

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor  
"Knots and Lashings".

Sir:—  
Kindly tell us who the French boy in the Post Office is who uses the sink for other purposes than a sink,

and oblige  
Yours

?????

We can give no answer to this. We never go into the post office if we can help it. It's no use nine times out of nine.—Ed.

A WILD NIGHT.

Spr. Murty was pacing his beat. It was that hour of death-like stillness just before St. Johns awakened. It was just before dawn of another of our glorious Northland days. Not a leaf stirred, nor a glow-worm glowed to light his way.

It was at this time, while carrying himself erect and in a soldierly-like manner that on the far side of street he espied a man walking along.

The Sapper sprang to attention, trusty swagger-stick in hand, ready to defend at all hazard, King's property entrusted to his care. The man passed along, Company "K" slumbered on, secure in the knowledge, one of her sons was on guard.

It was a wild night at College Barracks.

ECHOES FROM THE EMPLOYED SECTION.

Please tell us:—

Who the N.C.O. on the Pay Parade was who said, "Now you fellows don't get out of yer wrong places!" How could they?

Who the fellow is in Room 65 with the terrible laugh? Really he needs a lubricant or poison.

Who was the Sergeant who stole a Sapper's girl one evening and next day gave him squad drill? Dirty trick, eh?

Who was the bugler at the Hospital who was to receive some "smokes" from a nice little skirt from Montreal? and why?

"Imp."

J. P. MEUNIER

Jeweller

108 Richelieu St., St. Johns

Wishes to announce to the boys at the Barracks that he will deliver at the door any military goods they wish to have.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR SURE.

This Boy is in the E. T. D. He's feeling awfully blue. He thought of going "O'er the Sea",

But the Kaiser is "All through".  
B. W. W.  
Co. D.

Mac To The Rescue.

In a little estiminet on the borders of Belgium a British soldier was having an argument with the French girl behind the bar on the question of change. His vocabulary was limited to about six words, and even these the girl didn't understand.

Just when there seemed to be no possible chance of clearing up the matter, a Scotchman came to the rescue.

"Parlez-vous Franaise, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oui, monsieur," said the girl eagerly.

"Then why the hell dinna ye gie the mon his change!" said Jock wrathfully.

Coal By The "Sac"

A soldier whilst out in France had managed to pick up a smattering of the French language. After some months he was badly wounded, and eventually discharged from the army. He man-

aged to scrape a little money together and bought a coal business, which he soon worked up into a flourishing state. He was awfully proud of his French, and took every opportunity of showing it off to his customers.

A woman came into the shop and asked him:

"How do you sell your coal?"

"A la carte or cul de sac," was the reply.

SLASHINGS.

No, Sapper D-g-l-s. You can't get over the difficulty that way. Why did you put your query to the Montreal Star? "Knots and Lashings" could have given you the same information.

We hear that a Sapper asked the Colonel if 'Hello' was all he could say. The Colonel's answer is not reproduced.

Now Lieut. Adney, you'll have to be good for a while.

Did you hear how that little jaunt to Montreal of two senior officers was balled up by over-entertaining?

Some of St. Johns aborigines still maintain that the spell of wet weather was exceptional. We'll have to stay here at least another ten years to get a chance to believe them.



Line Orderly:—"What yer lookin' so glum about, chum?"  
Recruit:—"I promised my girl in Kalamazo six German helmets and I'm dawning if I know where I'm going to find 'em around here."

To Officers and Men,  
E.T.D.

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"—not only the flavour, old chap!—tho that is remarkably good!—but, er, they're so dashing-ly smart, y'know!"

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