

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

A sapper writes us asking that we take up the matter of organising a Vaudeville Entertainment or Minstrel Show for the coming winter evenings. "Knots and Lashings" is always at the service of anyone who is anxious to do anything along these lines. First, though, we would suggest that the sappers get busy and organise. See Major Milne, Sgt. Davidson, or Sgt. Hill and find out what amusements are already contemplated.—(Ed.)

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the "hoodoo" in A. Company. So does the man with the camera.

Who started the rumour that the Sergt. Maj. of A. Company was growing a hirshute appendage on his upper lip.

Who are the O.C.'s of the Sash and Door factory and the Vinegar factory.

Who planned our last route march, and who called the roll of B. Company before starting out.

What foundation there is, if any, in the rumour that there is a tonsorial artist practising in the barracks. Has anyone ever seen him. What are his "at home" days. Whether he is responsible for the loss of the lawn mower so anxiously enquired after by the hospital sergeant and if it is still cutting. If it is possible that his parlour is connected with a certain subterranean passage spoken of. What learned oriental is responsible for the legend on his door. If there is any Sanskrit or Morse code scholar in the barracks who can provide a liberal translation of the hieroglyphics on his board. Whether the multicoloured candy slab is an advertisement for aescuteen confections or a sign of aesculapianism. Can any phsyic philologist or chronic inebriate penetrate the mystery or in other words:—Where in hell is the barber?

Why the Employed and Work Section, which (in its own opinion at least) is as important as any other section, was not called upon to face the Camera.

What the corporal in the carpenter's shop has done with the ten cents we gave him for a lock on our News Box. If he is hard up, why didn't he borrow a quarter? (Ed.)

When the ferry boat between St. Johns and Iberville stops running.

Why certain N.C.O.'s do not take space in our advertising columns for the disposal of a "splendid" motor boat.

Why there was so little enthusiasm displayed in organising a chess club.

Whether the furnace man is scared he might burn the water if he made it too hot.

Whether he pays more attention to his own than to the hot water pipes.

Whether the reference made to us the other day (that under present circumstances there never could be any shortage of wood in a certain orderly room) had any sting to it.

Who it was that described a sapper as an individual in uniform who consumed enormous quantities of beans and spent his time "sapping" the energies of an infantry drill instructor.

When we can catch this individual bending.

The reason for the hot water faucets in the showers.

Why more of YOU fellows don't write for "Knots and Lshings".

When did you write home last.

Who the officer is who raises his hat when meeting a lady in the street.

Who the officer is who gives a command "Form fours, left"—"I beg your pardon, Right!"

LET US PRAY!

In regard to athletics, why not introduce ping pong?—a lovely game! Two small tennis rackets and a rubber ball, a table and a young lady. She strikes the ball to you; you strike it back and it rolls under the table. "Ping Pong!" Where does the game come in? Why!—under the table!

TELL US—

Tell us how YOU like YOUR paper and don't be afraid to let us know the worst. You are permitted,—short of actual profanity,—to be as picturesque in your language as you please. Slang us or pat us on the back. Let us know what YOU don't like and what YOU would like!

EXPLAINED.

Sergeant to recruit:—"Explain what is meant by 'Mark time'."

Recruit:—"You lift the left foot up, place the right foot along side of it, and continue the motion!" (Try it—in double time!)

WILL THEY PAY IT?

Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt (soon to be in Montreal) was recently approached by a German amusement company. "What will be your price for a tour of the principal cities of Germany," they asked. "Alsace-Lorraine," she returned without hesitation.

FULL MARCHING ORDER
(The weight.)



On the way out.



On the way back.

IT REMINDS ME.

We read in the papers that the British are on the Brook of Kedron,—which reminds the writer of an amusing incident concerning a certain sporting parson of his acquaintance who, by the way, was 85 years of age and still a strong horseman.

A neighbouring rector, a very pedantic man, said to my old friend: "Do you pronounce the brook of that name, Kedron or Kidron?"

Whereupon came the reply: "No! I only know of one brook, and that's the Whissingdene, and thank God I can both jump and spell it."

—Man-about-town.

We understand, from an unliable source, that it is the intention to hold sick parades at Bordeaux in future, for the convenience of the medical staff.

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