

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

(Postscript Edition)

The axe has fallen! On Friday night we received solemn morning, that we were all quarantined and at the same time, our cup of bitterness brimmed over. We had endured the 50 per cent C. B. order with reasonable good grace, but when the new order arrived, and its full significance impressed on us by a considerably agitated M.O., there was only one thing for us to do, and most of us did it. That's why S. & S. & S. W. is written on Tuesday instead of on Saturday.

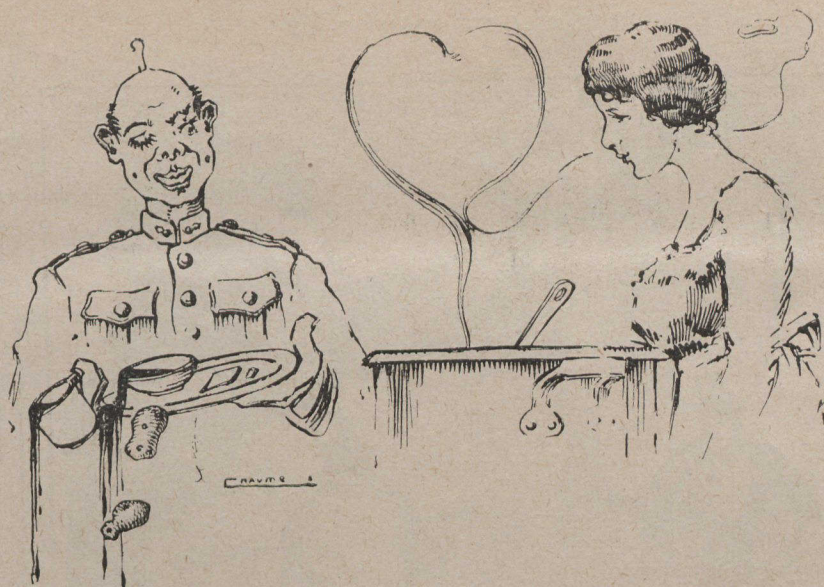
Quarantine is a new experience for most of us, and it has certainly shattered many a fond hope, broken up many a heart, home and dinner party, besides very efficiently reminding us that war is Hell!

We are allowed out for exercise, via the fire escape, and are permitted to walk the dock. On Saturday, one energetic soul proposed a fishing party, and backed his proposition by producing a reel of thread and some fish hooks. The idea appealed to another member, who laid aside his noonday beefsteak for purposes of bait. Let me hasten to add that this did not represent any great sacrifice. As we were only about 40 yards from the water, there was a representative turn out of six rods, hastily collected from a lumber pile. We sat down by the dock and fished for two hours, Bulman registering two bites, the remainder nil. The claimant for honours withdrew his statement, however, on the arrival of the oldest inhabitant,—who is generally introduced into all yarns, for the purpose of taking the joy out of life. He took his pipe out of his mouth and said to us, in reasonably good English: "What you do here, hey? fish?" "No," responded Knighton, "we are taking the juice out of Davidson's beefsteak." Whereupon our genial habitant solemnly assured us that we were just seven weeks too soon on the job, as no fish came up till then. So that after two hours of thrills, the weary waltonians went back to their poker game.

We unsuccessfully indented for a piano, a gramophone, a telephone, and a case of Dewars. The relieving officers have got our girls. It rained all day yesterday; there isn't even a garden to eat worms in, and,—ochone aree,—Quebec does dry tomorrow! We'll lie here and rot.

WELCOME TO:—

Lieut. J. Turner.



Mesmerism is a potent force in the "salle à manger" at Quebec.

SMOKING CONCERT AT QUEBEC.

On Friday evening, the 3rd inst., a programme arranged by Corpl. Wood, was enjoyed under the chairmanship of Mr. Knight.

To say the least of it, the general results were quite up to the standard of amateur concerts, some of the operators professing that they could not sing prior to starting out and proving their assertion to be correct. Others, not so modest, were allowed breathing space to gather their thoughts together and to remember the next line. In one instance, three false starts had to be made before the artist got on the right track. Spr. Howarth had to be led from the stage on account of the excessive applause, also thereby covering the confusion of the chairman.

The programme ran as follows:

Spr. J. Sawey, (Song)—Marguerite.

Spr. Howarth, (Comic Song),—Not very selected.

Spr. Granier, (Mandolin Solo),—Pickonnany string.

Spr. Hart, (Song),—Fearful and pathetic.

Spr. Yuill, (Song),—Just a wearyin' for you.

Pte. Dan McCoy,—American selections.

Spr. D. C. Davies, (Song),—I've forgotten what.

M. Gunner Kimball, (Song),—When I lost you.

Spr. Lyall, (Scotch Song),—We have his word for it.

Spr. Garrett, (Song),—Where the swallows build their nests.

Spr. Tough, (Song),—Thora.

Lee. Corpl. Develin, (Scotch Song),—It's nice to get up in the morning.

Spr. Musk, (Recitation),—In the Trenches.

Spr. Davis, (Piano Solo),—Selected.

Spr. Webster, (Song),—One touch of nature.

Spr. Chaume, (French Song),—Decolleté Fifi.

Cpl. Wood, (Song),—Brotherhood of Bos.

Spr. Davis and Pte. McCoy officiated at the piano, and when one realises that the majority of the singers were unfurnished with music,—we mean the printed matter,—it is really wonderful that the show got by the Board of Censors.

Anyhow, the boys had a good evening to break the monotony of quarantine, and voted to a man for a repetition.

FOOTBALL AT QUEBEC.

A Company, Nos. 1 and 2 Sections, played Nos. 3 and 4 Sections;—result a tie,—no goals scored.

B Company, Nos. 1 and 2 Sections, put it all over Nos. 3 and 4 Sections, to the tune of 3 to nil.

These half hour games were played on the Plains of Abraham.

QUEBEC DET. WANTS TO KNOW—

Who invented 'Hard tack'.

Who is looking after the girls while we're in Quarantine.

Who is going to catch measles next.

Whether No. 9's are the cure for measles.

Who the lady was who said 'Hello!' so sweetly to the C.S.M. on the route march the other day.

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.

"Knots and Lashings" is printed by the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ("The News and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, May 10th and 11th.—Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot", in 5 parts.

Sunday and Monday, May 12th and 13th.—Enid Bennett in "The Keys of the Rich", in 5 parts.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14th and 15th.—Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, in "The Voice of Conscience", in 5 parts.

Red Ace series every Tuesday and Wednesday of each week.

Bull's Eye series every Thursday and Friday of each week.

10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday at 2.30; evenings at 6.30 and 8.30.

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