

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., OCTOBER 30th, 1915

No. 4

SPOKES FROM THE WHEEL

The new collar badges have arrived and will be issued to the Battalion early in the week.

We welcome the return of the Cleaners Club from Ottawa School of Musketry. Glad to hear it was a financial as well as military success.

The Brass Band is now organized, thanks to the generous response of the rank and file, without whose assistance it would have been impossible to indulge in this very necessary luxury. The Band Committee promises immediate satisfactory results.

Our officers' chargers have all complied with B.O.'s and undergone the monthly hair-cut. A decided improvement to beast as well as man.

Has the Pipe-Major shaken hands with the new Band-master yet?

We are all real proud of our soccer team, win or lose.

The O.C. appeared more pleased throughout the game than during any other parade.

The music from the Machine Gun Corporal's SQUAD was too disconcerting for the neighbors. It shouldn't be allowed, James. Come back a good deal stronger next time or they will put one over on you.

Twelve hardy men of the North arrived on Thursday from White Horse and were posted to No. 1 Company. No limit to our recruiting area.

The Pipe Band proved themselves thorough soldiers of parade when they asked to be allowed to put away their beloved pipes and form a half platoon for battalion drill. Did they figure on physical stunts also?

No. 1 COMPANY.

One obliging recruit, whose name we will not reveal, on being asked his religion, was accommodating enough to enquire what we were short of.

No. 3 Company talks airily of the other companies' crime sheets. Personally we think it is more than a coincidence that the cessation of compliments in orders to No. 3 Company synchronized with the careful supervision of the tattoo reports.

We observe from last week's issue that the Stretcher Bearers imagine that S.B. means "Singing Bunch." If any other company wishes to keep these cute little warblers in their quarters, No. 1 Company will not object. Sergt. Burton the other night rushed out to see who was ill-treating his cat, but found it was only the S.B.'s making merry.

We shall publish a special paper shortly containing all the comments we have received relating to Corporal Higgins. The present size of the "Western Scot" is inadequate.

No. 1 Company gave its concert on Tuesday night, a full report of which will be found in another part of the paper. Since No. 1 Company was conducting the proceedings it is superfluous to add that it was a huge success.

No. 3 Platoon has been greatly exercised recently as to the reason for Lauchie McMillan disappearing at nights. Lauchie, however, has told us in confidence that he is "court-ing." Rumor hath it that so great has been the fair one's influence that she actually inveigled Lauchie into going to church. Lauchie, moreover, states that his progress towards a successful match is greatly hampered by the continuous presence of the charmer's five sisters. Will anyone volunteer to aid him?

Any man who after this warning appears at the orderly room to give the information that the reason that the men of No. 5 Company all have colds is because they have been so long in the "draft," will be put "on the peg."

Instructor: Form fours! As you were! Form fours! As you were. How often have I got to tell you that the even

files move? Form fours! As you were. (Exasperated, to offending recruit): What's your number? Recruit: Seymour 2693. (Collapse of instructor.)

There may be something in the contention of the other companies that it is not right that we should have all the best officers, as we have in any case got in our company the best men in the battalion. Still we are happy.

O.C. (in orderly room): Corporal Higgins, what sort of record has the prisoner?

Corporal Higgins: Sir, ever since he came into the bloomin' regiment he 'as been a regular pest. 'E goes hout when he likes, comes in when he likes, and uses language something hawful. In fact, from the way 'e carries on you would think he was a hofferer.

No. 2 COMPANY.

Do you notice the worried and wearied look on Q.M.S. Stewart's handsome face? If you want to know the reason for it, ask Sgt. W. Johnston, who lays flat on his back in bed trying to play the cornet, and Corporal 'iggins, who pounds hell out of the drum in the room adjoining Q.M.S. Stewart's large office. Ye gods?

We claim that a soldier coming in late at night and can say to the sergeant of the guard: "If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot to tot ere the tot could totter, why should a Hottentot tutor get hot because the tot should hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?" is not drunk. Q.E.D.

Why did Co.-Sgt.-Major Johnston slip on parade? Mud? No! He stepped on his moustache.

Oh, yes, Gladys, we used to use the bayonets all the time in South Africa—to open bully-beef cans with.

Don't be too hard on that boy who is a little green and timid now. Maybe someday in the trenches you may need him for your friend.

In answer to No. 3 Company's correspondent's inquiry as to why they were the only company to contribute to the "Western Scot" so far, we wish to say that after reading some of the aforesaid correspondent's rotten trash in the first two issues we have been sick. Really we feel it fatal to our dignity to take notice of such babblings, and yet it is an interesting study in human nature to watch such people loose with ordinary sane people and getting away with it. As to publishing our crime sheets, we venture to say that there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in No. 3 Company if their crime sheets were compared to our very small one. Only modesty keeps us from telling the whole world what a well-behaved company No. 2 is. However, let us advise No. 3 Company correspondent to take to the pick and shovel instead of the pen, and pick rocks, not reputations, and in the meantime, thou Pharisee, if you want to sling mud, go to it, we are game!

By the way, can someone think of a joke about a black horse?

Don't forget to write home tomorrow!

Did you ever notice the small sick parades on Saturdays and Sundays?

Who said the Signalling Section swiped the B.C. Horse's firewood?

"If ye would view the B.C. Horse's woodpile aright
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight."

Where is Sgt. Lister? Over at the ——. Oh, never mind.

Why not get up a regimental concert? Suggestions for a few items on the programme: Song, "The Sick Parade," by Cpl. Kirk; song, "When I Came Over the Hill," Cpl. Kirk; song, "Nobody Loves a Fat Man," Cpl. Kirk; more songs by Cpl. Kirk. It will cost the committee about \$3.95 to get Cpl. Kirk wound up, but then look at the fun we would have.

When the 67th were wearing straw hats: "They swear not, neither do they drink, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Private Johnston has gone on the Fire Piquet. We have no doubt his sergeant sent him there, as we often heard him telling Johnston that he, the sergeant, wished him in some hot place, at some hot job.

Did you notice Capt. Bullen's horse "Patsy" has been nicely shaved. We wonder if "Patsy" will pass inspection now by Lieut. McDermot! Strictly regimental, eh? When you even have to shave the blooming 'orse.

Isn't it strange what a good driller we are, when we get back to barracks.

Some genius that Scout who blackened his naked feet and went down town that way as he had lost his shoes. His ingenuity is worthier of a better cause. (Did you get that long word.)

Sergeant, to a bunch of recruits on the "Oval": If ye don't mark time properly I'll make ye mark time all the way back to barracks.

Tie your little bull outside!

There are two ways of cussing the men; remember it is not what is said, "it is the nasty way of saying it."

No. 3 COMPANY

The "physical jerks" was fine as far as it went, but the system seems to have broken down.

A recruit for the band stated that he used to be a fine all-round musician, but since his marriage he has played nothing but second fiddle.

Private Dougan thinks the war has brought the cost of everything away down. It took him three years and a couple of thousand dollars to get a Seattle front which C.S.M. McIntosh will get rid of in six weeks for nothing.

Did you see the bluff thrown by No. 1 Company last week in saying none of its members cared to act as escort? The truth is that there is very rarely anybody left to act as escort.

In respect to paying compliments, a private asks how, if he has his wife leaning on one arm and is carrying his baby on the other is he to salute an officer? Well, any ambitious officer should be willing to hold the baby while you salute.

What did the N.C.O. mean when he wrote on the charge sheet that a prisoner had committed a "nunce"?

It is a treat to be on quarter guard when No. 3 Company salutes. On the command, "Eyes right," every eye comes round with a click.

Watch for the entertainments to be given by this Company. There are several members who hope to put on a short act one of these days.

A few nights ago a member of the Battalion (not No. 3 Company) was steering a rather crooked course back to camp, after giving himself a good time down town. Suddenly he spied the police patrol travelling at 40 miles an hour. He dashed out into the centre of the street, waving his arms wildly. As the patrol stopped a policeman stepped out, probably with the idea that a murder had been committed, only to be greeted with the words: "Whoa! Steady! You're exsheeding shpeed limit."

There is a report that the other units of the Battalion will hold a meeting to urge the formation of a class for sergeants who speak roughly on parade. The instructor, Sgt. Eddie, will employ hypnotism to induce better manners.

No. 4 COMPANY

Suggestion for a new method of telling off the battalion: "One and two, right half battalion; three, four and Bill Carlisle, left half battalion."

No. 4 was reminded of the Parable of the Sower last week when it beheld the men of No. 3 "fall upon stoney ground."

Lance-Corporal Arthur Belyea, who was confined to hospital for several days with an infected foot, has rejoined his section.

It was a man in No. 4 who, when asked by Q.M.-Sergt. Dawson if he desired a hard, soft or medium toothbrush, replied, "Oh, it doesn't matter; I only want it for kit inspection!"

Word was passed last week that the officers were surprised at the smart drilling of No. 4 Company. No. 4 Company inquires: "Why the surprise?"

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GOVERNMENT STREET

It is said the men of the 67th are to be taught a smattering of French and German. No. 4 would respectfully suggest that there is one term they do not care to learn—the German for “surrender.”

No. 4 misses its O.C., Captain Grahame, and Lieut. Fullerton, second in command, both of whom are attending classes at Work Point.

Word has reached us from Amsterdam that the Kaiser has given orders to his Higher Command that the war must be finished before the 67th reaches France.

Pte. A. M. Hall and Pte. Barrett, of No. 4, visited Vancouver last week-end and assisted at the opening of the splendid new bar of the Hotel Vancouver.

Pte. Bond, of Company 4, is recovering from the effects of a week-end trip to Westholme.

For the benefit of the men of No. 4, a few notes on saluting are included herewith: When carrying a plate of beans under the left arm and passing an officer on the right place the plate of beans smartly under the right arm and salute properly with the left. This may be varied by bringing the right hand gracefully around to the left temple; by saluting with the left while retaining the plate of beans or by holding the beans level and bringing the head smartly down to meet it.

Pte. Sherlock Holmes Cope has deserted No. 4 permanently for the Pioneers. He is a tool-fixer by trade.

No. 4 Company would point out that the new system of exchanging coin of the realm for canteen tickets will be irksome during warm weather.

Since the introduction of new milk at meals the men of No. 4 have enjoyed unbroken slumbers.

The attention of the Provost-Marshal is directed to “The Mystery of the Canteen, or What Inhabits a Pork Pie?”

After close observation last Sunday our special commissioner reports that there is slightly more kick in Phoenix phizz than in Cumtux.

Our commissioner “is a mon who never gets the waur for liquor.”

In order that the men of No. 4 may maintain their subscriptions to “The Western Scot,” please, kind, good Paymaster—!

Number one section has the remains of a perfectly good dentist from Ole Kaintuck!

We are pleased to note that Pte Stacey is rapidly recuperating from the terrible attack made on his upper lip by a tonsorial artist in Westminster.

Speaking from experience, the men of No. 4 Company cannot say too much for the good work being done by the N.C.O. and men of the 67th Hospital Staff. Pte. Dooley is a graduate of one of the finest hospitals in America—the Massachusetts General, of Boston.

No. 4 is reminded that tooth paste will be issued by the orderly room clerks.

Inquiries are reaching Q.M.-Sergt. Dawson as to when the issues of tennis racquets and balls are to be made.

No. 4 Company extends hearty thanks to the warm-hearted elderly lady resident on Hillside Avenue who so kindly invited many of the men into her house during a rest on the route march Tuesday forenoon and regaled them with apples.

THE WRONG HAT

And it was not a thousand miles from the classic precincts of Fort Macaulay, and the O.C. was wont to be none too careful when in a hurry, hence it transpires that having entertained at his private residence some visiting friends from the great and glorious republic to the south of us, he sallied forth in mufti to show his friends the town. Unwittingly as he passed the domestic hatrack he reached forth and placed upon his head not his Christy stiff, as he thought, but instead his gold-braided officers' cap. Out of the door, down the garden path and many many blocks down the street did the party proceed. Ever and anon, doubtless with some misgivings that all was not right, the visitors furtively glanced at the august official headgear worn by their conductor, but being foreigners and having read of the reported shortness of military equipment of most kinds, thought that after all everything perhaps was all right. Nor was it until the gallant O.C. proceeded to doff his bonnet to a lady acquaintance that he discovered that the laugh was on him.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1915

O TEMPORA O MORES!

With reference to the duty of saluting as enunciated in the "Western Scot" last week a word might be said with reference to an incident that took place locally a short time since. A Lieutenant-Colonel, accompanied by a party of his officers, all in uniform, on Government Street in the early evening, happened past a group of men of another previously formed unit. The men stood under a street light and while fully recognizing the officer made no attempt to salute. One of the juniors stopped and asked the men if they had recognized a Lieutenant-Colonel and if so if it were not the habit of their corps to salute the King's commission. The soldiers replied that they had perfectly recognized the officer who had just passed, but that their instructions were that they were not to salute after dark. Otter's Guide says: "Warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men should salute all officers so long as they can fairly distinguish them, whether of their own corps or any other." While "Otter's Guide" may not be in a strict sense official, it is founded on the K. R. and O., and in this instance would seem to follow common sense and common civility.

HYDRA-HEADED MONSTER

There being no church parade last Sunday morning, a volunteer service was held in the Y.M.C.A. building, at which the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Campbell, in the course of his address, said "Strong drink is a hydra-headed monster, which blights men and ruins women. There is no evil so far-reaching as that of strong drink. Few men have not in themselves, in their families, or in their business suffered from it. It turns the home that should be a heaven of happiness into a hell of misery, and it is, therefore, a crime against humanity and against God himself to countenance it. Ninety per cent. of those in jail trace their transgression directly or indirectly to this evil, which poisons the springs of our national life. It weakens every power and faculty of man which it touches. Athletes who must have agility, strength and staying power scrupulously avoid it. Lord Roberts and Earl Kitchener agree with General Sir Henry Havelock and Lord Wolsley that soldiers can do more work, endure more hardship, and that soldiers health without strong drink than with it." Dr. Campbell quoted General Sir Sam. Hughes as saying: "I have no use for the man, either in uniform or out of uniform, who is a drinker. I am determined to maintain the 'dry' canteen in our military camps, because I am assured that the man who does not drink, as far as endurance is concerned, is much better than the man who indulges in intoxicants. It is because I am interested in the welfare of our men that I remove the evil from them as far as possible." The chaplain also referred to the curtailment during the war of the hours for the sale of liquor in Britain, France and Russia. Even old London, he said, the most conservative city in Europe, shortened the hours and abolished the time-honored custom of treating.



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This may seem an interference with the personal liberty which God has given man—to undertake to prevent his getting strong drink—but it is only an abridgement of a liberty to use something which is unwholesome and may result in an injury to himself and to others. This seems to me quite justifiable and to which no reasonable man should object.

He complimented the battalions at the camp on their excellent character and the good name they had gained in Victoria for diligence, intelligence, sobriety and manliness worthy of soldiers of the King, and he was sure they would maintain it to the end, although

"Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

As one of the men who left British Columbia 15 years ago for service in South Africa, I thought it might be of interest to the boys to hear how the troops had been enlisted and dispatched at that time. The B.C. of that period was very far from being the B.C. of the present. Those were the days before emigration enlarged the coast cities and populated the fruit valleys. You can see the difference in the personnel of the men.

The old fellows, especially from the Kootenays, where "I hailed from," were of a different stamp. They were mostly frontiersmen, a type that we can hardly recognize now, unless we happen to run across an old silver tip with a pocket full of samples and a hole in the ground somewhere in the Findlay River country or some other spot equally accessible.

However, they could ride and shoot, take a long hike, or make a camp or a bannock with equal facility. I happened to be the tenderfoot of the bunch, having been in the country only about 18 months. Of course at that time conditions were entirely different. I mean as far as this war is concerned. It was practically the first time that Colonial troops had participated in Britain's wars, except a few French Canadian voyagers whom Lord Wolsley had enlisted for the Soudan campaign in 1885 for the purpose of running the Nile rapids. It was the day when Imperial federation or unity was first talked about and taken seriously. Although the need was not so apparent as now, the colonies were determined to show the Mother Country that in time of need their services were hers to command. The results of that policy has borne fruit and now when the very existence of the British Empire is at stake, you find the Oversea Dominions where they belong, as witness our own Western Scots and the Canadian troops who have preceded us.

Sometime about Christmas, 1900, I made an application to join the Canadian contingent of the South African Constabulary then being raised and commanded by Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell. Owing to the number of applications it was decided to limit the number of recruits from each locality. As far as I can remember it was as follows: Nelson 15, Rossland 10, Grand Forks 4, Greenwood 4, Phoenix 3, and so forth, all the Crow's Nest towns as far as the Alberta border being also represented.

On the appointed day we were medically examined at Rossland, that city being the rendezvous for the boundary country. Next in order was the shooting test. We shot with an ordinary Winchester sporting rifle at a target at about 250 yards. As a blinding snowstorm was raging at the time it was some test. The wind-driven snow gave the target an appearance of moving. The successful shots were then marched down to a local livery stable, where the riding test was to come off. Some test again. Everyone in Rossland knew this horse, a big rangy grey. The hostlers in this stable used to make bets whenever some venturesome tenderfoot hired this horse as to whether he would come back with his hat on or not. One of the Greenwood chaps mounted first and the grey promptly bolted. The Greenwood fellow is going yet as far as I know. I never saw him again. Then a pony was brought out and everyone passed with honors.

The successful men left for Nelson that night escorted by the Rocky Mountain Rangers under Capt. Forin and the whole town. On arrival at Nelson we were marched to the boat and sworn in to Her Majesty's service. Some time about midnight we reached Robson, and were on our way across the continent. We picked up men for my troop at Fernie, Cranbrook, in fact all the villages in the Crow's Nest, so that when we reached Medicine Hat we had our full complement and proceeded to get acquainted.

Of the monotonous trip in mid-winter I won't write. I remember it was about 50 degrees below in Winnipeg. On arrival at Ottawa we were marched out to the Fair Grounds, a place that somewhat resembles the Willows, but as I remember it not nearly so well appointed. There was about three feet of snow all over the place, and cold was no name for it. There we settled down to see what was going to happen next. I had the best of most of the boys as I had the advantage of a few months' service in Florida with the First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry in the Spanish war days, only two years previous to the time I am writing about.

In the morning our troop C.O. showed up in the person of Capt. C. C. Bennett of Vancouver, he and Capt. Geo. Beer of Nelson having traded commands overnight. The next two weeks we spent in keeping warm, mixed in with a little company drill in one of the buildings. It was this experience that taught me the value of the training we are getting now.

We all knew what we needed and lacked and were a little apprehensive in consequence.

The boys may think the same old drill everlastingly monotonous. They may think they know it. Well, they don't. The day will come when they will appreciate every day of it. It all makes for efficiency. I've got three morals for a soldier: Know your work, have stamina enough to get there, and have guts enough to stay there. Here was our position. A body of a thousand men designed for mounted service, dispatched to the front with not a day's adequate training, to handle a rifle we were not familiar with, and to be brigaded with veteran troops who had been at the front over a year already.

It speaks volumes for the adaptability of the Canadian soldier when I think how quickly we broke in and how the bunch handled themselves when the occasion came, as it soon did. The S.A.C. was technically not a Canadian outfit at all. Although raised in Canada we were paid by the Imperial authorities and eventually by the two new colonies, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. We were not even equipped in Canada. We were issued a sea kit consisting of a pair of blue jeans, a blue sweater and a blue tuque, one of those snowshoe things familiar in the East. We looked like "ten cents' worth of God help us," as the fellow said at Pantages.

After an inspection by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Frederick Borden, then Minister of Militia, and who had already lost a son at the front, we found ourselves on the way to Halifax. No man could have more than 30 pounds of kit. Sandy Steele of Nelson had 30 pounds of McDonald's chewing.

On arrival at Halifax we found our transport waiting, an old Elder-Dempster cattle boat called the Montfort. Her main deck had been covered over with a wooden false deck and the whole show was littered up with temporary galleys and bakehouses. The troops were all accommodated between decks. Hammocks were dished out, and off we sailed.

Although the weather was cold when we left Halifax, our course east by south soon took us into warm weather. Then our troubles began. After the customary mal de mer period was over we bumped into the real thing. The boat must have been in a shocking state sanitarily speaking. All the diseases in the world broke out. Measles, mumps, scarlet fever, in fact all the common childhood plagues were there with bells on. They may be harmless enough in a child's case, but when they attack an adult look out! I had the mumps, so I know what I am talking about. Not only did the glands in my neck swell up, but every gland I knew about and some I did not know I possessed all worked overtime. We lost quite a few men and buried them at sea.

I believe the Montfort was the last vessel at that time in which the owners contracted to carry troops. After that the Imperial Government chartered the vessels and handled and fed the men themselves. We only made one port, Las Palmas, but were not allowed to land. Finally after a long 32-day voyage we woke up to find Table Mountain towering over us. We in this country do not appreciate mountains. We see enough of them. In fact the only two mountains that ever appealed to me were the Peak of Teneriffe and Table Mountain. There is something about the former, isolated and rising as it does from a small island, and raising its snow-crowned head in a waste of waters, that fascinates one.

As for Table Mountain, what has it not stood for. The door of the once dark continent. And looking at it one can visualize Dr. Livingstone, Stanley, Cecil Rhodes, Oom Paul Kruger, General Botha, down to Rider Haggard and dozens of others, good and bad, who have had an influence in shaping that great country. After nine years' residence in South Africa I know the country well, and I believe I could have become an Africander had I not been a Canadian first.

But to resume, we landed in Cape Town sometime about the end of March, which is just the beginning of the African winter. We marched to a quartermaster's store and were issued with clothing, rifle, ammunition, in fact all necessary equipment. At that time Cape Town was the main source of supply for over half a million of men. The docks and every available space were covered with mountains of all kinds of supplies. Thousands of bales of hay, oats, bully beef, wagons and every imaginable commodity you could think of.

The A.S.C. at that time were doing the biggest business of any organization in the world. You can imagine what it must be like at the front now. Meanwhile our train was

being made up for another 1,000-mile journey. Not the comfortable tourist cars the C.P.R. gave us, but little two by four narrow gauge coal trucks, with a six inch deposit at the bottom of each.

General Sherman is reported to have said "War is hell." Well, if that is so, we had our first taste of it in the next fourteen days, running mostly in the daytime, as bridges and culverts were blown up ahead of us in places. However, everything comes to an end, and eventually we reached our destination, Krugersdorp, in the Transvaal, fingering our new Lee-Metfords and wondering what a Boer looked like. He saw us later.

H. M. CAMPBELL,
The Draft.

IDLE MUSINGS OF A BUSY SENTRY

"Sentries pass." I'm on for a two hour spell. Good Lord, it sounds like an age. It's funny that we should have to be here guarding this gate. Doesn't seem to me that there is anything to guard round the Willows. They can have my share of it if they want to cart it away. Another officer. I think they must pass just to have us sloping arms and saluting them. Wish I was one. Must be rather fun to have some poor buck private do that to you.

The sergeant is looking at me with a cold gleam in his eye which means that I have had more than the regulation five minutes "stand at ease." More marching. Got enough of that yesterday on the route march down town without having to pace from the gate to the telegraph pole for the best part of two hours. Gee I must hustle back, there go the 88th out for a "swank" parade. "Guard turnout." Of course the guard made a mess of the "present" and the sergeant blamed me. "Gott Strafe Sergeants" as we say in Berlin.

More marching up and down. The government must have lots of money to pay for shoe leather used up in this useless way. Wish I were in the government. I'd show 'em. Talk about beer. There'd be rivers of it and no provost-sergeant to bust in on a fellow's good time. Here comes the B.C. Horse. "Guard turnout." Hope the guard doesn't ball up that "present." They did it fairly well. I dropped my rifle. More hell.

Again on the move. Most important things that have happened since the "Beastly" Horse went by is the arrival of the Silver Spring Brewery wagon. Why don't they turn out the guard for important things like that. Gee, the sergeants must use a lot of that stuff. Look at them still carrying it in, and by the keg too. More trouble, here comes the camp orderly officer. "Guard turnout." No luck. Called down again for having my belt too loose, my jacket bunched up behind and my buttons dirty. They're getting too blamed particular for anything in this battalion. You'd think I have nothing to do. Gosh all hemlock, there goes the colonel and I never even saw him. What'll I do, turnout the guard now or pretend I didn't see him. Thank heaven here comes my relief.

"SENTRIES PASS."

GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST

It gives the management of the "Western Scot" great pleasure to announce a stupendous voting contest for the handsomest private or N.C.O. in the regiment. Already great enthusiasm has been displayed and the number of votes received has made it necessary for us to increase our staff and office equipment by four sergeants, two corporals, thirteen privates and two adding machines. At the time of going to press the following entrants' names had been received:

Votes		Votes	
Private Smith	10,003	Sgt. Johnston, Band..	001
Sergeant Watson.....	903	Sgt. Wishart, Band...	000
Corp. Higgins, No. 1..	042	Pte. Jones, Q.M. Stores	000
Pte. Winters, No. 5...	010	Sgt. McKay, No. 4...	000
C.Q.M.S. Jones, No. 5	002	Pte. Armstrong, No. 4	000

Although a number of the contestants have not received any votes as yet, it is thought that they are keeping a number of them back and will shoot them in at the last moment, so look out. Private Smith, who now heads the list, is our popular and efficient policeman. The conditions of the contest are that votes shall be delivered wrapped in silver paper and accompanied by a twenty dollar gold piece, Canadian preferred, at the orderly room, not later than 11.59 p.m. every Sunday and not earlier than 11.58½ p.m. the same night. Roll up and get your friends in on this.

THE OLD SCOUT SAYS

That as a "Salome" dancer Pte. J. L. Campbell has no equal. We would like to know what brand of shoe polish he used on a certain occasion.

That Pte. M. Howe proved himself an able scout the other day. Whilst the Battalion was engaged in the passing of oral messages, Pte. Howe passed the time away stalking live quail. On expressing surprise at his dexterity, he informed us that when on hunting trips he invariably dispenses with a rifle, the same being quite unnecessary, yet he has no difficulty in keeping his larder supplied with such game as grouse, pheasants, quail and jack rabbits. The latter he, of course, runs down, thinking it too unsportsmanlike to take them without giving them a good running start. We also understand that Howe is a perfect devil among the "chickens."

That some enquiries have been made recently by those lacking a classical education as to the meaning of the words "verb. sap.," which have been appearing at the end of different paragraphs in the "Scot" of late. In response, we are pleased to be able to state that the same is the Latin for "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

That the latest addition to our ranks is Pte. "Frenchy" Perrin. We are very pleased to welcome him within the fold. "Frenchy" speaks French fluently and has promised to teach that language to the rest of the Section between halts on the march whilst we are waiting for the rest of the Battalion to make up their lost ground.

That in Pte. J. J. Donnelly we have discovered another dark horse. Any time we are doubtful of the distance between given points, "J. J." is always willing to oblige by working it out for us trigonometrically.

That during a recent lecture re "Listening Posts," one of the fellows wanted to know whether the post was a cedar post or only imaginary. Although, as we have hinted in some previous notes, Ptes. Wolf and Thomas are naturally fitted for anything in the way of posts—"listening" or otherwise—still, this particular kind of post might be equally well filled by "Shorty Smith."

That our O.C. never expects the men to do anything which he is unable to do himself, and gave a striking example of this a few days ago. One thing he has particularly impressed on the men is that when skirmishing they must immediately drop to the ground when halted. We were marching at the head of the Battalion down Hillside Avenue when the bugle suddenly blew the "Halt." It was then that Mr. Marsden gave the exhibition referred to. As an example of celerity in taking to the ground it was very instructive, but we would respectfully submit that a "first-class metalled road" is not the most comfortable place that could have been selected.

That the space allotted to us by the Editor is supposed to be used on matters concerning the Scout Section only, but we cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing our appreciation of the "Machine Gun Section Rooters" at last Saturday's football match. If there is one thing we like more than another it is enthusiasm. We would have liked to have joined them, but were afraid to be accused of "butting-in."

That the new marching song of the Western Scots will be "And a little child shall lead them."

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

In order to become more proficient in our work, about a dozen of our Section have been attending the First-Aid course, given in the "Y" down town, conducted by Dr. Raynor. We hope soon to be the proud possessors of certificates of proficiency from St. John's Ambulance Association.

Poor old Bill! He got it bad last Tuesday. The football field claimed its first casualty in the 67th. None of us expected the "Candy Kid," our chocolate soldier, to be the first one to receive the pressing attention of splints in a genuinely broken leg. He made a good patient when we were practising.

Other two of our Section have also gone—Lance-Cpl. Fletcher and Pte. Wright. We congratulate Pte. Sargant on his promotion. He is skilled in hospital work, and quite recently became expert at dosing with No. 8's. No. 9's are now at a discount.

Our position in route marches confers quite a few benefits. Not only are we the rearguard of the finest Battalion ever recruited in Canada, but we also get smiles and kisses flung at us when the others have passed on. Poor old Machine Gun Section! But, say, where did the latter get to on Tuesday morning? They seemed to get lost twice. "Waken up, in front."

Machine Gun Patter

Having taken the initiative and shown the other companies and sections of the Battalion the proper course to take to ensure the success of the Battalion newspaper it is only natural that there should be a little jealousy of Lieut. Okell's section displayed in recent contributions to this great family journal. There would have been a lot of laughs missing last week-end if there had been no Machine Gun Section to hang something on. But the gunners have become so used to helping out the other sections by showing them the proper way to march on parade, cheering them up with sundry musical efforts, and even lending stove-pipe and lumber, that they do not mind a little misuse of printers ink occasionally. So let them all come.

It is mighty cheerful these damp evenings sitting close to the camp stove and enjoying the heat from the coal so generously supplied the section by Kirk and Company. All hands joined in a very cordial vote of thanks to our benefactors. The supply is running short now, however, so Pte. Crocker who was appointed official stove inspector at a recent meeting of the section, is on the still-hunt for more coal.

The section put in a couple of days this week in cross-country work with the Galloway guns. Some fearful execution was recorded in the enemy ranks and there was but one casualty among the gunners, Pte. Everett succumbing in a fierce attack on Wednesday and rejoining his company.

Lieut. Okell has been appointed captain of the section soccer team, with Pte. Joe Dakers as his assistant. Corp. Mills will manage the rooters, with Pte. Valiquet as his aide-de-camp.

A church social came near spoiling the fine record of the section last Monday night, for at tattoo Pte. Ronson was among the missing. But he was able to establish the fact that he was at the social to the satisfaction of the O.C., though nobody else was willing to believe it.

Pte. Harry Fuller is thinking of giving the section a course in physical culture. In his younger days Harry took great pride in his muscular development, and he is still there with the "heapstrongchest."

Bandmaster Jack Arbuthnot does not think it fair for No. 3 Company to steal his "stuff." He declares that the best company in the Battalion, as No. 3 themselves admit, should be able to produce something original without cutting in on him.

If the peculiar rattle of the machine guns makes the section as conspicuous on the field of battle as the section rooters were at the soccer game last Saturday, then there are tough times ahead for the boys. By the way, where were all the boosters from the other companies. It wasn't pay-day, and there was no apparent reason why they should wander off down town when the Fusiliers were providing so much free enjoyment at home.

No. 1's CONCERT

On Tuesday last a most enjoyable concert was given by No. 1 Co. in the Y.M.C.A. Building. The hall was prettily decorated with large flags of almost every nation, kindly loaned for the occasion by David Spencer, Limited. The programme was delightfully rendered throughout, and reflects the greatest credit on Sergeant J. Burton, who has been untiring for the last week in organizing the occasion and rehearsing the artists, and is to be congratulated on his success. In addition to the onerous duties of stage manager, Sgt. Burton, who was understudy for the famous "Carl Hertz," King of Coins and Cards, and assisted him in the leading vaudeville houses in Australia, England and Africa, gave a most mystifying display of card manipulation and spiritualistic work, which quite came up to the standard of anything generally seen on a first class vaudeville stage.

Cpl. Fred Morrison, a Western Scot from the sunny shores of Australia, gave a very clever ventriloquial turn, with the aid of "Bill McGinty." Cpl. Morrison has appeared as a professional in the principal cities of Australia and the United States, and upon the conclusion of his last engagement in Seattle, came over the border and joined the 67th. Pte. B. Pickup, the Western Scots' nightingale, gave a magnificent rendition of Asche's "Alice, Where Art Thou?" and replied as an encore with "In Old Madrid." Lieut. Kennedy, who is the

possessor of a very fine baritone voice, sang "The Indifferent Mariner," and had to subdue the terrific applause by singing "Out on the Deep." Pte. Willis sang a song the title of which is "The 67th," written and composed by himself, and was loudly encored. Pte. A. Galloway made a hit with "Aileen Allanah," and "Larboard Watch Ahoy" was ably rendered by Ptes. Willis and Dobbie, the latter having an exceptionally fine voice, and later replied with that splendid song, "Heroes and Gentlemen." There was a good showing of officers, and Captain Stuart Armour, No. 1 Co.'s Commanding Officer, made a most able chairman, introducing each item in a manner that without a doubt could not be excelled by any of our leading vaudevillians of today. Pte. Morden, a very robust baritone, was very much to the fore with patriotic songs and was heartily encored. Prior to the singing of "God Save the King" the Company orchestra rendered a fine selection. The orchestra, which consisted of seven pieces, was ably led by Cpl. Brice, solo cornetist, Cpl. Brice having been for several years solo cornet player in the world renowned and famous Besses o' the Barn Band. Cpl. Higgins, the trap drummer of the orchestra, made an excellent display, but it is not to be wondered at, as Cpl. Higgins was born and raised in the British army as a drummer. Many thanks are due to Messrs. Fletcher Bros., of this city, who kindly donated all the instruments and music for the occasion. In conjunction with Sgt. Burton, Sgt.-Major Henderson and Quarter-Master-Sgt. Gray, who assisted greatly in arranging the concert and programme, are in receipt of hearty congratulations from all quarters.

And last, but not least, special mention must be made of Pte. Condy, our accomplished pianist, who rendered a piano-forte solo in a delightful manner, and was the very efficient accompanist of the evening.

KINDRED SPIRITS



The Kultured One—Beloved of my soul, thou art greater than I.
The Unspeakable One—Not so, O Illustrious, I but had larger opportunities.

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

(By Lt. M. M. Marsden)

Owing to the most unfavorable weather the Scouts have done very little field work this week, the time being chiefly taken up with route marches and lectures. The route marches are excellent training, as the feet get hardened, and the boots softened and fitted to the feet. I would point out that after a long march the feet should be bathed, and socks changed, and ordinary boracic powder is a very good thing to dust the toes and heels of the socks with before going on a long march. It is a cheap and a splendid preventative for sore feet.

The Scouts made a reconnaissance in the neighborhood of Swan Lake one morning. The distance travelled was about ten miles, and all hands were keen in the work, and showed great intelligence. That the boys can travel is shown, for the same afternoon they took part in a six-mile Battalion route march, and all were willing and fit to cover the same distance the next day.

Another interesting morning was spent at the E. & N. Station. Each man had to make a full report on the railway station, approaches, etc., and also a report on the bridge crossing the Inner Harbour. The majority of the men made a fair report, and all will undoubtedly be able to make a complete report, and sketch, next time the test is put.

Providing the weather is favorable there should be an interesting article for next week's issue.

ROUND THE CAMP

We are peeved.
It happened this way.
We wanted to go to No. 1's concert
And couldn't get in.
And it rained outside
And we got good and wet
And now we have a cold
War is hell.

Three cheers
And a tiger
We won our game
On Saturday
And we hope to win again
Next Saturday.
The rooters were great
And there should be more
So come on boys and get in
And make lots of noise
And help the team as we need the victory.

Did you hear,
No. 1 Company pulled a bone
The C.O. gave "Eyes Right"
Instead of "Eyes Left"
Going through the gate.
Ha-ha.
Pretty good for the
Right of the Line
Oh well
It might have been worse.
He might not have remembered to say anything.

They do say
That we are going trenching.
Help.
We hope the rain holds off
As trenches
Are wet
Especially when it rains.
We expect to get all blistered up
And our girl will kick
'Cause our hands are rough
And it hurts their hands
When we hold them
At the movies
Why did we join the army?

We were in the orderly room
Last week
And we saw
The Paymaster
Making up pay lists.
Hurrah.
We get some money
And get—no we won't either
Because we feel that
It is not fair
To our Company Officers.
Aren't we good boys?
Yes
We are
Not.

ONLOOKER.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

The Pipe Band admits its inability to keep step with No. 4 Co., but hopes to improve with time. Already it has played at two football matches, and after it plays to a few three-legged races we imagine No. 4 will find the step highly satisfactory. We make no mention of the Scouts as rivals to No. 4.

We propose to discard "Hey, Johnny Cope, Are Ye Wauken Yet?" as a reveille tune, and intend using it on occasions of two kinds. One is when No. 4 Co. takes its place behind the band, as on Tuesday last, and the other is when a neighboring football team plays a match against any other team.

Famous Friendships: David and Jonathan; Damon and Pythias; Jimmy and Lauchie; "Bob" Roxburghe and the Pipe Band.

Leaving aside entirely the difficulty we have in keeping other companies up to our own lofty ideals and morals, we must say last Saturday's football game was a credit to the

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Battalion and the Band. Of course, we knew perfectly well what would happen with Geordie and Pat in the team. Lack of confidence is unknown in the "Baun."

It was in the officers' mess a week ago, and the pipers were admiring the rustic chairs between tunes, when the following advice, in a decided Fraserburgh accent, passed into the ear of the piper on the piano stool: "Oh! Play that tune they ca' 'How Dry I Am.'"

Pat is guaranteed to beat anything from a drum to a goalkeeper.

Questioned by an officer regarding the smell of a bagpipe, our worthy pipe-major insisted that the band was T.T., whereupon the officer desired to know what had become of "Jock" Low.

Any homesick Scotchman from Buchan district should have heard the conversation of a certain budding piper as he gave the following description of a broken down bothy he once slept in: "Ye spik about saunit'ry inspectors and a' that. Gweed G—d, min, there wiz a rottin hid kittlins in the kaff bed."

CRUNLUATH MACH.

HOT STUFF FROM THE COOK-HOUSE

Cook's Staff

Well, here we are at last!

Talk about Cyclone Scott training. You ought to see Corporal Turner training his moustache. The only thing that worries him now is whether it is going to be a blonde or a brunette.

He is a cook: It is liable to be Pie-bald.

Private Harper, alias Charlie Chaplin, would like to know the proper way to "Left turn" while standing on someone else's foot.

Cook Jones, of No. 1 kitchen, is having trouble with the Draft. No! not the Draft of this Battalion, the draught of his stove.

"A little sand well laid
By Cookies Troughton and Boyd,
And after that, dear Jonesy,
Your troubles would be void."

Next comes Kitchen Number Two
With endless chain of pans,
And everlasting opening
Of numerous tin cans.

Cook Haggerty is on the job, with helpers Wild and Durham.

Note—Haggerty is not wild, although sometimes Mess Orderlies claim that cooks are all wild. However, we have a corporal who is a good "trainer." Enough said.

Then there's Kitchen Number Three,
The last one in the row,
Who can turn out almost anything
If they only had a show.

Cook Williams, with James and Buckingham, are the batteries for Number Three.

Last of the Company Kitchens,
But not least, comes Number Four;
Though two are new they do their bit;
What could we ask for more?

Cook Kirkbride, with Adams and Fielding, are on the job
for Number Four. "Oh you Loggie!"

Great excitement prevailed in the cook-house on Monday
last. While the Pioneers were repairing the roof a flame shot
up from the rear wall. The Corporal Cook was about to turn
in a fire alarm but was stopped by one of the Pioneers, who
explained that it was the Pioneer Sergeant coming up a ladder.

Sergeant-Cook's Motto: "Waist not, want not."

Mess Room Patter

The Mess Orderlies have thus translated the Chaplain's
Text:

"Many are called, but few get up."

The Mess Orderlies have suggested to the Sergeant Cook
that a little hair restorer might with advantage be used on
the brooms.

"SLAN LEAT."

TO BROTHER "ROUGHS" OF THE 67th, "WESTERN SCOTS"

[On a recent Battalion route march a Victoria woman was
heard to remark, as the boys swung past: "My, what a rough
lot; all the best boys have gone!"]

They say we're a bunch of toughs, Bill;
That the best lads all have gone.
They call us a mob of roughs, Bill,
And hurry to pass us on.
But we'll show 'em, before we've done, Bill,
That there's good lads yet to come;
Boys that'll tackle a Hun, Bill,
To the roll of a British drum.

Wait till we get to France, Bill,
We'll prove to 'em, bye and bye,
That we'll fight, when we get the chance, Bill,
An' we're not afraid to die!
Don't you go claimin' no credit, Bill,
For leavin' your heart behind;
Forget your "Good-bye" when you've said it, Bill,
"Quick march!" an' go it blind!

One thing you bet you can figure, Bill,
Out there on the Firing Line,
Where they sleep with a claw on the trigger, Bill,
They'll welcome us, bully fine.
So, "can" all the "bull" about honor, Bill,
An' buckle your belt up tight,
An'—until the last "rough's" a goner, Bill,
Let's show 'em the "roughs" can fight!

Pte. C. L. ARMSTRONG.

No. 103043, 4 Co., 67th Batt. C.E.F.

SHAVINGS

From the Pioneers' Workshop.

"Better late than never" is a good maxim, and under cover
of it the Pioneers now make their first journalistic effort.

We are glad to see by the tone of the "Sparker" in last
week's issue that such good feeling exists between the two
senior sections in the 67th.

We were glad to hear the favorable comments passed on
our first appearance in the battalion parade last week. Drum-
Major please note the easy and swinging step—look like old
soldiers, eh?

And again, Scouts are Scouts, so why blame us if they do
take a twenty-inch pace—nuff sed.

Lance-Corporal Ogilvie takes this opportunity to publicly
deny the assertion that a certain party visiting camp last
week poked his head into the tent occupied by the Pioneers
and asked if the Regimental Mascots stayed there.

However, he suggests that any noise mistaken for bear
grunts might be made by Pte. Pearson, 102254, and Pte.
Stronach, 102299, who seem to have got the idea into their
heads that they can sing.

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We observe that Pipe-Major Wishart has no use for the
Pioneers except when their stove gets out of order. Query,
Would bagpipes do instead of stovepipes.

We notice that Sergeant Cook McMasters once more
wears a sunny smile. It is said the Pioneers fixed the leaks
in the roofs of the Cook Houses this week. Perhaps that has
a little to do with it.

A certain member of the Pioneer Section wishes to know
if it is true that Drummer Allen of the Pipe Band and Star
Inside Right of the Football Team, dreads the coming of the
kilts for the Pipers, and if so, why?

"HAMISH."

ATHLETICS

(By Corpl. J. HEWITT)

Outplaying their opponents all the way, and unquestionably demonstrating superiority at every point the soccer representatives of the Western Scots inflicted a decisive beating on their rivals from the 88th Fusiliers before a big assemblage of the garrison on the oval last Saturday in a league game. The final score was three goals to nil, and the Fusiliers were decidedly fortunate to keep the count so low for the Scots were all over them from start to finish, and it was only on very rare occasions that the 88th was able to press home an attack. One of these was in the first half and resulted in the Fusiliers being awarded a penalty kick. The kick was taken all right and the ball went straight to the corner of the net, but in their eagerness some of the Fusiliers wandered across the line and so the ball was rightly called back by the referee. The next attempt was not so good, and Goaltender Riley cleared only to have one of the half-backs handle the ball inside the dreaded area again, with the result that the Fusiliers were accorded a third chance to score. This time the ball sailed high over the crossbar, and the Scots' rooters were able to give the Fusiliers the hoarse chuckle. After that the Fusiliers were seldom very dangerous, and when they were, the Scots' defence proved invulnerable. The Scots broke through the Fusiliers' defence on a number of occasions but had hard luck with their shots, the ball twice striking the crossbar and the goal-fender making some very creditable saves of other efforts that were headed for the net. Once in a scramble in the goal-mouth the ball lodged behind the goalie, but as it went off Dakers' fist and the official saw it, there was no score. The teams crossed over without a score, and about twenty minutes of the second period elapsed before Dakers located the net for the first goal of the game. It was a fine effort, and Dakers took his time, when in position to make sure of it, after getting the ball from Dagg. Patterson scored the second and best goal of the game on a beautiful bit of work some time after. Shortly before time Dagg put on the last. The Scots forwards were swarming down on the Fusiliers' goal all the latter part of this period, but they were over-eager to make certain of netting the ball, and usually held on too long before letting drive. The Sixty-Seventh team shaped up very well all through the game, the forwards doing particularly good work. Riley was back in the net, and went through his second game without a score against him. The backs were very steady. The halves can do better work, but they did not let the team down any. The attacking division was strong and used good judgment. Plump, at outside right, put up a splendid article, although Dakers, at inside left, was the pick of the quintette. If the same team can be kept together the other teams in the league will have ample reason to fear the Scots during the balance of their engagements.

Thistles are still leading the senior league with an unblemished record, having taken the measure of the Wests last Saturday by a score of two goals to one. The Jacksons and Western Scots are tied for second place with two wins and a loss each, the Jacksons having beaten the Fifth last week by two goals to nil. The Wests are in fourth place, while the Fifth Regiment and the Fusiliers are bringing up the rear of the procession with a solitary point apiece, which they managed to extract from each other in their opening game of the season, when they played to a scoreless draw. Neither seems quite up to the strength of the four other clubs, but as they have to play each other again during the schedule, both clubs can reasonably hope to add to their quota of points in the league table. Here is the standing, compiled to date:

	Won	Lost	Drn.	Pts.	Goals	
					For	Agst.
Thistles	3	0	0	6	8	2
Jacksons	2	1	0	4	9	6
Western Scots	2	1	0	4	7	6
Victoria Wests	1	2	0	2	4	4
Fifth Regiment	0	2	1	1	0	5
88th Fusiliers	0	2	1	1	1	6

Games today: 88th Fusiliers vs. Thistles; Sir John Jacksons vs. Wests; Western Scots vs. Fifth Regiment.

The Western Scots will put a team in the second division of the league. They played their first game against another junior aggregation, the Congregationals, at Beacon Hill Park

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last Saturday and won, after some heavy scoring, by the narrow margin of a goal. The score was 5 to 4.

A Battalion Soccer League is to be organized at once, with teams from each of the four companies, one from the draft, and one from the Machine Gun Section, making a six-team league in all. A schedule will be drawn up immediately and play will begin next week. It is probable that three games will be played each week, all on the same afternoon, on the oval, where three playing fields have been marked out. It is believed the series will stimulate interest in the game immensely, and may be a few soccer stars hitherto undiscovered will be brought to light. Soccer players are excused from afternoon route marches, and it is to be presumed there will be a wild scramble for places on the respective company teams.

The Rugby practices held so far have been the means of bringing out over half a hundred candidates for the Battalion team. Lieut. Meredith, who is looking after this sport, will have lots of good material to select a representative team from when the time comes. A Battalion Rugby League is to be organized on the same lines as the Soccer League, but only the four companies and the draft will be represented, as the Machine Gun Section is too limited to put in a fifteen of its own. The gunners have several good Rugbyists in their ranks, however, and they will turn out with the other companies. At the last meeting of the Battalion Sports Committee a sum was set aside for the purchase of jerseys for the "rep" Rugby team, and they will be of the same distinctive hue as the soccer jerseys. Tuesdays and Thursdays have been set aside for both soccer and Rugby practice games on the oval.

A monster athletic meet for the benefit of wounded Victoria soldiers returning from the front, in which the other units in the garrison will be asked to co-operate, is being planned, and a big field day will be held in the near future. The idea originated with Battalion Sergt.-Major Boys, and it is believed that quite a substantial sum will be raised for the disabled heroes.

In preparation for the proposed Garrison Athletic Meet it has been suggested that weekly meets be held for the purpose of developing the athletes of the Battalion. It is proposed to hold a short matinee each week, at which half a dozen events will be pulled off. It is hardly possible that any prizes could be hung up for these weekly meets, but it would be a good idea to keep a record of the points scored by each of the contestants in the various events, and at the conclusion of the series of meets to award trophies to the leading athletes of the regiment.

Lovers of boxing will be given quite a treat at the Horse Show Building on Tuesday evening, when quite a number of bouts are down for decision. There will be verdicts in each and every one of the contests, and as the boxers are mostly drawn from the ranks of the Battalion and from Esquimalt it will be practically a fistic argument between the army and the navy. The chief event is, of course, the twelve-round bout between Pte. Barney McHugh (Cyclone Scott in the pugilistic records) and Sailor Russ Leighton, of the R.C.N.V.R. McHugh is conceding something like forty pounds to the navy representative, but he counts on his wonderful stamina carrying him through. Leighton is clever and has a punch, and, providing he does not grow leg-weary after the half-way mark has been reached, Scott is likely to have a rough journey. But the sailor, in his training, does not impress one as being of the type to fancy the long route, and if Scott weathers the early rounds he should more than hold his own in the closing periods. In any event, the spectators should see some real milling, and there will likely be a big attendance. This will be the first bout that the general public will be permitted to attend, and it is believed there will be a large representation of civilian boxing enthusiasts.

Every encouragement is to be given aspiring boxers in the Battalion, and in the not very distant future a championship tournament will be held at the Horse Show Building, when the winners will be provided with medals in recognition of their prowess. In this connection it might be mentioned that Billy Davies, the well-known Victoria amateur boxing enthusiast, has joined the regiment, and has offered his services to teach the men of the Battalion the art of self-defence. Billy is well qualified for the position, and the standard of boxing in the Western Scots should be elevated considerably as a result of his efforts.

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THE O.C.C.'S VOICE

In these weekly notes I hope to offer a little instruction and advice to those that are in search of same.

The honor of your Regiment is in the hands of the lowest to the highest of all ranks. See to it that you follow out the three main rules of life:

1st. Be a gentleman,

2nd. Still be a gentleman,

3rd. Continue still to be a gentleman,

and the regiment will be one to whom all will be proud to be associated with.

A good N.C.O. is not that one whose voice is always heard. Especially is this a great fault on C.O.'s parade. You have certain duties to perform. Do them once and stop. Give a command and give it as a command should be given. These conversations carried on by supernumeraries, while the instruction may be good, is not good discipline. If your command is not carried out, such as "Stop talking," the first time, make a note of the offender and at the first "stand at ease" say out loud "Pte. —, report at orderly room at such and such a time for not obeying an order to stop talking." Let the others know that this man is to come up before his O.C. and what for. Work silently, no man can listen to two men giving commands.

All men love a good leader even if he is a martinet.

All ranks upon being spoken to by an officer will spring to attention and only salute at parting, except when in the ranks, when he will not salute. No salute is given when spoken to, only at parting. The same applies to officers if of junior rank. In all cases when one of junior rank approaches an officer to whom he wishes to speak he will salute first before speaking and upon parting.

You will shortly be taught bayonet fighting and constant practice alone will make a man confident.

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Lesson I. On Guard: From the position of Order Arms cant the rifle Forward Bayonet to the front about as high as the heart and inclining to the left, and seize the rifle with the left hand at the most convenient place below the lower band but not below the back sight, right hand grasping the small of the rifle and just in advance of the hip, left foot carried forward about a pace and a natural and upright position assumed.

Point: Deliver the point as rapidly as possible anywhere on the trunk to the full extent of both arms and withdraw the point at once. See that a good thrust is made and a quick return, but do not hurry it. Incline the body forward, bending the left leg when thrusting.

Right Parry High or Low: From the On Guard position carry the rifle sufficiently to the right front, straightening the left arm in doing so. Don't bend the wrist nor twist the rifle.

Left Parry High or Low: Same as right parry but to the left. In all cases the right hand should not be raised or lowered. Practice these with sticks, etc.

Next week the bayonet attack will be continued. Any suggestion as to this column or questions that are sent in to the orderly room addressed to the O.C.C.'s Voice an endeavor will be made to carry out an answer.

Don't look for trouble nor conjure up grievances. Take it from me we are all working for the same end, and while occasionally we may think that we are having something slipped over us, "play the game" and take it for granted that no offence was intended. What you may deem "discrimination" may be only a misunderstanding of conditions, and while it is not for soldiers to argue, remember we are as yet very largely "soldiers in the making," and mutual explanations in the meantime will lead to mutual understanding and esteem.

Pay day. When your name is called, march up to the desk, salute the Paymaster, sign for and receive your pay. Take a clear step to the right so as to allow the next man to come up. Rapidly check your money, if correct, salute, turn right about smartly and march off. All complaints to be made when signing and before leaving desk.