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less inconvenience in camp than could be expected from the depth of it.

That it can't go fast enough to suit some of the men I've overheard on a number of occasions. They are figuring on field days and manoeuvres again, though they are not alone in looking forward to field manoeuvres, for all are wanting them, I'm sure.

### NO. 3 COMPANY

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Sergt. Williams on his getting married, and all best wishes for the welfare of the newly-married couple.

The boys of No. 9 Platoon, who had an afternoon tea "somewhere near the Willows" a short time ago, speak very highly of the cook who turned out those fine cakes. Pte. Porter did justice to the cake, and when asked a little time after the meal was over if he had got all he wanted, he surprised us by saying that he had not. Excited questions caused Pte. Porter to assure us that he merely had all he could possibly eat, not all he wanted. No pockets in your tunic, Porter?

Pte. Thomas and Pte. "Taff" Hughes, late of the Fire Picquet, certainly choose strange times for wrestling. A short time ago they were together most of the evening, and proceeded to the residence of a friend together, arm in arm. They greatly surprised their host by getting up in the middle of the night and having seventeen bouts of wrestling, and were fairly well covered in snow when they were "put" to bed at two a.m.

With such a name for a "tough bunch," we wonder greatly why it is that the boys of the 67th are so ready to give up their seats to ladies when occasion occurs on the street cars. It was noticed and remarked upon a few days ago, on one car six of the 67th boys got up and offered their seats to ladies, whereas only one of another regiment (stationed at the Willows) did likewise. At the particular moment when a lady got on the car some of these fellows found something wrong with the riding whips which they were carrying, while the 67th boys, only having the ordinary "swagger" stick, had no loose strings hanging from them to attract their attention, and would immediately offer their seats. Isn't it surprising that a "tough bunch" should act that way?—and the majority of the "bunch" at that, aye, a big majority. A gentle hint is not sufficient for these refined (?) young men. Stay with it, boys, it won't cost you anything!

Women are on the warpath good and strong these days. Not content with hanging themselves all over with khaki and puttees, and leather bags that look like officers' water bottles, and badges and buttons, lost, stolen or strayed from brothers' (other people's, mostly) tunics and caps, they have now turned their attention to the Army headgear. The latest form of feminine millinery includes, besides the aviator's cap, a shrapnel helmet and a proof-against-everything—especially sense—hat. It would be decidedly fitting for a hen tea, or a friendly visit to your enemy, as a sort of if-you-can't-save-your-face-save-your-hair proposition.

The Kaiser's complaint has been variously stated as follows: "Inflammatory tumour" (Daily Telegraph); "Non-malignant furuncle" (Reuter); and "Suppurating phlegmon" (Central News). And all the time Bill just simply has a boil at the back of his neck.

History tells us of the old time soothsayer bidding Julius Caesar "beware the Ides of March." Remembering this, we would bid Cpl. J. Eden "Beware the Irishman."

Pte. Deacon believes that a rifle can be made to "slip" from one hand to another very smartly, but was surprised when he discovered that in coming from the slope to the trail his rifle was in the left hand. It must have "slipped" very smartly.

Pte. Snowden has some strange ideas of how to use a bathtub. The landlord of the Northern Hotel (at which place Snowden was stopping) missed our friend for a considerable period of time, and decided on an investigation. The landlord got as far as the bathroom door, but could not gain admittance thereto. When the door was broken open the sight presented was a striking one. Pte. Snowden lay in the bathtub in his birthday suit, head and arms hanging over one end, feet sticking out over the other end, fast asleep, while the tub was full to the brim, of water.

Pte. Boyd, on sentry go, gave the usual challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?" and got the following unusual reply: "Oh! ah, er, I—I am ze French cook from ze 11th C.M.R."

## INVITATION

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We would like an explanation from Pte. G—, of No. 9 Platoon, who left the camp with a dollar bill in his pocket, and returned with seventy-five cents after (as he said) taking his young lady friend to the Pantages.

Pte. Porter refuses to disclose his reason for getting out of bed in a hotel and crawling around on hands and knees searching all corners and cupboards. We will say, however,