

Of Interest in Lethbridge.

The good people of Lethbridge will probably be surprised to learn that our present company commander, No. 4 Company, is a brother of Dr. McNally, one of the best known physicians of Alberta. The captain bears the same excellent reputation as is borne by the Lethbridge man and has the same genial manner and style. Our old Alberta acquaintance is also in the service and his brother informs us that he is now "somewhere in France." Success to the brothers.

JUST COMMENTS.

Pte. Johnson, in charge of a hut in the "Boys' Brigade" says there is just one difference between his charger and the original American Indian—the latter had respect for authority.

The man who wanted to stake out a part of the Atlantic for a duck farm on the trip across now says that he is glad he reconsidered the plan. East Sandling is a better location.

The Quartermaster has our utmost sympathy. This thing of having to fit out more than 700 men with overseas equipment on short notice is no joke—but such is life in the army.

We can't help feeling sorry for those in command of the "kids brigade." If the youngsters raise as much h— here as they used to in Sarcee their commanders certainly will have their hands full.

Even the M. O. has his troubles these days. Between taking care of the usual sick parades, examining men for overseas service, listening to the tales of woe of those who would fain miss parades, and giving castor oil for all troubles from bunions to la grippe, he certainly has his hands full.

AIN'T IT H—?

When you have been sleeping in a leaky tent and finally get into a hut and go to bed early, and are looking ahead to the glorious sleep you are going to have—and then the fellow next to you opens up the snore machine and makes a noise like a buzz saw working on a rush order? *Gee whiz!*

When you go to the bombing school and learn the rudiments of the game, and have visions of becoming a battalion bomber, and then have the instructor tell you of the man who blew off his own head by crimping a detonator in his teeth? *Gee whiz!*

When a poor devil of a company quartermaster sergeant has had a strenuous week and gets his work all done and goes to bed Saturday night with a feeling of perfect content, and just gets to sleep—and then has some "two thirds pickled mutt" wake him up and ask for oil for his rifle? *Gee whiz!*

When you are in command of a battalion and have been exceedingly liberal with passes and let the men away and are then flooded with "sick sister" telegrams, asking for extensions of leave and have already posted orders for a muster parade? *Gee whiz!*

When you go away on pass and come home on a night train and find that your company has moved during your absence and it takes you three days to locate your kit? *Gee whiz!*

When you apply for a pass and expect to go home on a certain date and your pass is lost, and then order is issued cancelling all passes before a duplicate can be made out? *Gee whiz!*

When you go out on a chase for news and have already met with a number of disappointments, and then get struck with the brilliant (?) idea of visiting an orderly room, and then strike one where they are getting 200 men ready for draft in two hours, and have to dodge everything from hot words to coal scuttles when you have made your mission known? *Gee whiz!*

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