

BATS FROM THE BATMEN.

During musketry instructions a certain man was asked by the Instructor what a "fine sight" was. He hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"Two dinners on one plate, sergeant."

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Orderly Officer: "Any complaints?"

Private: "I wish you would taste this, sir."

Orderly Officer (after fasting): "Why, that's jolly fine soup."

Privates: "The cooks don't seem to think so, sir; they serve it up here for tea."

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Orderly sergeants are saving much shoe-leather these days. They don't have to run all over camp chasing Batmen to warn them for parade, as these unfortunates are quarantined in a hut, all together.

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The Batmen extend their deep sympathy to Private Notman, who has recently lost his third brother in the war.

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Who is the Batman who required assistance in moving his officer's baggage from Martinique House?

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Poor Moses was on the peg this week! Hard lines, Mose!

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Corporal: "Did we come all the way from Canada to be quarantined?"

Frenchy: "What the H—— are you kicking about? This is my second dose."

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What is Snow—a Batman or a traveller? Why don't you stay at home once in a while?

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Fawcett says that we are going to have plum trees in front of the Colonel's House.

TO THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Men of Britain, ye who clamour
And who strike for higher pay,
What will all your "Rights" avail you
If we fail to win the Day?

He who stays at home and argues,
He who plays the coward's game,
Only scorns his country's honour,
And is faithless to her name.

See your comrades bravely fighting
'Midst the deadly shot and shell;
Think of helpless, captive prisoners,
Think of Ypres, and Neuve Chapelle.

Do you ever think of Belgium
With her home in ruins laid?
If the Huns our shores invaded,
Would you look on undismayed?

Men of Britain, let none ever
Say we called for you in vain.
Up and join the flag of freedom,
And our star shall never wane.

C. A. A.

An 18-year-old boy, Roland Roberts, was within one point of defeating William Johnston, national tennis champion, in the finals of the Californian inter-club meet recently.

S.B. SECTION.

1. In future, if a certain member of our section makes a "Rash" movement and attempts to play with the football sports of the Battalion, kindly lead him off the field, as the orderly in the hospital objects to binding his numerous injurise.

2. To those of the sporting world: We have now a supply of pain-remover. Bring your own bottle.

The Western Scots are soon, we hope, to be clothed as all real Scotch regiments should be—in the garb of old Gaul. Why not carry the Scotcising a stage farther and prefix the Mac to all names? What could sound better at a kilty parade than to hear Sergeant McJones shout, "Dress back there, McBertueci," "Come up a wee bit, McZik and McOlsen," "Haud up yer heid, McTrickett, and you, McPlump, keep in yer stomach."

What would be the result if Hut No. 32 got mixed up with Hut No. 25? Meamps? or Muscles?

Who slept on the parade ground to be in time for the 5.30 blanket parade?

Is it true that the Q.M. is requisitioning a supply of Douglas tartan paint to paint the stripe down the side of the kilt?

With five men sick, two men to be on the sanitary police, two men doing clerical work, and two men doing fatigue, our sergeant says that very soon he will have to recruit another Army, as he so very often addresses our section.

One of our boys whose pants are about worn out writes this pathetic verse:—

Our coats are very thread-bare,

Our pants are worn and thin.

They are getting full of rents and tares,

Which let the breezes in. F. S.

Our usual list of questions:—

Why did Copeland get his hair cut?

Who is it that Bastow corresponds with in England?

Does Pte. Randalls wish any further treatment?

Who is it continually smokes the M.O.'s cigarettes?

Who did Pte. Hickling meet in London?

Will we miss our Tiny?

Will someone kindly buy Pte. Dick another clay pipe?

Does the postman read the picture postal cards?

What does our new sergeant think of the kilts?

Reports from hospitals of our men who are sick:—

Pte. Wallace is getting better very fast. We hope to have him with us very soon.

Pte. Rodgers, who is undergoing an operation for his ears, will be with us again in the course of a few days.

We are pleased to say that "Bill" Norman is also getting along fine. He is under the care of Sister Fraser at the Military Isolation Hospital, Aldershot, and she has taken upon herself the task of taming this wild man of the West. Our sympathies go out to her in this. Also many thanks for her kindness to a few of the boys who visited the ward.

Pte. Walker, after visiting Pte. Norman and seeing the way the sisters treated him, wishes that he also could have a cot in Ward 25.

We had the pleasure of meeting recently a little Irish girl wearing glasses. When she saw that we were in the 67th Battalion she made tender enquiries for "Tiny, Lce.-Cpl. R., and Paddy (?)" She wants to know if one of them still insists on eating alone at a table decorated with one flower! We were also much amused by some photographs she showed us. Oh, Tiny!