

ment electricity, in the unlit atmosphere of a top bunk, vling with an ode to a prune here, or a verse of sympathy to an incarcerated comrade there.

From that productive mine of literary gems, to wit, Quebec, have come most wonderful verses, ranging in style from "verse libre", dear to the heart of one "Lance Sapper" Section 4, A Coy., down to the ponderous poetic effort of a friend of Kid Gridley, entitled "Sympathy" and dedicated to him. We would dare print them, but we got it on the neck from the sojourning editor last fall, when we attempted to squeeze in Mr. Kane's pean of praise to a pickled pigs foot, commencing "Oft have I hied me to the Spotted Dog".

How often do we find that our contributors have to coax themselves into a culinarily contemplative condition, ere hauling hoff hat an harrassed heditor! One poor soul up at the Lions den at Quebec, suffering from men's messitis, evidently concludes a few observations in rhyme,—more or less,—by stating that the Corporal—

"Has a voice like a big brass band
And if he finds a spot or two
(evidently a two spot)
You'll receive a balling out
That you are not liable to forget
Though the Germans were about."

However, 'tis all fine and large, but this has got to end sometime, and, no doubt you'll be relieved to learn that the time cometh and now is.

Perhaps someone will carry on the column, but whenever the Editor feels that his circulation is too large, we have promised to turn loose as a foreign correspondent. Thus exits the "Walrus".

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW—

If Mr. (Billy) Milligan, of Class 38, thinks the fresh tan bark was put in the riding school for his special benefit, Monday morning.

If Mr. Matthews, of the same Class, thought the S.M. was serious, when he told him to "fall off like a gentleman".

If Mr. W. thought the command was "without stirrup ride" instead of "without stirrups".

If there is any connection between M. Boulanger's black eye, and his transfer to the "Vinegar Factory".

If Bob McAndrew is thinking of running for alderman next election.



COMING EVENTS.
(Cast Their Shadows).

JOTTINGS FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION.

Cpl. Finnie and "Jack" went "prospecting" last Sunday, and brought back some fine samples. They also had a forty mile auto trip, and finished their journey on a freight.

Mac and Viv. and Billy boy
Got up one morn at four
It seemed so easy the previous night

But at four a.m. Oh Lor!
Viv said the pen, "it can go hang",
And Mac he thought so, too,
But little Billy said, "Now boys
To our promise, let's be true."

Who asked Mac if he knew how to mount the picquet? The same chap has a dinky way of sitting on his swagger stick.

We congratulate Wilson on his appointment as successor to Louis. Wilson was always ambitious.

If rustic work is what you want, Just write to Landscape Sims, For he can shoot enough ideas, To satisfy your whims.
A Rustic chair, a window frame,
Made just like old Noahs Ark,
He only needs a little time,
And a driver to peel the bark.

CAVEMAN METHODS IN SQUAD DRILL.

At 4.30 p.m., Monday, Class 39 was seen leaving the drill ground, followed by Sgt. Thompson carrying a young fence post. Is there any significance? The candy experiment with Class 38 must have been a failure.

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.

FAREWELL MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Now "Knots and Lashings", I am bidding you "adieu", after sketching and writing a line or two. Also thanks to the "Sisters", for kindness shown to me; and to the M.O.,—the best that could be. He would look at my tongue, and if I said I felt fine, he would wink at the Sister and say, "two number nine". I planted you a garden of roses red and blue, also some radishes and I think some onions too. At the side of your building, is a plant that is divine; and when you eat enough of them, you will need no number nine.

"Au Revoir".

Corp. Brett,
2nd C.O.R.,
Hamilton.

A BAR.

(We heartily endorse the cheerful sentiments expressed in the following tragic lines, forwarded from our Quebec Detachment. It is, of course, merely a coincidence, that the inspiring, though truthful, lines were written after the Rock City went "Dry".)

A Bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and health.
A Bar to honour, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame.
A Bar to hope, A Bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A Bar to honoured useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife.
A Bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A Bar to joy, that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A Bar to Heaven, a door to Hell,
Who ever named it, named it well.

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