



Machine Gun Corps, C.O.R.

(Photo by Pinsonnault.)

## FAMOUS SAYINGS BY GREAT MEN.

"I told you ten thousand, five hundred times."—Lt. Fleming.  
 "Buck and Baldy."—Cpl. Pic-  
 tt.  
 "Shoot a nickle."—Cpl. Lake.  
 "Shoot the lot."—Pte. Maracus.  
 "French ladies."—Capt. Gibson.  
 "Hogs, swine, pigs, unclean."—  
 Sgt. Mjr. Evans (C.E.)  
 "I can ride a bicycle in the dark,  
 better than I can in the day-  
 light."—Lt. Warren.  
 "Let's get something on him."—  
 Sgt. Simons (M.P.)  
 "Have a cigar, Corporal."—Pte.  
 Duncan.  
 "Please, Corporal, can I be  
 "bunk" house fatigue."—Pte.  
 Bandolen.

## MRS. HARRY FLEMMING BLOWS INTO TOWN.

During the past week, there was  
 a decided stir in local "Society  
 Circles" when Mrs. Harry Flem-  
 ming, O.C. and best half of that  
 well known and popular "Machi-  
 nist" of the same name, favored  
 our burg by dropping off the "St.  
 Johns Limited" at the Grand Cen-  
 tral Station. On behalf of the De-  
 pot, "Knots and Lashings" ex-  
 tends to Mrs. Fleming a cordial  
 welcome.

## WE GIVE IT UP.

Argument between Sgt. Cullis  
 and Sgt. Hugill (A.R.):—  
 Sgt. Hugill:—"I don't see why  
 they don't conscript the Shepherds.  
 Any women can fill that position."  
 Sgt. Cullis:—"I don't believe  
 they can, what about Bo-Peep?"

## OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and  
 Lashings" to send to the folks back  
 home. You may be sure they will  
 be glad to get it. The postage is  
 one cent.

## VINEGAR FROM THE FACTORY.

By Lance Private.

Corporal Kelly is the "Chimmie  
 Fadden" of this outfit. See him  
 peddle the "Knots and Lashings"  
 among the boys.

The opportunity of good fishing  
 in St. Johns has certainly devel-  
 oped some splendid liars in the  
 W.O.R.

Not everyone knows that Sergt.  
 Major Edwards is a minister of the  
 gospel. He was known in the  
 States as the "Rough Neck  
 Preacher" among other kindly  
 meant nick names. The boys were  
 certainly out in force at the even-  
 ing meetings at the Methodist  
 Church the past two Sundays. The  
 boys know him, and what is more,  
 he knows the boys. You should  
 have seen the tough bunch in the  
 front seat last Sunday; but some  
 of those guys are giving the devil  
 a lot of concern these days. Not  
 all of them belong to him, not by  
 a jugful.

Sergt. Tripp is developing a  
 skating rink for flies, and he as-  
 serts that you cannot have brains  
 and hair too. "Ear! Ear!!"

Those were two fine suckers that  
 he caught 'tothe rday, but then  
 what would you expect, he is a  
 stock broker in civil life.

A couple of "quit cold" jelly  
 fishes tried to beat it out of town  
 on a freight this week. It wasn't  
 any of the W.O.R. either. We did  
 hear another bunch here boasting  
 that they were real good on the  
 slope.

When some of the boys have  
 been in the game for two or three  
 years at \$1.10 a day, and kept a  
 wife and kiddies and perhaps a  
 mother out of that, they will not

be sending for fifty dollars at a  
 clip and boast that they blow in  
 ten of them every night down town.  
 That gink will repent in the near  
 future.

When a certain other bunch were  
 with us in the Vinegar Factory,  
 we had to put a sentry on in the  
 ablution room to tell them which  
 trough to wash in. We took him  
 off that duty when the boys went  
 to College.

There was a genuine look of  
 alarm depicted on the faces of the  
 Battalion Orderly Room Staff of  
 the W.O.R. last Wednesday when  
 the B.S.M. rushed in and asked  
 that it be put in Part 1. that the  
 men must not cut off their ears  
 as they were doing. Visions of  
 self-mutilation among the "best  
 yet" troops appeared in our imagi-  
 nation, and it was a great relief  
 when the B.S.M. explained that it  
 was the ears on their Winter Caps  
 that he had reference to.

No need for the other troops to  
 get sore because the W.O.R. have  
 the cleanest quarters in the dis-  
 trict. They can't help it, because  
 it is in the make-up of the W.O.R.  
 to be clean of habits as well as of  
 tounge.

It has been worth all the trouble  
 and worry and hard work of  
 coming away on the run from Lon-  
 don to St. Johns, if it is only that  
 the old telegram gag: "Grand-  
 mother sick; come home" absolute-  
 ly failed to work for a week-end  
 pass.

The W.O.R. had their pictures  
 taken last Monday. It was not a  
 moving picture either. Len Bowen  
 scared any man who dared to move.

All of No. 2 platoon of the  
 W.O.R. have unanimously voted  
 themselves to be the smartest on  
 parade. Well, they are certainly  
 smart, but then they would not be

W.O.R. if they wer'nt.

One of the boys who had been  
 down town bending his elbow, was  
 coming up street with his head  
 held high,—so that he wouldn't  
 spill it, we guess,—when an M.P.  
 asked him if he belonged to the  
 pickle factory. "Hie, don't I look  
 like it?" hiccoughed the souse, as  
 he zigzagged home to answer tat-  
 too.

Corporal Benny Dunn has a  
 smile on parade that will not come  
 off. He found a young lady in St.  
 Johns that could and would speak  
 English.

The W.O.R. are to have a Can-  
 teen. The men are very anxious  
 to know if it is to be a "wet" can-  
 teen, and we take great pleasure  
 in publishing herein that it will be  
 (Continued on next page.)

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