

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE E. T. D.—SHUN!

On Saturday afternoon (May 18th) between the hours of four and six o'clock, the members of King George's Chapter, I.O.D.E., will hold a tea and reception at the St. Johns Yacht Club.

The admission, which is but 25 cents, includes tea and light refreshments. No doubt dancing will follow in the wake of the tea.

To those who are familiar with I. O. D. E. entertainments, no advise is necessary. To those who are strangers in our midst, we would merely say—

DONT MISS IT!

THE STERN REALITIES OF WAR.

(As Viewed from Room 28).

(We deeply deplore the fact that for a long time, there has been the most intense rivalry between the Paymaster's Office, Mr. Phillipp's "Bureau de Commerce", and Room 28. And each was very Jealous of Base Coy's Orderly Room. This is the TRUTH.

Last week, as our many and gentle readers will recall, the Paymaster's Office got the jump on the others, and sprung a "joke" on our defenceless and unsuspecting Depot. We presume that they thought in this manner they would make a REP. and likewise put one over. But they didn't figure on the old Scout, S. M. Woolley,—the "Dreamy Eyed Poet" of Room 28.

Evidently the genial S.M. is deeply agitated about the troubles in the Balkans, and he has expressed his deepest feelings in Poetry, as it were. His is indeed a remarkable offering, showing how serious the conflict really is. We quote it in full.)

FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS.

I suppose you know that not long ago
There started a great war between
England and Germany,
Also on the Balkan shore.

There was many a lad from
Canada gone over to fight the
foe
Among them was a poet who died,
his name was Mr. Poe.

In weather cold and very severe,
lying in trenches deep,
Always on the alert of the enemy
and getting little sleep,
While lying in a coat of skins, as
they are fighting in the
Balkans,

AT THE TURNING OF THE WAYS.



—"Tribune", N.Y.

These Balkan States, it seems to me, as near as I can understand,
That they intend to help Germany
on the sea and on the land,
But we have the boys of the Maple
Leaf and also of the States
And it is my sound belief the
Balkans will be in poor straits.

For the time is coming and we will
see that for their own benefit
they will agree
To break away from Germany and
fight for Old England,
That will make them free when
they make up their mind for
to be.

For at present they seem to be on
the fence, not knowing how to
decide,
But they will soon have to say in
what manner they
On the side of the fence will slide.

As this is no ink-slinging game
just now, for Britain will soon
tell them how,
And notify them what to do, for
to do the job right,
And fight with all their might, and
stick with the old Red, White
and Blue.

Now Mr. P., it's your move next.
What you g'wine to do about it?

YOUR CHANCE, MY BOYS.

(Even the folks down in Quebec
seem to have heard about this
Kaiser chap. In the following
verse, Pte. Hal. Crawford, B. Coy,
1st C.O.R., reaches an unusually
lofty plane. Too bad Kaiser, old
sock, you're in dutch with the
whole bunch, I guess.)

In No Mans Land, on the Fields
of France,
Our boys are playing the game,
And now your country gives you
the chance,
To show that you'r doing the
same.

It may be fun to punish the Hun,
But it takes a lot more than will,
But it can't be done with a worn
out gun,
And an empty shell wont kill!

You'll never forget, and you'll
regret,
If this chance you let pass by,
To help catch the Kaiser and his
band,
And bring them here, to Blighty
Land.

(R. I. P.)

The said man from S. Dakota
was boarded and said they marked
him o.k.; but only examined him
from the neck down.

"DOWN ON THE FARM"

I met her near St. Johns, P.Q.,
As the sun was getting low;
We walked along together,
In the twilight after-glow.
Patiently she waited,
Till I lowered down the bars,—
Her large eyes heamed upon me,
As radiant as the stars.

She neither smiled nor thanked me,
Because she knew not how,
For I was but a Sapper,
And she,—a Jersey Cow.

Spr. R. S. STEDMAN.

NOTICE TO CLASS 38.

We desire to point out to Sgt.
Thompson and the members of
Class 38, that it has not been the
custom, with previous classes at the
E. T. D., to stimulate their efforts
by the Sergeant Instructor's
bribing them with bags of candy.

JAMES BOY-ED ESQ.

My name is Jimmie Boyd, Jimmie
Boyd,
My name is Jimmie Boyd, and
I'm really overjoyed,
To be back in old St. Johns darn
you all!

My fame in old Quebec's unalloyed,
unalloyed,
My fame is unalloyed, and I
really am some boid,
And I fly along some pace darn
you all!

You think I am annoyed, am an-
noyed,
You think I am annoyed. I'm
too busily employed,
To bother with your thoughts darn
you all!

My name is Jimmie Boyd, Jimmie
Boyd,
My name is Jimmie Boyd, and
the girls with whom I've
toyed,
Will acquaint you of the fact darn
you all!

A fellow may grow and a fellow
may blow,
And a fellow may talk all day,
But he can't win a war, with his
gas bag mouth,
For wars ain't won that way.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and
Lashings" to send to the folks back
home. You may be sure they will
be glad to get it. The postage is
one cent.