

ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

NOTICE.

A meeting will be held in the Recreation Room on Monday at 5.30 p.m. for the purpose of forming a sports committee for winter sports.

NOW BOYS! GET YOUR LIVE WIRES ON THIS COMMITTEE!

One member to be appointed to represent Basket Ball, one for Volley Ball, one for Hockey, one for Other winter sports, a President and a Secretary.

By the time we go to press, the big sporting event of Friday will still be "prospective" so far as concerns us: therefore the "grand slam" proceedings are counted out of this week's "Knots and Lashings". We will, however, make up for this unfortunate state of affairs next week.

There is very little to record this week in the realm of sport, for which not even our snowstorms can be blamed.

As formerly, a good rink will be provided for the benefit of the skating devotees, and surely we can get representative teams from the principal recruiting centres to form a hockey league.

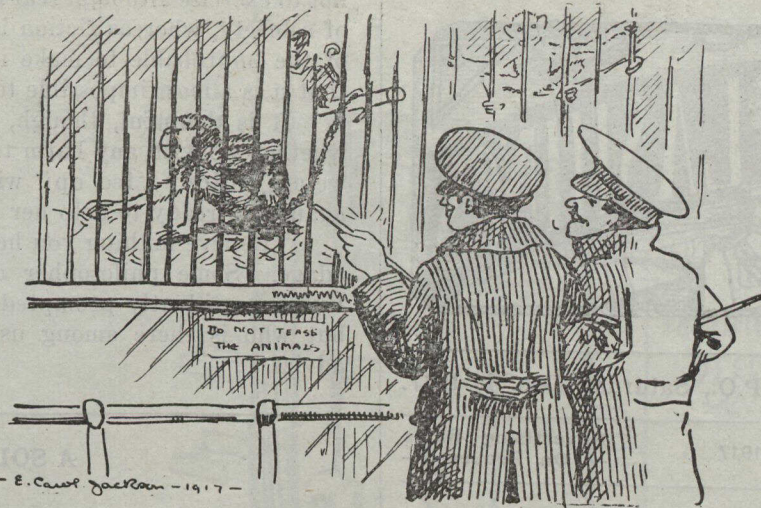
Who knows, but we may discover talent in barracks sufficiently good to make even our football record pale into insignificance.

We are assured by "the man higher up" that the old Fort will be available for Basket ball and Volley ball and with adequate lighting facilities there ought to be some good fun there. So do not get it into your heads that this looking ahead is all futile because of the rumors of drafts. It's time enough to cut out the games when there's nobody left to play them.

In our sins of omission this week we confess being still unable to supply any information regarding the doings of our Chess Club. They are a pretty conservative layout, believe me, and their proceedings are veiled in such secrecy as would make an Orange lodge look like a Union rally in Kitchener, Ont. We have discovered, however, that a beginners class is being formed and that at least one of the founders of the Club has been invited to take a course.

Lady:—"Yes, I washed my hair last night and I can't do a thing with it. Oh Dear! that clumsy Sapper stepped on my toe."

Sapper:—"I beg your pardon, but I washed my feet last night, and I just can't do a thing with them!"



1st Sapper:—"Say Bill what's that feller?"

2nd Sapper:—"Can't yer see he belongs to the Mounted Section?"

WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

British.

There is no change in the war front at Cambrai. We stormed their positions at Bourlon wood and made progress at Fontaine Notre Dame. London Scottish regiments take a spur of trench from which observation can be taken on Hindenburg line to the north and west. Since November 20th more than one hundred guns have been taken by us; calibres up to 8 inches.

Hostile artillery activity at Passchendaele. Germans massing troops at this point for another expected engagement.

With the British holding Bourlon, Cambrai is useless to the Germans.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Sapper George Finniston, who has just returned from an extended stay in Montreal where he has been dieting for his health, has taken up the profession of barbering, for which he shows exceptional talent. He begs to refer prospective clients to Jimmy Kelso.

Sapper Milloy reported, on his return from his recent leave, that he had been arrested in Toronto for not wearing his overcoat, but the general impression hereabouts is that it was for not wearing a gas mask.

WHAT IS YOUR ADDRESS?

To the Editor of "Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:— I have been subjected recently to a great deal of embarrassment, annoyance, and positive humiliation, as a result of several soldiers taking a careless statement of mine too literally.

It was on the Richelieu St. the

other evening. I was walking with my cousin Marjorie. She asked me what time it was. I glanced at my wrist watch, and replied: "It is a quarter past 8 by my watch, but I'm a little bit fast."

Some Sappers or Sergeants who were behind me chuckled in rather vulgar fashion, I thought.

It seems hardly necessary for me to say that, in making the remark, I had reference solely to the time-keeping propensities of my watch.

Respectfully yours,

Felicia Charming.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This Will Surely Cure.

Driver Foster, recently transferred from the sappers, would be very grateful to the editor if he would suggest a cure for snoring, as the cures his comrades have tried to date have caused him loss of sleep.

Dear Driver Foster:—

We have numerous remedies on hand without resorting to the radical cure by amputation. The best of these we believe is the "muffler" cure, as follows:—Purchase a 1921 model "Ford" car; when it's asleep, swipe the muffler, and apply it painlessly when retiring, care being taken to remove when rising for fear of fraudulent imitations. Note:—the muffler must be securely fastened as it is dear to the heart of the secondary scabiae. We offer this remedy from a sense of its comparative cheapness as against the usual soap cure, and as we are informed by certain professors of equitation that soap is positively prohibitive in any consideration in your section.

N.B.—The new K. R. and O. Section 9.000.505, Sub-section 157.008, page 3.000.001.

By Appointment



To H.M. King George V,

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GIFTS at Christmas are varied, and your time is much taken up in making selections for the numerous friends and relations, taking into consideration their likes and dislikes and many personal characteristics known to yourself.

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