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38 to 42 CLIFFORD STREET,
TORONTO.**SHOES AND SHIPS AND
SEALING WAX.**If our worthy editor cannot use
his influence to better advantage
an early demise is surely threaten-
ing this column. I don't hear any
groans, and the mumbling is what
our auctioneer calls the noise of
the "East bound train".Had it not been for the Mounted
Section we would indeed be in
Wonderland this week. Our mount-
ed boys, however, came to the
rescue with some verse. It listens
thusly:—

Stop, Luke, listen!

What's this that I hear?—

A voice from the depths,

As I opened my door,

"Stand to your horses;

Carry on!"

I wondered and wondered

Where I'd heard it before.

As I looked at the clock

I wondered no more.

In view of the crime the author
pleads in extenuation that he was
"driving" at this. It was only our
C.S.M. giving orders for Stables
at four—and further goes on to
explain that he lives in Iberville.
He asks us to agree with him in
his expression "Some voice, Eh?"Yes, we'll agree with him but
why didn't he tell us so. Try
again, Johnnie.Another perpetration by the
drivers. It runs thus (or rather
should run;—if it walked it would
fall over!)—

A sapper! A sapper!

Now let me see.

Of course we all know

What he's supposed to be

But just wait a minute I will tell
thee.

When this name I first heard

It was quite humorous to me

And here in my answer

You sure will agree.

Now when the laundryman
Fails to appear

With the very last hankie you

had for your nose

etc., etc., etc. (ad lib.)

ST. JOHNS.

There's a desolate isolated place I'd like to mention:—

Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease; Slope arms: quick march,
Attention!"

It's miles away from anywhere, By Gad, it is a rum one!

A man lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman!

It used to be a blade of grass, a farmhouse, and a cow,—

A little pond with seven ducks, a pigsty and a sow:—

To walk around the village it isn't very far—

You simply turn around three times and stay just where you are!

There're only two lamps in the place, so tell it to your mother—

(The policeman carries one and the postman has the other!)

There is a lot of little huts they threw up in a hurry,

And now they call it "Dear St. Johns":—but there—oh we
should worry!

There's a lot of little wooden huts a-dotted here and there:

(For those who have to live inside I've offered many a prayer.)

Inside the huts there's rats as big as any nanny goat—

One night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat!

At breakfast every morning it's like Old Mother Hubbard—

You double 'round the hut three times and jump up at the cupboard,

Sometimes they give you bacon but when they give you cheese

It "Forms Platoon" upon your plate; "Orders arms", and

"Stands at Ease"!

Week in, week out; from morn till night; with full pack and a rifle—

Like Jack and Jill you climb a hill; of course that's just a trifle!

"Order arms"; "Fix Bay'nets", then "Present!"—they fairly
drive you through it,And when you stagger to your room the sergeant shouts "Jump
To It."

There's another kind of drill especially for the lazy;—

(I think they call it Swedish, for it nearly drives you crazy!)

"Heads Backward Bend"; "Arms Upward Stretch!"; and then
it's "Ranks Change Places!"Later on they'll make you try and put your kneecap where your
face is!

The Swedish drill, it does one good; it puts you in fine fettle;—

You curl yourself up like a snake and crawl inside a kettle!

It's nothing else but Swedish drill from eight o'clock till 'leven:—

And when we die its Ten-to-One we'll hear "Hands Down" from
Heaven!

—Driver C. EATON.

James O'Cain Agency,**H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.****SAFETY FIRST.**Insure with us in an old line British
Company.**Agents--Lackawanna Coal.**That's enough, we think; espe-
cially as the rest is worse, if pos-
sible. We have to commend the
author however on the delightful
freedom of style and careless
regard for continuity of theme.
He's a born poet, no doubt.Again the mounted gentlemen
burst forth, this time into matters
of serious import. Here is a
sample:—**What is a Driver?**A driver is a man who must be
quite swell and know how to play
cards exceptionally well, especially
500.We marvel at this. We had our
doubts as to the first statement;
as to the second we have been in-
formed that one of the specie
gained one hundred and fortypounds in three months. Of course
we know and always appreciated
that the bandoliered boys could
play their cards well.This same driver gives us a
puzzle. We are rather poor at
solving puzzles and would like the
solution. (Our experience with
Sgt. Davis has made us careful.
Ask the sergeant—the joke's on
him "and it is a "big one").There is no need to be in wonder-
land over the election, boys.**WERE YOU THERE?**A week or so back the junior
N.C.O.'s of this depot were asking
for a "Corporals' Mess".

They got it last Saturday night!

"C" Company's stuff will be
found on pages 11 and 12.