

OFFICERS' MESS.

On Thursday, May 31, A and B Companies went to Whitehill to carry on with shooting the general musketry course. The same day the marking parties who have been working so long and arduously at Whitehill and Longmoor for other battalions returned to camp.

Lieut. Armstrong seems to have taken up his permanent abode at the ranges, for as soon as the marking was finished, he had to go to Whitehill to carry on with "A" Company while it did its shooting.

Major Armour, Capt. Schrieber, Lieuts. McDiarmid, Faulkner, Wooler and Thain are also all at the ranges.

Lieut. Marsden is attending the snipers' course at Aldershot.

We are glad to see Major Jones getting around again and paying us a visit once in a while.

Each day sees some more officers donning the kilt. Lieut. Cook is the latest convert, and oh that Fort George could see him now!

Our medical officer, Capt. Campbell, is away on a well-earned vacation. Dr. Wallbridge is performing the duties in the meantime.

We have now got Dr. Wescott with us again as dental officer, and right glad we are to have him. Dr. Wescott was attached to us while we were in Victoria.

Officers and non-commissioned officers had a lecture the other night from Major Inkster on the duties of a pioneer battalion, and very instructive it proved to be.

How many of us realised before the batmen were quarantined how much we relied on them?

FOR OFFICERS ONLY.

Reports state that our capable scout officer is giving some of the staff instructors an excellent course in the art.

Some of the 44th Battalion mess know a peach of a parody on that pretty sentimental ballad: "Down Among the Sheltering Palms." Ask to hear it!

They also have a good one on "Casey Jones."

There's a great bill at Pantages this week.

We cannot consider the request of one of D Company's subs, that Covent Garden district be placed out of bounds for all officers but himself. No, Jophanus, you'll have to chance it!

We hear that an officer in B Company is the idol of a very pash brunette. No doubt he's trying to keep her dark!

It certainly is discouraging to note the steady rise in the price of fowl. Hens continue to hold fairly firm, but chicken will shortly be too expensive for the ordinary bill of fare.

"Suffering mackerel," exclaimed one of our subs., upon learning that the question of charging cash-money for mess libations was under consideration, "if they go on they'll put this war absolutely on the fritz!"

NEWS FROM CARIBOO.

Late copies of the "Observer" having come to hand the following important items of news have been gleaned for the benefit of our Cariboosers:

Henry Moffat was in town recently. Henry looks exceptionally well.

Billy Dale is back, much to the delight of his many friends.

The hens which have the honour to be the property of James Sheppard have seen fit to commence laying.

We learn that Henry Deschamps, of the 67th, now believed to be in Egypt, has been transferred from A Company to the Medical Corps, and that in a recent hot action at Longmoor he did splendid first aid work collecting legs and arms and things on the field.

MILITARY BAND 67.

Owing to the general upheaval of our quarters, and not being the fortunate possessors of a real orderly room, the time, place and wherewithal to edit our usual weekly paragraph is scattered to the four winds of Bramshott, and there hangs the reasons for the shortage of news from our quarters.

We note with pleasure the candid remarks in last week's issue from our worthy brothers the pipers, but as they have again evaded us, this time by the pretence of "musketry," we leave all things as they are until their return, with the one passing note, *i.e.*, that the good Lord gave them as well as us two ears to one mouth for obvious reasons. If they don't know the reasons therefor, why, our solicitor is open to give information gratis every day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

We attach hereto a copy of "The Listening Post," in the hope that the Editor may find something of interest to the Battalion therein. The paper is kindly loaned by Bandsman McEvers.

The bandsmen would like to know why Band-Sergeant Gaiger has the habit of visiting Portsmouth weekly, and when possible semi-weekly.

In answer to why Bandmaster Turner needs such frequent trips to London we might state that the brass band is not allowed to play the same tune every day in the week, every week in the month, and every month, etc., etc.

"PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM."

May we congratulate the Editor of the WESTERN SCOT on the increased size of the paper and its excellent "get-up." The WESTERN SCOT is a paper which we are proud to send back to our friends in Victoria, and the Editor promises us even better things in future.

We would like to extend our sincerest sympathies to our fellow-"Colonials" of South Africa on the recent very sad accident at Bordon. We were only too glad to show a last mark of respect by sending over our bands for the burial ceremony.

Major Harbottle and O.R.S.M. Nicholls spent the early part of the week in London at the Records Office. Any more "records," Nick?

[Yes. The Adjutant and Sgt.-Major completed their business in a couple of hours or so; previous quickest time for any Battalion was one day.—Ed.]

The concert in the Y.M.C.A. last Wednesday was very enjoyable, and reflected great credit on the organising ability of Sergeant-Major Instructor Duffett (attached). Perhaps the star features of the evening were the vocal contributions of Mr. Woodcock, who came over from the West Yorkshires to assist.

Each day of our stay here seems to make things more comfortable, and "kicks" are few and far between, while the weather has been reminiscent of Vancouver Island at its best.

Might we suggest to the Western Scots that when they have any purchases to make, other things being equal, they patronise the advertisers in our paper? They thus help themselves and the SCOT as well.

Judging by the number of orderly room sergeants to be found almost any evening in the vicinity of the White Rose Tea Rooms, white roses must be very attractive.

The forms in the orderly room remind us of our school days, but our backs feel the effects very sadly. It feels like a mixture of rheumatism, lumbago and the stern hand that used to reprove us.