



PAY DAY

SOCIETY NOTES.

"Red" Milloy changed his mind about spending his New Year's leave at Orton, Ont., and on the whole we cannot blame him. We understand this was at one time a thriving village, but one winter half the population died of pneumonia, and his widow went West to live with her folks.

Sapper Parsonson borrowed a dixie from the cook house and gave his shoes an oxalic acid bath preparatory to going on New Year's leave. He was obliged to bathe them one at a time, but it couldn't be helped—it was the largest dixie they had.

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C.S.M. Estey tried to hurry across the parade ground the other morning. The rain the same evening, and the subsequent freeze, have made the ice nearly as good as new.

Johnny Wyllie gave Andy Logan a haircut one day last week (and made a remarkably good job for an amateur), leaving a lock of it dangling uncut just over the nape of his neck, like a pigtail. Andy went home in blissful ignorance thereof, but when he appeared the following morning he was minus his decoration. He was extremely reticent when questioned as to who had removed the surplus hair for him, merely turning a baleful and polaric gaze on the inquisitive ones. However, Johnny's popularity as a tonsorial artist has declined considerably since the incident.

Johnny Wyllie, the newly married corporal of "C" Coy. has been so anxious to see his better half that he could hardly wait for his New Year's leave, although he denied this with considerable heat when questioned. The members of his section accused him of singing love songs to himself, and followed this up by calling him a turtle-dove. The conversation ended at this point, the turtle-dove departing crimson with indignation and cooing wickedly.

While on his Christmas leave in Brooklyn, N.Y., Sapper Horsbrugh was talking with a lady who is acquainted with Col. Melville. Her parting admonition to Horsbrugh was: "When you get back to St. Johns, be sure to drop in on the Colonel and give him my best regards." Horsbrugh said that he would, but as we go to press we have no authentic information that he has kept his promise.

Acting in his official capacity as Chairman of the Decorating Committee of "C" Coy., Red Milloy paid a visit last Saturday

evening to every store in St. Johns and Iberville, and by threats, cajolery and promises managed to wheedle a calendar for the current year from each one of them. The result of his zealous labors is now on exhibition in Room 76, the whole being arranged with a tastefulness and a regard for color harmonies which speak highly for the artistic temperament of Chairman Milloy.

While en route from Toronto to St. Johns on his return from Christmas leave, Sammy Forsythe was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of two Montreal ladies who hospitably extended to him an invitation to call on them, when in Montreal, at any hour of the day or night, and even begged him to stop over a train or two and pay them a short visit then and there. It is to be regretted that in the excitement of taking leave of them Sammy neglected to secure their names and address for future reference.

A day or two before Christmas, "Red" Milloy was heard to observe that in spite of preparations and promises, he didn't believe the Christmas dinner would amount to much. However, as he was slowly and painfully making his way out of the mess hall after that dinner of blessed memory, with his eyes protruding slightly, and emitting hollow groans at intervals, he admitted that possibly his statement might have been premature. Anyway, our section voted it a huge success—half the boys were sick all night and the rest didn't seem to care for any breakfast next morning.

BRING ON THE GLOVES!

St. Johns, P.Q., Dec. 29.

Editor "Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

The following limerick may be appreciated by some of the boys who are spending the Quebec winter at the Depot here. It comes from a "fair war-worker" out Portland (Oregon) way. Evidently the fame of our weather has proceeded afar!

It reads:—

"There was a young man from Quebec
Got stuck in the snow to his neck,
When asked, "Are you friz?"
He said, "Yes, I is."

"But we don't call THIS cold in Quebec."

Yours truly,
—Spr. S. A. LANG.

Fred. Lake

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