

Congratulations to Sergt. Daniels on his smart work of last week, and we are very pleased to note that headquarters recognised his good work.

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On our "march in" from Grayshott the other day, a little tot was walking along with a young lady, and the tot espied a certain young officer of our company, and said: "There's daddy." He seemed to blush very noticeably.

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Well, "D" Company certainly shows it can hang on to the Battalion championship in football. How about last week's games?

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Sergt. Smith is very fond of walking to Haslemere every night. We often used to wonder why, but now the cause has been shown to us. Still, we may not be here to witness the effect! Go ahead, Jim, never mind the weather.

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We are sorry to record the serious illness of "Davy" Dryden. Everyone of us is hoping to see the old boy back in the job again very soon.

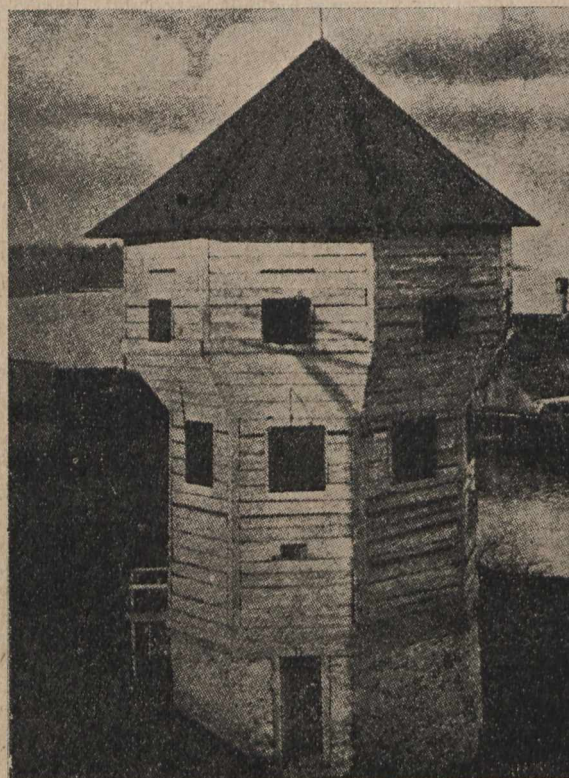
WARLIKE ALPHABET.

(From the Trenches.)

- A is for Argyll, that fine Highland clan,
who voted for rum right down to a man.
B is the biscuit we get in the trench,
that's cursed at in English, Glesca, and French.
C is the censor, who must know ere this,
a cross is a cross, and a kiss is a kiss.
D is the dug-out that gives us the habit
of dodging about like a paralysed rabbit.
E is an Easter egg, laid by a louse;
now there's a family—my shirt is their house.
F is for Flanders, according to wags,
it used to be here, but now it's in bags.
G is the gum-boot that seems very neat,
till your head comes down whack, and up go your feet.
H is for Huns, who are devils to roam,
and till Belgium is Hunless we'll never get home.
I was an idiot, thought he was brave,
stood on the parapet—he's now in his grave.
J is the jam we all have to grapple,
we are heartily tired of damson and apple.
K's is an army, composed of the best;
we wish they'd come out and give us a rest.
L is a place—well, you know where I mean,
where defaulters, &c., are off to be seen.
M is the medico, whom I personally hate;
he gave me a 9 instead of an 8.
N is the noise that is made by a shell,
it goes up to heaven and brings us down hell.
O is the offensive we're starting on now,
it's even worse than unearthing a cow.
P is the piper, who pipes just for fun,
and makes the Bosche glad he's only a Hun.
Q is a question you might answer fast—
how long is this blooming war going to last?
R is the rum that is dished out to you,
if you cannot stand one, well, you cannot "stand to."
S is the Star shell, bound for the moon,
as it slowly goes up you quickly get "doon."
T is the drink we are now getting here,
it's rotten to know the Germans get beer.
U are the person the sniper is after,
it's odds on he'll get you and there will be laughter.
V is the backsight you look through to shoot;
the Hun, he knows it, and snipes you—the brute.
W is for wiring, a very fine job,
till you get on the shins what was meant for the stob.
X's in letters are no bally good;
let's pretend they are charcoal for cooking the food.
Y is for Ypres, surrounded by snipers;
pronounce it to suit yourself, we call it Wipers.
Z is for Zeppelins we see in the skies,
they never come near us—this statement is lies.

A FORT OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

This old Hudson Bay Fort, situated in Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, B.C., was built in the early pioneer days of the coast. It was used in repelling attacks of the Red Man. Built entirely of hand-hewn timbers, with a rock-foundation, it is situated on a rocky ridge, with a good commanding view of the water, and a small inlet which in those days was the chief landing place, for Indians and white men alike. In case of an uprising of the Red Men, the pioneers living near would take refuge in this fort, and I don't think the occasion is on record, where it has ever been overcome. Some of the old cannon used in it in those days are still on exhibition at Nanaimo. The hoop-holes for these can be seen quite easily, with loop-holes for rifles on top or on either side of them. Modern times have failed to erase its bluff appearance, and little



What would a H.-E. do to this?

repairing is needed to keep it in condition. The timbers, are as good as the day they were hewn for its building. But it stands there to-day, amongst modern architecture, a mute testimonial of the hardships that had to be faced by the early settlers of British Columbia.

Contributed by 102954, Pte. TOM RICHARDS,

"C" Coy., 67th Battalion, Western Scots.

MACHINE GUN PATTERN.

We miss the old familiar command, "On the left, form section." Our O.C. has so many new men in the Gun Section that he has to give "On the left, form close column of Platoons."

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There is every indication that we are going to have some real target practice, and are in some doubt as to whether the old familiar "Stand by," "At that point," "In reference to the target," "Mount gun," will be suitable commands under actual firing conditions.

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A few things we would like to know:—

The reasons Sergt. Dakers gave when applying for an extension of leave? And why he spends all his leave in