

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL NEW MEN IN THE DEPOT.

(Note:—The following is a reproduction of a notice posted, to give to the many new men in the Depot a certain amount of information in regard to their Depot Newspaper, and to emphasize the importance of supporting and helping along their paper, by reading it themselves, sending copies to the friends and to the old folks at home, and especially by writing some little contribution, or some little joke on a friend, each week. Help on the good work, boys!)

KNOTS AND LASHINGS!

“Knots and Lashings”—Your Depot Newspaper, is published each Saturday by the boys, (and for the boys), of the Depot.

We founded the paper early in October of last year, and since then it has appeared regularly each week; being placed on sale each Saturday at about noon.

As has been stated, “Knots and Lashings” is published by those in the Depot; the “copy” used is supplied by the men themselves; and it is only due to the interest and enthusiasm of the boys of the Depot that our paper has grown to be the splendid publication it is,—and is known to be. In fact, each week copies are sent to almost all parts of the British Empire and many Allied and neutral countries, to its admiring friends, by the Officers and the Men of the Depot. Also hundreds of copies of our paper are, each week, sent to the friends at home.

Will you secure your copy on Saturday for your friends at home?

By doing this you will give them great pleasure, and also do your part in boosting your Depot newspaper.

Remember “Knots and Lashings” is your newspaper and it is “up to you”!!

“Knots and Lashings” depends on you for its support; contribute to its pages! It is your opportunity to “rush into print”!

All Contributions are treated fairly and kindly—and will be published if at all suitable.

Capt. Ray R. Knight,
Editor.

Lieut. S. A. Lang,
A/Editor.

Sgt. E. Carol Jackson,
Manager.

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.

IN WONDER.

(Ed. Note:—It is with pleasure that we publish the following poems in this issue. They were kindly obtained for us by L/c Thomas Collins; they are original poems written for “Knots and Lashings” by his wife, who resides in Utica, N.Y., U.S.A.)

I wonder if the stars that shine so brightly watchful
Overhead,
Are the same stars that sentinel my soldier-man, o'er
His lone bed.

I wonder if the breeze that blows
So softly on it's Northward way,
Will carry messages to him,
And whisper things that I would say.

I wonder if the dreams that come
To cheer or sadden those who roam,
Will crowd his sleep with memories,
Of one who dreams of him at home.

I wonder as the days go by,
And time and distance come between,
If thoughts of home grow faint and dim
And faces fade, no longer seen.

I wonder if each prayer we breathe,
Helps him a little on his way,
To cheer and strengthen him anew,
For duties of another day.

I wonder, Oh! so many things,
And then I say, “Be still oh thought!”
In God's good time you shall know all,
Wait till his perfect work is wrought.

HERE AND OVER THERE.

Dust covered lies the road that winds,
Past meadows pink with clover heads,
And berries growing warm beneath,
The lengthening grass in tangled beds.

Dust covered road that winds,
Through stricken woods and shell-torn fields,
Past Orchards red with awful fruit,
The harvest that a victory yields.

Soft are the winds that idly lift,
The fragrance of the bud and flower,
That scatter sweetness through the air
And never breaths of pride and power.

Poison with pestilence the winds,
That blow o'er No Man's Land to-night,
And in the trench the deadly gas,
Cools not the hot blood of the fight.

Go forth, Oh, heroes of our land,
Across the ocean's toss and foam,
To help our battling brothers there,
And here to keep the peace of home.

“THEY APPRECIATE THE MOVE IN MOVIES!”

Sunday night on the Richelieu!
It is cold and is the weather that generates the complaint known as the “blues”. What are the boys of the E. T. D. doing? Are they moping in their tents or thinking of mother, sister, or someone else's sister? Or are they wandering aimlessly around in the same old streets, in the same old town? Not much—not by a long shot! Of course, they are at the movies! The good old movie movies!

They are there in great force—the boys of the Depot. Some are stretched lazily, resting on their elbows, others are seated, boy-fashion, on the back benches. Still others are behind them enjoying their “fags” to their hearts' content. Whatever these boys lack, they do not lack patience. It seems as though it is never going to get dark enough! At last, here we are—“One Minute Please.” After a preliminary educational film we make a rush into a good comedy. How the boys laugh at the toe-twisting imitator of Charlie Chaplin! Then comes the feature film of the night.

The faces of the boys are as interesting as a study. Attention in every feature, sympathy plainly depicted for the pretty but unlucky heroine and scornful grunts for the villain.

Then, in the Intermission,—“Hey, Bill, how can you expect a feller to see through your head? Now—if it wasn't so thick perhaps I might.”—“Move over there old chap, this isn't a box-seat you've paid for.”

Thus they “carry on”, friendly, always good-natured, boys joined together for the express purpose of “Hunting the Hun to Berlin”. Good old boys of the E. T. D., enjoy your movies to the fullest extent! Nothing is quite too good for the Engineers!

“A Girly Girl”.

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in Montreal you DINE at the

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