

AGONIES OF 37.

Mr. Picard:—I understand we are to have pier drill under Sgt. Bell, this afternoon.

Mr. Howden:—Don't you think pier drill should come at (K)night?

Equitation is like the old fashioned Barn dance, one, two, three and a kick;—only the horse does the kick. You go into the stable and choose a horse, and if he can, he also chews you. Of course, the horse has previously been fed, as you can see by the bit in his mouth. If he hasn't, just make an oat of it. The days you equitate, you never use your razor, as you're sure to have a close shave before the end of the period. A lump of loaf sugar will not have a tendency to make the horse loaf—give him granulated, and if he don't like it he can lump it.

Occasionally a horse makes a bolt for the door. Horses inclined this way, have an iron constitution and bolt their food and are technically known as 'carpenter' horses.

Mr. Mallett:—“When I say ‘Eyes Right’, I want every one to turn his head and eyes sharply to the right. Let me hear those eye balls come round with a click!”

Military commands should not be taken too literally. For instance, last week on hearing the command, “Fall out the officers”, one gentleman of Class 37 immediately prostrated himself in the mud before his section.

WHITHER?

Once more, following the approved period of seecrasy, expectation, and orderly confusion, yet another draft of “Our Boys” rolled out of the C.P.R. depot at 8.35 a.m. on Wednesday. High spirits and true military bearing were the outstanding features as the khaki column swung along down St. James St. For the most part, the men on the draft, had been in the Depot but a very short time. Even so, the consistent and efficient program of training which they had followed, had already gone far toward developing a smartness and true soldierly bearing. The E.T.D. will have no reason to be ashamed of Draft No. 27.

The departure of this Draft, which is, by the way, the second part of Draft 27, marks the inauguration of a new system at the E.T.D. When the W.O.R. took leave of us some time ago, they left vacant the Vinegar Factory Barracks,—a large, though somewhat

unbeautiful building, situated on the outskirts of the town. This building is now considered as an annex to the older E.T.D. Barracks, and is being used for the segregation of Draft Companies. In accordance with this plan, some 500 men were moved out to the new quarters on May 3rd. Incidentally it should be stated, that the acting O.C., Lieut. McVean, is deserving of great credit for the thorough and systematic manner in which all necessary arrangements were carried out. Perfect order prevailed, and in a very short space of time, rules for fire prevention and risk reduction were in force. When the alarm was sounded for fire drill, shortly after our arrival, the entire Barracks was emptied in less than 3 minutes. Moreover, we soon had our Canteen, Orderly Room, Q. M. Stores and Barber Shop in working order.

The boys of the Draft Company took to the new order of things, developing a pride in their company and in their respective sections. Foot-ball and base-ball teams were also formed and all joined in enthusiastically. Hard training and constant drilling was the order of the day, and the results were soon apparent.

Prior to the departure of the Draft, Lieut. O. G. Gallagher was placed in charge as O.C.,—an appointment which was thoroughly deserved and which met with the approval of every Sapper and Officer on the Draft.

The Officers attached were thoroughly typical of the earnest class of men who are being trained at the E.T.D. Lt. S. A. Wookey, an old Queens man, had for some time previous to enlisting, been manager of the Schumacher Mine at Porcupine. Lt. A. E. Cameron (McGill), Lt. R. H. Rice (Varsity) and Lt. J. Kingston (McGill), had all held highly responsible positions in the mining and civil engineering professions.

To one and all, “Knots and Lashings” bids a sincere God-speed, the best of luck, and a safe return.

THE MULLIGAN KING PRO-POUNDS ONE.

The following query has been received from a mysterious “medium” who writes over that simple, yet thrilling, “nom de guerre”,—“The Mulligan King, Sec. 2 A. C.E.”

“Why,” he asks, “does a Lance Jack resemble the Ace of Spades in a game of ‘Seven up’?”

“Because he is neither high nor low.”

(Deuced clevah chaps those Engineers.)

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