

AND WE HIED US  
TO THE GARDEN  
AND ATE WOR-R-RMS

Once upon a time there dwelt among us a great man.

He wrote diligently night and day of the hopes and fears, of the daily walk and conversation of the sappers.

The editor of the town paper pounced eagerly on the crumbs that fell from his table.

He was wont to call thrice per week at the Depot canteen in the hope that he would forestall a special representative of Northcliffe here, or a deputation of McClurists there.

That he was sometimes successful was apparent by the huge increase in circulation the local paper enjoyed every time the Colossus bestrode himself.

He waxed fat on editorial praise and pence:

But, seeking fresh fields he be-thought himself of commencing a paper of his own and got him two sturdy lieutenants to resolve the passing fancy born of an evening at the National, into the reality of "Knots and Lashings".

Wherefore having rallied his benchmen he noised it abroad that "their paper" was on the way, and that his further efforts would be directed to the publication he had founded. Whereat the local editor renewed his note at the bank with difficulty.

Now comes it to be said that no more do we hear his voice in the land.

His associates plot and scheme by praise and scurrility to have him but ope his lips but all in vain.

Teddy, he whose facile pen was the envy of all, records nothing but canteen profits.

How, oh Lord, are the mighty fallen Lowman, the poetic pride of the Depot.

Brer Rabbit, who laid low and said nuffin was affability itself compared to he who barely earns the title of sales manager.

Perhaps having given birth to the great idea of a depot paper was a most wonderful inspiration, but ah me, to think what that idea has cost to the world of literature.

We beseeched him tearfully but yesterday, asking for a portion of that blessing he had once bestowed on the local editor.

"Me," he said, "Me, as made the bloody piper, write to it—say wot are you givin' us, 'avn't I done annuf?"

And we departed sorrowful, for he was a rich man.

TO THE ROOKIE.

Behold the rookie as he stands to-day

Just in from the fields of new mown hay,

Or the acres of waving corn.

There is not one thing that he really knows

As he 'gawkes' around till the mess call blows.

He calls it the dinner horn.

It seems he'll never learn to keep step.

In spite of the drill sergeant's cry of "hep".

As he drills the whole day long

He tries to carry his gun like a hoe, He marches either too fast or too slow.

Poor chap, everything seems to go wrong.

And now his boots he forgets to shine,

Some of his buttons are off for the time.

He is called on to mount guard.

The manual of arms is an awful stunt.

He simply can't keep his eyes to the front.

Oh, the ways of the service are hard.

Though most of his actions produce a laugh,

I'm sure the rookie will stand the gaff

Till he gets as wise as the rest.

Then he'll turn out for inspection trim and neat,

All brushed and polished from head to feet

And looking his very best.

No doubt when the rookie gets his chance

To prove his mettle "somewhere in France"

For the sake of the things that he loves

When the fight is raging and death all about

He will face the danger with a heart that is stout,

Stand, with the brave, tried and true.

May the great God of Battle protect him from harm

And send him, once more, safe home to the farm.

Where mother and sweetheart await with their love.

But should he be numbered among the dead

May flowers, everlasting, grow o'er his head

And his spirit be taken, Above.

Spr. Kenneth J. WHEELER,  
Montreal General Hospital.

NOT IN THOSE TROUSERS!

What a fright that N.C.O. must have had when he arrived in barracks the other night and discovered (as he thought) seventeen new sergeants major in his room. Is this the reason the Forestry Draft have been relieved of their handsome headpieces?

Too bad it had to come, though, as one young lady was heard to remark as they left the station:—"My, aren't they cute, just like the Engineer officers, I wonder if they have come to join the new officers training class."

A VOICE CRYING  
IN THE WILDERNESS

Would they please tell us why the toboggan slide we had last winter and enjoyed so much wasn't fixed up this winter. We can't all skate.

When our preacher friend is coming again? (Which one?—Ed.)

When Base Coy is going to thank Spr. R. M. Brodrick for the Board of knots he presented to them.

"Knots and Lashings" is printed by the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ("The News and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

James O'Cain Agency,  
H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.

SAFETY FIRST.

Insure with us in an old line British Company.

Agents--Lackawanna Coal.

GO TO

Chagnon's New Restaurant  
For a Good Meal.

WINDSOR HOTEL  
A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

Make this Hotel Your  
Headquarters while  
in St. Johns

Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs  
Excellent  
Cuisine

Rates Moderate Spacious Dining Rooms

For Choice Groceries and Fruit

—GO TO—

SIMPSON'S

MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

AGENT FOR

Chas. Gurd's Goods, and Laurentian  
Spring Water.

W. R. SIMPSON, Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, QUE.