

things have had to be consigned to the garbage tin simply because of the delay in transit after they reach England.

Now, Sergt. Blank, did you blow up that bridge, or—but here the scribe fled.

### “C” COMPANY NOTES.

At last it has happened. Pte. Thomas, No. 9 Platoon's woman hater, has fallen a victim to the wiles of a London beauty. He is kept busy now corresponding. Never mind, “Bill,” a week-end pass soon.

As a lady-killer and love-letter artist, Pte. M——, of No. 9 Platoon, has a clear field. From Vancouver to Halifax (not to mention England), there is a stream of broken hearts, also a steady stream of letters. Anyone having any spare writing material, kindly donate to our Beau Brummel.

Why was it Pte. Deacon started on his six days' leave for the Far North, but got no further than London? It is rumoured that he met once more his long-lost niece. And did anyone notice the pleasant (?) looks he is bestowing on Pte. S——s since their return from leave?

The boys of No. 9 Platoon are glad to see the return of Pte. Oliver from hospital, and hope for the speedy recovery of Ptes. Gillfillan, Marsch, Price and Wilmer.

“C” Company, one and all, congratulate the pipe band on their splendid showing since our arrival in England.

Pte. Hardy has a really original method of the unfix bayonets. Although a little complicated, it could be mastered with practice.

Pte. Dinsdale, “C” Company's basso, has started a class for singers; terms are very moderate. Office in forest, one mile in.

Baseball has at last found a place on the Battalion's list of sports. We have a full equipment, and have had a few games. There are plenty of good ball-tossers amongst us, and with a little more practice we will be able to put up a good brand of ball.

We congratulate the machine gun section on their win the other night. They have the makings of a good team. They also have an umpire, who is certainly ambitious, even if a little (?) erring in his decisions. While ordering the equipment, the rule book was omitted, which would have been a valued addition to his library.

“C” Company has a Cook Watson, a Lance-Jack Watson, a Sergt.-Major Watson, and now we are notified that we are to be under Major-General Watson, in 4th Canadian Division.

Canadians have had some queer experiences in London. One of our sergeants says a No. 9 wasn't in it

when a voice halloa'd, “Tuppence, please,” while he was enjoying a tête-à-tête in the park.

It has been suggested that if those in authority would have the names of these calling places changed, according to the following schedule, and a jitney service inaugurated, that the Battalion would feel a little more at home:—

Prince of Wales	...	...	...	Willows
Royal Oak	...	...	...	Metropolis
Royal Exchange	...	...	...	Manitoba
New Inn	...	...	...	Strand
Holly Bush	...	...	...	King Edward
Queen's Head	...	...	...	Wilson

And many more that space will not allow here.

An N.C.O. having an imaginary wife in the background adds considerable zest to conversation to an eligible girl, and, I must say, this N.C.O. didn't take long to lose his broad expression. He acted just as if he had honourable to his name, and a world reputation for big game. And the exploits of others were too ordinary for him to comment on. Proudly she gazed on him, kissed him shyly, held him at arm's distance to admire him. For a moment he imagined he had the world at his feet, won a pretty girl, and a happy home. But there is always the slip between the cup and the lip. Along comes an ordinary private. Forsooth, all is lost. Caution: Beware of the N.C.O. who lost in the presence of the spick and span private.

The past week has been a pretty busy one for “C” Company. Inspections; pay days; early morning roll calls, responding—some of us half awake, almost forgetting what our names are. However, we are usually Johnny-on-the-spot. The drills have been very instructive, they are the little things that go to make the soldier. It is often said a soldier is what is drilled into him. There must be exceptions to this. In the first place a soldier must be a manly man, especially in a war like this. And it is certain that the Canadian is one of the best type of the above. He recognises the seriousness of the present struggle, and he responds with his whole soul to his instructions. Admittedly, some of us will never make parade-ground soldiers. But when the time arrives for real work, work that will test the man, we will not be found wanting. On Thursday afternoon we had a very instructive lesson under Major Sutton in trenches west of camp. These lessons should be taken seriously by all of us; they are but rehearsals of the real thing against an imaginary enemy. They are on a small scale to the conditions that exist at the Front. Let us have lots of them; they are very instructive. Major Sutton is very painstaking in showing us our mistakes and correcting errors.

One word more: As a Pioneer Battalion the 67 fits, that's the word—fits.

### “D” COMPANY NOTES.

Rumours are rife again! For instance, “Paddy” is on his way over; each man is going to have 2d. stopped from his pay to pay Paddy's fare.

Canada is all right, but, just think, we had only been in England 14 days when word came that five of our bravest had met their doom. They will be married before July 1.

Friday, May 19, was the most pleasant and instructive day we have had since enlisting, thanks to our Colonel. Here's hoping we will have many more like it.

The material for the baseball teams is in plenty and

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