

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The Hooligans give Hool the cheese.

The cheese served at a banquet in St. Johns, P.Q.

The first man enlisted the first to be discharged.

A report of a session at the Hooligan Club as they have had quite a number lately.

SMILES.

Precautions.

M.O.:—"Now, sergeant, I am very concerned as to the quality of the drinking water. What precautions do you take against infection?"

Sergeant:—"Well, sir, first we boil it—"

M.O.:—"Good!"

Sergeant:—"Then we filter it—"

M.O.:—"Excellent."

Sergeant:—"And then we drink beer."

The Sporting Chaplain.

The army chaplain had got to about the middle of a drum-head service when a fearful hubbub arose. He cast his eyes in the direction of the pandemonium and saw that the cause of the distraction was a dogfight. Vainly he appealed to the boys to pay attention to the service, but seeing that the scrap was a far greater attraction, he accepted the inevitable, remarking dryly:

"As your entire interests seem to have been transferred to the fight, we will postpone the service until the afternoon, but if anybody wants a bet I'm willing to give two to one in half-crowns on the black and tan."

Taking "Steps".

At Lydd a class of young officers were being lectured to by a very fussy staff officer. They were just about to be posted to batteries for service in France, and the lecturer was keen to impress on them the importance of their task.

"It is," he concluded, "most essential that no guns fall into the enemy's hands in a serviceable condition. We will take an example. Your battery is close up to the infantry. By a surprise attack, the enemy storms the trenches and breaks through. Your guns are in imminent danger of being cap-

tured. What would you do?"

He looked round the class but nobody ventured a solution. All of a sudden an officer at the back who had served abroad in the ranks laughed softly.

"Well, Mr. Turner," said the lecturer spitefully, "what steps would you take?"

Turner's reply was instantaneous:

"Damned long ones," he said emphatically.

Not To Be Bought.

A dapper cadet had selected a nice shady nook down a secluded lane where he could bid an affectionate farewell to his "girl". He had just begun to whisper "sweet nothings" when he noticed, to his disgust, a small boy loitering just behind him.

"Here's a penny," he said to the urchin, "go and get some sweets."

"I don't want any sweets," said the boy.

"Well, here's a shilling—run away."

"I don't want a shilling."

"Then here's a half-crown."

"I don't want a half-crown."

"Good heavens!" groaned the lover, "what on earth do you want?"

"I want to listen," said the boy sweetly.

The Horros Of War.

The Tommies were eating their midday meal in a dug-out when all of a sudden two huge rats ran from a corner, right across their knees. The younger boy—a very nervous youth—gave a little exclamation of terror, and at the same moment a 5.9 hit the place with a fearful crash.

It took twenty minutes to dig out the younger boy from the mass of earth that covered him. He came to view with shaking hands and staring eyes.

"Have they gone?" he asked.

"Have who gone?" queried the other.

"Why, those damned rats. You don't mean to say you didn't see them. Why, one was as long as my arm. Ugh, the ugly brutes!"

The Usual Type.

Two sapper officers were having a dispute about the classification of a certain tree. While one was certain that it was coniferous, the other was equally sure it was deciduous. Unable to agree upon the point they decided to ask Private Wills, who was considered an expert.

Will came up and was questioned.

He looked up and down the tree for a moment or two, and then took out a huge clasp knife and began to slash at the bark.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked one of the officers.

He made no reply but continued cutting away until a deep gash had been made. Then he looked at it and nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "It's a wooden one."

Lost Property.

The wounded soldier was wheeled from the operating-room, and placed in his bed. For a time he lay quite still, and then a stifled smile came over his face.

"Thank God that's all over!" he muttered.

"Don't be too sure," said one of his neighbors. "When I had my arm opened the surgeon left a little sponge inside it."

The latest victim shuddered.

"Yes," said the man on the other side of him; "and when I had my leg operated upon, a little pair of tweezers was left in the wound."

The listener gave a deeper shudder.

Then the surgeon came in and looked around the room.

"Has anyone seen my walking stick?" he asked.

The poor soldier promptly fainted.

Low Diet.

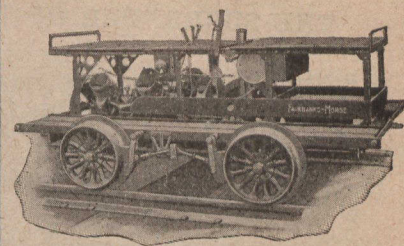
Corporal Harry Young came to hospital with a nasty head wound, but nastier still was the terrific thirst and appetite which possessed him. He had expected sumptuous repasts, but to his amazement his meal consisted of half a glass of milk and a biscuit. After a few days of this drastic treatment Young began to lose his equable temper.

"Look here, doctor," he said, "this is awful. You'll starve me to death if you don't give me a decent meal."

"Now don't get excited," said the doctor. "Nothing could be more injurious than over-eating. For some time yet you must be content to take everything in small quantities; that's the only way to make you fit again."

"Very well," grunted the sufferer. "Nurse, would you mind giving me a postage stamp; I want to read."

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