



Church Parade, August, 1917.

NEW SHOES, NEW SHIPS, NEW WAX.

Not being gifted with the true literary instinct, I had never remotely conceived the idea of sponsoring anything which might be considered worthy of a place in the columns of a journal of such a high literary standard as "Knots and Lashings"—that is, until the appearance of the last two issues, wherein, under the heading of "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax", were published some samples of poetic atrocities, with appropriate criticism thereon.

This fired my ambition, for surely here at last was an opportunity to break into print as a versifier. I felt peculiarly qualified, as my Muse carries a gold stripe and limps badly, and my lines scan on a dot-and-carry-one system. For admission to the Chamber of Horrors, therefore, I beg to submit the following:—

" 'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west,
And on the pine tree's lofty tip
The turtle seeks her downy nest.
While eke a sad and pensive cow
Hops twittering from bough to
bough."

In case the above is not sufficiently atrocious for admission to this column, I have evolved a second, which I am confident must be considered such a splendid example of poetic frightfulness as to be included:—

"Oh! would my soul could bleat like
battered pease,
Outsailing shoestrings on the milky
seas,
Fired by the omelets of Arcadian
love,

Alpaca greatcoats wave their wings
above.
While on the rocks of adamantine
fate,
The moaning monkey mourns her
mangled mate."

Should these two samples be out-classed this week by other contributors who seek to visit Shakespeare's "well of English undefiled" and to throw things into it, I feel confident of their appearance in the next number, as the chance of anything worse being submitted for two consecutive weeks is so highly improbable as to be rated a practical impossibility. If, however, they penetrate no further than the editorial waste-basket, I can console myself with the thought that

"Seven cities contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer
begged his bread."

To the Halifax Draft.

We've lived and worked and played
with you,
In friendship close and true,
And now you're off for Halifax—
Good-bye—good luck to you!

You're facing hardship for a Cause,
You're facing danger, too,
But would that we might share your
lot—
Good-bye—good luck to you!

We cannot tell you what we feel,
Our parting words are few,
One hearty hand-clasp tells the tale—
Good-bye—good luck to you!

Too, too Rough.

Judging from the gathering in the riding-school on the occasion of the call for the Halifax draft, a census of the men in the Depot would show the following proportions of the various trades represented:

Carpenters	50
Rough carpenters . .	1000
Other trades	0

Sapper Croco (on guard, handing over his orders): "I will turn out the guard to all officers in general." (As if the guard didn't have troubles enough already.)

We should greatly dislike to think that we are becoming pro-German, but after reading the poetic effusions published under "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax" in the last two issues, we are inclined to believe that the Hun policy of frightfulness has some good points after all!

Sec. 1 of "C" Coy is hereby informed that there is no truth in the statement that the extra baggage car which was attached to the Montreal train last Saturday night was put on solely for the purpose of carrying Parsonson's overshoes.

Billy Bell's Belly

Billy Bell was one of the fortunate members of Sec. 1 of "C" Coy. who was chosen for the Halifax draft. Billy packed and tried on his overseas kit preparatory to departing, and found that it fitted very well, except that the belt was very much too loose. Having an important business engagement in town which would not admit of delay, he stated that he would leave the belt as it was and fix it when he came back, as he was in quite a hurry. When he returned an hour later, smiling blandly and wiping his mouth with the back of

his hand, it took the combined efforts of four strong men to buckle that same belt around Billy's waist. We can offer no explanation of the phenomenon—we merely state it as a fact.

"From the Tomb They Came".

We have in the past heard many stories of the miraculous curing of chronic invalids and the healing of cripples by the laying on of hands, or by visits to shrines of mysterious power, or by conversion to the doctrine that disease is an error of the mortal mind, but we never placed any confidence in their authenticity.

However, the almost unbelievable cures effected at a moment's notice by the announcement last Friday week of the departure of a draft for Halifax has convinced us of the error of our ways.

The gathering at the riding school on that memorable occasion comprised men who have "gone sick" regularly since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; men who have been assigned to "permanent light duty" and "permanent excused duty", and

(See next page)

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