

COMMUNICATION.

St. Johns, July 1th, 1918.  
Editor,  
"Knots and Lashings".  
Sir:—

Please find enclosed a small contribution to your most valuable paper "Knots and Lashings".

This was composed by Spr. McLeod (of Sydney, C.B.) while making the trip across the Bay of Fundy on board the S. S. Empress, on our way here from Aldershot, N.S.

Trusting this will meet with your approval,

I remain,  
Your obedient servant,  
Spr. C. T. Brewer.

CAPE BRETON YACKIE MINERS.

(Tune Killan Kranky)

We're Canadian Engineers  
We left our homes with sighs and tears,  
But we're a bunch that knows no fears,  
For we're all yackie miners.

We left our camp, at Aldershot square,  
The sky was clear, the weather fair,  
We're going boys to, God knows where,  
This bunch of yackie miners.

We sailed across the Fundy Bay,  
We fed the fishes on our way,  
Brace up my lads be proud to say,  
That we're all yackie miners.

When we alighted from the deck,  
We jumped a train pulling for Quebec,  
We didn't 'een get a bottle of Pecks,  
To cheer us yackie miners.

But when to St. Johns we drew near,  
We spied a place where they sold beer,  
Line up my lads and drink with cheer,  
You dirty yackie miners.

But when we got into our camp,  
Our heads were big, our clothes were damp,  
Each one looked like a roaming tramp,  
The drunken yackie miners.

And when we sail across the sea,  
The folks at home content may be,  
That we're not going sights to see,  
But fight like yackie miners.

And when we strike old England's shore,  
And hear that judike's on the floor,

We'll cheer the boys from Big Bras D'or,  
For they're all yackie miners.

And when we get a glimpse of France,  
We'll drop our kits and have a dance,  
Until our braces leave our pants,  
To show we're yackie miners.

And when this cruel war is o'er,  
And we see again Cape Breton's shore,  
They'll come from Louisberg to Bras D'or,  
To greet us yackie miners.

Sapper J. D. McLeod.  
(Draft 74.)

A QUESTION OF SPEED.

A little fast soldier crept along the muddy, battered trench. He wasn't a bit afraid, but the sensation was new, and he was obviously a little nervy.

"What's the range of the enemy's trench?" he asked.

"You've been told once," said the Corporal. "Two hundred."

"Two hundred!" he muttered reflectively. "Two hundred."

There was a slight pause.

"And how far back is our next trench?"

"What's that to do with it?"

"Well how far anyway?"

"Oh! about a hundred yards."

"One hundred! One hundred!"

He polished up the foresight of his rifle with his finger, and smiled contentedly.

"That's all right," he muttered.

The Corporal looked at him curiously.

"What do you mean by 'that's all right'?"

"Oh, nothing! I was only thinking it would take a damn good German to give me fifty yards in the hundred and win!"

SOME PUZZLERS.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy  
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head, what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use, while slating the roof of his mouth

The nails on the ends of his toes?

Who plays on the drums of his ears;

And who tell the cut and style  
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,

If so what did it do?

And how does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'm hanged if I know—do you?

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