

fortunate in bidding "au revoir" to, and rather far from one chicken, he was heard yelling "Step up, girls; don't be bashful. This is positively your last chance!" Never knew he held an auctioneer's certificate!

It seems a pity the Major was unable to practically demonstrate to the Sinn Feins the military standard of Number Two's efficiency when visiting the Emerald Isle on his vacation.

It has been remarked that No. 2 was particularly smart on parade when inspected by Major-General Watson last Saturday. Congratulations!

Since commencing training at Bordon, a large percentage of non-commissioned officers have been taken away to attend schools. Now is the time for every non-commissioned officer — who is left — to make good.

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### No. 3 COMPANY NOTES.

Now that the company have all returned from their leave, it is up to us to get settled down as quickly as possible, and start in on the hard grind that is before us.

Let us all pull together and infuse a little harmony into our work, to keep up the good reputation of the company.

It will take a lot of physical training to offset that six days' leave in many cases, especially among the boys who went to London.

There certainly was some heavenly words uttered at Waterloo Station, when our boys were coming back from leave. Oh yes, there was a young lady in every case.

We should not be at all surprised if the next leave some of the bunch get will be marriage leave.

A certain private in No. 3 Company was walking around London with a young lady who was young enough to be his daughter, and he was introducing her as such. But I have ma doots!

An extract from musical comedy: A certain orderly room corporal making love to a grass widow.

Who was the non-commissioned officer of our Company who thought they ran a Jitney service around this part of the country?

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### No. 4 COMPANY NOTES.

Here we are in England at last! Who says "About turn?"

We are a little late with some news, but there just the same.

All the boys enjoyed themselves on their leave, especially some who went to London.

Our Battalion is now getting settled down to hard work, and No. 4 will come back to its own.

The 67th has passed "muster," according to the compliments paid it, since its arrival in England.

Refreshments are plentiful in this part of the world, and with a little more "kick" than we are used to, but everybody is "standing up" under it all.

A new song has been composed, thanks to the efforts of Privates Wallace and Jack O'Brien. It is a combination of the "Sons of the Sea" and "Hearts of Oak." The name of the song is "The Prince of Wales Will Never Die."

The Battalion having been issued with new rifles means there is a lot of good, hard work ahead of us, especially in bayonet work and rifle drill.

The 67th Battalion C.E.F., Western Scots, "Pioneer" Battalion, 4th Division. Some compliment, boys!

Maybe there was not any excitement when the first mail arrived from home! To the great majority it would be fine to have two letters daily from home.

Congratulations to the 88th Battalion and the 72nd Battalion.

Sergeant "Hammy" Jones, of the Base, certainly did gather a big crowd around him, including the police, etc.,

when he let out that big call for help when he was walking down by the Strand when in London. Some "monocle."

We were awakened the other night by some noise in a certain house, but it was only "Masty" telling "Gasoline Gus" to turn on to his side and quit snoring. Gus said he was going to tell his Auntie.

Everybody is satisfied with the quality of the meals given in camp, but the quantity is missing. We hope this can be adjusted as soon as possible, as all healthy men require a lot of food to do good work on.

"Ben" Lery, the sick man, is going to give lessons in boxing to the boys of the 4th Company. "Al" Edwards, of 15 Platoon, is the first student.

The time has now come for our summer sports. Everybody should pile in and take part to keep up the "rep." of the Battalion.

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### MORE CAMP RUMORS

The 88th landed last night.

The 103rd are on their way.

The B.C. B's are coming.

Our kilts are to be McGregor tartan.

Our kilts will be all khaki.

Our kilts are to be half khaki and half tartan.

We won't have kilts.

Bandmaster Turner stole a drum.

Zeppelins are coming to-night, sure; the Colonel's batman said so.

There's a naval fight on at Portsmouth; the Colonel's batman heard the guns.

Those cream puffs were awfully good, Sergeant Graves. Couldn't you write and tell her so? Perhaps she'll send some more.

Our first orderly room at Bordon was more of the packing case order than anything else; but now that we are installed in the orderly room lately occupied by the 59th, C.E.F., everybody has lots of elbow room and a little over.

The multitudinous number of new forms inflicted on us in this land of the free might whiten the hairs of some staffs, but our "Nick" is not to be ruffled, and chaos reigns not among us. Our orderly room is an *orderly* room.

The Western Scots may be "braw lads" themselves, but their relatives in England and Scotland must be a sickly bunch. We are merely judging by the number of telegrams received from those on leave who wanted extension of same, owing to sickness of father, mother, sister, brother, cousin, aunt, uncle, and, we believe, one grandfather.

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### QUO VADIS?

We have come from the west, we're a bunch of the best  
That ever come out of B.C.;

We have travelled by train, and come over the main,  
To learn a bit more in "Blight-ee."

And now we are here, will some kindly seer  
Enlighten us where we are going?

For our minds are all blurred with the stories we've heard,  
And the many trips we'll be enjoying.

We are going to Ould Ireland, that "Sinn Feinian" dire land,  
We are going to Shorncliffe, by the sea,

We are going in a lot to old Aldershot,  
And we're going out to South Africee.

In Gallipoli, too, we shall start off anew,  
The job that some others have quit.

We are going out to Malta, without any halt, or  
To Mesopotamia's grit.

We can't stand many more of these rumors galore,  
So we'll treat them with unconcerned phlegm,  
For we just want a chance to get over to France  
And put some cold steel in Wilhelm.

Pte. A. A. CONNOR,

No. 1 Co., 67th Battalion, C.E.F.