

now fully convinced that when people go looking for trouble, they generally find it. They are both of the opinion that the boys over at the Windsor are using a trained deck.

Would the Editor in Chief of "Knots and Lashings" be good enough to kindly inform us why the report of the baseball match between the Engineers and C.O.R. Officers, which was played on Saturday, April 6th, never saw the light of day.

On Tuesday evening, Lee. Corpl. Dunn was noticed parading down the towpath with a charming young lady. About half an hour later, the lady in question was seen returning with Corp. Vaughan. Lee. Corpl. Dunn followed, about 100 yards in the rear, absolutely alone. The boys are wondering how and why the transfer was effected.

LOST somewhere between M. D. 2 and M. D. 6,—an overseas draft of 400 officers and men. Will the finder please forward same to West Sandling Camp,—Kent,—England.

The above advertisement will soon be found appearing in the leading dailies of Ontario and Quebec, for apparently we are lost and badly so. Last week we were advised that our movement Eastward, which was to have taken place on Monday the 29th, had been cancelled, and up to the present no further orders have been received.

Our friends at the Vinegar Barracks have returned to the W.O.R. headquarters in London, and the Machine Gun Corps are all ready packed up, and will probably be back in Toronto before this appears in print, and still we "carry on". It is some undertaking to endeavor to carry on with training without rifles or other equipment, except what we are taking overseas, believe me.

Some of these days, an order will likely be received to be ready to entrain in an hour. We will be ready, you bet, and with about 44 minutes to spare. If this order does not soon come to hand, yea, verily we will be lost indeed.

Sgt. Elliott is a firm believer in going direct to headquarters for any thing you want to know. He wanted to know French, so he picked out a school teacher. Between parades he may be heard muttering to himself:—"Je vous aime, je vous adore, ma chérie! — Je voudrais vous manger! — Bâtêche! — Je me meurs d'amour pour vous! — Sacré nom d'une pipe! — Saperlipopette!!!"



A Goose There Was.  
(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

A LETTER FROM YOUR MOTHER.

By Edgar Guest, Windsor, Ont.

He was on the line in Flanders,  
Doing service for the Flag,  
He was telephone and wireless,  
With that little bit of rag.  
At the farthest point of safety,  
He was standing at his post,  
Picking up the information,  
That the O.C. needed most;  
When a flash behind the trenches,  
Caught his ever watchful eye,  
And he stood and read the message,  
That was dancing thru the sky.  
He wondered what was coming  
From his fellow signal man,  
Wondering what would be the  
ordering,  
When the lettering began.  
He had done his tour of duty,  
He had been there thru the day,  
He was tired, yes, and hungry,  
And he wished to get away,  
But he read the rapid waving,  
'Twas the news he wanted most:  
"There's a letter from your  
mother,  
Waiting for you at the post."  
Over miles of dreary trenches,  
Over friendly guns and foe,  
Came each cheerful flashing letter,  
Of news he wished to know,  
Thru the heat and hate of battle,  
And the smoke filled atmosphere,  
Came a little touch of kindness,  
And a loving note of cheer.  
Not a stern command of duty,  
But a word of which to boast,  
"There's a letter from your  
mother,  
Waiting for you at the post"

That went dancing thru the shell  
fire,  
To that lonely signal boy.  
Oh, I don't know how to say it,  
But somehow it seems to me,  
In the hearts so fine as these,  
Lie the seeds of victory,  
Hate and lust can never triumph,  
Over boys who "flag" each other,  
In the heat and clash of battle,  
"There's a letter from your  
mother".

LIGHT COMEDY—A MYSTERY

(Incidental music by the Long Boy.)

Scene,—Cliff Dwellers dugouts at the "C.O.R. Apartments" after "lights out".

Loud Voice,—Talking to Corporal regarding matters in general.

Applause,—(From rear of bunk house):—"Shut up."

Loud Voice,—Continues as before.

Applause,— "Put that pull through back in the gun."

Loud Voice,— "Steady, men!" (Curtain.)

MY MOTHER!

If all my friends from Adam's race,  
Were all united in one place,  
I'd leave them all without a tear,  
And follow thee, my dearest dear!  
The happiest time in all my life,  
Was spent in the arms of another  
man's wife,  
My mother!

Windsor Hotel

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SOFT DRINKS and  
HOT DRINKS.

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The big store—everything you can wish.

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City of St. Johns.

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Opposite Windsor Hotel.

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St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

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