

# "Dery Arks Me Opinion On Married Life."

"Dear Mr. Editor:—

"As me and Dermody was a'sittin' in the Canteen on Chuesday night, 'avin just came in from a spiritual meetin'—(or somethin' as we wasn't at!)—when in blows three of the Draft:—two sappers, and what comes in thru the door they left open!

"Dery arks me, confidential like, what I think o' gettin' marrit. An' he couldna have hit me on a subject nearer me heart!—me as 'as 'ad a quarter of a century o' Army life, 'an' THEN some'—as they say in the Instruction Office. It's me as knows!

"Dery," ses I; "sweethearts 'as cost many a well-meanin' soldier (as might 'a' been a Corporal—yea, a Full Corporal) more than the National Debt!"

"How much is that?", ses Dery, as he bites a chunk out of a piece of apple pie as belongs to a sapper sittin' nigh him.

"Near's I can figure," ses I, "it's 1 to 6 months' pay of 31 days each wivout countin' deductions to Q. M. Stores and other necessities."

"Ummm!" ses Dery, gettin' me point, an' passin' me the inside cut of an apple someone dropped.

"Sweethearts, Dery, me boy," ses I; "are dear at any price, and the cheap ones ain't worf pickin' up! Mark me affidavit!"

"Dery ses: 'Ain't got an indelible pencil, 'ave ye?'—and I 'ad to explain that wot I said was a idiom or idiot, 'er somefing like that.

"Dery," ses I; "are ye really thinkin' o' gettin' marrit? If ye are—DON'T! Would ye give up this free, unfettered bliss for bein' home after Stables every night till ye have to join the Masons for an excuse to stay out?"

"Dery, me boy, listen!" ses I. "Here's some o' us:—Kitchener, Nelson, meself, twa Kings as I knows, and several members of other R'yal Families as is agoin' to be Kings some day. Be one of us," ses I.

"Dery, when I was servin' in Injy with the 1st Gatiwalgar 'ouse'old Cavalry, an' was the right 'and man of the right 'and troop—as 'ansome as a new Buf-faler nickel as hasn't been spent yet—"

"(Here Dery buys a half-full bottle of cream soda from a sick corporal for a doubtful Canteen ticket he picked up.)

"—one day, when the Metulgari of Malplaquet was inspectin' the 1st Patuma Army Corps, an' I was sent over to the salutin' base where the ladies is, I spots a widow of a

dead Battery-Sergeant-Major who never got away on his honeymoon before he died.

"Well, Dery, me boy," ses I; "afid phatir purindi surbid!"

"What in 'ell's that?" ses Dery.

"That," ses I; "is what our old Colonel said one day when he saw our Regiment appear over the skyline of the waterworks, on a Review that was two hours late."

(But Dery remembers there are young soldiers here who have just been to the sermon in the Recreation Room.)

"Well, Dery," ses I; "that there widow cost me—"

"—(Thanks, Dery; it's better than nothin': the gas almost makes you think it's real!)"—

"—4000 rupees, an' THEN some, afore I got her transferred to a lance-corporal what thoet he'd like a bungalow of his own."

"Why didn't ye marry her yersel?" ses Dery.

"For fifteen reasons," ses I. "At that time there was a glut on the market; meanin', the supply was greater than the demand."

"—Just the same," ses Dery, 'as the Mulligan when it's burn'ed!"—

"Ye've clicked," ses I. "Dery: marryin' is vera expenseeve! Ye've movie tickets to buy, and hundreds o' things ye'd never think of 'ceptin' when yer drunk—an' ye and me bein' both dry"—(meaningly!)—

"—(Here Dery 'ands me a bottle that Corporal Vaughn was keepin' till bed-time, and puts an empty one, with a cork, in its place; and we both moves on to another seat, as we were likely to be in the way in another minute!)"—

"—just then I sees Dery's cap, and I sees a photo of the only girl in St. Johns that 'ad sworn she never spoke to any bloomin' soldier but meself!—and Me as 'ad just bought twa tickets to the movies

for the first night after my C. B. was finished!!—

"—I asked Dery to try an' trade them for a bottle o' cream soda and twa ice creams in one glass—"

"—nd I haven't seen Dery since!"

CARRY-ON.

## WE WANT TO KNOW

Why the MOLE Section doesn't tackle No-man's-land.

Is their "Moato", Dig where the diggin's good?

How far in can the worthy tunnelling sergeant go?

When they expect to be below the German lines.

When the band sergeant was looking for a note to make up his anvil set, did he realise what Bar(r) he would find it in?

Was the note found in the Smith's shop? (Pretty D—sharp of Barr. Eh what?)

Why the orderly officer on the 11th forgot that the Mounted Section was on 8.30 a.m. parade.

Whether the Employed Section forgot anyone in their ad.

Whether the Bandmaster thought a two-step was proper for the procession at Church last Sunday.

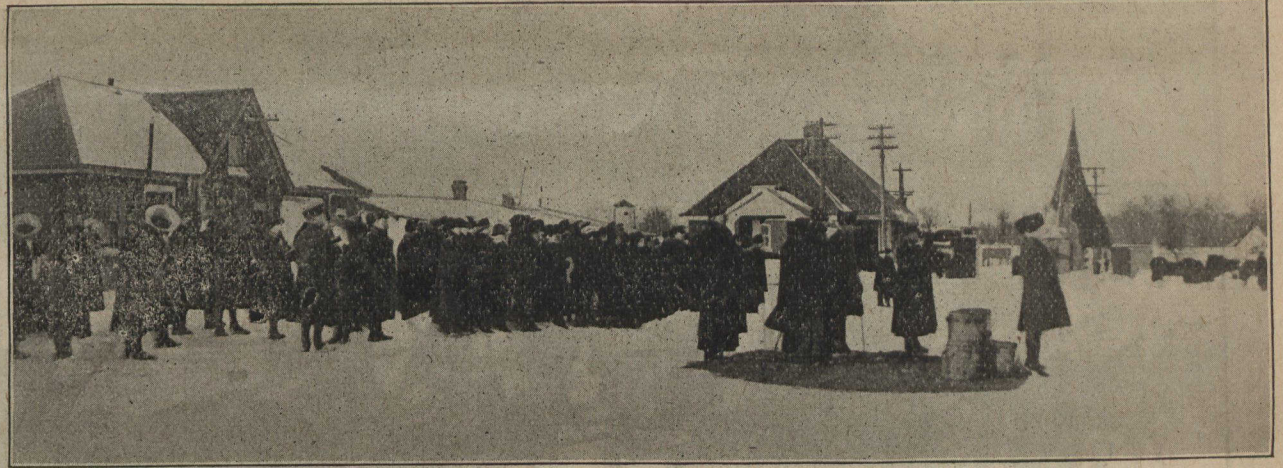
What "Susie" thought of it all.

Did the Bandmaster win out in the speed competition or was the prize for a slow race given to Spr. Dixon.

Where Corporal Ryland's other two shots went to.

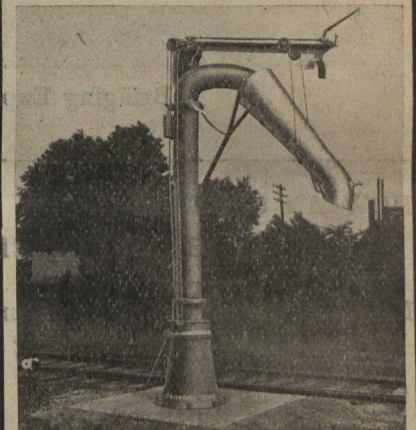
Does Sammy like licking stamps? (—he prefers to stamp parcels himself.)

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E.T.D., St. Johns, P.Q., 18th. Jan., 1917.

(The Engineers Banner now hangs in St. James Anglican Church.)



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