

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Our bugle calls, titled, as seen by us:—

5.30 a.m.—Réveillé	...	"Please go away and let me sleep."
6.45 a.m.—Cook-house	...	"Just before the battle, mother."
7.0 a.m.—Pick-'em-up	...	"I want to go back to the farm."
8.15 a.m.—Fall In	...	"Work, for the night is coming."
7.0 p.m.—Retreat	...	"When you come to the end of a perfect (?) day."
Any old—Defaulters time	...	"You'll do the same thing over again."
9.0 p.m.—First Post	...	"Just a wee Deoch an' Doris."
9.30 p.m.—Last Post	...	"Oh, where is my boy to-night?"
9.45 p.m.—Lights Out	...	"I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you."
1.0 a.m.—Fire Call generally	...	"You'll be clothed in scant array."

Father Gillies has re-opened his Bible class, assisted by Brother Gillfillan. At his next meeting, Father Gillies will speak on "Prohibition," and Pte. Dinsdale will sing "Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

While on week-end pass, I met an English parson. I got into a conversation with him, and discovered that he had been out to Canada. We then began talking of coins. And when he first went to Canada, he wondered of what use the Canadian one cent piece was, as there did not seem to be many in circulation. But he said he discovered at least one of their uses at his first meeting.

No. 9 Platoon wants to know whether any other platoon in the battalion has a name more suitable for the kilts than Rob Roy McGregor.

The boys of No. 9 Platoon would like to know how it is that Ptes. Richards and Oliver seem to be so interested in letters received from North Bay, Ontario. Pte. Dinsdale thinks they both write to the same fair maiden, but the two worthies act in soldierly manner, and give out no information.

Three of our glove artists, Sergt. Fenton, Lce.-Corpl. Dunn, and Pte. Parsons, are getting in trim again. They have a few rounds each afternoon, and when the first tournament comes off they will be ready for the best.

Four days without receiving a letter is the record made by Pte. Melcomb. How he came through the ordeal is a mystery to the boys of No. 9 Platoon.

Pte. Deacon as a newspaper critic is right there with the goods. While on guard some little time ago, he declared that the newspapers were vulgar in their announcements of births. He continued that such a way of putting it, as the Duchess of somewhere gave birth to a twelve-pound boy, was very vulgar. When asked by Pte. Oliver how he would word such delicate matters, he replied, "They should say that the Duchess gave heir to a son." Pte. Oliver is looking for his dictionary.

A certain private in "C" Company wants to know how it is that Bandmaster Turner has meat pies served up to him on china, while this same private had his pie thrown at him. P.S.—The above incident took place in an establishment near Waterloo Station.

At doing the "about turn," Pte. Dinsdale is very smart. Pte. McGregor can verify this statement from a first hand demonstration he had a week last Sunday. Though Pte. McGregor states the order was "advance."

Seeing that the kilts are such a great time in arriving, several of us have come to the conclusion that the strip of Douglas tartan has been put on upside down, and has had to undergo alterations.

Pte. Wallach's slacks are open to criticism—at the rear. And we also notice that Pte. Gillfillan is a lover of ventilation.

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

"D" Company has had its share of the "Markers' Course" at Whitehill, Cranmer, and Longmoor ranges, and there is no doubt that all feel a good deal of experience has been gained. Our turn at shooting will be along shortly, and that is where the experience gained will tell.

Our training since arriving in England has been a bit more stiff than at the Willows. We will all be "good and hard" when the time comes to move to France.

The musketry instruction we are now getting is, practically speaking, the same as our musketry officer taught us in Victoria. The only difference is that the instructors over here have more time to put us through. The N.C.O.'s will have a time now in giving the instruction to their different sections.

Our C.S.M. was certainly tickled to death to get back to Bramshott from Chelsea Barracks, as he surely was being "put through" when some of our boys paid a visit to Chelsea some days ago. We bet he says, "Never again!"

Well, we sure had some day last Friday. Our blankets had a bath; so did we. Our réveillé was at 5 a.m., and our day's work was over at 6.10 p.m. It would not do to put in some of the songs composed on that day, but this will be the only one which went: "O, Canada, what I have suffered this day for you!"

How about some lacrosse and more baseball? Let's all get busy.

Pte. Leiper, of 15 Platoon, has not had much sleep lately. Some say "Taffy" Owens was the reason. He tries to raise the roof some nights.

We extend our sympathy to Pte. "Jimmie" Brown, of 13, as he had to go on guard last Saturday. Some of the boys say "she" wrote from London and Jim had applied for a pass. Some hard luck.

We wonder when the kilts will be here, as it will not be safe for some of the boys to leave camp soon, for they will be "pinched" for being improperly dressed. Their trousers are giving "out."

Well, boys, the 88th have left Victoria, but rumour has it that the 50th (Gordons of Victoria) are not coming overseas. Hard lines.

Who says our second in command does not look "Jake" in his kilts?

What is the matter with the "flag" man? Wake him up.

We were very sorry to read about the death of "Percy" Hill, of the Camosun Club of Victoria. Our sympathies are extended to his wife and family.

Col. Ogilvie, the former D.O.C. of our district in B.C. and Yukon, is getting his brigade of artillery together very fast, and will go east to the training

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