

We asked Pte. Fred Robbins, of the "Charley Chaplins," what he was doing these days. His answer was comforting:—"I get up in time to clean my buttons, shine my boots, shave and wash up in time to have breakfast at five o'clock. Then if we haven't got a busy day ahead of us, we have ten minutes for a smoke. Then we make a raid on the tool shed and 'slope shovels' for parade. Then we 'stand at ease' over a trench until 4.30 in the afternoon. Then we 'pile shovels' and clean huts till bed time—and have nothing more to do until the next day." Shame on you, Fred.

Pte. McKimm is enjoying life thoroughly these days: in anxious anticipation of a coming trip to London. Don't think a quart of red paint will go very far there, Mac. We know different—we took a week-end there, you know.

Drummer Wm. Cowe, of the old pipe band, has just returned from the hospital and is now with 5 B Company. Lest he suffer from lack of exercise he has taken up the active occupation of demonstrating the skilful use of a shovel. He fails to handle the implement of Ireland with anything like the skill he displayed with the drum sticks and so far has broken but three shovels and one back.

To Captain Williams of No. 6 Company, we extend thanks for his contribution of the current week. Here's hoping others may follow the example of the genial lecturer and send in articles.

OVERHEARD.

"We used to have the best company in the battalion. We always turned out the best guard and got more compliments than any other company. Captain — used to pick out the best men for that duty and then he took the best of that lot and sent them up for stick orderlies. I always used to be picked for stick orderly."

"You can't tell me I was drunk. I only had three double glasses of Scotch, two drinks of rum and a few bottles of beer."

Adjutant Appleton has been on the sick list during the past few days, but has not neglected his duties in the Orderly Room. Takes more than a little touch of illness to make a man give up the pleasure of raising Cain with Orderly Sergeants.

Sergt. Appleton is still in the musical ring and is now playing baritone with the band. Jack seems to make good on either side of the water and his ability on the instrument has been most pleasing to Bandmaster Williams.

Now that Bandsman Lake is with the band and has few opportunities of getting into the city, we wonder how he stands it. And that reminds us, Charlie—have you heard from the girl you kissed on the platform at Calgary, and have you found any nice little ditches to fall into since coming to England?

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