

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH 1st, 1916

No. 21

HERE WE GO

Extract from letter received by D.S.A., M.D. No. 11, from Headquarters, Ottawa:

"I have the honour, by direction, to inform you that the following overseas Battalions in your District have been selected to proceed on overseas service, as recommended by you, as soon as the necessary ships are available:

"62nd and 67th Overseas Battalions."

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

This isn't a "Farewell Edition." We have already said "Farewell!" So please consider us gone and don't speak to us until we come back—victorious!

The Pipe Band's concert and the Military Band's Ball last week were both genuine successes and deservedly so. The ball was a most enjoyable affair and the band and those who assisted in the arrangements are to be heartily congratulated. The Pipe Band, having had a ba' in a ha' some time ago, gave a concert in the Old Victoria Theatre on Wednesday night, and are still receiving praise for the excellence of the entertainment. They were generously assisted by some of Victoria's foremost talent. Some idea of the splendid attendance may be formed from the fact that even Wee Wullie appeared to be fairly well satisfied.

For the first time since its formation the entire Battalion came under fire on Monday afternoon last. Photographer Brown was the enemy and the battlefield was the front steps of the Parliament Buildings. Judging by the fine quality of the picture, Camera-Gunner Brown had his fuses judged to a nicety.

We hate to hand ourselves any salve or arrogate unto ourselves any attar of roses, but we will say that the nice words anent the Battalion's smart appearance spoken by so many citizens after Monday's dress parade are not hard to listen to.

"Has any orders come?" is a common question in the lines these days, although the grammar we use is, fortunately rare. Yes, orders have come. Look at the front page of this issue.

If any doubts existed concerning the nationality of Major Harbottle they were set at rest at the Military Band's ba' in the ha'. His dancing of the Highland Schottische connected him with the Land o' Cakes.

Speaking of the ball, it may be noted that Major Christie didn't miss a number.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

The Military Ball last week was very successful and much enjoyed by all present. Incidentally, several marks of appreciation were heard from the ranks regarding Major Christie and Major Harbottle, who both danced and stayed to the end of the programme. Bon camaraderie, such as they have shown, not only on this but on several other occasions, is perhaps more appreciated than they imagine. The orderly room was well represented by both commissioned and non-commissioned ranks.

We were pleased to have a visit of inspection on our books from Major Gillespie last week. As usual, everything was satisfactory, but the 67th is now getting used to complimentary remarks after inspection of any kind.

Congratulations to Orderly Room Sergeant-Major Nicholls on his promotion, which is a source of gratification to all his fellow members of the staff.

Some commissioned officers in Victoria seemed to resent the presence of some privates at a recent dansant in The Empress. We are glad to say that none of them were 67th officers.

A certain music store on Fort Street might show a little more discrimination in its display of song music. Take a stroll past some time and read the titles consecutively. One line

starts thus, "Abide With Me" "Thora" "Till the Boys Come Home."

Regarding the alleged "no smoking" rule, we should be glad to have it applied to the worst smoker in the orderly room—the stove.

Where and when will the next "Farewell" dance be?

SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

The last time we wrote we expected the next writing would be en voyage, but we are still here.

Prof. Louis Turner, our bandmaster, who has changed his title of "Professor" to the more honourable one (in these times), of "Sergeant," is distinctly one of the acquisitions of the Battalion. It's a treat to watch him handling his orchestra, with the dignity of a Wagner, the eccentricities of a Rossi, and the dash and execution of a Sousa.

Sergt. Leslie, of the Transport, was there with bells on our last route march. Although it was the first time the Transport Section have gone into camp on a march, he handled his wagons in fine style.

MacMasters, of "Big Brother. Sylvest" fame, is certainly some rustler. He managed to rustle enough crockery around the empty houses when we went into bivouac to save the officers from eating out of their mess tins.

"Jack" Fenton has been at it again. We managed to annex the Battalion welterweight championship. Fenton believes it to be just as satisfactory if you can't put your opponent away to let him put himself hors de combat, by breaking his (the opponent's) hand on his (Fenton's) head.

We understand that Bandmaster Turner and Pipe-Major Wishart are going to have one right royal game of poker. The stakes will be \$1,000 by Turner against Sergt. Drummer Sims by the "Canny Scot."

Many of the sergeants unattached to Companies take this opportunity of thanking the Sergeant-Major and Sergeants of Nos. 2 and 3 Companies for hospitality extended since the loss of the mess. Little kindnesses of this kind help to bind us all together.

All kinds of rumors are prevalent anent the time and manner of our departure for overseas. The latest, however, is a world-beater. The man who told it to us had just returned from Vancouver. He had a dull tired look in his eye. He borrowed a cigarette paper, shook a little white powder on it, and launched forth. "Yes, we are going to leave next week. Owing to the fact that snow-slides are occurring in the Rockies, we are not going that way. The old C. P. R. boat, SS. Mount Royal, is being fitted up as a transport, men working on it night and day. No British men-of-war being available, our escort is going to be two Japanese destroyers at present laying out in the Bay." Roll another pill, Bill!

NO. 1 COMPANY

The greatly improved weather conditions of the past week have done much to establish our belief in the fervent and often heated claims of Victorians concerning their winter climate. Certainly this latest sample of it leaves nothing to be desired. So we grasp this opportunity of humbly withdrawing any reflections we may have cast upon it during the past few months, with the saving clause, that one swallow does not make a summer. But this delightful change has more to it than in merely giving substance to the repeated claims of these good people. The sunshine and balmy breezes have driven away the last of the quarantine depression, and outside work has become possible again.

This has been quite an eventful week. With Sunday, came into force the privilege of travelling free of charge, for a period, on the B.C.E.R. system. Three men of No. 1 Company claim the distinction of being the first to benefit by this generous concession, having boarded a car when Sunday the 20th., was but 50 seconds old. On Monday morning we were able to use parts

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE

of the oval again, with some degree of comfort, for drill. In the afternoon we made what we hope will be our first and last farewell Battalion Parade through the city, to the Parliament Buildings, on the entrance steps of which a fine photograph of the Battalion was taken. The parade itself, the most complete yet held, was a success in every way, and reflected great credit on the Battalion. Tuesday was consecrated to shovel work, the filling in of the trenches dug last fall near Mount. Tolmie. With evening came the ball, given by the band at the Connaught Hall, one of the most successful and enjoyable dances of the season. The whole thing moved with an easy swing from start to finish, partly due no doubt, to the excellent orchestra provided, which answered generously to every demand made upon it; but congratulations are due to everyone connected with it. Wednesday was devoted to Company drill in the morning, Battalion drill in the afternoon, and the Pipe Band concert at night. We are glad to hear that the last event promises to be as successful financially as it undoubtedly was artistically. A Battalion route march to Cordova Bay and back claimed Thursday. Upon this occasion our transport was well ahead of us, and we had no long, wearisome wait for our dinner. Friday was occupied with drill in the morning, route march in the afternoon and boxing tournament at night. So the days pass!

Who wouldn't be a scout! Pte. Last had been at it four days, when his recently-developed perceptive powers enabled him to locate his long-lost sweater, parading with the cook house detachment on Thursday last.

Now that there is no more sleighing, Ptes. E. J. McGillivray and D. L. Williams may be seen any fine afternoon with their families, on the sunny slopes of Oak Bay. Both are becoming experts in pushing the carriage.

We had often wondered, but after seeing the Pipe Band dance the Reel o' Tulloch the other night, our doubts were set at rest. They don't! Don't what? Never mind.

As the time approaches for our departure we hear much discussion amongst the men, particularly as to the class of food we shall receive. However, members of No. 1 Platoon say they have nothing to fear, for, have they not their own Baker?

Some of the wiser ones in No. 1 Platoon exchanged their spare cash for English shillings this week. Amongst the heavier investors were Pte. J. Glen and Pte. Bull.

No. 1 Platoon has been boasting of its steadiness on the march; the absence of any "rocking the boat," etc. But why shouldn't they be well balanced? Is any other platoon in the Company—or the Battalion, for that matter—possessed of two Scales?

Pte. M. McGillivray, who is noted for his cheerful disposition and regular attendance at Table Roll Call was indisposed on Thursday, resulting from injuries received from over-exertion in trying to reach camp at his usual time, on the previous night. He claims that he did not know of the 12 o'clock leave on that night; also that he thought all the trenches had been refilled. It is greatly to his credit that, despite his injuries, he insisted on attending the route march to Cordova Bay.

Pte. J. Lindsay is one of our scout students for this week. His companions in No. 1 Platoon expect him to obtain high honors in this branch of the work, as previous to his selection, he was known to be of a very observant nature, able to detect various things even by his acute sense of smell. And as to knowledge of his surroundings, he claims to know more trails (heading South West), than he cares to commit to paper. With all the extra duties his new work imposes on him this week, Jim informs his friends that he has just got a girl, and believes himself to be seriously in love. But to make sure he is consulting Pte. W. Parkin as to the true symptoms.

It is to be regretted that Pte. S. Allen did not have the expert guidance of Pte. D. Scales, while making the rounds of the manicurists last week.

Pte. R. Peters has our best wishes on the occasion of his recent engagement. It is always a pleasure to see men attain to high ideals.

Certain members of the Company, while in Vancouver last week, claim to have seen C.P.R. cars on a siding there, marked "67th Battalion" in chalk. To the sceptical, this recalls those carloads of Russians, seen passing in the night through England, something over a year ago.

Overheard on parade Friday morning, when one-half of No. 1 Company drilled the other half:—

Pte. Carss, interrogating his front rank man:—"Are you supposed to be standing at ease now?"

Front Rank Man:—"Yes."

Pte. Carss:—"Well, then, stand easy!"

Tonsorial and Hirsute

When we came off guard one sunny day,
We certainly had the pip,
For the powers-that-be, gave us all C.B.
For shaving the upper lip!

The girls don't like it one little bit,
This is a hard world to please,
And when we explain, they get in a fit
Saying, "What is a bunch of C.B.'s?"

But smile at a little set-back boys,
This world is a vale of woe;
And a higher power must shape our joys
From now 'till the time we go.

—J.D.C.

Platoon 4 was sorry to lose two of its members recently, in the departure of Lee-Cpl. N. Montgomery and Pte. E. F. W. Heath, both of whom obtained their discharges to receive commissions, becoming attached, for the time being, to the 50th Gordon Highlanders. "Monty" was a member of the firm of Cook & Montgomery, barristers and solicitors, of Prince George, and came down to Victoria on the 10th of September with the first Prince George contingent. We are glad to see that he passed his preliminary examinations successfully last week. His partner, Pte. Jno. Cook, is still with us. Pte. Heath joined the Battalion on the 2nd December, also coming down from Fort George, where he was a forest ranger for the Fort George District. We wish them both every success in their future careers.

NO. 2 COMPANY

A few nights ago a number of Victorians assembled en masse outside The Colonist building to investigate and ascertain the direct cause of the cracks in the set of pipes displayed there by our Pipe Band. The general consensus of opinion was that it was not Jack Frost, but Johnny Walker or his wee brother, Paddy Jamieson, of the Three Stars, who did the damage.

We all regret losing Lieut. Montgomery. He has been a long time with No. 2 Company, and has done much to weave together his old platoon. We wish him good luck in his new command—the Big Bass Base.

The cleanliness of the lines on every kit inspection adds credit to the Company. Why cannot we gain credit every day by keeping the lines up to standard?

No. 2 Company offers hearty congratulations to the Regimental Band on the success of the concert last week. It was excellent.

Will the person or persons that appropriated the razors from No. 2 Company's line, please call at the orderly room where the strops are awaiting them.

Please take notice, canteen committee; a periscope is required for the Pipe Drum Sergeant, to prevent him from falling into ditches.

Sergeant Steele to Sergeant Young: "I had an awful dream last night." Sergeant Young: "What was it?" Sergeant Steele: "I dreamt that my watch had gone, but woke up and found that it had not gone but was going."

In future anyone detained in hospital, sick, wishing lady friends to call, kindly notify Sergeant Young, who will meet them at the gate; for references apply to Sergeant Steele.

Number 2 Company, as usual, were well represented at the military ball, which everyone enjoyed immensely. The only kick was, there were not enough three-steps, schottisches and fox-trots.

One day last week a certain private in No. 7 Platoon, who was very sick, suddenly regained his health and beat it downtown at the double. We wonder was it because another private beat him to it? Never mind, Frisco, you can have it, too much of the "Dreadnought" type for the old man.

We would like to know what Pte. Dan's idea is in wrestling with street cars, also why he sometimes takes a round trip via the Willows. Never mind, Dan, you always manage to make it.

Little Percy is very sad these days, and we wonder why. Never mind old man, Ed. says she will phone you up in a day or two. He knows!

Tubby Barr, openly and without shame, has gone back on his native dish; when sighting the excellent "Mulligan" that was served out on Thursday last, he exclaimed: "Ah, ha! that's the stuff, it's a darn sight better nor parritch!" Shades of St. Andrew and Robert Burns and other Saints in the Scottish calendar!

The ability of some of our members to acquire knowledge, and use it was fully illustrated a few evenings ago, when an unfortunate canine had the ill luck to be run over by an automobile, and, though not killed outright, had little, if any, life left in him. At the opportune time a member of the Battalion pushed his way through the crowd and proceeded to apply Silvester's method of first aid. His efforts after half an hour's work, seemed to be on the point of succeeding, when an unsympathetic policeman hove in sight, promptly dispatching the life of the dog. We wonder if the ardent discipline of first aid applied the final test recommended!

Query: When will the next farewell parade of the Battalion be held? All hands are anxious to have their pictures taken again, to observe how the moustache crop looks collectively.

Members of No. 9 Section nearly lost their eyesight the other day, when one man put on a pair of socks, one bright green and the other black. Fashions must be changing.

We are glad to see that Pte. Carthew has accepted a stripe at last. Good luck, boy!

Sh! Sh! We are about to move! No. 2 Company were so excited the other night that they could not sleep. They were on the move all night; in fact, some were sitting around stoves awaiting the high sign. Who said "Beans?"

The Willows Camp Guard Room

(To the Tune of "Farmer Giles")

Inside the main gate there's a nice little spot,
A boarding house proper where you get your meals hot.
For nice bread and beef you don't pay a cent,
The government pays for your board and your rent.

Turn out every man of you, all in a line,
From guard room to fatigue every man must keep time,
And we all work like Turks till the bell it strikes "One,"
It's a grand institution the Willows Camp ground.

The windows are airy and barred up inside
To keep all the boarders from doing a slide;
A military escort parades you through town
For a haircut and shampoo to do you up brown.

The boarders are honest, there's none that would steal—
But they count all the knives and forks after each meal;
There's chicken soup Sundays as light as down quilts,
(The chicken walks through the soup high upon stilts!)

If you want to get into this Palace so neat,
Use Tangle Leg Whisky; get lit on the street.
Then the powers that be they will check up your trunk,
And you'll find yourself doing ten days for a drunk.

Turn out every man of you—those that are sick—
The doctor, he had me rubbed down with a brick,
With a hot mustard plaster on top of my head,
By the great iron poker I thought I was dead.

—Pte. Churchill.

NO. 3 COMPANY

Many thanks, Rev. Mr. Inkster, for the kind words you said in the local press the other evening.

Great was the consternation on the morning of the 25th, when it was known that there were fresh cases of mumps in camp—not at the imminent isolation—but at the delay of our departure for the Front if isolation was ordered.

What prayers of thankfulness went heavenwards when Major Sutton told the boys the quarantine was raised.

We offer our keen appreciation to the citizens of Victoria shown to us in various ways during our sojourn among them. It has only to be whispered that the 67th is going to have a parade downtown when the entire town turns out to see them—the fair sex predominating.

Take Sunday's church parade, for instance, Victoria's fair sex turned out en masse. God bless them. In no other city of the Dominion are they so divinely sweet as in Victoria.

While filling in the trenches some little time ago, Lieut. Gillingham gave a prolonged period of instructions, by numbers, in shovel exercises, and when he finished, all that was left of his pupil was a thread of "Cotton."

A certain N.C.O. in No. 3 Company has been taking particular pains to get himself qualified in the lady killer class. He has purchased a new mirror, a considerable quantity of wax for his moustache, has his suit pressed occasionally, and parts his hair in great style. Why these pains of late?

(Continued on page 5)

DRINK

PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

Prince George Hotel

This fine Hostelry needs no introduction to Service Men. We give special rates to the boys, and guarantee to make them comfortable. Phone and steam heat in every room. Cosy reading and writing rooms. Rates, 50c per night, with bath, and all home privileges. MORNING CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Make this house your headquarters when in town. Elevators to all floors at all hours of night.

Opposite City Hall

Phone 3280

POSTCARDS

Other Photos Too

STAR STUDIO

AMATEUR, FINISHING

1214 GOVERNMENT ST. (next to Bank of Montreal)

THOBURN GROCERY

PHONES { 81
2359

PHILIP D. JOHNSTON, Proprietor

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

AT YOUR SERVICE

Head Street and Esquimalt Road

Westholme Hotel

Has the ONLY GRILL with
Cabaret in British Columbia

THE PLACE TO CALL AFTER THE THEATRE

GOVERNMENT STREET

The Western Scot

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN THE INTERESTS OF
THE 67TH BATT., "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA, C. E. F.

(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C. O.)

Office of Publication: Orderly Room.

Single Copies: each 5c.

On Sale at "Western Scots" Canteen, at News-stands, Book-stalls, etc.

C. L. ARMSTRONG, LIEUT., EDITOR A. A. GRAY, LIEUT., BUSINESS MANAGER

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st, 1916

ALAS, TOO SOON!

Alas, too soon we said: "Farewell"; too soon we rang the parting bell, and publication day again comes round to tax our halting pen. Ere now we thought to be away, a-whooping onward toward the fray; and, whiles, we even thought that we, by this, would be upon the sea. And now once more our printer pokes his head in and says: "Now, you blokes, shoot in some bubble and some squeak, or there won't be no 'Scot' this week!" Our publisher doth likewise stand with "Bill for Printing" in his hand; but we should worry over pay—the business end is up to Gray! Around us sounds a busy hum of preparation. Boxes come for packing up and each day brings a lot of signs and other things for decoration of the train that is to bear us to the main. And yet, alas, we linger here, which causes many a bitter tear. Soon we shall be of hope bereft, 'cause there won't be no Germans left!

SPIRIT WILLING AND FLESH STRONG

By Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.

Now that we know, officially, that within a very short time we shall be on our way to a new objective en route to our ultimate destiny on the battlefield, there is one consideration that must outweigh all others, and that is the consideration of individual efficiency. Just as a chain is not stronger than its weakest link, so a battalion, in battle, is no stronger than its least efficient member on whom dependence is placed. I have no doubt of the gameness of any Western Scot, but heaven help him who depends alone on gameness to see him through this war of science!

When we take our place—a new, untried battalion—in the fighting line, those with whom we serve will look to us to do our part without fail or flinch. They will not excuse us if we fail through ignorance or inability. Courage is the accepted quality in British troops; they have that to begin with. When we reach the front it will be taken for granted that we have built on the foundation of courage and fortitude the strong structure of individual and collective efficiency.

Each man of us will be looked to to play a man's part; not half a man's part. It rests with you to prepare yourself physically and mentally to rise superior to the best—or the worst—the enemy can offer.

In the Western Scots I am convinced we have a fine fighting machine. But, ask yourselves, all of you, whether, if your chum depended on your efficiency to do a full man's share, would you be equal to it, or, for lack of physical fitness or technical training, would you fail in the pinch and leave your chum to do the work of two men?

It is time now for all of us to stand face to face with the real demands of the work we are entering upon. It is time for each of us to take himself in hand and master the last item of useful knowledge, together with the last ounce of endurance and physical fitness. It is time for us to cut out the use of liquor, excessive smoking—excess of every kind—and consecrate our minds and bodies to this task we have undertaken. It is time for us, too, to seek to mold our characters as soldiers by rigid observance of discipline—intelligent obedience, unwavering loyalty.

It is not enough that the spirit be willing; the flesh must be adequate to the greater occasion.

OUR THANKS

The management of the "Western Scot" wishes to thank the members of the Battalion for the way they are now supporting the paper. Last week's issue was sold out within half an hour of reaching camp. This is most encouraging to

ROMANO THEATRE

MON., TUES. and WED., MAR. 6th, 7th and 8th

"GRAFT"

EIGHTH WEEK

32 REELS IN ALL 2 REELS EACH WEEK
EACH COMPLETE IN THEMSELVES

OTHER FEATURES

Variety Concert Orchestra

Direction of A. RUMSBY

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

the management, and it has been decided hereafter to increase the number printed.

We are now prepared to receive subscriptions at the following rates for mailing the paper weekly to any address: 25c per month; \$3.00 per annum.

You are certain to have a number of friends in Canada with whom you wish to keep in touch, but to whom you cannot hope to write regularly. In what better way can you achieve your object than by having a "Western Scot" mailed every week? Call at the Editorial Department of the "Scot," in the Orderly Room, and pay your subscription for the period desired. We shall attend to the rest.

Don't procrastinate! Subscribe now.

THE SEVENTY-TWA

We have received a copy of "The Kilt," the publication of the 72nd Battalion, C.E.F. (Seaforth Highlanders of Canada). While they express regret that they are not this time included in "the elect" for overseas, they congratulate us heartily on our luck and wish us all success. The article says in part: "The Western Scots, the 67th, of Victoria, have also proved themselves a splendid corps, but it has not been our fortune to see much of them. Hearty congratulations to them on the good news contained in the daily press, and best wishes for success." We thank the 72nd for the sentiments expressed through the medium of "The Kilt," and assure them there is no regiment we would sooner have alongside us than the Seventy-Second Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

AN APOLOGY

In the department headed "Machine Gun Patter" in the issue of "The Western Scot" last week there appeared an item which, while intended, we believe, in fun, could be construed otherwise were the officers of the corps to which it referred less magnanimous. On behalf of "The Scot" we herewith, voluntarily, tender a sincere apology for the said item, which would not have appeared but for an unfortunate oversight.

AFTER THE WAR

What did the "Western Scot" say about you, Daddy, in the Great War? If the rising generation continues to progress at the present pace, you will be stumped by the foregoing question unless you have a file of the "Western Scot," as the said rising generation will undoubtedly demand ocular proof of your statements. Just imagine the comfort and relief it will be to refer your youthful inquisitor to the third shelf in the library and silence him (or her) for all time. We have on hand a few of the back numbers, which we shall sell to the first comers. We quite appreciate how bashful one must feel in tendering the small sum of five cents for each of the back numbers of this invaluable publication, but remember that if you don't do it, some more brazen and hardened individual will. The office of the "Scot" is in that portion of the Orderly Room recently occupied by the Pay Department. More minute instructions would be superfluous.

(Continued from page 3)

Pte. R. W. Price refuses to allow any references to his moustache as a misplaced eyebrow. Stay with it Price, when it is fully grown it will be silver grey.

The "Bushy" detective agency is open for business in the lines of No. 11 Platoon. Terms reasonable.

We wonder greatly what Pte. Melcombe will have in the way of presents when he actually leaves for England. At the mere mention of departure a little time ago he visited friends who literally buried him in parcels. He says it was not his laundry at all, as Pte. Dinsdale suggested.

Pte. Algy Bryan is preparing to leave. He purchased a regimental badge recently, and can be seen almost any evening looking at the various Photographers' displays. She will feel it, Algy.

NO. 4 COMPANY

Congratulations to Major Carey on his promotion, and we are very pleased to welcome him to No. 4.

It was a very pleasing sight to see such a large crowd at the Pipe Band concert. The talent was excellent and we extend congratulations to the Physical Drill team for their splendid display.

We are sorry to lose C.S.M. N. Ware, but we extend hearty congratulations to C.S.M. Mirams on his promotion, as it is a very popular one.

Some show at the Horse Show Building Friday last, and it goes to show that the 67th is a very "sporty" Battalion, and we may say, one of the most popular that has left Victoria.

Pte. G. Forrest, of No. 15 Platoon, is some scrapper.

Well, boys, we have done well in all winter sports. Now it is time we looked forward to lacrosse, baseball, etc., and we want the support of the whole Battalion.

The little hike to Cordova Bay last Wednesday certainly showed up the fact that the Battalion is in very good physical shape. There are some nice summer homes there and the boys sure made themselves at home. This is where our cooks come in for special mention for the good dinner supplied us.

Well, boys, we will be on our way pretty soon, and when leave is declared to settle our "private" affairs, oh, my!

The editorial, "The Women Who Wait," in last week's "Scot," certainly does strike home, and all of us married men know it well and concur in saying, "God Bless Our Women."

Sergt. "Sam" Corey went home to Steveston last week and was glad to say that the weather in Victoria is not so bad after all.

Maybe the people of Victoria did not turn out to see us on our march through the city, and we were all proud boys that day. Of course No. 4 led through the main part of the city. "Nuf sed."

Congratulations to Capt. "Stan" Okell, who has come to our Company. Welcome!

We are of the honest opinion this is our farewell edition, so we say "good-bye."

SCOUT SECTION NOTES

"In the Spring a young man's fancy," etc., but in the Spring a Western Scot's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of getting away.

The Scouts were actively engaged again last week. On the Battalion route march in the direction of Elk Lake we were entrusted with the job of picking out a bivouac ground. The first consideration in picking out a bivouac ground is water; after that, fuel. Of both of these there was ample. Empty houses were available for housing Headquarters Staff, Officers, Hospital, etc.

The country in which we were moving, owing to its hilly nature, was a difficult one in which to move troops. Had we been on active service, the position at which we halted would have been guarded by very strong outposts, probably consisting of one-sixth of our full strength.

The return march was made by way of Blenkinsop Road. During the return one might have thought we were at war with China. No less than three Chink horses were stampeded. In one instance, when we were halted by a Chinese garden, the fellows were anticipating another runaway by a plow horse when the pipes started up. The old horse in question, however, seemed to like the music. Some wag suggested he had probably been fed on mush.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

General Banking Business
and Savings Department

INTEREST AT CURRENT
RATES

A. MONTIZAMBERT, Manager
VICTORIA, B. C.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

CAPITAL AND RESERVE
\$8,000,000.00

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS AT ALL BRANCHES

TWO BRANCHES IN LONDON, ENGLAND

VICTORIA, B. C. BRANCH

H. H. ROWLEY
MANAGER

SCOTT & PEDEN
GROCERIES

FLOUR, FEED, HAY, GRAIN, FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS
POULTRY and STOCK FOODS and SUPPLIES

PHONES 296 and 2410

P. O. BOX 415

Cor. CORMORANT and STORE STS.

The Royal Dainties Bakery

NORTH PARK STREET

W. J. KEEN & SON, Confectioners

Wholesale and Retail

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

PHONE 5187R

To the Men of the 67th Battalion

You mean to have your photograph taken before you leave for the front.

COME IN THIS MONTH and we will give you our \$10.00 panels for \$5.00 per dozen.

"GIBSON PHOTOS"

WILFRED GIBSON, LTD.

CENTRAL BLDG. VIEW ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

We have had Scout lectures of all kinds, in all kinds of places, but the strangest of all was a lecture on Scouting to rag-time accompaniment. We got to the lecture room first, but Prof. L. Turner and his band came up to the anteroom of the Officers' Mess and played the most syncopating of syncopated music. We had "Bridges" to "Merry Widow Rag"; "Road Reports" to "Mississippi Rag," and finished up in a blaze of glory with "Explosives" to "The Chicken Reel."

We notice that the men detailed to us from No. 1 Company must have been making good use of their time during their incarceration, practising semaphore.

BATTALION APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

February 19th to February 26th, 1916

Officer's Resignation: Lieut. Charles Gordon Duncan, resigned 21st February, 1916.

To be Company-Sergeant-Major, "Provisionally": No. 102252, Sergt. A. J. Mirams, No. 4 Co., 22nd February.

Lieut. Montgomery to command Base Co., 23rd February, 1916.

No. 102001, Orderly Room Q.M.S. Nicholls to be Orderly Room Sergeant-Major, 24th February, 1916.

No. 102205, Acting C.S.M. J. B. Watson, No. 3 Co., to be C.S.M., "Provisionally," from 6th December, 1915.

No. 102185, Cpl. C. H. McMillan, No. 3 Co., to be Lance-Sergt., "Provisionally," 24th February, 1916.

No. 102897, Act.-Cpl. W. Cunningham, No. 3 Co., to be Corporal, "Provisionally," 24th February, 1916.

No. 102488, Lance-Cpl. R. L. Condy, No. 1 Co., to be Acting Sergeant whilst employed on business staff of "Western Scot," 24th February, 1916.

No. 103409, Pte. A. Peacock, No. 2 Co., to be Sergeant, "Provisionally," 25th February, 1916.

Following officers approved "Provisionally" by Headquarters, Ottawa: Lieut. B. McDiarmid, 2:9:15; Lieut. R. A. Blyth, 9:2:16; Lieut. H. S. Thain, 9:2:16; Lieut. A. M. Hall, 9:2:16.

MONEY TRANSFER

The Union Bank, which has done so much for this Battalion, inform us that they will undertake to transfer money to the Old Country, at low rates, for any member of the Battalion. The Bank has branches in London, England, and will have the money waiting there. The depositor will be notified by the London branch, the advice being sent to whatever camp we are sent to.

MACHINE GUN PATTERN

Since this Section have come in for fatigue work we find that in Pte. W. Parry we have a first class cook. The only thing now is to get our own mess.

The route march down town to have our photo taken was a success in every detail. One could not help noticing the Orderly Room staff. They certainly looked well with the new brown harness they were in.

Pte. Fuller, Physical Culture Instructor to the Section, has an apt pupil in Pte. Flynn. We get the same drills with various variations intermixed.

We were busy at battalion drill again, but were not as a separate platoon, worse luck.

Eating with the Base Company is all right, but drilling in the same platoon is a different item. For any future drills we humbly beseech the powers to have mercy upon us, and we shall be duly grateful.

Pte. Thornby has his own ideas with regard to a route march. He seems to think if we all had a horse to ride and a Chinese batman things would be a lot easier for the rank and file. (Why not have jitneys?)

The boys in the bell tents would like to know when they are to move into the other large tent. The reason they want to move is mainly owing to it being so easy for the Orderly Sergeant to call the roll at night. If the sergeant can count ten feet protruding from beneath the tent he knows there are five men in bed.

With regard to the challenge from No. 3 Company to take on the Section at a jam eating contest, we are sorry to say we cannot accept same owing to most of us suffering from colds and sore throats. We hereby challenge any sergeant in No. 3 to a cigar smoking contest. Our champion for the lists is Sergt. A. J. Mells. Any kind of cigars allowed.

The boys who were able to attend the dance reported on the good time they had—music excellent, and all kinds of "pep" to the punch.

We have no member in this Section by the name of Pte. Mitchell. Try the Scouts or Signallers.

A LETTER, AN APPRECIATION AND A MORAL

In the Victoria Evening Times of February 15th there appeared a letter from the Rev. J. G. Inkster, the popular pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in which, among other things, he says: "As one of our local regiments is probably soon to leave for the front, I thought I should say a word about the habits of our soldiers as I have seen them and as they have impressed themselves on me. . . . I live out the Willows way and so during the last dismal days I have had to take the Willows car going home at night, somewhere between 9 and 11 p.m. Usually at that time the cars are crowded with soldiers. Time and time again I have stood or sat silently looking at these men, sometimes saying a short prayer on their behalf and my own, and at the same time admiring two things: First, the fine appearance of these men. Physically they are a lot of magnificent looking men, and this is specially true of the Western Scots. And, second, they are a lot of sober men so far as I have seen them during these last weeks . . . while their good nature and behaviour have been a constant source of admiration."

This letter, coming particularly from a man of Mr. Inkster's ability and standing in the community, is a source of pride and pleasure to the soldiers in general and the Western Scots in particular, and we appreciate very much the kind things he says of us.

At the same time, does not a letter such as this give us something to think about and teach us a lesson that we can take to heart? We all know that any man in uniform is far more conspicuous than the citizen in mufti, and our personal conduct is observed and commented on by citizens of all classes. Let us then, particularly in these, our last few days in Victoria for some time to come, remembering that last impressions count most of all, see to it that any comment we cause shall be of admiration and not of censure.

The departure of some of the overseas battalions has been marred by unfortunate incidents. Let each individual member of this Battalion realize that he is responsible by his own conduct for the reputation of the whole Battalion. When we do at last march down to the boat that starts us to the most serious work of our lives—and for some of us the last work—let us leave behind in Victoria a permanent and lasting impression of a battalion united, sober, self-reliant and ready.

REMEMBER THE BOYS

We have received the following poem from Mrs. Rose, who informs us she has two sons on active service to whom she mails a copy of the "Scot" each week. We also thank her for the good wishes contained in the letter.

Dear girls, don't idle your time away,
With pleasant book or frivolous play,
When your mind and hands should be busy each day,
Doing something to help the brave boys far away.

Just think of the suffering the wounded boy knows
As the hard-working nurses cut off his wet clothes.
From your soft, warm clothing he some comfort may gain
As he lies sick and helpless and moaning with pain.

If to father, or brother, or lover, you can send
All the comforts they need, they may have a friend
Who has no one. Then squeeze in an extra shirt,
And make two boys comfy—when they have washed off the dirt.

If your eyes feel tired and your back has a pain,
Think of boys in the trenches, who never complain;
And work all the faster to supply them with socks,
While they wait for the Germans, and knock off their blocks.

Then girls, get busy, and do all you can,
Remember you are working for a man that's a man.
And when victory's won—like the boys that get hit,
You will feel all the better for doing your bit.

—B. R., Victoria.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are in receipt of a snap-shot of the Pipe Band from Mrs. Mowat, who has shown us many kindnesses in the past. We regret that the photo is too light for reproduction in the "Scot."

REGIMENTAL PHOTO ALBUM

In the Orderly Room notes in the "Western Scot" there appeared recently a request for contributions to the Regimental Photo Album. There are probably many in the Battalion, who, while reading carefully the notes relating to their own Companies or Sections, do not pay more than cursory attention to those of other parts of the Battalion. This may have escaped the attention it deserves.

The Regimental Photo Album serves two purposes, or would do so with the co-operation of the men of the Battalion. Firstly, it should be a complete photographic album of every member of the 67th, and secondly, it should have photographic records of all doings of interest to, or connected with the Battalion.

It is very obvious that the first purpose can only be realized by the united assistance of every individual member. No one is asked to give a "Savannah" signed proof—though, if you have one to spare, so much the better—but surely every man has at least a small snapshot of himself, and this will be just as welcome as the other. It should not only be the duty of every man to hand in a photo of himself, but it should be considered by him just as much a personal honor to have his photograph in the Battalion album as he considers it to be an honor to belong to the Battalion.

The second purpose of the album, while not so entirely dependent on individuals, can similarly only be complete with every individual's help. Many men of this Battalion have cameras, and all of these must have a certain number of photos of interest to the Battalion. Anything in this line is acceptable—views of the camp, scenes of places visited by the Battalion, groups of men or sections of the Battalion—in fact every picture that relates in any way to the doings of the 67th will be gladly received.

Let us appeal to the men of the 67th to aid in making this photographic record as complete as possible. All photos or pictures should be handed in to Orderly Room Sergeant-Major Nicholls, at the Battalion Orderly Room, at any time. A number of pictures have been handed in and all have been placed in the Album, but the photographs are conspicuous mostly by their absence.

As we are leaving so soon, we hope you will give us a response at once.

HOW TO REACH US BY MAIL

It will be well for all ranks of the Scots to take note now of the proper method of addressing letters to Canadian soldiers in England or at the front. By instructing friends who will be writing to you how to superscribe their missives correctly, you and they will be saved disappointment in the days to come.

After the Scots leave Victoria and until such time as they are settled in a new camp, letters should be sent to the Army Post Office, London, England. Later this may be changed for the address of the camp where the Battalion is stationed.

Should the Battalion go to France, the address becomes "Army Post Office, London, England," once more.

The official instructions are as follows:

- (a) Regimental Number
- (b) Rank
- (c) Name
- (d) Squadron, Battery or Company
- (e) Battalion, Regiment (or other unit), Staff appointment or Department
- (f) Canadian Contingent
- (g) British Expeditionary Force
- (h) Army Post Office, London, England

Unnecessary mention of higher formations, such as brigades, divisions, is strictly forbidden, and causes delay.

67TH MILITARY BAND

"The shorter the time the more the work," is a true saying, and the past week has been the busiest time experienced in the history of our band. Tuesday was the day (and night) of the Military Ball, which kept us busy well into Wednesday morning. Wednesday we opened the Pipers' concert, which by the way, was another big success. Thursday, all-day route march, Thursday evening, concert in Y.M.C.A. building. Friday, moving day and attendance at boxing tournament in the Horse Show Building. Saturday is not yet over, but we take pride in stating this is a record for the whole of the military bands in B.C.

FOR TRAIN AND BOAT

take along a Mouth Organ, a Flute, or some other small instrument to help while away the tedium. Other Battalions have Mouth Organ Bands; why not the 67th?

EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE

FLETCHER BROS. WESTERN CANADA'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE

1121 Government St. and 607 View St. Phone 885
(New Spencer Block)

TAKE GOOD BOOTS

Have a pair you can depend on, a pair that combines style with absolute comfort. We have a fresh, new complete line of the famous **SLATER MILITARY SHOES**

— ALL PRICED REASONABLY —

The BOOTERY NEW SPENCER BLOCK

GOVERNMENT ST., NEAR CORNER OF FORT

GIVE A 67th SIGNET RING

to your friend who stays behind. Made of Solid Gold, with Maple Leaves on sides and "67th" in centre. Suitable for either sex. Only \$5.00

LAST MINUTE NEEDS

- Wrist Watches, \$6.75 to \$25.00
- Fountain Pens, \$3.00 up
- Luminous Dial Silver Wrist Watches, \$10.50
- Overseas Button Locketts, Tunic, 40c.; Greatcoat, 50c.
- Above Supplied with Chain, \$1.40 and \$1.50: or with Safety Pin, 50c. and 75c.

W. H. WILKERSON, Jeweler

1113, GOVERNMENT STREET (NEW SPENCER BLOCK)

BOYS

READ, MARK, LEARN, and inwardly Digest it, that when you eat at the

JOHN BULL LUNCH ROOM

you are patronizing British only

POPULAR PRICES

WILLOWS CAMP - - - **Main Gate**

BIG HORN BRAND UNION MADE

AHEAD OF ALL

Shirts Overalls Tents Mackinaws

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING STORES

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

TURNER, BEETON & COMPANY, LIMITED

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS

ESTABLISHED 1862 VICTORIA, B. C. INCORPORATED 1902

Another record which we think will take some beating, took place on Friday morning. News travels fast at the Willows, and about 9 a.m. in the aforesaid morning whispers were heard in the band room that we were about to move. Less than 10 minutes had elapsed before footsteps were heard mounting the steps, and in rushed the Corporal, Band Sergeant and Bandmaster, in order named. Pick up your stands, instruments, beds, blankets, music and all you possess, and be out of here in ten minutes. To quote the papers, "Great excitement prevailed," and the happenings of the next ten minutes would fill a book. The drummer with his drum, Lee-Cpl. Galloway with his Helican bass, both trying to get down the stairs at once was a sight worth seeing. Our official travelling box was brought into use, piled high with music and miscellaneous articles only to be found (and not to be found when wanted), in a band room. Music we wanted buried under a pile of material we do not want, etc. Nevertheless, we did the trick, and in 25 minutes from the whistle we were all comfortably settled (more or less), in our new quarters situate between Nos. 1 and 2 building. We are satisfied now that if we get half an hour's notice to leave Victoria we can pack up and be on the boat in exactly 25 minutes.

At last the Military Ball has been pulled off and the amount of praise that we have received has almost decided us to give another. Self praise is no recommendation, but we know the dance was a great success from start to finish. Our own orchestra under Bandmaster Turner and Sergt. Gaiger, was praised by everyone, and the supper, the chicken salad, the claret cup, etc.—did you ever see the beat of it?

In our next week's article we intend to give a more full account, but we cannot close without thanking the orchestra (who played free), and all members of the band for the assistance they gave right through the three weeks the dance was on and off, and without which assistance the dance would never have been the success it was.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

The concert has been, or, as Julius Caesar might say, "fuit."

It was an unlimited success in every way, and reflects great credit, not only on the Pipe Band, but on the entire Battalion.

The physical drill was excellent, and evoked the following remark from an old Gordon Highlander: "Ha! First Battalion Stuff!"

The encouragement afforded us by the citizens of Victoria is very gratifying, and not the least of our supporters and friends are the band and others of the 50th Regiment.

Conspicuous for his unfailing help is Major P. Riddell, who contrived to lend us drums in the days when we were hard up for such things.

As pipers and drummers, one and all, we take this opportunity of bidding a sincerely hearty and kind farewell to all our friends in the 50th, and while we live we shall retain kind memories of such faces as Charlie Coutts, Sandy Wallace, and many others.

While we mention this, it may be well to prevent any misunderstanding which could arise from the Pipe Major's letter to the "Times" in answer to "One Who Knows." This letter was meant to hit hard, sure enough, but never was, or could be, intended to hit those civilian pipers who have always been our friends, and in the event of anyone trying to throw mud on us after we go, we can trust our civilian piper friends to say and do all that is necessary by way of stopping such cowardly behaviour.

The Military Ball was quite a success, too, particularly for Piper Duncan Campbell, who managed to steal five kisses while dancing along one side of the hall. He is a regular amorous brigand, and we envy his gall.

Sergeant-Drummer Sims did not get a bouquet at the concert, in spite of the fancy work he did with the sticks, but don't ever think he lost anything. We saw wreaths and wreaths of admiring, pink smiles showered on him as he sat in bliss in Tighe & Wheeler's the same night.

The other day we had a visit from Captain Ian St. Clair, one of our many friends. He had much to say about piping, and many stories to tell about pipers. His most emphatic remark was to the effect that he never knew a drunken piper.

Old Jamie Wallace once told us that. Now we have corroborative evidence, and as we never have any drunkenness among our own pipers the fact is definitely established and settled forever, and we shall never be seen drinking beer in the Old Country.

Many a time we have wondered whether many besides the Pipe Band know who was seen down town one night warming his hands at a lamp post, under the impression that it was a stove pipe.

Our particular thanks and appreciation go out to the Misses Shearer and Miss Agnes Wallace for their charming contributions to Wednesday night's programme.

Thursday's route march did not fizzle on the baun, and every piper and drummer returned to camp in fine shape, feeling his oats. We can take just as long a hike as the rest of the Battalion, and play for them, too.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE

On October 16th, 1895, Billie Wrinkle had tramped many miles looking for a stray shot at a deer. Towards evening, being very tired, he returned to his little log cabin near Sooke. After having supper he turned into his bunk in very low spirits and was soon fast asleep.

October 16th, 1915: A party of visitors to the Sooke water-works had been caught in a shower of rain. Looking around for a shelter they found a small cabin in a clump of trees which had hitherto been unnoticed. Within they found a rusty old stove in which they made a fire. By the time they had finished their lunch and were thoroughly warmed, the storm had cleared off; so they set out for the city, leaving behind them the remains of their lunch and a recent copy of the Daily Booster.

It may have been the warmth from the fire or the odour of the flasks that woke Billie—anyway he thought he heard voices; but as his limbs felt very stiff it took him a long time to move and his visitors had gone before he could get out of his cramped bunk.

To be sure things did look a little altered, but as he was very hungry he ate what food he saw without question. When his glance happened to light on the paper, he saw such headings in large type as "Terrible slaughter"—"Humph," he mused. "Another boot and shoe sale." Further on he read, "This rich and wonderful country, with its vast resources of mineral wealth, fisheries, timber and agriculture, is on the eve of a great future." "Yes," he said, with a grin, "every politician has made the same remark since I can remember." Turning over a page he read: "Since Ammundson and the unfortunate hero, Captain Scott, visited the South Pole and since Peary discovered the North Pole." Here he stopped and said to himself: "A serial of Jules Verne's, I'll bet; strange I've never read that one!"

He opened the doors and looked out; the leaves were falling as they will in Autumn. But what was that coming down the hill! Good heavens! what a noise! like a steamboat! and what a speed—not one but two, three of them going like so many mill tails! Billie leaned against the doorpost.

"It's that bottle I got from Dutchie," he said, "and he told me it was the genuine H. B. proof. I'll get even with him—I've been feeling sort of queer since I woke up."

Just then he saw a young man coming along the road and hailed him as Jim Smith.

"That's my name," said the young fellow—"but who are you?"

"Don't you know me, Jim? I'm Billie Wrinkle. Don't act the fool, please."

"I never saw you before in my life," said Jim, "but if you want a lift into town, just jump into my motor on the road there—I'm in a hurry."

Before Wrinkle realized what had happened he was being whisked to town at what seemed to him a prodigious speed (although the machine was only a Ford and they were passed by several motors going in the same direction).

Stopping at the Empress Hotel, Jim ushered his strange and bewildered guest into a large hall and thence into an elevator, which conducted them to his apartments. He went to the telephone and ordered some refreshments, which so far revived Billie from his stupor that at last he found his tongue and said:

"Say! Is this London, Paris, or a nightmare?"

"My father," said Jim, "after whom I am named, once told me that he had a friend called Billie Wrinkle, who disappeared in a very strange way many years ago and I have concluded that you must be his old pal. Let me show you what has happened since you have been away. This large hotel stands on what was once a part of the harbour. Looking through the window, you can see the Post Office and Customs Houses, as well as the magnificent Parliament Buildings. No; those ships are not ocean liners. They are ferry boats that run to Vancouver and Seattle. Those wires on the masts? Oh, those are for sending and receiving

messages while at sea. All ships carry them and wireless messages are flashed all over the world. You notice few horses on the streets; most of the traffic goes by automobile. Great advances have been made in locomotion. Ocean-going vessels and trains travel at a much greater speed, and it is possible to go round the world in a month. They fly in the air in machines designed to carry passengers, but they usually carry bombs just now to drop on the people below."

"You don't mean to tell me they want to kill people with all these great inventions!" exclaimed Wrinkle.

"You don't know that Germany has declared war on civilization and that Europe is one huge battlefield?"

This shocked Billie so violently that he almost collapsed.

"I must have been asleep," he said; "what are we doing in Canada?"

"Sending men to the front by thousands," said Jim.

"And the United States?" asked Wrinkle.

"Neutral," answered Jim. Wrinkle collapsed.

Next morning he had his whiskers cut and joined the "Western Scots."

—ERNEST ABLETT, Prelim. C., in "The Camosun."

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

That was some parade to town, boys, to get our photos "took"—and some photo, too. A certain haze on the left of the front line is blamed as being the reflection of the sun from Pte. Cope's nose, which is of the orange variety. No! we can't blame the sergeant, as his Glengarry was on all the time.

We have now got the transport boxes finished and part of the Q.M. Store staff breathe a sigh of relief at getting rid of "them sarcastic guys," meaning us, the chosen ones, otherwise known as the Pioneers.

The Pipe-Major is sure a "rustler." He went out broke the other day to boost the concert and received a generous donation, from a well-wisher in town, for the new bagpipes, also, when he explained his financial standing, a dollar for car fares. Free rides were in operation by this time, but by the time he had explained to a few friends at a down-town bar "how he did it," he again got broke. Bill remarks with a sigh: "Licht-come licht-gaen."

The joke was on Sergt.-Cook McMaster this week when some joker put "Mac's" name down on the phone call board with a certain number after it. Visions of a "date" with some fair lady were quickly dispelled when on calling up he found it was the Police Station. Call again, Mac; better luck next time.

After a few lessons in knotting, splicing and lashing, Pte. Pritchard can now put on his puttees, starting with a running bowline and finishing with a clove hitch. Some "knotty" problem, Sid. old boy.

Before Pte. Shearman came to the Pioneers he was on guard one night. Next day, on being asked what he thought of a certain officer, he said: "Oh, 'e's a changeable kind o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im: 'Oo goes there?' an' he says 'Friend'; an' today 'e 'ardly knows me."

Our Route March

On Thursday last we went away
By Cedar Hill Road to Cordova Bay,
The going was sometimes pretty rough,
But we stood it all right—that's why we are "tough."

When we got behind Mt. Douglas,
The snow still lay, but it didn't trouble us.
Old "Charlie" Sim, of Pipe Band fame,
Kept drumming away, too, just the same.

One mounted officer said, with a smile,
"Keep on going, boys, only one more half mile."
Pat seemed worried; at the horse took a look,
Said, "Excuse me, sir; how far is it on foot?"

Unlike Mother Hubbard, when we got there,
We had lots to eat and some to share;
Even Pearson confessed that he had enough;
Good work, Sgt.-Cook, you are there with the stuff.

Soon back to the Willows Camp we came,
Tired, perhaps, but still we were game.
Of our doings then we could say quite a lot,
But we will leave some more for next week's "Scot."

—"HAMISH."

PANTAGES THEATRE

GOVERNMENT STREET

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE--3 PERFORMANCES DAILY

PROGRAMME

Week Commencing Monday Matinee, February 28th, 1916

March, "Light Cavalry" (Poet and Peasant)
Picture Music "Mam'selle Napoleon"
Exit "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall"

PANTAGESCOPE

BURNS AND KISSEN—Songs and Comicalities

ATHENA—Oriental Dancer Direct from Europe

WILL J. WARD—With his FIVE PIANO GIRLS, in **A Musical Bouquet**,
with a notable cast

Jeanett Leavitt, Kitty Leavitt, Jappie Judd, Francis Holcombe,
Florence Franklin

Musical Programme

1—Norway Mr. Ward and Girls
2—Piano Medley Five Pianos
3—Orange Blossom Time in Loveland Mr. Ward and Miss Leavitt
4—Piano Solo (Classic) Miss Jappie Judd
5—When You're in Love with Someone .. Misses Leavitt and Holcombe
6—Little Grey Mother Mr. WARD
7—Daughter of Mother Machree Mr. WARD
8—Are You From Dixie? (Finale) Mr. Ward and Girls

MISS MAIDIE DELONG—English Character Comedienne
Presenting Her Original Character Studies

1—"The 1916 Girl"—Miss De Long as she really is.

2—"The Office Boy"—The Baseball Bug.

3—"A Swedish Slavey"—All the way from Minnesota.

Mr. George Choos presents **WM. BRANDELL & CO.** in "The Bachelor's
Sweetheart," a Musical Comedy by Darl MacBoyle

The Cast

Daisy Brown, a young soubrette Bell Little
Jack Young, her friend Eddie Sedan

Friends of Daisy

Hattie Hattie Hart Lee Lee Culhane
May May Hart Bobby Bobby Gerald
Dot Dot Culhane Honey Honey Weichman
William Brandell Baron von Chestnut
The act takes place in the apartments of the Baron

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

Irving Cooper presents **THE BOARDING SCHOOL GIRLS**
A Musical Farce with Miss Tommy Allen

NORTON & EARL—In Song Sketches with Dance Trimmings

AL. FIELDS & CO.—In "The Misery of a Hansom Cab"

REED & WOOD—American Basso and the Queen of Pianists

COOK & ROTHERT—A Comedy Acrobatic and Dancing Novelty

ANITA HEYMANN—Soloist

PANTAGESCOPE

MATINEE AT 3.00 P. M.

EVENING AT 7.15 AND 9.00

STRETCHER BEARERS' SECTION

No. 3 Company is not the only body that contains Cariboo men. Recently Ed. Graham joined the stretcher-bearers, and we welcome him to our ranks.

Patients and hospital staff are grateful for the gift of magazines from Capt. Bullen.

Sergt. Dooley and Pte. Wilson were kept busy last Friday evening. Valuable assistance in determining just what kind of injuries were sustained was given by a certain member of the Battalion, who, upon examining Pte. Wallach's wrist, pronounced the "Radial" broken. We saw a twinkle in Sgt. Dooley's eye.

So highly amused was a certain member of our section when Castor Oil was administered to twenty men in succession, that we have fears for every other patient who chances to come in while he is orderly.

Poor old Pete, for him there seems no abiding place!

We wonder why the sergeants have suddenly developed a passion for the hospital?

The sergeant cook of the hospital was instructed to wear the red cross. At first he seemed reluctant, but soon changed his mind, "put up" the cross, bought a roll of films, and stood very conspicuously in each of the pictures. Sergeant, we are proud of you for being proud of our badge.

We have found our football and are now willing to accept games with any of the staff sections of the Battalion.

Wallace of course is sick, but we are all becoming very anxious about Brother Rashleigh.

Now that the Major is about to leave us it is said that the cook will have an easier time. There are different opinions, however, and some say that Pte. Dick Wilson, now convalescent, will help to keep the cook as busy as ever.

Paddy, the Battalion Airedale, sometimes visits the hospital. He was having all kinds of fun with a stone outside the tent the other day, and the man who was rolling the stone in order that Paddy might show off, thought he had at last won his way to the wise dog's heart. But just then the pipe band started up somewhere on the grounds, and Paddy was off like a shot.

No, Sandy, your beloved old town cannot keep you away from us, and we are glad of it.

HASH

(Overheard in the Cook House)

Cook: "Good morning, Jock; have you been to Pantages this week?"

Jock: "No! What are they boughing about noo?"

Cook: "They have a canary there that will sing any song you like after it is played on the fiddle."

Jock: "Ah, haud yer tongue, mon; that's naething. We have a Nanny goat et hame that can blaw a tune on the bag-pipes."

Cook: "That Nanny must be Scotch, Jock."

Jock: "I'm braw and share it's naething else, ma mon."

Cook: "I say, Jock, and what can it play?"

Jock: "Its auld favorite is:

'Wha saw the 67th, Wha saw them gaun awa',

Wha saw the 67th, marching ower the Brimalaw.'

Just then the B.O.S. appeared on the horizon and announced the Orderly Officer, and all was quiet on the face of the deep.

Sherlock Holmes, please note:

Mulligan Mansion has a mystery to solve—"The Mystery of the Hanson Cab."

Ask Cpl. Turner—he played the heavy part.

Al can't make out why he has to pack a comb and hair brush when all he uses is a towel.

Cpl. Chapman has started a lawsuit against the Municipality of Oak Bay for leaving nails sticking up in the sidewalks, he having lost the seat of his trousers when out walking one evening.

McLaughlin, of the famous Scotch Brigade, has lost his voice "giving orders": "Fill 'em up again."

Walter, the famous writer, has ceased to write. I guess he don't give A-dam.

Dick has returned to the fold. He ought to be on the soccer team. There is not one in the Battalion that can beat him at kicking.

Did Albert go back on a pal? I should say not. His pal got married all right. Albert, it's up to you.

Why no recognition in the photo gallery of the Western Scots? Are we not the backbone of the Battalion?

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued)

The monotony of army life in a region such as South Africa has to be relieved in some way. Newspapers and current literature were so rare as to make the delayed arrival of mail quite an event. Under circumstances such as these we all used to gamble more or less. The practice was tolerated by our officers because they knew the circumstances, and refused to see anything that might increase the tension under which the men were suffering. It's curious how little value is attached to money when you have no way of spending it; the sense of value is lost and men would bet a handful of sovereigns when in ordinary life it would be a shilling, that is if they gambled at all. There is not many British Columbians who are not familiar with the mysteries of draw, stud and black jack, but for reckless gambling you should have seen us years ago. I have seen a man pay £50 for the use of a crown and anchor board for one day; a piece of oilcloth worth about two shillings. I have seen Jim McCutcheon, one of our men, going around with a nosebag half full of sovereigns, picking out the 3d. and 6d. pieces and throwing them to the Kaffirs in order to keep up the standard of the game. The way the money used to circulate was peculiar; one day one man would have most of it, the next week it would be scattered all over the camp again. The only time I was on the peg out there was caused by a little session of draw. A bunch of us had been

sent down to a farm house to get some galvanized iron from the roof of the house. Two or three of us were busy prying it off when one of the fellows shouted, "Look what we have found here, boys," and looking down we saw that the attic was crammed with junk of every description.

We jumped down and found a curious thing; covered up with a lot of household goods were two coffins, cloth covered, all complete even to the handles. I found out afterwards that this was quite a usual precaution with better-class Boers, especially if they had elderly people in the family. Doctors, coroners, etc., were at a premium out there, except in the villages. They usually had a small cemetery of their own on some part of the farm. We dumped the two coffins into the room below and, after tearing off enough iron, came down ourselves. Just then Montgomery, the troop cook, showed up with a deck in his pocket, and he figured out that a little game with the two coffins for a table ought to change our luck if anything would. We were just in the middle of a good jack pot when Captain Bennett stuck his head inside the door. Of course everybody started to laugh and that settled it. He pegged us for neglect of duty, and next morning fined us two pounds apiece. Jim McCutcheon had the nosebag, and he said, "Do you want it now, Captain?" "Oh, no, McCutcheon; it will be deducted from your pay in the ordinary way." "Well, you might as well have it now," said Jim, and dumped the nosebag on the box which served as the orderly room table. The Captain took a look inside the nosebag and nearly had a fit. Then we went outside and played a game of freeze out for two pounds apiece, just to show our independence.

Jim McCutcheon was a peculiar character and an inveterate gambler, as was also his side-kicker, Frank "Tapeworm" Reid. I have to laugh sometimes when I think of some of the stunts those two outlaws used to pull off. At our headquarters in Potchefstroom we had a remount depot; it was handled by the Division Veterinary Officer and staff, and was attached to the depot troop for rations. The N.C.O. in charge of the remounts was Cpl. Charlie McLean, a Kamloops half-breed, a good man with stock, as was also his brother Alf.

McLean and I were sitting on a bale of hay in the horse lines one day when along came Tape and Jim. We could see that something was up, and Charlie said, "What's eating you, Jim?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Jim, taking a chew off his plug, "except that I've just figgered out that me and Tape don't know nothing about poker; nothing at all. We're the two easiest propositions that ever hiked along the Cariboo trail."

"Where did it happen?" says Charlie.

"Over in the depot troop," Jim replied as he sat down. "Tape and I were rambling around and we bumped into a little game with a bunch of Englishmen, and, Charlie, they skinned us so gol darn clean I feel ashamed of myself. Yes, sir! Tape, too. They got his watch over there in hock for five quid. Laugh, darn you, who would ever think that a lot of jaspers like those Englishmen could throw the harpoon into this firm."

We had our laugh out, and then Tape said, "Charlie, how is chances to borrow that light four-mule trolley from you this afternoon? Jim and I are bust and we've got to get ante money somewhere. We got a little job of work on the side this p.m., and we sure could use those mules."

"Well, Tape," said the Corporal, "I'm not going to tell you to take them, and I'm not going to tell you not to take them, but if I see those mules in the lines about seven o'clock I guess it will be all O.K."

I forgot all about the firm and the mules until I heard the sequel a few days later. The S. A. C. canteen was located in the town, about two miles from headquarters. It was managed by Dickenson & Co., the Portsmouth army contractors. The Constabulary were not allowed the privileges of the Imperial Field Force canteen owing to some monkey business of General Baden-Powell's. At the back of our canteen or store were great quantities of spoiled tinned stuffs—fruit, meat, fish, etc.—a good deal of it in the original cases. You heard Sergt. Brogan lecture on ptomaine poison? Well, there was enough ptomaine in that bunch of stuff to kill off the whole British Army.

Tape Reid's little job of work this p.m. was this: he and McCutcheon hitched up the mules, trotted down to the canteen and loaded up with a lot of this stuff, covered it up with a tarpaulin and hiked for the Kaffir location ("native town"), located about a mile outside the town proper. It had a population of two or three thousand, and money was plentiful among them. Tape was the salesman and they peddled the lot for a shilling a tin. They sold out in no time and beat it back to camp in a hurry. They tell me the doctors, both civil and military, had the busiest time in their careers. Happily, there were no casualties, but a strenuous effort was made by the authorities to discover the miscreants. McLean and I were the only ones who had

a suspicion, which was strengthened next day when Tape and Jim appeared minus their moustaches.

While I am on this subject, I might as well give you another little incident, although I don't want to go on record as advocating indiscriminate gambling. It was only owing to peculiar circumstances that it was allowed at all. During our stay at Hout Kop our fort was in signalling touch with Johannesburg and Pretoria, relayed, of course. We had no signallers of our own, and two men of the Manchester Regiment were attached to us until such time as we could educate our own. They were located in a flat-roofed block-house about a mile east of the main fort, the helio and lamp outfit having possession of the roof, while a corporal and squad of men garrisoned the block-house.

There was no duty except the guard routine, and the poker layout went on night and day. The two Tommies took turns by week on night and day shift. One night in the middle of a game one of the boys had an inspiration. He said, "What is the use of me doing my guard and breaking up the game? I'll hire the signaller."

And thus it started, and soon became a regular institution. The signallers charged 2s. 6d. before twelve o'clock and 4s. after twelve. Both were rapidly getting rich. The younger one came to me one day and announced that he was going into town to put his money in the bank. I said, "Good idea; how much have you got?"

"Just £22 5s.," he replied; "I'm going to buy a pub. when I get home."

Next morning he dressed up and went down to the main camp, but soon came back again. For some reason the transport corporal had postponed his weekly trip. When Henry got back he found a black jack game in full blast just outside the block-house door.

"I know this game," says Henry. "It's the same as 'pon-toon'" (Tommies' version of vingt et un).

Ginger McGinnis, who was dealing, warned him to keep out. He said, "Henry, if you stick your nose in this game, it's good-bye the pub." An hour or so later Henry was bust. That night he raised the price of guards to 5s., take it or leave it.

H. M. CAMPBELL,
No. 1 Co.

SHELLS DE LUXE

Writing home an artillery officer says:—

"Most shells are unpleasant, but the 17-inch stands out by himself. He's the only one which would make you duck your head a mile away. If you are anywhere near the line of fire it appears to be going to hit you straight between the eyes. It always sounded to be coming straight at us, and one morning, while I was washing, and had my ears full of soap, I had jumped into a dug-out before I realized that it was three-quarters of a mile away. It was not harmless though; its next effort put a splinter, so hot that you couldn't hold it, within five yards of me while I was shaving. That splinter had traveled some. One shell ordinarily demolishes two small houses; it is not very noisy, the effect being more like a mine."

ATHLETICS

(By Capt. S. H. Okell)

Well, the long-promised boxing bouts are a thing of the past, and do you know, honestly, it was a good show. Who said so? We did.

There were in all twenty-five entries, ranging from the 115-lb. class to the 158-lb. class, many of the contestants displaying a very high standard of the boxing art, while some bouts, if not so very scientific, still the men were willing and that means a lot. When all is said and done, the idea in this Battalion is to have as many men as possible take part in manly games, not to strive to attain a certain proficiency among a few.

The wrestling bouts were also most interesting, the exhibition between Pte. Wallace, of the "Western Scots," and Pte. Getenburg, of the 88th, being one of the features of the evening until Pte. Wallace sustained a dislocated wrist, a most regrettable accident. Still it was quite unintentional and as Wallace says is all in the game.

The "chosen few," under Sergt. Haines, went through their musical drill exercises to the tune of the pipes in faultless style, and added considerably to the success of the evening.

The much looked-for tug-of-war with the 103rd Battalion did not take place, as for some unaccountable reason the latter did not show up.

Both the bands of the Battalion were much in evidence, dispensing music at every favorable opportunity.



**20% DISCOUNT
TO EVERY SOLDIER**
ON ALL OF OUR
STATIONERY LINES

617-619
VIEW ST.
NEW
SPENCER BLOCK

Macey
OFFICE EQUIPMENT CO.
LIMITED

HUDSON'S BAY CO. IMPERIAL MIXTURE

A TOBACCO THAT PLEASES EVERYBODY

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

TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' SUNDRIES

Standard Steam Laundry LIMITED

WE CATER TO THE SOLDIERS' TRADE

Our Wagons Call at the Camp Every Morning.

WORK GUARANTEED

PHONE 1017 WORKS, 841 VIEW ST.

P. M. LINKLATER Military Tailor

1114 BROAD ST. VICTORIA, B. C.

OPPOSITE SPENCERS

LAUNDRY ONLY 35c. AND MENDING FREE

- † Home Washing—Thorough, Sanitary, Satisfactory.
- † Six Pieces only 35c.
- † Mending Done Free.
- † Send Your Laundry Here This Week.

THE MILITARY LAUNDRY OFFICE OPPOSITE
ARENA RINK

As stated above, the affair was a huge success. We admit it. We don't deny it.

The complete results of the boxing bouts are as follows:

Boxing				
Class.	Entry.	Co.	Semi-Final.	Final.
115 lbs.	Pte. Porter	1	} Pte. Porter	} Pte. Porter
	" Cavanagh	4		
	" Will	4		
	" Pinfold	3		
125 lbs.	Pte. Bradley	2	} Pte. Forrest	} Pte. Forrest
	" Forrest	4		
	" Atchison	2		
	" Scott	2		
135 lbs.	Pte. Parsons	3	} Pte. Parsons	} Pte. Parsons*
	" McGregor	3		
145 lbs.	Sgt. Fenton	3	} Sgt. Fenton	} Sgt. Fenton
	Pte. Wallace	2		
	Lce.-Cpl. Fawcett †	†		
	Pte. McGillivray	1		
158 lbs.	Sgt. Gammond	1	} Sgt. Gammond	} Sgt. Gammond
	Cpl. Cothran	4		

Wrestling				
Class.	Entry.	Co.	Semi-Final.	Final.
140 lbs.	Pte. Chapman	3	} Pte. Harrison	} Pte. Williams
	" Harrison	3		
	" Williams	1		
	" Johnston	3		

*Parsons won by default, McGregor failing to make an appearance.
†Staff.

Referee for both boxing and wrestling, W. H. Davies.
Timekeeper, Mr. W. H. Wilkerson.

Soccer

Last Saturday saw the city cup tie series renewed, when the "Western Scots" played the 103rd Battalion on the Willows oval. Neither teams showed very much class; still, considering the late weather conditions, preventing any practice, it was not a bad game of soccer. We had the game pretty well in hand throughout, emerging victors in a 3 to 1 score, Sherman netting all our goals. Lt.-Col. Henniker, of the 103rd, kicked off the ball, while Sergt. Allen acted as referee.

Our team was as follows: Pte. Dakers, Pte. Ord, Cpl. Christian, Pte. Niven, Lieut. McDiarmid, Capt. Okell, Sergt. Fenton, Pte. Nichol, Pte. Sherman, Drummer Allen and Pte. Lumsden.

There was a good attendance at the game, including our C.O. and several officers. While the team is most fortunate in having so many enthusiastic supporters, still there are a few knockers, who will insist on "balling out" the referee or some player who has made a slight mistake.

Let it be understood by all that this is not the spirit we wish to be shown. Be gentlemanly at all times. It costs nothing.

These balmy days, perforce, bring one's thoughts to summer pastimes, such as baseball, lacrosse, tennis, etc. No doubt we have plenty of material in the Regiment for all these games—so let's get busy.

Stretcher-bearers are pretty handy persons to have around, as was proved at the boxing tournament the other night, when Sergt. Dooley, with a couple of capable assistants, was on hand with his mysterious little bag administering first aid to all in need. As there were several minor injuries, such as a broken finger, a dislocated wrist and thumb, together with one or two cuts, they were kept pretty busy. They certainly did good work.

PRINCE OF WALES AS A FIGHTER

Among many good stories from the front told by Ben Tillett in his lecture at the Alhambra was one of "a certain young man" who was causing anxiety to those who were associated with him.

"I was told," said the lecturer, "that this young man will get out and go for runs."

"Sometimes," they said, "he gets into the trenches. That is all very well for him; but what about us? If he gets killed we shall get the blame."

"There is the utmost camaraderie between our men and this particular youngster."

"That youngster's mother happens to be the Queen of England."

The Soldiers' Film Home

— IS THE —

MAJESTIC THEATRE

None But First-Class Reels
Shown

CHANGES THREE TIMES A WEEK

- MONDAY -
- WEDNESDAY -
- FRIDAY -

WARM AND COMFORTABLE

Anything the new management can do to make this Theatre, and also the Rex Theatre at Esquimalt, a place where yourself and friends can feel at home, will be done.

THE BEST 10c. SHOW IN THE CITY



TOM FISHER

Old Country

Civil and Military Tailor

LADIES' AND GENTS'
BREECHES SPECIALIST

MY RIDING AND WALKING-OUT
BREECHES CANNOT BE BEAT

PHONE 1080 L

2481 WILLOWS RD.

A Quiet Game of Nap

"I'll go one," said Austria, "I'll go two," said France;
"I'll go three," said Russia, "because I've got a chance";
"I'll go four," said Germany, "and wipe you off the map."
But they all dropped dead when Britannia said, "Gawd Blimey, I'll go NAP."—"Listening Post," 7th Batt.

The Vancouver and Victoria boys are being mentioned in recent dispatches for gallantry at the front. There is still plenty of time left for the new regiments now being recruited to make a similar showing.—"Sentinel and Military News."