

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 11th, 1915

No. 10

NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT

Practices have started for the Naval and Military Tournament to be held on December 16 and 17 in the Horse Show Building. Teams have been entered by the Battalion in the centipede race, tug-of-war and blindfolded squad drill, and, in addition, a team of twenty-four men, under Major H. D. Meredith-Jones will put on an exhibition of escalading or wall scaling.

The escalading is always interesting, and promises to vie with the musical ride of the 11th C.M.R. and the naval gun display as the most popular item on the programme. The impression seems to prevail that escalading is an obstacle race. This is wrong. Escalading consists of approaching a wall in attack formation and going through a regular sham battle before the wall is reached. When the men get to the wall, which will be twelve feet high, they will scale it—not an easy matter—in a most interesting manner. How it is done you will have to attend the tournament to see.

Two other items that are sure to appeal to all spectators will be the musical ride of the 11th Canadian Mounted Rifles and the naval field gun display by the R.N.C.V.R. The cavalry have been practicing for the musical ride for some time and are now as near perfection as anybody could be. The work of the Naval Volunteers from Esquimalt in gun drill is considered as good as that done by any ship in the senior service.

It has been decided that the funds will go to the Convalescent Hospital for Returned Wounded Soldiers, and it is hoped that the men of the camp will turn out in large numbers on both nights to help a cause that must be very near to their hearts. The admission prices have been made as low as possible so that no man will be debarred from enjoying what promises to be an excellent show.

NO. 1 COMPANY

We are glad to have the men who left us to go to No. 5 Co. back with us.

Have you noticed the happy look on the bears' faces? Pte. Fallon is back from Alberta. Go and see him in the cage with his bears. You will easily distinguish him, because he wears a Glengarry.

Can anyone tell us the meaning of the red badge on a certain sergeant's arm? We thought at first it was a dollar sign, so we at once enquired if he was employed in the Paymaster's department, but we drew a blank there. Someone suggested it might mean "servant," but on enquiry we found he was not Sergeant Batman. The Pipe-Major assures us that the said sergeant is not in the pipe band, so it can't mean that he is the official snake-charmer; nor yet is it an inoculation danger signal, for he was inoculated on the left arm. The suggestion of one of the other sergeants that, if the idea is to provide an easily distinguishable mark by day and night, a bicycle lamp, to be lighted at retreat and extinguished at reveille, should be substituted, appears to be in order. The badge idea is becoming a craze, and we have indented for some of our line orderlies. We might as well all wear something, for evidently our bluff won't be called. Pte. Lauchie Macmillan, for instance, might hoist cross haystacks or cross barn doors. The cooks could wear cross ladles. The sergeant assisting the Musketry Instructor has solved the problem by hoisting cross nine-point-twos. Provost Sergeant Howard, since he is always on the scent, might wear cross eau-de-Cologne bottles, and the Transport Sergeant cross horses, surmounted by a set of harness. Just send in your name with the badge you wish, and we shall try to get it for you. The badge the sergeant referred to wears is described as follows: Snake rampant et in deliris tremente en gules rouge. Size 4 ft. by 2 ft. The right sleeve is fastened on to it. Motto: Bluff it anyway.

An additional nine men from White Horse reached the camp on Tuesday and were posted to No. 1 Co. Judging by the

previous contingent from the same district, we consider ourselves lucky to have them posted to our Company.

We had almost recovered from our second inoculation, so they gave us a third one on Tuesday.

NO. 2 COMPANY

No. 2 Co. is now comfortably quartered in their new home, and it was a treat to watch the boys at work getting things fixed up. We were very short of hammers and saws, but what we had we used to advantage. With a full company, good officers, and our own quarters, there is nothing to stop us now from going ahead with a vim.

Did you ever notice how quickly some fellows are up and fully dressed when the fire alarm goes. They are either experts at dressing quickly, or they are darned slow at undressing.

It is reported that the following incident took place during a cavalry charge at the front. One of the troopers, who was noted for having a very sharp sabre, cut off a German's head so neatly that the head stayed in its place and the German did not even notice it, but thinking to take a fall out of the trooper remarked: "Ah ha! Missed me that time, eh!" "Missed you! Missed you!" said the trooper; "you shake your blankety blank head, and you'll see if I did or not."

What's the reason Pte. Collins has purchased one of the new swagger canes, had his hair cut, and is cleaning his teeth every morning? Must be something doing!

With reference to a recent order telling troops going down town on the march to take the back streets so that they won't delay the street cars a few seconds, we wonder if a poor common soldier will be allowed the privilege of walking on the sidewalk much longer!

"Paddy," our dog, must be a Presbyterian, as he accompanied the boys to that church last Sunday.

We'll soon need a boat to go and visit our "Mascots" with.

Sergeant Crosswaite took his girl a duck Monday evening. Sergeant, you must be fond of poultry—especially duck and chicken.

If anyone enjoyed the Pipers' Dance better than C.S.M. Johnstone we would like to know it. Gee, boys, it was great to see him do the Highland Fling.

That misprint last week about Lieut. McDiarmid was rather unfortunate, but, however, the Lieut. was sport enough to see the funny side of it.

I wish someone else had this job.

We have no joke about "Tubby" Barr this week. "Tubby" is no joke, we assure you.

Oh, for the days when we used to cut poles and pack brush for the trenches.

That was some game between the Sergeants and the Battalion. One of the main features was the number of defaulters lined up round the Sergeants' goal, where they could hoot at and deride the "Provoke" Sergeant with impunity. We noted that another man put a sergeant in a puddle rather forcibly, and on account of him being driven into the mud so far it took three men to pull him out. During the course of the match the "Provoke" Sergeant, having stopped a ball, placed it in front of him on the ground and backed up two or three feet in order to get a good kick at it. In the meantime a very impolite forward rushed ahead and kicked it through the goal, much to the surprise and indignation of the "Provoke" Sergeant, who exclaimed: "Damn it all, old chap, that was a bally nuisance, as I had really intended to propel the ball myself in the other direction, by the aid of my bally foot, don't ye know! Dooced inconvenient! and bally rude of you," and all that sort of thing.

We are pleased to welcome back the members of the Draft that left No. 2 Co. during the time the Draft was being formed.

We know they are just as eager to go to the front as they were then, and now we know we are all going together everything should be lovely. "Here's to you, boys."

NO. 3 COMPANY

At last we have lights in No. 12 Platoon, so the call of the owl is no longer heard. "Here's looking at you" S. Moore.

Kit Carson looks kind of lonesome these days. Never mind, "Kit"; we all love you!

Some of the boys in "The Royal Platoon of Owls" thought one of the bears had got loose the other night and was paying them a visit. Anyway, it turned out to be our old chum Macgee.

We hear C. H. Mumford goes to all the meetings and socials of a church not many miles from the Willows. But why is it he doesn't go to church with the Battalion on Sundays?

Well, the third inoculation is over, and its effect seemed to be much lighter than that of the first two. Now for the vaccination.

Talking about shooting, the natural modesty of this Company prevents any comment upon the following averages of the various units at the 200 and 300 yards ranges (application): No. 1 Co., 28.2; No. 2 Co., 26.7; No. 3 Co., 29.4; No. 4 Co., 26.5.

Pte. Cotton had quite an exciting adventure on Quarter Guard at the West Gate a few nights ago. It was very dark. Approaching him he saw what he took to be two men carrying a load. He challenged them twice. They stopped in an uncertain manner, but did not reply. Pte. Cotton, having attained a high degree of military efficiency, would not retreat. The intruders would have one more chance before he took action. "Advance one," he cried, "and be recognized." Just then the moon peeped from behind a cloud and into the soulful eyes of Lieut. Sturgis' famous old black war-horse gazed our brave sentry, with the cold sweat on his brow, but still true to his duty.

No. 12 Platoon was leading the company on a route march and one of the big fellows from Cariboo was continually changing step, though he was in the leading section of fours. "Aw," he at last impatiently exclaimed, "how the blazes can a man keep step with the captain's horse?"

A significant cartoon, drawn by Pte. Moore, has appeared in the lines of the Company. Through a choppy sea a Glengarry, representing No. 3 Co., is being piloted by Capt. Nicholson. In the Glengarry are reposing three figures in a more or less exhausted condition. These are the other companies. In the distance, clinging to the masthead of a sunken ship, represented by an inverted peaked cap, the Draft is waving for assistance. Well, that's right; everybody knows what is the backbone of the 67th Battalion.

At the Pipers' Ball a major entered into conversation with two ladies, who, on discovering that he was attached to the 67th Battalion, asked him, "Do you know our Joe? No? That's strange; he is a private in the 67th."

The Company has received a welcome addition to its strength in the shape of one platoon from the Draft, who, if it cannot go to England, is at least glad to leave its late quarters. No. 3 Co., with its usual good fortune, seems to have got hold of the pick of the Draft, and if the new platoon is as well disposed to No. 3 Co. as the company is to it, steady progress may be expected. All pull together and we won't have to take anybody's dust.

A lot of the boys think that an attraction at the military tournament would be a picked bayonet squad, under Sgt. Miranis. There are also several men who could give a tip-top display in a bayonet contest if equipment could be obtained from Work Point.

A Hint: When a Quarter Guard presents arms, the sergeant and the corporal of the Guard also present arms. On one such occasion lately, the two N.C.O.'s gave only the general salute of the right hand to the butt of the rifle. Military etiquette does not permit two different salutes at the same time.

Our Company has had several marches out lately with both the brass and pipe bands. Both these organizations have our moral support, and we wish them all success.

We had a right royal time at the Pipe Band Ball—a huge success.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major Watson! He certainly has worked hard for it.

THERE IS STILL TIME TO HAVE A

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NO. 5 COMPANY

A Retrospect

In our last issue brief reference was made to the breaking up of the "Draft" Company and its absorption into the Battalion, and although officially "Le Draft est mort," yet, like the "Deathless Army," its spirit still lives.

We all remember how eagerly the men answered the call for volunteers, believing then that their departure for England would only be a matter of days, and although they were justly proud of being members of the Western Scots, and had hoped to "do their bit" with them, they decided to let "Duty First" be their watchword and to go forward as a draft of reinforcements to any units that had need of them.

We know, too, how as the days lengthened into weeks, and their prospects of departure (despite countless rumors) seemed as distant as ever, they bore their disappointment with true British stoicism and proved themselves soldiers in every sense of the word. November rains failed to damp their ardour, and many were the favorable comments passed upon them by Col. Ross and others. Not only in camp, but in the field also, they contrived to attain to a high state of efficiency. Now they are broken up, but as our famous Airedale, Pte. Paddy, remarked, "Ottawa knows best." There is no doubt that the same esprit de corps which has distinguished them in the past will still predominate. "The Draft" is no more, but it has left behind it a good name.

To The Draft

True friends and comrades have we been,
Through fair and stormy weather,
Our ardent wish—it was, I ween,
To stand or fall together.
Tho' fate decides we now must part,
And the wrench we keenly feel,
Let one and all show loyal heart;
May nothing damp our zeal.

7-12-15.

"GLENN."

Pte. Lucas, the leader of the "Mouth Organ Band" of No. 5 Co., has been transferred to No. 3, and will from now on render selections from the latest grand opera to that favored company. He is also a vocalist of no mean ability, and if you hear him sing, don't forget to call for his favorite encore, a copy of which I append:

The Allied Soldier

(Air: "Tipperary")

My father was an Englishman,
My mother came from France,
And I was born in Russia
By a funny freak of chance;
They brought me up in Belgium,
Where I grew to be a man;
I'm fighting with the Allies
Ever since the war began.

Chorus:

I'm a true bred Allied soldier,
In the European war;
Show me anything that's German
If you want to make me sore.
Ever since I joined the army,
To get the Kaiser I have sworn.
I'm a true bred European Ally
An Ally evermore.

When I joined the Allies
It was those I left behind—
My parents and my sweetheart
And home was in my mind.
When I'm fighting Germans
And hear the cannon roar,
I'm proud to be an Ally,
An Ally evermore.

Chorus:

I'm a true bred Allied soldier, etc.

J.B.J.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to No. 10 Platoon (late of The Draft) in the "welcome" they received upon transferring back to No. 3 Co. It must be remembered they were returning, not from choice, but from a laudable sense of duty, and

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although in the past they have had many a "passage of arms" with No. 3, they were willing to "bury the hatchet" and start with a clean sheet. But the only welcome they got was a severe roasting.

SCOUT SECTION

Sergeant W. Johnstone is some soccer player, but what happened to the sergeants' team in the second half?

Copping made his regular trip to Vancouver last week end, and we hear he did some good scouting.

We heard that John Cox was returning to his old stamping grounds but he hasn't showed up yet. What is the matter, Red.

Please Note: "Speedy" says he didn't get that name since he has been with the Scouts. What's that? "You long guys in front, short step."

Jim Boyde is right there when it comes to tracking. We hope to get some lessons from him.

The M.G. Section sure has some soccer team—and they sure can blow their horn. Good luck to you, fellows!

No. 3 Co. is there all the time with a good average at the butts, but the Scouts think they have them skinned at shooting. So, how's the chances of getting a match?

Sergeant Johnstone had us judging distances all last week. So now we challenge any outfit in the Battalion to beat us.

The latest is that we may go to a warm climate. Well! anywhere to get out of the rain.

Oh you Scouts in No. 4 Co.! Look out for the slim guy since he moved.

What is the matter with Harry? We don't often hear from him these days.

A YARN FROM VERNON

The following from the returned A.S.C.: A bunch of recruits, numbering about two hundred, arrived one day at rail head in charge of a subaltern, some few of the men more or less overcome by the bracing ozone and other stimulants. As it was impossible that these "casualties" could march into camp sundry jitneys were requisitioned, and the men unceremoniously piled therein. On arrival at the main guard the jitneys unloaded their loaded loads into the guard tent and they were left there until morning. In sorting out the bunch next morning two well-dressed but sadly crumpled individuals were found to have coupon railroad tickets a yard long, and further investigation revealed the fact that they were over-sociable American tourists who had been unwillingly shanghaied. Adjurations, accusations, protestations, explanations! and exit.

The Western Scot

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1915

SUBVERSIVE OF DISCIPLINE

It has always seemed strange that Canadian regiments, made up of such high-class fighting material as they every one of them assuredly are, should be held so long for training on arrival in the Old Land, but if what seems to transpire locally is any criterion of methods that obtain in the Canadian service generally the delay is not to be wondered at. 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. As a general rule it is not the most efficient officers who are the keenest critics. There can be but one result proceed from this, and that result is bound to be detrimental to discipline, and discipline is the very mainspring of military efficiency.

"T'WAS EVER THUS!"

A British Columbian, writing from Kingston, where he has gone to complete his examinations and take a course in Field Artillery, writes to a relative in this city as follows: "There are over 130 in the class here, with accommodation for only 30, which latter number all other classes have been, and the instructors were all up in arms about having so many, and missed no opportunities to tell us how little we were wanted, and wishing that we would all go home. It was not very pleasant, I can tell you, although it is better now. If I had known it was going to be such a large class I might not have come."

He then goes on to give an idea of what their day's work consists of, and is apparently enjoying this, although he confesses to be somewhat tired at the end of the day.

"First parade at 6 a.m., which means rising at 5 a.m. We go for a five or six mile run or numnah ride and end at 7 or 7.30 a.m. Fall in again at 9 a.m. and have a squad drill, varied with lectures, etc., or grooming horses and cleaning stables until 12.30. Fall in again at 2 p.m., with squad drill, riding and stables until 5.30. The rest of the day we have to ourselves, and when not too tired, study."

SALUTING

The men of the Western Scots have gained an enviable reputation for saluting officers, always a sure sign of good training and discipline—in other words, good breeding—and it is to be hoped that a few slackers in the ranks will not mar this. While the men give the officers sore arms from returning salutes, there are still some men who fail to pay the proper respect to the King's Commission, and it is time that the men who are doing the right thing in this respect got after the others.

No man should think that there is the slightest degradation in saluting. A salute in the British service is returned, thereby making it a sign of mutual respect. The argument that "I am as good as you are" does not apply in this case, because the soldier should always remember that it is not the individual that he is saluting, but the person of His Majesty the King through the holder of His Majesty's commission.

We are sorry to say that there are some units in the camp that evidently think they are not called upon to salute the officers of other units. It is all too common an occurrence to

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see these men slouch past the officers with hands in pockets and pipes in their mouths, and not make the slightest effort at saluting. This not only stamps the men as undisciplined, but also sets a very bad example for the men who are honestly trying to do their duty, and has a most decided smack of bucolic life. In France today it is one of the most serious minor offences that a man can commit to pass an officer without saluting, and some of the men at present at the Willows are going to get an awful shock if they ever get to France and are hauled up on the carpet for neglect in this respect.

With the officers rests a certain responsibility. Every officer who is uniformed in such a way that he can be recognized as such and who lets a man pass him without saluting is very much in the wrong. Officers who do not receive a salute should make the man come back and salute him, and then find out his regimental number and name and report him at once in writing to his unit orderly room. This is the only way in which this important matter can be set right.

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

We could a little tale disclose about four S.B. men who meandered into a well-known cafe down town and were there mistaken for war-worn heroes. The joke was rich, especially as the proprietor ordered the best of everything—gratis—for the gallant warriors. The bill was ultimately paid alright, but we do say that a broken leg has some advantages. What is your opinion, Bill?

There are smiles seen around the cubicle now. All the boys who tried the St. John's First Aid Exam. have been successful. Some class to our class!

We regret that our Section has again lost two more good men in Ptes. Maysmith and Danby. The former has transferred into the Mechanical Transports, the latter now acting as batman to Major Sargison. We shall all miss "Willie" especially. He was a real good sport, and was our Chinese guide, interpreter, and friend.

It is not true that Pte. Parkinson has been appointed M.O. for the Battalion.

Owing to the long list of casualties in our Section resulting from "Scotch" exercise (football), the M.O. is considering the advisability of suspending several players.

Pte. Rasleigh very rashly tackled a bugler in a wrestling bout the other day. Result: Another S.B. man sent to hospital, and a mate for Bill, with crutches. He will not act too quickly next time.

Cheer up, fellows! After your third shot of inoculation you have only to get a scratch for vaccination.

We all want to thank Pte. Dooley for valuable instruction in bandaging. We have spent a few profitable afternoons lately, gaining pointers which will be extremely useful when it comes to "slaughter," and calls are loud for "poultice-wallopers."

ROUND THE CAMP

We hear	War
It said	And
That	That someone
How Dry I Am	Will get hurt
Is now	If
The	They
Official song	Keep it up.
Of the	* * * * *
Battalion.	Welcome
Much	Back
Depression	Good
Amongst	Old
The Sergeants	No. 5.
And	Is
Many	Everybody Happy?
More	Well,
Customers	So
For	Are We.
A	* * * * *
Certain	Don't
Hotel	Tell a Soul
* * * * *	But
Believe Us,	It
Shot	Is
Three	Pay Day
Is some	Again
Shot.	Next Week.
Ouch!	Some party.
Our	Oh, me!
Arm	Oh, my!
Is still	* * * * *
Sore.	Don't
Have	Forget
A heart	To go
Doc.	To the
And	Naval and Military
Let	Tournament
That be	On
The Last.	Thursday
* * * * *	Or
With	Friday,
All this	As the
Inoculation	Wounded
And bombing	Soldiers
We are	Are entitled
Beginning	To
To think	All the Comfort
That	We can
This	Give
Is a dangerous	Them.

ONLOOKER.

Y.M.C.A.

The new secretary, "Stan" Young, is proving himself big enough for the big job of successfully running the "Y" here. We take this opportunity of thanking him for good work already done. We appreciate the War Bulletin Board, and the French class is going strong, while we are informed that the library will soon be here.

While we may not be much stuck on religion, a visit to the down-town "Y" on Sunday afternoons is worth while. There are live speakers to be heard, and the tea afterwards is a great institution. Only the best of fellowship is displayed, and a sociable, enjoyable time, as well as a first class meal, is

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given to our boys. We speak from experience, and ask the fellows to give it a trial.

Said the Corp. to the Sparker, "Get busy!"
So we buzz and we buzz till we're dizzy,
'Cept Kendall, who smokes,
And others pass jokes,
And Wingfield, who's dreaming of Lizzie.

ATHLETICS

(By Corpl. J. HEWITT)

The Sergeants were beaten, 6 to 2, by the Battalion soccer team in the test of football skill last Saturday, and now they are satisfied. They were looking for it and they got it, and they have only themselves to blame.

A New Year's Day jaunt to Vancouver is being planned for the Battalion soccer team. The boys will play the 62nd Battalion, and it is planned to make the occasion a grand and glorious picnic. A couple of hundred supporters will accompany the boys, it is believed.

The Rowing Club Rugby team of Vancouver, unbeaten leaders in the Vancouver City League series, are trying to arrange a home and home series with the 67th Battalion Rugby team. It is proposed to play the first game here next Saturday and the return game in Vancouver on New Year's Day. Negotiations are now pending. The Western Scots play Victoria today.

The Battalion Soccer League has been dormant for some time now, the weather preventing any play. Needless to say, the Machine Gun Section still leads.

The Battalion hockey team has arranged a schedule of six games with the Victoria amateur clubs. The dates are December 23, Jan. 6, 10, 20, 27, and Feb. 3.

An excellent programme has been arranged for the Naval and Military Tournament in aid of the Convalescent Hospital for Wounded Soldiers, which will be held in the Horse Show Arena next Thursday and Friday. The cause is a worthy one, and as there will be lots of fun there is likely to be a large attendance from the Battalion.

MACHINE GUN PATTERN

As an artist in "sluffing" work, "Kaiser Bill" has everyone in the Section beaten, as he proved the day we were making gravel walks. By the way, re those same walks (made on a rainy day), it should be borne in mind that we all have a day's fatigue to our credit should anyone get C.B. for missing tattoo.

Since our badge artist, Pte. Towson, has started manufacturing show badges for the Scouts the rest of the Battalion will be able to know that we have such a section in our midst.

Pte. Crocker says he likes to shovel gravel and carry it, especially on rainy days, but at the same time he knows of others in the different companies whom he does not want to be jealous, and suggests they be given a chance.

Pte. Kendall was heard to remark in a quiet voice, after getting his third "shot in the arm": "This dope is supposed to keep a man well, but it sure gets me."

If Pte. Valequit gets as mixed up on that Rupert trip as he did on the description of the "Sear" trip—well it will be some trip, Rick.

Pte. Parry has a week-end pass to go to Mission. What mission is he on?

The Section say there will never be any fighting with the Germans as long as we have Pte. Flynn. Why? Well, he will sure raise an argument and continue it just as long as the Americans do their notes on the "Lusitania," etc.

First voice: Why is the camp so quiet?
Second voice: Jack Arbuthnot is out.

Ptes. Sutton and Duggan are some mess waiters, but Duggan insists that "Reveille" is blown an hour too soon.

What a contrast there is between the juniors of our bunch, Ptes. Wilson and Kelly. Jack never stops talking; Arthur only speaks when the O.C. asks him to describe the colt gun, and then he is there with anyone in the crowd, although he was the last one to join us.

Question: Pte. Baurle, how far can you throw a chair?
Answer: Hard to say. Numbers count.

Voice from the ranks: Cpl. Mills, how many motions from "secure arms" to the "slope"?
Second voice: Who wants to know.

Inoculated in the morning and inoculated in the afternoon was the programme for one of the Battalion Sergeant-Majors on Tuesday. Kiss me, sergeant.

HUDSON'S BAY CO. IMPERIAL MIXTURE

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We are sorry to say our O.C., Mr. Okell, lost a great and life-long friend at the death of Sergt. Sedger. The whole Section turned out to the funeral, to show their deep sympathy.

We are sure getting to be the strong-arm guys. For instance, while doing bayonet drill, we stood at the point while the officer instructing the squad went into the full details laid down by the latest drill book, and furthermore explained how to make a clean job of killing a German. Once upon a time there used to be a command such as "Stand at Ease" while an instructor was getting the rough stuff off his chest. Guess the poultice artists were wise to the fact, as they gave us another shot of worms in the arm. They know when a rookie appreciates a rest.

The boys are wondering why the corporal never thought of putting sand down for a path and a small parade ground when it was fine. Out of luck again!

Pte. Allan James William Duggan, champion goaltender and mess-waiter, lost some skin off his finger while playing hockey, and cannot use a rifle at drill. At least, he says so, and Corpl. Mills hasn't the heart to disbelieve him.

We are still awaiting developments re Donald. The ways of a man and a maid are passing strange.

We should like to draw the attention of the sergeant's cook to the fact that the boys are stealing some of the meat and making hockey pucks out of same. Also to the just complaint of the rink manager about his ice getting damaged by the same home-made pucks.

For the benefit of those who never went to divine service in the C.M.R. Building, we may state that going to Berlin is all off. By the trend of the sermon it looks as if we shall be doing picket duty in the Holy City instead.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued from last week)

"War must always be the great test of character. No man can go through the ordeal of fire and remain unscathed. And to this truth there is no real exception. A man may be made by war, or he may be broken, utterly and beyond redemption, but whatever happens neither he nor his point of view will ever afterwards be quite the same. Some men will always be cowards in battle. Terror paralyzes their limbs and robs their minds of all sense of shame. Merely to die like soldiers is beyond their strength. This is the one real argument against conscription, which takes all who are sound of body, rejecting none, valuing quantity rather than quality. Others there are who know fear yet conquer it. The thought of death in all its manifold forms—by bullet, by shell or by bayonet—is terrible, yet far more terrible is the thought of what men might say were they to fail when wanted. Also, the man who turns his back on the enemy has no greater chance of safety than the man who advances bravely. Why not, then, die as a man should die, with honor? It is this feeling that makes war possible at all. Many things may be forgiven, but the one unforgivable sin is fear. But even in these days, when science has forged instruments of destruction so wicked that the slaughter of bygone wars is as nothing compared with the carnage of today, there are men who can enter a battle light of heart, seeking danger as the highest earthly prize within their reach. And these are the men who by sheer indifference to death snatch victory from defeat. Bravery as a virtue is confined to no one nation, country or creed. For that we may offer thanks. But be that as it may, no race under heaven can show such foolhardy and genuine contempt for an enemy—his horse, foot or guns—as the Irish. As they were in the past, so are they now, grim and joyous fighters, impatient, reckless, vengeful—in proof of which many a hard-fought field in France and Belgium, the gossip of trench and billet, and the casualty lists bear witness."

I did not write the foregoing paragraph. I wish I had, but some of Mr. Townend's ideas seemed to embody so perfectly what I was trying to make articulate that I swiped the whole business. I hold no brief for the Irish, as Mr. Townend so evidently does, but I do hold a brief for my own race—Canadians—and I will quote you a few words from an address by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, delivered in London some years ago. He said in part:

"I believe today that the Canadian and Australian are the finest fighting material on earth. In conjunction with their Anglo-Saxon, Celtic ancestry, which gives them temperaments somewhat resembling our own, they have picked up other qualities, probably from their peculiar environment. These qualities show particularly when they are en masse or in a

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regiment. In continental armies you find a number of units forming a cohesive whole; with Canadians you find a number of individuals forming a regiment but still at all times retaining their own individuality, and perfectly capable of maintaining it also. This quality, combined with their physique and high mental qualities, warrants me in repeating that as fighting material they have no equal."

I wonder if we can maintain the good opinion Sir Arthur has of us? I don't think he has cause to complain of the conduct of the fellows who have preceded us. And I don't think the Western Scots will earn an adverse comment when we get there. That when through.

To get on to something lighter, I happened to see a couple of chaps being marched over to the Battalion orderly room today, and it put me in mind of the army malingering, just about the worst pest a company can get afflicted with. I don't think we have many, or maybe he has not had sufficient time to incubate, but he will be due one of these days. He is the chronic shirker, the fellow who won't do his bit, the fellow who by little, mean, cunning artifices, shoulders his end of the work on to somebody else. I'll tell you a story as to how one of these parasites was cured, for the time anyway. No. 13 Troop S.A.C., some time during 1901, were in garrison at a place on the Vaal River called Christiana. This town or village is only about twenty miles from the Bechuanaland border, and for the last thirty years has been known as a great centre for alluvial diamond diggings. In fact, the lower Vaal all through German South-West Africa carries gravel which is more or less diamondiferous. The majority of the troop occupied quarters in the Town Hall, but they had two forts, one east and one west of the dorp. The west fort was equipped with helio and lamps, and the town was in communication with either Kimberley or Klerksdorp, of course, by relay. At this signalling station was a corporal and seven men, exclusive of the signallers. A guard was maintained night and day continuously, and naturally it became a bit monotonous. About this time one of the men became affected with a peculiar nervous disease. He couldn't stand the darkness. As long as daylight lasted he was all right, but as soon as the sun went down he would begin to shiver, his whole body would quiver, and to look at him you had to pity him. After shooting his rifle off several times in the middle of the night, thereby causing the whole garrison to stand to arms till morning, it was decided that the other fellows should do his night guards, the corporal taking his turn with the men. Everything was lovely after that. My man had all night in his blankets, and as he was perfectly normal in the daytime it became a matter of course. About this time one of the fellows became ill, and Jim McCutcheon was sent up to take his place. A rough, good and bad-tempered Canadian, he was a character in a way. The last I heard of him he was running a shooting gallery in Delagoa Bay, at least, two dusky-looking damsels were running it for him and Jim was whipping little Portuguese gendarmes whenever he took a notion. Anyhow, when Jim reported at the fort, the corporal told him about the nervous fellow. He said: "You know, Jim, we didn't want to report him, and we are simply doing his night guard when his turn comes around." Jim called the man over and said: "So you are the fellow who gets them spasms, are you?" "Yes, Jim," he said, "I'm sorry, but I can't seem to help it." "Humph!" says Jim, "you're just about the poorest specimen of God's carelessness I've seen hanging around for some time; go out and get me the top of that bully beef box." The lad

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went out and got it and Jim sat down and whittled it into a sort of a paddle. When he had it fixed he grabbed the fellow, turned him over on his knee, and applied the paddle where it would do most good. About once a minute Jim would say: "Are you going to shiver?" "No, Jim," he would yell. After a bit Jim let up on him and he slunk away on his blankets and sulked for the rest of the day. But that night he did his guard and forgot to shiver.

H. M. CAMPBELL.