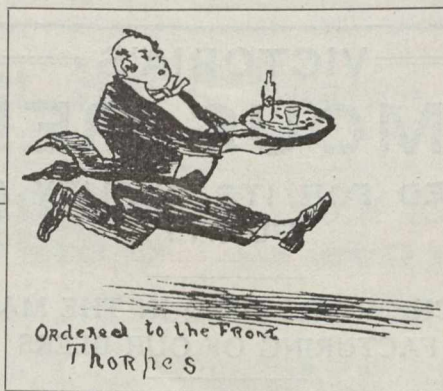
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