

“MIXED”

A Soldier of the C. E. F. was lying out in France  
 And as he lay, he cast around a wild and wandering look,  
 And then in great bewilderment, he scratched his muddy head,  
 And softly muttered to himself, and this is what he said;  
 When first I joined the Canadians 'twas in Sam Hughes' Own  
 Ten hundred gallant fighting men: a regiment full blown.  
 We had a brass and pipers band: and buglers twenty-three.  
 The finest bunch of fighting men that ever crossed the sea.  
 'Twas thus the General spoke to us and promised us a chance  
 To go over as a unit to the sunny land of France.  
 But no sooner had we heard his words and at his humour laughed  
 Than came the word: "five hundred will go forward as a draft."  
 I came across the ocean on the great "Olympian",  
 And scarcely had I stepped ashore than other shifts began,  
 They sent me to the Pioneers and then the 53rd  
 And promised each to go to France upon their sacred word.  
 But each in turn was broken up amidst the Colonel's tears,  
 And so I joined the 51st and then the Grenadiers.  
 My father was a Frenchman, my mother was a Mick,  
 So later when I joined the kilts they nearly made me sick.  
 I scarcely was a Highlander the matter of a day  
 When they took me and attached me to the blooming C.F.A.  
 The Pioneers, the Engineers, and the C.E.C.A.  
 I scarcely know what I am or where I ought to be.  
 Now I've been here for near a year, an expert with a bomb.  
 For the Hun that gets my number, he will sure be going some,  
 But if the thing should happen it would make the fellows laugh  
 To read upon tombstone this poetic epitaph.  
 Here lies at rest the body of our poor friend, John Canuck,  
 A Trooper, Sapper, Private, a poor devil out of luck,  
 Of the Pioneers, the Engineers, and the C.E.C.A.V.C.  
 And a dozen other letters but he doesn't care a "D".  
 Sent in by Spr. J. Hislop.

CORRESPONDENCE

Open Confession.

Dear Mr. Editor:—  
 On the eve of my departure overseas, I think I should, at least try to explain to those readers of "Knots and Lashings" left behind, why you accuse me of hair pins being found around the blacksmith's shop door, also the splinter of wood with hair on it, and a spot of blood near by.  
 One, at first sight, reading over that mysterious disappearance, woman unknown, in last weeks' "Knots and Lashings", would naturally think something had happened around the door; but Mr. Editor, allow me to tell you I think too much of the fair sex to use them in a rough manner, and have had a good deal more experience in this line than you have had.  
 The hair pins you speak of were fibres which fell out of our broom while sweeping around the door, and the hair and spot of blood, found on the door was left there by a horse going through the door.  
 As for the lady's disappearance, I know nothing about her, but expect to find the real article when

I get back again to 'Bonnie Scotland'.  
 It took me some time to convince the Colonel that the fibres were not hairpins, but I believe his sight is failing him, anyhow according to last week's "Knots and Lashings" his stomach is alright.  
 (Sgd.) Sgt. Barr.  
 We are glad to get this explanation from the dear old Sergeant before he went overseas. He has, by his unnecessarily lucid explanation cleared an otherwise perfectly clear atmosphere.  
 We will admit though, that we don't know whether Barr really took us seriously or not. If he did, well, that's his choice not ours. If he did not, we can shake hands on it and thank him heartily for providing a little fun.  
 We may feel inclined to accept his statement as to the hair pins but when he tells us more than we know about the wisp of hair, then we draw swords. The piece of wood was supplied by the Q. M. Stores, the red ink stain by the orderly room and the wisp of hair was cut of the tail of E. 160.—None of these articles to be returned.—Ed.

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