

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 27th, 1915

No. 8

NEWS OF THE CAMP

The entire garrison of the Willows Camp paraded Tuesday afternoon, under command of Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross, and marched to the C.P.R. dock, Belleville Street, to take part in the civic welcome to the boys invalided home from the front. Including the 5th Regiment Band, there were no less than six bands present on parade, and the march out was one of the largest that has ever taken place in Victoria. The units parading were the 11th C.M.R., the B.C. Horse (103rd Battalion), the 67th Battalion, and the 88th Battalion. Sufficient notice to parade was not given the 5th Artillery, but Lieut.-Col. Angus sent the band of his regiment to take part in the ceremonies. The roll of the small company of war-scarred soldiers, some suffering from the effects of German gas, others maimed with shrapnel and others rendered unfit because of the excessive tax on their physical and nervous system, but all of them delightfully cheerful, is as follows:

Sergt. J. Taylor, Sergt. Basil Prior, Cpl. Leighton, Cpl. Trigg, Lce.-Cpl. Anderson, Pte. J. Porter, Pte. J. Wilson, Pte. C. Carver, Pte. J. Grassick, Pte. Williamson, Pte. W. McLeod, Pte. G. Payne, Pte. G. F. Roberts, Pte. R. D. Jones, Pte. W. L. Veige, Pte. C. Hamilton, Pte. G. R. Withey, Pte. E. V. Robley, Pte. R. Simpson, Pte. J. Cowen, Pte. S. L. Rickets, Pte. H. V. Risdorf, Pte. V. Knowles, Pte. V. C. Richards, Pte. J. Brisco, Pte. J. D. Wilson, Pte. J. Kirk, Pte. G. Herman, Pte. J. Robinson, Pte. R. Knight, Pte. A. Anderson, Pte. J. J. Haydon, Pte. W. C. Aynsley, Pte. A. Tait, Pte. V. Dawson, Pte. J. Wright.

Owing to the unprecedented rainfall during the past week or so it has been deemed inadvisable to carry out the night work in the trenches as originally planned by Lieut.-Col. Ross; but with the advent of drier weather the battalion will shortly be given a taste of real trench work. This will include occupation of trenches, bringing up and cooking rations, and the regular routine of trench work at night under service conditions.

NO. 1 COMPANY

Owing to Monday being a wet day, the daily photograph was not taken.

Pte. Halcomb reported that he had lost his "Hungarian." It was only when he gave it the alternative appellation of a "sky-piece" that we understood that he had lost his glengarry.

The Company marched to the ranges on Monday, but owing to the strong gale blowing and rain, not much shooting was done.

The ideas of a certain officer of this Company as to keeping good time are about on a par with those of the camp clock.

We look back with longing to the comparative quiet of the barrack-room while Corporal Higgins and his drums were here, now that someone has erected a punch-ball in the room. The Nanaimo cubicle on pay-night has to take a back seat now.

Pte. Smith (No. 102008) has returned from the brass band to duty with his company. We miss him on route marches, as it added variety to watch him trying to fool the big drum by threatening to strike it, then stopping short.

While we must all congratulate Bandmaster Fink on the excellent showing the brass band is making in the short time it has been organized, the star performance on Sunday's parade was certainly the band changing step to get into time with its own music when it struck up just outside the gate.

The Company got its second inoculation on Tuesday.

Sergt. W. T. Johnston has returned to duty with the Company. The problem that confronted us was whether the other five sergeants of the Company should remain in their quarters or whether they should be handed over to Sergt. Johnston. The problem was happily solved by doubling the size of the quarters.

Lance-Corpl. Morden's present view of the continued financial stringency is such that he considers it expedient and im-

perative for everyone to forthwith save as fast as they spend, and also to remember that a bank account is a true friend in the hour of adversity.

NO. 2 COMPANY

It is very gratifying to No. 2 Company to know that we have been successful in a few things this week. The main feature was the winning of the Company shoot last Saturday. We congratulate the "Staff" on being a good second. Another feature was the winning of the football match between No. 1 and No. 2 Companies with a score of 6 to 0. We thank the Pipe Band for their compliment on our marching, re last week's "Western Scot." Efficient in musketry, drill and athletics, what more do we want?

Some of us most certainly welcome the change of bands in the big building. Instead of the horrible screeches and groans we were accustomed to hearing during a Pipe Band practice, isn't it better to listen to the Brass Band playing "Down On the Farm," the "Table Waiters' Two-Step," or the "Defaulters' Rag."

What's the use of trying to be good? It's this way—last Sunday, as we were being marched back to barracks, after going to the English Cathedral, it was raining hard and we were a rather soggy-looking bunch, but remembering the sermon and a few other things, our hearts were filled with patience, repentance and resignation, in fact we were feeling very pious, but suddenly all our hopes of a better life, our good resolutions and our aforesaid patience were shot to pieces on catching sight of "Tubby" Barr speeding by in a jitney down-townwards, yelling, "Yah! Yah! Who wouldn't be a Presbyterian!" We don't believe "Tubby" knew what a Presbyterian was before he joined the 67th, but leave it to "Tubby" to pick a plum.

Sergt. Lister the other evening was detected in the act of trying to break open a money box, with the aid of a saw, hammer, file and beer-bottle opener. He told us that, that morning the Hospital Corporal had given him two kinds of tablets for his cold. One kind to take internally and the other kind (which was poison) to dissolve and gargle his throat, and he had just found out that he had mistaken the tablets and had reversed them, thereby poisoning himself, and as he knew there was a dime in his money-box (having put it there some years ago, when he had as much as \$1.72 all at one time), he was trying to get it out so that he could purchase some stuff to kill the poison with. We treated!

Some class to No. 2 Company sergeants' hotel that has recently been built. We understand now why we were awakened in the middle of the night sometimes by the noise of a fatigue party carrying lumber. Funny time to carry lumber.

Come on, No. 4, with that concert. The rest of us have done our turn.

Don't forget the old proverb, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

We wish to thank Sgt. McMasters for the excellent meals we get at the range and at other times when we go out and take our rations with us.

Boost for the "Western Scot" and for the Western Scots.

NO. 3 COMPANY

If the Battalion does many more marches such as it experienced on Sunday and Tuesday of this week, the men will be more qualified as sailors than as soldiers. While everybody would cheerfully face bad weather to welcome the return of the boys from the front, it is open to question if it is worth it simply to go to church.

How is this for smart work? He met her at a church social on Friday, called at her home on Sunday, proposed on Wednesday, got a week-end pass and was married on Saturday. All he forgot was permission to get married. This is true, but it is no good trying to find out who it is.

The company had its second turn at the range on Wednesday on the 200 and 300 mark. While there were no possibilities made, the average was very fair. There are many very promising shots, and the interest shown in individual scores bids well for the future. The band was a very welcome assistance on the march to and from camp.

At the moment of writing it is rumored that the next shoot will be a shot in the arm.

While on the subject of shooting, it is in order to offer congratulations to No. 2 Company on its excellent score in the Inter-Company event of last Monday. For the first time in the history of the Battalion No. 3 was found at the tail-end.

No. 12 Platoon has now posted a notice in its lines that the members are owls. It is so dark in that part of the building that men go on talking after lights are out, thinking they are still on. A collection for a few electric globes seems to be about the only recourse.

NO. 5 COMPANY

No. 5 Company felt exceedingly blue when first they heard of the appointment to No. 2 Company of Major Meredith Jones, that exceedingly popular officer who had, almost since its formation, been the O.C. of the Draft. That the attachment was mutual was shown by a letter which Lieut. Fullerton received from Major Jones asking him to express to No. 5 Company regret at leaving them, and to thank them for the loyal support accorded him as their commander.

But we are jolly dogs in No. 5 and take an optimistic view of life, consequently the appointment of Lieut. Fullerton as our new O.C. has proved an unqualified success, for his cheerful expression and snappy jokes have already endeared him to all ranks and prove him a comrade as well as a commander.

Speaking of Major Jones I am reminded of his definition of a soldier. He says: To be a good soldier one must obey the following rules—First, be a gentleman; second, still be a gentleman; and third, continue to be a gentleman. A gentleman is not necessarily a man with a long line of noble ancestors, but rather one who fears no man and deceives no woman,

A good motto for us all to remember in these strenuous times, and which if practiced will help us to secure victory and a lasting peace is: "He who lives for others—lives. He who dies for others—lives immortally."

A good example of the "bon camaraderie" existing in the Draft was to be seen at the dinner given by members of No. 1 Platoon at the Dominion Hotel on Monday last. A most enjoyable evening was spent, the toast of "The King" being proposed by Col. Lorne Ross in his typical style, and we all know the stirring effect of his speeches, which seem to vibrate through every fibre of our being. This was followed by a chorus, "Tipperary," by the platoon. "The 67th Battalion Western Scots" was proposed by Sergt. Norwood and responded to by Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross in eloquent manner which showed that the speakers have the interests of the Battalion at heart. "His Majesty's Forces and Allies," proposed by Lieut. Montgomery and responded to by Lieut. Terry, was drunk most heartily by all; for are we not proud of the British soldier who in the hour of the Empire's need have come forward from every part of the world; many of them leaving homes and loved ones to give their lives for King and country. Then there are our brave Allies; to think of them is to think of Belgium; that plucky little country whose gallant stand against an overwhelming and unscrupulous foe will go down to posterity; there is little doubt that the check which she gave the enemy saved Paris from the fate of Louvain and Rheims, and perhaps from the horrors of a siege. Suitable reference was made to the clever strategy of the Russians, who, despite the handicap caused by lack of transportation and munitions, have kept a large number of the enemy engaged on the Eastern front. Japan's part in the war and the protection which her fleet has afforded us was also fittingly dealt with. "The Platoon," proposed by Corpl. West, was replied to by Pte. G. S. Turner. The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Pte. Campbell and ably responded to by Major Jones on behalf of the officers and by Sergt. Roxborough on behalf of the others. The speeches were interspersed by songs, recitations, etc., an excellent programme being arranged. Two songs rendered in his inimitable style by Major Jones received great applause. Mr. H. Kelway's selections on the concertina added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening, and we were particularly fortunate in having Corpl. Thomas, of the C.M.R., with us at the piano; he holds the distinction of being the best pianist in his regiment. Altogether we spent a jolly evening, which for most of us passed all too quickly.

NOTHING CAN BE MORE APPRECIATED THAN A

XMAS PHOTO

PORTRAITS \$2.50 Per Doz. Up
POSTCARDS UNEQUALED

OPEN:—9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, 11 to 5

STAR STUDIO

1214 GOVERNMENT STREET

THOBURN GROCERY

PHONES } 81
 } 2359

PHILIP D. JOHNSTON, Proprietor

Groceries, Provisions, Fresh
Fruits, Etc., Etc.

— AT YOUR SERVICE —

Head Street and Esquimalt Road

BOYS

After a hard day's drill a glass of

CASCADE GINGER ALE

A Real Invigorator. Absolutely Pure

BOTTLED BY THE KIRK SODA WATER CO.

IT'S THE WATER ESQUIMALT ROAD

C. PENDLEBURY

MILITARY TAILOR

NEXT DOOR TO WILLOWS PARK POST OFFICE
OPPOSITE JITNEY STAND

Alterations, Cleaning and Pressing

PUTTEES MADE SPIRAL, 50 CENTS

Westholme Hotel

Has the ONLY GRILL with
Cabaret in British Columbia

THE PLACE TO CALL AFTER THE THEATRE

GOVERNMENT STREET

It was certainly a surprise to some of us to find that the tea tasting profession was represented in No. 4 Platoon. The O.C. evidently thought, however, that our judgment didn't extend beyond O.O.

It is not in battalion orders, but it is officially announced that several members of No. 14 Section have received permission to use the same target cards on each and every shoot on the miniature range.

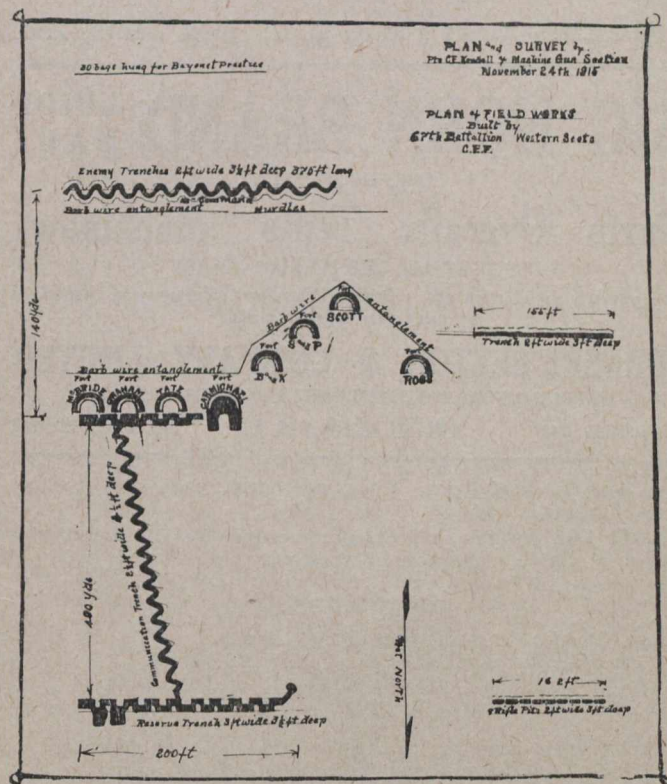
The banquet that was to have been held in a certain part of the Johnson Street Archipelago has been cancelled. We've just lost the pilots from No. 4 Platoon.

If the punishment meted out to defaulters increases, as it does at present, in geometrical progression, we have just discovered that if some of the members of No. 4 Platoon survive twenty-five pay days, they will owe nineteen years' pay and have to live 133 years to perform their fatigues.

Pte. Quinn's labial adornment looks much trimmer after its recent vacation in Vancouver. Nous ne pensons pas!

Je voudrais bien savoir si c'est le Lieut. Fullerton qui lui a donne "le recipe."

We congratulate No. 1 Sec., No. 4 Platoon, for not having contracted St. Vitus' Dance whilst marching behind No. 3 Platoon.



Plan of Defensive Works carried out at Scott's Field by 67th Battalion of Western Scots

Pte. Fishwick's numerous trips to Beacon Hill have been the subject of much comment in the platoon. Honi soit qui mal y pense.

"Vive la Draft!"

It is rumored that the residents of Point Grey live in their cellars on range days.

It has been suggested by a certain element in the press that the men of today are less patriotic and courageous than their ancestors of say a century ago; but in Victoria the lie direct has been given to this statement, not only by the rapid mobilization of the 67th Battalion Western Scots, but also by the wonderful esprit de corps shown by all ranks; for example, on the 10th inst. Col. Lorne Ross complimented the men on their general behavior, and told them of his intention to send them on a route march through the City, in charge of the N.C.O.'s—no officers being present. Every man felt that his honor and that of his regiment was at stake, and did his best; the result was a parade that would have been a credit to a regiment of veterans. Esprit de corps shows itself also in the friendly rivalry of companies in trying to reach the highest state of efficiency; and it is pleasing to record the following remark made by an officer who witnessed the downtown parade last Monday. He said "The Draft (No. 5 Company) marched splendidly, and their wheeling left nothing to

DRINK PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE
MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

HOTEL PRINCE GEORGE

SPECIAL NOTICE TO "WESTERN SCOTS"

We are making Special Rates for the Boys, and are offering nice clean modern Rooms and good Hot Bath for 50c. per night. . . . Make your Home here when in Town.

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL (Opposite City Hall)

be desired." Bravo, No. 5. Returning to the subject of patriotism, it is far from dead in Victoria, and the following lines, which I wrote some years ago to an old friend in the Motherland, is typical of the spirit of Victorians:

Hurrah for dear old England,
For the flag that floats so free,
Tho' living in a distant land,
True Britishers are we;
And if we sing "O Canada,"
Or "The Maple Leaf for Ever,"
"God Save the King!" we shout; "Hurrah!
This loving bond many naught e'er sever."

OUR BANDS

Are we proud of our bands? Yes. Are we downhearted? No. The manner in which both brass and pipe bands responded to an order to discontinue band practice and turn out to an impromptu route march or work in the trenches is a credit to both Bandmaster Fink and Pipe-Major Wishart.

Our bands are soldiers and fighting men as well as musicians, and all are imbued with the same spirit to see the fight out to a finish. The band music and our pipes add so much to the good spirit of officers and men that they are both indispensable to the efficiency of any Overseas Battalion. The Pipe-Major is now the proud possessor of eleven pipers and five drummers, and with a Pipe Committee composed of three Highland-born officers, including the Battalion Chaplain, Capt. the Rev. Father Macdonel, who had a pipe band of his own in Scotland, it is not to be wondered at that the pipe band now ranks second to none in Canada.

The brass band has set aside each Monday evening for the benefit of the men of the Battalion. They will give a concert each Monday, between 7 and 8.30 p.m., from the gallery of No. 1 building. All men of the Battalion are invited to assemble in No. 1 building, whether they are quartered there or not, for the purpose of enjoying the music.

A BATTALION CONCERT

Through the medium of this paper I wish to make a suggestion, which I think could be answered by the different companies in next week's issue. The suggestion is this: Why not get up a Battalion concert? With the aid of our two bands and the excellent talent that is found in this Battalion, we could do credit to any theatre or hall, and to Victoria, too. Rent a theatre or hall, charge admission, and devote the proceeds towards a fund for returned soldiers, Red Cross, or anything suitable. Start the thing going, boys!

SGT. BLYTH,
No. 2 Co.

The Western Scot

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1915

AS TO CHANGES AND CHANGING

The advent of the C.M.R. to our happy home here at the Willows seems to have caused considerable overturning of regimental apple-carts during the past week. With the change of the Independent Squadron of B.C. Horse into a full-fledged overseas battalion they have, or are about to take up their sojourn in the classic and hallowed precincts of the brand-new drill hall, while the remnant of the 50th Highlanders, of ever-blessed memory, has been transferred to the old drill hall, where also is now quartered the Army Service Corps under our old friend Major Small, who has just returned from Vernon. This leaves the two squadrons of the C.M.R., about 400 strong, the 88th Battalion, in the throes of a recruiting campaign for overseas, and the Western Scots (some 250 over strength), to shake themselves down in the five or six great barnlike buildings that constitute the stock-in-trade, so to speak, of the Agricultural Association. And this shaking down is where the rub comes. Alterations and readjustments are necessary, and the sound of the hammer and the saw are heard in the land. When the Western Scots came upon the scene earlier in the year our Quartermaster (bless his soul!) was succinctly told by the headquarter staff responsible that any and all alterations needed must be carried out "as other units had done—pay for them yourselves." And with the assistance of a kind providence and the aid of half a dozen of Victoria millmen the Western Scots did pay for all the alterations they needed. The thanks of this battalion were duly conveyed to these kind millmen and others concerned, but had we then known that there was another honest method of securing the lumber other than begging it we most certainly would not thus have imposed on the good nature of these gentlemen, and to them we tender our apologies accordingly. And furthermore we are certain that an investigation will reveal the fact that if funds were available at that time to correct and recorrect a range-finding installation as at first and as at a second time attempted to be installed, and both times equally defective, that funds were also available for the proper housing of troops whose only offence was eagerness to serve their country. Parliament voted many thousands of dollars to provide the range finders and their installation, and Parliament also voted ample money to take care of our troops, and it was grossly unfair to compel the Western Scots to pay for arranging their quarters only to have these alterations torn down and others made at the public expense without as much as "by your leave."

S.B. SECTION

Privates Low and Wallace went on a scouting trip to Vancouver last week-end. They brought back good reports, and other members of the Section expect to go over next week with stretchers, to "collect wounded"—hearts.

Private Peters now says he won't bet a dollar.

"Beetles" are not seen around the cubicle any more. One member has scared them.

We are up to full strength in our Section once again. We hope that there will be no more transfers, in order that we may become expert in working together.

The second "shot" of inoculation proved too much for Teddy. That was where Bob got the ha-ha on him.

We have secured more musical talent in Privates Walker and Rashleigh, pianist and mandolinist respectively.

Say, was that our new sergeant's stripes which were found in Private Parkinson's pocket? Do tell, Peters!

Lance-Corpl. Sargent has been honored by quite a few unsolicited testimonials from patients in the Hospital for his

VARIETY THEATRE

20TH EPISODE

"BROKEN COIN"

Also Other High-Class Features

THIS MON., TUES. AND WED.

Concert Orchestra

PRICES:—Main Floor, 10c.; Box Seats, 25c.

BIG HORN BRAND UNION MADE

AHEAD OF ALL

Shirts Overalls Tents Mackinaws

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING STORES

Give yourself satisfaction and a British Columbian industry your patronage by using this superior brand

TURNER, BEETON & COMPANY, LIMITED

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS

ESTABLISHED 1862

VICTORIA, B. C.

INCORPORATED 1902

care and thoughtfulness. They were coming his way too, so says Bill, and all of us.

With our possible early departure for the Old Land, the following verses may prove interesting:

TO EDINBURGH.

Edina, Queen City, thou gem of our islands,
With light moving verses thy beauty I'll praise.
No fairer than thee 'mid the Lowlands or Highlands,
None fitter to merit the patriot's lays.

Long, long may you flourish in freedom and learning,
Long, long be your daughters as fresh and as gay,
Thy sons loyal and noble, still keen and discerning,
Made strong with ideals which never decay.

Majestic thy palace, where sovereigns once seated,
Surrounded by beauty, decreed their proud will,
But 'tis gone, that bright pageant, the figures retreated,
Save these ancient walls, honored monument still.

While yonder rude fortress, which has stood oft regardless
Of wild hurtling volleys or foemen from far—
Is there no one to sing of its history, bardless?
Has the glory departed, like morning's clear star?

Yet Ferguson speaks, with thy charms more acquainted,
And Ramsay, sweet artist, thy beauties portray,
But still thy bright nature ne'er yet has been painted
In manner befitting thy features so gay.

For the Queen of all cities art thou, many mountained,
With thy wild dizzy cliff and enchanting green bower,
Where the swift rushing torrent, and streams many fountained,
Reflect the rare charm of thy tall rising towers.

Long, long may you flourish in freedom and learning,
Long, long be your daughters as fresh and as gay,
Thy sons loyal and noble, still keen and discerning,
Made strong with ideals which never decay.

—B.H.W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued From Last Week.)

The fight at Rooival, which I partly described last week, developed from what promised to be a good skirmish into a pitched battle. We were a flying column of about two thousand men, all mounted, with no wagons or other impedimenta except six ambulances drawn by twelve mules each. As I said last week, the advance guard had to retire hastily on the main body, and lost heavily in the process. We had four fifteen-pounders, four pom-poms and six maxims with us. As we had no water the maxims were practically useless, as they choked up very quickly if the water jacket was not kept well supplied. Owing to the difficulty in deploying in the confusion—it was almost a surprise, remember—the guns and machine guns, which were all packed together, were left almost neglected for the moment. Quick to see an opening, Kemp sent Potgeiter with about 600 men straight for the guns. Without orders, Major Noel Money, a Shropshire man, who commanded our detachment, gave the order to "Dismount—No. 3 hold horses" (much to their disgust), and we ran at the double to about 200 yards in advance of the guns. They were just ready to get into action, and did so as far as the R.F.A. men were concerned. My outfit consisted of about 300 men. The Boers charged en masse for about 800 yards at the gallop. Of course, being mounted, their fire was not very effective; still it was the only time in my South African experience that I felt the need of a bayonet. We had been issued with them, but as they were practically useless for that kind of work, they were gradually lost or used for other purposes. I used mine as a pin to tether my horse to for a time. We were lying in the high grass, pouring in a hot fire at almost point blank range, and you could see them come from a gallop to a canter and from that to a walk, and finally stopped within twenty yards of us. They stood in indecision while you could count ten, men falling all around, the whole body swaying backwards and forwards. Finally their commandant, Potgeiter, rode out from the flank and waved them the signal to break. Everybody took a pot shot at him and he was riddled. A big well proportioned Boer, he looked a good type of Dutchman when I walked over to where he fell a few minutes later. He was armed with a Mauser pistol and had a Krag-Jorgenson carbine clenched in his hand, rather a peculiar arm to find out there.

Half an hour afterward the scrap was over and Delarey was in full retreat. As usual, they had left their convoy five or six miles in their rear, and it developed afterward that their ox convoy was over twenty miles away. By the time we had messed around picking up wounded and getting into shape, they had a good start on us. Remember, we had had no water since noon the day before, and with the heat and dust, combined with the acrid taste of cordite, we were in pretty bad shape, horses as well as men. When we returned to our horses, I found my mare had been shot through the lower part of the neck, a clean wound, and she had bled very little, just a trickle down each fore-leg. Of course I had no alternative but to mount her, and away we went in pursuit, leaving a party to make camp, bury the dead and help the ambulance men with the wounded. It was then about 10 o'clock. We could see their dust cloud away ahead of us, and knew it would be an all day chase. We hoped to bump into water. No such luck. Hour after hour we galloped, gaining but very slowly. I knew by the way they travelled that they could have no ox-wagon transport with them, as that would have slowed them down considerably. About 3 o'clock my good little mare stopped dead. I pulled out, dismounted, and took a look at her. I think she must have been bleeding internally. Anyhow, she was all in. In ten minutes the entire force had passed me, and I was alone on the veldt. Nice position, very! They don't stop for you or anyone else on those kind of jobs. Its all in the day's work.

I tried to lead my horse; nothing doing. I had a few oats in my nosebag, so I put it on her and sat down on an ant-hill to figure out what to do next. There was no water that I knew of within fifty miles, so hiking was out of the question. A rather high ridge was on my left, we had paralleled it all day. I figured out that on the return they would come back the same way, as of course we had to get back to where the fight had occurred to pick up our men and ambulances, and it seemed hardly likely they would cross the ridge. So I marked time on my ant-hill. As far as one could see there was nothing but ant-hills. About six o'clock I could see the advance guard coming up. An officer rode up and said: "We have a lot of wagons and prisoners in the rear; if you have to abandon your horse shoot her." I waited for the wagons, and finally one stopped for me. My mare wouldn't lead, so I took off saddle and bridle, threw them into the wagon, and turned her

SIMON LEISER & CO.

LIMITED

Wholesale Grocers

We carry in Stock a Large
Line of Goods, and
can Supply at Short Notice

Tobaccos, Cigars and Cigarettes
A SPECIALTY

YATES STREET VICTORIA, B. C.

VICTORIA'S FAMOUS BEER

NOTED FOR ITS QUALITY AND
PURITY

NO CHEMICALS USED IN THE MANU-
FACTURING OF OUR BEERS

For a Thirst, and a Non-Intoxicating Drink that is
Refreshing and Satisfying

DRINK "CUMTUX"

Brewed by the Silver Spring Brewery. HARRY MAYNARD, Manager

IT'S A SHORT WAY TO TERRY'S

THE MOST POPULAR
SODA FOUNTAINS
IN THE CITY

FORT NEAR DOUGLAS
PANDORA AND DOUGLAS

Kodaks, Films Developed, - - 10 cents a Roll
Prints, - - - - - 50 and 35 cents a dozen

loose. I couldn't have shot her had I been offered a hundred pounds. I had her for over a year, and many a time I have wakened up from a sleep of exhaustion and found her head across my legs. When I climbed into the ox-wagon I found about thirty Boer prisoners in it, mostly old men who had tailed off from the main body. A young Scottish horseman was in charge of them. When I got in he mounted his horse and beat it, leaving me with them. The prisoners seemed a decent lot of old whiskers, and one who spoke a little English told me they were all nearly dead from lack of food and water. I told him he wasn't half as dead as I was. I put my rifle

over my knees and sat down at the front end of the wagon. By this time it was getting dark, and I knew in a few minutes it would be as black as your hat. Old Africans will tell you how quickly it comes. There is no twilight. There is a peculiarity about oxen. In the daytime, as long as there is something ahead of them, they will plod along, but at night they won't do it—you must lead them. The wagon stopped, and I told one of the Boers to get out and "voer loop" (go ahead). He said "Ek zai ni" (I won't). So I booted him off the wagon. He led them a few hundred yards and disappeared. I kept chasing them off one at a time until I didn't have half of them left. By this time I didn't give a darn if every Dutchman in the world escaped. I could hardly speak, my tongue felt tough and leathery, you see it was over thirty hours since I had had a drink, and between that and the dust and heat I was in bad shape. The Boers did not want to escape, they simply climbed into another wagon. To make a long story short, about two o'clock in the morning we halted at a farm which had a dam on it. It wasn't good water, but it was the most precious thing in the world just then. I have drawn out this yarn to show you how radically one campaign will differ from another. You simply have to adapt yourself to conditions as you find them.

H. M. CAMPBELL,
The Draft.

ROUND THE CAMP

Oh	Who
You	Did
Church parade	So Well
Some	In
Weather	Grouping
Our cold	However
Is worse	Wait
Again	Till
And we	Next time.
Can't	* * * * *
Cure it	Oh
Cause	You
All our money	Big drummer
has went	In the band
And we wish	Where
We	Did
Were dead	You
Our Sergeant says	Come From
Don't	And
Worry	We
Your	Hope
Wish is coming	You'll
When you	Soon
Get	Go back
To France	We like
But	Our
He's a grouch	Music
Anyway	But
* * * * *	Oh!
What a head	You step
The Draft	* * * * *
Gave	The
A reel	Quartermaster
We mean	Is
A real	All smiles
Banquet	Because
Oi yoi	Our
Some	Kit is
Evening	Getting
* * * * *	More
Hats Off	Complete
To	Every day
No. 2	But
On	No
Winning the	Sun helmets
Shoot	Bermuda
We	Must
Were glad	Be Off
To see it	But
Although	That
It	Won't
Cost us	Stop
Real	The Rumors
Live	* * * * *
Money	We've Been
In bets	Told to
* * * * *	Shut Up
Where	So
Was	So long
No. 3	

ONLOOKER.

HUDSON'S BAY CO.
IMPERIAL MIXTURE

A TOBACCO THAT PLEASES EVERYBODY

1-9 Pound Tin - Price 25c. 1-5 Pound Tin - Price 45c.
1-2 Pound Tin - Price 90c. 1 Pound Tin - Price \$1.70
Service Pipes 25c and 50c. each

TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' SUNDRIES

The Royal Dainties Bakery
NORTH PARK STREET

W. J. KEEN & SON, Confectioners
Wholesale and Retail

In the manufacture of our Goods we use only THE BEST material obtainable. This is why THE SOLDIERS will insist on having KEEN'S PASTRY.

PHONE 5187 R

BURN KIRK'S
WELLINGTON COAL

Our Delivery is Unbeatable

KIRK & CO., LTD.

1212 BROAD STREET Phone 139

WRIST WATCHES
FOUNTAIN PENS
CIGARETTE CASES

And a host of other articles useful to men who fight for us
GOODS RIGHT—PRICES RIGHT—SERVICE RIGHT

BUY YOUR XMAS GIFTS NOW

Shortt, Hill & Duncan, Ltd.
CENTRAL BLDG., VIEW AND BROAD STS.

THE "SWAN" EASY-FILL FILLER

Fills and Cleans any fountain pen in a few seconds without unscrewing; at same time it thoroughly washes the nib and ink conductor so that the pen is in the most perfect condition for proper working. Renders filling almost a pastime. Filled with "Swan" Ink. When empty the filler is replenished from an ordinary bottle of fountain pen ink.

Price, 35c. In Wood Travelling Case, 50c. each



OFFICE EQUIPMENT CO.

LIMITED

726 FORT STREET

Phone 730

SING ME TO SLEEP

Sing me to sleep! When the bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dugout and cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuit to eat.
Sing me to sleep when bombs explode
And shrapnel shell is a la mode.
Over the sandbags helmets you'll find;
Corpses in front of you; corpses behind.

Far, far from Ypres I want to be,
Where German snipers can't pot at me;
Think of me crouching where all the worms creep,
Waiting for sergeant to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
A dozen rat holes around my head;
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep when camp fires glow,
Full of French bread and cafe a beau;
Dreaming tonight of home in the West;
Somebody's overseas boots on my chest.

Far, far from Plug Street I want to be;
Light of old Plymouth I want to see;
Think of me crouching where all the worms creep,
Waiting for sergeant to sing me to sleep.

BONNIE DAVIS,
B.C. Horse, C.M.R.
Belgium.

EXCLUSIVE TO THE WESTERN SCOT

STAFF LINES, Nov. 27.—Your correspondent has been successful in obtaining an interview from Private Paddy, the best known and one of the most popular beings in the 67th Battalion Western Scots.

The famous Airedale has never before consented to receive a newspaper man, and his words are therefore of considerable interest to the readers of the "Scot."

I was ushered into the august presence and found Paddy lying out enjoying an after-parade snooze. He yawned as I was introduced, and I began to fear that I would have little luck from a news point of view. However, I made a bold start.

"How long have you been in the army?" I asked.

"Let me see," said Paddy, while he meditatively hunted for an elusive flea with his left hind paw; "about fourteen months, more or less."

"What made you join the junior branch of the service?" I ventured to ask.

"Well, while my ancestors were great fighters, there were no old sea dogs amongst them, and when the time came for me to do my bit I just naturally chose the army. Of course, I was never meant for the service at all. My first master had intended that I should be a "Show Dog," but being a wayward pup, I soon got fed up with the continual round of hugging and applause—for you know I carried off several prizes—and ran away to go for a soldier."

"What do you think of the Western Scots?"

"Fine," replied Paddy, with an enthusiastic wag of his tail.

"They are the best yet, and I've seen them all. Believe me, the others were good, but I never found a finer fighting lot than the Western Scots, and I only wish that I could go overseas with them. You know, I've tried to get away with every battalion to date, but I've got curvature of the tail and am therefore not fit—or at least, so they say. I think that after my various performances with Pte. McHugh's bull dog that I'm fit enough for anything. However, Ottawa knows best."

"You know," he went on, "there are a great bunch here. Why, only a short time ago I was presented with a collar with my name on it and all, and even Mac, the cook, forgets to be peeved sometimes and comes through with a bone or two. And that's a great pipe band we have. I like pipe music, as all good soldier dogs do, and I can speak with authority on the subject of bands, for I have in my time marched beside every one that has left the Willows. The brass band promises to be some class, too, although the drumming is sometimes a bit off. Jove! It's tea time. I must dash. So long!"

With a bark he was off behind the draft, and I decided that the pleasant interview was ended. It is rumored on excellent authority that if the youth of the city does not come forward very soon that Paddy, with several of his friends, will apply to Ottawa for permission to raise a battalion to be known as the Highland Hell Hounds. Of course, this may be only unfounded rumor.

Standard Steam Laundry

LIMITED

WE CATER TO THE SOLDIERS' TRADE

Our Wagons Call at the Camp Every Morning.

WORK GUARANTEED

PHONE 1017

WORKS, 841 VIEW ST.

FLAGS

ILO MOTOR GREASES
ILO MOTOR OILS

PETER McQUADE & SON, Ltd.

SHIP CHANDLERS WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL

1214 WHARF ST.

VICTORIA, B. C.

WHERE TO BUY

Ross's Imported Royal Belfast Ginger Ale

Ross's Imported Dry Ginger Ale

Schwepp's Imported Ginger Ale

Griffin's Devonshire Cider

Imported and Domestic Cigarettes and Cigars,
Tobaccos and Pipes

Full line of Confectionery

PROMPT ATTENTION TO ALL ORDERS.

R. P. RITHET & CO., LIMITED

1113 WHART ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

P. M. LINKLATER

Military Tailor

1114 BROAD ST. VICTORIA, B. C.

OPPOSITE SPENCERS

"Corona" Portable Typewriter

WEIGHS 8½ LBS. WITH CASES

RELIABLE AND EFFICIENT

A large number in use in the Army and Navy at the Front

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO.

AGENTS UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITERS

732 FORT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Phone 4798

NOT A MOVE !!

Not a move but blows Good to Somebody. Our move—after 17 years in one location—is blowing good to everybody who needs music or music goods.

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS

In Sheet and Book Music, Mouth Organs, Banjos, Accordeons, Mandolins, Guitars, and everything else in our Big Stock.

BUY NOW AND SAVE

FLETCHER BROS. WESTERN CANADA'S
LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
1231 GOVERNMENT ST. Phone 885

A SOLDIER'S FEW DON'TS

- Don't chew gum on parade or on the street.
- Ditto tobacco.
- Don't lounge.
- Don't question or discuss orders.
- Don't be careless in your dress.
- Don't forget that the honor of the regiment is yours.
- Don't do anything to bring dishonor on yourself or the regiment.
- Don't get drunk.
- Don't say "Yep" when an officer addresses you.
- Don't forget to say "Sir" to an officer.
- Don't forget to salute all officers always.
- Don't be late for parade.
- Don't be afraid of hard work.
- Don't forget to clean your arms and accoutrements.
- Ditto your buttons.
- Don't forget the ones on your greatcoat, either.
- Don't make trouble.
- Don't get into trouble.

FROM THE SPARKER

"Donner und blitzten! What in the ensanguined Hades did that dod-gasted corporal of the Stretcher Bearers do to me?" Thus explet Private Menary in his usual flowery style of language after a couple of restless days and fitful nights. On further enquiry it was discovered that the above anathematized dignitary, being out of No. 18 pills, had administered two No. 9's to his unfortunate victim. Make it three No. 6's next time, Corp.

"Who stole Merifield's dinner?" is still an unsolved mystery. Private Sherlock Haynes was hot on the trail the other day and was observed with a strong magnifying glass examining some footprints leading in the direction of the Pioneers' tent, but, unfortunately, both footprints and clue disappeared in a sea of mud a few yards S.E. of the wood-butchers' domicile, or there might have been some revelations. By the way, Corporal Ross has repeatedly asserted that he knows nothing about it. Pte. Merifield has given up the problem as hopeless and says he should worry anyhow, as the culprit left the plate, knife and fork behind, and washed up at that.

INVITATION

The DOMINION HOTEL, Yates Street, extends a courteous invitation to the Officers and Men of His Majesty's Forces to make the DOMINION HOTEL their Headquarters when in the city. Make the Hotel your Club—your Home—your Meeting Place—write your letters in our commodious Writing Room.

The duty of economy is the most popular text of the day.

A de Luxe meal is served for 50 cents.

It is the Dining Room that wins so many favors for the DOMINION HOTEL. A high standard of food and service is always maintained. Try our meals. Breakfast, 50 cents—Luncheon, 50 cents—Dinner, 50 cents.

A special Military Rate for rooms of 75 cents single and \$1.00 double will be made to all men in the Service.

Ask your Jitney Driver to leave you off at the DOMINION HOTEL.

A change to a first-class home-like Hotel from barracks or camp life when on leave will prove agreeable. You are welcome at the DOMINION for a minute—a meal—a day—or a week. Come any time.

STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor.

Ross took a drop of Scotch,
Henderson some beer.
Mack, a little gin (all three
Are
rep-
re-
sent-
ed
here).

There's a Sparker who cannot keep still,
Wears his cap as if made up to kill;
But let me tell you
There isn't a Jew
That has a darned thing on our Bill.

It is not length Slats is needing,
Though slimness might show his good breeding;
And while he does cram
With cheese, ham and jam,
I'm damned if he pays for good feeding.

BY OUR TAME POET.

