

of our training, we ought to be mighty grateful, as the persistence of our friends Squad Drill and Rifle Exercise on the syllabus, is surely undermining that stoical attitude characteristic of the boys. It got the better of two of them, last week,—but that's another story.

Several improvements in the Officers quarters have been made. Mr. Knighton has had a private line run to his bedside and sleeps with the receiver at his ear. The orderly corporal can now go to bed at night. Knighton handles a pretty good line of telephone stuff, and knocks them all cold at long range.

Donaldson's pink pyjamas are still exhibit "A", with Mr. Knight's "gor' blime" boots a close second. Mr. Trow has moved his little cot nearer the dispensary, and the "Big Svede" is taking more lessons in camouflage.

We are, in spite of our restrictions, a happy family, and even the dietitian smiled upon us the other day. Oh boys,—if you only knew what that means to us!

OUR SYMPATHY TO BANDSMAN MORRIS.

As we go to press, it is with sincere regret that we learn of the death of the young daughter of Bandsman Morris of the E.T.D. Since coming to the St. Johns Depot, Bandsman Morris has gained the respect and confidence of all with whom he has been associated. To him, on behalf of Officers and men, "Knots and Lashings" begs to offer every sympathy in his sad bereavement.

HER MOTHER LOVE.

Private Jones, of the M.G.C., after serving three weeks with the forces, had fallen beneath the avenging eye of the C. O. for some petty offense. Thereafter he sent this touching epistle to his mother: "Dear mother, I am now a defaulter." His grief was too great to write more, so he got a comrade to mail it for him, and sat down to do his punishment in silence.

Five days later he got this: "My dear son, I am so glad to hear of your promotion. Be sure to be kind to the men under you, and never forget that you were a private once yourself."

THE OBSERVING SAPPER.

Observing Sapper (to Young Thing in very decoletté gown):—"But you don't appear to be pleased with your new gown, ma chérie?"

Y. T.:—"No, my heart's not in it."

O. S.:—"So, it would appear."

THE MYSTERIOUS "HUN".

A member of Class 36,—to wit, Lt. McColl, anxiously seeking information of military value, inquires the inwardness of the expression "Hun", when applied on Parade to all and sundry. The most reasonable explanation appears to be a desire to get the boys fighting mad to get at the original Hun of them all.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted,—Man to mash potatoes; man with wooden leg preferred.

Also, Boy to sell eggs 12 years of age.

Also, good man to mix soup.

Apply in person to:

Sgt. Cook,
Officers Mess.

For Sale,—Umbrella with Bent Rib.

Apply to:

Sgt. Thompson,
M. G. Corps.

DAILY ORDERS FROM THE C.O.R.

SERGEANTS OF THE 2nd C.O.R.—SHUN!!

Many of the Sergeants of the 2nd C.O.R. are not now with the units to which they were originally attached. Many of these men would have been overseas long ere this had not "a higher power" seen fit to switch them from their old Battalion. The following list will therefore be of interest to many, as showing the Battalions to which the Sergeants mentioned originally belonged:—

B.S.M. Graham, D., 177th Bn.
Q.M.S. Issard, E. D., 216th Bn.
Prov. Sgt. King, C. W., 164th Bn.
O.R. Sgt. McKenzie, K.
Sgt. Cook Foley, J.
No. 1 Coy:
C.S.M. Ferrier, C. J., 204th Bn.
Sgt. Gammon, Wm., 122-157th Bn.
Sgt. Hugill, A. R., 196-227th Bn.
Sgt. Spiker, F. C., 177th Bn.
Sgt. Hurst, A. H., 122nd Bn.
Sgt. Black, W., 215th Bn.
Sgt. Forward, V. W., 208th Bn.
Sgt. Morgan, J. E.
No. 2 Coy:
C.S.M. Thompson, N. A., 164th Bn.
Sgt. Elliott, R. J., 119-227th Bn.
Sgt. Hugill, O. H., 119-227th Bn.
Sgt. Boyd, T. W., 227th Bn.
Sgt. Swackhammer, H. R., 164th Bn.
Sgt. Clemence, J. A., 204th Bn.
Sgt. McDougall, A. R., 164th Bn.
Sgt. Lee, C. M., 215th Bn.
Sgt. Cullis, J. A., 208th Bn.

Sgt. Forward, of No. 1 Coy., has taken up the study of astronomy. He may be seen any evening standing on the corner of DeSalabery St., near the College Barracks, gazing at the stars. He has also

interested a "charmante petite jeune femme" in his star gazing. Several of the other Sergeants are considering taking up star gazing as their evening occupation.

Sgt. Gammon is now a man, and is at last eligible to vote. Saturday, April 20th, was the day he received congratulations.

The Sergeants of the Machine Gun Corps, are reported to be lying in ambush for several of the C.O.R. Non-Coms. It was a shame for the C.O.R. boys to take the lady friends of the M.G.C. home, after the Gunners had spotted them in the new refreshment parlors.

B.S.M. Graham has been noticed wandering homeward across the "Bridge of Sighs" at a rather late hour on several nights this week. Don't ask the B.S.M. what he thinks of the new Garrison order placing Iberville out of bounds after 10 p.m. He might tell you, and believe me he has some vocabulary.

WANTED,—An artist who can successfully portray the expression on the face of Prov. Sgt. King, when he turns up 16 in Pontoon, with a full board against him. Our local artist, Corp. Clarke, says it is far beyond his abilities.

Lieut. Holtzman, of the M.G.C., is a firm believer in "Every man to his trade". After this, he fully intends sticking to the pasteboards and leaving the Bones alone. Ask him why.

ODE TO A MUMP.

The drivers mugs were sad,
And their pockets were out of dough,
And darkly they looked at the sick corp'al,
And fearfully at the M.O.
He said, you have the measles,
And some of you have mumps,
And when you're in the riding school,
You get some horrid bumps.

I'll separate you from your kind,
For days about fourteen,
And to make it sound more dismal,
We'll call it quarantine.

AFTERNOON TEA!

(Endorsed by "Knots and Lashings")

The Ladies of St. James' Church will hold the TEA at Baldwin Hall, Jacques Cartier St., on the afternoon of Saturday, April 27th, between the hours of 4 and 6.

To those Officers and Men of the St. Johns Garrison, who were present at the tea held last Saturday, this announcement requires no emphasis. To those who were not present, we would simply say, "Don't miss It."

Remember the time:—

Saturday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock.

1st C.O.R. B. Coy. AT QUEBEC.

Pte. Fred Bright:—"Whose got-a magazine?"

Pte. Hal Crawford:—"Look on your rifle."

Sgt. Byers (while on parade):—"Did you see my blonde?"

Pte. — (Smiling).

Sgt. B.:—"What are you smiling at?"

Pte. — (Still smiling).

Sgt. B.:—"Two men fall in for escort!—To the clink!"

THE LATE PTE. GEO. W. NESBITT.

Pte. Geo. Wm. Nesbitt, late of the 2nd C.O.R., passed away on April 20th, 1918, at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Pte. Nesbitt was ill but a short time, having been admitted to Hospital on April 12th.

The late Pte. Nesbitt was born in Burkes Falls, Ont., on June 26th, 1892, and prior to his enlistment followed the occupation of blacksmith. On February 4th, 1918, he answered his country's call and donned the khaki.

During his service with the colors, Pte. Nesbitt earned the reputation of being a good soldier and a true friend. His untimely end will be mourned by many of his comrades.

To his sorrowing relatives and friends, "Knots and Lashings", on behalf of the Officers and men of the St. Johns Depot, extends sincere sympathy. It may be some slight solace for them to remember that, though Pte. Nesbitt did not live to reach the trenches, yet he died a soldier on active service.

R. I. P.

CONDOLENCES TO SGT. C. M. LEE, C.O.R.

The deep sympathy of the St. Johns Garrison is extended to Sgt. C. M. Lee, of the 2nd C.O.R., in the loss of his sister, Mrs. Truman Hall, who died at the home of her husband in East Garafrax Township, near Paris, Ont., on Friday, April 19th, 1918.

LEAR IS LEARY YET!

Our genial and attractive Q.M.S. thinks he has solved the mystery. For his benefit we must tell him that he has another guess coming.