

We very much regret Captain Nicholson's absence through sickness, and all wish him a speedy recovery.

We all enjoyed our bathing parade on Friday last at 6.40 a.m. We regret being so delicate as to be unable to stand the cold weather after taking a bath.

A section of "Minor Notes" and "Wise and Otherwise" belonged to No. 3 Company. In the last issue of the "Scot" it was on another page from the rest of No. 3 Company's "dope." Hence these tears—"as you were," explanations.

Pte. Harrison appears to be a good judge of a lecture, whether he hears it or not. He attended the Sunday afternoon meeting at the city Y.M.C.A. and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. At the end of the lecture the audience showed their approval in the usual way, and Harrison, with his chin on his chest and eyes closed, was clapping as heartily as anyone, and when aroused he was asked why he clapped, and answered dreamily: "I dunno; wass-time."

At the Borden Hotel a short time ago a loaf of bread was missing. At the bar stood Cpl. G. Eden, of No. 11 Platoon; at his feet could be seen thousands of crumbs, while his pockets had a very conspicuous bulge. ? ?

There is a guessing competition, open to all, going on in the lines of No. 9 Platoon as to the nationality of a private whose name is Rob Roy MacGregor. He stoutly denies being German.



LIEUT. A. C. SUTTON, formerly in the ranks of the 16th Battalion, who arrived last week to take up his commission in the "Western Scots." Lieut. Sutton was wounded three times at the battle of Langemarck last May.

Sergt. Hindaugh might have been seen carrying on a whispered conversation with Sergt. Hunter not long ago. The following is all a listener could hear:

"Yes," said Sergt. Hindaugh, "when she wasn't looking I kissed her."

"What did she do?" asked Sergeant Hunter, curiously.

"Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."

What was the matter with Pte. Cotton when he walked around the Five, Ten and Fifteen Cent Store for almost half an hour trying to find the Shoe Department?

Pte. Porter says:

The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German drinks his beer,
The Englishman takes his half-and-half
Because it brings good cheer;
The Yankee drinks his whiskey straight,
Because it gives him dizziness,
But the Canadian has no choice at all,
And drinks the whole d—— business!

Pte. Mynott's latest toast is:

Here's to a temperance supper,
With water in glasses tall,
And coffee and tea to end with—
And me not there at all.

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