

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Heard in the men's mess. Orderly officers, going the round of the tables:—"Any Complaints?" "No." "No what?" "Complaints!"

The time will soon be here when those men whose profession is snow shovelling will have every opportunity of working at their trade.

There was quite a flutter in the dove cotes of the married men, sleeping on licensed premises, when they learned they had to turn in their passes. "Jiggered if I can see why," said one N.C.O.; "a fellow has to have a license to be married, anyhow."

We were asked the other day as to the duties of the Food Controller. We have no official information to offer on the subject, but can only use our imagination when we describe him:—Stripped to the waist.—Chaining up sausages.—Giving a dig in the ribs to a side of beef.—Putting the half Nelson on a stray cheese.—Giving the knockout blow to a barrell of pork.—Or giving an order which would frighten the potatoes out of their skins!

Anyhow we feel sure he would be a welcome guest upon the transport, when eventually we do go overseas. Especially when we have been out about three days. I think most of us then would be glad to shove the task of controlling our food on to some one.

Judging by the hirsute appendage so common amongst N.C.O.'s and men in the E. T. D. we are forced to the conclusion that there are a large number of disciples of the celebrated comedian Charlie Chaplin.

We're thinking "camouflage" is not so modern as some would have us believe. With these it is pretty old stuff:—The woodcock, the tree-toad, the ptarmigan, the chameleon.

Now don't forget to write home, boys. There is not much time left if you want to get your letters to the Old Country before Christmas. Write to everybody you know, there is a great shortage of paper in England and it is just as well to "Keep the Home fires burning."

P.A.T.

ABOUT WHIST DRIVES, ETC.

The committee in charge of the Whist Drives regrets very much their inability to arrange for the usual Whist Drive on Thursday last. We hope the ladies of St. Johns and the men of the Barracks will forgive us this time and we will try to do better in future. We take this opportunity of announcing that we expect to have the usual Drive and Concert as usual next Thursday evening.

Also we would like to call the attention of the men to the fact that this Committee now has three recreation rooms (at the barracks, Baldwin Hall and Victoria Hall) under its direction. The recreation room in the barracks is to be overhauled and kept supplied with reading and writing material. If the men have any suggestions to make regarding the operation of these rooms write them out and drop them in the Post Office addressed to the Secretary of Recreation Committee.

Sublime Orders.

Colonel Corki was, as colonels go, not a bad old stick to have about a regiment, says London Ideas. Recently he had three men of his company in to help him remove the grand piano, and, as this gift of Aunt Eliza's was of hefty build, he signed a blank order that the men might obtain beer from the canteen, leaving the amount thereof for the warriors to fill in themselves.

Here was a dispute. "Put down six pints," suggested Private Dumps.

"More like a barrel!" growled one of the others.

But at last the sergeant came along with the right idea. He filled the paper up thusly:

"Please fill these men with beer."

A MUDDLE.

There is a Sergeant Cook, and a Sergeant Cooke, and a sergeant cook who is no cook.

Oh men! what a mess!



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