

THE RECRUITS SOLILOQUY.

Sgt. C. M. Lee, (2nd C.O.R.)

I remember, I remember,
How I used to sit and scold,
When on getting down to breakfast
I would find my coffee cold,
How I used to turn my nose up
If the steak was done too rare,
But O! for home and Mother,
And that dear old bill of fare.

I remember, I remember,
How I used to sit and scoff,
When I fancied that the butter,
Must be "Just a little off"
How I scorned the lowly biscuits,
That my sister used to make,
And the things I said concerning,
Her attempt at jelly cake.

O! it may be childish weakness,
That possesses me, but I,—
Would give a whole months wages,
For one piece of Mothers pie,
And I think I'd be quite willing,
To walk twenty miles today,
Just for one of those dear dough-
nuts
That I used to throw away.

THE C.O.R. ARE ONCE MORE
SINGING THAT OLD SONG,
WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE?"

Rumors are in the air that we are soon to proceed on our journey Eastward. Much as we hate to leave St. Johns, and we have all thoroughly enjoyed our stop over here, the boys are all glad that they will soon be on their way "over there". On Wednesday, orders were received from Headquarters to pack up our rifles and Oliver Equipment and send them to Ordnance Stores in Montreal. In consequence thereof, the Barracks presented a very busy scene during the day. The Quartermaster was as busy as a one armed paper hanger with the hives. Everything checked out fine with the indents, except the oil bottles, and these were certainly a hoodoo. After these were counted and re-counted numerous times, it was found a shortage existed of 74, and these could not be located after a two hours' search. The question was where did they disappear to. You should have heard the cheer when they were finally located packed up with the Oliver Equipment.

The boys are again singing their old favorites: "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way" and "Where do we go from here?"

To Colonel Melville, O.C., E. T. D., we wish to express our deep appreciation of the courtesy which he has shown during our brief sojourn in St. Johns. We will al-

ways remember the Engineer Training Depot as the exemplification of military discipline, military organization and the Engineers themselves as worthy comrades.

We note some of the remarks about a certain other Corps in the column of "Vinegar from the Factory", by "Lance Private". This is indeed well headed, Vinegar resembling Gall, and Lance Private accounting for the intelligence (?) and unsportsmanlike remarks on matters which are too childish for publication. "W.O.R." come clean and be straight, although we know this is asking much from a London unit.

Am glad to note from "Lance Private" in last week's issue, that after twenty days in the garrison they now report that their quarters are clean. **Marvelous.**

Too bad the "C.O.R." were given choice of quarters that took them away from the Gall Works. From some of "Lance Private's" remarks in last issue, it seems to be bothering the "bunch from the bush".

(Lieut. Schenck.)

RECEPTION AT THE E. T. D.

It is rumored in exclusive social circles, that Lieut. J. Schenck was recently present at a select reception, held by the O.C., E.T.D. Those present were deeply indebted to Mr. S. for a thoroughly delightful "travel talk", based on his recent visit to the Metropolis. His "bon mots" and piquant anecdotes completely established his reputation as a "raconteur". Subsequently, a "discussion" on Mr. Schenck's address, was ably led by the genial O.C., his remarks having reference more especially to young Subalterns viewed from the purely military standpoint.

Mr. S. states that, owing to a great mass of executive work which had accumulated during his absence, he will unfortunately be unable to again run up to Montreal for some little time,—an announcement which will doubtless cause deep regret among the 400 of the neighboring city.

The decorative scheme followed at the Reception was thoroughly in keeping with the times in which we live, consisting chiefly of bombs, hand grenades and pens, which latter, as is well known, are even mightier than the sword.

Long hair makes a man look intellectual, but not when his wife finds one on his coat.

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