

**MAJOR THE GUARDIAN OF THE E. T. D.**

Speak up Major, you wise old dog,  
For of your kind you're a  
pedagogue.  
Speak and tell us of your life,  
For you wear scars of many a  
strife.

Speak, for you must have been a  
pup,  
E'er Babylon was lifted up.  
Of many a dog fight you've victor  
been,  
But where are your medals, old  
canine.

You've won promotion, we all  
know that,  
In many a battle with dog or cat.  
You're an officer of rank quite  
high,  
So why be silent? Tell us why.

You may have been a pup at  
school,  
When Rome was burned by that  
Nero fool.  
Or licked the wounds of Coeur-de-  
Lion,  
When he fought the Arabs in  
Palestine.

Perchance you knew the wolf most  
famous,  
That suckled little Romulus and  
Remus.  
Or may'st have been the dog so  
brave,  
That saved the child from a watery  
grave.

Knew you the cur to us no  
stranger,  
That kept the horse from the hay  
in the manger?  
But silent still, you learned brute?  
Your right to silence we'll no more  
dispute.

You mount guard each day, attend  
each parade,  
You are acting O.C. of the dogs'  
brigade.  
Every dog going in and out you  
search,

You go out to P.T. also to church.  
You inspect the canteen, the  
kitchen and stores,  
The stables and barracks and all  
open doors,  
Then to the guard room for rest  
you retire,  
There to lie down and dream by  
the fire.

On the whole you're a very in-  
telligent brute,  
But strange as't may seem, you  
pass the salute,  
For a dog of your rank that is  
certainly raw,  
So wake up Major; touch your ear  
with your paw.

D. Scribe.

**A PROPER SPIRIT.**

St. Johns, Que.,  
November 26th, 1918.

Editor,  
"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—  
I am going out back to the old  
life and the wife and kiddies. In  
going I want to thank all the boys  
of the E. T. D. for the many kind-  
nesses I have received at their  
hands. In my duties I have had  
dealings with a great many men of  
all companies and I will say they  
were all real men and regular  
fellows. Knowing the boys as I  
knew them I shall always feel  
proud of having been a Canadian  
Engineer because of the many good  
fellows I met and good friends I  
made and I wish for nothing more  
than to meet and work with as  
good comrades as I have had here.  
The permanent men of my party  
I wish particularly to thank for  
the fair way in which they always  
treated me. I shall always look  
back on the time I spent with them  
as time well spent. To them and  
all I have been in touch with, I  
take this opportunity of saying:  
Goodbye, good luck, and God be  
with you always.

Corporal T. C. Wyllie.

**THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.**

The name of the man who kissed  
the Quartermaster at the Cadets'  
Party.

**Beyond Doubt.**

A soldier in the Dublin Fusiliers  
went to the orderly-room and asked  
for a few days leave. He was asked  
why he wanted leave.

"Well, sorr, it's like this, sorr.  
I've had a letter from me woife.  
She says she's spring-cleaning and  
wants to know if I can give her  
some help."

The Sergeant said:

"That's a funny thing, Mike,  
only last week I had a letter from  
your wife, and she said by no  
means give you leave, for you were  
more trouble in the house than out  
of it."

Michael looked rather staggered  
and said:

"Then I suppose I cannot have  
me lave?"  
"No."

Michael was just marching out of  
the door when he turned round:  
"Might I spake to ye agin,  
sorr?"

The sergeant inclined his head.  
"Well, sorr, there's two liars in  
this room, and I'm one of 'em, for  
I'm not married!"

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