

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Pte. A. J. Peever, of the Machine Gun Corps, Central Ontario Regiment, answered the last Rally Call on April 7th, 1918, after a brief illness.

The deceased was stricken down while on the journey from Toronto to St. Johns. On arrival he was sent to Military Hospital where, in spite of everything that could be done, he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

Pte. Peever's home was in Kinburn, near Ottawa. He enlisted some time ago with the 2nd E.O.R. at Ottawa and was later transferred to Machine Gun Corps at Toronto. He was very popular with all ranks and his late comrades are mourning the loss of a true friend.

The body was removed from St. Johns to Kinburn for burial and the whole Machine Gun Company turned out to pay their last tribute to their late comrade. The band of the Canadian Engineers was in attendance, and played the Dead March in Saul, while at the railway station a bugler sounded the last post.

Although he did not live to reach the firing line, Pte. Peever died, a soldier on active service. This, in itself, should prove some slight consolation to those of his family and friends who mourn his loss. To these, through the columns of "Knots and Lashings", Officers and men of the Machine Gun Corps, Central Ontario Regiment, extend their sincerest sympathy.

HERE AND THERE.

There—

—was no chance for a private when Lts. Fleming and Holtzman were looking them over.

—is no sense in drinking bad whiskey. It gave us the cramps.

—is no chance of beating the M.G.C. at any sport.

Here—

—we are to stay for a while.

—is a challenge to the E.T.D. to any sporting contest.

—is hoping the Officers will be able to play their next game of Baseball without fighting.

—is a challenge to any Officer, N.C.O., or man to Shooting, Fencing, Boxing, Singing, Baseball, Football, Basketball, Running, Crapshooting, and Poker.

—is hoping the E.T.D. and the M.G.C. will get together on a bang up concert or dance in the near future.

A poem will appear next week

by Lance Corporals Kelly and Lake entitled "We would rather be on the outside looking in, than on the inside looking out".

GRAND ROUNDS.

(At this distance we are in some doubt whether it is the air or the water,—or something else, that caused the mental intoxication which resulted in the following 'poem'. However here it is just as the foundryman hammered it out in the shadow of the Citadel.)

We climb the hills
Forget our ills
With aching legs and back
We reach the top
Just pause to stop
At the Hotel Frontenac.

We drink our tea
Pay our fee
We've filled our little tub
We saunter on
We're bent upon
The Garrison Club.

We meet some friends
Our visit ends
We feel we want to yell
Restrained desire
A little higher
We're at the Citadel.

In dungeon keep
Where ghosts asleep
Remind us one and all
Of days long past
Now! not so fast
We're in the Old Drill Hall.

The gateway arched
Our throats nigh parched
We bend our steps for home
Pass Club (don't think)
The Frontenac, a drink
So ends a rotten poem.

TO THE N.C.O.'s AND MEN OF THE E.T.D.

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