

News Notes Of Interest.

Corporal Sutton returned from hospital the first of the week. He reports having had a bad attack of the mumps, but ends the story by saying that he should like to get them in the other jaw and be sent back. That hospital must be some place.

Captain Howells, musketry officer, spent a couple of days in London the first of the week. We were told some of his plans before he left, but reports state that some of them fell through. No bright lights, sir?

A class of our N. C. O's and officers spent Monday in map-reading. When we passed a part of the class, namely, one sergeant major who is well known having once been in the sergeants' mess, he was reading cross roads with a vengeance. Our time piece stated that it took several minutes to get his bearing—but he gave as his excuse the appearance of a fair angel in the field of vision.

Captain Norquay was also in the group and was reading the signs of Madgewick's dairy at Grayshott when we passed him. We do not suppose, however, that he could have been looking through the window where the fair clerk was busy with customers.

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Estab. 1662

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No more loafing around the P. T. school and no more time for telling Sunday school stories since Captain Thomson has taken charge. The lads under him are putting in every minute of their time in actual work. The few spare minutes they do have are devoted to preparing for their exhibition evening at Haslemere. The date has not yet been set.

Charles Simister, of one of the old units, is very much on the job these days. It is said that he is pining to get on a draft that will take him to his old friend and superior, Lieut. L. Richards.

And by the way, the report that Mr. Richards has been wounded is an error. Latest advices state that he is on escort

duty to the front line trenches and that he has suffered from nothing worse than a longing for the old concert days in Calgary.

Pt. Middleton has had his dreams realised—and gone away with a draft. We cannot help wondering, however, who is going to take care of the little girl he leaves in Scotland.

The chefs have been having all kinds of troubles lately. On one day they served three hot dinners and prepared sandwiches for two range parties. Stay with it, fellows. The way to win the hearts of your comrades is through their stomachs, and even bully beef fills vacancies.

Regimental Cooks.—The friend of every man in the battalion during meal hours.