

**SHOES, SHIPS
AND SEALING WAX**

This task of conducting a column at long distance range is one entirely new to me, but, as an engineer,—and therefore a general in disguise—I might as well get used to the feeling, as the war has only to last long enough to find me—many others also no doubt—moving up the columns by long distance from H. Q. However, when one's thoughts run constantly to turkey, cranberries and an overdrawn account he's a mighty hard editor who demands his pound of flesh—St. George calls it "meat":—so from the quiet confines of a Montreal barrack room, here goes for our weekly review of Poetry—ancient and modern.

"D" Company is certainly the home of the bards both docile and dangerous. Gentlemen, the reams upon reams of good canteen stationery used by some of them and sent up for trial to us would bring tears of joy to the local rag man. Can you tell me why the sapper is so strongly leaning toward the muse?

Just for fun—as Curtis says—we made a study of twelve "D"

Coy "poems". Seven were wholly and solely about drafts. Two efforts I am glad to say were of the Greenwood Tree variety and here may I say—heaven be praised for two optimists. The only thing wrong was choice of subject. It is rather embarrassing from a critic's standpoint to read two efforts right down to the bitter end, and after having come to the conclusion that the boy was really in love—to find out that actually the poems were in praise of raising pie on the one hand, and Sergt. Major McLaren on the other. Two more referred to the Mounted Section, but as they came through the smoke so well lately, no quotations are necessary. The twelfth was a jim-dandy, and took the form of an ode to Boorman's gramophone, his camera, his personal appearance and finally his character. If sapper Boorman will call unarmed some day next week, we will read it to him.

Like you we thought K. M. B. was an awfully nice boy—but now he's a home wrecker, a German spy and lots more.

You will now hold your respectful hats on, inhale a deep breath and—

ETAOIN shrdu! ODZWK vbgkqj???

Its a strang feeling when you are at St. John
from all that you hold dear;
In the day time you dont notice it so much
but at night then you feel queer.

There is a forgotten feeling creeps around your hart
and you wonder what made you start;
You think of England and France;
and of loved once you are apart.

If you were in Montreal Ottawa ore a Town
then you would'nt feel as sad and blue;
You think the Heads at Ottawa dont give a dem for you
when thay leave you at St. John.

When you are in St. John you think of the days gone by
You think of the good times you have had
For your civic cloths you sigh.

Ah there's plenty of good in most of us
the Heads dont seem to try to find;
But let them give us a chance
and will show them we are never behind.

May God help and safely keep;
The Engineers at St. John for thay must be
A bunch of black sheep.

Sapper H. STEINBERG.

Oh! ye immortal gods!

Finally we have pleasure in acknowledging a graceful little appreciation from "A Modern Young Woman" of New York. She eulogises, with apologies to Lord Byron and Childe Harold—

"A" Company is certainly clever
"B" Company is too I am sure
"C" Company possess wit
And "Pies" and a Man who can snore."

"I love not A. the less but C the more

For "Knots and Lashings" showing of its skill
To do e'en better what's been done before
It calls forth admiration and a zeal
That I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

This, coming at a time when we were about to cut our salaries in half and fire the office boy is doubly welcome, so, firm and resolute, we shall go undeviatingly onward towards that glad day—this was pulled off with great success on election day by at least fifty members elect—when the bailiff shall come forth and swipe our typewriter.

WALRUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Now, "PAT", Will
You Be Good!

Editor,

"Knots and Lashings".

I note with interest that your confrere, "Pat", the "unknown genius" in his "Nuts and Rations" column in the Christmas number, (in which column there are exactly two good things out of seventeen attempts) has entered the field as the card-playing expert of the Staff.

I deduce this from his line in the "agony column" which mentions that "Uncle Sam is no longer playing 'Solitaire'. We presume now he intends to go in for 'Brag'."

Accordingly I wish to ask "Pat" if it is good playing, and according to the rules of his game, to trump his partner's ace?

My friend Steve, one of the many hundred of Americans (over half the men in the Depot) laughed when he read "Pat's" presumption as to what Uncle Sam was doing in France and said, "Well, I'd bet my next pay envelope that Friend Pat is a Permanent Room Orderly and will never get any nearer France than the City Hotel's bar in St. Johns. Gotcha, Steve! Attaboy!"

Contrary to Friend Pat's habit, I do not hesitate to sign—

K. M. BOORMAN,
Sapper, D. Coy.

WORTH WAITING FOR

A Rhondda man went into a public-house and called for a glass of whisky and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"Which did you put in first, the whisky or the water?"

"The whisky, of course," the publican replied.

"Ah, well," said the Rhondda man, "perhaps I'll come to it by and by."

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