

say less in a day than any four men in the platoon.



Pte. T. A. Hill is a great big, good natured lump of a boy whose only trouble in the world is getting his bedmate, John Molloy, up in the morning.



Pte. R. G. Hunter is the guy who went sailing one fall and the barge went adrift in a storm. Said he did not mind the storm coming over as it reminded him of his first experience at sailing.



Pte. T. A. Hopkins is a steamboater and is working out a new kind of mud scow. He will give a demonstration at Bramshott this fall.



Pte. J. W. Hopkins claims to have caught the biggest fish that was ever pulled out of Georgian Bay. It is a whale of a story, get him to tell it to you.



Pte. T. Johnston is "slinging the lead" for "BRUCE IN KHAKI," nough said.



Pte. George Kalbfleisch is the man they tried to hang while in quarantine last winter, but he got hold of a big boot which saved his life.



Pte. T. C. Kalbfleisch was an obliging clerk in a country store and wishes he was back while the war prices are on.



Pte. G. A. King is always missing on Sundays. We don't know where he goes, but as he always turns up in the evening no one has made any enquiries.



Pte. T. T. G. Lamb is not as wild and woolly as his name might imply.



Pte. H. F. Loney is a batman and spends his time at the officers' lines pinching coal and wood.

Pte. R. J. Martin, the village blacksmith from Tobermory, is going into jewelry business when he gets back. Every time he hits the anvil he makes a ring.



Pte. J. A. Martin is going to sell the rings.



Pte. J. Molloy, when asked why he enlisted, said he might be able to stop a bullet that would get a good man, but he has grown to be one of the best.



Pte. W. E. McFarlane is a great "Bruce in Khaki" booster. He was a member of the wireless guard at Tobermory.



Ptes. W. S. McKay and Chas. McLay are from the tall timber at Stokes Bay. They are company scouts and can tell you where to find the north star if they have a compass with them.



Pte. J. McPhail comes from the far north, can jump higher and yell louder than any man in the platoon.



Pte. T. A. McCartney is the sod-buster from Purple Valley, who, when he heard the fire whistle in Godalming, asked a girl where the fire was. "In the grate" she replied.



Pte. H. S. McElrae is one of the best boys in the platoon. He doesn't drink or use tobacco and always has a few shillings to lend a guy.



Pte. Roy McLeod says he is not the "Topsy" who came to town with Uncle Tom's Cabin. Pity he hasn't a nice voice, he is always singing "On the Banks of the Wabash" and we are afraid someone will shove him in.



Pte. G. R. Shannon enlisted at Moose Jaw and transferred to us some time