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PEACE AND RUMOURS OF PEACE.

The arms of the Allies having recently met with such success in all fields, it is almost certain that many rumours of Victory and Peace will be circulated.

It is necessary for us to accept these rumours with every precaution, and reserve our pent up feelings until such a time as official confirmation can be received.

It is unseemly to rush off and discharge a few crackers or wave a few flags at the slightest whisper. When peace comes we may depend upon it, it will not be sprung upon us at a moment's notice, it will be gradual as the dawning of the day. After a night of trouble and anxiety we look long and eagerly for the dawn.

We have passed through the period of night for the past four years, and now the first rays of the sun are tinting the sky, as we know the darkest hour is the hour before dawn, so it was with us, when, earlier in the year the news we received was disquieting, our spirits were downcast, and our hopes seemed blighted, we looked with longing eyes for the dawn of day.

"Dark tho' the night be morn comes at last
Fierce tho' the storm be soon it is past."

Hope is beginning to light the sky, but we have yet to await the rising of the sun of Victory before we can celebrate the advent of Peace.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

We are under a double disadvantage this week in the production of "Knots & Lashings" inasmuch as our chief is absent on sick leave and the staff at the printing office are combating an attack of the 'flu, thus rendering it necessary that all material for publication should be collected earlier than usual and forwarded to Montreal for printing.

So, any of our comrades who do not find their contributions included in this issue may hopefully look forward to next week for the fulfilment of their desires.

Meanwhile, don't slack up. Send in your chatter, your verse and your miscellaneous contributions. We regret owing to lack of space being unable to publish several good stories, including a first rate golf story. We would ask our contributors to bear in mind "Brevity is the soul of wit." Don't make your copy too lengthy. Boil it down a bit, and the chance of it appearing in your own paper is increased considerably. Be brief and to the point. Neither the editors nor our readers care to wade through a couple of pages before reaching the point. Let us hear from you next week with plenty of copy. Make your paper worth while.

Watch out for our Anniversary number. We want to make it a huge success. Your help is asked and is necessary in order to secure the goal of our ambition. Don't forget. Send in your contributions early.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:

About that there football match between us and the Depot last Saturday. The score was 1 all—officially—but what we want is to place before the public (that is not the right word seeing the public wasn't there. We mean the private soldiers, N. C. O.'s and officers (funeral order) well, anyway, we want to show the unofficial score. This has been carefully worked out in the Smoking Room of the Pickle Works, and in two clinks and the average is Vinegar Factory 6 goals to 1. Mind you, we don't say the Depot team didn't play well—it did it's best. Sergt. Lewis did his best to wipe the slate but he's got to get new studs in his boots for a big job. Them evening dress shirt studs ain't the kind. One fellow on the Depot side who did his work was the goal keeper. He put in four days' practice right in between them two posts and was pretty busy most all the time. Only he's one of them guys as likes work. Two or three other chaps also did some good hikeing and punting, but what's the use unless you knows how. Sergt. Dailey played a good game, but, as Sergt. Major McLaren says, "hasna ony judgment in that hankey." I noticed this myself. One time he waved his flag just as Lt. Tubman nearly had the ball. It was over that chalk line of Tiring Hounds, but what's the difference, he ran every yard of a mile for it, and he's some sprinter that same feller. Wee Davie played a dandy game and only failed making a whole lot of goals through half a dozen big fellows pickin' on him. Now, Mr. Editor, Davie is going to get a square deal or there's going to be more trouble 'round that goal post than at an Election Commission. What's the use 'n getting sore 'cept your bleeding. One guy died for 5 minutes there last Saturday and the Depot wanted to count it a goal. But Sergt. Dalley wouldn't stand for it. That was after Sergt. McIntyre made some kind of sign to him. Say, boss, watch the next game and I'm going to report any dirty work to the colonel. Any pickin' on the little fellows or the goal keeper being offsides won't be stood for. What we wants, is good clean sport, any kind, and lots of it.

Mr. Editor, I just wants to tell you, it isn't me as reports to the "News" or the "Canada Francais."

"Left Out Side."

In Memoriam

In addition to the notices already appearing we much regret to be compelled to add the names of 17 more victims of the dreaded disease. Those marked with a * being from the 81st and 134th overseas draft from Manitoba and detained here in quarantine for mumps.

The "Bugs," as they were known here, wish to extend their deepest sympathy to relatives and friends of the deceased and want it to be known to them that their comradeship, cheeriness and general good fellowship under favorable as well as trying conditions helped to smooth over the rough places. They will be sorely missed.

- * 3348005 Pte. Eamer, L. A.
- * 341 Pte. Garnett, E.
- * 2130486 Pte. Guthrie, J. W.
- * 3348583 Pte. Stewart, J. G.
- * 3347428 Pte. Hammerquist, W.
- * 3346883 Pte. Gregory, F.
- * 2130626 Pte. Johnston, C. E.
- * 2130584 Pte. Montgomery, John
- * 3347487 Pte. Friedlund, E.
- * 3348286 Pte. Krantz, W. F.
- * 2130579 Pte. Forrest, Norman
- * 3347667 Pte. Erlendson, G.
- * 3347995 Pte. Wilson, T. H.
- 2005417 Sleigh, James, L/C
- 2024145 Sapper Stephens, Roy
Gilbert
- 3085118 Sapper Reed, Earl
Edward
- 2015146 Sapper Murphy,
Patrick

FULL CREDIT TO FOCH.

"And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer."

Thus Macaulay tells us respecting Horatius at the Bridge. And so, even the Germans, whilst they hate him, cannot forbear praising General Foch, and giving him full credit for his plans in the recent offensive, so well devised, and so successfully carried out. It was evident Foch was well informed beforehand as to the German plans, and knew when and where they would attack, and so he was prepared to meet them successfully.

Sgt. Maj. I heard that my name was struck off the Siberian draft because I was in the hospital sick. Is it true and can you change it now that I am well? J. T.

Ed.—Your on alright!