

27 EN ROUTE.

Sunday, 3 Feb.

After a very pleasant journey on the train we arrived at St. John expectant and happy. Nothing eventful took place on the train excepting perhaps a vigorous argument between Burns and the nigger porter over a small matter of money. Needless to say the "orator" won out.

We enjoyed the cigarettes and lunches which the good ladies of St. Johns very graciously provided us with.

Our stay in St. John lasted overnight, we left there at five Saturday morning arriving Halifax midday Sunday.

We may boast of our engineering skill but as sailors, we are, I'm afraid, failures. Even Sgt. Hill seemed to lose his usual vigour and thoughtfulness, even denying himself the use of the cuspidors provided on the boat for purposes of mal de mer, preferring to use the boots of his cabin mate.

We are looking forward to a very pleasant voyage. A recreation committee composed of Cpls. Mildon, Rylands, Johnston, Webster, and myself has been formed, and has arranged, to date, a boxing tournament and a number of concerts, also sports. Prizes to be given.

We met the remainder of the fellows at Halifax. Spr. Westcott distributed quite a number of magazines which were greatly appreciated. The boys wish to thank Mrs. B. McCurdy, president of the Red Cross, for these.

Spr. Harrison and the other fellows seem to be doing great work but not enough to knock off the smile that won't come off.

Cpl. Wm. Jones.

A New Hand But On The Job.

A new recruit in a Canadian Battalion which was in camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake, was on Quarter-guard. It was, of course, his first guard, but he thought he knew his duties pretty well.

He had been on for an hour and a half, ninety long minutes of weary loneliness, and was wondering why his relief was so long in coming, when through the darkness he saw a dark object moving.

"Halt! who goes there!" he cried.

No answer. The object moved silently on.

Twice more he challenged with the same result, so raising his rifle to his shoulder he took aim and pulled the trigger "Click".

"Consider yourself shot," he said, "and report to the Orderly Room in the morning."

The Wor-r-m Has Turned.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Many thanks for the free ad. you were good enough to give me in last week's "Knots and Lashings".

It was fine, and I am glad to be told that—although I have fallen—I once occupied a position from which it was possible to come down.

I appreciate your remarks about myself, but I think, if you will allow me to say so, it might be well to cut out the "Billingsgate".

The speech you are good enough to invent for me is hardly in the best taste.

I make no doubt that you as well as I perfectly understand the language; but there are others in the depot, decent fellows, who have not been educated down to our level and in the interests of "Knots and Lashings" it might be advisable not to go too low.

He Who Fell.

"YES, TELL ME NOT!"

(This parody is dedicated, with apologies, to "Sam"—the composer of the poem which appeared in "Knots and Lashings", January 26, 1918, under the title:)

Tell me not in mournful jingles
Married life's an empty theme!
For the girl is wise that's single
And the men—not what they seem.

Men are fickle, vain and futile,
And to flirt their only aim—
After marriage — change their
habits
Everything—except their name.

Trust no male however pleasant
Marching through this world of
strife—

For you'll find his motto's always
"Variety—the spice of life".

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the flirting match of life—
"Opportunity's" before HIM
Who can say this of a wife?

Lives of maiden girls remind us
We can live our lives the same—
And departing, leave behind us
No reflections on our name.

Let us all be up and doing—
Bearing each the brunt of Fate—
And if some man comes awooing—
Keep him guessing—let him wait!
VIOLENT.

HOW MUCH?

If four sergeants-major can (and they did) make a feast off 1 tin of sardines and half a dozen soda biscuits, how much should it cost to run the depot?



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

"STAG"

have made this famous chewing tobacco a prime favorite all over Canada.

It satisfies because the natural flavor of the tobacco is in it.

OF COURSE YOU'LL WANT WALKING-OUT BOOTS

— Slater's Best usually cost \$8.00, **\$7.00**
but we are satisfied to sell them for
Some class to 'em, too! SHE will think so, also!

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FOR OLD SHOES. To Wear in Barracks
Bring yours in, and we'll Good Trunks and Valises
fix 'em while you wait. Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

144 Richelieu St., Below the bridge

Come in and say "Hello". We are good folks, and think you are, too!

Now you can get

**Philip Morris
Cigarettes**

in the Canteen

"—not only the flavour,
old chap!—tho that is
remarkably good!—but,
er, they're so dashing-
ly smart, y' know!"

Virginia Ovals, 15c
Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

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