

ROUND THE BIVOUC FIRE.

Me an' a sargint an' 5 files was detailed to take a bunch of 95 Fritzie's as 'ad bin "Kamarding" our boys up in the front line, to head quarters.

They were as bum a bunch as ever Bairnsfather ever drew tho' some was pretty "lippy" till we 'its the cobbles an' gets up a sort of decent walkin' pace.

Every now and then, just to keep things awake the Sargint 'oo was walkin' near the tail end would shout 'ands hup! when every Fritzie would turn every colour from white to two shades lighter. Then 'eed give, has you were! for another five minutes.

We 'ad some 6 miles to go with the blighters, an' when we got there my yarn starts.

The Sargint 'ands over his order slip with the number of prisoners. —The Major says "Orl rite, sargint." "Corpr'l Hookey 'ave the prisoners counted and notify me when you've finished." The Corpr'l reports "94 men Sir!"—"You count them again" says the Major. The Corporal comes back and says "94 prisoners, Sir!" "Tell the sargint in charge of prisoners to come 'ere," says the "Maj". The Corpr'l returns with the sargint. "Sargint," says the "Maj", "How 'ave you only 94 men when the order distinctually ses 95?" "Well sir," blabs the sargint, "It's like this, sir." "I was a' walkin' alongside 95 when 'e says to me 'av yer a fag mate' and I gives 'im a 'bine wot was bust in my pocket." "Yes! yes!" ses the "Maj", "but, where is this 95?" "Well sir, it's like this 'ere. After I giv' 'im the fag, 'e starts a' tellin' me of 'is 'ome an' 'is missus, an' 'avin a 'ome an' missus meself-like, I listens to 'is tail of woe—sympathetik-like-kind-of-yer-know." "Yes! yes!" ses the Maj, "but all this story don't find the man." "Well Sir, it's like this 'ere, as I was a sayin-of. 'E tells me some more of 'is 'ome, 'is cow, 'is 'ens an' 'is four kids, then 'e tells me abaht 'is dawg an' 'ow 'e missed 'im when 'e jined up. Just same as mine did, 'an oh sir, 'e made me so damn mad an' 'ome sick, I shot 'im."

"Very good Sargint" ses the Maj. "You may go." "I have no doubt you were aggravated and they shouldn't do that sort of thing"

An 'ell of a lot of worry an' arskin' abaht one lousy Fritzie as 'ad left 'is dawg 'ome 'stead of bringin' it along wiv 'im—not as 'ow I s'pose it'd 'av made any "diff" nohow. "Carry On".

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir Editor:—

Perish the thought, that the Hockey Match, Officers and N. C. O.'s be put on record. Being kind of interested in both outdoor and indoor sports I have been asked to put the opinion of several other N. C. O.'s, who, for reasons not known to us, were not on the team (for which we are not sorry). We admit the team was an N.C. O.'s one, but ye gods! what N. C. O.'s! A better team could have been found among the returned empties from the canteen or in the Sanitary Section. That there team which played on Wednesday in no way represented the N. C. O.'s of the Depot! No Siree! Where was Teddy Lowman who played for east of Remosky, Jim Boyd as made his living by stopping pucks, Jack Vaughan who played 3 pucks at a time, Jimmie Sims as got hitched up and knows every move, Dick Escot as invented the single system open combination and scored the only goal to the credit of his team in 9 years, B. W. Mac the well known manager for Jimmie Barr, and a dozen others? Threé to two, and they call themselves N. C. O.'s, with men like these to pick from! It makes me sick! We know they played their best, but best of these kind wont beat Lt. Gallahers team. Ice! we've heard "ice" up till 11 p.m. and getting worse all the time. No siree, the ice was all right in places and these places is where the N. C. O.'s couldn't play. We could have beaten a team like the officers put up on any sidewalk in St. Johns or without ice at all. I'll put my money on any gold mine in the Richelieu Valley and won't be throwing it away like some of us did on the N. C. O.'s and one of them didn't give the mimiograph ink time to dry, but he wasn't the worst, with a little quiet instruction he should be able to keep goal for a junior N. C. O. team. The fault lay mostly in the N.C.O.'s not being able to locate the goal. For future use they might bear in mind that it is approximately in the middle of the end opposite. The way they should be facing when they start.

We are sports every one of us (Evans included) but we hate to have our money stolen. Let's put all the N. C. O.'s names in a hat and have a real team. We will double our money on a real N. C. O.'s team, and give the Officers Art. Ross and Sergt. Cook on their side.—Thats us!

P.S.—The N. C. O.'s team played a much better game in C.S.M. Sims room round about 11 p.m.

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