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'WASHING DIRTY LINEN'.

Society in the divorce and law courts has been known to 'wash its dirty linen' before the public gaze and what that part of the community has gained from this despicable practice has been the disrespect of those who do not figure in such proceedings.

In Canada today we have our society in spite of our democratic tendencies and occasionally have the spectacle of divorce court revelations placed before us; but it would appear that even the vivid descriptions of such cases before the judge are out-distanced and out-shadowed by the sparrings of our representatives on the Municipal Councils and Boards of our leading cities.

The disgusting rhetoric employed by some of our so-called leading men, prominent by the fact that they are elected by an apathetic public and are before the public eye, is to say the least of it in bad taste. One has only to read the leaders in the Montreal and Toronto papers to see what different shades of politics have to say of these representatives. The opposition editor makes his salary by lambasting his pet aversion and the public is apt to formulate its impressions from such stuff as is forced upon it under the guise of literature.

Healthy criticism is good for progress and proper administration, but such policy as adopted by the newspapers of today does not come under that head, but rather leads to an exposure of the rottenness of the people's choice.

It is a moot question whether, after all the people have any choice at all, seeing that the state of affairs brought about mainly by the press reports of 'fireworks' as the heated arguments of councillors are termed, precludes any self respecting citizen from offering himself for municipal office to be brought into close association with such undesirables.

This policy of washing dirty linen is one that should be changed. Until then we shall have the same class of man predominating on our Municipal Councils.

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER.

Next week we shall celebrate the first Anniversary of our Depot paper. It is the wish of the staff of "Knots and Lashings" to make this edition particularly attractive and to this end we ask that as much copy be handed in as can be.

Now Boys! Let us have your help!

Let us make our Depot paper your paper!

"DERE MABLE"

Being Another Letter From An Interesting Book With That Title, By E. Streeter.

Mon Cherry Mable

Thats the way the French begin there love letters. Its perfectly proper. I would have rote sooner but me and my fountain pens been froze a week. Its got us out of drill for a couple of days. Thats something I guess Id rather freze than drill. Its awful when they make

you do both though. Two of my men has gone home on furlos. Me bein corperal I took all there blankets. The men didnt like it but I got a squad of men to look after and my first duty is to keep fit. Duty first thats me all over Mable. I got so many blankets now to look after that I got to put a book mark in the place I got in at night or Id never find it again. They say a fello tried to take a shower the other day. before he could get out it froze round him Like that fello in the bible who turned into a pillo of salt they had to break the whole thing offen the pipe with him inside it and stand it in front of the stove. When he melted he finished his shower and said he felt fine thats how hard we get Mable. I'm studyin Camouflage now. thats not a new kind of a cheese Mable. Its a military term Camouflage is French for cauliflower which is a cabbage disguised Its the same thing as puttin powder on your face instead of washin it you deceive Germans with it for instance you paint a horse black and white stripes and a German comes along he thinks its a picket fence and goes right by. Or you paint yourself like a tree and the Germans come and drink beer all round you and tell military secrets.

Dont send me nothin for Xmas Mable I bought somethin for you but I'm not goin to tell you cause its a surprize. All that I can say is that it cost me four eighty seven (\$4.87) which is more than I can afford and its worth a whole lot more. but you know how I am with money a regular spend drift So dont send me anythin please although I need an electric flash light some sigeretts candy and one of them sox you wear on your head. Ill spend my last sent on anyone I like but I dont want to be under no obligations. Independent. thats me all over. You might read this part to your mother I dont want nothin from her either. Rite soon and plain Mable cause I dont get much chance to study.

Yours till the South is warm

Bill

Your mothers present cost me three seventy seven (3.77).

THE PICTURES.

The City Hall continues to attract its two crowds nightly. The pictures shown are always first class, (Charlie Chaplin in "The Pawnshop" this Saturday), and the concerts on Friday evenings have lost none of their popularity. The display of talent would be hard to beat. It must be gratifying

to the hard working promoters (Captain Mutch and his assistants) to witness such a happy bunch of men who would otherwise have no place to spend an evening during this period of Quarantine. It's up to you fellows to keep the hall full. Absolutely free. No charge to soldiers.

THE BEST OF A BAD LOT.

It is the rats that first desert a sinking ship. The Turk is not an object of great admiration, but in comparison with the Bulgarians he at least deserves credit for standing to his post without a whimper, and taking what came to him—and a good deal more punishment came to him than to Bulgaria. With all his faults the Turk is, in some ways, the least contemptible of the whole enemy combination. He has made no hypocritical pretences that he was fighting a defensive war: and he did not desert his pals when he foresaw that he might have to share with them the wages of their joint crimes.

WORKING AT MY TRADE.

I went to join the Army,
An Engineer to be,
But I've been a common farmer,
Since I came to the E. T. D.

I went into the Mess-Hall,
To get something to eat,
They handed me some leather,
And said "This is your meat."

I called upon the Doctor,
To cure this cough of mine,
He said "Put this poor nut to bed,
Give him a number nine."

I went into the Q. M. Stores,
To get myself a suit,
The clothes they fit me where they
touch,
With inches more to boot.

I went to see the Paymaster,
To get myself a check,
He said "Next Monday's pay-day,
So please pull in your neck."

I called upon the Adjutant,
To get a little leave,
He said "A Draft is going next
week,
You're on it I believe."

Spr. G. M. Young.

Up to the time of going to press the Mounted Section have not handed in thier contribution. So we expect an extra bunch of "Twinklings" for our anniversary number next week.