



"Base" Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917

PROMOTED, BUT WE HOPE NOT DISGRACED

Two Interesting Items, one a
Social Note, from The
Gazette, Dec. 14.

"Lt.-Col. G. Steers, is home from St. Johns, Que., visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Steers."

"TRANSFERRED TO ENGINEERS.

"It was announced last night that Lieut. Colonel Steers, musketry instructor for the Canadian Engineers at St. Johns, Que., had been transferred to the Royal Engineers, and will leave shortly for overseas. Lieut. Steers is now in Ottawa visiting his parents, and will be in Montreal tomorrow, as the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Harry Bottomley, at the Lincoln Apartments."

"HE ROSE FROM THE RANKS AND BECAME A SERGEANT."

"Close association with Sgt. Davis brings to light some interesting facts of his career, and knowing that "Knots and Lashings" makes a regular feature of biographies of noteworthy soldiers, we thought this one might interest your readers.

"Passing over his history previous to the South African war, we find him closely associated with Kitchener's block-house system; and understand that he burrowed a hole in the bottom of one of these. His hidden talent in this direction led him to take up mining later in life.

"He spent a few years in the Yukon, but with the advent of law and order, however, our hero emigrated to Montana and after many thrilling adventures during which his life was imperilled (in one of these the rope broke) he sought the seclusion of the mines in Butte, where he became a well known resident.

"He is greatly missed by the authorities of that town, who would be interested to know his present whereabouts, he having left there at night without leaving his address.

"He proceeded to Calgary with the intention of enlisting, and there became a soldier of the King: evading the Northwest Mounted

Police he made his way eastward to St. Johns, where his skill at forming fours won him speedy recognition.

"As he only spoke two languages (English and profane) he was not qualified to transfer to the Polish battalion stationed there,—in which matter we believe he was keenly disappointed—but the opportunity to serve as an instructor in the Forestry Depot at Toronto has consoled him and he is now settled for life—or the duration of the war."

—F., K., W.

WHO'S BOSS ?

A very young subaltern was the son of a General, which fact he desired every one around him to know. One day he was sent with a message from the General to the gunners. "If you please," he said to the Major, "father says will you move your guns?" The Major, looking at him critically, said, "Oh, and what does your mother say?"

AHEM! A-LASS! AHEM!

(Scene. Porch, Main Guard Room.

(Time. Good old summer-time—Sunday afternoon—Commander of the guard, sitting on the well known bench, muses dreamily on the exact nature of an "unusual occurrence"; when the riddle is solved by the appearance of a daintily dressed little lady tripping up to the bench and seating herself. The remainder of the guard, grasping the situation at a glance, fall out.)

Lady, smilingly, asks to see Meestaire Soandso (mentioning a well known A. Company officer).

One hour later:—Waiting man returns after an unsuccessful search for the said officer.

The C. of the Guard explains this to the lady, and expresses his regrets that she should be disappointed after waiting so long.

"Oh, well," said the fair visitor: "Sapper DAINTY will do."

A TRIFLING ERROR

Officer, to his batman: "Hang it, you've brought the wrong boots! Can't you see one is black and the other brown?" Batman: "Sure, but the other pair is just the same!"

BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN.

("In doing an article of this nature the prize-winner who brings home the "bacon" will of course be considered the cheapest man in Barracks.")

"If our reputation was still unsullied, we would of course hesitate to proceed with this incident;—but it is pretty hard to spoil a rotten egg!

"I got my cheapest Christmas dinner way back in the good old day of 1910, when pickings were good, and I myself was in good form.

"It was when I was at that very awkward age when a youth can say that he takes after both his father and his mother—(father ate a lot, and mother ate a long time!)

"I was growing very fast at that time, and in four consecutive years grew as many feet in height! I could be excused in some of my gastronomic feats, for a growing youth needs plenty of nourishing food. I never wasted any food and I made each meal go a "long way"!

"There is many a man goes to the bad trying to make a good fellow out of himself, but I was not as good as that; nevertheless I was able by a little diplomacy to secure invitations to no fewer than five Xmas dinners.

"I also chose those invitations which fell at different hours during the evening, so that they would not conflict with my plans.

"By some tall hustling I managed to attend each one, on time, and was able to "carry on" and give a good account of myself in each case.

"Of course I did not waste any precious space on the coarser things on the menu, but stuck to the most choice articles!

"This was my cheapest meal inasmuch as I secured five meals for the price of one—and the lot cost me nothing!

"You might be able to estimate the cost of each meal if you can figure problems in the fourth dimension."

—Corp. MILDON.

A PRIVATE'S MESSAGE TO CANADA.

"We are here fighting for an ideal. We will not grudge dying if we accomplish what we set out to do, but if party politics and corrupt or weak officials at home offset and lose for us what we have fought and died for, then dying will have still been worth while, for we will have done our best, but it will make us lose to a great extent the satisfaction of dying."—The late Private B. S. Taylor, Montreal.

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