

ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

Those of us whose clean sheets for once in a way, served us loyally, and who proceeded to Alexandra Park with our team of footballers last Saturday had little cause to grudge the expense of the outing. Our boys came out of their shell in magnificent style and romped home in a manner which left no doubt as to which class our footballing categorization was in.

Cameron at centre forward was, of course, the hero of the day, his fine goals being an achievement he ought to be justly proud of. He was ably supported by a beautifully moving set of forwards, heady half backs, and by two of the soundest backs who ever wore an opposition down, so effectively did they perform their allotted task, that nothing need be said of our goalkeeper. As the season for football seems now to be closed down and another game a matter of chance we only hope our boys will continue the good work in England—and that, soon.

For the benefit of those unfortunates who were on duty or were either broke or disinterested, the game itself is reported in another column.

Sapper Yeardsley came to us the other day and reported progress in connection with his pet project—a Depot Road Race. He has a committee formed and we would be grateful for more details from him now that he is ploughing ahead under his own steam. We would remind him that our editorial sanctum is moved south for the winter and is now on the hallowed ground once occupied by our R.S.M.

We have nothing to report from

A BOUQUET.

“Knots and Lashings”! Cuts and Slashings!

What a paper this should be! Nuts and rations! Spots and Scratchings!

Free for sapper or O. C.

Kindly critics! Cheerful clipping! Dealing hard hits everywhere.

Increased Interest really ripping! Hitting hard but fighting fair.

May it prosper! Long be lucky!

With its editor a Knight.

Thank him—He is pretty plucky Takes some nerve to keep us right.

Now, boys all, I’m sure, are willing

If each one here does his bit:— Then our prophesy fulfilling—

“Knots and Lashings” makes a hit!

Sgt. LOWMAN.

MARCHING SONG.

Tune:—“The British Grenadiers”.

We’re training for the Engineers, our comrades o’er the sea, Sirs.
And with the boys who’re at the front we’re hoping soon to be, Sirs.
So step out, lads, with chin held high; don’t ever fret or falter.
We’ll fight, we’ll build, we’ll dig, we’ll fly, and none our aims shall alter.

Soon we’ll be leaving our own shores, the lad to join who’re o’ersea.
So pack your kit; your cares forget; our future we can foresee.

For glory will be ours, my lads; we’ll have the base Hun under—
Take good heed of your orders, lads; be careful not to blunder!

We’ll do our best to win the fight. Each lad will do his duty.
Each do his best with zeal and zest, nor think of home or beauty.
Until our task is done, my lads, and we come proudly sailing—
Leaving the beast, low in the East, to grief, despair and wailing!

And when we do get home at last, Oh! won’t the girls flock round us!
How proud we’ll feel to think that we took first the oath that bound us!

And in the years to come we’ll tell o’ the brave deeds that our Corps did—

From O.C. down to drummer boy our fame shall be recorded.

—ANONYMOUS.

the hockey fans, eurling bugs or volley ball enthusiasts and it would seem that our timely counsel of last week was either premature or totally unnecessary. We would hate to apply for membership to that sedate assembly—the Chess Club, but we are afraid that’s about what it’s coming to. Can it be that our visitors with the cross swords and crown are sapping all the vitality from the unsuspecting sapper? It would appear so, and should the incoming week be unproductive of a few hardy lads who dread not the out of doors conditions so long as they can play the game, we will come out flat footed in our next issue calling for volunteers to form a Browning Society, Knitting Club and a Solitaire League. I know where I can lay my hands on an N.C.O. who makes the daintiest little table centres out of bright coloured wool, and am seriously thinking of making him Athletics Editor should this sort of thing go on. Meanwhile, we are as a “voice crying in the wilderness”.

All being well, our football team are due to tackle the Champions of Quebec on Saturday on the same ground on which they found their feet in more than one sense, last Saturday. ’Twill be a harder nut to crack this business of disposing of the Locos but I fear not of the result.

Having in view the fact that our players paid their own fare and expenses last Saturday, our canteen committee have resolved to vote \$25.00 towards fare and bill of fare. This is a more dignified

way than the ancient method of passing round the hat, and, as we are all pretty well broke as a result of our last campaign—speaking for the team—we tender our thanks, meanwhile.

HAMPDEN.

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