

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Private Gilles, No. 9 Platoon's ex-parson, also ex-dairyman, has at last found the occupation most suitable for his wonderful ability. Tailoring it is, and as a cutter-out he is an adept. Witnesses can be produced to verify this.

Luxuries at Whitehill, as we all know, were certainly never at any time numerous, but a well-intending cook, left behind at Bramshott, took pity on a certain section at the ranges. The result was that the aforesaid section received a gift of several pies made and sent by our worthy cook. They arrived at Whitehill none the worse for their journey, and were eyed with pleasure by our pie-loving section. Beautiful they were to look upon, but oh! ye gods, when the time came for these delicacies to be enjoyed, then it was that looks of wonderment and dismay spread over each and every countenance in that circle. While they were striving to gain some slight advantage over their dessert, a private, well known as a pie-lover, thrust his head in the tent, and seeing such a bountiful supply of his beloved dish, at once asked for some; a goodly supply was handed him, and he left in a state of satisfaction. He left, I have mentioned, but at the time of writing his whereabouts is a mystery. We hope, at least, that he enjoyed the pie.

Why all this sighing and letter-writing, Private Toussaine? We all know that week-end passes are few and far between, but buck up, old man, she'll remain true, and wait for you, and be careful of the "Crown and Anchor" game.

In the course of a conversation the other night between Private Markwick and another private of No. 9 Platoon, the subject arose about the general run of men in Ontario. Pte. Markwick asserted that it was not hard to get into this province, and when told that he was mistaken said, "Oh, no, it is easy to get in there; they let anyone in there now—I was there myself for two years."

There is a house on the road to Alton, on the top of Worldham Hill, where a soldier can have a rest and refreshments. It is admirably situated, and any soldier calling there will not regret it. It is run free of charge, through the kindness of the women of that vicinity, and is much appreciated by all who call, especially these hot days.

We are certainly going in for Pioneer work strong now, and with a few more weeks at this forced trench-digging, will be able to put one down in record time. We also will be adept at mountain-climbing, at the conclusion of our course in pioneering.

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

Now that we have returned from our musketry practices it has been shown that "D" Company have a great number of first-class shots and a number of marksmen. Although not official our average is about 84, something we should be proud of. Our Sergt.-Major Instructor of Musketry has complimented us on our showing, for which we thank him.

Major Carey is now taking a course at Pirbright. He sure has had a busy time of it since coming to England, and whenever he returns from these "jaunts" he has a bunch of new ideas to introduce to us.

Rumour has it that we are in for a good hard course of trench work, and we hope to show "those that be" we are not a bit slow or backward in tackling this kind of work. We like it.

We had a touch of the real stuff last week, when a big field day was held and everybody was hard at it. Mr. Terry had command of our company, and he was all there all the time.

'Stan.' Young of Y.M.C.A. fame must be complimented on the cosy little home he has provided for us in the Dining Hall Building. We have all the writing matter, etc.,

games and reading matter that one requires. There is no reason now that one cannot write home as much as he desires.

Our Company had a nice little hike to Haslemere the other day, and a number of the boys pointed out some familiar places, best known to themselves. Geo. Scaife and Van seemed to be very familiar with these places.

Bob Dick had a week-end pass, and all the bunch are wondering where he got acquainted, as he is pretty hard hit.

The following conversation was heard in Hut 27 the other day. Pte. S—— was speaking to Pte. B—— and this is what happened.

"Well, I'd be ashamed if I had as bald a head as you. Look at my hair."

Pte. B.: "I just want to ask you one question."

Pte. S.: "Go ahead."

Pte. B.: "Did you ever see grass growing on a busy street?"

Collapse of Pte. S.

Now, boys, do not fail to give our Y.M.C.A. your whole-hearted support, and make it your home while we are together. It will travel with us wherever we go, and a number of good things will be put on to keep up the work.

Something to work on, boys, and that is prunes and tea, as they always say while a man is unsatisfied he may be satisfied, but once he is satisfied he is dissatisfied.

Another big game between the Officers and Sergeants was pulled off last week, with the Sergeants on the long end.

Some are wondering why our C.S.M. is wearing riding breeches nowadays. We all know he is far away from home.

A lot of new tunics have been issued, but we cannot say they equal the ones issued us at the Willows as far as fit or neatness is concerned.

Our old friends "The Edwards Twins" gave us a concert last week in the main alley of our camp, and we can assure them it was a rare treat. Such talent as theirs should be recognised, especially on pay-day. You know what we mean.

Pte. Stacey offers a prize of five shillings for the best poem written dealing with our experiences at Whitehill Ranges.

DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN'.

The pipe baun' beau paid another visit to London last week-end. Wait a bit, Dunc, and get Charlie Sims's expert opinion; or, failing that, take Mr. Punch's sage remark to heart.

The pipe-major was again caught talking to a subaltern last week. Really, Wullie, you must be more circumspect. You are becoming too approachable altogether.

We asked the pipe-major when a certain member of the baun' was due back and he informed us that he "wad be back about Sunday." We love the implied subtle distinction between when yin o' the baun' is due back and when he will be back.

Wullie and Hector were in a gracious mood on Tuesday night, for they both deigned to accept a drink in the mess after playing at dinner.

Dunc had great difficulty restraining his mirth when the pipe-president came to grief in the anti-room at the concert a week ago. However, the pipe-major's wrathful glance cowed the laughin' oot o' his heid and garred him get on wi' his wark.