

Pte. Simister is longing for a return of the olden days, when he spent his leisure time in cleaning an officer's equipment and in singing his superior to sleep. Simister was always a vocalist of merit—the voice having been cultivated by imploring the horses to “form fours” on his Alberta farm.

Major Hardisty spent an evening at a dance in the Metropole recently, and his description of the event was flowing nicely until some one asked him how the women were dressed—then he had nothing to say. He has been a Benedict but a short time, however, and is probably still unfamiliar with descriptions of feminine garb.

Lt.-Col. A. W. Pryce-Jones visited London last week and we will wager that he enjoyed himself thoroughly in his quiet, unassuming way.

Lt. Thurber acted as escort to a prisoner this week, and wore a sword. It is said that a petition is soon to be circulated to have the length of those weapons reduced.

Acting C.S.M. Doyle is one of the busiest men in camp these days. He has just returned from another trip to the front, where he went in charge of reinforcements.

Sergt. Lanaway spent a week end in London but refuses to say much about the trip. Why?

Sergt. Ness, on his recent return from six days' leave in London, presents the appearance of a withered rose—and he always was such a ruddy looking chap, too.

Corp. Murray is still trying to figure out how to make a six foot board fit a seven foot space. His opinion of the bed boards that will not reach from trestle to trestle is only to be described in unreadable print.

Another Ashford fatigue reported back to duty Monday—with the exception of one man—must be something attractive about a town when a man wants

to overstay a pass for the purpose of doing fatigues. Pte. Fraser may give an explanation.

“Slats” Neil, six feet “something” and “Shorty” Wiscombe, four feet “nothing” would make some team.

One can hardly help wondering what has become of Boyce these days. The Irish comedian has been too quiet during the stay in camp—something is wrong.

Subaltern of the week, Mr. Cornell, is said to be working on a new invention—which will enable him to reach the cook house without the use of mud boats.

Major Howland is still much in evidence—and his quiet smile is always a welcome one to the men of his old battalion. The major's popularity is of the lasting kind, and we will predict that it will spread here as it did in Sarcee.

Pte. Dick Jones is still some weather prophet—and still insists that it is going to rain.

In spite of the fact that Pte. L. D. Roberts is about as much at home in a platoon as a hog is in Sunday School, he is staying with it in a manner that is surprising—even though he does have an occasional session with the awkward squad.

JUST COMMENTS

We thought we had escaped the agonises of an over-worked accordion, so imagine our surprise and dismay to run square into Pte. Kennedy and his instrument of torture, Monday evening, and that after our Sarcee request for some one to fall into the darned thing with a bayonet.

“Guy Fawkes” day, last Sunday was celebrated in a nice, quiet manner—but “O you Monday.” The number four company orderly room force still declares it was “the bloomingst mix-up since Hick was a pup” and he is a great big dog now.

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