

JUST COMMENT.

WE would appreciate a suggestion which will give the new R. S. M. something to do. At present he only has to keep an eye on the orderly sergeants, see that all parades are running smoothly and give the guard an occasional "once over"; listen to the hourly lectures by the adjutant and explain why the rain falls; parade about fifty men to different commanding officers each day and check up on the parade states; see that all military rules are strictly observed and that the men shall be properly dressed. Then, just to pass away the leisure time he sleeps. More work, please!

The editor of *The Clansman* recently stayed out until ten o'clock—and his company moved. He spent a strenuous three days gathering up what remained of his kit and settling down to routine. Then he stayed out late again—and his company moved. Help to find our shoes, holdall and kit bag will be appreciated. The rest of the outfit we can do without.

Canadian mail arrived Thursday—and the mail men have been run ragged ever since by those who have letters, think they have letters, and think they should have letters. O death, where is thy sting?

What is the ruling passion? The orderly sergeants say it is six day passes.

It is said that a certain sergeant, in clearing up a tent floor, discovered mice with pink eyes and rats with blue tails. We would suggest cutting it out.

Dame Rumour has it that a certain company quarter-master sergeant is sure there when it comes to getting things which he may desire—one man has even said that he would steal the holes out of his own socks. We don't believe it, Sergt. Hartfree.

A new battalion appeared on the scene one day last week and the lads are now doing their share of fighting mud, cold winds and chilling rains. The new Nova Scotians, however, have the appearance of a hardy lot and we miss our guess if they do not settle down to the steady

grind of training in a remarkably short time. And something else worth mention—they have a band that is certainly of the first water, and we hope they may be able to keep it intact. It is a credit not only to the battalion, of which it is a part, but to the entire Province as well. Success, and a hearty welcome to you, fellows.

The building of the new cinder walk to the railway station is certainly an improvement and will save many hundreds of warm expressions during the coming winter. The muddy walk, especially on a dark night, is far from a pleasant one, and every step formerly taken meant an additional half-hour with the boot brushes.

Something to make a man swear—an ink-black night and falling rain, a mis-set watch and missing a train; a new built road quite full of rocks, leaking boots and worn-out socks; a mis-direction at half-past eight, and landing in camp just two hours late. Now take these reasons and add them all,—if you can't swear *right* don't swear at all.

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