

ago. Don't know much about him, he is so quiet we haven't had the nerve yet to ask for the loan of a shilling.



Pte. D. D. McCallum has a wonderful memory, he can recite poems with great feeling that your great grandfather used to recite. He will argue a point until he believes it himself.



Pte. P. H. McGillivray is a mason from Owen Sound, says he must have been "plastered" when he enlisted.



Pte. E. Lowndes is supposed to be the man who went into a store in Tin Town and asked for the longest two foot rule they had in stock.



Pte. E. T. Kyte is a high flyer. That is why the boys used to have him "up in the air" so much before he went to the A.S.C.



Pte. H. E. Shackleton is a drummer in the Bugle Band and about the only time we see him with the platoon is on pay parade.



Pte. J. Arnold is the man who fries your bacon and eggs and makes your toast every morning.



Pte. Walter Johnson looks like a New York chef with his white jacket and cap. Ever hear him sing "Till the pans with the dessert grow cold?"



Pte. P. Hackett of the Signallers can send wireless messages without any apparatus. All he needs is a flag.



Pte. John Bochoven of the Stretcher Bearers is the man to see on a route march if you have sore feet. He is an expert at repairing wooden legs.

THE CONCERT

The concert in the men's mess Tuesday night was one of the best ever staged around here. The talent was gathered from the different batts. The band rendered a few new selections. Chairman Sergt. Neil McDonald gave one of his original speeches. Pte. Billie Cohen, 119th Bn., pleased the men with his impersonations and dialect.

Pte. McIntyre, 185th Bn., kilties, danced to the pipes which looked good to the Bruce Batt. boys.

The original Sergt. Foulton, 208th Bn., took down the house with his comic rhymes and stories.

Pte. Gouge, 119th Bn., conjurer, showed some clever stuff.

B. Q. M. S. Hancox, 164th Bn., received great applause for his classic songs.

B. Q. M. S. Harlow, 134th Bn., followed with his broad smile, comic songs and stories.

Pte. Trainer, 185th kiltie, danced to the pipes and made a hit.

The famous Sergt. Greig, 134th, gave us the real sentimental songs.

Sergt. Foulton, 208th Bn., gave a few more comic numbers.

Pte. Duff, 119th Bn., sang some good stuff.

The King:

The evening was very much enjoyed by Officers and men.



The nominal roll is almost complete of the 160th in the Edinburgh visitor's book.



On the bus last Sunday morning the driver failed to take the hill as good as they usually do, and one of the remarks heard was: "He couldn't drive a nail, let alone a bus."