

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 18th, 1915

No. 11

NO. 1 COMPANY

The White Horse men in this Company will play a team of five men from any other Company in this Battalion at bowls. They have disposed of nearly every civilian team in town and are in search of more victims.

NO. 2 COMPANY

No. 5 Platoon of No. 2 Company was employed this week in practising bomb-throwing and bomb-making. Everything went lovely with the exception of one near accident. A private with a big badge on his right arm, or rather with his right



THE BOYS FROM CARIBOO—Members of the 67th Battalion, "Western Scots," recruited from Quesnel and vicinity
Seated in centre is Capt. Nicholson, O.C. No. 3 Co.

Don't forget the Sergeants' Ball, which is to be held in the Empress Hotel on the 14th of January.

From the look of disdain with which a certain sergeant favors us now when he passes us, we conclude that he has taken our badge remarks of last week as having particular reference to himself. We must at least commend his perspicuity.

From complaints made to us it appears that some men in the Company imagine they are being singled out for an undue amount of fatigues, which, as Mr. Euclid remarked on several occasions, is absurd. If anyone imagines he has a grievance he can see the roster in the Orderly Room, which shows exactly the fatigues done by every man in the Company.

arm attached to a big red badge, held on to his bomb too long and nearly "did for" a Mess Orderly—Oh, horrors!

Sgt. Lister, our football enthusiast, was heard murmuring in his sleep, "For the love of Mike, fellows, after you have taken your shower bath, don't drop your football clothes on the floor and forget them, but turn them back to me." We surmised he was alluding to the 67th football team. Turn them in, boys, and we can get some sleep—and so can Sgt. Lister.

Poor old "Tubby." He thought we would not have a joke about him this week. As he has been so prominent in the columns of the "Western Scot" he thought it was up to him to do something for that publication, so last Saturday he kindly offered his services to sell a stated number of copies,

and was rather successful in his own company; and, elated with his success, we saw him disappear through the doors of No. 1 Company's building. We wondered; but not for long, for soon the doors burst wide open, to allow for the hurried and forcible appearance of "Tubby." What happened to him during his brief stay in No. 1 Company's building we do not know, but "Tubby" was pretty hot under the collar. He told us that he looked at his watch and found out he was late for his duties as Mess Orderly and was in a hurry. Yes! you bet he was in a hurry. How about it, "Tubby?"

With reference to an article in last week's issue entitled "Subversive of Discipline," we don't know who wrote it, or where it originated from, though we can make a pretty shrewd guess—but we would advise the men of the 67th to read it over again carefully and "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." Pull together, 67th, never mind what others say of us. When it comes to a show down at the last ditch, deeds, and not words, will count, and that's where we will shine. Stick to our officers, our N.C.O.'s and each other and we'll get there. Such heart to heart talks as the above mentioned article clear away a lot of misunderstandings—let's have more of them!

Rumors! Rumors of a big dance after Xmas. All get ready for it. Some say it is a farewell dance. Make it something to be remembered in Victoria! The 67th have a name. Keep it up!

Gee! it's a long way to pay day.

Bang goes our jitney fare to buy a "Western Scot."

NO. 3 COMPANY

The Cariboo boys spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the tea given by Mrs. Carey at the Empress Hotel last Sunday. We all extend our thanks to Mrs. Carey.

We are all hoping that Lance-Cpl. Barlow will soon get some more mince pies from the North. We sure made a short shift of the last lot.

It was said that Pte. Enoch was using the broom he had with him on Tuesday for cleaning the sawdust out of the cut made by the "sharp" saws used.

We wonder if any other Company cut more than six cords of wood?

One of the wedges was lost on our wood cutting trip, and an officer was heard asking a Scout for the loan of his badge to buy a new wedge. Got change for a dollar?

Pte. Maxwell is still on fire picket. We expect it is the warmest place to be these days, next to the fire.

Who was it in No. 4 Company on Monday night last gave the countersign as "Westholme" instead of "Western"? Evidently a patron of the hostelry.

No. 3 Company extends thanks to Mrs. Nicholson for her generous gift of that most delicious home made candy, which was enjoyed immensely.

Hearty congratulations to No. 4 boys on their shooting average, which just broke even with No. 3 boys. Good on the Left Half Battalion.

We are sorry to lose our editor, Sergt. Roberts, but that does not mean that No. 3 Company will not come out strong in the "Western Scot."

We have had some very instructive lectures on the power of observation and how to use it, we think that our worthy captain could give us some very useful points, judging by the expert manner in which he discovers "snipers" behind curtain windows and other cover along the line of a down-town march.

A little more boost and a little less knock on the football field should help the spirit of the 67th players.

Who wouldn't be on the Fire Picket? Private Deacon stoutly declares that the Fire Picket gets a week off on Xmas Day.

With reference to the rumor that a certain Q.M.S. is about to transfer to the B.C. Bantams, will some one tell us if he is going as a Q.M.S. or an incubator?

No. 9 Platoon holds the record for smartness on the command "Fall in." Mr. Carey was doubtless greatly surprised when he gave the "Fall in, No. 9," to see the whole Platoon fall in in just 15 seconds. Lack of space forbids us mentioning anything about fatigue duties.

With reference to the conspicuous absence of hair on Private McFadyen's head, we think that if some budding artist would paint some rabbits on the shiny pate they might be mistaken for hares.

There is an air of mystery around Cpl. Cunningham's visit to a young lady a few nights ago. He stated his intentions of

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GOVERNMENT STREET

meeting a young lady, and greatly surprised us when he returned with a beautifully fat black eye. Was there another there, "Bunny"?

Pte. Wallack, our dashing Mustang Albert, undertook to teach two members of No. 9 Platoon the art of horsemanship. Choosing a very fiery steed he proceeded with the demonstrations, by placing the right foot in the stirrup and getting into the saddle facing the horse's tail. This was resented by the horse, who very firmly placed our hero into a large pile of soft mud, and Pte. Wallack announced that school was out; he could not ride without his chaperados and sombrero which he had pawned.

NO. 4 COMPANY

I am sure that No. 4 Company tenders its heartiest thanks to the "Daily Colonist" for having made us so comfortable during Monday night. No one kicked, but where were all those braziers?

Heard on Monday—

Sentry—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Reply—"Visiting rounds, Mr. Terry."

Sentry—"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir."

It is unfortunate to have to announce to No. 14 Platoon that Pte. Quinn's dinner party at the Westholme has again been postponed. He never could play poker, anyway.

A message passed along the lines ended up as follows: Retire at 4.26. Expect an attack at the rear. (The spirit of the Draft still lives).

It is rumored that Sgt. Allen has been smoking "Cubeb's." Would recommend to the powers that be that some of Dr. Bryant's inoculation dope be taken along and used against the Germans.

We can sympathize with Pte. O'Brien, who was accused by a certain sharpshooter for not having marked his shots at the range. As he stated, he absolutely refused to crawl all over the damn bank to see where the bullets were going.

Congratulations to members of the Old Draft for having greatly helped No. 4 Company to attain the lead (with No. 3) in the 300 yards and rapid fire shooting.

Should like to know why most of the N.C.O.'s receive extra cartridges, and, more to be deplored, added points, when firing on range days. "Palmam qui meruit ferat."

Every section of Company 4 is requested to turn in an item or two for next week's "Scot." Have the copy in the company orderly room by Tuesday noon.

WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME



G. W. MOORE, "WESTERN SCOTS"

The Kaiser: The shape of that sign gives me that same feeling that I can't get by it.

A NEW YEAR PARTY

The Misses Spencer have very kindly invited all the members of the Battalion to a New Year party which they are giving for the Western Scots in the Spencer (Old Victoria) Theatre on New Year's Night from 7 o'clock. This is a very kind act on the part of these ladies, who are going to entertain us in a manner quite fitting the occasion, and every soldier of the Battalion who hasn't already applied for leave to go home for the New Year's Day will certainly be there.

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ON OUTPOST DUTY

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Sentry!"

"Advance, sentry, and give the countersign!"

"Go to blazes, you blankety blank blank!"

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Halt, or I fire!"

"Ki-yi; ki-yi; bow-wow-woof!"

No, gentle reader, this is not intended as a description of polite conversation in Doctor Dippy's Retreat; it is merely an attempt to convey some idea of the avid manner in which the sentries of the various pickets challenged companions and stray dogs on Monday night last during No. 4 Company's justly celebrated night practice in outpost work.

To sum the whole evening up, "a pleasant time was had by all," as the country correspondents describe the festivities at the marriage of the town marshal's daughter. The Company—after having been all day on the ranges—was pleasantly surprised, on reaching camp, to learn that the night march was ahead of it. Hastily rolling blankets and drawing rations from the cook house, the Company left camp with Capt. Halliwell in command, assisted by Mr. Duncan and Mr. Terry. Stealthily—observing the rules for night marches, to prevent surprise by any German patrols that might be meandering about—the company proceeded to The Uplands Limited estate. There, Platoons 13 and 14 located headquarters and selected a place to sleep and Platoons 15 and 16 posted sentry groups. Soon the big braziers at headquarters were glowing cheerfully and the men of the relief were snoring peacefully, the fresh night ozone filling their lungs and adding depth to their slumbers. In fact, many of the men were heard to express a wish to sleep out in the open every night, rather than in a stuffy barracks. The night passed without event of moment. No enemy parties stumbled upon the watchful pickets. There was life enough, nevertheless. Sentry challenged sentry in the stillness of the gray dawn, and every stray dog in the neighborhood got himself disliked. When mealtime came around the men drew rations under the watchful eye of Q.M.S. Dawson, who, good old soldier that he is, accompanied his company. Grub was cooked in mess-tins, each man being his own mulligan-expert. At about 8.30 Tuesday morning the Company reassembled and marched back to camp. Every man in Company 4 enjoyed the experience thoroughly, feeling that work of this type is real preparation for what is to come.

Capt. Halliwell was, as usual, most solicitous for the comfort of his men at Monday night's outpost work. It is said that Lieut. Terry, when it came time for rest, lay him down without so much as a blanket and, in two minutes, was sleeping soundly. Lieut. Duncan showed himself anything but a novice at the work. One of the features of the night was the effort of Sergt. Banks and Corpl. Hall to carry a message from the O.C. to the various pickets. They did it, after being lost about twenty times.



The Western Scot

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1915

SUBVERSIVE OF DISCIPLINE

(From "The Colonist")

Under the above caption The Western Scot, which, as most people know, is published by the regiment popularly known by that name, discusses what it says is a far too common practice among officers of the several battalions in camp here. We shall let it state its case to Colonist readers in its own words:

"Where one finds the officer commanding one unit freely and adversely discussing the commanding officer of another and later mobilized unit, it does not speak very highly for discipline, and without discipline an army is little better than an armed mob. This particular reflection is the result of personal observation some few months since, and was forcibly brought to mind again within the past few days by the case of a commanding officer of one unit taking a junior subaltern of another unit into his (unasked-for) confidence, and quite freely condemning certain other commanding officers of local units, including the subaltern's own superior. And the strange and most lamentable feature, both of the last-mentioned case as well as the case referred to as resulting from personal observation, is that higher command officers were named in both instances quoted as having expressed the same opinions to the speakers."

We have no other information on this subject than what appears in the paper from which the extract is taken, but there is a good deal of gossip indicating that there may be very good ground for the above comment. If there is such ground, it is very greatly to be regretted. A lot of loose talk is floating around the community, which is not conducive to discipline or a stimulus to recruiting. It is by no means confined to military circles. We suppose more or less of it is inevitable. Victoria has suddenly developed more military critics of both sexes to the square mile than it requires. We hope what The Western Scot has said will lead people, both in and out of the army, to realize that gossip and unkind criticism of those who are doing their best to serve their country are not very far removed from "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

IN BILLETS AT SIDNEY

Arrangements have been completed for No. 3 Company, under Captain Nicholson and the Machine Gun Section under Lieut. Okell, to go to Sidney for three days' training under actual service conditions, and great interest is being taken by all ranks in getting ready for the trip.

The management of the Victoria & Sidney Railway Company have very kindly offered the detachment free transportation to Saanichton, and that will add additional experience in the manner of entraining and detraining and everything that goes with transportation by rail.

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The Detachment will be accompanied by the Brass Band, which will discourse music along the route and in the City of Sidney. Captain Nicholson will have in his command nearly three hundred men, which will be a composite force made up of details from every section of the Battalion. From the time the force marches out of the Willows Gate on Monday morning next at 7.15 to board the 8.30 a.m. train, till they arrive back in camp on Wednesday night, they will be strictly under active service conditions, and the outing is sure to prove most instructive and interesting to all ranks. While at Sidney the force will be billeted in buildings being provided by the residents of that town. The return journey will be by road and will be a properly organized and conducted route march. Not a single detail of active service conditions is to be left to anyone's imagination.

LES MISERABLES

Reveille sounds the dawning of the day;
The "Draft" wakes up and rubs its sleepy eyes;
We've dreamt of angels in their gold array;
Our present thoughts you hardly dare surmise.

Five minutes more the gang is gathered round
(With hopes of cold matutinal ablutions)
One measly tap that coughs from out the ground,
Water, in very limited proportions.

By "Pick-em-up," the first one gets a wash;
The rest dash off, and, though it's not good breeding,
Rush to the Mess Room through the slimy slush,
Only to find the 88th are feeding.

Why should we worry? These severe afflictions
Are but a part and parcel of the game.
The "Draft" will be in France some day, and "Holy Benedictions,"

* * * * *
We'll fix the German army just the same.

W. C. CRYER,

Pte. No. 102225.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued)

The tragedy of war is not apt to be felt very seriously by most people until the grim reality affects them personally. One loses a father or a brother, husband or friend, and a vital spot is touched at once. A crime such as the murder of Miss Cavell, I verily believe does more moral harm to the German cause than a victory won from her at this stage of the war. How many of us who didn't say to himself, "If I live I'll get a few of them for that"? Men, however, have their remedy. If it's vengeance they want, if they are men, they go where they can get it—at the front. How much harder, then, must it be for a woman, bereft of all she loves best, and still to sit with folded hands until time, the great healer, allows her to forget. Remember this while I tell you of a little veldt tragedy which no doubt has its counterpart hundreds of times in various guises during the last sixteen months. After Lord Roberts' proclamation at Pretoria in 1900, most of the Transvaal burghers, after taking the oath of allegiance, returned to their farms. In most cases they were allowed to retain their rifles and ammunition, "of course, for self protection." Lord Roberts thought he was acting humanely and wisely in showing a certain amount of confidence toward his conquered enemy. Unfortunately, he did not understand the Boer character. To most Boers the obligations of an oath has no significance. He will lie for the sake of lying, and if found out it doesn't affect him. He is a "slim skilem" (clever fellow). This tactical

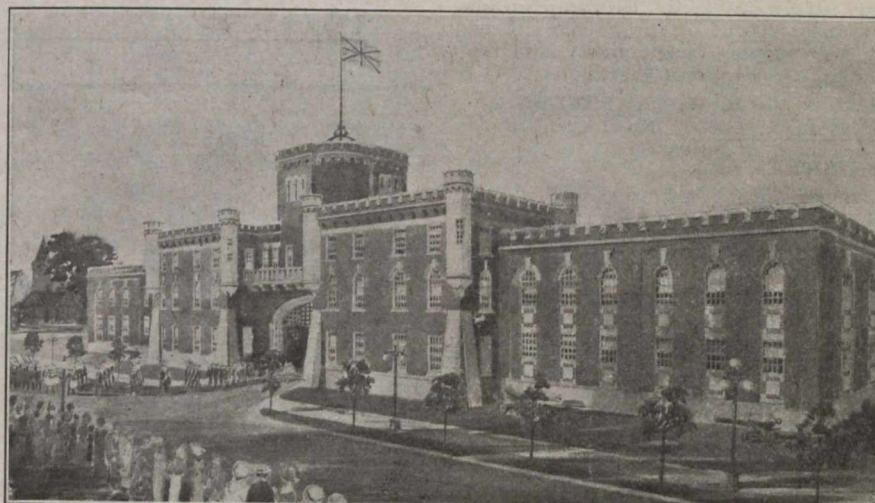
daughter just as he left them. The war up to that time had not affected the outside districts very much, although this part of the country had its turn later on. When the old man arrived he said in the "taal" (Boer Dutch), "Ou vrouw! I won't go away from you any more. I'm getting too old for the veldt. I shall tell Tollie De Beer as I have no son I must stop at home and take care of you and Lena, and I think they will let me alone." So the old man hung his Mauser and bandoliers on the wall and felt at peace. When I saw him on a patrol a few years afterwards he looked a typical Dopper and very old. His wife was of a different class, a Du Plessis, "Huguenot French descent," and this strain was reflected in the daughter, then about 21 years of age. Poor girl! She sat on the porch nursing a doll which she called Paul, and was continually trying to wake it up. Absolutely mad but harmless as a baby. I stopped overnight with them, and the old woman told me the story. At the time old Van der Walt came home Lena was about 17 years old, but a woman in every respect. Children mature very early in that country; in fact, marriages at 14 or 15 years are not uncommon. Her intended, young Paul Pretorius, lived with his father on a neighboring farm about ten miles away, and the children had been taught by the same old Hollander school teacher. That Lena must have been passionately attached to her lover you will learn presently. Things went on quietly for five or six months, the rains came, the veldt grew green again and the whisper went forth that Botha and De Wet would shortly be on the move. Finally a messenger came to the isolated burghers bearing

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error on the part of Lord Roberts, or his advisers, cost us eighteen months of guerilla fighting which might have been averted. Among the commandos who surrendered at that time was Commandant Tollie De Beer's, consisting of seven or eight hundred men, who all came from the Bloemhof and Wolmaranstad districts in the Western Transvaal. They, with the rest of the enemy, understood perfectly what they were to do. It was in the middle of the African winter, the veldt was burned up, food and forage was scarce, as no crops had been planted the previous year. They would remain on their farms until the grass was in good condition for their horses and stock, and when the time came, take the field in their own way and in their own time, which, considering the nature of the country, and knowing their character, was exactly what a good many far-seeing Colonials expected them to do. Do you think Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Colonel Burnham, or our own Mr. Marsden, of the Scout Section, who was in the country at the time — do you think those men trusted them? No. Not in a thousand years. But we muddled through in our own peculiar fashion, as probably by all accounts we will muddle through this one. One of De Beer's bunch was an old Dopper named Cornelius Van der Walt. He was an old voor trekker, having as a boy made the long trip from Cape Colony with the disaffected Dutch population when they left the Cape in a body to escape from British influence and the despised "Rooinek" (red neck: British soldier in his scarlet tunic). The only modern parallel to this great exodus of almost a whole people is the great trek of the Mormon community from the Mississippi to Utah sometime in the 1840's. Many a tale I've heard from some of these old men during my police experience, that is, after I had gained their confidence, which sometimes took some doing. When old Van der Walt returned he found his wife and only

orders from the Veldt Cornet. The commando was to rendezvous at Bloemhof, about sixty miles away, where De Beer was preparing to join De la Rey. The old man said, "Tell Tollie I won't come this time; I'm too old, but son Paul is going and he is worth two of me." A few days after young Paul rode up to wish his sweetheart good-bye. A betrothal is a sacred thing amongst the Boers, almost equivalent to marriage, which is purely a civil ceremony out there. Lena wept but sent him gladly, as women always do and always will. On occasions during the next year she would hear from him, sometimes by messenger, again, some wounded burgher would come home invalidated, and the tales were always the same—the burghers had no rest, they were harried night and day. Sometimes Paul was in the Eastern Transvaal with Botha and Viljren, sometimes with Steyn or De Wet in the Free State, and at length news came that Paul had been killed at Boshof, in the latter colony.

De Wet had been very active during 1901. He had dozens of small successes, and had captured several supply trains and convoys; in fact, a good deal of his activity was due to the fact that his men had to have food and clothing. The veldt was bare, the farms burned, the game scattered, in fact, it kept him hustling to keep on eating. They all wore homemade "veldt schoens" (raw hide shoes), and I have seen prisoners practically clothed in ox hide. Wherever the cloth wore out they would sew on a piece of leather. In fact, it was sometimes funny to see a Boer come in with the back side of his pants, his elbows and knees covered with ox hide, hair on or not it didn't matter. Once when De Wet was fortunate enough to capture a supply train he found hundreds of new khaki uniforms destined for our men. He immediately clothed his men with them, and, imitating our formation on the march, carried on a few pranks in khaki until it was dis-

covered. It was his capture of the clothing which forms the climax of my story. When the report of Paul Pretorious' death came to Lena it almost drove her insane. The old woman told me she sat for days and days without speaking, looking out of the door, grieving silently and without tears. One day she took down the Mauser which the old man had retained and began to examine it. The old man and woman were frightened and tried to take it from her, thinking she was going to harm herself. "No," she said, "I do not intend to hurt myself, but I shall kill every rooinek who comes within range of my rifle." The old couple were powerless, and, perhaps sympathizing with her grief and probably her intentions, they let her have her way.

In most Dutch houses the front door is cut in two horizontally and double hinged, so that you usually find the bottom half closed to keep out fowls, snakes, etc., while the upper half is wide open. As you can see, the bottom half door would make an excellent rest for a rifle. Lena sat by the door, rifle in hand, for days and weeks, waiting for the figures in khaki which never came. At last her long vigil was rewarded, and, calling to her father, she said, "Do you see anything?" The old man peered out with his old bleared eyes but could see nothing, but miles away on the veldt Lena made out a moving figure. Nearer and nearer it came until she could distinguish the hated khaki uniform the rider wore. When about half a mile from the house the old man saw him rise in his stirrups and wave his hat at the house. The old chap tried to take the rifle from the half maddened girl but she fought him away, and, resting her rifle on the door, waited until the rider was within three hundred yards. Then she fired. He threw up his hands, swayed a moment and slid out of the saddle. Lena laughed wildly, picked up her "kippie" (sun bonnet), and ran out to inspect her first victim. It was Paul Pretorious.

H. W. CAMPBELL,
No. 1 Company.

MUSKETRY

The practices on the range have been most satisfactory. Up to the present time all the companies have had the application shooting at the 300-yard range, with and without a rest, and the rapid fire, i.e., the target being exposed for forty seconds, at the 200-yard range.

The officers and men have evinced a keen interest in the range work, and have done everything individually in their power to make the most out of untoward conditions, and now that the routine has been definitely established the procedure at the range has gone on like clockwork.

It is to be hoped that the men who have not made brilliant performances will not be discouraged. While the musketry instructors, as well as the men themselves, are ardent in their wish to make as high a score as possible, it must be remembered that at each range every man has a different rifle and must therefore adjust his sights accordingly. It must be remembered that the lessons learned from adjusting the sights on strange rifles at the different ranges is going to be of great benefit to the men when they are the proud owners of their own rifles; and, if the shooting as it now stands is any criterion of the ability of the men to fire accurately, certainly when a man has learned the eccentricities of his own particular "friend," the shooting of this Battalion will be of a nature of which every member will be justly proud.

A man's score at the moment may be no criterion of his ability as a shot, but when one sees a man making an outer, magpie, inner, bull in successive shots, that is evidence in itself that he is learning to correct his shooting according to the established principles of musketry. Such shooting appeals far more to an instructor than a high score with a rifle with harmonized sights. The results of the lectures and the demonstrations of practical fire positions is being shown by the work at Clover Point, and the men have shown a natural aptitude for shooting.

Like everything else, musketry, to attain a high state of efficiency, must be a gradual process of evolution from the simpler practices at low ranges to the higher ranges, and thence to rapid firing, which will follow in the usual course of affairs.

The men are beginning to understand the sighting of their rifles and are fast learning to adjust the sights on their own initiative. When a man has been on the ranges for three or more practices and has had his sights adjusted for him by the aid of the instructor, he should be able to harmonize his rifle himself to a degree that will enable him to make a creditable score. To be able to do this is a demonstration that the man is learning the principles of musketry, and particularly the finer points of the Mark III rifle.

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THE CARE OF THE FEET.

A man is as old as his arteries and a soldier is only as capable as his feet. It was a well-known saying of the great Napoleon that an army travelled on its stomach, but no matter how well looked after the stomach may be if the feet lack attention the result is a most serious loss of efficiency. It is therefore of prime importance to an army in the field that the feet of the component soldiers should have the best of care and attention. More particularly does this remark apply to a newly formed battalion like the 67th, where almost every member joining had hitherto led civilian lives, and in civilian life the care of the feet is notoriously neglected.

The matter that follows is taken from an official bulletin of the New York Police Department, drawn up by Dr. Edward T. Higgins, chief surgeon, and Drs. Arthur S. Vosburgh, Thomas A. McGoldrick, Henry G. Webster and Edwin H. Fiske as a committee of police surgeons.

The foot is made up of a number of small bones bound together by ligaments and muscles that help to hold them in an arch from toe to heel (see 1 and 2, figure 3). The weight of the body is carried on the crown of this arch. The points of support of the arch are three—the heel behind and the balls of the great and little toe in front. This resembles a three-legged stool. If one sits squarely on such a stool the

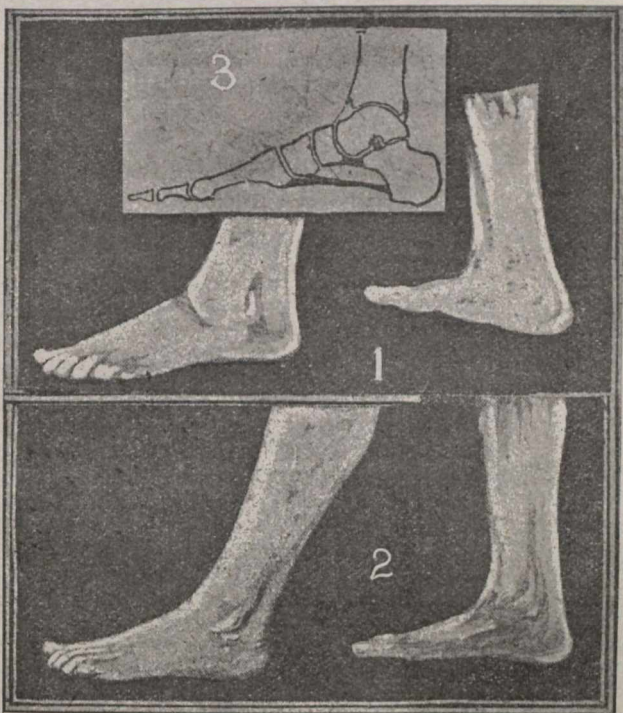


Fig. 1—Toeing out. Note how the arch of the right foot is flattened.
Fig. 2—Feet parallel. Note the arch under the right foot.

support is firm, but sit on the edge and it will upset. So, if the foot is turned outward the weight of the body falls on the inside of the foot, and the foot rolls inward and tends to become flat (see figure 1); but if the toes are turned a little in the weight of the body is borne equally by all parts of the foot (see figure 2). The hollow of the arch between the heel and the toes is filled in by a mass of muscles and ligaments that support the arch in two ways—it forms a firm elastic cushion and also acts like a bow string to pull the heel and toes together (see figure 3). When one stands on the toes these muscles help, with those of the calf, to pull the heel up from the ground. The ligaments are firm, inelastic bands that act like trusses to prevent the arch from spreading.

If the supports of the foot—the muscles and ligaments—waste away or stretch, the ends of the arch spread, the instep flattens, the bones press upon the sensitive nerves and cause pain, while the natural springiness of the foot is impaired and walking becomes less easy. One of three conditions results—a weak foot, flat foot without pain or painful flat foot.

The common causes of flat foot are improper shoes and faults in standing and walking. Barefoot people for the most part walk with the toes pointing forward or a little inward. Their toes all get a firm hold on the ground, the front of the foot is broad and elastic, the foot muscles are strong and springy and well developed, and the weight of the body is carried on the strongest part of the foot—the outer side, which rests on the ground for its whole length.

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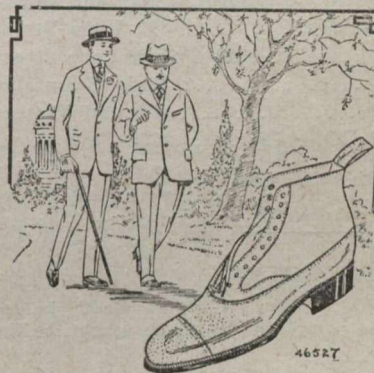
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Shoe-wearing people are taught to toe out, so that they get little use from the fourth and fifth toes, and so throw their weight on the inner or weak side of the foot. The stiff shoe does not permit free play for the muscles, which become cramped, weak and wasted. Pointed shoes crowd the great toe against the other toes, make the foot roll inward and increase the tendency to flat foot.

A proper shoe is one that does not clamp the toes, especially the great toe; that is flexible enough to allow the foot to be moved freely in all directions; and that holds the heel and instep snugly without cramping the foot. One with a flexible arch is desirable. Such a shoe should be shaped to the natural shape of your foot. Proper socks are almost as important as proper shoes. A sock that is too snug will cramp the foot and crowd the toes, making walking hard and preventing free muscular action. One that is too large will wrinkle and cause blisters and sores. One that is too thick causes sweating of the feet, which makes the skin tender and also leads to sores, blisters and soft corns, as well as rotting the shoes. It is best to wear a medium weight sock of wool and cotton and use a fresh pair daily. Wash the feet in cold water daily, immediately after removing the shoes and use soap sparingly.

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SCOUT NOTES

This being the last issue of the "Western Scot" before Xmas, the Scouts extend the compliments of the season to the rest of the Battalion.

No. 4 Company's Scouts appreciated the extra rations served out after their nights' work Monday last.

No. 1 Company's scribe afforded us considerable amusement by his criticism of the Section's new scout badge. Whilst perhaps it would be more dignified to treat such insane babbling with silent contempt, we cannot resist the opportunity of intimating that the whole of the acrid vituperation in question savors of "sour grapes." However, No. 1's literary artist need not despair, he has evidently overlooked the fact that he himself is entitled to sport a badge.

After hearing of the free for all which took place some little time since, we arise to remark that though it may be true, as the old lady said, that "all the nice boys have gone," it is still perfectly evident that some of the fighters are left. Sabaid.

Scout Wolf was boosting his shooting average at the 300 yard range last Monday.

The boys of the Scout section appreciate the excellent workmanship of Pte. Towlson of the M.G. Section on their badges and extend their thanks.

Sgt. Johnstone, after the way he was let down in the Sergeants versus Battalion soccer match has forsaken soccer for Rugby.

Scout Sheppard, No. 3 Company, is sure some shot. After the war is over he is thinking of doing a vaudeville act as a fancy shot.

Hurry up, No. 4 Company! Two qualified Scouts in orders as yet.

We notice several members of the Section getting very energetic since they have seen the new badge.

Pte. Smith says that drawing maps and packing coal are not in harmony with each other.

No. 2 Company Scouts say they like their new quarters, but they are too far from the canteen, and they are thinking of having a canteen of their own.

DEFAULTERS

My word, you do feel simple,
Kept marching to and fro,
And you show a poor example
Responding to defaulters' blow.
So, boys, keep out of trouble,
And you never need feel small,
For you're often on the double,
Responding to the call.

On Sunday night we did feel fine
While all the rest were free;
To me it was the poorest time—
Just for going on the spree.
Some girls stood looking as we passed:
"What's gone wrong with them"
"These poor fellows are all classed
As very wicked men."

So all you boys take warning,
And take it right from me,
It's the grandest thing for teaching
How to keep you off the spree.
You have to wash the dishes,
And you have to split the wood,
When you've done you smell like fishes,
But it's all to make you good.

PTE. WILLIS, No. 1 Company.

BRASS BAND

Who called us a bunch of tin-horns?

Now that we have that promised marquee, we are privileged to practice to heart's content and at any hour we please. We hope No. 1 Company will not object to odd sounds next door.

We might belong to the Base Company but its not a case of cold feet. We have been put there and are satisfied to go where we are ordered, but when it comes to the fight, take it from the Brass Band, we will be on the job and blow about it.

The Band as a whole are becoming better and more efficient soldiers every day, and when the O.C. Base Company arranges an afternoon's drill or field exercise, we are ready to fall in and do our bit either in the field or on the rifle range.

Our N.C.O.'s ranks are assuming alarming proportions. The great problem is to know how to select the most efficient. All are worthy of stripes either on the sleeve or—

Bandmaster Fink has been granted leave of absence. During his vacation, we are indeed fortunate in receiving instruction from Mr. John Turner, leader of Empress Hotel Orchestra and a past Bandmaster of Military Bands. Mr. Turner will find a most willing lot of pupils and we look forward to some very able instruction.

Our engagements this week:—Monday, Men's Concert, Route March every day. Thursday and Friday, Military Tournament. Saturday, Football match in the Oval. Monday—Engagement at Sidney and 20-mile route march back to the Willows.

GREETINGS

Greetings to our comrades who in khaki clad,
And to all others who have not had the chance we had.
Greetings to our mothers, to sisters, sweethearts, friends,
To the kiddies and widows whom we must defend;
And to our comrades who in duty slain,
In memory with cherished love we hold their honored name.
Merry Christmas, New Year's greetings to Empire's length
and breadth,
Are the wishes of the Western Scots Battalion 67th.

—A PRIVATE.

MACHINE GUN PATTEN

Until Dan Wright told his lady friend over the phone, none of us had even suspected that a mess waiter was on duty till 9.30.

The boys have a lot to be thankful for at this glad Yule-tide. Crocker will not be mess-waiter again for many long weeks.

It is rumored that Joe Dakers intends to give his football togs away. His friends think he has no use for them since the game with the Thistles.

Anyway, says Mess-Waiter Crocker, there is enough water in the tea and coffee without providing any for dish-washing purposes.

When Geordie Nichols mutters ten for fifteen he is not figuring out a sum in mathematics, but merely emphasizing his ability as an organizer of refreshments.

The suggestion from No. 1 that every one should wear a badge seems to have taken effect, for Pte. Towson has orders in hand for a large sign to be hung on the manly shoulders of Sergt.-Major Henderson of No. 1 Company. Towson has another contract for a keg of gunpowder being exploded for another brave non-com. in the same company. The man in charge of the night-wagon is also inquiring for a sign of some kind.

Is McCuaig doing the courting, or is it the young lady? Funny how some things go to a man's head!

The remark was passed the other day that certain members when stripped showed a lack of bone in the legs. One of the boys seems to think that a man can not have a head all bone, and have it in his legs also.

Going by the latest rumor, we ought to be well on our way to the Holy Land by now.

Pte. Ronson has bought a tin of boot polish. At least he says he owns it. Has any one lost any blacking this week.

If we are still at the Willows this time next year, they say we are going to get a week's leave, the same as the C.M.R. are getting this year.

Finnagan says he is not going up for the V.C., as an Irish friend of his got stung on the job. The excuse he gives is that this friend had a chum who got shot in the leg. Then while carrying his chum to the rear a shell took his side kicker's head off. The doctor jumped Finnagan's friend for packing in a man with no head. Finnagan's friend said, "Why, the son of a gun told me he was only shot in the leg."

We are sorry to say that Pte. Ross is suffering from a severe sprain in the shin bone. But he is not kicking.

The bandmaster has regained his health and is feeling fine. He says it is the change in the weather, but the boys claim it is having to report every half hour to the hospital.

Who owns shirt No. 57? Pte. Kenny wants to know.

We trust No. 3 Company will not fancy they are flankers and rear guard on our hike next Monday. While returning from a route march the last time we were out, they sure showed up great on the extended order.

Yes, Duggan is a goal-tender, but not in hockey.

Mutual instruction—First Private: "Have you got the makings?" Second Ditto: "No, I left my sack at home." First Private: "Aw—!"

It is not true that our present mess waiter in chief, brave Pte. Crocker, is taking a position in the Empress grill.

The hockey game on Wednesday evening last, between the High School and the Battalion Second team, was certainly some encounter, and although the school boys emerged victorious by the narrow margin of one goal we feel satisfied that the result might have been different if our worthy representatives had only paid a little more attention to the condition of their skates before the contest. Three of the boys finished the game with one skate on and one more or less off. The redoubtable Duggan, who has proved his worth as an all around athlete of no mean standing, proved the most unfortunate in this respect. His work in the first half of the game was replete with sensational plays, but his skates refused to stand the strain in the second period, and one of them broke loose from his boot with disastrous results to the team. Being minus one skate he decided that he had outlived his sphere of usefulness as cover point and elected to play goal. At this time the score was two all, with five minutes to play, and both teams were striving hard to slip over the winning tally. Finally, one of the boys from the School of Learning sent in a feeble shot and low, and behold our worthy athlete, in endeavoring to clear this shot, in some mysterious manner known only to himself, got his stick caught in the goal-net and was unable to extricate it in time to avert disaster. Our boys

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promise to have their skates firmly riveted on for the next game, and swear they will show their opponents the way to victory. The team lined up as follows: Goal, J. Arbuthnot; point, Flynn; coverpoint, Duggan (capt.); rover, Parsons; centre, Everett; left wing, Peters; right wing, Crowley.

With the aid of three players—Nichol, Dakers, and Lieut. Okell—generously loaned for the occasion by the Machine Gun Section, the Battalion soccer team managed to take the measure of the gunners on Wednesday afternoon after an inter-

esting exhibition by three goals to one. Now the gunners, having tested the strength of the "rep." eleven, are willing to back their chances in a real game, providing, of course, the trio named turn out with the Gun Section.

Wednesday's soccer game was in the nature of a workout for the "rep." team for the inter-city contest this afternoon between the 67th and 72nd Battalion elevens. It served its purpose, for the Battalion team demonstrated by its exhibition last Saturday against the Thistles that it was sadly in need of practice. The Western Scots should have won this game handily, but the forwards passed up chance after chance to score. The result was a 3 to 1 defeat.

Allen James William Duggan, sprinter sensational, soccer player extraordinary and now hockeyist par excellence, is reported to be taking vocal lessons. Which just goes to demonstrate that a man never knows when he is well off. There are some things even machine gunners cannot stand for.

The Gun Section has been invited to accompany No. 3 Company to Sidney on a three-day hike, starting Monday. Now the boys are wondering whether Capt. Nicholson is figuring on squaring accounts for that forced march the section gave No. 3 returning from their route march last week.

Cpl. Mills says that the rough stuff always makes him sick—in more ways than one. He has peculiar ideas of cause and effect.

The Section has taken up boxing with enthusiasm, and now there is a battle any time the boys have a few minutes off from drill. Pte. Bob Arbuthnot is strangely aloof so far, however.

FIDE ET ARMIS

When'er your heart this task repels;
When kindlier fancy, born of peace,
The mission militant expels,
And from that mission seeks release,
Recall the German deeds of hate—
Their dastard deeds on land and foam;
Then hasten, lest we be too late,
And strike—for Canada, and home!

Not soldiers we—plain men who know
The love of home, the fruits of toil.
But who his manhood holds so low
That his heart's blood does not recoil
From wanton murder? Hear the Call,
And lift the shout to Heaven's dome:
"We go, we go! Canadians all,
"To strike for Canada, and home!"

—C. L. ARMSTRONG,
No. 4 Company.

BASE COMPANY

Our motto: Boost for the Base.

Firstly, what is the base company of a Battalion? Webster's dictionary says a base is "the part of a thing on which it stands or rests; as, the base of a column, the pedestal of a statue, the foundation of a house." See?

No; the rumour was false. The bears have not been transferred to the Base Company—yet.

Forget, too, that other whopper that we are organizing a hockey team. We're no all round athletes: we stick to our own game—baseball. When the warm weather opens up and our southpaws recover from their sore arms, we'll consider challenges from any quarter—guard.

Did you notice those brilliant electric lights in the Base Company lines? They are the first and only specimens of the celebrated nitrogen lamp yet captured from the Q.M. stores. If you like 'em, ask the Q.M. for half a dozen.

We don't care a rap what kind of funny stuff the Adjutant pulls off on that black charger of his; but we do earnestly beg of him not to joke with anything so serious as a syllabus. Last Tuesday we were duty company. We were 130 strong, supplied 80 men for regimental employ, 48 for guard, fatigues and orderlies, and turned out the other two for parade, all present and correct. And the syllabus said we must do company drill!

That district order putting 'em all out of bounds failed to beat the band. To date they haven't skipped a bar.

Now that Pte. Lachlan McMillan has hit the Base Company, we look for a marked improvement in his scores on the range.

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Scene: Base Company orderly room.
 O.C. (reading from crime sheet): "Charge against No. 000,001, Browne, Sam. That your name and number?"
 Prisoner (proudly): "Yes, sir. I'm the only Sam Browne in the company."
 O.C. (sternly): "Don't render any statement at this time (of the month). The charge against you, Browne, is \$9.50. First witness is the acting orderly corporal."
 A.O.C. (testifying): "Sir, on the date named I counted the roll and found the amount mentioned, absent."
 O.C. (sternly): "Anything to say, Browne?"
 Prisoner (trying to get around O.C.): "Well, sir, seems to me, sir, its up to you, sir. Its only a bill for a Sam."
 O.C. (coloring Browne): "Grrrr! Remanded till next pay day!"

"THE BOYS OF THE MAPLE LEAF" (OR "67th")

"Your King and Country wants you"
 Was the call that sounded clear,
 And the sturdy boys of the "67th"
 Rushed up from far and near.
 "Put my name down" and "I'll go, too"
 Was heard on every side,
 And those that were rejected
 Went home dissatisfied.
 These gallant boys of the "67th"
 Are made of sturdy stuff.
 Their armor may not shine so bright,
 They are diamonds in the rough;
 But when they put them to the test
 Their worth they'll more than prove,
 And when the Kaiser knows they've come,
 He'll say, "It's time to move."
 They don't know when they're beat, these boys,
 They'll fight right to the end,
 And show no mercy to a foe,
 But always know a friend.
 So here's good luck to all the boys,
 And when you go to fight
 Just think of what you're fighting for,
 Honor, Liberty and Right.
 And when the clash of war is o'er
 And you come back again,
 You'll know you did your little bit
 To uphold Britain's name.
 You helped to crush the brutal Hun,
 Brought William to his knees.
 Until this comes the "67th"
 Will never "stand at ease."

Some Don'ts

Don't fail to pay attention to the instructors.
 Don't load at the firing point until ordered by the Range Officer.
 Don't come to the firing point without your score card.
 Don't fail to hand your card to the scorer.
 Don't forget to put your regimental number, name and company on your card.
 Don't leave the firing point without first having your rifle examined. This is necessary to avoid accidents.
 Don't get up from the firing point until ordered to do so by some one in authority.
 Don't forget to ease the bolt at least six times after firing your five rounds. Prevention of accidents again.
 Don't forget to pick up the empty shells. The Government needs them.
 Don't loiter around the firing point after you have completed your firing.
 Don't be discouraged.

Heard on the Ranges

"How many did ye make, Jock?"
 "Fo-wer."
 "O, hell! Rotten!"
 "Nae sae bad. Somes makin' twa."

Round the Lunch Fire

"What's this here miniature practice?"
 "Why, you fool, don't you know? One shot a minute."

Judging Distance

Instructor: "How far is it to that tree?"
 Recruit: "Eighteen hundred yards."
 Instructor: "What!"
 Recruit: "There and back, sir, I meant."

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MINOR NOTES

St. Peter (To Archangel Gabriel on Judgment Day, after watching Western Scots file past)—“Sound another blast, old man! I don't see 'K. of K.' on parade.”

We have to hand it to Private Kirk, of No. 3 Company, as “the” salesman for the “Western Scot.” On Saturday, the 4th, he sold 150 copies. On Saturday, the 11th, he sold 75 copies, all that were given to him, so buck up, other Companies.

There are very good pictures shown at the Variety theatre this week and the manager has also promised something good for next week.

Pantages promises a particularly fine programme all next week, and they always fulfil their promise. Don't miss it.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

An officer of the “Western Scots” is in receipt of the following gems of original composition as gleaned from some of the recently filed national registration papers in the Old Country. The extracts were sent by a friend in England who had access to the originals, and are reproduced verbatim et literatim. The letters, it may be explained, were written with reference to the separation allowance and other kindred matters in connection with men now at the front:

“Dear Sir,—According to instructions on my paper I have given birth to a little girl.”

“I write these lines for Mrs. H. as she is expecting to be confined and can do with it.”

“I have received no pay since my husband went away from nowhere.”

“We received your letter. I am his grandfather and his grandmother. He was born and brought up in the house in answer to your letter.”

“Mrs. H. has been put to bed with a little lad wife of Peter H.”

“You have changed my little boy into a little girl will it make any difference.”

“I am expecting to be confined next month will you let me know what I am to do about it.”

“Respected Sir Dear Sir Though I take the liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to ask you if you will kindly be kind enough to let know where my husband is though he is not my legible husbin as he as a wife though she says she is ded but I dont think he nos for sure but we are not marryt though I am getting my allotment reglar which is no fault of Mr. Loy George who would stopit if he could nor of Mr. McKenna but if you know where he is as he is belong to the Royal Naval Flying Corpse for ever since he joined in the January when he was sacked from his work for talking back at his boss

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which was a man at the laundry where he worked. I have not had any money from him since he joined though he told Mrs. Harris who lives on the ground floor that he was a petty officer at 6 bob a day and lots of warm underclothing for the winter cold weather and I have three children what is being the father of them though he ses it was my fault. Hoping you are quite well as it leaves me at present. I must close now hoping you are quite well. Mrs. Jane Jenkins.