

# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 4th, 1915

No. 9

## THE BATTALION

One hundred additional men added to the establishment, and to be known as the Base Company, now brings our total to 1,153 authorized Officers, N.C.O.'s and others. With the absorption of the Draft, and a number of transfers to other units, we now exceed our establishment by 30. This means that recruiting for the Battalion is ended and we may look for an early order to depart.

The first hockey match of the year, "Western Scots" vs. H.M.C.S. "Rainbow," resulted in a victory for the Scots, 10 to 3.

The Battalion Orderly Room space has been cut down to one-third the original size in order to make room for our friends of the 88th, who have been greatly handicapped for want of space to handle recruits applying for enlistment. Our system will allow for much less space if necessary.

It was a well-earned victory on Saturday last, when the 67th soccer team defeated the 88th on the Oval at Willows Park. Both teams felt that they were engaged in a game of water polo instead of soccer. Here and there a dry spot could be noticed in the field, but not enough to warrant more than a half dozen strides at any one time. Major Meredith-Jones made his debut between the goal posts, but it was noticed that the ball reached his stalwart form on only one occasion. He has complained of a severe cold ever since and hopes to be kept more on the move in future games.

The brass band will continue the Monday evening concerts in No. 1 Building until further orders. All members of the Battalion are invited to be present on these occasions.

In addition to the twelve men already brought from White Horse, Yukon, another ten are on their way south to enlist with us, and are due to arrive about the 7th inst. This will make a total of twenty-two recruits brought at Government expense from the far north in order that they may have the opportunity of doing their share in the firing line. We are proud of the Yukon and Cariboo men, who now number well over 200, and feel that we are fortunate in securing this fine body of men to take along with us.

Everything indicates our early departure for the front. It is the unanimous wish of all ranks that the order to leave comes soon. We know that we are needed and feel that we are ready to "dig in."

## NO. 1 COMPANY

The Company was at the ranges on Wednesday, shooting at the 300 yard range. The outing was, as usual, voted a huge success. Pte. Lauchie Macmillan is improving steadily. Consult the Musketry Department for his record.

We rejoice to hear that there is a prospect of the men who left us to go to No. 5 Company coming back to us.

Had the fire which broke out in the sergeants' mess been a night later, the piano might have been saved. The sergeants were on the point of suggesting to the officers' mess which borrowed the piano stool and failed to return it, that they might as well come and have the piano also. Still, the sergeants are willing to chance another fire destroying the stool also, if the borrowers will return it.

The sergeants of the 67th are playing the battalion team on Saturday. Now is the time for the men playing to get their own back.

In the hope that the men read the "Scot" more carefully than they read battalion orders, might we venture the suggestion that everybody in the possession of sweaters and trousers belonging to the Sports Committee return them to Q.M. stores forthwith?

It was a shame to chalk the sign of the three balls on the door of No. 2 Co., Q.M. stores. From our own observation there is only one man in the battalion less inclined to Jewish tricks than C.Q.M.S. Stewart, and that one man is the Q.M.S. of No. 1 Company.

Out of the replies received to date in answer to Sergt. Burton's question box, we have failed to receive a correct answer. As Sergt. Burton wants to get rid of that \$10, he will give it to anyone complying with the following simple conditions. Sergt. Burton has 30 cigars. To any one who can smoke them in seven days, smoking an odd number each day, he will give the \$10. Don't think this is an easy way of getting 30 cigars, for the person who complies with the conditions receives the price of 30 cigars in addition to the \$10 prize. Competitors to apply before Wednesday next.

## NO. 2 COMPANY

Some time ago there appeared in the "Western Scot" an article on the "Qualifications of a Company Q.M.S.," and we have just learned of a rather painful and sorrowful incident connected with this same article. A young lady in Victoria who is very much interested in Q.M. Sergeants, especially in No. 2 Co. Q.M.S., read the article, and taking it for the literal truth, promptly gave Q.M.S. Stewart his walking papers, the cold shoulder and the sack all at the same time. We are very sorry, but it can't be helped now. We were going to put in another article about Q.M.S. Stewart trying to sell a dog to the Regimental Taylor, but we won't do so now. By-the-way, the dog turned out to be the Regimental Taylor's own dog, but we won't tell it on the Q.M.S. as we know he has his eye on another dame. Give him a chance!

We would like to know where "Tubby" Barr stole the big drum. Tuesday evening he walked home from town carrying a drum as big as himself; in fact, if it had not been for having an overcoat on, we would not have been able to distinguish between "Tubby" and the drum.

We were sorry that Lieut. McDermot was enabled to play for the "Western Scots" last Saturday. We hope he is over his inoculation now and can play in the next game.

We have all fully recovered from our second "shot."

As today (Saturday) is so near to last pay day, every man should do his duty and buy a copy of the "Western Scot," also another one to send to his friends.

Our congratulations to the "Fire Piquet" for the quick and excellent work at the fire the other night.

By-the-way, we wonder whether it will be a fight or a fire tonight.

We are coming along fine in our Musketry course. We are fortunate in having in our Company such an able instructor as Lieut. Wilmot.

Just to settle a bet, would someone tell us the exact measurement of the distance Lieut. Sturgess raises out of the saddle when he is a-horseback. "A" bets it is 27 inches and "B" says it is 32. Maybe it is more than that, but we would like to know for sure.

That reminds us. Hasn't someone a joke about a black horse?

We got a real taste of the horrors of war the other night at the fire, according to excellent authority.

## NO. 3 COMPANY

After several weeks of practical inactivity, good weather has again made its appearance and the Company has had an opportunity of doing a little drill, but though every man was glad to be at work again it could easily be seen how seriously rain retards the progress of soldiers in training.

The Bible makes a reference to the far-reaching effect of a small fire. On Tuesday morning a small fire was the indirect means of considerable damage being done to a very handsome pair of pyjamas, worked with a delicate floral design of forget-me-nots, in which Mr. Gillingham made a hurried appearance.

By-the-way, No. 3 Company set an excellent record for itself in both the speed with which it paraded and its behaviour

on the occasion of the fire. However, some reflections have been made against our fire piquet, Pte. Jones. His statement that he was the first on the roof of the burning building with an axe is somewhat discredited by the fact that when the Company returned to its lines he was seen asleep by the stove.

On Tuesday morning the strength of No. 10 Platoon on parade was only four, composed of three N.C.O.'s and one private, and when the Battalion advanced in a line of platoons in fours, it was ordered to dress on No. 10!

The athletic classes showed their effect a few nights ago, when Pte. Algy Bryan challenged anyone to pull him out of bed. The challenge was accepted and Algy started to get out of bed in sections; first the mattress and blankets, then various articles of clothing, and finally Algy himself was extricated in the same fancy costume in which he was born.

Passing a message correctly from man to man in extended order work seems to be a difficult task. The following gems are good examples: "Troop of cavalry on our left rear" finished up as "troop of cavalry on our left ear," while the result of "Capt. Nicholson says enemy is pressing on his left wing" was "Capt. Nicholson says enemy is pressing on his left shin." The difficulty some men have in understanding a simple sentence is extraordinary, yet if any man were to call out, "Who will have a drink on me?" he would be killed in the rush!

Capt. Nicholson had given instructions on outpost duty to a sentry, explaining that after recognizing an officer he should pass him with the words "Pass, friend, all's well." A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Half an hour later the sentry greeted him with the words, "Pass friend, I'm quite well."

Pte. Olver passes some very sleepless nights since he has been moved close to Pte. Matheson, who is a very enthusiastic follower of Deadshot Dick tales. It is a common occurrence to hear him talking in his sleep and uttering terrible threats of vengeance. Olver has already made his will, in full expectation of getting cut up in the night. After getting up one morning and finding Matheson with two brooms lying beside him representing rifles, an empty shell on the floor, and two boot brushes clutched in his hands as six-shooters, and foam at both corners of the mouth, he might have been heard asking particulars about transferring to some other Platoon.

#### NO. 5 COMPANY

Our compliments to Pte. W. H. Hedges, of No. 19 Platoon, who holds the record for distance judging. His elation was so great that he inadvertently put on a corporal's greatcoat in mistake for his own, and only came back to the realities of life when an officer reprimanded him for not being able to find his section.

Cpl. May (the tall guy in the shining buttons) has proposed forming a sinking fund with himself as president. But he has forgotten to state the objects of the fund.

The following headline appeared in a contemporary: "Socks for Soldiers." But "socks" for the Kaiser say the Western Scots.

It is rumoured that Q.M.S. Jones, Sergt. Johnston, of the band, and Sergt. Redgrave are among those who are desirous of transferring to the B.C.B's.

Sergt. Steele seems very happy since he became associated with the "Distinction or Extinction" Section, (which, by the way, is another name for the "Suicide Club"). Bravo, Steele! Let's hope you'll never be raised by your own petard.

#### MACHINE GUN PATTEN

Bayonet drill in the morning, a soccer game at 2.15 p.m., a hockey game at 5 p.m., and a basketball game at 8.15 barely suffices to keep Private "Nellie" Kenny from putting on excessive weight. He is figuring on a lacrosse game somewhere between reveille and parade time to make it a fair day's work.

Pte. John Wilson is back from Prince George after an extended leave. It is rumored he left several broken hearts in the north country.

Pte. Joe Dakers only steps once in a while, but when he goes he goes. Joe went for about fifteen beans worth of banquet the other evening, and he was just hitting his stride when Corp. Mills insisted that he should go home.

The staff and No. 3 are busy consoling each other for their defeats at the hands—or rather, feet—of this section in the Battalion soccer games. A one-goal defeat does not look

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much on paper, but it did not represent the superiority of the Gunners in either game.

Pte. Crozier developed unlooked-for soccer ability in the game with No. 3 this week. He loomed up as a likely candidate for the Battalion team.

Jack Flynn, "Finnegan," as the boys affectionately term him, proved a sensation in the soccer game against No. 3. And nobody suspected that he concealed all this ability about him either.

Pte. Parry is going to join the Battalion Boxing Class, in preparation for the next game with No. 3. Cunningham almost started a little set-to with him, and Parry intends to be well prepared.

Some time some day next week, between reveille and tattoo, the members of the Section will parade at the Arena Rink and engage in a hockey game. The doors will not be locked, but the Battalion police will be on hand to preserve order. The teams will be led by Corporals Hewitt and Mills, and a mammoth feed hinges on the result.

#### TO THE SIXTY-SEVENTH WESTERN SCOTS

Looking every inch a soldier,  
See him march with manly tread,  
Going forth to meet the battle—  
Seeking life among the dead.

Chorus:

Who are these so nobly marching?  
The Sixty-Seventh C.E.F.  
For the Empire is in danger!  
To the call they are not deaf.

Leaving all he loves behind him  
For the master's voice he hears.  
Follow me! the bugle echoes.  
Pulses throb 'mid angel cheers.

Chorus—

Should he fall! No nobler deathbed,  
With his colors folded round.  
Gave his life for Home and Country;  
Victory now his life has crowned.

Chorus:

Who are these so nobly marching?  
The Sixty-Seventh C.E.F.  
For the Empire is in danger!  
To the call they are not deaf.

[Note.—This song was written by Mrs. A. Carolyn Bayfield, of Victoria, who at present is setting it to music.]

#### PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

The Pipe-Major might have been seen hurrying down Yates Street the other day, talking to himself about some attestation papers or other. It seems he registered Miss Wishart with the wrong name, and had to fix it in quick time to avoid domestic undoing.

Our position as chaperone to the pipe band is no enviable one, and is garnished with numerous vexations. However, we assure the public that Piper D. C., the erect, handsome person, has been warned against his prevailing fancy for anything with short skirts and school books, so that his behaviour of last Monday may not contaminate the general parade dignity of the baun.

It is time to make a vigorous kick. All of you have reason to know that the pipers and drummers suffered from inoculation on Friday. As a result, our miserable self was Orderly Piper three days in succession. But the worst remains to be told. On Friday night there was but one piper at the Officers' Mess, and that Mess-Sergeant really looked astonished when we ordered a drink for the whole band.

Someone had the neck to suggest that one of our pipers was in a fuddled condition in town lately. It is all tommyrot. This band never, never gets tipsy. We once played in a band where one fellow came home at night and talked to a little dog which did not exist. Oh! Aye! Ye're damnation richt.

Geordie and Pat are to be congratulated on their work in our last football match. Geordie's goal was quite a football phenomenon in its way.

DRINK

## PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

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#### PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL (Opposite City Hall)

As secretary of the Pipe Band Ball Committee we tender our warmest thanks to all the men who took tickets, and paid for them.

(Censored by Pipe-Major).

The motorman of the Willows street car No. 178 showed the disposition of a selfish horse on the race track when he tried to crowd the pipe band at the expense of Piper Low's limbs on Wednesday morning.

How is it the Pipe-Major does not play at long dress in the morning? Little Miss Wee Shirt?

The draft seems to take things seriously. We are sure of it ever since we found our table and two benches in their possession. Some of them mistake our little piece of real estate for a timbered lot waiting to be cleared of every piece of combustible wood.

A certain lady, who dotes on soldiers, has quite an insight into stage jokes, and at Pantages lately she figured to a day when one of last week's stage jokes would reach the height of its application.

Awful weather! Eh, what?

The musical comedy item in Pantages last week was great.

The pet of the regiment is said to be contemplating a transfer. Overseas for us, fellows. We can read the weather away ahead of time.

We sincerely sympathize with Paddy and other dogs whose fate it is to be left behind every regiment which goes overseas.

You must not think the drummers got tired on that brigade route march. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to execute the fancy beats when darkness obscures the music, and—the sidewalk admirers.

#### STOP PRESS NEWS

They say the Sergeant-Drummer's pants feel lonesome. We always wondered what caused him to find such a deep interest in the fancy saddles, spurs, martingales, etc., displayed in the saddlery stores of Victoria. CRUNLUATH MACH.

#### PRaise FROM GEN. CURRIE

Captain, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, chaplain to the 50th Regiment, Gordon Highlanders, received this week a letter from Major-General A. W. Currie, in which, inter alia, he says:

"I am glad Ross has had such great success. I always thought a lot of Ross, and will be glad to see him back again. Please give him my kindest wishes. I have many old friends in his regiment, and would also like to be kindly remembered to them."

The success to which Major-General Currie refers in regard to Lieut.-Col. Ross is that in recruiting the 67th Regiment, Western Scots.

# The Western Scot

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1915

## TRANSFERS

In no way can a man discourage his Company Commander or show disloyalty to his Battalion Commander better than by the all too prevalent habit of transferring to any new unit that is formed. Few men realize the trouble and care that has been expended upon them by their officers to bring them to a certain state of efficiency, and no more direct insult can be given to an officer than to have a man ask for a transfer to another unit.

There are, of course, some cases in which men have a very legitimate excuse for transferring—chances of promotion, friends or relatives in the new unit—but even they should think twice before leaving the Battalion with which they originally enlisted. Men who have no inducements of this kind can only be looked upon as being in the game for the living it provides, and as the lowest type of all men—he who wears the uniform to escape criticism and who has no intention of ever fighting for King and Country.

In many cases, in fact, in most cases, men who have transferred from this Battalion have found that they are very much worse off than if they had stayed where they were, but, sensibly, they are not permitted to come back. Both in this Battalion and in the new unit they find that there is no possible place for the shirker.

## THE DRAFT DRAFTED

The long looked-for settlement of what was to become of our draft of 250 men, has finally been decided upon.

We are to keep these well trained men with us, and the whole Battalion, officers, N.C.O.'s and men, welcome our comrades back, and feel indeed that we are greatly strengthened by the absorption of what has been known as No. 5 Company. These men were the first to volunteer in a hurry-up call to the front, and much as we were loth to lose them, the order to furnish a draft was promptly complied with and the men have been ready and prepared to leave at a day's notice. As we all know, it is a severe test for a soldier to be kept in this state of uncertainty, for months, and naturally enough the men of the Draft have considered themselves a separate unit, in expectation of being absorbed into some other unit abroad.

A most happy solution to the breaking up of the Draft and its distribution to the various companies in the Battalion has been arranged. Fortunately each company has been allowed to remain under strength in anticipation of this event, and each company has unanimously agreed to rearrange platoons in such a manner as to leave vacant almost a whole platoon for the reception of the platoons from the Draft. In this way the men of the Draft will practically remain together, and the close friendships formed during the past few months will remain undisturbed.

While we realize the disappointment experienced by our friends of No. 5 Company, we must acknowledge that the Battalion as a whole is being benefited, and our efficiency increased to such an extent that it will undoubtedly expedite our early departure for the front.

## NOTES

The Chaplain of the 50th Regiment, Gordon Highlanders, has favored the "Western Scot" with the following extracts from the diary of one of his sons, who is with the 16th Battalion, Canadian Scottish, at the front:

"I heard that Capt. J. H. MacGregor, of the Victoria Gordons, was killed. I'll wager that 'Mac' did not go under without putting up a good fight. He was a brave soldier, and a MacGregor every inch. Our troops suffered heavily in that terrible struggle."

"The first few months I was here in Flanders, our reply to the German fire was, for want of ammunition, very weak. Now, however, the tables have turned. We send over to the Germans half a hundred good, smart shells for every twenty they send to us. It is difficult for those in Canada to imagine the pleasure and confidence it gives the Canadian troops to hear the shells from our guns whistling overhead bound for the German lines in payment with interest for the missiles they sent us a few months ago."

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"We have been in the trenches ten days, and shall be probably for five or ten days more, before we go into billet, a few miles behind the trenches. It will be delightful to get a bath and clean clothes after being in dirty trenches for two or three weeks. Occasionally the Germans break the monotony of our burrows by sending us a gratuity of highly explosive bombshells. As we do not believe in taking something for nothing, we return the compliment in good measure."

"After eighteen days and nights in the trenches, hut encampment seems like a bit of Paradise. It is great luxury to have a floor on which to sleep, a cook to prepare our meals, with country lanes and green fields in which to roam at our sweet will. In the trenches, whether by day or by night, asleep or awake, there is a constraint which in time becomes very wearing on mind and body and health."

"The German snipers are wonderful shots, and unprincipled in their deluding deviltry. The man who says they are not good shots is talking through his hat. A couple of days ago one of our snipers looked over our transverse parapet, and although only about five inches of his head was exposed, and too, for less than two minutes, he fell dead with a bullet through his head, and by a German sniper, 450 yards away. Our snipers are picked men, and equally sure shots with those of the enemy. It is a game of 'tit for tat.' In our civilization and mode of warfare we are, after all, not far removed from the savage Indian of America."

"Judging from home news, Col. Ross is making good the confidence which Major-General Sir Sam Hughes seems to have in him, and is rapidly building up a strong battalion of fine men in the 67th Regiment, Western Scots. I would like to see the Scots in the firing line, for I am sure the men from the Kootenays, Fort George, and Prince Rupert, many of whom I know well, would make the feathers fly, and the Germans march on the double with their heels towards the men from the west."

"Capt. Muirhead came over to France a couple of days ago in command of No. 1 Company, 'the old Gordons.' A more gallant lot of men never landed in France than the Gordons of Victoria. There are only twenty-seven of them now not out of action; still the twenty are there to the last man when it comes to action."

MILITARY TOURNAMENT

Plans were laid this week for holding a combined naval and military tournament on a large scale. Although no definite date has been set it is expected that the big event will take place on Friday night, December 17.

At a meeting held early in the week representatives from H.M.C.S. Rainbow, the Royal Canadian Volunteer Reserve, the 11th Canadian Mounted Rifles, the 67th Western Scots, the 88th Victoria Fusiliers, the 5th Canadian Garrison Artillery and the 50th Gordon Highlanders were present. It is hoped that before the programme is finally drawn up that entries will be received from the Royal Canadian Regiment, Work Point, No. 5 Company Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery, Signal Hill, and the 103rd Overseas Battalion.

The final programme has not as yet been arranged, but some of the interesting events promised are exhibitions of gun drill by the Navy and C.G.A., a musical ride by the 11th C.M.R., escalading by this Battalion, exhibitions of drill, tug of war contests, wrestling on horseback and many other spectacular and amusing events. Ample time has been allowed to give the contestants every opportunity of reaching a high state of efficiency, and it is safe to say that the tournament will be the most interesting event staged by the Senior and Junior services here in many a long day.

The tournament will take place in the Horse Show building, which will be partially reconstructed to increase its seating capacity. If the tournament is the huge success that the committee in charge expects it is possible that another performance will be given on Saturday, December 18.

ROUND THE CAMP

Well, Well	Old
Pay Day	Draft
This week	Now
And	We sure
We Are	Have
Still Here	Some Battalion
Who'd	* * * * *
Have Believed	More
It	Of
However	You
Our Girl	Fellows
Wanted to Go	Should go
To	To
The	The Brass
Pipers' Ball	Band
Some Ball	Concert
Congratulations	On
To	Monday
The	Nights
Pipe Band	The
* * * * *	Band
Shed	Is
A Flock	There
Of Tears	Both ways
For	And
The	It needs
Poor Old	Encouragement
Rainbow	So
We certainly	Roll Up
Did	* * * * *
Lick them	No more
Well	Space
At Hockey.	So
Hope	Must
You do it	Go
Next Time	And
Boys	Get
* * * * *	A pint
Welcome	Of
Back	B—arley water
To the	Ta-Ta.
Good	

ONLOOKER.

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

Through the kindness of Mr. N. B. Maysmith, manager of the Columbia Theatre, our Section spent an enjoyable time last Tuesday evening at the Show.

"Harry" is improving his mind and becoming more "medical" while acting as Hospital Orderly. "Noblesse oblige."

Pte. Norman showed his usual alacrity in getting up at the fire-call the other morning.

Our happy, though wounded, warrior paid the first of his return calls last Monday. It was his first public appearance on crutches, but if he is to catch up with visits from the fair sex,

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while he has been in hospital, he will have to keep a-goin' for some time.

Was it because it was the sergeants' mess that caught fire the other morning that Sergeant Burton told one fellow who was hurriedly putting on his trousers: "Never mind your pants, there, come away at once?" Why all this anxiety, Sergeant? Then, we do not have the kilt yet. Carry on!

We have to compliment another S.B. man's wife for good cooking. Some class to these pork pies, Arthur!

The strain of passing examinations in First Aid is telling upon our fellows. But it will soon be all over and a display of certificates will be in order.

## A GROUCH

It's rumoured we'll soon be over the seas,—  
 England, or Egypt, or "Somewhere in Greece,"  
 Any place on the map,  
 We don't care a rap,  
 We're ready and eager and willing,  
 Just give us a chance,—  
 Be it Balkans or France,—  
 We want to be in at the killing.

You say that we've still got some wrinkles to learn,  
 How the bullet to speed and the bay'net to turn,  
 We've had "parry and point"  
 'Till our arm's out of joint,  
 And we've "grouped" pretty well at the range,  
 We've spent days in the trench,  
 And got soaked to a drench—  
 Give's a bit of the real for a change.

In muscle and brawn we'll venture to state,  
 The "Scots" are a mighty hard bunch for to mate,  
 Is there any more need  
 For this drill of the Swede?  
 And we're weary of polishing buttons,—  
 It gives us the pip;  
 Why not let all that rip?  
 We're keen to be ripping up Teutons.

It's true that we sometimes kick over the trace,  
 (Resulting in fourteen days "C.B." to face—  
 Gives one time to get dry  
 For more by and by).  
 Pr'raps it's only a failing for "fun,"  
 Or a touch of ennui,  
 Sets us off on the spree,  
 We'll be there when there's work to be done.

So we hope that for once Dame Rumour is right,  
 That we soon will be off to take part in the fight,  
 We earnestly hope  
 She's got the right dope;  
 We're ready and eager and willing,  
 Just give us a chance,—  
 Be it Balkans or France,—  
 We want to be in at the killing.

J. ROBERTSON.

## THE POULTICE WALLOPERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. R. (S.B. Section).

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## ATHLETICS

(By Corpl. J. HEWITT)

Brawn, typified by eleven good men and true from the 67th Western Scots, triumphed over brains, disguised as the 88th Fusiliers, for the second time in the City Soccer League series on the oval last week-end. The score, one to nil, would give the impression to one who did not witness the one-sided argument that it was a hard, close game, but it was far from so. The Scots were all over their opponents from start to finish, and though they did not beat the able 88th custodian till the last half minute of the game, they were entitled to half a dozen goals on the run of the play. The opposing goalie pulled off some truly wonderful saves, and he had a lot of good luck as well. Once in the first half it appeared that the Scots scored when the ball slipped through the goalie's fingers and he had to turn clear around to pick it up in order to relieve. But the referee ruled otherwise, and so it was not till just at the end that Allen managed to send the ball into the net during a scrimmage in front. The Scots had a patched-up team for the occasion, with four of the regulars missing, but they performed wonderfully well under the circumstances and kept the Fusiliers penned up inside their own territory for practically four-fifths of the time.

It is all over but the shouting in the City League series now. The Thistles dropped a point to the Wests last week-end, and now the Jacksons are sure champions. They are entitled to the honors, too. The Western Scots will finish up in third place. For a time they had bright prospects, but two successive defeats by the Jacksons killed their chances.

With two victories to its credit and no defeats, the Machine Gun Section is showing the way in the Battalion Soccer League. No. 3 Company, led by Lance-Corporal Cunningham, aided and abetted by Corporal Fenton, tried to bar the victorious progress of the gunners on Wednesday, and went down before them by the score of one goal to nil. The gunners actually scored twice, but Cunningham talked too fast and furious for the referee when the first shot from Geordie Nichol, the fair-haired pride of the Gun Section, beat Goaltender Hazel, and so the goal did not count. But there was no mistaking the second goal, which Pte. Duggan scored. Duggan, by the way, is a youth of undoubted promise, and should in time, by careful application to the pastime, develop into a really great footballer. He did not do anything on Wednesday other than score this goal, but being of a modest and retiring disposition, he apparently thought this was sufficient. Finnigan Flynn, the Fort George thunderbolt, provided the thrills of the day by his brilliant work in goal. He now ranks with Duggan as the world's greatest goalies. Neither has been scored on in a game so far, and their fielding average, as the baseball fans put it, is perfect to date. Crozier was another star uncovered by the Gunners, while "Nellie" Kenny and Lieut. Okell both played their usual heady effective games. The losers evidently suffered from over-confidence, at least, that was the opinion to be derived from Cunningham's remarks before, during, and after the conflict. They had their strongest team out, but they could not stand up under the pattering of the Machine Gunners, who kept up an incessant fusillade that palpably upset the men of No. 3.

The rugby enthusiasts have not been very enthusiastic of late. Surely Captain Meredith does not intend to let the record of one game played, one lost, stand forever.

The sergeants of the Battalion have an idea they can play soccer, and they have arranged to give a demonstration of their skill on the oval this afternoon in competition with the representative league team of the Scots. There promises to be some game. It will be one time the rank and file will have an opportunity to tell the sergeants what they think of them, individually and collectively, without fear of C.B., and for that very reason there will probably be a large attendance when Referee Walter Lorimer, now of the 88th, blows the whistle for the commencement of the exhibition. Here is the sergeants' line-up: Goal, Burton; Backs, Masterton and Roxburgh; Halves, J. Smith, Hughes and Pugh; Forwards, Johnstone, Gray, Allan, Haines and McPhee. Reserves, Howard, Watson, Williams and Morton.

The Vancouver Island Amateur Athletic Association entertained a contingent from the Western Scots right royally at the initial entertainment in its new quarters in the old Victoria West Athletic Club Hall on Wednesday night, when the prizes

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for the recent patriotic boxing tournament were distributed. Billy Davies proved a kind and generous host.

The boxing class in the Horse Show Arena, under the direction of Instructor Billy Davies, is proving very popular. A medicine ball, two punching bags, a basketball and nets, two chest developers, and four sets of boxing gloves are included in the equipment. Rugby basketball has made a hit.

### HOCKEY

The Scots played their first game of the season Wednesday evening against a team from the Rainbow, which was won by a score of 10 to 3. The game showed that we have several good puck chasers in our midst, but combination, the key to success in all games, was sadly lacking. There is some excuse for this fault, as the boys have never played together. However, after the boys have had a few practices together we will undoubtedly be well represented in hockey, as we are in other branches of sport. The team lined up as follows: Goal, Marsden; Point, Kenny; C. Point, McDiarmid; Rover, Morton; Left Wing, Duggan; Right Wing, Peters.

### RECEIVED FROM THE FRONT

(Said to be a Fact)

A chaplain at the front complained to the O.C. of one company that the men did not turn to the east in the recitation of the Creed.

The O.C. called up his Sergt.-Major and gave orders that the matter should be attended to.

The Sergt.-Major thereupon proceeded to instruct the men. He said: "Now, remember, the words 'I believe' are merely cautionary, you must (do) not move, but on the words 'in God the Father,' turn smartly, and let me hear those heels come up with a click!"

### WORDS OF PRAISE

Editor "Western Scot":

Sir,—Appended are copies of two letters I have recently received referring to the verses we published in "The Western Scot." Perhaps you will care to use them in the approaching issue, out of compliment to the writers who bear us such good will.

C. L. ARMSTRONG.

Maywood P.O., Nov. 1st, 1915.

Pte. C. L. Armstrong:

Dear Sir,—You are one man that I would like to take by the hand.

I am sending that poem to one of the best lads that has gone, and we shall see if he shares the opinion of that woman. Hang right on to your roughness, you will need it long before you are through.

That is the advice of myself and another.  
Wishing you the best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) JESSIE JOHNSON,  
and W.D.

Monday, Nov. 1st.

To Private Armstrong, 67th Western Scots:

Dear Sir:—I read your verses in Sunday's Colonist, and feel very sorry and grieved to think that any woman in Victoria could have said anything so hurtful about the 67th or any of the soldiers here, who are all so gallantly ready to do their

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bit for their country; and I in common with many another woman, think each new battalion formed quite the equal in every particular of those that have gone before, and have every confidence that the 67th Western Scots will distinguish themselves just as nobly as their predecessors in the serious and arduous time that awaits them in Europe.

Truly yours,

(Signed) F. A. BURNS.