

JOTTINGS FROM QUEBEC.

The excitement in Quebec has now died completely down, and the Quebec Detachment of Canadian Engineer, is carrying on routine training. C.B. has been lifted for 50 per cent of the unit, so that things now have taken an ordinary turn. Quebec City has, in its Citadel, Ramparts and old buildings certain charms for the visitor, and the boys one and all are now enjoying their new surroundings.

Trips to St. Anne de Beaupre, the new Quebec Bridge and Montmorency falls are quite the usual thing A. D. Saturday and Sunday.

Church parades were held, the Roman Catholic to St. Patrieks, the Anglican to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity and the Presbyterians and others to St. Andrews. The last two parades marched off behind the excellent band of the R. C. G. A.

THE SAMSON SENTRY.

Orderly Officer to Sentry, after hearing a repetition of his duties:—
“And what would you do if an armed party marched by your post?”

Sentry (quite perplexed for a while, answered at last in an uncertain manner:—“I’d—disarm—them,—I think,—Sir!”

SMOKING CONCERT AT QUEBEC.

On the 9th instant a concert was arranged by the Engineers, to while away the hours of C.B. The hours were certainly whiled away alright. The talent was mostly from the Engineers themselves. Talent, did I say?—Well, let it go, can’t alter it now.

Spr. J. Joselin broke the ice punctually at seven by tickling the ivories with some popular airs. Sappers Reede and Lynch followed with vocal selections. Corpl. Sutcliffe brought down the house with a ‘comic’, followed by songs by Sprs. Broughton and Chaume, the latter sang in French,—Real Parisian French, too,—about a trip across the ocean in a transport,—at least that’s what the Chairman said it was. Spr. Rutledge, in his characteristic nonchalant ‘out-at-pocket’ manner, gave a comic song, followed by vocal selections by Sappers Holden, Overend and Howarth. Sapper Overend certainly ‘starred’ for the programme and we hope to hear him again frequently. Spr. B. C. Davis sang ‘Shot and Shell’ though we only recognized the chorus. Sprs. Hamp-

son and Brown did a little singing too.

Pte. F. J. Graham, of the C.O.R., gave two recitations in first class style, and we rather think it was Sapper Thessel that sang Sleep Baby Sleep. Better luck next time Spr. T. Sapper McDonald’s Scotch song was a sort of mystery—very few knew it.

The burden, in the main, lay with the pianists, Spr. McCoig having to come to the rescue at times. Really the changes of key, which these devoted performers had to go through, were to say the least of it, vastly numerous.

Canteen funds provided smokes and apples, and under the able chairmanship of Lt. R. R. Knight, a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Two motion pictures by the Y. M. C. A. concluded the programme, then to bed after God Save the King.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

The change in style due to the change of writer to this column, will be quite evident. The present subscriber who writes under this all-hallowed title, cannot hope to emulate that freedom of style which is natural to the pen of that doughty Scot whom we’ve later called the ‘Big Svede’. Poor fellow, he has to write letters, and it’s up to the Quebec outfit to shoot something along to keep the editorial staff at St. Johns from throwing a fit.

We’ve had to provide an escort for Captain Wilkinson lately.—Why?—Well, just listen. On the night of the big fight, which will go down in History as the ‘Third Battle of Quebec’, the ‘Wolloper’ was very much ‘en évidence’, and keen to get into the fray with Maude, his trusty weapon previously referred to. He was, however, very much outclassed by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who, besides being mounted, carried pick handles with which to flay the rioters. Chagrined at this he planned a swift revenge, and forthwith passed the word that the ‘Pick-Handle Hussars’ were in the fight. Now you understand why the escort is needed.

Mystery seems to surround the affaires de coeur of our genial Q.M.S. A lady with voice of enchanting texture, whose name shall be for ever a secret with us, called up on the ‘phone and made a date. Sergt. Major Lear was ‘exclusive’ until the day after, when he con-

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