

**MORE GOOD HASH**

(Continued from Page 5)

When the Q. M. Stores are going to have supplies in?

How many have read their Bibles during the last week?

Who was washing dishes in the Men's Mess when Sgt. Henson lost his teeth?

If the Sgt. has searched the swill cans for them.

Who are the two Sergeants-Major who are going to brew dandelion wine when the Province of Quebec goes dry?

Is it true that Canadian Engineers are STATIONARY Engineers.

**AH, THIS BRINGS BACK  
MANY FOND MEMORIES!**

"Nah, then, are yer all 'ere? Right-o! Four o' yer git a mop an' a pail an' start doin' the 'alls aht, an' none o' yer monkey-tricks, mind yer!—do 'em aht furowly!"

"Four more o' yer git brooms an' shovels an' git the snow orf the sidewalks all round the Square. Don't git makin' no snow-men, 'cause yer might freeze!"

"You two take this 'ere paper raund an' put it in any place where yer see it wants it. Don't git givin' it to blokes for shavin-paper, an' don't make no fags wif it!"

"There, thats got rid o' them bounders. Nah, that leaves you two fellers. Lets see!"

"'ere, you go an' ide yerselves, an' report to me at 'arf past 'leven. Nah, don't forgit—'arf past 'leven!"

"So long."

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**LOOK WHO'S HERE!**

**THE COOKHOUSE STAFF  
LETS OUT A YELL!**

**We Wonder—**

If those continual kickers ever had a Christmas or New Year's dinner like the one they received here.

Why the M.O. doesn't acknowledge the Christmas gift presented to him by Sgt. Henson and staff.

Who it was that had his fingers bitten putting them into a tumbler in the kitchen.

Where those A Company men were when Sgt. Henson called for voluntary help to put up the Christmas trimmings in the dining room.

Who it was that went to see the hockey game after the ladies of the Montreal Hockey team visited the kitchen.

**Revenge, Sweet Revenge!**

A certain man,  
A long-drawn would-be bard,  
Striving to ape the poets' rolling rhyme;

Disgraced our pages and our standard marred

In issue eight.

"The Office Staff"

(Such was the title fine  
Heading that doggerel, laboured  
and uncouth.)

Viewed with contempt each satir-  
istic line,—

And passed along.

Vile murderer

Of earth's most noble art,  
Slinger of mud, aspersions, envious;  
green;

Extend, incline your ears while we impart

Instruction brief.

We Engineers

The brains of armies are,  
We office staff, BRAINS OF THE  
ENGINEERS.

Mark, learn, digest—and having  
done so—Ha!—

Get off the perch!—

—THE O. S.

**WE WANT TO KNOW**

Who was the Sgt. Major in the Orderly Room who attended muster parade last Saturday?

How many Testaments did he receive?

Did he get enough for all of his friends?

Who was the sapper who came back ten days late on Xmas pass

and told the Colonel the train was late.

Who was the sapper who bought a ticket to Windsor and would not go any further than Toronto for fear he would be late in getting back on his Xmas leave.

Who is the Sapper who, while working in the work section, could not measure a piece of board 30 inches long because he only had a two-foot rule.

**Who Are We?**

We are Engineers. The Engineers are the brains of the Army. We are the Employed Section. The Employed Section constitute the brains of the Engineers. Then, modestly speaking, we are the doubly-distilled quintessence of brain power.

Does anyone dare to question this mild assertion? Then let the sinner stand forth. We shall exert our power upon him. We shall refuse to clothe him; we shall not pay him; we shall give him no passes; we shall let him remain hungry; we shall refuse him "Number Nines"; we shall make no box to carry him away in.

Great shall be our might against the scoffer and the unbeliever.

—SELAH.

**BY GOLLY, BOYS—**

**SAM IS QUITE RIGHT**

We take this opportunity of replying to the suggestion made in last week's issue of "Knots and Lashings" regarding a larger "Mail Box", and wish to say that a little while previous to the Holiday Rush we installed another "Mail Box"—and on no occasion have we found them both filled.

We know it is a hard proposition to try and please everyone, for some people are born kickers;—but we always try to do all we can to help and oblige the boys of the Depot. If some of the kickers worked as many hours as the P. O. Staff did during the Holidays they would find little time to complain.

We also wish to thank the boys for their kind co-operation in helping us through the Holiday Rush, by coming in any time between After Duty and Midnight and relieving us of the mail.

We are sure the pleasure experienced more than paid up for the disappointments we had by having to cancel other engagements.

Post Office Staff  
per S. HILL,  
Sergeant Postmaster.

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