## Page Twelve

"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 Slinging Song) :- 4 "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. -PAT. (D. C. ad Lib.)



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, but we are satisfied to sell them for \$7.00 Some class to 'em, too! SHE will think so, also! SURE-CURE - HOSPITAL FOR OLD SHOES. Bring yours in, and we'll 'em while you wait. fix

Soft Shoes and Slippers To Wear in Barracks Good Trunks and Valises Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

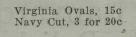
LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

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 ! "



be sure to call at 190 Peel Street. above St. Catherine and Windsor streets, Bookstore Chapman's We make a specialty of Mail Orders. Write us.