

THE SAPPER.

He kicks about his meagre pay, he
kicks about the grub,
He swears by all that's holy that
his corporal is a dub;
To him each regulation is a source
of much distress—
But he's never sick on pay day, and
he's never late for mess.

He cusses reveille and drill; he
tries to skip retreat;
He howls about the effort that it
costs him to look neat;
When work in any form looms up
he tries hard to renig—
But he's strong for playing poker,
and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his
military life;
His idea of delight is to engage in
verbal strife;
He prides himself on knowing
every pessimistic trick—
And the height of his ambition is
to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for
its just a clever ruse;
And we know that chronic kickers
have no time to get the blues;
And if kickers make good fighters,
then we're ready to begin
To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all
the way back to Berlin!
Geo. E. Parker.

MEMORIES.

This isn't intended a poem to be,
It's simply a short category
Of the Orderly Staff of Company
C.

And now I'll go on with my story.
A small staff, 'tis true, but all
picked men.
(Yes, picked before they were
ripe).

They can't form fours, but at
swinging a pen
They are peerless, and that is no
pipe.

There's old Father Wilcox, a
mighty good scout,
Who works through the day and
the night.

When the Index is finished you'll
find him, no doubt,
In a factory for nuts, locked up
tight.

Robertson, too, is alright in his
way.
('Tis true that he doesn't weigh
much).

If he gets any thinner, we'll all
have to pay
For some flowers, or buy him a
crutch.

Brother Johns, so they say, will
shortly commence
To flourish a sleeping-out pass.

Here's hoping that soon they will
have a cute fence
Running all round the house, on
the grass.

Young Joe Estabrook is a broth of
a boy,
A devil in his home town;
All pleasures forbidden he seems
to enjoy,
On his pie-face you'll ne'er see a
frown.

Old Balfour was cranky, and gave
us no peace,
Till that telegram came from New
York,
Bringing good news of his family's
increase.
Now he whistles and sings at his
work.

Way down in Panama, under a
tree,
An Indian lady sheds tears.
For Middlebrooks left her, with
papooses three,
To enlist in the Engineers.

Desperate Desmond, who'd sing if
he could,
Eats six meals each day of his life.
He works with a will with his pen,
but you should
See him juggle a fork and a knife.

G. A. Scott had the "Gimme's",
spent most of the day
Telling the world what he'd do
When friend wife came from home.
Now she's here, and I'll say
That we'd all like a nice cake or
two.

Philadelphia John is a popular
gink
With the ladies. He gave me a
look
At his list of addresses, he got
them, I think
From an up-to-date telephone
book.

They're a pretty good crowd,
though, and after the war
There will stay in each one's
memory
Recollections of friends, pals who
never got sore
When they met at the old E.T.D.

TO "K" FROM "A".

Ah, you look so gay and happy,
As you blithley swing along.
On your face, a smile, old chappy,
In your heart a ringing song,
Though you're off to call of Duty,
In that land, where Winter's skies
Seem to cast a sullen shadow,
Where the soft, white, snow-drift
lies.
For we know you'd rather journey
By the way of Britain's Isles.
Where the skies are warm and
sunny,
And the pink-cheeked lassie smiles

Drive away your cares and troubles
Till they vanish into air,
As their cheery laughter bubbles
Up through lips, so soft and fair.
And we tell you, soldier-brothers,
As you start your weary way,
That a thrill of admiration
Runs through every man in "A".
In your lonely nights of watching,
In the fields of freezing white,
In your weary days of marching,
Let your hearts, be always light,
With the thought that every "A"
man

Pays you tribute, "K", to-night.
For you're off to fight for freedom
Of a war-torn, ravaged land.
Well may Britain, in her glory,
Call you, "her Crusader band!"
And we're proud to pay you
tribute,
As you swing on down the street
To the pulsing trains a-waiting
To rush you to the fleet.
And remember, as our "God-
speeds"
Start you off upon your way,
There's a cheer for every member
Of Company "K" from "A".
Spr. Coyle.

AN ACID DROP FROM THE
VINEGAR BARRACKS.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she burst upon our
sight,
A lovely apparition who
Showed class from hat to tip of
shoe.

We marvelled not with one so fair
That male admirers were not rare.
Bad luck to it there came the 'flu'
Quarantine close, and what to do
Puzzl'd a moment her many
beaux,

Gallant Cap. and portly M.O.
Though handicapp'd on promenade
Nevertheless the Cap. essayed
In walks beneath the starry sky
To realise his hopes so high.
The Med., he of horn-rimm'd
glasses
Troubl'd not by things like
"passes",

Calling alike on sick and well,
Pass'd freely from house to hotel.
Seeing the disadvantage mean
Entailed on one through quaran-
tine

The Colonel issued this decree
Placed where all M.Os. might
see:—
"Forbidd'n this part of the Inn,
Sir,"

Advised the Cap. "If he "wins-
her"
We'll have a wedding military,
In St. John's not ordinary."
Captain we are all behind you
Carry out this task assigned you
A fair field and an open Inn
Now you can go. We hope you win.
Lance-Jack.

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