

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

According to "The Regiment," Col. Lord Saye and Sele has said that "the most essential qualification for an Adjutant is the ability to be thoroughly rude." Maybe it is, but—well, we prefer Major Harbottle ourselves.

All owners of spectacle cases, beware! Major Christie, having lost his again, is on the warpath once more.

We had two very excellent concerts in the Y.M.C.A. last week. Miss Playfair's visit from London was particularly pleasing, her charming personality at once captivating her audience.

Sergeant-Major Nicholls celebrated a birthday last Saturday, but the wily "Nick" refused to disclose his age. Judging by some of the experiences related by him of his past life we imagine that he has considerably exceeded the span allowed by Professor Odlum. Here's to many more of them—birthdays and experiences.

Major Harbottle having taken a sudden fancy to Field Days, etc., we have had the pleasure of having both Major Armour and Captain Bullen acting in the capacity of Adjutant now and then. Both acted as to the manner born.

When about two weeks pass without any Canadian mail coming to hand some of the Battalion faces become very long, and it is easy to see who have left their hearts behind. All kinds of rumours were prevalent, from the torpedoing of various mail boats to our immediate return to Canada and the consequent holding up of our Mail!

A few things we want to know:—

What is the attraction at the "Seven Thorns" for a certain Lance-Corporal, who is practically on the wagon?

Why is an absolutely teetotal Sergeant seen so often around the "Royal Oak"?

Does a sun helmet protect the complexion?

Who sat on it—the hat, not the complexion?

Where was Sergeant Graves on a certain memorable Wednesday night, and if his hands and knees were sore?

Who ordered "600 rounds rapid at 5 yards?"

Who said "Any man who hasn't any blankets that don't belong to them, leave them outside?"

Does C.Q.M.S. Fernie ever buy any cigarettes? And if not, why not?

[Yes! to give angels their due, he won 30s. at a game of nap one night, and in the morning blew himself to the extent of a packet of Woodbines.—B.M.]

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

How happy some of us were when the left half Battn. came back from Whitehill. It was like being lifted from a pit of utter darkness into the bright sunshine.

The only person who could make the mess lively while they were away was the B.S.M. "What's that," of course he can sing.

Why don't some of the left half take the right half in training, I am sure they wouldn't find it hard work.

Nellie would like to know when a certain C.S.M. is going to Alton again.

Louise hopes that a certain friend of hers is quite well, Bless her.

The football match with the officers was a great success. The Right Half and Outside Left were no doubt the pick of the team, especially in colour.

Congratulations to C.S.M. Watson on promotion (the voice of his Bro. Serpts.).

Who are the members who have discontinued their chasers? Saving up for some seaside resort?

Sister's operatic qualities are very good. Our concerts would take a great bound if she could be enticed to help.

When is our friend Sergt. Condy coming on leave?

Is it possible to get the Q.M.S. of No. 3 Coy. to give a Chinese Concert, as we heard from Whitehill that he is some soloist in that language, when assisted by Johnny Walker.

W.H.O. stole the salmon from Sergeants' Mess at Whitehill?

PIPE BAUN SKRAUCHS.

By the time this appears in print, Sergeant Drummer Sims will have returned to the sympathy of the baun', a sympathetic outfit, we assure you. It may take him some little time to get his wonted punch back again, but those of the baun who know Charley well have great confidence in his ability to "come back," a confidence based on past experience.

The other night the baun made an amusing discovery in the person of George Edwards of "D" Company, who regaled the pipers with a parody on bayonet fighting. The title of George's performance as it might appear in an instruction book would most likely be "—shovelling by numbers!" The essentials for the display are four in number—a shovel, an imaginary and unsavory pile of material to be shovelled, a dump wagon, also imaginary, and last but in no respect least, George himself at his theatrical best about 9.10 p.m., inspired to the standard of intensity imposed by Sergeant Slavin. At the close of the performance, George offered up a prayer for the baun and the pioneer section, introducing a pious request that "D" Company be allowed to march behind the pipes more frequently in the future.

Last Friday forenoon in the trenches was quite amusing at times. We were afforded the unique distinction of occupying Captain Nicholson's dugout until the time should come for playing pipes. Some distinction! We got round two underground corners and decided to return to daylight, which was done without turning around.

Backing out of such a narrow place is an embarrassing task for one having a kilt and the modesty of a Quaker.

Major Armour has made a substantial donation to the Pipe Band fund. This makes two officers of "A" Company who have shown their appreciation in a very practical way.

Uh-huh? Major Harbottle has been up in that quaint suburb of Aberdeen which is written as Bucksburn, but is invariably styled "Boxburn" by the residents. The attraction, so Wullie says, is Jessie. The time is not a century bygone when we knew Bucksburn like a book, and we are just wondering if it is the same—one never knows—the world is not so big after all. Persley Den is a place our worthy major is doubtless acquainted with nowadays.

Bennachie, "where the Gadie rins," came in for quite a big corner in Major Harbottle's esteem, but we are sincerely curious to know what side of Bennachie—Pittodrie, Oyne, Inch, Monymusk, or Alford—the gallant officer visited. We once dodged a gamekeeper for a long time at Pittodrie.

Someone discovered recently that "Battling Nelson" belongs to the Pipe Band. It would have been discovered long ago if "Battler" had been blessed with a kilt. Who talked of being hard up for clothes? The difficulty is to be solved by Captain Bullen, who has a big hearted trick of rising to the occasion in such matters. Pay day pretty soon, Amen.

When is our dog "Paddy" going to arrive? We long for a sight of him loping alongside the baun, left shoulder foremost.