

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 26th, 1916

No. 16

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The conclusion of the papering job in the ante-room is a great success. Sure enough, we lost all our pet draughts and the paper goes ill with our "pash" curtains; but oh, you home sweet home!

Terrible as it appeared in anticipation, the inspection on Wednesday last passed off without any casualties and with none reported missing.

It would hardly be possible to imagine a more genial, and at the same time thoroughly efficient investigator, than the Inspector-General for the West.

The attendance of officers at mess dinner of late has been noticeably better.

Who is the officer that remarked when told that prohibition was suggested for Scotland, that raising the price of booze would have the same effect.

General Montgomery, lately in command of the Forces on James Island, having returned to the mess, the bill at the Pantages may be expected to improve.

NO. 1 COMPANY

The strength of the Company has been increased by the arrival of six more men from the Cariboo. They appear to measure up to the Cariboo standard alright.

Wonders will never cease. Another stove has made its appearance. Like Lloyd George, we whisper "too late," as of course in Victoria it is never cold after the middle of January. We don't think.

One of our most aristocratic members, to wit, Sergt. Morden, has left us for the purpose of going to a training college for officers in England. To see Harty in civilians' is a sight for sore eyes, and he appears (see social and personal columns), to have left Victoria in a blaze of glory. We wonder if Harty will tell those simple folks across the water that he was a sergeant in Canada, don't you know!

No. 2 Platoon wants to know when the members of the Brass Band will emerge from their spasmodic hibernation. We use the word spasmodic as they do come out of their winter quarters once in a while. We noticed in last week's issue their spokesman apologized for their seclusion, and we hope that No. 2 Platoon, aforesaid, will accept this apology in the spirit in which it is tendered.

Pte. William Fawcett, of No. 3 Platoon, was married last Sunday to Miss Irene Carter, of this city. The ceremony took place at Christ Church Cathedral, and Cpl. Fortner performed in a highly creditable manner the arduous and important duties of best man. The many friends of the happy couple wish them both the best of luck.

What's the matter with the coffee? To use a military simile, it has a double pull—a steady pressure down and a squeeze-up. In all due humility we advise the fire-leaders in the kitchen to use combined sights—fresh coffee and fresh water.

Heard at the inspection the other day. Where were you born? In Bolton, sir. Ah, in England. No, Lancashire.

Another Irishman. Where were you born? California, sir. How long have you lived in Canada? All my life, sir.

Extract from Daily Colonist, January 15th, 1916: "Among those noticed at the ball given by the sergeants of the 67th Battalion, were Sergt. Morden and many others."

The Canteen Committee have blown themselves by buying seats for the whole battalion at the afternoon performance of the "Birth of a Nation" on Tuesday. This was greatly appreciated, and as it would appear that we have a large reserve, doubtless further treats are in store for us. We would suggest prizes being offered for the best ideas. Of course that of building a new canteen would never suggest itself to anyone.

Tom Hood and Artemus Ward only take second place to Sergt. Brice on physical drill days.

NO. 2 COMPANY

Sunday and no wood; so a call came for a Volunteer Wood Parade, one not very acceptable to the men, even though the weather was snappy, but they got there just the same, bringing in their sheaves of wood to carry the Company over until Monday, when it paraded in force, piling up enough wood to last the week. Some parade, eh, boys? and something like heavy marching order with no shirkers.

Tuesday—Fall in at 9 for route march and some route march it was, over slippery roads and around snow banks at 128 to the minute; yet none fell by the wayside. Is the O.C. training us for the Highland Light Infantry? we are wondering. Yet it brings results. Did everyone enjoy "The Birth of a Nation" that same afternoon? I did for one, but strange to say, most of the men I have talked with about it, like myself, enjoyed the second part the best. The Ku Klux Clan was good, but the cleaning out of the bar-room was some stunt. That it gripped some of the men, there is no doubt, for, when the white man was in the bar talking with the nigger, one of our men behind me said somewhat disgustedly: "Why don't he swat him?" When he did get busy there was something doing.

That the 67th made a good impression on the Inspector-General, there can be no doubt, and No. 2 is to be complimented on the way they carried on. No slackness or delay by officers or men in giving or executing commands. The Company showed an esprit de corps which could not fail to satisfy the Inspector-General, who seemed pleased at the way the men carried on, especially when at the commands of C.S.M. Johnson, the Company doubled to make way for No. 3.

That the men of the 67th can make themselves comfortable under trying circumstances was plainly proved on Thursday's route march by the number of fires that were soon blazing, the men sitting around them singing, etc., to pass the time till tea was ready. By the time it was ready the rations had disappeared, and from remarks overheard more sandwiches would have been welcome. It wasn't a long march, but a trying one in every way, and it speaks well for the physical condition of the men that they stood it so well.

What luck! No. 2 bathing and swimming parade cancelled for the second time! Where is the Jinx? Can't some of you dig him out?

It was a pleasure for the officers present at the R.A.M.C. lecture to notice the earnest attention the men paid to it and the demonstration of bandaging given by our genial instructor.

By the way, has anyone followed the directions so plainly and clearly given as to how to cut one's throat? If so, I have not heard of it yet.

Stick to it boys, absorb all information and learn all you possibly can on this subject, for it is one every man going to the firing line should know, and knowing how and what to do at the right time may mean saving the life of your best friend, or perhaps your own. From experience I know how invaluable first aid knowledge is on the firing line, how the lack of it has meant the death of many good men whose life could no doubt have been saved by knowledge of first aid. So stick to it and get busy with your bandages.

Good work, boys; go to it. I heard you last night and this morning A.B.C.D. Semaphore signals. Kep it up! It may get some of us out of a tight place some day.

NO. 3 COMPANY

Can anyone give an estimate of the length of stride of a certain very tall lieutenant, when he leads No. 3 Company, and why it is that he keeps step entirely with himself?

We very much regret Captain Nicholson's absence through sickness, and all wish him a speedy recovery.

We all enjoyed our bathing parade on Friday last at 6.40 a.m. We regret being so delicate as to be unable to stand the cold weather after taking a bath.

A section of "Minor Notes" and "Wise and Otherwise" belonged to No. 3 Company. In the last issue of the "Scot" it was on another page from the rest of No. 3 Company's "dope." Hence these tears—"as you were," explanations.

Pte. Harrison appears to be a good judge of a lecture, whether he hears it or not. He attended the Sunday afternoon meeting at the city Y.M.C.A. and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. At the end of the lecture the audience showed their approval in the usual way, and Harrison, with his chin on his chest and eyes closed, was clapping as heartily as anyone, and when aroused he was asked why he clapped, and answered dreamily: "I dunno; wass-time."

At the Borden Hotel a short time ago a loaf of bread was missing. At the bar stood Cpl. G. Eden, of No. 11 Platoon; at his feet could be seen thousands of crumbs, while his pockets had a very conspicuous bulge. ? ?

There is a guessing competition, open to all, going on in the lines of No. 9 Platoon as to the nationality of a private whose name is Rob Roy MacGregor. He stoutly denies being German.



LIEUT. A. C. SUTTON, formerly in the ranks of the 16th Battalion, who arrived last week to take up his commission in the "Western Scots." Lieut. Sutton was wounded three times at the battle of Langemarck last May.

Sergt. Hindaugh might have been seen carrying on a whispered conversation with Sergt. Hunter not long ago. The following is all a listener could hear:

"Yes," said Sergt. Hindaugh, "when she wasn't looking I kissed her."

"What did she do?" asked Sergeant Hunter, curiously.

"Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."

What was the matter with Pte. Cotton when he walked around the Five, Ten and Fifteen Cent Store for almost half an hour trying to find the Shoe Department?

Pte. Porter says:

The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German drinks his beer,
The Englishman takes his half-and-half
Because it brings good cheer;
The Yankee drinks his whiskey straight,
Because it gives him dizziness,
But the Canadian has no choice at all,
And drinks the whole d—— business!

Pte. Mynott's latest toast is:

Here's to a temperance supper,
With water in glasses tall,
And coffee and tea to end with—
And me not there at all.

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GOVERNMENT STREET

We are glad to know that Pte. Harrison's grandmother was the founder of the famous Yorkshire pudding, but it is not necessary for him to tell us so many times, as he did on the night of the 14th.

Pte. Oliver denies being a "chicken roost robber," but admits taking walks occasionally with a sick cousin. Fresh air is good for the sick. Then, again, he would like to know if he is "present and correct" if he hears his name called and answers it while he is in the barber's chair.

The Monte Carlo is open again in the lines of No. 9 Platoon. Anyone having plenty of cigarettes is welcome to call at any time. Banker Thomas will receive him.

We are pleased to welcome Pte. March back after his illness, but at the same time we would like to see the sergeant's cook order a good supply of jam.

We are sure Pte. Thomas showed great thoughtfulness when he gave Lce.-Cpl. Hislop a warm bath on the night of the 14th, although Hislop did not appear to appreciate it.

The ship was rocking terribly in the lines of No. 9 Platoon on the night of the 14th, and much "sea" sickness prevailed.

Pte. R. Price did some recruiting on the night of the 14th, and secured the promises of about fifty-one Hindus, two hundred Chinamen, sixteen negroes, and a number of returned soldiers. Keep it up, Price!

Pte. Algy Bryan prides himself on the keeping of a can of jam for four days, and it has been on the table every meal. But alas! poor Algy's record is doomed to receive a crushing blow. Pte. March has returned.

We would like an explanation from Pte. Haughton, of No. 11 Platoon, who danced a lively jig "somewhere near the Willows," during which performance a piece of white cloth with lace on the bottom emerged from the depths of his pocket. Now "Billie"!

Pte. Witmer was the first cook's orderly to get his table cleared off not long ago, and was greatly surprised till he learned that Ptes. Gillfillan and Ockweil had gone to supper elsewhere.

There is certainly some system with the "No. 9 Platoon Shoe Shine Company." The blacking tin is owned by Pte. Girvan, the blacking in it is owned by Pte. Cotton, the handle of the shoebrush is owned by Pte. Dinsdale, while the rest of the shoebrush is owned by Pte. Hazell. There is a shine parade every morning, each member bringing his own section of the equipment.

Corporal Down is very anxious that the lines occupied by No. 9 Platoon shall be in order, as can be seen by the way he walks up and down before the lights are on in the morning. Someone wakes up every morning and misses a shoebrush and a tin of polish, until after breakfast, when they usually find it without a very keen search, while the corporal's shoes shine like mirrors. Maybe, thereby hangs a tale.

We cannot help but notice how much consideration our captain shows us at times. In the case of the big skirmish, when Mr. Meredith got a convoy through to the Willows, Captain Nicholson was in charge of the reserves, and he carefully led them to a part of the woods which had a large sign bearing the words: "No shooting allowed beyond this tree." Safety first.

When crossing bridges troops usually "break the step." What a number of bridges we encountered after we were marched behind the rest of the Battalion coming back from Colwood.

We welcome to our Company our second in command, Lt. Cook.

We congratulate ourselves on obtaining such an efficient, genial and thorough officer as Lt. Cook surely is.

We deeply regret not being represented in the last issue of the "Western Scot." A misunderstanding was the cause, not the lack of news.

Will someone give us the correct definition of a "bathing parade"? According to orders we have had three "bathing parades," and yet nothing unusual has happened. We certainly do not know what it is.

Pte. Cotton was looking forward to a bathing parade alright. He showed this by taking a bath the day before the parade. He has not been well since.

(Continued on page 5)

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The Western Scot

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1916

THE INSPECTION ON WEDNESDAY

On Wednesday last the Battalion organization was inspected thoroughly by Brigadier-General John Hughes, Inspector-General of the Forces in Western Canada. It was gratifying to the Commanding Officer and the officers under him to note how smartly all ranks entered into the work, and the sentiment is that the Inspecting Officer could not fail to have been favorably impressed with the appearance of the Battalion.

Brigadier-General Hughes conducted a most comprehensive investigation not only of the human equation in the Battalion but also of everything connected with it. He was at pains to meet individually every officer of the commissioned rank, and he made note of all salient facts relative to the career, military experience, place of nativity and qualification of each. He also secured a list of all qualified non-commissioned officers in the Battalion, of whom the 67th can boast a considerable number.

In the person of Brigadier-General Hughes the forces of Western Canada have an inspector of outstanding ability. A man of great native courtesy and kindness, he brings to his task the ripe experience of many years of service.

GENERAL CURRIE WRITES

Brigadier-General Currie, writing from "1st Canadian Division," under date January 3rd, acknowledging New Year greetings from friends in Victoria, has the following to say:

"They will be interested in hearing that the health, spirits and discipline of the Division are excellent, although we have now been continuously in the line longer than any other Division in France.

"Although winter conditions have been very trying, "trench feet," which accounted for so many casualties last winter, is practically an unknown complaint. Front line trenches are not the safest nor the most comfortable quarters in the world, yet the greatest optimists in the Empire are to be found there.

"The 7th Battalion, or 1st British Columbia Regiment, has recently added greatly to its already splendid reputation. We were very anxious to ascertain the identity of the units opposite us, also to find out if the Germans were making preparations to use gas against us. Col. Odlum suggested a plan which was approved. About six weeks ago he carried it out, and so successfully that it has been generally regarded as one of the most successful minor operations of the war. His party crossed over, cut the wire, entered the German trenches, killed and wounded between fifty and seventy-five Germans, brought back twelve unwounded prisoners, and all at the loss of one wounded and one who was accidentally killed. After our chaps had returned the Germans counter-attacked with bombs their own trenches, where we had been. They also lined their parapets and opened a heavy rifle fire. Our guns then opened a terrific fire on their trenches and in that way we must have accounted for a lot more. Every officer concerned was decorated, Odlum, Costigan, McIlree and Holmes getting D.S.O.'s, while Wrightson got a military cross. McIlree and Holmes are from Victoria. Half the men engaged got the D.C.M.'s, eleven being given. Meyerstein, Victoria, was one. The greatest compliment, to my mind, lies in the fact that a precis of Odlum's Operation Orders, Narrative of Events, etc., has been printed in French and 4,000 copies circulated in the French Army, to serve as a model for similar operations. Many divisions have taken it up and have been successful, yet none more so than the 7th Battalion, who made the first attempt."

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(Continued from page 3)

After seeing the Glengarry worn by a certain lieutenant in No. 2 Company we are convinced that the Glengarry is not removed when the lieutenant washes his face.

Members of the 67th Battalion are warned against taking red pepper in their beer. Ask Pte. Denham for particulars.

The man who lost the loaf of bread at the hands of Cpl. J. Eden wishes to remind men that his house is not an open house for hungry soldiers of the 67th, and would suggest that if the army rations are not sufficient, for them to pay a visit to the Friendly Help, Old Men's Home, or some other benevolent society.

Pte. "Ted" Hughes, of No. 11 Platoon, has been heard very often to say that an egg is a great improvement to a glass of beer. The proprietor of a house frequented by Pte. Hughes has missed several eggs recently.

The lines occupied by No. 9 Platoon are certainly warm and cheerful since the stove has been put in. The only regretted part of it is that Pte. Oliver slept the first night under a shower of black, very black, water. Ask him to show his blankets. The regret is all his own.

There are some better bomb throwers than is generally believed in No. 9 Platoon, judging by the way someone landed a snowball on the end of Cpl. Down's nose after lights out a few nights ago.

While appreciating the thoughtfulness of the canteen in taking us to a show, we would like to ask: If a canteen is run for the benefit of the soldiers, and charges the same prices as any other store, making profits of over a thousand dollars a month, where does the benefit come in?

Pte. Barlow, commonly known as "The Moose," says that one small piece of bacon and a half of a small potato may be plenty for breakfast for a bantam, but it is no feast for a man.

Some of the Cariboo boys were down in the mouth last week as they heard that half of their home town, Quesnel, was burned, both hotels disappearing in smoke.

Sergt. Williams' pet duty is Sergeant of the Guard at the West Gate. He is thinking of asking for a steady job there.

Sergt. Allen's melodious voice has not been heard lately. We would like to know what has become of him, as some of the boys in No. 12 are thinking of buying alarm clocks to wake them from their mid-day naps.

No. 12 Platoon has at last a stove. Every little helps.

NO. 4 COMPANY

Did you ever hear about the British Ratepayer and the A.B.? The ratepayer was refused permission to go on board the cruiser's cutter for the purpose of going out to inspect the cruiser as it was not visiting day. The ratepayer waxed very wroth and said it was the taxes paid by him which helped to build the cruiser, and that, therefore, he had a share in it. The A.B. thereupon held the end of the cutter's painter over the side and remarked: "Very well. Look at that. That's about your share." Now, it appears to us that our Company, in the opinion of the Brass Band Committee, corresponds to the ratepayer. Estimating conservatively, our Company must have paid \$200.00 towards the band, yet all that we have heard so far is three beats of the big drum. Now \$66.66 per beat is expensive. It's true that on the march back from the Royal Victoria Theatre we were put in the lead, but it was too dark then for the members of the band to see the music. Might we venture to suggest to the committee that the proper place for the brass band is the centre of the Battalion. We cheerfully paid our \$1.00 per head, and no doubt the members of the Company would meet a further voluntary subscription cheerfully should it be necessary, provided we get some return for it. We could get a piper all to ourselves for \$50.00, but naturally we wish to have any money we subscribe spent in the manner which the powers that be consider best. Can it be that we are too good-natured? We would much rather bring our suggestions to the notice of the band committee through the medium of "The Western Scot" than adopt a marching song to the tune of, say, "My Bonnie's Gone Over the Ocean."

We were out in force on the Battalion route march on Thursday. Despite the awful weather conditions everyone seemed quite happy. We were actually allowed to march immediately behind the pipe band for a short time, too.

Our thanks to our O.C. and Lieut. Terry for arranging the little jaunt to the Victoria Theatre to see the "Birth of a Nation." It appears to us to be a very sensible way of spending some of the canteen profits. It should also make us remember that if we wish more of the same sort of thing, the most logical thing to do is to support our own canteen, so that we can enable the Canteen Committee to have the wherewithal to pay for us.

We wonder what Gen. Hughes thinks of our Battalion? Does he not consider it one of the most practically trained Battalions in Canada?

Our O.C. has started a series of lectures for the N.C.O.'s and men. The first of these on "Marches," delivered last Friday, proved most instructive.

SCOUT SECTION NOTES

Well! We certainly got some notice in last week's "Scot." Press Agent stuff for the Scout Section is easy. Our doings are so many and varied that it is not necessary to go into a brainstorm to obtain copy.

If anyone is in doubt as to where Gibraltar is, ask Pte. Henshall, of No. 3 Company.

Craunlach Mac's lament in the last issue of the paper has been read and noted. Whilst we are in sympathy to a great extent with the general trend of his remarks, he need have no fear that the stirring music of the pipes is unappreciated by the Battalion; it certainly is not in this Section. That was a fine tune the Baun gave us when we started our return march from Mount Douglas last Thursday. We are sorry, however, that we are unable to pronounce its name like the Pipe Major does.

We expect soon to see some more members of the Battalion sporting Scout badges. Pte. Towlson, of the Machine Gun Section, please note.

Making route sketches whilst marching through a driving sleet storm is not all it is cracked up to be. Therefore the correct maps turned out by the members of the Section after the route march of the 20th inst. are very commendable.

Some of the qualified Scouts of No. 4 Company seemed to be trying to get their own back whilst waiting to have their teeth examined last Friday morning. No names N.P.D., but please don't put any rocks in your snowballs.

Real estate and ordnance maps may be correct up to a certain point, but Pte. Price, of No. 3 Company, has added at least two previously uncharted roads to our map of the lower part of the Peninsula. Ptes. Boyd and MacKenzie, of No. 3 Company, have also helped to make the map of the country in the vicinity of Mount Douglas correct in detail.

Since our inception on October 5th, last year, there have been one Quartermaster-Sergeant, three Sergeants, two Lance Corporals, and any number of staff appointments as clerks, etc., made from our ranks. Nearly all of these promotions were made from the original thirty-two men with which we started. Some royal road to promotion, eh!

A TOAST TO THE 67th BATTALION WESTERN SCOTS

Here's to the 67th Western Scots!—
As brave as any of the lot
Who have volunteered from fair Canada's shores
To join the armies of King George.

There are single men and married men,
All men with sturdy hearts;
And needless to say that we shall grieve
For our dear ones, from whom we part.

But England needs and calls us
And Canada shall obey;
There is not a man in this fair land
Who should not offer his life today.

'Tis plain that it is our duty
For our own and humanity's sake,
So get our transport ready, boys,
Before it may be too late.

Mrs. J. G. EDEN,
(Wife of a Western Scot.)

MUSKETRY

(By Lieut. A. V. Gillingham, Musketry Instructor)

Our friend, the weather, has evidently entered into a conspiracy to defraud us out of our range practices, for, with the combination of rain, snow, hail, sleet, wind and intense cold, it has been impossible to take any of the Companies out to Clover Point to finish the remaining practices. It is particularly unfortunate at this stage of the game, just at the time the men were beginning to understand the reasons for what they were doing and had begun to master the intricacies (?) of the screw elevating and the windage scale. It's a long road that has no turning, and Victoria, the Land of Sunshine, ought, out of justice to its reputation, to provide us soon with weather that will enable us to go ahead with the work as originally planned.

Again, we have been handicapped by a lack of space in which to give lectures, teach the various fire positions and begin the practices of rapid firing with the dummy cartridges which is so essential to the work that will come to all of us at the front. There are many interesting features pertaining to musketry not alone dependent simply on the range work. There is the judging of distance, the indication of targets, fire direction and control, all of which is an important element in the training of the soldier in order that he may do justice to himself and his Battalion when face to face with the enemy. With more adequate accommodations and better weather this could have been accomplished ere this.

However, things are looking up, for we have just obtained from the Ordnance Department some Target-Index Practice Rods, by which, on days when the weather is unsuitable for outdoor work, the men can be instructed in holding, aiming and trigger pressing. They furnish means for interesting practices, at the same time training the eye and muscles to work intelligently together.

The ability to hold steadily, aim correctly, take the same aim every time, and press the trigger without disturbing the aim, is seventy per cent. of shooting efficiency. It is acquired without ammunition by practice with this rod.

We also have now a Sub-Target gun, which, while it does not require the expenditure of ammunition, gives exactly the same results as though actual firing had taken place on the range, and provides the instructor with first hand knowledge of a man's errors due to improper holding, aiming and trigger pressure. With it problems in elevation and windage, slow fire and rapid fire can be worked out.

No. 2 Company has finished range practices as laid down in the original syllabus, while Nos. 1, 3 and 4 Companies each have three more practices to complete, when it is planned to have some interesting work at rapid firing at uncertain targets in order to teach the men to judge distance and set their sights correctly, at the same time combining fire direction and control.

There now remains but a very small percentage of men who have not fired at the ranges, and up to the present writing the shooting average of the Battalion approximates very closely to the standard to be attained in order to qualify as first-class shots. This is exceptionally good and very encouraging to the instructors to whom was delegated the task of instilling the principles of musketry to the Battalion, as it must be to the men themselves, who have taken such a keen interest in the work.

It is in indication of the fulfillment of the prophecy made in a previous article that this Battalion had all the potentialities of being one of the best shooting Battalions in the service, and it is confidently expected that before we get into the firing line the average will be well above first-class shots and flirting with the marksmen's score.

PLAYING THE GAME

Referring to Capt. Birch's experience in the phenomenally rapid mobilization of his Brigade Ammunition Column, the "Colonist," in its issue of the 21st, said:

"In the course of his recent tour of the Interior, Captain Birch visited Kamloops and other centres with marked success. On his way back he spent a short time at Vancouver. He was well received by all the commanding officers and was treated with special consideration by Lieut.-Col. Hulme, of the 62nd Battalion. Although that unit is not at full strength, the O.C. paraded forty-five men and told Captain Birch that he might take his choice. He did so, and consequently was able to bring to Victoria thirty men, well trained as soldiers and

possessing the special knowledge either of horses or of artillery to make them of value."

The prompt and manly way in which Lt.-Col. Hulme "played the game" is in pleasant contrast to the treatment Capt. Birch received at the hands of older and less rapid moving units. In spite of the fact that many good drivers and some ex-artillery men who had, unfortunately, enticed in these units, and who were anxious to get to the front and do their "bit," the commanding officer absolutely refused to grant any transfers. A large number of 67th men go with Capt. Birch.

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM

(London Daily Sketch, December 18th, 1915)

"When the House of Commons (British) was considering the Munitions Amendment Bills yesterday, Mr. Tyson Wilson said many of the munitions inspectors were the laughing-stock of the foremen. Some were pawnbrokers, hairdressers, tailors and butchers. One condemned 78 shells out of 84 and another passed 74 of the condemned."

This is about on a par with the appointment of carpenters as shell inspectors, and one does not need to travel 1,000 miles from Victoria to find them.

GOSSIP FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

We notice that the officers are bemoaning the loss of the "pet draughts" from their mess. We had one long continuous draught over here until the one and only "Jimmy" Smith came along with his husky and merry men and put a nice roof over us. We had other draughts besides, of a different nature; but this is no more. Once there was a time when one could go up to "Big Bill" and purchase any kind of draught for the small sum of 10 cents. But, alas, no more can we hear the merry rattle of dice; no more the cooling draught of Phoenix or Silver Spring; the question whether it shall be "OO" or Walker's Square is but a memory. The door was locked and an "In Memoriam" inscribed upon it. And now even the door has gone. All that remains to link us to the joyous past are a few outstanding debts and an empty dice box.

When President Bill Dawson presides at a mess meeting, he does so quite in the style of a big Company Director. Were the said mess meetings the assembly of a Parliamentary House Committee, it would be impossible for anyone to conduct them in a more dignified manner with due regard to form, procedure, etc. In fact, Q.M.S. Dawson conducts his meetings "per book."

Where are the boys of the stove brigade,
Who used to sit down side by side
Around the fire, but since the bar
Has been closed down
They've gone and sigh'd.

The springs and leather seats of our armchairs are beginning to wear out, but as we expect to be ordered to the front very soon, "We should worry." Anyhow, Sergeants Jack N— and "Masty" say they don't care as they've had their money's worth.

Congratulations to our Dance Committee for bringing off a dance which will rank as one of the social happenings of Victoria this season. In spite of the fact that they did not receive the support they were entitled to expect from some of the members of the mess, as long as the "Canny Scot" had anything to do with the financial arrangements, we are not apprehensive of landing in the hole.

A beauty competition was held recently in which the competition was very keen. Sergt. Banks was leading, closely followed by "Jimmy" Smith and Sergt. Steele. When, however, they heard C.Q.M.S. Jones announce his intention of becoming a competitor, they all immediately withdrew in his favor.

Since the promotion of our last Secretary-Treasurer to the commissioned ranks Sergt. Fred Morrison has been elected to the dual post of Caterer and Secretary-Treasurer. It is a treat to see him about the end of the month fixing up accounts and trying to figure out how he is going to collect outstanding debts from old members who have transferred, and, in some instances, are over a thousand miles away.

Sergt. Joe Burton, the world-renowned prestidigitateur, spelling-bee champion, military expert, raconteur and all-round good fellow, is leaving us to take up an appointment as Regimental Sergeant-Major of a Regiment in Vancouver. We all wish him good luck and may we meet again in France.

A pleasant little religious revival was held in the mess last Wednesday evening. Sergt., the Rev. W. G. Brice presided and delivered an inspiring address. Several hymns were sung, the solo vocalists being Sergt. Brother Burton and Sergt. Brother Haines. A few members came in late from the church at the Willows and helped to fill out in the choruses.

We are more than pleased to see "Old Nick of Johannesburg" back on the job again after his recent indisposition. It was most affecting to see the rest of the Orderly Room Staff welcome him back like a long lost brother.

Last, but not least; we now have a good cook.

JOIN UP!

If you want to fight for Britain,
With the Huns to have a tilt,
There's a regiment in Victoria
Wanting men to don the kilt.
What your race is, Scots or English,
Welsh or Celt, it matters not;
Join today, and don the tartan
Of the gallant "Western Scot."

Scots were famed in days far distant,
Famed they are, in truth, today
For their manly deeds in battle,
For their valor in the fray.
Far and wide their glorious merits
Echo round from pole to pole;
From where wild Atlantic surges
To the great Pacific's roll.

From a land that Heaven smiles on
They their birthright take with pride;
Such a nation as their Britain
Could not fear or shame abide.
Well we know when Empire needs them,
When our Empire calls "The Day!"
They'll uphold their brilliant record,
Struggling in the bloody fray.

Join up, then, ye men of Empire,
In Victoria right today;
There's an office in the city;
Beat it to it while you may.
Can't you hear our Britain calling:
"Come! Make haste!" while time allots.
Rally, then, beneath the colors
Of the gallant "Western Scots."

J. McM.

MACHINE GUN PATTERN

We had the honor of an unexpected visit from the Colonel the other evening. We all like the cool weather!

Poultice Wallopers! Re your claim that the Gun Section can not march, we beg to state that we know nothing of a military nature, are no good at sport—practically speaking, are no good where it takes any exertions to make good. If the Battalion needs any men, from an interpreter to a pugilist, they beat it over to the tent where dwells the "tired thirty-five." Guess our O.C. knew a thing or two when he picked his squad of roughnecks.

The Arbuthnot boys are sure some mess waiters. While Bob is peddling the bull for an article he can not get easily, Jack is busy stealing said article, so we get it anyway. Both of them were missing for breakfast Saturday morning, but, like bad money, they have returned to us again.

The regimental issue of razors are jokes. Most of the boys, for lack of shaving space, are taking the hide off their upper lip. Boys will be boys, even if they have passed forty.

When getting physical drill, on the command "Stand at ease," each man gets as much ease as possible in the breathing spell granted by the instructor. Once upon a time, "Stand at ease" in physical jerks had the same meaning as "Stand easy" in squad drill.

The Transport Section were out for a nice quiet trot with us the other afternoon. We hope we shall have the pleasure of their company for a route march in the near future.

Going by the Old Country papers, every encouragement is given to soldiers to get married. Out here it is a hard job for

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a married man to get home for a week-end once a month. Seeing we may be leaving here at any time for England, and taking into consideration that we have advanced in training about as far as we can go here, surely a few days' extra leave would not retard a man's training very much. A lot of men, especially the single ones, have no idea of what getting home for a few days means both to the man, and more so, to his wife and family. Training and action is hard, but just try the waiting game for a change, and then choose.

The whole Section certainly spent an enjoyable afternoon at the theatre, and extended their thanks to the officers and Canteen Committee.

On falling in after the visit to the theatre last week the Poultice Wallopers were given: "Form fours." They did not seem to understand this strange command, so stood steady. The pill-poking corporal then gave the command: "Now, men, get into the same formation as the rest of the Battalion, and after some shuffling around they managed to make the formation needed, to the huge enjoyment of some of the citizens. Some one please give a drill book to the Hospital Section.

Yes, on two occasions we have been at the front of the Battalion when out on the road, and can say the band has a different sound from that heard while marching in the rear.

Yes, the hockey team is still practising, judging by Pte. Flynn. He has a small lump the size of a mess can on his upper story, about a foot of skin off his left hand, two busted knuckles, and a sore leg. Yet, Jack is still full of "Pep."

The two mess waiters doing duty this week are sure some combination. The rest of the Section are thinking of taking lessons in cutting bread. They would be two good fellows to hit for a hand-out judging by the liberal way they use the bread knife.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The executive of the Y.M.C.A. (Willows Camp) met at the city Y.M.C.A., owing to the resignation of Lee.-Cpl. Morden from his office as chairman of the Social and Entertainment Committee, and elected Cpl. Robert Morrison in his stead. Pte. Darby was also elected chairman of the Athletic Committee.

Arrangements are being made to put a new floor in the Y.M.C.A. building. The lumber has been given by the Cameron Lumber Co., Messrs. Moore & Whittington, Jas. Leigh & son, Messrs. Lemon, Gonnason, and Shawnigan Lake. The Victoria Truck and Dray Co. promised to do the hauling.

Last Sunday Capt. Comyn Ching, Chaplain of the 11th C.M.R., conducted the evening service, and delivered a splendid address. Pte. S. E. Walker very acceptably acted as pianist.

Those who are assisting with the work for the library are reaching the completion of arrangements previous to starting book-lending. Within a few days we hope to have a library well stocked with good books at your disposal, and hope that you will repay our efforts by borrowing them.

The executive is always ready to receive advice or suggestions regarding improvements to the building.

The Arion Club, Victoria's premier male choir, will give a concert at a date which will be announced later.

At a meeting with the Daughters of the Empire, the executive arranged to hold a unique concert under the auspices of the I.O.D.E. The entertainment will take place on the first Tuesday in March at the old Victoria Theatre. The proceeds are to go in aid of the Willows Y.M.C.A. This event will be the biggest of the winter. Please keep date open.

THE HOMEWARD TRAIL

(Richard Gordon Wright)

We have seen the snow-clouds drifting, aye, a-drifting in the North,

Where beyond the frozen frontier, we have followed fortune forth;

We have trod the path of perils and the trail of hidden woes,
In the hunger of the Arctic, in the silence of the snows.

We have felt the red sun burning, aye a-burning in the South,
Where the tinted tides forever kiss the coral sea-cave's mouth;
We have found a lure more lasting than a woman's wanton wiles,

In the peace amid the palm trees, in the incense of the isles.

We have watched the grey dawn breaking, aye; a-breaking in the East,

Where the luscious fruits of langour ripen fast for folly's feast;

We have lived beside the lotus and have fanned the fitful fire
In the palaces of pleasure in the dwellings of desire.

We have heard the wild winds whistling, aye, a-whistling in the West,

Where the plains of promise called us from the cities of unrest;

We have worked and watched and waited, and have found full faith again

And to guard our ancient freedom from the perils that assail,

We have smelled the smoke of battle, aye, of battle far away,
Where the flag of Britain flutters in the fiercest of the fray,
And to guard our ancient freedom from the perils that assail,
From the outer posts and pathways we have struck the home-ward trail.

—Supplied by Signal Section.

STRETCHER BEARERS' SECTION

Under the direction of Cpl. Morrison, the Section spent two forenoons last week in the vicinity of Mount Tolmie erecting shelters, such as we may have to build "somewhere in France," or Egypt. Several members of the Section are to be commended on their engineering ability; others on their skill of finding a short way back to the Willows and breaking trail for less speedy ones.

One member who desires to be nameless hereafter in the pages of "The Scot," attended the Royal Victoria Theatre no less than three times last week. As we know that he escorted

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two ladies the second time and four the third, we consider he acted very rashly.

Why did another member hug the lamp-post so closely as the Battalion entered the show on Tuesday afternoon?

We all enjoyed the coffee-tea combination dished out the other morning for breakfast. It was a delightful little surprise, but why were we not informed of the discovery before?

Pte. Dick has invented another little idea for melting frozen butter. Provided your coffee or tea (or mixture) is hot, it is quite good. Chip off a few pieces of butter, lay them on your bread, place mug with hot liquid on top. In five minutes it should be possible to spread butter. Patent applied for!

Pte. Robertson, poet and philosopher, has added to his laurels by giving valuable help and suggestions at the "Y" library. He is also contemplating writing a further thesis entitled "Apologia pro Bagpipis."

Although we admit that it is hard to become an in-patient of the regimental hospital, those of us who are there acknowledge that it is worth while. Even Sergt. Fanner includes himself in the admission. Some say that the diagnosis of his complaint is a secret, but we have no doubt that the ball produced the germ that has so upset him.

Our Reverend Chaplain was delighted to find that two or three of our patients spoke a little Gaelic.

We are sorry that Dr. Bryant, our esteemed M.O., is leaving the Battalion. The hearty good wishes of the hospital staff go with him, and there is no doubt that every member of the Regiment will join us in hoping that the new doctor will be as considerate as Dr. Bryant has shown himself to be.

67th BATTALION MILITARY BAND

The Military Band, with the kind permission of the O.C. and officers of the Battalion, are giving a grand ball in the Connaught Hall on Friday, February 4th. The band and our own 15-piece orchestra will furnish the music. A buffet supper will be served, and a good time for all is anticipated. Tickets, of which only a limited number will be issued, will be sold to men of the 67th Battalion at a reduced rate, full particulars of which will be posted this week.

We have just received a monster Helicin B.B. Bass for use in the band, and Bandmaster Ferguson will from now on perform on this powerful instrument. He has already petitioned to the powers that be for an extra meal per diem to enable him to stand up under the strain. His latest request is for fifteen minutes extra time before and after parade to enable him to wrap and unwrap himself to and from the instrument aforesaid.

The band orchestra discoursed sweet music at the Officers' Mess on Friday night.

We are pleased to welcome an addition to our ranks in the person of Pte. C. Hanks, a first-class cornetist, late of Kirkland, Wash. All we now want to make our band the finest of the overseas is two trombones and a bass drummer, and we enlist the kind help of the Battalion in procuring these much needed men.

Owing to the enormous capacity of his inner man, Bandsman McAulay has now permission to enter the dining room with the mess waiters and stay with it until the last crumb is swept from the floor.

A few of the questions and queries attended to by the Band Corporal on an off duty day:

Friday, 8.30 a.m.:

Where is the Parade Slate?

Fall the Band in; get out the music."

Collect the music in. More music.

Have you got my soap?

Some son of a gun has swiped my sweater.

Could you lend me four bits? Can I have a pass?

Have you a spare mouthpiece?

Where is the list of music we never possessed?

We want a jug for tea.

Some of these guys are leaving their plates for us to wash. Stop it.

Can I see the Adjutant? I want a new set of teeth.

I want separation allowance for my grandmother.

How do you play this?

How, what, etc., etc. Oh H—! I'm off. Voice floating down stairs: "Don't forget to call for the badges."

—And then they say the Corporal never smiles.

Through the medium of this valuable paper we beg to announce that the 67th Battalion Western Scots, C.E.F., possesses two bands, viz., the Pipe Band and the Military Band. The Brass Band has been ditched.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

We offer sincere thanks for the editorial of last week's "Western Scot" dealing with the Pipe Band, and it is most gratifying and encouraging to know there are men in our Battalion who are so willing to uphold the history-making traditions which are interwoven with pipe music, regimental and otherwise. To anyone who was hurt in feeling by our item on the same subject we should like to explain that any such tirade coming from the "baun" is directed, not against any man as a man, but against a principle most unbecoming to our regiment.

Lauchie still acts as chaperone to the band, but it is some time since Sergt. Roxburghe graced our abode with his presence. Come around again, Bob. Pat is getting weary of chewing the rag with the band, and we cannot afford to let him get stale.

Our Sergeant-Drummer has some "mush." His starting out for the route march for Colwood might be described as follows: "Rolls, Quick March—!" ! means nine dollars for a new drumhead.

Just at this instant Piper Brown, seeing the news in course of preparation, remarks: "By gosh, they can't put anything in about me; I've been in all the week."

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The "Baun" wishes to congratulate Piper Leslie on his approaching marriage in the Old Country. Jock Low is going to be best man, and there will be no duties for the pipers on the day following the wedding.

Duncan Campbell has made no announcement as yet, but he is quick to act, so that no one would feel much surprise if he committed matrimonial suicide in the very near future.

This is Leap Year, and "Battling Nelson" turns pale at the thought. Landing in the net is bad enough, but what worries Nelson is that Mrs. N. might insist on a clean shaven husband, which would eternally wreck all possibility of that "movie" job as Charlie Chaplin's double.

It's no use saying anything about Pea Hughie, the bird-stuffer. He never says anything, and won't quarrel. All we can say of him for certain is that he is one of our drummers.

News is rather scarce, and sometimes the censor gets busy. If the "Scot" went in for cartoons we might say much in a little space, but perhaps it is just as well as things are.

Geordie Leslie's gyaun tae be a meenister efter the waur, an' Sunny Logie says he's gyaun tae weer a lum hat an' be a beadle in Geordie's kirk. Tauckets 'll hae chairge o' the mithers' meetin's.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

This is our "first offence" in "The Western Scot," and while we may have plenty of hard work to do framing up Battalion orders, we freely admit that in this, our first journalistic effort, we have had to cudgel our brains in order to turn out some notes which come up to the high standard set by the correspondents of the other departments of the Regiment. We think this will do by way of salutary.

There have been several remarks made with reference to the numerals which form the number of this Battalion. As Colonel Lorne Ross pointed out at the staff dinner, six and seven added together make thirteen, which is supposed to be an unlucky number. Some wag in another Regiment suggested that we are at sixes and sevens, but anyone who heard Major Sifton's (of General Hughes' Staff), eugolistic remarks anent the manner in which the executive work of the Battalion is handled, would throw the disorderly orderly room gag into the discard.

Whilst it may be to the prejudice of good order and military discipline to pass one's opinion of a superior officer directly, we take it that it is in order to express our pleasure at being privileged to work under one who seems likely to be as efficient as Adjutant as he was as Musketry Instructor—Lieut. Schreiber.

Ours is called the Athletes' Battalion, and in fact it is so. In every section and detail of the Regiment there are athletes. The orderly room, with a comparatively small staff, is ably represented in the athletic line by Sergt. "Billy" Young, in hockey (by the way, he says he will soon be back in the game again, now that his broken collar bone has knitted), and Pte. Sharpe, who is the star forward of the Battalion Rugby fifteen.

We understand that Major Harbottle made good use of his presentation binoculars during the recent field day.

Some of the things that happen in the room beneath the officers' mess are surely undreamed of by the rest of the Battalion. The other day a man came up to us and wanted a sick leave pass stamped in a hurry. On asking him why he was going on sick leave, he calmly informed us that he had the mumps. That pass was stamped quicker than any other we have previously handled. We hope the next time a man with mumps, smallpox or measles, wants a sick leave pass signed he will send it along by one of the stretcher bearers.

We sometimes wish the telephone was enclosed in a sound-proof department, like telephones are in some places, especially when certain persons are using it. Listening to another man's amitory conversation over the phone is far from being enjoyable, especially during office hours. Verb sap.

Out of a nominal roll of over one thousand Non-Commissioned Officers and men, it is a peculiar instance, that while there are about fifty-five names commencing with "Sm," they are all "Smiths," with no "Smalls," "Smarts," "Smeets," "Smooks," or "Smirks"—not even an aristocratic "Smyth." Maybe Pioneer Sergt. "Jimmie" Smith would like to supply the deficiency by changing his name to "Smyth."

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SPORTS

(By Lieut. "Stan." Okell)

The boxing tournament staged by the 11th C.M.R. last week unearthed three exceptionally good exhibitions of the manly art and gave a pleasing evening to all who attended. Any entertainment of this kind which tends to keep the men in barracks at night is indeed commendable and to be encouraged. Is it not time our sports committee got busy?

A very good game of hockey was played at the Arena on Wednesday the 19th, between our Battalion team and the city seven, although the civilians came out on the long end of a 6 to 2 score. There were not very many "Western Scots" present to cheer our boys to victory; we think the reason being not many knew of the game. We would suggest that the hockey committee give more publicity as to games to be played.

The ambitious Machine Gun Section challenged the "rep." hockey team to a "little game some afternoon." This was arranged on Friday last, when the gunners turned out in force to give their pets a boost, but it was of no avail as the Battalion team romped home with the bacon by a score of 9 to 4. For the losers Kenny was by far the best man, while Sergt. Morden did good work for the winners.

From the way he uses his hockey stick one can easily see that Pte. Duggan is an expert with the axe.

Friends of Stretcher-Bearer Duncan, who broke his leg practicing soccer about two months ago, will be glad to learn he is improving nicely and expects soon to again be out with the boys booting about the elusive pig-skin. Good boy, Dunc.

The Peden Cup games of the City League were scheduled to continue last Saturday when the "Western Scots" and 103rd. were to have played, but President Manson very wisely postponed all fixtures on account of the impassable condition of the grounds. It is likely we will meet the "Timber Wolves" on some week-day afternoon.

The new soccer committee consisting of Lieut. Okell, Sgt. Lister, Lce.-Cpl. Armstrong, Pte. Ogilvie and Pte. MacKenzie, should help out a whole lot in the management of the team during the coming league. Regular practices are to be arranged as soon as the weather permits and each member of the Battalion is asked to take more than a passing interest in our soccer team, as we have a good one with splendid prospects of winning the Peden Cup. All can help by reporting any likely football material to the above committee, and by being present at the games. It is remarkable the effect of moral support. Boost, don't knock!

Would the grass hockey players like to arrange a game with the H.M.C.S. Rainbow?

What has become of our basketball team?

Pte. C. C. McDonald says that he is sure some skater.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

We certainly felt proud to be able to parade with the Battalion to the Royal Victoria Theatre on Tuesday afternoon and enjoy seeing "The Birth of a Nation." But we must confess that Pte. Stevenson has an ambitious turn of mind, seeing that he viewed the second part of the picture from a box seat. Query: Where was Pat during the interval?

Now that we have got a few more stoves erected in the buildings we trust the occupants will be a little more comfortable. While erecting the said stoves one of the Pioneers quite innocently inquired if they were wanted for cooking purposes. This Pioneer must be very cold-blooded indeed, as the whole Section has slept in bell tents all winter without any artificial heat at all—unless the "hot air" which Pte. Pritchard peddles at times could be termed so.

We are glad to welcome a valuable addition to our Section this week in the person of Pte. W. J. Sherman. He is a workman of no mean ability, and as a footballer is second to none in Western Canada. "Lang may the craws flee ower yer tatties, Wullie!"

It seems a pity that the Pioneers didn't get instructions to fix up the anteroom of the Officers' Mess three months ago. There was a certain "draught" then which we would have left to float around as of yore.

A small reward (?) will be given to a certain sergeant on the staff who borrowed Lce.-Cpl. Ogilvie's football stockings

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and forgot to return them. Three days' grace will be given from today so that he can have them washed in case they are doing regular duty with his other pair of socks.

Why is it that one half of the Battalion get their boots fixed gratis while the other half get stung? Perhaps "the early bird caught a worm" that time.

It seems to us that some of the attached sergeants are not only attached to the Battalion, but to a certain delicacy called "candies." Said party was even so bold as to make this failing known to the "tough guys." "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." Perhaps that has a little to do with the general mix-up in the Finance Department as regards working pay, etc. Only when we make any miscalculations, we are held responsible for same.

A "Kiltie" who returned from the front a few days ago was heard to remark: "We hae lots o' enemies. We hae the Germans o' day and the mice and rats o' nicht; and when we gang back a bit an' get beds, we hae an enemy tae fecht amo' the verra sheets."

"HAMISH."

THE BASE COMPANY

There are six Jones's in the Company, yet the Welsh Rarebits have to be cooked by a Scotchman, Sergt. J. Hamilton Jones.

The Base Company has eight Macs, and the O.C. cannot "mak em" all out yet.

When these and the ither Brither Scots gather round the new camp stoves, the puir Sassenach has a wee sma' chance of either seeing or smelling the fire.

As one of them remarked: "It must be like this in Berlin; one cannot get near the fire for 'kultured' persons."

The reason why the English could never conquer Scotland:

They tasted the Haggis
And ate the Parritch,
Heard the Pipes, and
Drank Scotch Whuskey.

The police symposium, each morning, is a great effort. The reminiscences of famous tracking of noted criminals recalls stories of Vidocq at his best.

Defaulters from other companies should note, and pay a visit regularly, or any old time. Bring your own wood, and bring plenty. We need the wood.

We lost some of our shining lights by transfer this week to another company. We note that one of them got the "stick" for the second time running. Base Company training, eh! Tommy? Keep it up.

Ptes. Romeo and Juliet are on the transfer list.

We are all on the qui vive to know when the long-talked-of scrap between P. C. Smith and Pte. Higgins, of the Brass Band, will take place.

Smith is training hard, and had a bout in No. 1 lines Saturday, showing fine form.

No reports in from Pte. Higgin's training quarters. Early notice in the press of the place and time of bout. Admission will be by invitation.

SIGNALLING SECTION NOTES

Pte. S. G. Lawrence, for years with the Dominion Government Telegraph Service in the Yukon and Northern B.C., has recently joined the Signal Section.

Recent weather conditions have "short circuited" the rag wagging work of the "buzzer" squad.

No questions will be asked as to the source of the "cake" supply which lately arrived in camp.

Particular attention is being given to the subject of "map reading" (more particularly as it applies to the vicinity of the camp) by the N.C.O. who disappeared into a snow-filled ditch last week.

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