

CONGRATULATIONS TO:—

- A/C.S.M. W. S. Gibson
- Sergt. C. Stevens
- Sergt. H. M. Davidson
- Sergt. H. K. Hosford
- Sergt. A. McDougall
- Corpl. E. C. Jackson
- Corpl. C. Webb
- 2nd Corpl. S. Bowers
- 2nd Corpl. H. Sutcliffe
- 2nd Corpl. J. McAllister
- 2nd Corpl. F. A. George
- 2nd Corpl. H. W. Cairns
- 2nd Corpl. J. P. Wood
- 2nd Corpl. L. Bound
- 2nd Corpl. D. Jones
- 2nd Corpl. W. E. Henderson
- 2nd Corpl. J. J. Henesy
- Lce. Corpl. R. N. McLeod
- Lce. Corpl. W. Lee
- Lce. Corpl. W. F. Upton
- Lce. Corpl. P. Davidson
- Lce. Corpl. E. J. Williams
- Lce. Corpl. J. McGeady
- Lce. Corpl. G. Salter
- Lce. Corpl. A. E. Simon
- Lce. Corpl. W. R. Canavan
- Lce. Corpl. S. Potter
- Lce. Corpl. J. Edward
- Lce. Corpl. E. A. Knight
- Lce. Corpl. A. Pellow
- Lce. Corpl. W. F. Lennox
- Lce. Corpl. A. W. Forrest
- Lce. Corpl. J. H. Mallison
- Lce. Corpl. S. H. Ridgeway
- Lce. Corpl. N. Malitch

Quebec Detachment.

- Lce. Corpl. U. Provencher
- Lce. Corpl. W. B. Woolcock
- Lce. Corpl. P. Wilson
- Lce. Corpl. J. Devlin
- Lce. Corpl. P. B. Joselin
- Lce. Corpl. P. H. Russell
- Lce. Corpl. P. P. Gill
- Lce. Corpl. P. Bawden
- Lce. Corpl. W. P. Banks
- Lce. Corpl. P. C. Lewis
- Lce. Corpl. A. H. Hubbard
- Lce. Corpl. A. Armour
- Lce. Corpl. B. W. Davies
- Lce. Corpl. N. B. Humphry
- Lce. Corpl. F. W. Parr
- Lce. Corpl. H. Barr
- Lce. Corpl. J. A. D. McPherson

LET HIM LIVE.

(The management of "Knots and Lashings" has been the recipient of many original suggestions as to what should be done with the Kaiser,—when the time comes. Speaking frankly, we must confess that, for the present, we feel disposed to reserve our decision in the matter,—for adequate reasons. Meanwhile, the various suggestions are being preserved from time to time, in the most enduring manner possible,—namely, in the columns of our Great Family Journal. The following "thoughtful suggestion", the most recent to be added to our files, has been submitted by Pte. J. Folster, W.O.R.)

As long as flowers their perfume give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live—
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears;
With nothing to quench his awful thirst
But the salty brine and a Belgian's curse.



The Cloud That WAS No Bigger Than A Hand.

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

I would let him live on a dinner
each day
Served from silver on a golden
tray,
Served with things both dainty and
sweet—
Served with all but things to eat.
And I'd make him a bed of silken
sheen,
With costly linens to lie between,
With covers of down and fillets of
lace,
And downy pillows piled in place;
Yet when to it's comfort he would
yield,
It would stink with rot of the
battle field
And blood and brains and bones of
men,
Should cover him, smother him—
and then—
His pillows should cling with a
rotten clay—
Clay from the grave of a soldier
boy,
And while God's stars their vigils
keep,
And while the waves the white
sands sweep,
He should never, never, never
sleep.
And through all the days and all
the years,
There should be an anthem in his
ears;
Ringing and singing and never
done,
From the edge of light to the set
of sun,
Moaning, and moaning and moan-
ing wild—
A ravaged French girl's bastard
child.

And I would build him a castle by
the sea,
As lovely a castle as e'er could be,
And I'd show him a ship from o'er
the sea,
As fine a ship as e'er could be,
Laden with water cool and sweet,
Laden with everything good to
eat;
Yet scarce does she touch the
silvered sands;
Scarce may he reach his eager
hands
Than a hot and hellish molton
shell,
Should change his heaven into
hell;
And though he'd watch on the
wave swept shore,
Our Lusitania would rise no more.
In No Mans Land where the Allies
fell,
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas,
In every wound I'd pour ground
glass;
I'd march him out where the brave
boys died—
Out past the boys they crucified.
In the fearful gloom of his living
tomb,
He'd shiver and suffer for time to
come—
It would be only a taste of what
hellish Huns,
Have already done to Canadian
sons.

I hate to use a folding bed
Because I've oft been told,
That many little lambkins have
Been gathered in the fold.

SOME SEEM TO THINK THE
M.G.C. ARE GIVEN TO
TALK.

In the last issue of "Knots and Lashings", I read a taunting repetition of, and enlargement on, the very general and all-embracing defi, issued the previous week by various and sundry worthy, though somewhat conceited, members of our rival unit, the M.G.C.

In the line of sports, I have no comment to offer, not having any ability myself, and as to singing and dancing, excuse me, and I lost twenty-seven cents playing poker nine years ago, and "open for a dime" or "shoot it all" gives me a palpitation ever since. But, "ye jack-knife" makes my blood tingle with the lure of open contest, or in this case, maybe I should say conquest.

I challenge you one and all, each and every, singly and collectively to a game of "ye jack-knife". There are several games to be played, and as the above mentioned taunt winds up "Challenge us and watch us eat 'em up," permit me to set forth the rules of a contest with "ye jack-knife", in which I am very proficient. I have never yet been beaten and in the present instance I will agree to go one better than the best of you.

The game consists of carving any number of curious articles out of wood and the rules are that the carving must be done from one single solid piece of wood, no splicing allowed, and no tool used but "ye jack-knife" or pen-knife, as the case may be, and the stick to be three-eighths of an inch or less, square, and six inches or less in length. Jump in, boys, and get your feet wet. Everybody is welcome, but the members of M.G.C. are especially invited to bend some of their well advertised talent of undefeatable ability to the task of figuring out how many separate and individual articles can be made from this amount of timber, and then get out your old knife and spit on your whet-rock and communicate with Sgt. Major Harry Edwards at W.O.R. Barracks.

Sapper "Jack-Knife".

SOME NOISE.

During the dinner hour at the Sergeants' Mess (C.O.R.), the other day, the question was asked of B.S.M. Graham, "Which Sergeant makes the most noise?" Without a moment's hesitation, he replied: "On parade, Sgt. Elliott; off parade, Sgt. Black; at the table, Sgt. Hurst; and the greatest of all these, is the latter."