

After Last Post.

Oft, in the stilly night,
 'Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Strange visions meet my sight,
 And stranger sounds confound me.
 Weird shadows pass; the crash of glass
 And murmured sighs betoken
 That in the fall, beyond recall,
 Some mickey has been broken!

No. 4's Special Commissioner reports that the difference between brains and brawn on the menu cards—or cartes du jour—in the popular downtown cafes is a mere jitney—and in favor of brawn!

Pte. Bond is official publican—cook-house fatigue—this week, and likes it so well that he has been promised another week of it soon—if he behaves.

It is quite noticeable, since kit inspection has become stricter, that the heels of shoes left on the shelves are delightfully clean!

Sergt. McKay gave a valuable example of efficiency on the night of the fire. He was right on the job the minute the alarm was sounded.

When Lieut. Terry asked an intelligent private what had become of 15 Platoon after the fire was out, the reply was: "Can't say, sir; looks as if most of them were wiped out!" Casualty officer, kindly note.

Pte. "David" Dryden evinces the marvellous power of imagination daily—when he combs at his moustache.

Rumor hath it that a private in No. 1 Section, during the general parade last Sunday, was marching so strictly to attention that he ran full tilt into a telephone pole—and then begged its pardon.

We are deeply indebted to Pte. F. L. Smith, of 15 Platoon, for a spirited poem relative to the events which may be expected to follow the arrival of the Western Scots on the battle front. However, while the sentiment expressed is highly laudable, the religious nature of the poet's form of expression precludes the inclusion of the contribution in a column of this character. A copy of the poem is in the possession of Lance-Cpl. William Carlisle and may be seen by those interested.

There is a man in 3 Section who is sure to escape outpost duty at the front unless he is allowed to go well to the rear for sleep. A steam siren wouldn't be any more useful in notifying the enemy (cuss him!) of our whereabouts.

Pte. Fido was out of luck last Saturday night. He seldom honors 2 Section with his presence, but Saturday night he decided to pay his section mates a visit. He was just enjoying the first half-hour of (we trust) well-earned rest, when the "alarm" sounded!

Lance-Cpl. Belyea, who has been laid up for some time, was back on the job on Tuesday. Curiously enough, Tuesday was announced as pay day.

He'll Have to Get Up Earlier!

There once was a cock-eyed old Kaiser
 Who thought he was some early riser:
 He got up at dawn;
 Found the Western Scots on
 The job; and is now somewhat wiser.

One of the bomb-throwers from No. 4, after a demonstration, asked the instructor: "Isn't this a pretty dangerous occupation?" And the instructor, out of a fund of experience, replied: "Oh, no! men have been known to come out of it alive!"

Another bomb-thrower—not in No. 4 Company—after a strenuous lesson, was asked if he had any questions to put. "Yes, sir; please how can I transfer to the Pioneer?"

Pte. Halliwell, of 1 Section, was real pleased on Monday afternoon when, after he had covered 200 yards to open a gate, the company's direction was changed and he had to double back.

No. 4 Company has a kick! Each of its members pays 50c to the band fund, yet it never hears the band except when it is practising. The suggestion is made that the men of the band blow their bit whistles wi' mair wund.

DRINK

PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

"Ichabod" has been written above the name-card of the record kit-cleaner of 1 Section. Heretofore the pride of his section for kit-kleanliness, he fell from grace this week over a pair of slightly-soiled shoes.

Will the men who rise up in the morning
 Before the "Reveille" doth sound;
 Who, others' dream-romances scorning,
 Go prancing and capering round,
 Remove their great iron-shod footwear
 When parading before the sky's pink?
 Or they may have a very real nightmare
 In the depths of the nethermost "clink!"

"What are the privates cheering for?" said Files-on-Parade. "They've got the word; they've got the word!" the Sergeant-Major said. "You'll see a sight tomorrow night. They'll paint the whole town red. They're going to get their pay tomorrow morning!"

There is an Irishman in No. 1 Company. The other day he was right guide and was told to align two marks to march by. When, a few moments later, his platoon was seen going off at an angle, the O.C. called him to account. "Did you take marks?" "Oi did, sor!" "Well, how is it you are not marching on them?" "Well, sor, I picked thim two cows over there, but bechune wan movin' off to the roight an' wan to the left, shure oi' don't know where oi'm at all, at all!"

On Wednesday Lieut. Terry announced to 13 Platoon that he had found ten cents on the headquarters orderly room floor on pay day. Five Scotsmen in 13 respectfully claimed it forthwith!

In commenting on a slight slip of 13 Platoon at drill the other day, the O.C. 14 Platoon, wishing to take a dig at 13, said: "Why, they're worse than 14!" This is disgraceful, 13! What are we coming to!

NO. 5 COMPANY

The Company decided to form a sports committee and selected two men per platoon to carry out their wishes. This committee first called upon the men for funds, which was done by ballot, with the result that each man gave 25c towards the fund, bringing in from the men alone, not including officers or N.C.O.'s, of over \$60. The spending of this amount is directly in the hands of the committee, acting upon instructions of the men. Footballs, both Soccer and Rugger, have been purchased, colors are under discussion, basket ball is to be provided, etc. Inter-platoon matches are under way for the championship of the Company, and from these platoon teams a good Company team should be provided. The main idea is that every man in the Company shall receive direct benefit from the fund, and other forms of sport will be provided as fast as possible, so that there will be a game suitable for each man.

The Company this week has assisted in the work on the trenches, cutting and packing trees, assisted on the trench-digging. Even here the idea of competition crops up, and two platoons competed in digging. On their own suggestion, they proceeded to Telegraph Bay and, although only having pocket-knives, and few of them, made and carried back to camp 32 gabions and hurdles, doing the seven miles there and back in some 3 hours 10 minutes. On Wednesday afternoon they carried out a line of outposts and were attacked by No. 2 Company. Another day this will be reversed, so that both Companies will have instruction with an objective.