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**SAPPER ST. GEORGE  
ON TRAINING AT  
E. T. D., SEAFORD  
(Continued)**

We also went for a short march to help kill time. No one was angry when the order was given to "Smell For Gas — Take Off Masks"! All in my bunch passed the test.

On the 3d day (which was yesterday, and a half-day) we got the closing lecture, more training in speed putting on mask, and then the 2d standard test—getting the masks on in standard time. During the practice, gas shells (smoke-bombs) were dropped at surprise moments in front of the squads—and helped greatly to speed up the bunch!

A week of Musketry, and a short course in Bombing, are the two other courses.

My section has finished Gas work, and, I think, takes up Bombing next.

All this training should be finished, I think, before we go on leave March 6. After returning from leave the rest of the Infantry training is given, and then comes Field Works.

We, and about 300 others constitute "B" Company. When all our Infantry training is finished (normally 6 weeks) we are "paraded for acceptance" into "A" Coy, which hands us our Field stuff.

There has to be shown 170 hours of actually done Field Works on a man's card before he is available for France. This takes 8 to 10 weeks.

From what I hear sub rosa, however, this draft is apt to be deemed ready for France in about 60 days. It depends on the Spring offensive.

Still in quarantine, but due out on Tuesday. Still broke, and no hope of any pay until just before going on leave. Consequence is that nearly everyone is broke; smoking and chewing very scarce.

"Our own time", especially Sunday, is the favourite time for fatigues. Today we've been picking and spading all the ground around our huts—ready to grow spuds.

Clothing Board every 2 weeks. Very little red tape, and much liberality. As regards most articles, the soldier keeps the partly worn article. This helps—especially in the case of tunic and breeches. Better tell those who are inclined to wear very "motion-picture-y" tunics (form-fitting) and exaggerated "butterfly" peg on their breeches—that these things are properly looked on here with much

scorn and disfavor. In other words, "cut it out!"

There are several Canteens on the grounds, but the Roman Catholic Canteen is the favorite—mainly because of the variety in its bill-of-fare, and the low prices. Even then, chocolate (bar) arrives only once a week, and if one is not there exactly when the shipment arrives one loses out!

London newspapers are hawked through the Camp, as also are books of views, postcards, etc. There is a Movie in Camp, showing 8, 9 or ten reels for 2d, 4d, 6d—according to location of seat. The pictures are distinctly not very new.

We are still wearing winter caps—which seem, to the other men here, a worthwhile novelty. While in quarantine we wear a white band on our caps (across the front); and a white tab, about 2" x 3" on the right shoulder of both tunic and overcoat.

We've received (defective in some way) short Enfield rifles, the long bayonet, and our Mills Web Equipment. There are 14 parts to the Pack—but it's a dandy. For practise marches here they put the overcoat, 1 blanket, shaving outfit and mess tin in the pack, and use the ground cloth as at St. Johns. There is no leather used except rifle-sling.

Quite a ceremonial function, damn it, is the morning parade. (P.T.'s first 7.30 to 8.15—canvas shoes and sleeping cap.) We line up in half-companies, close column of sections—then there are 8 to 10 "Shuns" and "Stand-At-Ease's"—then so many "right dresses" at certain taps of the drum; then a manouver or two under the Assistant Adjutant; then a manouver or three under the Adjutant; then a manouver or four under the O.C. (Major Warde)—then some more "right dresses" by the Sergt-Major and the O.C.'s dog—and finally a "March Past"—and off to drill. Quite smart. Quite wary—like Hell!

We have paliasses and pillows—stuffed with straw, of course. The kit-bag we received at St. Johns for our blankets, is turned in. We lose the metal C.E.'s on arrival here, and put on those red shoulder tabs, with C.E. in blue, instead. ("Seattle" Jones of course had his on within an hour of arrival. He parades around very 'turkey-cockish', much to the mirth of the rest.)

Several of the boys are intending to transfer to the Tunnelling Coy, immediately after "leave"-time—with the hope of quicker service in France. Others are expecting transfers to the Signallers.

Hot water baths can be secured easily, but there's very poor accommodations for washing and drying clothes.

The list of calls are about as follows:

Reveille, 6 a.m. Breakfast, 7. P.T. 7.30 to 8.15. Parade, 8.45. Drill to 12. Dinner 12 to 1. Parade 1. Drill to 4. Supper 4.30. Retreat at about 5.30. Last Post 10 (and lights out.)

Saturday afternoon is officially a holiday, if you are lucky. Wednesday afternoon is, as far as drill is concerned, a half-holiday—but they are paraded to the athletic field to watch some football match or other game. If there's no game, carry on with drill or work.

Already our footballers, wrestlers, cross-country runners, etc., have been listed—and will probably get busy after returning from leave.

Leave is 6 days for England, 8 days for Scotland or Ireland. Railroad travel, going and returning, FREE. (Side-trips probably half fare, if R.T.O. voucher is used.) Leave in London is very much discouraged, owing to congestion and shortage of food—and there's no doubt but what a better time, for a stranger, could be secured in Scotland and Ireland.

By linking up with the Y. M. C. A. one can have a wonderful 5-days stay in London, and see all the big things, for only £2 1/8, including bed, board, theatres, etc., etc. Fine thing.

I can't write any of the small gossip, etc.—it's hardly my metier—but I've told others to get busy and shoot all such stuff to you as fast as it happened.

I've mailed you a copy of the Canadian Sapper—1st No. Feb. 1918. It doesn't please me greatly. "Knots and Lashings" is much better and is more enjoyed.

With best regards to yourself, and a "Hello" for those who know me, I am, as always,  
ST. GEORGE.

**Fred. Lake**

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