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'Knots and Lashings' is printed by
the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ('The News
and Advocate') St. Johns, Que., Can.

FROM THE PICKLE VAT.

Latest Rumors From The E. T. D.
Front.

"They are going to discharge the Railroad and College men first."

"Married men will be discharged first."

"Volunteers from the United States will be discharged first."

"They are going to charge a head tax on entry to the States."

"We will be allowed to purchase our uniforms for \$10.00."

"We will be allowed to purchase our uniforms for \$23.00."

"We won't be able to purchase our uniforms at all."

"Twenty cases of Flue have broken out at the E. T. D."

"The quarantine at the Pickle Works will be lifted on the 4th December."

"The Quarantine at the Pickle Works was not put on for Measles."

"The Quarantine will stay on at the Pickle Works."

Somebody wanted to know the other day whether it was a fact that Sparrow had got another stripe. Sparrow nearly contracted Measles worrying about it for five days that he reported to the M.O. It is said that Sparrow used to meet the Orderly between here and the E. T. D. and ask him for the orders because his anxiety was increasing every day. Is this correct Sparrow?

Congratulations to Sergt. Mundell on attaining his third stripe.

Who was the Sapper at the Vinegar who mustered twenty men together the other day, pinned a stripe on his arm, ordered them to form fours, and marched them down town right past the Guard. Some Quarantine eh! what. It must have been "A" Company on Guard that day, because they all got back safe.

Sergt. Bradburn:—"Here comes C.S.M. Est-y, let us cheer!"

Rest of gang:—"?? x) (& x."

We regret to lose Sergt. Bradburn, Sergt. Hensy, Corporal Bradshaw from our midst at the Vinegar, also the numerous other men that have been recently discharged, and hope that they will have all the success possible in civil life and never forget the "Pickle Works". Another one of our noted contributors, Sapper Linney the Cartoonist, obtained his discharge the other day and is on his way to England. Sapper Linney just re-

ceived word, before leaving, that a brother of his was killed in the war before the armistice was signed. Sapper Linney worked hard for this paper when he was here and was very popular amongst the men of "B" Company. We extend condolences on account of his bereavement and hope that at some future time we will run across him in Little Old New York.

"Vinegar Scribe".

UP IN THE BUSH.

Scene — Stockbroker's office, Montreal, the morning of November 11th. Stockholder sitting on office reading 'Gazette', the charwoman busy dusting the desk.

Stockbroker to Charwoman:—"Marie, the war has finished."

Charwoman:—"Wha' da yer mean, war finished?"

Stockbroker:—"Take a look at the paper," (points his finger to headlines 'Germany Asks for Armistice'.) "There it is, don't you see?"

Charwoman:—"Thank goodness my brother can come home now."

Stockbroker:—"I didn't know you had a brother in the war?"

Charwoman:—"War, no fear, he is up in the bush." (Climax).

(We wonder how many brothers Marie had up in the bush!—Editor "Knots and Lashings".)

Discretion.

General Joffre's chauffeur was chatting with a group of soldiers who were hopeful of extracting anything in the way of "news" from him.

"I suppose the general talks to you a good deal," said one of them.

"No," said the chauffeur, "he doesn't say much."

"But at times——"

"Well, yes," said the chauffeur; "the other day, for instance, when getting into the car he said: 'How are things, Pierre?'"

"But, surely," said another soldier, "there are times when he speaks openly to you?"

"Yes, I remember on one occasion he said, 'You have a very pleasing appearance, Pierre.' Of course I was——"

"But," interrupted the first speaker, "does he never speak about the war?"

"Not often," replied Pierre; "the other day he did mention it; he said to me: 'Ah, my brave Pierre! and when is this war going to end?'"

SLASHINGS.

There is no difficulty now in getting Sappers to read Daily Orders these days.

Who is the Sapper who applied for discharge on passionate grounds?

How funny we look when we get our civy suits on.

The tower of Babel has nothing on the corridor outside Room 36 at about 7 p.m.

Back to the old grab-and-snatch-it game in the Mess. Some of the old-timers haven't lost their cunning.

The window fatigue figures out that on Christmas day it will be time to take the storm casements out again.

Who was the full Corporal who rode home in a sleigh the other night.

Murphy Scores.

The sergeant instructor of musketry was really at a loss to know what to do with Murphy. Five times running he had hit the wrong target—he couldn't hold the rifle correctly and it was doubtful whether he saw the target at all.

His sixth shot was a bull's eye. "Look here, Murphy," said the instructor, "what target did you aim at?"

"Number seven, sorr."

"Yes, and you've got a full on number eight. It'll never do, Pat. What on earth am I to do with you? You'd be a danger at the Front."

"A danger, sorr," said Pat, "Shure an' I moight be the salvation of the regiment—I moight aim at a privit and hit a general!"



"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."