

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Events move with such rapidity at the Depot, that it is hard to keep track of a particular "pal" for any length of time.

We enlist together; probably after a short while, he is placed in a different category, and although we may yet be "pals", we only see each other occasionally. Eventually one or the other of us goes away with "the draft". Then,—well we find another "pal".

Of pals I've had a plenty,

Anywhere from ten to twenty,

And we're "bunked", and "messed", and got along alright;

But the "Board" has turned me down from going over,
(And I wanted so, to see the Cliffs of Dover),

But compared with France, I'm over here "in clover".

How I wish they'd keep their promise and write!

Following on the account of the historic associations of the City of St. Johns, given in a recent issue of "Knots and Lashings", by the Rev. Major Moore, M.A., we would like to draw the attention of our readers to the loyalty which underlies the character of most of its residents. Some of you, coming from towns and cities far removed from this historic spot, are already biased against the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec. It has been the writer's good fortune and privilege to make the acquaintance of many families in this town, who are represented at the front by one or more of their kith and kin. We have been prompted to investigate to find the number who have gone. Although the list is of too great a length for publication, we have collected over 300 names. Nearly every store upon Richelieu St., has sent someone,—in some instances the only son has gone. We regret to add that many have made the supreme sacrifice, and this, be it remembered, long before most of us thought about getting into khaki. So that it is up to you to pay that respect to the residents of St. Johns and Iberville, which is their just due.

Many a fellow who thinks he is a whale turns out to be a sucker.

Last Tuesday, the day dawned, as per usual, but to some of the more permanent residents of the E. T. D., it was entered upon with a large note on interrogation. "The Day" dreamed of in our early youth, hoped for in our young manhood, but none the less dreaded, was to mark their entrance upon a mission which is world wide in its influence. Stories of the terrible trials which awaited the chosen few, had been rampant for some time past. They were told to take a solemn leave of their family and friends, for men had been known to turn that corner and never be seen again. During "the day" their spirits quailed at the thoughts of the terrible ordeal. Everything centered upon the one point and the haggard look worn by them, told its own story of mental torture.

Remember there are two ways of killing a cat,—to muss him all up with a club, or to bluff him into believing that chloroform is good for fleas. Don't worry, they are always gentle with their kittens.

There was a record attendance to witness their entry into the brotherhood, which was done in fear and trembling,—(with accent upon the trembling). The ceremony was performed in the usual dignified manner, by those well qualified to undertake so stupendous a task, and it was pleasing to witness the change, as the note of interrogation passed into a mark of exclamation. The progress of our friends upon their journey, so voluntarily undertaken by them, will be watched with keen interest by not a few who wish them every success.

—PAT.

OPENING FOR YOUNG MAN IN REAL ESTATE.

The young Sapper had been doing some pretty wild work with his "baynit", for he was new at the game. The Major apprehensively observed his tactics for a

little and finally said,—“Young man, are you learning to be a soldier or are you going into the real-estate business? By the way you handle that bayonet, you will soon handle about six feet of real estate,—and you will be under it. Carry on.”



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SOME CRISIS! ✓

It was at the O.C.s Inspection, Tuesday morning. Section Officers and Sappers, glued in their trocks, had listened spell bound while OUR BAND did their bit. On the conclusion of the first number, silence fell broken only by the squeleh, squeleh, of the Inspecting

Officer's boots. And then as Piper D. Cooper stepped forward, Band Master Cook was heard to announce quite audibly "The Crisis". We afterward learned, however, that nothing of a personal nature was intended, as the Sergeant was merely notifying his Bandsmen of the name of their next selection.

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