

JUST A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

Three cheers for the new Quartermaster. The improvement in the daily rations has been one of the principal topics for discussion among the boys of the Depot for the last week. Then another thing. Gone is that skim of grease (presumably for antiseptic purposes) which could be found on the plates under the old regime. Gone is the diurnal scramble for the mulligan when the lions roared after their prey. No longer is their fear that the Mess room orderly will drop choice drippings on your shoulder.

A physiologist would observe a great difference in the temper of the boys and there is a peaceful quiet now at mess time which is an excellent indication that the E.T.D. is being well fed.

The writer has observed the unanimity of opinion as to the food as it is now, and it is rare that a

day has passed without hearing some complimentary reference to the genial Q.M. who is 'on the job' at every meal, who tastes the food from time to time and who sees that none shall be "sent empty away".

Again, three cheers for Captain Manville.

The 'O.C. D. Coy' is still looking for his gloves in room 72. There is a notice on the door which reads thusly:—

"The man who took the O.C.'s gloves, he has a pair of old socks for him." Parenthetically, they disappeared a few days before the quarantine was lifted.

If C. S. M. Thompson and Sergeant Sutcliffe keep it up, the E.T.D. will have two 'blues' in its midst soon. Yes, they pull it every day across the stream from Iberville. It took them forty minutes

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to make it the other day and it is alleged that the tenor soloist had a touch of mal-de-mer before he had passed over the last breaker.

Overheard at the mess, Monday evening. "Say feller (addressed to the youth who hands out the mail from the 'M to Z' window) that parcel you gave me today reached here September 28th."

"Is that so."

The Sapper who climbed out of

the second story window at midnight, unclathed and ran to the clink where he demanded entrance in order to write a letter to the Colonel was surely not throwing off on the Recreation room, was he?

The band has gone to Ottawa to blow for the Victory Loan. Bring 'em back soon, Bandmaster, we miss the Grenadier Guards and music with our meals.

Cheerio.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, MAJOR

Oh Cupid, hast thou dared to cast unerring shaft,
At our fair Major, who so long has dared,
With cunning and elusive art and craft,
To steer his course through life unsnared?

'Twas mighty shaft that sped from off thy bow,
With flight so strong to pierce that precious hide;
And reach a heart that maidens oft would know,
And failed to read what mystery lay inside;

How countless hearts were broken in this wild career
The damsels of St. John's will never dare disclose;
But Major, tell us who's the lady, there's a dear,
You'll help us bear it and anxiety dispose.

Whoe'er the maiden is who shares your heart,
It matters not, but tell us if you dare,
Why, you so guileless, acted all this time a part
Upon life's stage, and caused all this despair.

Giddy.

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.



One soldier just out of the hospital says he feels so grateful he would like to shake the hand of every doctor and kiss evry nurse in the Depot. We don't blame him.