

DRAFT 74—SOMEWHERE ON THE BRINY OCEAN!

"The Day," ——— 1918, is a date to go down in History, recording the departure of the largest Draft of any one unit ever leaving Canada.

The distinction comes to Draft 74, Canadian Engineers, from St. John's, P.Q.! It departed in charge of our worthy O. C. and friend, Lieut. Knighton, C.E. There is an accompanying feeling of pride that besides being the largest draft from any one unit, that it was composed of men of such splendid physique—men who had gathered from all parts of Canada for the great task before them.

It is with regret that we must say "Au Revoir" to the Senior Officers of the E. T. D., whose untiring efforts in our behalf won the high esteem of all officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Draft. Time and space does not allow us to express our esteem of each personally, but collectively we wish to express our sincerest appreciation of their efforts. And, the Ladies of St. John's!—words cannot express our appreciation of their many kind entertainments and their treatment of us while in the Depot.

In the wee ("very wee"!) small hours of the morning, we heard the stern command of our O. C.,—"Fall in!" A moment later all was astir and on the double!

Section after section followed in rapid succession, and at 6.30 a.m. the first train-load said farewell to St. Johns, to friends and to sweet-hearts.

Trains bearing the balance of the Draft followed at regulation distance. Draft 74 had left St. Johns!

Arriving at the place of embarkation, we were lined up for a final roll-call, and ushered into a palace on the sea. In the afternoon, we steamed forth—to the Briny Ocean of hidden mysteries, to the music of tugs, factory whistles, locomotives, and of the crowds that gathered to wish us "bon voyage".

Assigned to our berths, with all our worldly possessions in position, we soon gathered into small groups. Many had inside information and very contradictory! All retired early to sleep the sleep of the Just—or the Unjust. Some only dozed off, not having removed their clothes, fearing a cold plunge.

A very difficult Standing Order to observe is this—"No material or substance of any kind to be thrown overboard during the day." It is interesting to see the boys rush to the railing and consign

their dinners to the sea, even in spite of orders. Never a care as to whether we may be C. B.'ed the rest of our lives—the fishes must be fed!

Orderly Room at Midnight!

(Portholes closed, fans not working, officers in shirt sleeves, collars off, perspiration flowing, struggling with a conglomeration of mixed and unfinished records, and unpublishable words encircling. Suddenly someone calls "Tinie"—there is a rush for the railing; Dinner is overboard; work is resumed. Thus—the end of a Perfect Day!)

Overheard Aboard.

Who was the lieutenant who when we were passing Father Point, enquired as to when we would "pass the Thousand Islands"? What Brand produced that effect?

Who is the lieutenant in Cabin 12 who insisted that after lying in his bunk all day, without meals, that he was only resting?

Who authorized the "Pyjama Parade" on the night of July 2nd at 2 a.m.? Fire Sanitary Officer—shun!

Why the Fond Farewell to the Officer in charge of Car 10, train 2 of Draft 74 leaving St. Johns!

Why the hurried retreat of Orderly Officer Atkins (not Tommy) after calling, "Lights Out", at the Sisters' cabin!

Who was the sapper that used a pot of Coffee ready for breakfast to use as a depository for his surplus dinner?

Why did the Officers want to be inoculated again on board the boat? Perhaps the pleasant smiles of our Nursing Sisters had to do with it. (Incidentally, we may remark that it is the intention of "Knots and Lashings" to present this sad scene to its readers in the form of a cartoon—watch for it!)

We are glad to have the owner of this line of boats in Draft 74.—Welcome Mr. Donaldson!

Did you notice how attentive our O. C. is when the Ladies are present? Rather attentive, n'est-ce pas!

It is rumored that our M.O. is afraid of sharks and does not sleep well,—we trust he will soon get his sea-legs.

"Kingston looks better to me each day."—Does this Party refer to the Pen?

Why did the First mate make a special inspection of Cabin 6—and what happened to the occupant of Berth 2!

"Where do we go from here?" The following officers were absent from meals:—Lieuts. Philips, McCutcheon, Brooks, Moore, Tobias and Dorrer. Wonder why!



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