

NOT FAT: JUST RIGHT!

You say our O.C. is stout?
Is overweight?
No doubt
You've heard the rumor that
He's got to work it off?
The Colonel's got to doff
Full thirty pounds—
To be in proper bounds!—
But he's NOT fat!
No, no, not that!
Just plump, you chump.
You say he's lost his punch?
Because he is, by far,
Too ample in the lunch?—
You make me laugh, Har-Har!!
You say he looks like Taft?—
Large fore and aft?
That he has got to train
To make the weight again
Which brings the knockout blow?
Oh, I don't know!—
Though he has meat to spare,
The punch is there!
Tho' he's not down to weight
(As he should surely be)
I certainly would hate
To have him land
On ME!

THE SCRIBE,
D. Coy.

NEWS FROM HALIFAX

Excerpts from letters

"We are divided up into sections here. I have a bunch of men at Badhead Hospital: we are to stay out there after tomorrow. We walk out every day to and from work, five miles, and we go through all the wreck. Gee, it sure is some sight!

There are lots of buildings that have never been searched yet, and the town is all guarded, so we can only get out with passes at night. Every morgue and shed is full of

bodies and at Snow's, the undertakers, there is a stack of coffins amounting to hundreds right on the street. The town is in darkness; there are a few street cars running short distances and every window is boarded up.

Some people are still in tents; no houses are going up yet. The people are very nervous here, wandering around trying to find their children and relatives.

We are doing fairly well now, but the first day or so was very tough, as I believe we were a larger bunch than they expected, but we are getting along fine now and have good quarters, sleeping on cots with mattresses.

We have discovered Sergt. Bell's photo as a Corporal, and I met C.S.M. Melmer's son at the Michael Building when I went for the mail on Tuesday.

The snow is not very deep here but it's cold, and we are all digging in good and have a good name here for work and discipline. We all turn out good and on time, that's through our own R.S.M.'s good system, and it helps here.

We can out-walk any of them here, having had lots of practice on route marches. Anyway every body is good to us and we are appreciating it, believe me!

The Officers are fine."

"It was true, indeed, what the Colonel told us:—it was no picnic we were going to.

I hardly know how to explain things to you as everything is in such a mess and muddle. After being snowed up for ten hours we got within a half-mile of what is left of the city.

Arrived at the barracks only to find the place deserted except for a few home service men. After a bite of bread and cheese we were marched off to the Wellington barracks, which is absolutely wrecked.

We did a bit of clearing up there, one fellow being killed by some masonry falling. Today we marched through the deserted streets to the Military hospital—three miles through the worst of the wreckage. From this place, which is right on the cliffs, we could see the ships stranded on shore, and pieces of the munition ship laying all over the streets.

Words cannot describe the awfulness of the situation even now five days after; there are scores of people homeless, there are no lights anywhere, and traffic is held up by the terrible blizzard.

Without any exaggeration at all it was the most we could do to get home tonight from that hospital through the blinding snow.

We passed women fighting in vain to make headway. We asked the corporal if we could fall out and help them but he said, "No, keep together."

Soldiers are leading old women and children through the streets. Amid the wreckage there are some amusing scenes, as one can see butchers' wagons, with huge joints of meat in them, left on the side of the streets and snow up to the boxes of the wheels; coal wagons and bread carts just the same as they left them when the snow became too deep to go any farther.

Mounted military police are patrolling the streets, but in the worst district nobody is to be seen except stray cats and dogs hunting for food.

I noticed a white rag nailed on a post outside some building or piece of building. It had the word "FOOD" written on it. On looking inside the gate there was a crowd of people with baskets and buckets waiting for a "hand-out".

We did not realize what sacrifices we were going to make and what comforts we were leaving behind in St. Johns barracks.

None of us are kicking as we can see how everybody else is suffering. We are doing good work and all the men at St. Johns should have been sent. Drafts are coming from all cities, including Toronto. What is needed is lots of men each with a hammer, saw and glass cutter.

We are hard up for tools. We have not even got knife and fork and spoon; no plates, etc., in the place; and all our rations today were two jam sandwiches!

We drank our mulligan out of our mess cans tonight. But its "All for the empire", so cheer up!—say we.

They say they are sending for McSweeney."

NOT BY A DAMSIGHT!

Dear Editor:—

Can you inform the boys in "C.1" whether there is a shortage of writing paper on the North American continent?

Our reason for asking is that Shorty Mallory received a letter recently that was written on paper straight from the perforated roll. (Get me?)

Would you advise him to reply in a similar manner?

Grits.

RAGS DOES!

Rags knows a thing or two. He has lately taken to following a certain Sergeant (J. B.) and one of St. John's fairest damsels everywhere. The Barracks is all right, but Rags is looking for a real home.

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