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H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.

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MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

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Opposite Papineau's butcher shop

Satisfaction Guaranteed

All Hand Work

Prices Reasonable

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

A Happy New Year to you all.

Good resolutions are like castles in the air. Now see to it that they have good foundations.

New Years Resolve:—

To be an honest man at heart;
To play the game and do my part;
To serve the Flag—come weal or woe—
To set my face toward the foe;
From France and Belgium drive the Hun,
And not turn back 'till Victory's won.—
To hold my own despite of fears,
A credit to the "Engineers".

Whatsoever a man seweth that also shall he rip.

We presume those Cooks who recently changed their trade to Carpenters must have had some knowledge of plane cooking.

To be an aviator it is necessary to be temperate: a drop too much might be fatal.

Before the exemption board:—

Many a rich man is unable to offer anything better than a poor excuse.

Medical officer examining a Recruit who was something of a vocalist:—"Now get onto the scales." Recruit:—"Doh, Ra, Me, Fah, Soh, La, Te, Doh."

In these days when so much is being said about waste, and ways and means are suggested to eliminate it, we would like to call attention to some instances that have come to our notice:—

It is a regrettable waste of raw material for two girls to kiss each other.

It is a waste of time to play cards with your wife.

It is a waste of paper and ink to apply for leave whilst you are "CB".

It is a waste of breath to argue with a "Know-All".

It is a waste of money to back a "Dead" cert.

The ladies have taken the matter up, we notice:—many of them with less waist.

If music is an aid to digestion, then those of us who were fortunate enough to enjoy a meal whilst our Band was playing in the Mess the other evening, had no need to use digestive tablets.

It recalled those good old happy days, when we used to dine at Frascatti's in Oxford St., or at the Cafe de Lockharto in the Strand, and we lingered over our Maderia and Havanas, or our mug of coffee and "Woodbines" (as the case might be). It reminded us of the pleasant times we spent in the Buffet at the "Savoy", or at the bar in "Mooney's". But such are the vicissitudes of life. From the Strand to St. Johns is a long stretch, but it was bridged by the strains of our Depot band at supper.

"Life is a game at See-Saw.

And many the ups and downs.

One day counting our five-pound notes,

The next day sorting our "browns".

We're down on our luck in Lambeth

We're doing the "Swell" in the "Mall".

Now we've signed up for King and for Country

And we're thinking of "Home" and the "Gal".

—PAT.

THE TEUTON WAY.

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner. The soldier said to

the officer: "Give up your sword!" But the officer shook his head and answered: "I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"