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C. G. Wilkinson,
City Passenger Agent G. T. Railway System,
 Richelieu Street, St. Johns, P.Q.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS TO ALL POINTS.

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Chagnon's New Restaurant
 For a Good Meal.

For Choice Groceries and Fruit

—GO TO—

SIMPSON'S

MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

AGENT FOR

**Chas. Gurd's Goods, and Laurentian
 Spring Water.**

W. R. SIMPSON, Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

The
**Merchants Bank
 of Canada.**

Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital. . . \$7,000,000
 Reserve Funds, . . . \$7,421,292

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Start a Savings Account with us.
 We welcome small accounts of well
 as large ones. Interest allowed at
 best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

**The Canadian Bank of
 Commerce**

Paid-up Capital, . . . \$15,000,000
 Reserve Fund . . . \$13,500,000

A supply of British notes on hand,
 which will be found of great convenience
 for those going overseas. Denominations
 £1, 10s. Rate \$4.90 per £.
 Travellers' Cheques issued, which will
 be found a most convenient way of car-
 rying money when travelling,
 Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders
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THE BEST

ICE CREAM IN CANADA

IS SUPPLIED TO THE CANTEEN BY

THE MONTREAL DAIRY CO. LIMITED.

WINDSOR HOTEL

A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

Make this Hotel Your
 Headquarters while
 in St. Johns.

Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs

Excellent
 Cuisine

Rates Moderate.

Spacious Dining Rooms

**SHIPS AND SHOES AND
 SEALING WAX.**

From the title, of course, you will have correctly concluded that the writer is well up in his Alice in Wonderland—perhaps more so than in his company drill—but having received what our Editor calmly—almost airily—calls an assignment, it is up to me, risking at the same time the possibility of being henceforth known as the depot Walrus.

As I am going to do this sort of thing every week until further notice, you nickel wise ones might as well get used to the title, so that when your critical eye runs down the columns of our journal you can read or run according to your taste.

I'm sorry I was not put in charge of the society column instead of this as I would rather write about something definite even if only Red Cross Teas or somebody's new hat worn at somebody else's At Home. "What am I to write on?" I fearfully enquired of the Editor. "Oh, any old thing at all 'round barracks". So here goes, boys, and all I hope is that the Colonel will consider this stuff so absolutely punk that I'll catch the first draft for my pains.

Come to think of it, that ought to be quite an inducement to some of you retiring young men who are despairing of ever becoming sea sick. Why not let "Knots and Lashings" have your poetry, etc. Just make it bad enough and your name will go down on the list for the first on board.

Well, what did you think of the two nice gentlemen who called on us on Friday with their gunny sacks full of cigarettes? 'Twas mighty good advertising from the sappers point of view and the Fairfax brand certainly enjoyed a great deal of popularity during the week end.

It only remains for Teddy Lowman to write to the folks who make the Abdullah, State Express and Egyptian Deities varieties, informing them of the success of this kind of advertising in the Depot. Should they follow the example of our Fairfax friends we will forgive Teddy much he has said about us lately, although time will have to be the great healer of the Sergeant's mess disclosures of last week.

Whatever is wrong with our friend the dispenser of two per cent and doughnuts? Time there

was when we could hang on his every word enraptured, and we felt sure with the first issue of our journal, he would break forth into song in his very best style and show us all that he could soar away beyond the commonplace confines of his canteen. We "should worry" about one Sergeant Major liking his beer and another being dogmatic! Shake one of those C3 legs of yours Teddy old top and don't let us think again of the glory that was Greece.

We offer our congratulations to our friend Cook on the occasion of his taking off his trumpets and putting on his Lyre. He is making a good job of his band, but we will miss him of a morning on the flank with his, Ready! Up!! Blow!!!—in response to that cute little flick our R. S. M. gives his crop when all is set for the process of being 'shunned by the A. A.

I hope to see the day we can put this bayonet fighting stuff into operation but I'll be darned if I'm going to "come on guard, high port and pass on the right" as per instructions, after having pointed at the throat and solar plexus alternately. My idea of having a real good time would be to carefully walk over Fritz, deceased, and finally, swipe his helmet. Wouldn't it be rather a joke though, if it happened the other way round?

That little stunt A.1 pulled off at the Auction last Saturday was just another little demonstration of the way the boys of that section pull together. They're a most peculiar and most particular crew and mighty strong on the Esprit de Corps. I'd almost stake my chance on going across that should the powers that be be desirous of raising their number from 36 to 50 that a solemn eyed deputation would await the O. C. with a humble petition to be allowed to ballot on the names for membership! I'm reasonably sure that provided the war lasts long enough, we will hear more of them.—Meanwhile, what about hearing from them?

We blew in on McKane the other day with a view to "copy" and found our falstaffian featured—and paunched—friend, carefully powdering his wig and speculating on the probable cost of a new gown. In response to a query as to how business was, he burst forth into lamentation which would make Jeremiah look like Harry Lauder. "Business, my dear friend," quoth the saviour of the temporarily damned, "is so jolly good lately