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## BEING MERELY A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

Possibly there may be those who consider that an apology is due for the current number of "Knots and Lashings". On the other hand there may be those who think otherwise.

"Knots and Lashings" appears this week almost hopelessly handicapped by circumstances that were quite unforeseen. At the beginning of the week not a single member of the Editorial staff was in St. Johns. Moreover, ninety-five percent of our contributors were out of town, "week-ending" with certain new acquaintances.

In looking through these columns, therefore, the gentle reader will doubtless miss those bright and sparkling gems which customarily adorn these pages. The absence of those masterpieces of scholarly effort, habitually thrown off by the 'intellectual giants' of the Editorial Staff, will also be painfully felt by the thoughtful student. To those accustomed to look to "Knots and Lashings" as a source of moral inspiration and uplift, we have but our sympathy to offer.

Are there then those who consider that an apology is due for the current number of "Knots and Lashings"? We offer no apology! The current number of "Knots and Lashings" goes to press under a serious handicap. And we are proud of that handicap.

There have been times when, in the bloody mire of Flanders fields, the Hun has outflanked Canadian battalions. And to be attacked from the rear—to have supports cut off and communications broken,—is a terribly serious matter. Yet today on our own Canadian soil, a certain small and irresponsible minority in this Province are doing that very thing; are attempting through cowardly treachery to attack from the rear our brothers overseas, by preventing the sending of urgently needed supports.

In helping to put down once and for all such treachery, the men of the Engineers Training Depot are in Quebec City today. By their action they are standing by their brothers in France just as truly as through they stood shoulder to shoulder with them in front line trenches.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the 'intellectual giants' of the Editorial Staff of "Knots and Lashings" were among the first to go.

For the current issue of "Knots and Lashings" we offer no apology!

## SPECIAL NOTES FROM THE EASTERN FRONT.

By our special correspondent with the forces, Gillip Phibbs.

Relayed by Wordless Wireless.

Major Keefer, O.C. Engineers, was in his element. Thanks to his foresight, experience and tact, no less than to his inflexible discipline, the organization of the detachment ran as smoothly as though still at their own Depot at St. Johns. On more than one occasion the presence of mind and prompt decision of the Major undoubtedly averted what might have developed in a very serious situation.

Lt. Wrong, armed only with a Book of Common Prayer and a large volume entitled "What Presidents of an Officer's Mess Ought to Know", went about his duties with his usual serene demeanour. The ubiquitous sweet-grass vest, grown in Sunny Alberta, was his only camouflage, and turned the heads and won the hearts of the Fair Sex. A murderous hunting crop by Adney completed the disguise of this Man of Mystery.

Lt. Mahoney was certainly in great form. Between lulls in the dim of battle, he entertained impartially friends and foes alike with impersonations, monologues, and heart to heart talks on the "Aids" as demonstrated by the Haughty Laird and his partner in crime, the Treacherous Sergeant-Major. On one occasion he dispersed a threatening mob of no less than 177,600 ferocious rioters and numerous dogs thirsting for gore, by executing his mysterious Hula-Hula, or the Shredded-Wheat Tango, accompanied by incidental music from Captain Lynch's death-defying Machine-Gun Quartette.

Lt. Knighton spent a most enjoyable evening renewing acquaintances and friendships among the élite of the rioters, among whom were included, it is needless to add, a generous representation of the gentler sex from St. Roch. On more than one occasion he so far forgot himself as to dart heedlessly among the threatening multitude amid a fusilade of brick-bats, bottles, and other typical souvenirs of the Ancient Capital, as his roving eye recognised old friends among "Those Present".

The elevation of Citadel Hill as checked by Lieut. Butternut's field aneroid, is exactly 973.9 feet above mean sea level. The same authority further states that the mean angle

of slope is slightly under 57 degrees, 3 minutes, 29.7 seconds. But Capt. Wilkinson, the valiant M.O., was in great form. Twice he swarmed up the slope like Napoleon crossing the Alps, or like a veritable Alpini or Mountain-Goat, leaping from crag to crag and uttering strange and unintelligible sounds as he hastened to bring succour to the wounded. It appears in the despatches that our popular and efficient M.O. is entitled to no small share in the Victory of St. Roch.

The masterly fashion in which Lieut. Kerr successfully and successively held up the hardware stores of the Ancient Capital, bore ample testimony to his early training in the pioneer days of the West.

Messrs. Donaldson, Brewster and Chave gave a striking impersonation of Dumas' Three Musketeers. Wherever they went, the crowd melted away in nameless dread. On one occasion, at the ghostly hour of midnight, profiting by the experience of their genial predecessor Gen. Jimmie Wolfe, they were seen valiantly and vertically scaling the rugged heights leading to the Plains of Abraham in full view of A. Laverne, H. Bourassa et Cie. Arriving at the top they immediately proceeded, with the aid of Lieut. Butternut's clinometer with pantograph attachment, to take an observation on the Pole Star for mean sidereal time. This was at once flashed to the owner of the clinometer, who at the time was busily engaged in consultation with the Brass Hats of G. H. Q. concerning Gyns, Haldfasts, and the uses of the granny knot. Incidentally a short two hour explanation was also given regarding the use of rabbit-skin blankets in war-time, (crocheted, not woven.) As regards Messrs. D. B. and C., when last seen they had bounded down the cliffs and were lining up seven (empty) casks, preliminary to building a barrel-pier bridge across the St. Lawrence.

A. Adj. Lieut. Knight, by his genial disposition and charming personality, won the hearts of even the most confirmed rioters. His rendition of the Riot Act in C minor, accompanied by annotations and excerpts from "Musketry Regulations" Part 27 book 10, deeply moved the natives of St. Roch. His general supervision was above all praise. Like a veritable Joffre, he moved among his men, and by his indomitable bearing and sublime indifference to death in many forms proved a tower of