

# SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

Quack! Quack!

Leave it to the boys to put on the finishing touches, and apply appropriate, or absurdly inappropriate, remarks, to things in general. As an instance of this peculiarity of the British soldier, the Engineers down at Quebec are now called the 'Ducks', and, when dismissed with rain soaked cloaks, a loud Quack! Quack! is the usual order of things.

Since the beginning of May, the weather has been anything but delightful; and the luck of the Q.D.C.E., has been just as certainly rotten, as the weather has been uncertain in its behaviour. The long tedium of quarantine was to have been relieved by a march up to the Plains of Abraham to play football and baseball last Sunday. The weather looked kind of unsettled, but a start was made with great-coats rolled. Just before we got to the Plains, 'she start the rain; bye an' bye she rain some more'. It rained all the way home too. And they say Quebec is dry. This is the fourth soaking in one week.

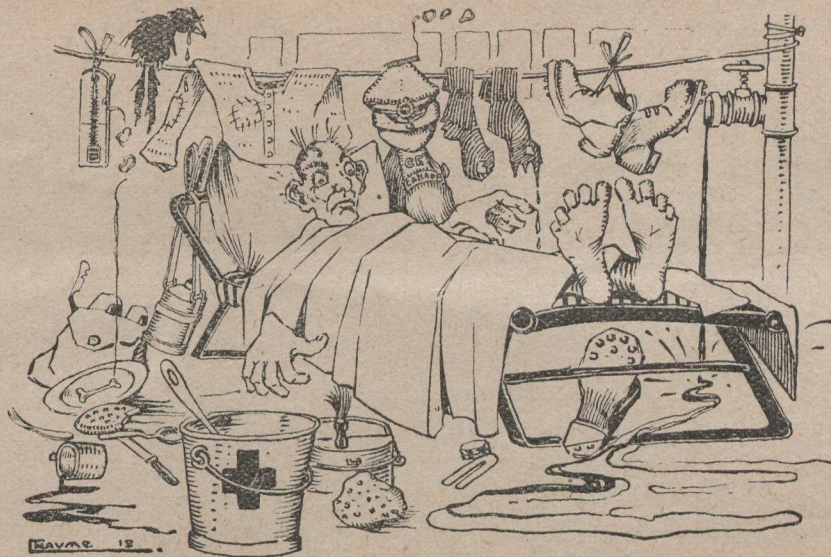
## Back to St. Johns.

Our hopes have been somewhat buoyed up of late, by a statement of the O.C., that if no other case of infectious disease 'looms in the offing', the quarantine will be lifted on Tuesday of this week; and we are then to go back to St. Johns as soon as matters can be arranged.

Tommy Atkins always wants to go some place else. He's never satisfied to stay in one place long. Of course, we know there are some really nice girls we left behind in St. Johns, and that may account for the members of the Sergeants Mess being so anxious to get back. We are inclined to think, however, that the Quarantine boil is the one that is sorest and hardest to heal. We agree, too, it is a gol' darn rotten piece of luck. And let us get a peep at that nigger that thought he had mumps.

## Tattoo.

We have a tattoo artist of some class with us in Quebec. He has tattooed even the Royal family of Honolulu, we understand. He stands a poor chance of getting his fee out of us. We are too anxious to keep ourselves unrecognisable. He is known to have quoted his highest figure to Sergt. Maj. Evans for a design on his feet—he charges by the superficial measurement. Anyway, we've always held the



VIEW OF A CANADIAN ENGINEER IN QUARANTINE AT QUEBEC.  
(Drawn from Life by our Special Artist at the Front, Spr. Chaume).

opinion that a good Reveille artist makes the best soldier; but we've never seen one of the best yet, and have always held a strong conviction that better success would be had if they—you know who 'they' is,—only blew Reveille a couple of hours later.

## The Dandies.

Some cases of kits and personal belongings arrived at last from St. Johns. The C.S.M. was anxious to know whether the boys were getting all their stuff, so put the question to a few. The first said he'd got everything "ceptin' a tin of Talcum powder". The next was shy a tooth comb. The third and last wasn't quite sure but thought someone had used some of his hair oil. Do you blame him for quitting?

## JOE SENDS HIS HOLLER STRAIGHT TO THE "MAN HIGHER UP".

Dear Coronell:—

Well! she is worse! I get out of the clinic and I say to the Surgeant Major, I go to town to see my friend. He say like hell that I go enroute march. Then he tell him to me I am in the quarantine, and me just come from the clinic and have done nothing that makes the crime complaint.—I tell him I am sick of the business and he tell me to see the sacré docteur. I go to the docteur and ask her how many days I get in the quarantine as I just come from the clinic for twenty eight days and he tells me I get the Salts Epsom, I hate to tell you what happen because I go enroute march to Trois Riviere. She was the first enroute march that I make and the unit officer he lead us as the generale and some of the men she fall out but I could not stop. The quarantine is

bad and worse than she is the enroute march which dont do no good also. She rain then the clothes she dry then she rain again then we come back home to the immigrating building, I ask Surgent Boyed for my whiskey-blanc back which he steal before I get in the clinic and he start to sing about she is gone but not forgotten. Now Coronell I look up in the dictionary book what she means the immigrating building. The book she says it means to make the move from here.

Honourably yours,

Joe. Paucette.

## 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.

## HOW LONG, O LORD!

(The writer of the following is suffering from a common complaint, with which we are all more or less familiar. Apparently the only sure cure is a spell in the front line.)

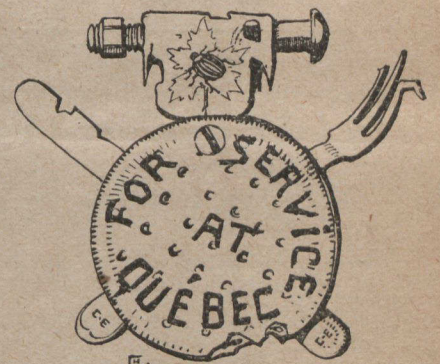
How long have we got to wait,  
For the stuff we left behind?  
And how long have we got to stand,  
For a canteen that robs us blind?

How long are we to be C.B.'d?  
When do we go from here?  
How long has it got to be before,  
We get a glass a beer?

How long must we stand in line,  
For meals that are so slim?  
For hard tack cheese and jam,  
And coffee so damn thin?

How long before we can go,  
Overseas to fight the Huns?  
How long must we stay in Quebec,  
Sidetracked like a bunch of bums?

Will someone answer my question  
I don't care, be who he may,  
Just step right up and let us know  
How long have we got to stay?



Service Medal, awarded by "The Dietitian", "For Valor", on the Near Eastern Front.

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