

stopped by a Sapper. The Sapper said,—“There is no use for you fellows to go any further as C.S.M. York and Corpl. Courtenay just passed by all shined up.”

“A Dentist is a pretty mournful looking individual, isn't he?”  
 “Yes, he is always looking down in the mouth.”

e. w. j.

Jack Hennessy has a mandolin now. You should hear him play! Alex Watling takes a turn on it too; sounds fine about fifteen miles away!

“Hello, Jock! Anything on your hip this morning?”  
 “Yes, a boil.”

“Hindy”: new name for Sergt. Henson's cat, (any one!)—after that Hun Commander with nine lives!

Frosts in Brazil. Good news for N.C.O.'s. Fewer nuts!

Sir:—My brother sent me ten packages of Camel Cigarettes from the States and the Custom Authorities wanted me to pay \$2.30 duty on them. I wonder if they thought they were real Camels.

**Heard on Medical Board.**

Captain S., to recruit:—“What is your occupation?”  
 Recruit:—“Farmer.”  
 Captain S.:—“E.3. Carry on. Come down and cut my hay this summer.”

**THE RAILROAD MEN.**

We of the Engineers are used to divious ways,  
 Most of us are wanderers at the best!  
 There are few I vow, who find it pays,  
 Yet eagerly new trails we blaze, and jest  
 At the humdrum life of those that stay at home,  
 In some snug corner of a City street;  
 While o'er the wilds, from pole to pole we roam,  
 And only on occasions do we greet,  
 Some City's blaze or artificial light;  
 Where humans strive and breathe the tainted air;  
 And many a pitiful and sordid sight  
 Is seen; And painted women set the snare  
 For drunken fools. Then sickened of it all,  
 We pull up stakes and with a joyous stride,  
 Echoing back the old carefree call,  
 We drift beyond the human tide.

And when the whole world stood to arms,  
 From out the wilderness we came forth;  
 As the din of Battle's wild alarms Echoed East, West, South and North.  
 We know the cold of the frozen lands,  
 Where the heatless sun shines bright.  
 We've cursed the burning desert sands,  
 On many a sleepless night.  
 Our camp has stood in the forest deep,  
 Where the tall fir timber grows.  
 The wildcats have disturbed our sleep,  
 Where the river Albany flows.  
 We've played the game of life full well,  
 In places yet unnamed, in places long forgot.  
 We may belong to heaven or perhaps to hell  
 But taken all together we're a fairly decent lot!

We've gazed and laughed into mocking eyes,  
 In many a well remembered place.  
 We don't give a hang for lover's sighs  
 But we like and admire a pretty face.  
 We've drank, Ye Gods! with the very best,  
 When wine like water freely flows.  
 And looked on life as a very good jest,  
 And cared not how the wind it blows.  
 So come with us and we'll show you all  
 Of worth, there is to be seen;  
 Back to life on the old Pall Mall,  
 Or to wherever else we've been.  
 And remember this, 'tis often said  
 By those who do not speak in blarney,  
 That if the R. R. men were all dead,  
 What price the British Army!  
 “En Avant”.

Sergt. Henesy to newly made Corporal: — (Scene, Ice Cream Tent. Time 11.30 a.m.)  
 “Say, how long have you been walking about with that dollar bill?”  
 Corporal:—“Sorry, Sergt. I didn't know you wanted a drink, or I would have asked you before.”  
 Henesy:—“Look here, Corpl., if you want to get along in the Army, don't pull off any more stunts like that.”

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

**Military Watches**

Mappin & Webb's Military Watches are of the highest grade of manufacture, guaranteed to give every satisfaction and therefore dependable.

We will forward, on approbation, care of the Canteen, for inspection, either of our Military Models which range in prices

\$13.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$23.00 and \$35.00,  
 With Luminous Dials.

**MAPPIN & WEBB,**

(Canada) Limited.

353 St. Catherine Street W.

MONTREAL.

**LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO. LIMITED,**

Makers of

**“Five Roses Flour”**

CANADA

“Flour is Ammunition—Don't Waste It.”

WHEN IN TOWN DROP IN AT

**A. A. BOULAIS'**

—FOR—

Soft Drinks, Candy, Ice Cream,  
 ETC., ETC.

Corner St. Jacques & Champlain Streets.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Books, Post Cards  
 and Sporting Goods, etc.

**JOS. BOUDREAU FILS,**

Opposite Thuoloscope Theatre.

150 Richelieu St.

**THE ABERDEEN RESTAURANT & LUNCH COUNTER**  
 The Place for Quick Service.

(Opposite Windsor Hotel.)

**THE KICKER.**

He kicks about the army.  
 He kicks about the Railroad that takes him to the Camp.  
 He kicks about the fellows when he gets there.  
 He kicks about the clothes they give him at the Q.M.'s.  
 He kicks about the Picture Show that they give free of charge.  
 He kicks about the Horses—they seem too fast for him.  
 He kicks about the S.M.'s voice.  
 He kicks about the Sergt.—he makes him walk too fast.  
 He kicks about the Mess-Hall—for they make him eat too fast.

He even kicks about the Pay-Master.  
 They sent him to the Quarantine Camp and now he never kicks!

**A. Patenaude**

Barber Shop and  
 Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St.

St. Johns

Meet your friends at

**SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY**

Opposite Windsor Hotel.