

THE LAIRD AND HIS ACCOMPLICE COME BACK STRONG.

While hurrying past the Emporium yesterday morning, a terrifying sound caught our sensitive ear. Nor could there be any doubt as to its sinister significance. Who could mistake the stern commands of the **Laird**, the unapproachable oratory of the **Accomplice**, the terrifying detonations of that **whip**,—sounding to many troubled souls, like the very crack of **Doom!**

Cautiously we poked our nose inside the door, and what a scene met our horrified gaze. For, paragonically speaking, the Cadets were having a rough passage. Piously we crossed ourself. Hoarsely we muttered,—“Gawd help our sailors on a night like this!”

We distinctly recalled, with what a *débonnaire* manner, with what *élan*, with what *éclat*, the White Bands had marched to the stables but a short half hour before. But, now one haunting line dominated our thoughts,—“*Ei morituri, te salutent...*!”

How familiar it all seemed!—“If you walk the same speed as your horse, you’ll never catch him!”; “Make a noise like a bag of oats, you ——!”; “If you have to fall off, fall in the centre of the ring!”; (this one got prompt results; three of ’em bit the tan bark in as many seconds, as though drilling by numbers). “Don’t bump that bleedin’ horse’s back; you hurts ’im”; “Look at that cartoon guy in the lead!”; “Turn your toes up! **TURN YOUR TOES UP!!!**”

We would ask our brave young Cadets, individually and collectively, as man to man, which would really rather hear, — “Walk, March; Trot, March,” or “Prepare to,—Dismount.” We expect a truthful,—also an unqualified,—answer. No strong language permitted.

The Martyr Joan at the stake, was not in it with that Martyr Cadet who posed for 15 minutes in the centre of the ring. He seemed to be deeply,—very deeply,—engrossed in his own sad thoughts. Gentle Reader, do you wonder???

In our next number we hope to publish,—that is provided we can evade the Censor,—some brief, racy biographical opinions regarding the Laird and “that awfully jolly Sims Chap”. The Cadet who promised us this literary gem, spoke as though he meant it too.



THE HUN COALITION.
It stands, but the base is none too firm.
—“Bystander”, London.

As with unsteady step we turned away, only one feeble ray of light pierced the gloom of our troubled spirit. For there seems little doubt, that in next week’s issue of “**Knots and Lashings**”, we will have the pleasure of running the following advt. (at our usual rate of 50 cents per inch),—“**WANTED**, some new Cadets! This is the life! Free Horses! Free Tanbark!! **FREE ADVICE!!!** Get in on this boys! The diving’s fine!!”

GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

Once more, to the inspiring music of the brass band of the Canadian Engineers, still another draft has marched away from the Engineer Training Depot. During the past few months, we have watched many such drafts entrain for “An Atlantic Port”, but there have been none which we felt would better uphold and maintain the traditions of our Depot.

A few short weeks ago, practically all the men on the draft, as well as many of the Officers, had arrived in St. Johns practically untrained. But what a difference those few short weeks had made! The slouching careless gait, had given way to the smart soldierly bearing; the careless indifference,

to a decisive alertness that responded sharply to the word of command; the rabble of a few weeks ago had become a disciplined body of men worthy to wear the insignia of the Canadian Engineers.

But best of all, as the troop trains pulled out, they cheered, and cheered, and cheered. Draftees? Perhaps; and we ask no better. May those who will, during the coming months, follow in their footsteps, bear themselves as did Draft 56 as they left us on the morning of June 10, bound overseas on “The Great Adventure”!

THE Q. M. STAFF BUTTS IN.

(Possibly the dreamy eyed “poets” of Room 28 and the Bureau de Pay, fancied they were pretty much alone in getting out this poetry stuff. If they did, they overlooked the Q. M. Staff of the “Deepo”. The latter have apparently been deeply touched (in the head?) by the war, and have recently heard tell of a certain individual called Sir Sam Hughes. Although their information, like their stores, has been somewhat slow in percolating in, yet we publish with pleasure the following ode to Sir Sam which is signed by

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