

tins and line up at the door, and you get your beans and bacon—but mighty little more.

“And when the day is ended, and you know the work is through, you wade mud to your tent door, and Gee, you're feeling blue. Then, with the falling darkness, your blankets three you seek, and soon your work's forgotten in a strength, producing sleep.”

With apologies to Mason.

JUST COMMENTS.

CAN it be possible that continuous battle with air currents fits one for effective work on a muddy football field? The way the flying corps tied into the 32nd last Saturday would make one think so.

We can't help having a sorrowful feeling for the dental clinic—with more than 300 patients on the waiting list. We also have a sympathetic feeling for the other 299.

Brodie, who sells regimental stationery, certainly deserves credit for turning out a neat line of goods—but the fellows would save the censor lots of trouble if they would use plain paper for their letters to neutral countries.

One often wonders why it is that so many of our lads always find some of the family sick when they go on pass.

Those of us who come from a country where the winds blow free certainly felt at home Sunday.

This little question of laundry is a peach. It takes some headwork to figure out one change a week when it takes nine days to get your bundles back from the wash-house.

If some of our Canadian friends don't believe there is a war on they should come over and see some of the hospitals or drop into a training camp on this side.

A fortune awaits some one who can invent an automatic orderly sergeant. Requirements—the ability of a whole staff of stenographers, the memory of a dictionary, the speed of a biplane, the endurance of a granite monument, and the patience of a dead man.

Rather surprising, isn't it, to see the way some of the old bandsmen have learned to “form fours” and “slope arms.” They are doing almost as well as are those who are learning to “form fours” on picks and shovels.

If editor Clarence Campbell, of *The Legion*, will kindly put us on his exchange list we will gladly return the favour. We still have a friendly feeling for his Battalion, even if they are playing “home guards” and looking after our fair ones while we are over here.

Ptes. C. Pritchard and J. Munroe, of the “Boys' Brigade” are sure *some* vocalists. We enjoyed the concert from outside the door until Pte. Dudley started an accompaniment with a melodeon. Can you blame us for beating it to more peaceful localities?

ESTABLISHED 1669.

MACKESON & Co., Ltd.,

Brewers, Wine and Spirit Merchants,

HYTHE, KENT.

Spirits Matured in our own Bond.

Patentees of the renowned

MILK STOUT.