

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

Close proximity to an infected person, has placed the writer of this column on the quarantined list, much to his distress and sorrow, of course. He, and his brother engineer officers, are sharing the effects of medical discipline; and it is as well that no one is allowed closer to them than the best man among them can throw any article of furniture. We therefore feel it our duty to transfer our efforts to this column, in fear that the character of our Family Journal may be damaged were it left to the usual source of inspiration.

Captain Wilkinson advises us that he takes 'Maud' with him on his inspection trips through the quarantine wards, although he vows he has, up to the present, had no occasion to swing her around.

No sooner was the bunch "put away" than eight more of the "best" were on their journey down here, reporting to the Adjutant, (in his bed), on Saturday morning, thereby breaking into the "Wolloper's" beauty sleep. No time was lost, however, in furnishing information as to quarters, and "Sunny Jim" was dispatched to the third box car from the end for accommodation for his party. Undaunted, the "brave boys" ordered their hacks down to the car, but nothing could persuade the door of C.P.R. 2006709 to open. This, of course, was annoying to Lt. McNicoll.

At last some of the party glanced up to see the Wolloper in his pyjamas, and the Adjutant lathering his face looking on with much enjoyment.

No amount of persuasive eloquence could get the party to stick around for breakfast,—they just dumped their baggage, and beat it for 'The Chateau' arriving later on, looking kind of,—well, you know the look a man has when he's been hoaxed.

SOCIETY NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

Lieut. A. L. Baldwin, C.E., is visiting in the City and renewing old acquaintances. His time being limited on account of pressing business engagements, he regrets to say that he will be compelled to cancel some of his appointments already made with his male friends.

Lieut. C. W. Knighton, C.E., has left for his home in D. D., and asks us to explain to his many lady friends, that he is not the man that's got it. He hopes to return

very shortly to his former haunts, and in the meantime asks his acquaintances to beware of the new bunch of Engineer officers lately arrived.

Lieut. C. P. R. McNicoll, is in the City, investigating the rumour that troops had been seen asleep in the Station. He refuses to give out anything for publication, but we understand that his findings will be a revelation, and some very dirty work at the cross roads may be looked for.

BOYD'S HOPES BUOYED UP.

(Some Boid, this Boyd!)

Kit all packed, hair properly greased, puttees looking like a well turned chair leg, our esteemed Jimmy was off all last Saturday afternoon, saying his good-byes. Painful, tearful, sorrowful ladies promised to write often, and the partings were, indeed, sad.

What Boyd wasn't going to do on the Richelieu River on Sunday in the Sergeants' boat, is not worth telling. Poor Jimmy is here yet and still smiling.

The out-of-town editor was the recipient of a handsome gift, in the shape of a cannon ball, this week. Just how this ball was procured, is still a mystery, but suspicions rest somewhat on the Doc. Wolloper, who was seen to be taking massage treatment next morning. The ball, weighing approximately 20 pounds, has been christened Phyllis and is properly housed with Maud.

CAPTAIN WILKINSON'S COUGH CURE!

Sick parade:—"What's the matter this morning, sonny?"—"I've a bad cold in the chest, sir!"—"Come up! Let me see it!" Patient bares his chest and coughs. "I don't see anything wrong and your story sounds just the least bit fishy to me. Do you want to get out of the army?" Then to the Sergeant: "Give him a little 'acid'. (Epsom Salts). Carry on!"

THE SWIMMING SEASON OPENS AT QUEBEC.

Lt. Trow, (looking out over the St. Lawrence):—"I don't see many buoys in the river down here."

Lt. Donaldson, (eager to bite at anything):—"You damn fool, the water's too blame cold!"



THE SAPPERS LAMENT...

Pause, Colonel, Pause, as on your way you go,
And list a moment to my tale of woe.

Oft sir, have I and often have my friends,
Seeking that state sublime,—so near to God.—

The state of cleanliness, to reach our ends
Turned on the fawcet and, all filled with hope,
Towel in one hand, in the other soap,

Long hours have waited, while the crystal jet,
Cold as Icelandic snows, and colder yet
Has fallen, fallen, fallen in a stream
Without the very faintest sign of steam.

Behold above, a sapper wrapt in prayer,
Driven insane by vigil's tiring strain,
Pleads but one gush of water, cleansing, warm,
That he may wash, and washing, live again.

Baths fresh and cold, invigorate and brace
Man's frame to fight contagion and disease,
But do not cleanse, so cannot take the place
Of hot ones, so we ask you give us these.

E. Carol Jackson, Cpl.

CLASSES 36 AND 37.

The silence of the above classes is about equal to their work; lets hope they will soon get busy, so that we may get some of their "Fragments from St. Johns".

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