

QUEBEC DETACHMENT WANTS TO KNOW.

Why some Sappers take towels with them into the showers?

Who is the saint in St. Louis Camp. If there is one he's not anywhere near the Engineers lines?

Who put the scent in the sentry—we don't like it?

Has anyone ever seen the Sillery side walk?

ATHLETICS AT QUEBEC.

Last week, further competitions were held in baseball and football.

"A" Company licked the stuffing out of "B" Company at baseball, to the tune of 28 to 11, and Sections 1 and 2 "A" Coy. beat Sections 3 and 4 at football by a score of 5 to 1.

Much to our sorrow and to our monetary loss, the C. O. R.'s trimmed us at baseball by eleven to one. They well deserved to win, and those who lost money, can only be congratulated for their bad judgment. If we could only get that pitcher of theirs down in quarantine, and smarten up our team a little, and get some real hitters and a few Sappers who could play baseball, we'd have a right to hope for a better result.

It is interesting to note, however, that the C. O. R.'s have held back in the matter of football challenges.

HEARD AT THE CLOTHING BOARD AT QUEBEC.

"Sir, this tunic's too big for me. I've lost 60 pounds since I joined the army." "Don't you get enough to eat?" "Yes, but I had quite a pillow when I joined."

"These socks, sir, all full of —" "All right; give him three pairs,—I condemn them on the smell alone."

"Sir, my breeches are worn out at the knees!" "Have you been doing work?" "No, sir!" "How long have you had them?" "Three months, sir, but I'm a Dogan!"

QUEBEC JOTTINGS.

We are pleased to note that Corporal Christie was made a sergeant last Sunday.

THE CLOTHING BOARD, QUEBEC.

Fall in! you guys who think you need

New tunics, trousers, socks,
New outfits are not guaranteed,
To walk around the blocks.

To please the girls and make you smart,

Is not the army plan,
But clothe you that you'll act the part,
Of soldier, and a man.

Your socks perhaps are full of holes,

But where's that darning wool?
Your boots maybe are out at soles,
The cobbler has the pull.

Your tunic tight as glove fits hand,
Your trousers too are tight,
The clothing board will understand,
Eat less, you'll be alright.

Oh, clothing board you have no heart,

We really hoped for more,
We never thought you would depart,
And leave us feeling sore.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

THE RIGHT OF THE LINE.

From a purely military standpoint, Quebec was in a ferment about a fortnight ago,—not on account of riots,—not as a counter measure against prohibition,—nothing of such an ordinary nature at all.

As to riots, we don't expect any person would be so foolish as to make the troops lose any sleep; and as to prohibition,—well, it don't have happened at all. We should worry.

What really did happen though, would have been reported before; but the censor had his "smudge stuff" ready until sufficient time had elapsed, to avoid the secret leaking out before the enemy felt its first shock.

We are all familiar today with the surprise the Hun had when the British launched their new "Lion Corps" attack at Trois Rivieres; and we read with interest how, in a gallant "tail-up-and-heads-down charge" in pretended order, this famous Corps,—the Right of the Lion,—broke through the German defenses, eating up all they killed, and returning to their base to sleep off the ill effects of German sausage diet.

It was a crowning victory, and one that should be left out of the thrilling incidents in the history of the war when it is written. So much the public has learned through the Press, but "Knots and Lashings" has exclusive rights to publish the account of how this famous Corps was raised, and of how certain staff officers of the Quebec garrison, were involved in the conspiracy.

Troops quartered in the Immigration building, were awakened one morning by the roaring of animals: the roars coming from a vessel just docked. Later on, a train of cattle cars was noisily backed into the siding to avoid detection, and these animals were loaded into the train. Fifteen cars, with five lions per car. Even at this time we are not allowed to

name the point of destination, but for the purpose of hoodwinking spies, the train left for the west.

To quote the statements of a number of officers of the Quebec garrison, would give the best impression of this famous Corps, but we are constrained for reasons imperfectly obvious, to keep the matter a secret. Suffice to say that certain officers, incredulous at the first account, charatered a car and visited the docks to ascertain for themselves the truth of the assertion in the late hours of the night. On the way down in the car, the perpetrators offered all kinds of odds as to the veracity of the statements they had made, concerning this famous Lion Corps, but could get no takers, and when the party arrived at the docks, they looked sidewise, skew-wise, stewedwise, and otherwise at the ocean liner without result, and at last, in desperation asked where the lions were. The conspirators proudly pointed to the lines for tying the ship up to the dock.

Further comment is unnecessary.

(Without desiring to differ from our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Front, we think that further comment IS necessary. Moreover, there is apparently much more in this "jack-pot" than appears to the naked eye. Profiting by sad experience, we would hasten to remind our comrades "en Quebec en bas", that "Mr. Archambault will get you if you don't watch out".)

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

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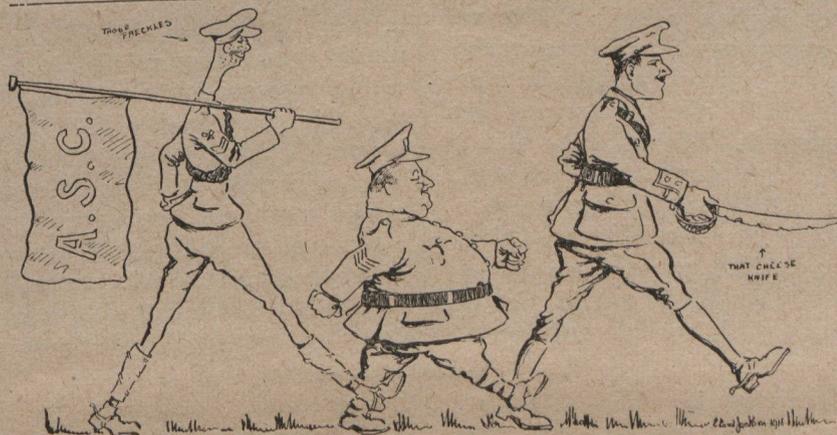
Ice Cream Parlor.

WE TREAT THE BOYS RIGHT.

Next door to Knots & Lashings Lunch Counter.

Windsor Shooting Gallery

OPPOSITE WINDSOR HOTEL.



Unfortunately this unit was reported absent from the General Review last week.