

We hope that the last photos in Major Harbottle's collection will be "The Western Spots of Canada marching into Berlin."

Speaking of photographs, does the rest of the Battalion know that we have a Regimental album, and that photographs of units or individual members of the Battalion will be gratefully received by Staff Sergeant Nicholls? We want to make this album a complete photographic gallery of the Regiment. Thank you!

We are feeling justifiably pleased with our ourselves again. Yet another Battalion has sent its representative to study our Orderly Room system. We have been entertaining Lieutenant Lough, the Acting Adjutant of the 172nd Battalion, who came all the way from Kamloops for that purpose.

Did anyone say "Acting Sergeant" Condy? We would like to know.

Pioneer Sergeant "Jimmie" Smith is busy studying all the latest and newest methods of high-grade salutes. We heard a vague rumor of this having something to do with the Pay Office. What is the explanation, Jimmie?

Talking of salutes, the variety observed even in the Orderly Room is amazing. They run every way, from the courtly and impressive salute of one of the majors, down to that of a certain well-known sergeant who salutes as if he has paralysis in his right arm and couldn't raise it above his elbow.

Apparently there are two sides to every question. Quite recently, down town we heard a new recruit greeted with "Why Jock! You promised not to enlist, you—coward!"

Armourer Sergeant G. N. Hughes has been granted his discharge for the purpose of obtaining a Commission in the 96th Battalion, C.E.F., "Canadian Highlanders." While we most heartily congratulate Mr. Hughes on his promotion, we are all sorry to lose so efficient a man from the 67th, particularly at this time. Armourer Sergeant Hughes was universally and well deservedly popular here, and his most efficient handling of his department was appreciated by all. We wish his commission had been in the 67th.

SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

Our Commanding Officer is making good his promise that vacancies in the commissioned ranks will be filled from his non-commissioned officers. Lieuts. Blyth, Hall and Thain, whose work as non-commissioned officers, has attracted the colonel's attention, are the three latest members of the Sergeants' Mess to receive promotion. We extend congratulations.

Armourer-Sergt. "Sam" Hughes has left us to take up an appointment as lieutenant in the 96th Battalion, "Canadian Highlanders." Whilst we are pleased to see him promoted, we cannot help feeling that the 67th has lost an expert rifleman in his departure. Those who were fortunate enough to come under his guidance at the range can bear witness that his tactful and kind method of instruction has helped to make the Battalion shooting average as high as it is.

Sergt. F. G. Williams, "one of the best," and who, by the way, is the senior duty sergeant of the Battalion, has been and gone and done it. His mysterious comings and goings have been viewed with curiosity for some time since. Now the cat is out of the bag. Sergt. "Willie" got married at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. G. H. Andrews, on Wednesday, the 9th inst. Although the wedding was kept secret up to the last moment, a number of the 67th were in attendance.

Staff-Sergt. Nicholls, of the Orderly Room, better known as "Nick of Johannesburg," was, of course, present to see his friend joined in holy matrimony, and whilst enthusiastically congratulating "Willie" after the ceremony, wished him "many happy returns of the day!"

The Damon and Pythias-like friendship of Sergt. N——d and "Mastey" has been somewhat broken up by the quarantining of No. 1 Company in their quarters. We understand, however, that these two keep in touch with one another by frequent billets doux. "Mastey" recently left us, but we hope this is only temporary, as he was always one of the principal contributors to the gaiety of the mess. Whilst these columns are intended primarily for light literature, we think it not out of place to point out the little moral, "If you get snow-bound, don't forget to telephone."

Congratulations to Sergt. Haines on yet another appointment. He is now "Provoking Sergeant." At the next mess meeting we are considering proposing a subscription to buy him a medal as the "champion transferee" of this, or we should think, any battalion.

Sergt.-Major Brogan, of the C.A.M.C., is now through with his "First-Aid" instruction. During the time the Sergt.-Major has been attached to us he has made many friends, and it is with regret we see him leave us to carry on his good work with some

other regiment. Whilst lecturing to No. 3 Company some time since, he was demonstrating the art of resuscitating a man after drowning. Sergt.-Major Watson kindly volunteered to be the "subject," and the men worked over him with great vigor. They were, however, disappointed in their hopes, when the simple, though peculiar test, to ascertain whether life was still existent was not applied.

Mention was made in the last issue of a suggestion to deduct 20 cents a month from the men's pay as a subscription to the "Scot."

We think this should be carried out. It is the intention to publish the paper at the Front, and to do this we shall probably need our own printing press. This entails money. Twenty cents per man a month would ensure the paper being on a sound financial basis, and no one would miss such a small amount, and no doubt they are getting their money's worth if all the editions come up to the standard of the last issue. In our opinion the laugh we got out of the cartoon of Lieuts. Sutton and Marsden was alone worth the money.

A certain man who held a prominent position in the Battalion, but who left us whilst holding the rank of sergeant, is preparing a thesis to be entitled "Dodging the column, or how to soldier without going to the Front."

NO. 1 COMPANY

Still we are a thing apart, and ever the cry goes up: "How long, how long!" Of prophets we do not lack. One cheerful optimist will "raise our hopes" sky-high with the "sure-thing" information that Sunday will see us at liberty; a couple of minutes later a prowling pessimist knowingly assures us that if we see the lights o' town in ten days we can consider ourselves lucky. Well, well, we must possess ourselves in patience. And we might be worse off these days, and have much to be thankful for. Our troubles came upon us suddenly and thickly. To the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion we are indebted for much extra work done on our behalf. Last week's storm found us sharing the general shortage of fuel, and during the height of the storm Lieut. Armstrong rustled a supply for us. During the first days of our captivity we had trouble with our food supplies, and Sergt. Haines put himself to considerable trouble to supplement our shortage. A very great convenience to us has been the opening of a branch canteen here in the building; for this we are indebted to the Canteen Committee. For our entertainment the Officers' Mess loaned us their piano, and on Sunday morning last the band "did their bit" by paying us a welcome visit. Even the rain insisted on coming in—mumps or no mumps. To Major Harbottle, for the kindly thought, and to Sergt. Swan and Pte. Moore, for the trouble taken, the sportsmen among us owe many thanks for the descriptive account, by telegraphy, of Thursday night's boxing match. We hope these good Samaritans will accept our hearty thanks for all they have done for us. But town will look good to us—when we get there.

Someone suggests that Cpl. Christian teach his buglers to play "Christians Awake!"—with the idea, we presume, that it be substituted for Reveille.

With reference to a paragraph in No. 3 Company's notes of the 2nd inst., we are requested to state that there is a Battalion Water Polo Team, but that owing to the outbreak of mumps in No. 1 Company—certain members of which are on the team—the matches arranged have been postponed until these men are better.

Cpl. James Everett Fortner, of No. 3 Platoon, was married on Tuesday evening last to Mrs. Amy Christina Carter. The ceremony took place at the residence of the officiating minister, Capt. the Rev. Dr. Campbell, chaplain to the 50th Gordon Highlanders. The bridegroom was supported by Cpl. Fawcett, also of No. 3 Platoon. The many friends of Cpl. Fortner here wish the happy couple the best of luck and future happiness.

Now, then, you Masons, hurry up and join the Stretcher Bearers!

We are glad to note that No. 1 Company, after listening to Lieut. Gray's short talk on Thursday afternoon, upon the past and future of the "Western Scot," unanimously agreed to his suggestion that each man become a regular subscriber to it in future. When this war is a thing of the past this little paper of ours will present a most interesting record of the changing life of our Battalion.

Starting Monday evening last, and continuing each evening this week, Major Armour has been giving a series of lectures to aspiring Non-Com. officers on the duties of Non-Com. officers in general. The lectures are followed by squad drill,