

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 2nd, 1916

No. 17

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The mess is glad to welcome another member in the person of Mr. A. C. Sutton, newly-appointed assistant-adjutant. Mr. Sutton has already gained sufficient experience in The Great War to render his services to the Western Scots most valuable.

There was a discussion in the ante-room a few nights ago. Nothing novel in that! But this particular discussion had to do with the new Helicon bass horn recently acquired by the Battalion's military band. "The musician can climb right into the horn," said Bake, enthusiastically. "What horn?" asked Monty, inquiringly. "The Helican!" exclaimed Kitch., incredulously.

It was with genuine regret that the other members of the mess learned of the indisposition of Lt.-Col. Ross, and the wish is general, that before these lines are published, he may be back with us better in health and as enthusiastic and devoted to the Western Scots as ever. It is also regretted that illness has deprived us of Capt. Nicholson of late.

Inquiries by phone and letter and by messenger for Lieut. Gillingham, arrive daily. Gill. is on leave, however, resting after arduous labors.

It is suggested by an anonymous wag, concealed somewhere in the ranks, that whilst all battalions may have a sergeant cook or a corporal cook in their officers' messes, the officers' mess of the 67th Battalion is the only one known that has the distinction of possessing a Lieutenant Cooke.

The recruiting squad of the Timber Wolves will not fail for want of trying. In the course of a house-to-house canvass last week they called at a certain house on Faithful Street and tackled the head of the family. They were enthusiastic, courteous and persistent.

"But I've been to the Front once," said the prospective recruit, "and I've signed on again with another battalion."

"Well," said the Timber Wolf spokesman, "why not arrange a transfer? You'll find ours a fine lot!"

"But I don't know that I can get a transfer. I'm in the Western Scots."

"They're a good bunch all right; but why not come with us? You'd soon get stripes."

Oh, I've done better than that in the Scots!"

"Is that so? What rank do you hold?"

"Well, I'm the commanding officer!"

And, as Lt.-Col. Ross (in mufti), produced the smokes, the Timber Wolves sprang smartly to attention.

Good work, "Wolves"; but please leave us our C.O. We need him!

Lieut. Sutton, who has returned but recently from England after having done one "bit," was pleasantly surprised at the changes in Willows Camp. The quarters, he says, are wonderfully good. Some changes since he was stationed here with the 50th in August, 1914, in the first days of The Great War.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, who has been confined to his home with a bad attack of la grippe, returned on Friday with his usual cheery smile, looking quite recovered. We are all pleased to see him on the job again.

We are glad to welcome on our staff such a distinguished soldier as the new Assistant-"Adjer"—Lieut. Sutton. Lieut. Sutton's experience at the Front has been already detailed in the local newspapers, so we will not attempt to set it down here. Let it suffice to say that the posting of this officer to our Regiment makes a distinct acquisition to the personnel of officers of the Battalion.

"Adjers" may come, and "Adjers" may go, but Major Harbottle goes on forever.

The Paymasters' staff have deserted us for "larger and more commodious quarters," as the ads have it. We hope they will find it warmer, but already we miss their cheery voices in the eternal chorus of "close that door." No, we did not forget the "please."

Our Orderly Room Sergeant's face expressed a variety of emotions when he was reading last week's "Western Scot," particularly, we fancy, with reference to some of the remarks in the Sergeants' column. While, doubtless, pleased at the kind things said, we feel that he took issue with the "Old Nick." He feels as young yet as any of the boys, and while he may have been inclined at times in the good old "Joburg" days to be somewhat "Nickish," he, nevertheless, did not quite qualify to rank with the other and better known "Old Nick."

We received a visit from Staff-Sergt. Lloyd, of the 102nd Battalion, C.E.F., during the week, who was here to read, mark and inwardly digest our system. This makes the third Overseas Battalion we have entertained for that purpose. While we are not the least bit spoiled by these facts, or the words of commendation from Major Sifton, still we have the conceit to admit that we have a bang-up system just the same.

The Orderly Room has been slightly changed this week by a railing being placed across the centre of the room. We are now able to have access to our phone occasionally, and to get reasonably near the stove for a few minutes on a cold day.

For the benefit of those whose eyesight is affected, or those who are unable to read, we wish to announce that the printed sign on the door is a request to kindly close the door when entering or leaving. Not being raised in a barn, we find it hard to accustom ourselves to the door being open during the cold weather.

Who can explain why a charming voice enquired in tearful accents, over the phone, the other morning, if the Western Scots were really leaving for England that day? Someone must have been kissing the blarney stone, or was it a case of obtaining affection under false pretences?

We wonder if a certain sergeant in the Base Company was under the impression that he was back on the road gang, or in the laundry, when he applied at the Orderly Room for a time-book.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

The concensus of opinion of the Sergeants' Mess is that the new way of holding Battalion parade is great stuff. It looks like real soldiering. In reality, however, it is not new at all, but has been in vogue in England for quite a while. It is no use half doing things; be as "regimental as a button-stick," and then no one will get fed-up with soldiering.

A state of war has been in existence during the last few days between a certain much transferred sergeant and two of the sergeants of the late No. 5 Company. Any missile from a snowball to a piece of cordwood may be used. When all the snow and stove wood in the vicinity have been used up it is tacitly understood that chairs, cats, or any other implements of torture may be brought into the action. During the course of this sanguinary combat we have been congratulating ourselves that we have Sergt.-Major Brogan, of the C.A.M.C., and Sergt. Grant, of the Dental Corps, attached to us, so that repairs may be made on any of the non-combatants who may be injured.

Sergt. F. S. Williams, the authority on the west gate guard, says that the men on guard duty on this side of camp express much appreciation at the recent installation of the braziers there. These braziers enable the sentries to keep themselves warm during the cold nights we are experiencing lately.

We have with us now "Bill Carlisle," of No. 4 Company. We expected to see him here a long time since, but better late than never. We expect, now, when the occasions are propitious, to receive some philosophical dissertations to equal, if not surpass, those of his distinguished namesake—"The Sage of Chelsea."

As we hinted last week, we now have a good cook; the only thing is he showed a little lack of appreciation of a great day by turning out a Welsh rarebit for supper on Burns' night, instead of, as the "Canny Scot" put it, "Giving us a wee bit

haggis." The Welsh rarebit was complimentary to Armourer Sergt. Hughes and C.Q.M.S. Watkin-Wynne-Jones, of the Base Company. The latter, as a good Welshman, is of course a connoisseur of Welsh rarebits, and was heard to bewail the fact that, owing to the restrictions put upon the use of intoxicating liquors in military messes, the cook was unable to mix some "Silver Spring" in as thickening. We understand this deficiency of thickening was remedied after supper.

NO. 1 COMPANY

Corp. J. C. Fortner is a man with a grievance, and the object of his disapproval seems to be that much-abused corporation, the B.C.E. Rly. We gather that the corporal has a great partiality for the neighborhood of the Gorge. Just exactly what it is that draws our warrior nightly in that direction is merely incidental to his complaint—and no business of ours anyway. Have made it a life-long rule never to poach on another man's preserves. But, from certain tropical remarks let fall by the corporal, we gather that this wretched company, instead of treating his case with special consideration, by, say, placing its plant at his disposal, causes him to waste many a weary hour in transit, and hustle him home at an absurdly early hour. Well, he certainly has our sympathy!

By the way, what has become of the menu of the men's mess? Its appearance a day or so previous to the visit of the Inspector-General was as sudden as its disappearance a day or so after his departure. We were just getting interested in it, too.

The tailoring department must be enjoying a boom these days, if the charges are any criterion. Even at that, we think a charge of 35 cents for new ribbons to a Glengarry—well, just a bit steep.

It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. While we regret the cause, we are glad to think that Lce.-Cpl. Condy's trip North may result in his complete restoration to health and strength after his recent unfortunate illness, and it seems but the other day that he returned from a previous trip home. The lines of some fellows fall in pleasant places.

Pte. N. F. Turner enjoys the distinction of having completely exhausted the resources of the munitions department in the vain endeavor to supply him with a pair of boots that would fit.

We are glad to note the improved system employed in assigning fatigues, but we wish our name started with Z.

What a beautiful thing is a fine sense of filial duty! We hear of a man being on pass "mending thawed pipes for mother," and returning in an irresponsible condition, belching poems by one "Woodyard Kindling." Verily, virtue is its own reward.

We are informed that No. 1 Platoon cook, P. J. Clark, has accepted the position offered him as chef at the Empress Hotel. It seems that he at first refused to go unless employment was also given his assistant, Pte. Cronin. Pte. F. Reilly will succeed him as cook in No. 1 Platoon.

No. 3 Platoon cook, J. W. Smith, seems to be reduced to a state of speechless envy when he contemplates the culinary successes attained by his rivals in No. 1.

It is anticipated that in the near future a fistic encounter will be staged.

The whole of No. 1 Company will be there to witness this interesting match between Pte. Smith, late of the Police and Base Company, and Pte. Collins, of No. 1 Platoon, late mess orderly, who has stepped in to fill the gap caused by Jimmie Higgins of the military band, who is suffering from a severe attack of harmonia or pneumonia, or no monia—diagnosis not complete, caused by the draught from the concussion of the cymbals which he handles in such a finished artistic manner.

The contestants will meet under the rules and regulations of the late Marquis of Queensbury. The bout will consist of 145 ten-minute rounds, fourteen-ounce gloves, with a horse-shoe in each, not for striking purposes, but for luck. The third man in the ring will be Q.M.S. Jones, of the Base Company (providing the ring is large enough).

It is estimated that the crowd will be enormous, and as the seating capacity is limited it will be advisable to obtain tickets immediately. Reserved seats from 25 cents up. The up being the largest amount Sgt. Burton, of No. 1, can abstract from those wishing to enter. The result, it is hoped, will be decisive one way or another, as a draw would be most unsatisfactory to the men in their respective platoons.

One night last week, when the city was enveloped in a beautiful mantle of snow, to the extent of a couple of feet, a

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certain sergeant of No. 1 Company, excitedly stepped into the middle of the road close to Oak Bay Junction, and held up a Willows jitney, and not noticing two other sergeants of his own Company, ensconced in rugs, seated comfortably in the tonneau, nervously exclaimed to the chauffeur: "Say, driver, what will you charge to take two ladies and myself to the Empress hotel?" On being told 50 cents, he said, "alright, pull off that sign," being under the impression that the 50 cents was the total charge. Collapse of said sergeant upon arrival at the Empress, when he was politely informed by driver that the fare was 50 cents per head. Total \$1.50. Poor sergeant, and so far from pay-day.

An officer reading the book entitled "the Defence of Duffer's Drift," describing the interior of a Boer farm house, mentioned, a "Heliograph" of the late Queen Victoria on one of the walls. Signallers, please explain!

Capt. Ian St. Clair gave a very interesting and instructive lesson in bayonet fighting Tuesday afternoon in No. 1 Company's lines. Those of the class were officers and non-commissioned officers of all four companies. No. 1 Company had the distinct honor of having one of their sergeants picked out by the instructor as a first-class bayonet fighter. Get busy sergeants of 2, 3 and 4 Companies.

Anyone wishing a photo of the 67th Battalion, Western Scots' Freaks, apply at once to Pte. N. G. Turner, No. 1 Building, as only a few copies remain. The negative has been destroyed. Price 10 cents.

We all polish our boots and buttons, press our clothes, but some "Glengarries" would certainly be improved by the application of a little chalk.

ROOKIES—NOTE!



Punctilious Officer: "Don't you know that you must salute an Officer?"

Recruit: "Yes, Sir; but I was told never to do it with a pipe in my mouth."

—Punch.

NO. 2 COMPANY

At the First Aid Lecture some of the men were too eager and crowded too closely around the bandaging demonstration, the result being that more than half the men could not see what was being done. Spread out more boys; make a larger ring and so give everyone a chance to learn.

Remember every man of us, going to the front, needs all such knowledge that he can gain, for in the majority of cases it is your comrades who are the first to need or help you if you are unable to do so yourself.

Don't forget, boys. Spread out More, giving all a chance to learn how to help a comrade in need.

Snow, snow, beautiful snow, more snow, then some more snow, and from the looks of it, more snow. If it keeps up field days and manoeuvres will grow more like a blissful dream day by day.

(Continued on page 5)

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The Western Scot

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1916

WILLINGNESS

How much more can be accomplished every day if we bring to our appointed tasks genuine willingness of spirit. Every day now counts tremendously with us. At most it can only be a few weeks until we are ordered on the first leg of our journey towards the Great Objective, the objective towards which we have all been laboring through the long arduous months of training routine. None of us has turned his back on peaceful pursuits and the home life for monetary considerations. We are all actuated by the deep-rooted sense of a duty to do, that has been the moving force of the splendid army the British Empire has fielded since August, 1914. Therefore, it is the more necessary that every man, be he commissioned officer, non-commissioned officer or private, bring to each day's work a full battery of willingness—willingness to learn, willingness to do, completely and cheerfully and ably, whatever the day brings to him.

For many weeks now the weather has interfered with the development of training in accordance with the programme drawn up by our senior officers. The alternative is often deadly dull routine, hard to "stick" cheerfully; but we should bear in mind that even in the dullest of routine there is something to be learned, something that will prove valuable to us in the days of serious work that are to come.

ROOM FOR A FEW MORE

It will be good news to many men in this Battalion who have eligible friends, to learn that there is room now—owing to "casualties" (the weeding-out process, etc.), for thirty or so good recruits. This will afford an opportunity for a few men who can measure up to "Western Scot" standard of physical fitness and fighting ability, to get away with an organization that has been developed carefully along new lines, and one that already has been the recipient of most favorable comment by the authorities. The "Western Scots" will move soon, very soon in fact. The time for training new men is short and only very promising material will be accepted. If you have friends whom you desire to have come with us to the Front, get them lined up at once. But remember, we want "hand-picked" men.

AS TO RANKS AND RANKERS

Of all the senseless survivals of ante-bellum official snobbery the worst is the thoughtless inclination now and again manifest even at this stage of the game to look askance at officers taken from the ranks. We pioneers of the West, who have been brought up to judge a man more by his work than the cut of his trousers or the set of his tie, have, of course, not had the same opportunity of judging the relation between cause and effect in their bearing on the prejudice which was undoubtedly shown in the case of "rankers" in the British Army. And to the snob-mind of the pink-tea Johnnies who not so many moons ago to a very large extent set the standard of efficiency among Army officers the term "ranker" was the conclusive argument against the interloper, and, irrespective of his ability, was sufficient to damn him beyond redemption. With the advent of the war, and after a twelve-month of but indifferent "staffcraft," of necessity the ranks, always prolific of the highest efficiency, were much more in favor as a recruiting ground for capable leaders, but even yet, in the British Army, thanks to a silly but deep-seated idea that Jack never may be as capable as his master, a "ranker" is still a ranker. But that such a silly prejudice should even be thought of, let alone put into words, in this part of the world, is, indeed, passing strange. Our own hero, General Currie, himself is a living rebuke to such foolish prejudices. General Currie first saw service in the ranks of No. 1 Company of the 5th Artillery at a time when the second in command of the regiment was an officer who himself had served in the ranks. And General Currie's successor in the command, Lt.-Col. W. N. Winsby, now nearing the front in command of the 47th Battalion, was also a "ranker" of the 5th Regiment, as was also the late Lt.-Col. Ross Monro, another former commanding officer of that Battalion. In fact, it was the rule and not the exception in that corps to take the officers from the ranks, and it is safe to say that the history of the Fifth Regiment shows that for a volunteer corps it is in point of efficiency second to

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none in the British Empire. And we think we can honor its present capable commander, Lt.-Col. Angus, by stating that he, too, had served in the ranks of another corps. In business life—and God knows some simple business principles need infusing into some other prominent walks of life—the recognition of efficiency is promotion, and very little heed is paid to the silly snobbery that, in its own silly way, frowns on commercial success because the successful one is not of "our set."

As stated, it is of course to be expected that the centuries-old senseless prejudice against "rankers" may in some quarters have outlived even the acid test of the past eighteen months in the regular army, but this prejudice has no place in Canada, and least of all out here in the West. That it is the local thoughtless expression of a species of snobbery that worships everything, both good and bad, in things "at home" is beyond a doubt. But Westerners should be above such senseless ideas. In the ranks at the present day the man of character, as well as of education, is greatly in the majority, and this has always been the case in this broad Dominion.

(Continued from page 3)

A great cleaning of Glengarries for the Battalion parade! Was there chalk enough to go around? If not, next general cleaning day Sergt. Steele may be able to supply all the men if the rumor is true that he is engaged to a schoolmarm.

Can No. 2 make good with the parading by drum beats? Well, I guess so—with a little stricter attention to business.

Who was the Company Q.M.S. on Battalion parade? Did he look lonely? Oh, no!

Will we welcome the military band again? They have only to come and the reception they'll receive will give them some idea how No. 2 appreciated their visit of Sunday, January 23. The sooner they come the warmer their welcome will be. Thanking the band heartily for their last visit, we extend a cordial invitation for an early repetition of the same.

From the frank statements of a certain sergeant as to the number of young ladies he knows, the other sergeants are wondering if they have an embryo Mormon in their midst, and if it is a combination of physical fatigue by day and mental worry every evening, deciding which or how many of the young ladies he wants that keeps him in bed till he hears "mess waiters, fall in." Perhaps Sergt. Blyth can tell them and relieve their minds.

NO. 3 COMPANY

We are pleased to learn of the improvement of Capt. Nicholson's health, and look forward to the time when he will return and take up his duties.

The boys of No. 3 Company heartily welcome Lieut. Sutton to the 67th, and were pleased with the way he tried them out on Friday last, but blush with modesty, when they think of the way he expressed his opinion of the way they drilled.

It has been noticed, in the lines of No. 3 Company, how keen are the men, detailed for a week's training as scouts. Note-books and pencils are in sight at almost any leisure hour, and many questions are answered in a thorough manner, plainly showing the interest taken, and that the instructions are "up to the letter" in every way.

The column in the last issue of the "Western Scot," devoted to musketry, by Lieut. A. V. Gillingham, was certainly among the most inspiring articles ever printed in the regimental paper, and we certainly hope to hear more from our musketry instructor in the near future. It appeared that all who participated in the shooting with the Target Index Practice Rods took a great interest in the new practice, which is certainly a good one.

We are convinced after reading the Y.M.C.A. notes in the last issue, that "Secretary" Young, as a hustler, is a "bear." Keep it up, "Stan."

We were certainly interested in Lieut. Okell's article on sports. It seems that the 67th has teams for every game known, with one exception, that of water-polo. Why not have a water-polo team, seeing that some of the other units are about to start the game going in the New Drill Hall?

Pte. Deacon must have got a trifle mixed at the last rifle drill we had. Sergt.-Major Watson gave the command, "Present Arms," and was surprised to see Pte. Deacon hold his rifle up in the air as though he was signalling and gazing steadfastly up at the sling swivel nearest the muzzle. Immediately the Sgt.-Major yelled, "What in the — are you looking up there for?" Deacon replied, "that's what you told me to look through, that battle sight there," at the same time pointing to the sling swivel, high above his head.

We do not need a dental parade, those of us who eat dinner at the camp every day without getting indigestion. Some molars!

Why did No. 2 Company congratulate themselves on missing the bathing parades, unless they were afraid that the wash would remove their "disguise?"

What did those recruits who paraded to fill their mattresses with straw do when Cpl. B. — said, "Straw pawty shoun?" None of them spoke French.

A Voice From Within

It may be in the coffee,
It may be in the tea,
The cabbage, turnips, sago, rice,
They give to soldiery.
It may be in the "Glucose,"
In rations cold or hot,
If you would know what "it" means,
Ask any Western Scot.

—A Victim.

Pte. Melcombe, of 9 Platoon, was seen reading a letter in the Y.M.C.A., and after straightening up and clearing his throat, greatly surprised Pte. Oliver by saying: "I've just been made another uncle!" The letter informed him that he had one more niece than he knew about.

The boys of No. 9 Platoon proved their worth at unloading gravel at the Esquimalt Hospital; the way they "flew at it" was nothing slow. They kept up their reputation when they went to dinner, and the afternoon tea, which certainly was a treat. Just before leaving they gave three cheers for the matron, and three for the cook, the three for the cook sounded more like thirty-three rolled together. All are eager for another chance.

There was much talk when the notice appeared on the boards that the Company was to get a lecture on "Fire Discipline and Control." The following conversation took place:

Lieut.-Cpl. Hislop: "Who do you suppose is going to lecture on the Fire Control, Down?"

Cpl. Down: "Aw, Chief Davis, likely."

In the last issue the machine gun section stated that they have marched at the head of the Battalion on two occasions, and can say that the band has a different sound. We would like to mention that same remarks apply to the marching on those two occasions.

The boys of No. 3 Company believe in helping themselves when necessary, as was shown by the guard which mounted on the 25th. It was on the west gate, and there was no wood in the guard room, but there was plenty outside No. 2 Company's building, so the guard naturally started to help themselves. Suddenly it appeared as though a tornado had broken loose, but it was only Sergt.-Major Johnston, using some of his eloquent words on the guard, and the fire, which resulted in an argument. While the argument was going on Lieut.-Cpl. Gillies and Pte. Gemmill secured No. 2 Company's axe and split enough of No. 2 Company's wood to last them for a considerable time. Deeds, not words!

Pte. G —, of 9 Platoon, believes in economy at all times, as he plainly showed some little time ago. It came about in this way: "Bill" is very fond of taking walks with a young lady, and the young lady is fond of going to a show, so they decided to go to the Pantages together. "Bill" paid the car fare for two, and on leaving the car said, "Now, you give me your 'two-bits,' and I'll get the two tickets, 'cause it looks better for the man to buy them." They enjoyed the show, and on leaving the theatre wandered into a coffee house, ordered coffee and pie, and enjoyed the repast so much that the fair one stated that she would like another piece of pie. This was checked up by "Bill," who pointed out that two pieces of pie were not good for anyone.

Pte. Fatcher prides himself on his "commanding voice," but, alas, when Pte. Fatcher gave an account of himself in the orderly room, the tearful voice was sure some contrast to the commanding tone which he thinks he uses.

Pte. Shaw appears to be in love, judging by a little incident which occurred a few days ago. He was on duty at the main gate and heard someone approaching. He immediately called out, "Halt!" The intruder halted amid a cloud of steam and strong smells of "hamburger," and waited about five minutes, wondering why he was not challenged. In the meantime the sergeant of the guard was wondering the same thing and sallied forth to investigate. The sentry then yelled, "Alright, come on; got a pass?" When asked why he kept the man waiting, he replied: "Well, if I spoke he couldn't say anything."

Pte. Girvan, of No. 9 Platoon, celebrated his 20th birthday on the 26th of January, and was joined by a number of friends, who helped him to celebrate in a very hearty manner—as long as the cake lasted.

Pte. Paterson, Q.M., is still fond of the pioneer fatigue duties in spite of the fact that a large dust-bin was accidentally "dumped" on his head, proving that it was too heavy for one man to lift on to a high cart.

NO. 4 COMPANY

It is a good one on No. 1 Company that they require two bands on a dental parade. Their own "battle-song" to the tune of "My Bonnie's Gone Over the Ocean," will have to be changed somewhat.

We congratulate the Scout Section on having obtained the brains of No. 4 Company, in the persons of Fishwick, Trewin and Pinks, and especially Pinks.

The work laid out this week has been somewhat broken up on account of bad weather, but we managed to get in some very useful lectures. Especially was this the case in first aid

(including some valuable instruction on how to cut the throat successfully), and fire control lectures. Our first aid lecturer has the happy knack of imparting his knowledge in a most interesting way, and there is no doubt that when we get down to the real thing, these lectures will prove most valuable.

We would like to suggest to our budding cooks that they keep back the cold-meat-dipped-in-hot-gravy stuff until we get our teeth fixed up. There are surely other ways than this of inflicting cold meat on us.

Diogenes, continuing his hitherto fruitless search, reached the Willows last week. On leaving the pipe band tent he was asked what luck he was having. "Can't complain, can't complain," he replied, "I've still got my lantern." We subsequently learned, however, that the pipe major was out at the time of the visit, which may account for Diogenes having any cause at all for rejoicing.

Our Company misses the bears very much, but the powers that be have done their best for us by converting the bearpit into a dog pound, in which are collected all the stray dogs in town. Their barking and squealings harmonizing as they do with the brass band's tuning up, make this building a perfect heaven of bliss and peacefulness. It makes our lectures so interesting, too, when we can only hear every twentieth word or so.

When will the responsible parties realize that this is likely to be a prolonged war, and that the Willows buildings may be used as barracks for years yet? Surely by this time a proper hot water supply could have been installed at the cook-house, thus making the life of the poor mess orderlies a good deal more pleasant. A system such as is used for the bath houses would be sufficient and would not be ruinously expensive.

Another torment has been added to our building. Cpl. Christian is now teaching the buglers to play tunes on their bugles—for the benefit of No. 1 Company on route marches, we presume. Their next dental parade should be worth seeing.

We are officially known as a Scottish Regiment, and rejoice in the name of the "Western Scots;" yet week after week in our official organ we find the words "Scotch" and "Scotchman" employed. Nothing jars on the ear of a good Scotsman more than the use of these words. It is curious what a large number of Scotsmen make the mistake. You never hear an educated Englishman offend by using such a solecism. Our Colonel chose the name "Western Scots," not "Western Scotch." The introduction of the incorrect form has apparently never been properly or satisfactorily accounted for, but it is known to be of very recent origin. Some modern dictionaries have now got the length of giving "Scots" and "Scotch" as alternatives. Unfortunately the use of the incorrect form was encouraged by writers such as Carlyle, but Sir Walter Scott only makes use of it once in all his writings, and the purists of the period carefully avoid its use altogether. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, has come down in history as Mary, Queen of Scots, not "Mary, Queen of Scotch." It is no argument in favor of the use of the word Scotch to point out how general is its use as an adjective. The use in these cases can often be explained, e.g., in "Butter-Scotch" the "Scotch" refers to the manner of making the sweet by scotching butter and does not mean that the sweet is one peculiar to Scotland. Let us all, therefore, as good members of a good Highland Regiment, use the pure form of the word. Probably at this late date it would be too pedantic to talk of Scots Whisky, but it would nevertheless be perfectly correct.

Members of No. 4 Company wish to thank the young ladies of the First Emmanuel Baptist Church, for the excellent supper and good time given to the men at Willows and elsewhere, at their bean supper on Tuesday, January 18. We enjoyed it, as doubtless did all the others present. We hope that such events will come often in future before we leave for "Egypt."

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

(By Lt. M. M. Marsden)

Having now 40 Qualified Scouts in the Battalion, the O.C. desires as many men as possible to be given a general idea of scout work, and consequently has instructed the O.C.'s of Companies to detail to me every week 10 men for that purpose.

A week is far too short a time to allow any man to get more than the chief points, and I am endeavoring to make the work as interesting and instructive as possible in the time allowed.

The first week has shown me that the majority of the men detailed take a great interest in the work, and I hope at some future date to continue their training. Owing to the weather, very little field work has been done, and as this is the

most important part of a Scout's training it will readily be seen that the men have been at a great disadvantage.

The indoor training has consisted of lectures and demonstrations on the blackboard of

- (1.) A general idea of what a Scout is expected to do.
- (2.) Conventional signs.
- (3.) Information, and how to get it, and what information is required from the military point of view.
- (4.) How to make a road report. How to make a bridge report. How to make a water report. How to report on camp and bivouac grounds and villages, and towns for billeting troops.
- (5.) Map reading, and how to set a map by the compass and visible objects.
- (6.) Contours, and their value.
- (7.) Reconnaissance, and what it means.
- (8.) Messages.
- (9.) Cover, and the value of it, and how it should be used?

SCOUT SECTION NOTES

Congratulations to our two new Lee.-Cpls., Copping and Grant, of No. 4 Company.

Ptes. Jackson and Fletcher, of No. 3 Company, say they will "get that badge or bust."

Lee.-Cpl. Grant gave a finished exhibition on Tuesday afternoon of the manner in which a scout should reconnoitre a position supposed to be occupied by the enemy. The demonstration of how this kind of work should be done was so thorough that he was not seen by the rest of the Section throughout the whole manoeuvre.

Who was the man, who, whilst attending his first Scout Lecture on 24th inst., wanted to know "What they did with a scout when captured?" Was Mr. Marsden getting a little too gruesome in his descriptions of the dangers run by a scout?

The usefulness of a knowledge of semaphore was demonstrated on the 25th inst. Pte. Howe, of No. 2 Company, who, by the way, is the brother of M. Howe, of quail-stalking fame, saved himself a lot of running around by semaphoring his messages in.

Did you notice how enviously the officers of another regiment looked at our prize drill team whilst it was going through drill movements without a flaw on the Oval?

If the boys take as much interest in their ordinary routine soldiering as they appear to do in their scout training, we ought to have some keen Battalion.

Lee.-Cpl. Mumford came out with us the other day. We wonder whether he split 50-50 with the man who holds forth at the sign of the three brass balls on the value of that trophy he took back to barracks.

From the appearance of some of the "Route Sketches," which the men made from memory (?) on the 26th inst., one might possibly think that real estate maps had been used to help out.

We were indebted to the O.C., of No. 1 Company, for the use of that Company's quarters for a recent lecture. One thing to be remembered is that as guests we should conduct ourselves with propriety in another's quarters. Remember the saying: "If you spit on the floor in your own house, spit on the floor here; we want you to feel at home."

We can't close these notes without expressing our appreciation of the shelters built by the Stretcher Bearers in the vicinity of Mount Tolmie. On a recent march in this part of the country we were overtaken by a severe blizzard and found their shelters great protection against the weather.

PRAISE INDEED

(From Colonist, January 23rd, 1916)

" . . . Gen. Hughes was guarded in his references. He went as far as to say, however, that he was much impressed with the 67th Battalion, Western Scots. That unit had been authorized in September. By October it was at full strength, and its training had been secured in the period that had since elapsed. As this was a time of the year when conditions could not be expected to have favored outdoor work, he thought that the advances which had been made were most satisfactory. Lieut.-Col. Ross, the O.C., appeared to be giving both his officers and men the best kind of practical training. This, he had no hesitation in saying."

MACHINE GUN PATTTER

Private, Corporal, Sergeant Hewitt, known to all the boys in the Section as "Jimmy," we are sorry to say has left us, having received a commission in the Bahntams. The boys are pleased to see him making headway, but are sorry in a sense, as the Section is losing a true blue friend and a gentleman.

Promotion seems to be coming very rapidly amongst us this week. Cpl. A. J. Mills has been made sergeant. He has certainly earned his three stripes, having worked hard to get the men into shape since this Section was formed, and has, we believe, been quite a help to our O.C. in the strenuous task of getting an efficient Gun Section out of practically raw material.

Pte. D. Wright has also been presented with a military handle for his name, having been made corporal, or its equivalent in the Section, known as a "mule."

We all appreciate the instruction we have received in shooting, but would like to suggest it is hardly right to expect a man to pay for challenging a shot while on the ranges as a recruit, as he would have to do at Bisley were he shooting in a competition. Most of the men working the targets have had no previous experience in that kind of work. Taking that into consideration, surely it would be in the interest of teaching the men to handle the service rifle to check up each shot before proceeding with the next one. The shooting records for the Battalion are certainly splendid, but wait until the men get back to the six, eight, and thousand yards ranges. This is only a suggestion, not a knock.

[Musketry Instructor explains that if no charge were made for challenging, the practice would be abused and no headway could be gained.—Ed.]

If when the Battalion is out on an all day hike the transport was sent ahead to the rendezvous and had something hot for the men when they arrive, instead of their having to wait over an hour, it would tend to do away with some of the colds which the boys catch so easily this time of the year.

[Only one hot meal per day is allowed. But hot coffee might be provided in something like decent time.—Ed.]

The lectures on First Aid are much appreciated, and we must say that the instructor is well able to explain so one can get the hang of things.

In regard to firewood, "rustling it" is getting it from the nearest and handiest place, but if you are caught it is then termed "stealing."

Pte. J. Arbuthnot is still an invalid, but as he can now take milk at times, his recovery is sure.

It was quite a surprise for the boys to get battalion parade commands by the beat of the drum. To the old hands it was nothing out of the common, but to a lot of the boys it was only some more of that old "Imperial stuff." However, the more we learn here the easier for us when we reach England.

The weather of late has not permitted us to get out for much training, but we have made good use of the opportunity thus given by lectures, etc.

Pte. R. Craig was kicking about the bacon to the Orderly Officer, but on finding it was just plain "pig" he was satisfied. He had only seen that kind of bacon with beans, so did not recognize it in its nude state.

STRETCHER BEARERS' SECTION

Cpl. Morrison, after a very severe attack of grippe, which kept him in hospital for a few days, returns to duty Monday.

We gladly welcome Pte. Finlay into our cubicle. Up till last Thursday he seemed afraid of contaminating our ideas by sleeping along with us.

Bill Duncan, minus the cast on his leg, is now seen hobbling about the hospital. We are all glad to see you around again, old man.

At a little informal meal in the Mona Cafe the other evening, the major chose College pudding as dessert. He passed a sad little remark that he wished he had been longer at college. Just like those Rah-Rah boys.

At the First Aid lecture on Saturday morning:

Instructor: "This, gentlemen," (showing a bandage), "is the bandage which Florence Nightingale used in the Crimea." (Subdued laughter.) We thought it looked like it, too—so to speak.

Needless to say, we congratulate the two new N.C.O.'s. Sgt. Dooley had those stripes coming, and will make a very efficient officer.

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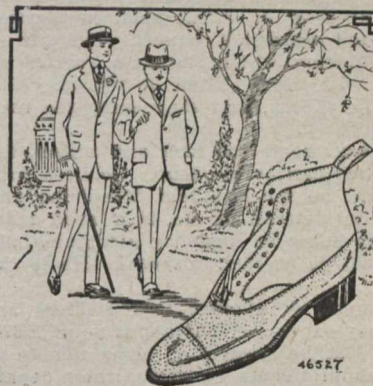
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Ted is making good in the hospital. His care and thoughtfulness go far to make conditions better for the patients.

Five members of the Section spent Friday night at the "Y" gym. Pete did great work at volley ball, but was outclassed by A. N. Other, who foolishly and rashly went round the track till he dropped. He is some thoroughbred!

SIGNALLING SECTION NOTES

Pte. Young, No. 103331, transferred from No. 1 Company, is another ex-member of the Yukon Telegraph Service to be posted to the Wig-Waggers, having been employed in the Dawson City office for over two years.

Pte. Young is easily one of the earliest members of the "sour doughs," having gone north with his parents in "97-98," when he was but three years of age.

The lecture on "Map Reading," delivered by Lieut. Marsden to the Signalling Section in the Y.M.C.A. was much appreciated by all. Encore!

A farewell picnic will be given by the Signalling Section at Gorge Park, April 1st.

A good programme of sports will be provided, including the following events: Route March, Nos. 1 and 2 Companies; Wood Fatigue, Nos. 3 and 4 Companies; Battalion Amateur Jam-Eating Contest, open event; (Machine Gun Section and other professionals barred). Medicine and Duty, Stretcher Bearer Section. All are cordially invited. Good time expected. Bring your own lunch.

Geo. Burt & Co.'s teamsters gave some very practical and much appreciated demonstrations on "First Aid to the Frozen" during the cold weather last week.

"V.E."

GUIDE TO THE ARMY

Abbreviations and a Motto

For the elucidation of military mysteries, this treatise is written to assist those who have had no previous experience.

Motto—When in doubt, send tobacco.

C.S.M.—A fierce misanthropist, who made the British Army what it was, not what it is, and who is justly jealous for its future. Men reassure themselves with the thought that he cannot eat them; but they hate to be victims of the partial success that attends his efforts. On approaching the C.S.M. a man halts rigidly at attention, says "Sir," blushes by numbers. (One, give the blood a smart cant up to the facial capillaries; two, cut it away sharply), and makes his request. There is an interval of some minutes, during which the man carries on with blushing, judging his own time. Then he repeats, "Sir, may I—I—" "No," says the C.S.M., and they carry the man away.

M.O.—A callous officer who heals the sick and makes the lame to walk, even when they can hardly limp. Soldiers with ailments report to him and he marks them "Medicine and Duty," using only the initial letters, as he is a rude man. Then he explains that, there being no medicine available, only the latter part of the remedy is at their disposal. He is the Great Disillusion.

P.S.—The man who proves by algebra that soldiers are entitled to less pay than they expect. What about your H.876, and your B.C.55, and your U.8, he says; and, being unable to solve even the simplest simultaneous equation, they depart with sorrow and regret.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

The Pioneers were allowed to attend the First Aid lecture on Saturday last, which was very instructive indeed, and was enjoyed by all. A practical demonstration of capillary bleeding was given by Pte. Lister on Monday when he ran a saw into his finger. First Aid was rendered by Pte. Stevenson. Up to date we have had no opportunities to stop any venous or arterial bleeding, but Pte. Trickett remarked that Pay Day hadn't happened for a little while now. Oh, John!

It appears to us that there are more visitors to Saanich than No. 3 Company, as the regimental badge is getting quite common in certain localities. We noticed that Pipe-Corporal Angus' cap badge disappeared last week-end. He avows it was lost on parade, but like the Pipe-Major, "We hae oor doots."

Up till a week ago Pte. Pearson, when caught packing an extra ration or two of bread and cheese from the mess-room, used to make the excuse that it was for the bears. Now that the mascots have gone, we wonder what his next excuse will be.

Pte. Cope's dyspepsia has been steadily getting worse this last few days. We do not expect it to improve until pay day.

A unique occurrence was noted by a member of our squad while in the Q.M. stores. The regimental Q.M.S. was seen to smile twice.

Pte. Robinson states that he is no relation of "The Fat Boy of Peckham."

A few members of the Transport Section passed one of the tests necessary before one can be a member of the Pioneer Section with flying colors. For particulars of said test please consult the Transport Officer or his jovial sergeant.

Who stole the stove from the Brass Band practice tent? We hear that Pte. Jones, Q.M. Stores, has applied for a M.P. badge to protect him while tracing it. Pte. "Sherlock Holmes" Cope has consented to help him out.

Now that we have got the new hospital cook-house finished we expect "the missing link" in our worthy M.O.'s treatment has been found.

Lce.-Corpl. Ogilvie went to Duncan last week-end. Since then his cold, like his moustache, has disappeared. He has got a little song now, something like this:

I'd like to go back to Duncan
On the E. & N. Railway,
But the pay-days seem
So far between,
That I guess I'd better stay.

The air of this song is the air of the atmosphere, and the key is the key of the sergeant's tent.

Why is a batman like a wet nurse?

A SMART BATTALION PARADE

Moving smartly to the tap of the drum, dressing at the long roll, and altogether displaying most praiseworthy precision and smartness, the Western Scots last week received their introduction to the manner of Battalion parade that will be the rule hereafter.

Following is the order as laid down:

Quarter Bugle—Fall in on Company parade grounds. Roll call.

Five Minutes Later—**Markers**—Markers to be on parade sharp on time and be placed in position by the B.S.M.

Advance—Immediately the markers are in position the bugler will sound the "Advance," when the pipers, who should be waiting on parade by that time, begin to play, and continue until all the companies are on their grounds. They then take post in rear of Battalion.

The drums form up in front, facing the Battalion.

Parade—The companies being in close column, one pace in rear of markers, the B.S.M. will give the cautionary word: "Parade!" and then will signal to the drums as follows: 1st tap, "Attention!" 2nd tap, one pace forward. Roll of drums: "Eyes right; take up dressing." Finish of roll with tap: "Head and eyes front!"

Stand at Ease—B.S.M. orders Stand at Ease.

Officers—Bugler sounds officers' call, when all take post.

Orderly Sergeants—Bugler sounds "Orderly Sergeants," who double out, taking place of drums, who march off at once.

Parade States—The Orderly Officer then collects the parade states from the Orderly Sergeants, showing number of all ranks on parade.

Report—B.S.M. reports to Adjutant: "Parade correct."

MUSKETRY DEPARTMENT

(By Lieut. McDiarmid)

Weather has again seriously interfered with work at the ranges and the last week has seen only one Company put through two practices. A few more days will see the preliminary course completed and further courses will be then mapped out. An indoor miniature range would have been of great benefit. There are now about eighty men left to put through the miniature course.

Work with practice rods carried on in the lines has proved very beneficial. Position and aiming have shown a marked improvement; also the use of the rifle for rapid firing, although the latter requires considerable practice.

Twenty of the latest pattern Mark III. Ross Rifles have been received. These are an improvement in those hitherto used, the main difference being a larger peep-sight and stronger magazine. This pattern of rifle has been issued to the Canadian troops in England.

"WESTERN SCOTS" BATTALION MILITARY BAND

The band, under the direction of Band-Sgt. Gaiger, gave a short concert to both Nos. 1 and 2 Companies on Sunday morning.

To enable the men of the Battalion to get acquainted with the general run of dances, the band will, at stated times, play on the floor of the main building, a programme of one-steps, two-steps, waltzes, etc.

We have been wondering why the Band-Sgt. has been so persistent in advocating route marches of late. A report has just come in from good authority that the said sergeant has won a fine pair of military shoes on a two-bit repair ticket. Hence his undoubted anxiety to try his feet out.

Corp. Christian has been appointed to take charge of the buglers. We anticipate a parade of buglers who can "bugle"

and help us out on route marches, etc. We wish Corp. Christian success with his new office.

The Military Band Ball is going on apace, and from all indications we are going to have the finest of the fine dances that have been held this season.

A first-class concert was given to the Battalion in the Y.M.C.A. Building by the Ladies' Musical Society. A section of the 67th Military Band under Sgt. Gaiger, ably filled in several gaps in the programme, and we believe was much appreciated.

Who was the bandsman that sat on his bed all night alongside a lighted candle singing "Keep the Home Fire Burning?"

Our quarters are still of the cold storage variety, notwithstanding several visits and "see what can be done's" from the heating committee.

THE WESTERN SCOTS

(By Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

The strong came forth from the farthest North,
From the Yukon's frozen shore;
From the western side of the Great Divide,
From south of the "Fifty-Four"—

From working the mine and felling the pine,
They have come at the Empire's call;
They have dropped their packs in the Cariboo tracks
And willingly left it all.

They have hunted the bear in his darkest lair,
And tracked through the woods and snows;
Through the heat and rain they have ridden the plain,
In the south, where the Kootenay flows.

In the Empire's need it is men of this breed
Who furnish a bulwark of strength,
And the Hunnish hate and the Belgian fate
From England hold at length.

For, deadly the shot of the Western Scot
When fired at the German foe,
And fearful the feel of his shining steel
As the Hunnish hordes shall know.

With eager eye and head held high,
They will leap through the wire-blocked trench
With the courage fine of the British Line
And the lightsome heart of the French.

The Germans will sense their impotence
To grapple the men of this breed;
In a stand-up fight and a test of might
'Tis more than Kultur they'll need.

So, here's to the Day when we join the fray,
To play our part in the Game;
And before we are hit may we do our bit
To add to the Empire's fame.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

Major Christie occupied the chair at a concert given last Thursday by the Ladies' Musical Club of Victoria. The programme was exceptionally good and seemed to be well appreciated by the men. It was divided into four parts: French, Italian, Russian and British.

Double quartette selections under the leadership of Mr. Macey, were very good.

The 67th Military Band was in attendance, and such infectious music was provided that at one time there was hardly a man in the building who was not moving to the rhythm.

The Arion Club is coming shortly.

The Y.M.C.A. executive met this week.

There are now over 400 books in the library, and the library committee, whose aim it is to procure 1,000 books altogether, are to be complimented on their efforts. The Y.M.C.A. secretary thanks the men who worked so faithfully.

Victoria's Bible Class Federation is to hold "A Book Sunday." Books contributed by the members of the different branches of this organization will be given to the Willows Y.M.C.A. Library.

It is our desire that at some future date it may be possible to entertain the ladies of the Daughters of the Empire. This band of workers has done much to increase the comforts of the Y.M.C.A. building.

Join the bunch who go to the city Y.M.C.A. gym. Ask the secretary about it.

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CANTEEN NOTES

We notice in last week's "Western Scot" a suggestion from No. 1 Company that we build a new canteen. This matter was taken up three months ago by the committee, but we could get no suitable central location granted to us by the camp quartermaster. Besides, with our early departure a certainty, it would surely be bad policy to expend money on a building which would be for the use of the 225th Battalion, or some such unit. Of course, we appreciate that a select few of our men, who are such adepts at transferring from unit to unit, would have the use of it "for the duration of the war," but for most of us it would be a bad investment.

To correct any misunderstanding, we would like to make it clear that the sum voted for the purpose of paying the fares of the athletes to Vancouver, did not include any allowance for officers. The officers playing on the various teams pointed out that the canteen funds belonged to the men, and decided to pay their own expenses.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

By Crunluath Mach & Company

(No reflection on our personal cleanliness)

Here we are again, and although the weather is against route marches, we still manage to play Reveille without the aid of snowshoes. (Company.)

The new morning stunts of the Battalion on the oval bring back memories of the Guards (G.N.S.R.) and we'll soon have the same appearance as that famous body of men.

Fut about the Pioneer Sergeant's moustache? He wis seen ae day stravagin roon the toon, gyaun intull ilka droggists shop trying tae buy some o' yon fite pooder 'it the deemies use for takkin' the fog aff o' their oxters afore a dance.

Who is the piper who "mushes" his way along the Inter-urban Railroad towards Saanichton, and what is the attraction? (Company.)

! ♦ ! — !!! Shut up! (Crunluath Mach.)

For Pete's sake, Jack, keep quiet. (Crunluath Mach.)

They say the pipe band took in three First Aid lectures in the time usually allotted to one. The absorbing power of the "baun" always has been marvellous.

We offer apologies to the men who attended a recent funeral, on behalf of one or two members of the baun who forced the homeward pace until it resembled a two-step. The disturbing element was young Dunc., with his High School trot. Oh! Dunkie's swift!

We are commencing to suffer a most severe literary mauling about in this paper and spend half of our time searching for an agreeable "alias" to our present name. (Crunluath Mach.)

Two officers, discussing the Pipe-Major of a certain regiment:

A. That's a funny Pipe-Major of ours.

B. How?

A. Why, I met him the other morning and he said "It's a — of a morning, Sir," and never saluted me.

B. You're lucky. He called you "Sir."

When it comes to First Aid, we know of no very convenient, sudden treatment for the soldier who sampled his country's beans at a halt on the route march to Colwood.

They tell us on good authority that Pte. Neil McSween, No. 2 Company, had stolen from him the nice Christmas present given by two ladies. He'll get "socks" when the ladies see him next.

THE BASE COMPANY

The stork came to the home of Sgt. Tait on Tuesday, leaving a daughter behind. Mother, daughter and papa are all doing fine. Congratulations to the sergeant.

The impenetrable veil enveloping Pte. Higgins' movements during training has been lifted. Reported that he still takes his half (s)mile before breakfast each day and takes no other spiritual comfort except on Sunday.

P. C. Smith can be seen running round his training grounds, Government, down Yates, along water front, back up Johnson Street, six times without a stop. He is still eating good, particularly pudding.

Keep on smiling, Higgins; you will never take the laugh off Smith. Ha! Ha! Ha!

When he fell down the band stairs the other day the corporal's language was most "unchristianlike."

A Manxman ought to have three legs. The third would have saved the fall.

Had he been to the Manx Arms?

The band has a knack of tumbling up the stairs for a change. One light-footed night-hawk, who arrives home usually shortly after midnight, would oblige by taking his "buits" off.

That "Mach," of the Pipe Band, is very earnest and sincere in deprecating any criticism of the Pipe Band we will all agree.

He is an enthusiast himself and expects others to be the same. Still, he cannot expect a Battalion composed of men from every part of the British Empire to have that adoration for the pipes and their music that he, a Scotchman, has. Some of us never heard the pipes really played until we heard our own Pipe Band.

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COR. VIEW AND BROAD STS.

A "Cockney" made a remark the other night that since he joined the "Western Scots" he had become half Scotch. His chum says the other half is soda water.

If those Lancashire lads in No. 1 Company don't get busy wi' that Tater Pie Supper, we'll mak' one fur ahselves on ah bran new stoves and ate it ahselves, too.

By gum! Pipe music is like ateing tummatys; you've gotten to acquire a taste for 'em.

Congratulations to Sgt. Banks on winning the beauty prize. Good for Yorkshire!

SPORTS

(By Lieut. "Stan." Okell)

The "gods" still decree that we shall not, as yet, journey to Vancouver to try our skill in manly games with our friends the 72nd. Seaforths. Complete arrangements for the trip have now been made for four successive weeks, but no, the weather would not permit. As a solution to overcome the elements it has been suggested that an indignation meeting of the sports committee be held and a resolution made to abandon all idea of the journey.

Our six-man tug-of-war team, under Lieut. Duncan, journeyed to Vancouver via the H.M.C.S. Shearwater last week, in order to participate in the military tournament held in that city on Friday night, January 29. While they did not emerge victors, still they did exceedingly well, being in the semi-finals; especially when it is considered that our regular team consists of ten men, whereas the mainlanders have only experienced and trained teams of six men. There were nine entries in all; our first pull showing us facing the navy boys, who proved to be "easy picking." Our next pull was with our local friends, the "Timber Wolves," when once more the brawn of the "Western Scots" proved successful. Immediately we were pitted against the 72nd. "huskies," which contest turned out to be our "Waterloo," after one of the best events of the evening. The final pull was between the 72nd. and 62nd., the latter being victorious.

Steps have been taken during the past week to revive interest in boxing. It is proposed holding a tournament in the near future in the horse show building, so that twenty men with some knowledge of the art have been detailed to report to Instructor Davis each evening for the purpose of training. At present these men have to travel to the other end of the city to the V.I.A.A. hall, in order to obtain the necessary instruction, which, indeed, is a great shame. This matter is, however, being looked into, and it is likely that adequate quarters will be secured at no long distance from camp in the very near future. A camp gymnasium would certainly be a most helpful and welcome acquisition to the Willows.

While on the subject of boxing it might be mentioned that a letter is to hand, wherein are contained some very good suggestions. They are that a series of regimental bouts of all weights be held in the horse show building, and that an admission fee of twenty-five cents be charged, proceeds to go towards the sports fund. That the bouts in each class take the form of elimination contests, and that the final winner be termed the champion of the Battalion, and receive a suitable token, such as a medal, locket or the like. The idea is good, and we would commend the sports committee to give it their serious consideration. The fitter we are the sooner we will get to the Front; the more men we have participating in athletics, the fitter we will be.

The writer of these columns will welcome any news items, suggestions or letters regarding sports from any member of the Battalion, no matter his rank. We want to make this portion of the "Scot" newsy and interesting, and to completely cover all the athletics of the regiment. This can only be done by the co-operation of all. It is essential, however, that all contributors or correspondents give their name, rank and number or cognizance cannot be given.

There was once a good representative sports committee appointed in this Battalion, but a great many of the members have taken no interest whatsoever, leaving a faithful few to do all the work. Consequently, many branches of athletics have been overlooked, or at least allowed to lapse. Will all representatives please note that the sports committee meets each Monday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, and make it a point to be present? This is the only way we can revive and maintain interest. We must have something doing all the time. In order to do this we must have a real live committee. Each member must do his share.

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TRANSPORT SECTION

The Section is coming along fine and when we get our new issue of cavalry cloaks, riding breeches and spurs, we shall be "some pumpkins."

The boys are getting on to the cavalry drill pretty well, and all hands say they prefer "sections right" to "form fours."

All hands have been hard at work learning to tie different kinds of knots, hitches, etc., and are becoming very expert.

We have noticed that Pte. McArdle is very particular now to tie his shoe laces with a true "reef knot," and is particular about putting a correct double hitch in fastening his puttees.

The Section has been taking the course in First Aid to the wounded. This will be very useful to them as they will be able to apply their knowledge in case the horses get injured. Pte. Johnson wants to know if it would be correct to use his foot to put his horse's jaw back into place in case of dislocation.

Pte. Suttie, after purchasing a pair of extra socks down town on Saturday night (late), was observed trying to secure the parcel to his person by means of the "Diamond Hitch." He arrived home safely.

PAY PARAGRAPHS

Last, but not least, to appear in the "Western Scot," the hardworking Pay Department! Although we have been in print once or twice before through reflections on this department by some of the other sections, we keep smiling and pay the men twice a month just the same.

It should be noted for future reference, in view of many applications for same, that separation allowance cannot be claimed for the following: Cousins and nephews, aunts and uncles, family pets, grandfathers and grandmothers, sisters and brothers; also sundry relatives not in existence.

A census is to be taken of the Battalion under the supervision of the Pay Department, to find out how many men know the difference between their initials and their signatures, it being announced on the middle of the month "Every man initial only," and irrespective of this, nine men out of ten will endeavor to give us their family history in detail, for generations back, until we have to take the pencil out of their hands. So come on fellows, initials in the middle of the month, and signature at the end of the month.

Don't be downhearted. If we overpay you one month we'll take it off the next month's pay.

It might be noted that a certain sergeant was accused of having a sweet tooth, by a well known section. He pleads guilty, and if K.R. & O. lays down a penalty for it all well and good, but as it does not, the section in question does not want to let its appetite stretch in other directions known and heard of quite frequently.

"CASH ON HAND."

OBSERVATIONS

There are worse things than a row. The wildest colts make the safest horses; all depends on the breaking.

He jests at scars, who never felt a wound.

Every man gets his chance to make a fool of himself; some get several chances every day and never miss one.

A married man's pluck is proverbial. He never loses heart, for it is safe in his wife's keeping.

Scots' love—"one heart between two." In answer to the statement of Sour Willie, that a man enters his second childhood when a woman gets hold of him.

The remarks anent the pipe-major's kilt these cold days were uncalled for. It was at the tailor's shop being let out. The Kilties have a good case against breeks. The kilt always is smart looking, no matter how old it is. It is never tight, too long or too short, and it does not burst nor need patches nor have buttons sewn on it, nor have to be pressed and cleaned. It outlasts fifty pairs of trousers. It is the healthiest garment known. Without drawers it is warmer than trousers. It is the ideal campaigning garb and the girls all love it!!!

Judging Distance (Old Style)

At 80 yards you can see a man's eyes.

At 150 yards you can see the buttons of his tunic.

At 400 yards the face becomes a dot, but the movement of arms and legs is quite visible.

At 1,000 yards a line of men looks like a belt, but the direction of march is still plain.

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