

RED TAPE AND RAT TRAPS.

(The following article has been submitted by an anonymous contributor. Although there is something familiar about it, yet we feel justified in reproducing it for the benefit of the Q. M. Staff at the Depot.)

Once upon a time there was a clothing store, and in order to prevent damage to the clothing, the store keeper was authorized to keep a cat. A subsistence allowance of three pence per diem was granted.

Profound peace reigned in Europe, and a staff Officer devoted his leisure to a close enquiry into the care of clothing. The result of his labors was an announcement in "Changes in War Materials", which stated that the cat was declared obsolete, and would be replaced by "Traps, rat, wire, Mark I", and that traps would be issued in the proportion of one trap, rat, to ten suits of clothing.

The Officer i/c of the Clothing Store, having 573 suits of clothing, accordingly indented for 58 rat traps. This was objected to and only 57 rat traps were allowed. The Officer i/c of the Clothing store, respectfully pointed out that under these circumstances, the remaining suits of clothing would be at the mercy of the rats. After a prolonged correspondence, which involved several War Officer Departments, the extra trap was authorized.

The War Office then issued a pamphlet, with detailed instructions on way-laying rats, and an Army form was introduced, which was to be rendered monthly in quadruplicate, showing the amount of rats caught, and the proportion of rats caught to traps set. Mice were to be entered in the column of remarks. In order that the Officer i/c of the Clothing store might not take credit for mice as rats, the measurement of each rat caught was to be entered on the Form.

The Officer i/c of the Clothing store then indented for a carpenter's rule. He was then met with the reply that "Rules, carpenter's", were only sanctioned for stations where carpenter shops were authorized. This involved more lengthy correspondence, and a somewhat acrimonious passage at arms with the financial branch of the War Office, but, so jealous is the War Office of the efficiency of the British Army, that the Carpenters' shop was authorized and the Officer i/c of the Clothing Store was thereby provided with a carpenter's rule.

Some months meanwhile passed

away, and the returns had been faithfully rendered as ordered, but, —in blank,—not a sign of a rat. The War Office, determined to see the matter through, took expert advice on rat traps, and a new trap, rat, was devised, which was published in "Changes in War Materials", and was called "Traps, rat, galvanized, Mark 1", and a system of drill was elaborated, which commenced with "Set Traps" and ended with "Release Springs", and a warrant Officer was sent down to expound it. A course of instruction was to be started, and those who obtained a high standard of efficiency, were to wear crossed rat tails on their left sleeve in gold. But in spite of these provisions, the returns were still returned blank.

The War Office was temporarily dismayed, but recovering quickly its presence of mind, the staff sent and enquired of the Officer i/c of the Clothing Store, what bait was being used. The Officer i/c of the Clothing Store replied that, as no allowance for bait had been granted, no bait was being used.

An extraordinary meeting of the Army Council was then assembled. It was decided to write the Officer i/c of the Clothing store to write traps, rat, off his ledger. The cat was then reinstated with a subsistence allowance of 2½d per day, instead of three pence, and orders were given for a reversion to the former system.

The Staff Officer responsible for these brilliant manouvers, then sank back into his chair with a sigh of relief, and a pardonable sense of satisfaction for duty nobly performed, and so, incidentally did the Officer i/c of the Clothing Store.

HEARD ON RICHELIEU ST.

1st Young Sub.—"Hello, Jack, back so soon?"

2nd Young Sub.—"Oh D——!" she said, "me no speak English very good", so how could I "carry on" with her?"

It is suggested that Officers quartered at the Mess Annex, endeavour to cultivate a liking for winter bathing.

Following the kindly suggestion of our trusty mentor, the Sgt. Major, many of the members of Class 38 are making the acquaintance of lady barbers in St. Johns.

The Terrible Laird, (addressing, in his usual kindly and sympathetic manner, the young neophyte who has just taken a "nose dive" from his horse):—"Well, dash it

all, didn't I tell you to look around and find the soft spots?"

Nose Diver:—"Yes, sir, but you didn't tell the horse to choose the soft spots."

Inspecting Officer:—"Did you shave this morning?"

New Sapper:—"Yes, Sir."

I. O. (sarcastically):—"What did you use,—your jack-knife?"

N. S. (seriously):—"No, Sir, I used my issue razor; my jack-knife was broken."

'ON and OFF'

(No, It Isn't Equitation)

By way of introducing this column to the readers of "Knots and Lashings", fair warning is hereby given that, insofar as possible, nothing of Social, Athletic or Ecclesiastic importance, in relation to the life of the St. Johns Garrison, is to be overlooked. It has been said that "forewarned is forearmed".

A cheerful community spirit depends, more than anything else, upon a keen perception of and participation in, the various forms of social activity. That is to say, if a suggestion is made regarding some proposed form of desirable diversion, it should be taken up and promoted. We propose that "promotion work" shall be the function of this column.

Dances, athletics, and other forms of organized pastime, frequently require featuring and advertising. Therefore, submit your "Big Idea" to "On and Off". "On and Off" will keep our readers informed of all events that "Good Time" holds in store for his children. We have reason to believe that "Godd Time" has some few ardent devotees in and about the E. T. D.

Whatever it may be, game, dance or dinner, it should not pass without at least a pertinent,—or otherwise,—note concerning important features and personalities.

As for personalities, they must shine, scintillate and vanish in thin smoke. No event is of interest if it is bereft of fascinating humanity, with all its rigid inconsistencies and amusing inconsistencies.

So bring to "On and Off" your personalities! The Editor feels safe because "Knots and Lashings" is equipped with a safety value known as the "Correspondence Column", through which outraged dignity may vent its pent up energy.

Every Company, Section and Class of the E. T. D. is urged to cooperate with the Editor of this

column, in making "On and Off" a real factor in the social life of the Garrison. Committees are invited to avail themselves of "On and Off" in making known their plans. Clubs and Churches are especially invited to use this column.

Nothing makes a man feel more at home, than to eat home-made cookery. Trinity Church in Ibrville, last Saturday afternoon, won many of us,—heart and stomach. Sappers and Officers sat grouped around daintily decorated tables in a school room, invitingly draped with the colors. It was well that the table of cakes, sandwiches, etc., was high above our heads, and well removed from our clutches. Little maids brought us tea and ample supplies of what might be termed "achievements in gastronomical satisfaction". The ladies were as good and inviting as their cooking.

A standing challenge to a game of base-ball has been made by the Officers' classes to the men of the Depot. Before this appears, the challenge will probably have been accepted, and the result of the tussle will be awaited with feverish interest. Practices by both men and officers, are being held nearly every night. It is up to you to come along and help out. When the game comes off, make it a point to be there and cheer your side on to victory. There is no reason why it shouldn't be just as good a game as one by professionals.

Officers' Class 38, appears to be the happy promoters of a dance that is to be held in the near future. The fifty-eight men of Class 38, together with those of the other classes and the staff officers, should form the nucleus of a record turn out. The question arises, "Where are the hundred ladies coming from?" We pay homage to feminine resourcefulness, and we can only hope that it will measure up to this rather large demand. The dance promises to be of the largest yet held in the Depot.

What will we do with them? It is rumored that an additional

Arsene Moreau

Dealer in

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND LIQUORS.

Wholesale and Retail

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