

As far as the remarks about our meals are concerned, we are very glad to say the "quantity" is beginning to get better as we go on.

The boys are receiving postcards from the young ladies all along the "line" in Canada almost daily now. It must keep the girls pretty busy.

Private Hunter, of Platoon 15, had a little hand in the rebellion in Ireland. We were wondering what was his reason for being away, after his leave was up, and the consequences are that he has beat us to it in plenty of time.

Some new words of command: Stand at—"Aight," About—"Tun," Company—"Hun," Quick—"Maa."

We wonder who the party was that turned his glass upside down on the bar at the "pub" the other night! Some narrow escape.

Here's hoping the "bunch" at Whitehill and Longmoor are enjoying themselves.

The "certain private from the wilds of Duncan" can exist on anything nowadays, especially on the letters he receives from home. We believe he is a "lovesick boy."

Now is the time for baseball and lacrosse. How about the Sports Committee getting busy? We have material of the very best calibre for both lines, and it is time something was done to get "things" going.

Rumor hath it that Lance-Corporal Bell, of our company, "fell hard" while away on his leave. He is going to get married shortly. Going some, eh!

There is a certain private in Platoon 13 who is very fond of going on a visit to a certain "farm" in the immediate neighbourhood of our barracks. We wonder why? He was talking in his sleep the other night, and "Baldface" Peter told us all about it.

The majority of our non-commissioned officers have returned from their courses, benefited physically and otherwise. We will now be getting the benefits of their instruction.

Our Company Quartermaster-Sergeant has been acting as our Company Sergeant-Major for some time, and the boys all jump to it. "Bill" is just beginning to "come back" now, and is surely on the job all the time.

In No. 1 Company Notes they forgot to mention Hounslow, Hythe, East Sandling, Perth, etc.

The boys from Victoria are very sorry to note the death of Judge (Major) Irving. He was a fine man, and did a great deal for the men in khaki, especially the returned soldiers.

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#### SERGEANTS' MESS

We are settled again in a little "home" of our own. Quartermaster-Sergeant Hamilton Jones is looking after us in his usual efficient manner. And we have every reason to be contented.

This is no slur on Sergeant Lister, who did very good work for a week or two until he was called back to the lines for duty. Our thanks to him.

Of course, we are not in permanent quarters here at Bordon, and daily hear rumours of moving to Bramshott. But don't forget the piano.

Sister, from her station behind the bar, complains of lack of company and custom in the evenings. A piano might prove an attraction in the evenings, and, incidentally, might cause the desired bulge in sister's stockings. A man can't smoke and sing without an occasional quencher, you know!

Apropos of our "solid comfort" in the shape of the comfortable arm-chairs, sister says that for the first time for many moons she can stand on a chair and feel safe.

We are a "cliqué" bunch, and don't give each other away, but we want to know:—

Why Sergeant Mills went to sleep over his lunch on Monday?

Who are "Stronk," "McGormick," "Hindhue," "Binks," etc.?

If Battalion Sergeant-Major Johnstone "enjoys" a game of whist, and if he approves of "sneak" leads?

What happened to Sergeant-Cook MacMasters after sampling Sergeant Condy's Devonshire cream?

Why Sergeant Steel continually raves about Leicester Square?

If "to buy a bugle for my boy" is not a darn good reason for going to London?

We are glad to have with us Sergeant-Majors Duffett and Church, Sergeant Clark, and Sergeant Craddock. All ranks are benefiting by their instruction, and we are enjoying their company in the mess.

Battalion Sergeant-Major Cartwright is still on the sick-list, we are sorry to say. We wish him a speedy recovery. We miss his genial smile (no offence meant, Battalion Sergeant-Major Johnston). We saw you smile some days ago when you and Sergeant Condy took six odd tricks against Bandmaster Turner and Sergeant Tate. But, really, your language was awful when Tate led the never-failing "sneak" the very next hand.

We hear from Sergeant MacMasters that he and his staff have been far too busy to write notes from the cook-house. We are promised some jottings for our next issue. Many of the boys from the cook-house are attending the School of Cookery at Aldershot. The Sergeant-Cook paid them a visit recently and found them all happy, and enjoying to the full the lessons they are receiving. (No doubt they are! Walter Adams sent for his dancing-shoes!).

The cook-house staff had many difficulties to encounter during the first few weeks, but these are being steadily overcome, thanks to the efficiency of friend Mac and his merry men! The "fivepenny-halfpenny" rations were a little hard to get used to, but the cook-house boys are hitting the old clip again, and complaints are few and far between.

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#### INCONSEQUENTIAL ITEMS.

Rumour hath it—as young, would-be journalists write frequently—that the officers from ours who are doing the long course at Shorncliffe are all to be given generalships. Judging by Bill Cooke's description of the amount of work they have to do, we should say that field-marshalships would not be too great a reward.

And so we are to have the honour of being tried as the pioneer battalion of the 4th Canadian Division. Here's to our making good!

Believe us, Bramshott Camp is a fine little place for work. Foot-slogging is the rule with a vengeance over there. Situated on a splendid eminence (about the height of Mount Tolmie), the camp is beautifully distant from training areas, rifle ranges, railway stations, etc., the idea being to encourage pedestrianism.

Cycling as a pastime is becoming popular among many of the 67th officers, but we would appreciate an explanation of the marked tendency of some of the officers to follow the same route every time.

The Scots' details at the course in entrenchments at Bramshott showed up particularly well. There was a prominent desire among them to dig deep and narrow—evidence of a proper respect for the capabilities of "Minnie" and "The Big Smoke."

The officers of the 54th (Kootenay) Battalion, at Bramshott, are excellent hosts, and they do their full share of