

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Another milestone passed!

We are looking forward in the new year to the Great Adventure.

Believing variety to be the spice of life we are hoping to be well seasoned ere the dawn of another year.

We have heard the Call from "Over there", and now,—the Christmas Holidays being over, and many of us having seen those near and dear to us,—we are feeling like Hounds, straining at the leash, eager to be off.

For who knows what is in store for us? Parsons, Philosophers, Politicians, and Prophets, may hazard a guess, but they are like ourselves, whose guiding star is Hope, when it comes to seeing into the future.

Are we downhearted? No! At least not whilst the Canteen fund holds out, and we get treated to turkey and smoking concerts, with an occasional tune from the Band. Under such circumstances we feel we could go on for ever.

Men are four:—

He who knows, and knows he knows

He is wise: Follow him.

He who knows and knows not he knows

He is asleep: Wake him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not

He is simple: Teach him.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not

He is a fool: Shun him.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"

You write your girl and fondly tell her.

Your rival stays at home and chuckles

"Yes, fonder of the other fellow".

First Sapper. "Do you know a fellow saluted me the other night? Said he thought I was the Colonel." Second Sapper. "Why that's nothing. Only the other day a chap came up to me and said "Holy Moses' is that you?"

The E. T. D. is composed of three classes of men at the present time. Those who went away for Christmas leave and those who went away for the New Year. "Yes, but what about the third?" Oh! they are the lucky ones who stayed in Barracks, and won't have to go around trying to raise a 'Sub' between Now and Payday.

Strange how a fellow gets into a temper when he gets out of temper.

We dropped into the men's mess during the last few hours of the Dying Year to listen to the music and song, to smoke, and eat, and drink, and we were not disappointed. At first we thought we were to witness one of those silent picture plays the title of which suggested itself in "the Light that Failed". But the authorities having reconsidered the advisability of leaving us in utter darkness, switched on the Juice just when our Vaudeville artistes were losing hope of getting a show.

Having got under weigh, we were entertained with a bright and sparkling programme. It was worth the money we paid for admission alone, to witness the distress of Corporal Vaughan when he realized he was a complete wreck, and his despair when he discovered the ship was on fire surpassed the descriptive efforts of our greatest tragedians.

Corporal Rylands was a whole programme in himself. Vocalist, Prestidigitateur, and Raconteur rolled into one. The efforts of our worthy Bandmaster Sergeant Cook were acceptable, but if he is as old as those stories he tried to persuade us were original then we congratulate him upon his youthful appearance.

Of course the "Star o' Rabbie Burns" was in evidence, and the singer



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reiterated his intention of going back to the land of the Heather-r-r-r but showed no desire of doing so, until the suggestion of a "Wee Deoch an' Doris" left the platform temporarily unoccupied, which occasion was seized by Sapper McKane to enliven us with a little legal advice about the danger of tampering with the chief witness.

Driver Wilson tunelessly reminded us of the doings of the "boys of the King". Sergt. Henson, evidently under the impression that if you feed a man he will remain in a good temper for at least an hour decided about 11.30 to put his impression to the test, with the result that an enthusiastic and hilarious crowd passed from the memorable and never to be forgotten 1917, into the new year, full of hope and anticipation of soon reaching the goal we set out for.

—PAT.

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