

HE WENT BACK TO THE TALL TIMBERS—AND SAT DOWN!

Dear Mr. Editor:—

"I reckon your random shaft goldarn near came to registering—when you said the word HOSPITAL should be substituted for NURSERY! Things started in with a helluva jerk, alright, from the day we struck the Deepo!

"I am a Forester of the Deforestation Department—that being a different department from the fruit-growing species. Military life never did form any part of my ambitious career—owing, perhaps, to my form being that which might be found on a retired Colonel of the Permanent Force: i.e., more for comfort than speed. Again, I have all my life been accustomed to being allowed to express my views—which I can on practically every known subject (outside K. R. & O., M.L., F.S.R., M. of M.E., and other guides).

"However, I hope by the time the next war is staged that I will have compiled a V. P. Edition of the whole lot in one.

"Mr. Editor; I have cogitated somewhat considerably and have read Conan Doyle's books, Gerard's Experiences, and several dozen volumes of Collier's, and several copies of your regimental paper, "Knots and Lashings"—which all leave me, as it were, still in the dark.

"Holy Mackerel!—I have found things here with full steam on, all breaks off, axles greased, and everyone looking to see if something couldn't be done to speed things up still faster, by heck.

"Speak of cutting timber! Hell's bells!—I guess they ARE cutting, alright, alright! The first knot was Class 34:—sort of bent the saw for a moment and the belt slipped!—but, Gosh Ding it!—before we knew we were part of the machinery (or, might I say, one of the planks!) we were sawn and under-way towards becoming the finished article.

"I use the word "finished", mark you. What we will be like when really finished the Statue of Liberty will never know.

"With your kind permission, may I just use several more minutes of your valuable time in expressing myself?

"I don't crave sympathy, or a kindly look or thought. My mission (may I call it so!) is to ask you, when I have finished, one question—and that is—

"WHY IN HELL WEREN'T WE IN BERLIN YEARS AGO?

"In case I don't ever become my natural self again, let me take you

into my confidence: it may be the last damned thing I'll ever ask you to do for me—but—

"TELL ANY FUTURE FORESTERS TO CLAIM EXEMPTION!

"The M.O. has allowed me to sit up on one side, but I'm told I'm not out of the woods yet (he meant Forestry.) No, sir-reee, by the green tips of the budding balsam, these hearts of Jack Pine and Scrub Elm take SOME killin', buhlieve muh!

"Ha! (I laugh one 'Ha' only, as that part of me is still on ice!) My last fight with Four-Ton Mike, the champion of the timber limit, left me fresh compared to what one old plug (15-2 hands in the clear; foaled in 1907, after 'Whirlwind') did to me in one 15-minute round in the riding school.

"I thought 243 pounds of solid flesh and mighty grit would be about her class, but, Gee whizz!—2 ton-4 is only harness to her!

"Niblick, my old mule, (which I rode from Cincinnati to Boston in the fall of the year of the Colorado Bettle) was reckoned to beat anything, on 4 legs, from coronet to poll and from crupper to muzzle—but she's a has-been compared to what I struck.

"Soap-and-water lectures for me! from now on!

"If I live to come thru this, and become the Grand Master of the Independent Order of Foresters, I'll consign 16 trainloads of sawdust to the Mounted Section, for free distribution—to be put on plenty good and thick!

"Oh, my blighted youth!—in 12 places!—each hurt a prayer, each prayer a hurt! Such hosiery—s-u-c-h h-o-s-i-ery! I count them o'er—each one apart—except when 6 or mebbe 7 run together, and 4 overlap.

"Buhlieve muh!—suicide for the hand of the Goddess of Liberty, to the tune of the Tar-handled Spanner would be cotton wadding to what I went thru in 15 minutes.

"Yep! By heck—I passed 100 per cent in 2 courses of P. T. and Bomb-throwing! 10 years of Astronomy and Colour-design (24 colours).

"I have difficulty in explaining my general appearance was not due to age or a railway accident. The infirmity has planted a winter-shod hoof upon my prospects—and all I ask is—

"DO YOU KNOW WHEN THE FORESTRY DRAFT IS LIKELY TO GO?

"—because I calculate this here war has about started!"

"Sir, I am

"Yours in bed,—

"FORESTRY."

FOR A LOVE EPISTLE THIS TAKES THE CAKE

(Sapper D also received this one)

Dearest:—

Just a lines to let you know that I received you most wery welcome letter and I was wery glad to Hard from you. Mow my Dear — you dont really gat mad beauisse I dont answered you so long time. Dear—Beacusse I tat to come to San John bot onli won train from Montreal to San John onli nite train, saw that wont doo form me to come a nite beacusse I ciant stey awer all day I haf move sow.

Dear you mast Exsus—me for that—now Dear I am wery sowry that you cian come to Montreal now—more and you wont see me more. sow I haf—to Join my Safl. now Dearest well Dear I hope you wery best luk to see me again. and thine of me Dear. I am wery sorry that I cian see you bia for you gow. Dearest, and I wish you good luk. Whaen you owey fromey bot dont wory dear my Hoort is wit you iwent. you owey fromey and think of me to Dear. x x x x x x Now Dear wit the best luk. and lowe from you lowing swithart

Anni x x x x x

x x x x

x x x

x x

and best Regards from my sister Maive and good luk whon you owey Dear.

GOOD EATS, GOOD FUN!

VICTORIA HALL, FEB. 5th.

Please do not forget that on February 5th, in Victoria Hall, there will be a sale of Home Made Cookery, commencing at 3 p.m. Supper will be served from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Price 25c.

MENU.

- Cold Stuffed Roast Pork. Apple Sauce. Cream Potatoes. Lemon Pie. Rolls and Coffee.

The programme for the Dramatic concert which takes place the same evening is as follows:—

"JUST FOR FUN"

- Mrs. FitzGerald Mandeville de Smythe A would be society leader Miss Ryder Miss Edith Martin, Her niece, a Western Heiress Miss F. Menhennick Miss Mabel West, A friend of Miss Martin, Miss S. Longtin Jane McCarthey, An Irish Maid servant, Mrs. F. Rollo Lord Chelsey, An English nobleman, Mr. Ryder Jack Earl, His friend, a happy-go-lucky fellow Mr. J. C. Don R. E. Elliott, Director.

The Canadian Engineers Orchestra has kindly consented to furnish the music for the evening—a treat which alone is worth the price of admission.

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