

flection,
 Jack McKinnon can solve them, from
 the Signal Section.
 There is Torrie McLennan, M. P., a
 very good scout,
 Who goes around at ten fifteen and
 raps "lights-out."
 And young Douglas McKay, neat as a
 pin,
 Carries his pack though its heavy as
 sin.
 There is Walter McKenzie, a youth
 never brighter,
 Who is a brother of Billy, the champion
 fighter.
 And Archie McLeod, the Stoke's gun
 man,
 Who takes a short course whenever he
 can.
 J. A. Robinson is a stalwart, the boys
 like him dandy,
 They sometimes pet him by calling him
 Sandy.
 W. T. Robinson left us on account of
 his size,
 But he's back in our midst with his
 sparkling eyes.
 Jack Sinclair is now in his fighting trim,
 He still is confident that we're going to
 win.
 Wes. Schmidt is one who thinks trouble
 is a trifle,
 And is always on the job to fix a broken
 rifle.
 Now comes Joe and Hugh Sproale,
 together they stand,
 As fine a pair of boys as you can find in
 the land.
 There is Stewart McPherson, a man
 from the soil,
 A lover of McDonald, a great friend of
 Hoyle.
 George Duncan McArthur, the rosy
 cheeked lad,
 Says he doesn't worry as long as he's
 clad.
 Another little fellow the boys like to
 jest on,
 Comes and goes to the name of Albert
 Preston.
 Billie Patterson's a boy who said he
 never feared,

But on account of an order, shaved off
 his beard.
 George Phillips is a sticker who sticks
 to the sticks,
 And gives time to the boys when they
 get in a fix.
 There is Teddy Taylor, though not
 anxious for fame,
 Has the rank of Lance Corporal attached
 to his name.
 Harry Taylor is a reciter with comedian
 talent,
 He performs for the boys and does it
 quite gallant.
 Jimmie Thompson at present is working
 in the mess,
 He'll know how to batch when he gets
 back to the West.
 To the Siamese twins our attention has
 come,
 A pair of good fellows, John and James
 Thompson.
 G. C. Walker is one of Canada's best
 men,
 So we finish our rhyme with a humble
 amen.

While returning home from Godal-
 ming on Wednesday night Corp. Murray
 and Pte. P. Synden had the misfortune
 to be struck by a car, breaking two of
 Synden's ribs and Murray received a
 severe cut in the head.

Pte. W. G. Small, one of the type
 slingers on "Bruce in Khaki" and the
 Editor left to-day for Newmarket. They
 will tell you all about it next week—
 perhaps!

Capt. "Bobbie" Rowland to his bat-
 man: "Negligate the quadrapeds from
 the vehicle, stabulate them, denote
 them an adequate supply of nutrituous
 element, and when the aurora morn
 illuminates the horizon, I will reward
 thee with a pecuniary compensation for
 your amiable hospitality." The batman
 —he died.