



"C" Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

even the lame, the halt, and the blind from the hospital itself.

We heard one man whose lungs for a long time have been so far gone that he could barely whisper, bawling lustily that he was a rough carpenter and therefore eminently fitted to be chosen.

Another, who has been for weeks unable to touch his foot to the ground without agonized contortions of his features, covered the distance from the barracks to the riding school in four seconds flat. Another hopeless cripple was in such a hurry to get there that he forgot his crutches entirely.

Henceforth we are an ardent disciple of Mary Baker Eddy, and shall devote our life to the spread of the Christian Science cult.

Regimental Goat-Getters.

Reveille.

O.C. Parades.

Mess fatigue.

"Guard Turn Out."

The fellow who borrows your copy of "Knots and Lashings" instead of buying one.

The fellow who stands beside you at drill and coaches you in an audible whisper.

The fellow who borrows a cigarette from you and then passes the box around to the other men.

The reading-room pest who starts the Anvil Chorus on the piano just when you are in the middle of a letter.

Tabloid Stories are Gems.

We have been asked to write a 200-word article on any one of six subjects. The writing of stories is not our strong point, but we have done our best. Being unable to select the most appropriate title, we have tackled them all, and while we cannot vouch for the excellence of the compositions, we guarantee that none of them exceeds 200 words in length:

"The Happiest Christmas in My Life" was any one of the thirty-two which was celebrated before I enlisted, (only I didn't realize it at the time.)

"The Most Miserable Christmas I ever Spent" hasn't been spent yet, but I expect it to be very shortly.

"The Cheapest Christmas Dinner I ever Ate" will probably be the one at the expense of the Canadian Government.

"The Finest Christmas Present I ever Received": "A draft of volunteers will leave at once for Halifax."

"The Biggest Christmas Surprise I ever Had": "ONLY carpenters will be accepted for the Halifax draft."

"The Best Christmas Joke I ever Heard": "A draft will leave for overseas early in January."

Let's Back Up Currie!

In the last issue of "Knots and Lashings" the following is embodied in a message from Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, D.S.O., Commander of the Canadian Army at the Front: "It is an imperative and urgent necessity that steps be immediately taken to insure that sufficient drafts of officers and men are sent from Canada to keep the corps at its full strength." Comment on the foregoing is superfluous, but if any were made it would probably take the form of a question: "Why are we being kept at St. Johns?"

P.T. BUNCH CAME BACK.

After an eventful five weeks' sojourn in Montreal, the second bunch of budding P.T. and B.F. instructors have returned to St. Johns.

The boys were very anxious to make a good showing, and as the first week wore on their joints and muscles gradually grew stiffer. The instructors had no mercy on these anatomical parts, so the fellows had just to go on with it and say nix.

With the end of the first week the "arms bend" and "foot sideways place"-ing came to an abrupt end.

We were quarantined for chicken-pox!

That was a mere detail. We started in to make the best of a bad job and managed to enjoy ourselves very well.

After ten days of concerts and dances the course got hold of us again. The instructors and the budding instructors settled down to hard work.

There never was a thought of stiff joints now. We had to be ready for an examination on a certain date, and as the examiner is NOT very fond of giving SIMPLE tests, the boys had to have their heads screwed on the right way.

The examination was held on December 10th and from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. questions and answers were thrown between the examiner and the examined.

The result is good.

All have passed and can become instructors, but—WE WANT TO GO OVERSEAS! WE WANT TO GO!

The Junior Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist Church, will serve tea and sandwiches in Victoria Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 15th, from 4 to 7—for the small sum of 15 cents.

YEA, VERILY

It was a winter's morning:—
The O.C.'s parade began:—
The Colonel's face was frozen stiff
As round the lines he RAN.

"What meaneth this?" the Sappers cried—
In accents full of glee—
"The Colonel cannot us inspect,
So quickly runneth he!"

Alas! the Colonel stopped quite short
Before a new recruit:—
"Your hair is long; your face unshaved,
Your kit on 'wrong, to boot!"

The R.S.M. came panting up,
And stared an awful stare:—
The new recruit went deathly pale
Through ill concealed fear.

"The punishment that you shall get,"
The Colonel said, with wrath—
"Is to take our little mascot Bob,
And give him his annual bath."
B. B. HOSBRUGH.

Page 5 belongs to "D" Company next week. Have all contributions in by MONDAY NOON.

ANOTHER APPRECIATION

"Gee whizz!! The band, with fourteen members, takes only 20 copies!—why, we take fifteen copies between two of us at the post office."

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