

## "NUTS AND RATIONS."

To the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the 27th Draft, "Good bye and Good Luck".

Don't forget the promises you made, to write to your more unfortunate brothers who are left behind.

We will watch eagerly for the letters, and feel sure in the meantime that you will maintain the high reputation which has so far characterised the Canadian Engineers who have gone before you.

Remember also that "Knots and Lashings" will be pleased to receive any interesting items you may wish to send, and we will make it our duty to acknowledge the same, and send you a copy containing your contribution.

Our Mother England called us,  
When we heard the cry we came.  
Thought nothing of the things we left,  
Thought nothing then of fame:  
We came from Farm, and Workshop.  
From Bush, and Lake, and Mine,  
From North and South and West land  
And we're falling into line.

The poor attendance at the very interesting lecture given recently in the men's mess by the Rev. Dr. Rexford on "Jerusalem" was due to a misunderstanding on the part of most of the men in the Depôt. That same evening whilst we were at supper we were addressed by a Mr. McDonald who took for his subject John III-16. Most of us thought the lecture to be given an hour or two later, would be by the same gentleman, and upon the same lines. But "Tommy" does not like an overdose of any kind of medicine, so he took the opportunity at the second lecture, which was denied him at the first, and stayed away. Now he is sorry. Come again, Dr. Rexford.

By the bye we missed those fellows more especially, who, we would have thought, would be the first to get interested in the place which will in all probability be their new home (Jerusalem). There is one, or more, in every room in barracks. Stock in trade—Old fountain pens, Broken wrist watches, Useless Safety Razors, etc. Descendents of one Solomon Levy.

'Tis the South West wind is so unkind  
We like it not at all.  
It's edge is keen, though all unseen,  
It cuts us, great and small.  
We cannot stand this "No man's land"  
'Tis difficult and long.  
The snow piles high, we dare not try  
To sing a Marching Song.  
We're not afraid of Church parade  
When headed by the Band,  
But when we go through piles of snow  
It's more than we can stand.  
Push on your caps, pull down the flaps,  
And see to your puttees:  
Be sure don't lose your overshoes  
You'll sink down to your knees.  
Parade don't miss, remember this,  
And ponder deep and well:  
It might be worse, so do not curse,  
It's not so cold in H— Barracks.

(With apologies to the original (and subsequent) composers of this Celebrated Bull Slingsong):—

"They say we're going over the ocean  
They say we're going over the Sea.  
They're making a mighty commotion  
But it looks like the real thing to me—  
Carry on! Carry on!  
We'll soon be in old Germanie-e-e.  
(D. C. ad Lib.) —PAT.



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