

SEBERIAN LASHINGS

Oh, that peace alarm last Sunday. It certainly put the wind up some of those Depot barnacles.

"What did you do in the great war, Daddy?"

"Why-er---, I was making the world safe for Democracy... in St. Johns, P. Q."

What about it, S. M.—what are you going to do about it? You're going to loose the best job you ever had, when peace to proclaimed. Why, you'll actually have to clean your own boots. Wow.

You've had a home from home a long time now, old bird—got out of it as gracefully as you can and keep it to yourself about being in the Army—Specially when the soldiers come home.

What about all those ultra-patrotic ginks, who made a big splash about volunteering for the Siberian draft? "Please, Sir, I don't want to go now—my wife won't let me." Oh H.. L.

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Is the cook really running the Sergeants Mass? If you want a cup of tea, when you're sick, you'll have to get a doctor's certificate—that is if you happen to live on the top floor. Of course if you live in the permanent residential section on the second floor—you can have any thing you please.

Hell's bells! What a sketch in uniform!

Old Big Chief Rain-in-the-face is having the time of his life just now, trying to stop the troops from pulling his leg.

Who was McKeegan hitting, when he described a brother Sergeant as an "oatmeal monument?"

What's the cost of a feller, S. M., to join the Society of "Chosen Friends"?

What's the matter with turning that yatch into a hospital? What about it, Major?

Those M. P.'s certainly got a good one in last week's Knots. Well, it was coming to them alright. They'll have to patrol the streets in sections, presently.

Yorky's pretty glum these days. That canal bank is not as nice as a little music indoors, is it Yorky? Cheer up, they'll be putting the place in bounds.... the day after you leave with the draft.

What in h...l's the matter with that Post Office? A change in that department is more than necessary.

Saw Lieut. Craighton the other night—standing on the steps of a Chink laundry—making all kinds of semaphore signals to attract the Chinks attention. A big M. P. had his eye on him, too.

Sergt. Barr has certainly got more on his mind than his hat these days.... Please, Barr, may I come to Iberville with you, before I go to Siberia?

Sergt. Golding wants to know if there is a cure for sleeping sickness.

Congrate to Bobby Lewis—volunteered to go in any capacity to Siberia. That's showing some of those birds the way, Bob. What about those other two big huskies in your room—have they any designs upon appearing in despatches—outside this burg?

Some of those N. C. O.'s who

are so popular in this town—won't have any more home than a rabbit, when peace is declared.

McKeegan has a line of persuasive talk that would make a Jew drop his bag.... Mac, I believe the girls fall for it.

I was walking behind Jack Hensy, the other night, and I mistook him for Harry Bent.

Oh! You up-river parties! No, they don't go to see the scenery—or to catch fish, either.

Sainthill had one h-ll of a shock the other day. He had a big parcel of cookies and candy sent him and the Doctor wouldn't let him eat anything. That's the real cause of his relapse.

What the cook says—goes! So there! Consider yourself slapped on the wrist.

I don't want to get well, etc., etc., etc.

Letter from "K" Company soldier to his mother:

Dear Ma:  
"I am at present in College,... Mother to the neighbors:—"Isn't it fine the way those Officers look after the soldier's situation."

Hint to the very young M. O.'s: Cocktails are not to be gargled.

Would someone kindly ask Mike McGough, what became of his Aunt Aggie?

Tough luck, Frank—why don't you do the same as Yorky? Take a long cool walk down the canal bank—it's very thrilling.

It is rumored that Sergt Johnson intends to challenge that big Swede to a wrestling bout—Johnson's physical development is greatly improving. The trouble is he doesn't use his weight enough.

Sergt. George and Cpl. Collins want to know who invented stairs.

If Jim Urquhart doesn't burn that chanter.—I'll drink his gargle.

Did the Cergeant in "K" Company, think supper wasn't ready when he gave the order, "About turn", to the parade? We don't you, old top, we didn't think it was, ourselves.

We hope those drivers won't go on a spree again, as it gave us considerable trouble identifying W-ll this morning.

—AT—

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"Knots and Lashings" is printed by  
the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ("The News  
and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.