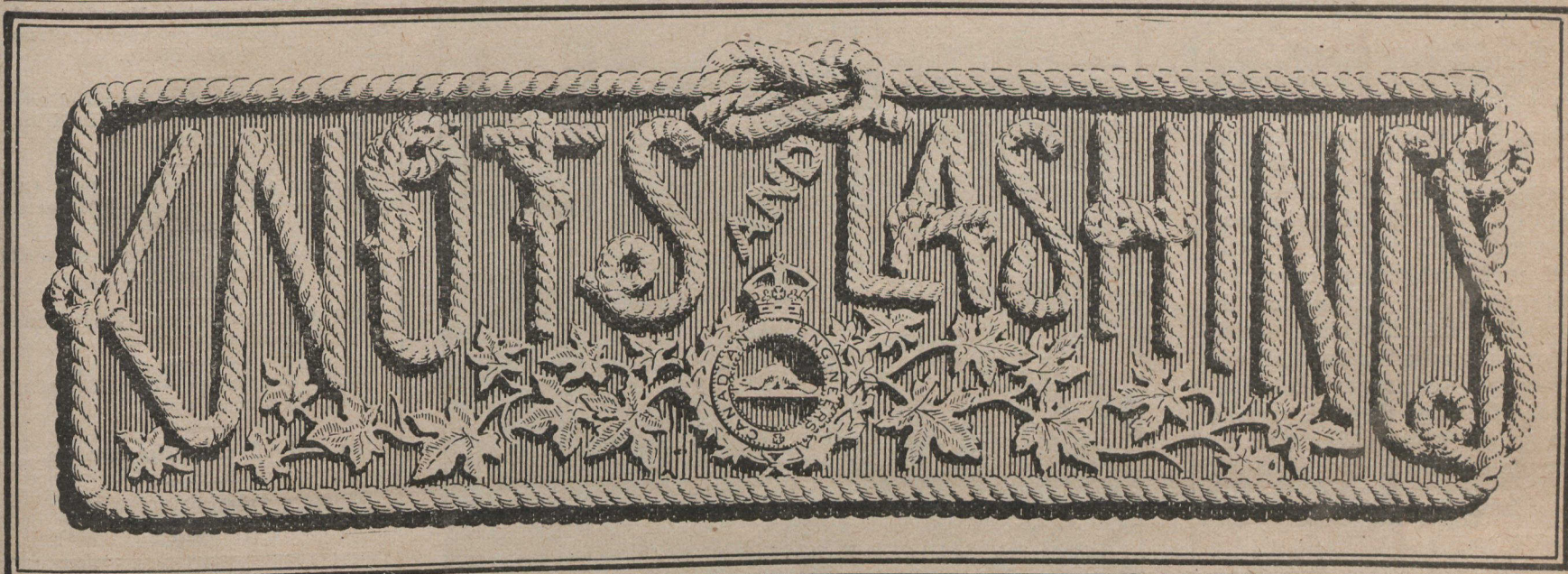


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A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

## Practical Pointers on Dug-Outs, ==You'll soon have to dig them

### DUG-OUTS

By Lt. E. T. Adney, C.E.

(The following article on "Dug-outs", constitutes the ninth of a series of able contributions by Lieut. Adney, on the subject of modern field defences.)

Whenever it is possible to deliberately fortify a position for defense, the first points to be selected are locations for flanking machine guns and dug-outs. These govern the lay-out of the trenches and obstacles. Dug-outs are to protect the garrison from artillery fire, and the degree of protection that can be given, depends upon their position in the zone of defense, their concealment, and the nature of the ground.

In the front or firing line, protection is now scarcely considered at all. It can only be held lightly, as an outpost. Formerly, machine gun emplacements with "splinter-proof" cover, were sited in and in front of the parapet, and the Germans constructed deep mined dug-outs, to which entrance was afforded by means of stairways under the parapet. But the covered emplacements were soon battered to pieces, and the precision of the British artillery creeping barrage

was such, that after the barrage lifted, the assaulting troops were in the trench and bombing the inmates of the dug-outs before they could climb out and use their rifles, machine guns or grenades. These front line deep dug-outs of the Germans, then, proved to be only "man traps", so Gen. Von Armin, commanding the 4th Army, ordered them all closed, in July 1917. The little rest-shelters,—sometimes barely large enough for one man,—that soldiers excavate under the front line parapet, are hardly to be considered. They weaken the parapet, and the protection is more imaginary than real. In the supervision or travel trench, when there is one, and along the communication trench, dug-outs for the garrison, the Company Commander, Company Sergeant-Major, Signallers, etc., may be placed. But what is true of machine gun emplacements, is also true of dug-outs, according to present practice,—as one goes rearward, their strength and the amount of protection they give, increases.

#### Degrees of Protection.

Considering materials, labor, and the conditions of trench warfare generally, the maximum of security

is afforded by what are known as "mined" dug-outs. Twenty feet of earth overhead, is considered as proof against the heaviest bombardment. Dug-outs of this class are "bomb-proof",—a term which implies resisting power against continuous shelling by 8-inch guns, the heavy trench mortars, and single hits by heavier calibres. Often there is thirty feet and more overhead. Where the ground will not permit the construction of the deep dug-out, on account of water, or when for any other reason it is impracticable, then effort is made to provide what is known as "shell-proof" cover. This should afford protection from guns up to 5.9-in., howitzers or smaller flat trajectory guns.

#### Shell-Proof.

Dug-outs that are considered shell-proof only, will either be covered with a thinner layer of earth, or with walls and roof of concrete, either plain or reinforced with iron rods. But where earth must mainly be depended upon, the requisite protection has been found in various arrangements of materials. The bursting effect of a high explosive shell is upward. If a shell,—say 18-lb. H.E.,—strikes earth and penetrates three or four feet before detonating, it blows out

a funnel shaped crater. If it can be detonated by a "bursting course" of concrete blocks three or four inches thick, or steel rails, it then only strikes a downward blow.



MEN OF THE HOUR.

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If construction provides as a bursting course, a cushion of a foot or two of earth, then a matress of logs or beams, the weight of the blow is distributed, and with a couple of feet more earth, as a cushion on top of a solid roof, a 5.9 shell will do no more than extinguish a candle inside the dug-out. A layer of 6 inches of earth on top of all, will arrest the splinters from the shell in some measure. This type of dug-out, with roof level with or raised but little above the surface of the ground, is the only kind possible where the ground is low and wet. When used well forward, it has the great advantage that the garrison can get out of it quickly after the barrage has lifted.

#### Mined Dug-outs.

These are, in the true sense, "dug-outs". They are used for a variety of purposes, and are of many types. Their construction is properly the work of the tunnelling companies.

#### Galleries.

Mined "dug-outs" are reached by galleries, strongly timbered, and have two or more entrances, which must open away from enemy artillery fire. When placed on the reverse slope of banks, such as hill sides, ravines, and sunken roads, the galleries run in level or with a slight grade until at least twenty feet of head cover is found. From trenches, steps at an angle of forty-five degrees extend down to the required depth, and often have right angle turns for protection from fire or bombs. Horizontal galleries may be lined according to standard mining methods, using half round mine props supporting girders, with "spilling" boards overhead, and "lagging" on the sides of boards, expanded metal or corrugated iron. The chambers themselves will often be lined in the same manner. Other gallery frames are made of 3 inch x 9 inch sawn material, 6 ft. 4 in. high in the clear, 4 ft. wide at bottom, and 3 ft. 6 in. at top.

The entrance frames are of two types, both of which are constructed of standard material 3 in. x 9 in. Type I, is 6 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 9 in. in the clear, and those for inclined entrances, are stepped down so as to completely line the gallery. Type II is lower, being 5 ft. in the clear. Frames of this type are placed in the form of a tube at right angles to the slope. Steps are set in at proper intervals on cleats. At steep slopes, the latter type gives actually as much

head room as the former. At the bottom, the second type of frame is fanned out to meet the horizontal gallery.

#### Types of Mined Dug-outs.

Among the various types, are four which have been found particularly useful,—

(a) Type "A", or "Cubicle" type, designed by R. E.'s for use in damp or wet blue sandy clay, under a head cover of 15 to 35 feet. The chamber is 6 ft. wide, of the same height, and 11 ft. long, providing space for bunks for 8 men. It is cased entirely on 3 in. x 9 in. material. The bunks occupy the rear half of dug-out, and there is room for the garrison to stand and put on their kits quickly when called to stand to.

(b) Type "B", "Traversed Corridor", was designed by 2nd Canadian Tunnelling Co., 2nd Army. The chambers for bunks are 3 ft. wide and 14 ft. long, and are recessed on alternate sides of a corridor 3 ft. wide. Each traverse holds 8 bunks. Such construction may be used in dry sand with 25 ft. head cover. The material used for lining is usually 3 in. x 9 in., the roof being supported by props under suitable girders. This type has the disadvantage that occupants, when not in bunks, block the subway, but it is econo-

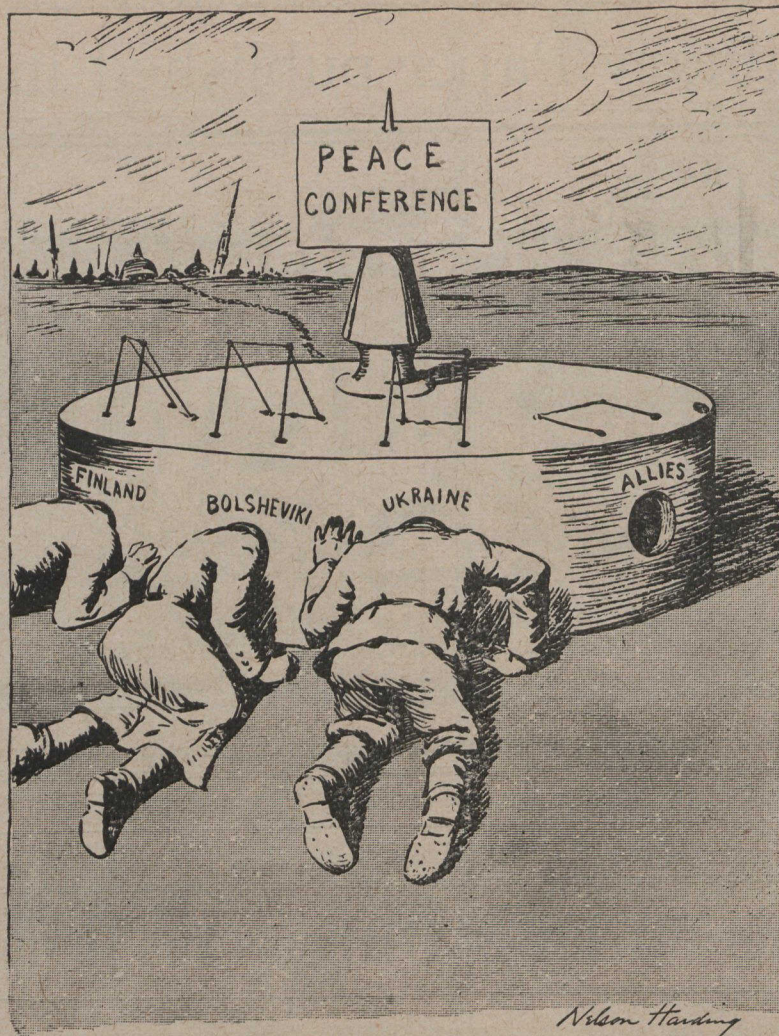
mical, strong, and affords a free flow of air.

(c) Type "C", "Elephant Corridor",—is lined with arched steel with very large corrugations, each section with a chord of about 7 feet, each pair of arches bolted together at the top. It gives 6 ft. 7 in. maximum height, with 8 ft. 6 in. width between the timber supports, and affords a passage-way 3 ft. wide, with a row of bunks on each side. It is used only in swelling blue clay which will stand during excavation.

(d) Type "D", is framed overhead with I-beams and sheet metal.

#### Sizes of Dug-outs.

Those for machine gun sections may be only 6 x 6 feet on the floor. Six ft. to a maximum of nine feet is standard width for all these dug-outs. Fourteen feet gives a comfortable length for machine gun use. Dug-outs to hold a half platoon, will be 32 feet long by 9 feet width, and may have the two entrances one each side of a long traverse in the trench. A battalion headquarters by the 256th Company R. E. was reached by three inclined galleries of 19 steps each opening into a long corridor 9 feet wide and 90 feet long, and had another room 9 feet x 16 feet. A brigade headquarters, also by the R. E. was entered by three hori-



THE FOOL TRAP.

—"Eagle", Brooklyn.

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Friday and Saturday, May 31st and June 1st.—Harold Lockwood in "The Landloper", 5 parts, Metro.

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zontal galleries under a hillside. At a distance in of forty feet was a long connecting gallery, widened at one end to 8 feet to make a room for 40 men. This room was 40 feet long. Extending off both sides of the interior corridor were short galleries 12 feet long leading into rooms of various dimensions,—the G.O.C. office; G.O.C. sleeping room; Brigade major's and staff captain's room; officers sleeping room; clerks, signallers and servants rooms; kitchen, and mess room. Walls between rooms and groups of rooms were 10 feet thick. A dug-out to accommodate 600 men was built by R. E. with seven galleries leading from a sunken road. The entrance galleries were forty to fifty feet apart. Connecting these were series of chambers thirty to forty-three feet long. Thus each room had an entrance at each end. There were nineteen rooms in all.

**Other Kinds.**

Dug-out chambers are provided with trench mortar emplacements for the officers, men and ammunition. Also for dressing stations. The latter, which have inclined entrances, may have a tackle arrangement for lowering stretcher cases. Where subways are installed, these being deep underground communications from the rear up to the front line, all the various dug-outs will be, whenever possible, connected up with the subway as entrances.

**MERELY DEFERRED.**

We beg to state that a number of literary gems received from men of the Garrison have been held over for next week's issue. We hope that the contributors will excuse the delay which has been unavoidable.

**OBEY THAT IMPULSE!**

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.

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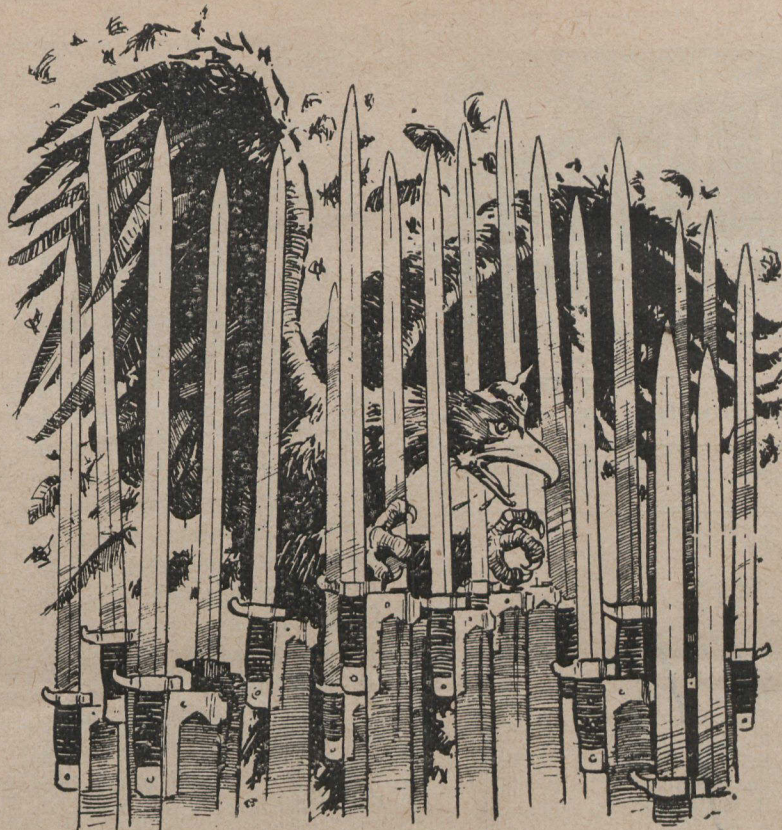
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**GENTLE READER, DO YOU WONDER?**

One day during the past week, our Heilan' Laddie was sauntering along the "Avenue de Barracks". Apart from his stick, his costume consisted principally of his 'hiekey' cocked pretty much over one ear, and a piquant color scheme in the shape of a pair of trews.

As he neared the Gates, a rookie, who had not yet shed his civvies, stopped him and remarked,—“Say, aint it a dwmed shame that they wont outfit us fellers with uniforms.”

We were not near enough to hear the reply. We do not, however, doubt that it was adequate and appropriate.

**“NOTES” FROM ROOM 37.**

Please Tell Us—

If the Roman Catholic Church Parade isn't large enough to have the attendance of the Band sometimes.

**Outwitted.**

The other day an ex-American soldier, who was visiting in St. Johns, got into conversation with the Corporal Trumpeter of the E. T. D.

Sammy started to brag about a wonderful trumpeter whom he had known in New York.

“Do you know, Corporal, this trumpeter stood on parade at 8 a.m., and sounded a call; went down town several hours afterwards and bought the 'Echo'.”

The Corporal of the E. T. D., not to be beaten, said:—“Do you know, Sammy, our regiment had a trumpeter who stood on the parade ground at St. Johns, in 1915, and sounded a call, and two years afterwards went to Parry and saw the 'Sound'.”

**O YOU SERGEANT!**

When Sergeant Bob did go away,  
You bet we missed him sore,  
For his smile was of a good large size,  
And he had a hearty roar.

But now he's back with us again,  
In him we all take pride,  
And soon we'll see him once again,  
With us out on the ride.

And up the river we will go,  
Just for a little rest,  
And if by chance some crows we see  
You bet he'll take a nest. (He always did.)

And if, when we are homeward bound,  
A canine we should see,  
He'll grab that pup, and add it to,  
Johnsons Menagerie!

(We respectfully opine that there is more in the above innocent lines that appears upon the rippling surface.)

**RIGHT TURN.**

Barbwire Mac:—“On the command r-r-right tur-r-r-an, ye all tur-r-r-an on the last syllable of the wor-r-rd tur-r-r-an.”

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## MILITARY DISCIPLINE AND SELF-RESPECT.

The average young man experiences considerable of a shock, soon after he begins his military career. The atmosphere of civilian life has, in these latter days, heightened his self-realization. He has been fed on the saying that this is "the young man's age", and he is pretty well persuaded of his own importance. He soon becomes undeceived, whether he be Subaltern or Sapper. He soon begins to realize the unimportance of the individual, and the need of developing what Donald Hankey calls a "corporate personality". He has to lose himself in a mass, build himself into a great organization, adjust himself to act in perfect conjunction with others in a common, concerted effort.

But in doing this, he has no shadow of an excuse for thinking that he is called upon to compromise or sacrifice one iota of the self-respect or self-reliance, which he may have developed in civilian life. If we turn to K. R. & O., Section VIII on Discipline, we find that officers are required "to adopt such methods of command and treatment, as will not only ensure respect for authority, but also foster the feeling of self-respect and personal honour essential to military efficiency." The personal equation is not eliminated; it is only built into and merged in the corporate personality. We also find, in the same Section of K. R. & O., that N.C.O.'s "will avoid intemperate language or an offensive manner." The self-respect of the N.C.O. is also guarded by a regulation, that he is not to be reproved in the presence or hearing of a private soldier. It may be argued that this is designed to safeguard his disciplinary prestige, but it also works for his self-respect.

Having written this much, we are reminded of the old saw that "A young man's glory is in his strength." While there is pretty general assent to this aphorism, there does not always appear to be a wise appreciation of that which constitutes real, manly strength. It runs deeper than mere physical prowess, and a trained and disciplined muscular system. The strong and disciplined character is a big thing, and runs into the realm of a man's thoughts, words, carnal passions, as well as his physical power. Whatever a man has of this discipline or need of discipline, he brings into the army to strengthen or weaken it. The man who can control his temper, hold his tongue or at least keep it clean, restrain his passions and strangle lewd and filthy thoughts is already a long way on the road to becoming a good soldier. Let him preserve his self-respect by building all the discipline and restraint of civilian life into the fabric of the good soldier he is capable of becoming.

Some men have so failed to discipline their tongues, that a stream of blasphemy or filthy language flows from it without their really knowing what they are talking about. The name of the late

Lord Roberts is one to conjure with, and here is how he viewed the undisciplined and filthy tongue:—

"Every man who wears the King's uniform, should remember that he belongs to a noble service, and he should endeavour to conduct himself at all times in a manner which will not bring discredit upon it. Decency in speech and conduct, belong to that self-respect which every soldier should do his best to cultivate."

"It rests with you, men, to bring about the reform I am so anxious for. If you will all band together and let it be clearly understood that foul language is bad form . . . there would soon be a change for the better."

"I call upon all good soldiers, officers, N.C.O.'s and men, to take this to heart and do their best to put a stop to a practice which is degrading in the extreme, and to relieve our service from a reproach which goes far to tarnish the lustre of its brilliant reputation."

The influx of younger men, youths, into the service today imposes a great obligation, and affords a valuable opportunity to the older men. Let a stand be made for clean speech. A little of the old English public school spirit, that moved the lads to wash out the filthy mouth of a "smart Alec" with soft soap, might find useful occupation where some men of a barrack room are trying to turn it into a moral cess pool.

Disciplined language spells control of thoughts, and a restraint upon lewdness and animalism. Men easily run to things they talk about in jest, and much irregularity and immorality, is born of the undisciplined expression in language, of the lower animal instincts. The discipline that enables a man to say "NO!", and stick to it, is of fundamental value in the army. Some seem to think that all restraints upon human passions are foreign to the army, forgetting that a man's strength is determined by his success in restraining his passions, and that he is called upon to be his very cleanest and straightest and best, in order that he may give his best in service.

Military discipline is built essentially upon the bedrock of self-respect, but, like the foundation stones of any great institution, that self-respect is out of sight as it supports the fabric of military organization and work. Its truest manifestation is a man's pride in his corps, and in the desire to do it credit. Canadian Engineers who have recently joined the Depot, remember this! Your corps deserves the best you can give, for only that best can prevent you from lowering its proud reputation and unquestioned prestige. This consideration should keep men from laxity of speech or morals which undermine a young man's essential strength.

But we would stress a final observation:—We are soldiers today, but civilian soldiers who hope soon to return to civilian life,—soon, but not until our job is done, and done well. If we are to command respect when we leave the army, we must preserve self-respect while we are in it.

On one occasion Lord Kitchener addressed his army on this matter of self-respect and clean moral living. He closed his address with these straight words:—"I ask all the men who compose the Army which I am proud to command, to consider whether self-indulgence is worth the price which has to be paid for it in disease, in punishment, in injury to the man himself, his wife and his children, in destruction of the efficiency of his corps, and in degradation of his own body and mind."

Such general appeals to men in the army, do not imply that even the majority are so lacking in self-respect as to fall into undisciplined language or laxity of morals, but they do imply that all can exert themselves to witness to and preserve, such rectitude of conduct as will make the highest military discipline and efficiency possible. For Tennyson's lines are as true in military as in civilian life,

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,

These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

"ON GUARD!"

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E. T. D.—SHUN!

A Lawn Social, in aid of the Red Cross Fund, will be held this afternoon and evening on the grounds of Trinity Church, Ibrville. The brass band of the Canadian Engineers will attend, and ice

cream, tea and cakes, will be on sale.

All Officers and Men of the Depot, are cordially invited. Not only is a pleasant afternoon and evening assured, but you will also be "doing your bit" toward aiding one of the most deserving branches of war work.



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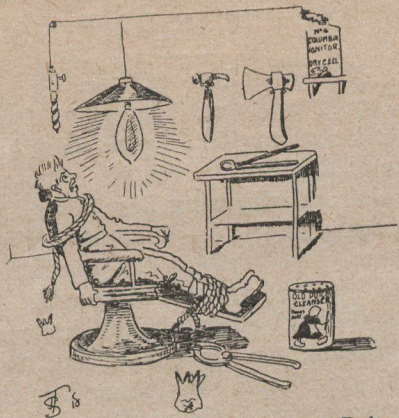
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### CORRESPONDENCE.

Engineer Training Depot,  
St. Johns, P.Q.,  
7th July, 1917.

My Own Dear Trix,—

I have not written you a letter for such a long time, that I am almost ashamed to do so, but I haven't had the chance, and owing to such things as falling off my horse, which I did about three weeks ago, and inoculation, it has been pretty hard to get a chance.

About three weeks ago, one morning about nine o'clock, Class No. 1 to which I belong, and which is the senior Class, was in the Riding School. I was in the centre of the ride, and was getting along nicely, when they ordered us to jump a barrier 8 feet high. I did it all right, and the S. M. thought that I should be in a more advanced Class. He told me to take my feet out of my stirrups and to drop my reins. I did that, and he told me to take the jump. I did that, and got over all right. However, he thought I could do still better, and raised the jump to 10 feet. I started to take it and my horse shied and got rather nervous. I took him back and having my arms folded, I had quite a job to stay on. I took the jump and had just finished when, my horse who is a high strung beast, bolted. I fell off striking my head on the outskirts of the jump and was senseless. Another horse that was following me landed squarely on my left hip, and fell right on top of me. I came to my senses, but could not move. The next thing I knew was, that the whole ride was on top of me and could not stop nor could I move. My horse calmed down and rushed over to where I was. He likes me, and I have two loves now. Somebody and my nice little dark boy horse. He started to kick the other horses away from me, and I think it was he that saved my life. When they picked me up and carried me into the stable he followed me like a dog, and when I did not go to ride him,

and somebody else did, he nearly kicked their brains out. However, when I went over to see him, a battered and bandaged article, he seemed very glad to see me,—and I never got so much pleasure out of cleaning a horse as I did that day.—I am riding him again now, and am riding tomorrow. I may have to return to Halifax, as I broke my right instep and limp somewhat with the left foot due . . . . .

(The above "communique",—held up by the Censor and referred to us for our opinion,—throws a lurid light on certain phases of army life which some of us had already suspected. Indeed, as a matter of fact, most of us have already written our "little Trixies" all about it. From a perusal of "revelations" sent out to "fond ones at home" by members of various Classes, we have reason to believe that "our folks" would now think a mere 10 foot jump scarcely worth mentioning.)

### RUSTLINGS FROM THE HAY MOW.

The Drivers team wishes to thank the Officers for the game tussle they put up at the E. T. D. Field Day, May 24th. We were looking for the Rough Riders among the Officers of the new Classes to step out, instead of leaving it to men who were not doing much riding. Eh, wot?

Although I have a poor bum knee, you fellows need not envy me, for in my little cot I lie, and watch you tough drivers passing by. If I could join your giddy ranks, and watch old Pop pull off some stunts, (like last Wednesday). O, how happy I would be. I hope I'll soon return to thee.

### Hopkins' dream.

On a lovely night, in the mystic light,  
Of the moonlight's silvery glow.  
Across the bridge, to Iberville  
I lie, where the lilacs blow.  
With my little "sweetness" on my arm,  
I gaze in her orbs of gray,  
And as I clasp her slender form,  
I waken, to the trumpets bray.

Oh, Bert, you are a daisy,  
You can crack a merry jest,  
About the things you've seen,  
And heard at Derry West.  
Down there they keep some cattle,  
A breed that's somewhat weird,  
For you know you told old Tommy  
That each one grew a beard.

J. Arnold (506680).

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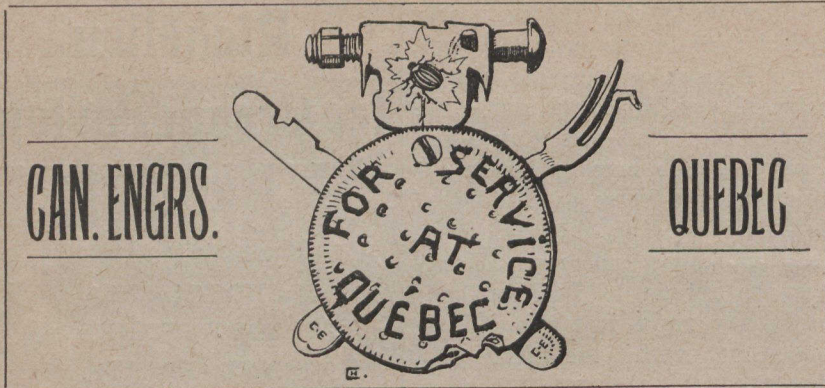
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## ST. LOUIS CAMP, QUEBEC.

We've left the Discharge Depot  
now,

The measles too we hope,  
The mumps and scarlet fever. How  
We love that kind of dope!

We're out in God's great open air,  
The grass to form our beds,  
Where bugs would never, never,  
dare,  
To lift their horny heads.

We hope we brought just one or  
two,  
To suffer cold and die,  
The traitors death as traitors do,  
We'd never bat an eye.

The thing that makes us want to  
shout,

That makes us feel so keen,  
Is just that we are allowed out,  
We're out of Quarantine.

—o—  
Heard near the shower bath on  
a decidedly cold, but bright, sunny  
early morn's mornin':—

1st Sapper:—"Where's the hot  
water pipe?"

2nd Sapper:—"The one the  
sun's shinin' on, I guess!"

Last Sunday, many civilians  
stood on the other side of the fence  
looking at the camp, and when supper  
time came, they watched our  
Sappers get their meal and eat it.  
A wee girlie with her Maw, sud-  
denly cries out: "Oh, look, Mum-  
my, they eat with knives and ferks  
too!"

Sapper of Swedish extraction, in  
cook house dishing out tea, in reply  
to another Sapper who said,  
"Looks like good tea!":—"Yas,  
'tis good tea, smells good, bane  
looks good, bane good, but tastes  
like soup."



He's Down at Quebec.

Dere Koronel

She improves a peece now we  
are from the Immigrating building  
and march up to Camp St. Louis  
but the surgent majer she still have  
it in the eye fer me an she keep  
me in the kitch cook the plates to  
wash. My rosie he rite me the  
other day to cum out to see him  
an' I make the promis I came just  
soon as the Immigrating building  
she is lef behind forever. Now  
Koronel that surgent majer she  
say the guarantine is no good and  
wen she gets to camp the meezels  
he ees free from the guarantine.  
She is no good herself that surgent  
majer even more no good than sur-  
gent Boyed which never return my  
whiskey blanc no more.

The kitch work she is hard and  
dirty to my face and hands but  
she is better than the squad of  
drills an' nuts an' lotions but dere  
Koronel I am pine for my rosie  
which loves me an' I feel I shall  
put the shot through my brains  
which the cook says I has none  
an' the surgent majer she say I  
keep the camp confined so what  
will I do.

Joe. Pacquette.

## THE NEW CORPORAL.

Noo Corporal Reid, is a proud man  
indeed,

Since noo he has got his promotion,  
It's easy tae tell, that o' his ain sel,  
He's took an extravagant notion.

We're ye only tae meet him strut  
doon the street,

As with cane his puttées he strikes,  
Its dollars you'd bet, he'll get a  
kink in his neck,

Wi' looking around at his stripes.

And if by chance, he ere goes tae  
France,

And the Kaiser on him gets his  
'een,

He'll right about turn, and for  
Berlin he'll run,

And never again will be seen.

The truth I will own, tae find  
anither like John,

Through this world ye would travel  
far,

If I had the power, I'd send  
Johnnie o'er,

And end this terrible war!

Wm. DOW.

## THAT "NE'ER DO WELL".

After standing in line, on the  
Pay Parade on Thursday, from  
8.30 a.m. until 4.45 p.m., Ikey had  
pulled down 65 cents. Our all  
wise and all seeing Paymaster had  
been compelled,—doubtless reluc-  
tantly,—to deduct the remainder  
of his "salary" for stoppages. At  
4.50, Ikey's subway headlights were  
beaming on his old friend, Sgt.  
Major Gibson. He followed up the  
"beam" with the usual request.

"And what the — do you  
want a Pass for, Ikey?"

"Well, Sgt. Major, I just drew  
my pay and I want to go to Mon-  
treal to spend some of it."

## THAT FIRE.

Well, we knew they would find  
out about it sooner or later,—can't  
keep these things quiet, anyhow.  
And that probably explains the  
fact, that the staff of Room 28  
have now got wind of the unfor-  
tunate conflagration that destroyed  
the Parliament building at Ottawa,  
quite some time ago. Under the  
"nom de guerre" of Bill (from  
Bill Shakespeare, we presume) the  
dreamy eyed Sgt. Major at once  
rushes into print again.

The only conclusion we can come  
to, is that there is, and has been,  
a competition in Room 28 to find  
out who is the worst poet among  
them. We think Bill wins. In  
order to have the verdict con-  
firmed, we regret to have to print  
the following:—

Sir Sam Hughes, with all his  
strength,

Ordered out the Seventy-Seventh,  
Who responded to the calls,

And helped the firemen with hose  
length

And the ladders to scale the walls.

And the fire is a mystery,  
To many people no doubt,

For many valuable things are gone,  
And they could not get them out.

Also bodies of the victims in the  
ruins,

Caused by this conflagration,  
Through other people's doings.

They say the buildings were started  
in 1859,

Were to be done in 1862  
But were not finished until 1866,

Before they got it through.

And it was also that this place  
Was picked out by our late Queen,

And it became a total loss,  
In the year 1916.

(Possibly we do Poet Woolley  
an injustice in publishing only a  
part of his poem. The rest of it  
is far worse.)

WHEN NEXT IN  
**MONTREAL**  
STAY AT THE

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and reasonable rates.

The Place Viger is operated  
by The Canadian Pacific Rail-  
way, whose fine coast-to coast  
system of hotels is of the highest  
Canadian standard.

For rates and reservations  
apply, THE MANAGER.

## Motor Boat For Sale

Dory type, 7½ H P. Fairbanks  
engine, 2 cylinders. Only used a  
few times. Can be seen at Mr.  
Tressider's boat house, Iberville.  
Price \$150.00.

Apply to,—

C. S. M. Woodley,  
Orderley Room, E.T.D.

## Now you can get Philip Morris Cigarettes in the Canteen

Virginia Ovals, 15c

Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

"—not only the flavour,  
old chap!—tho that is  
remarkably good!—but,  
er, they're so dashing-  
ly smart, y' know!"

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COMPLIMENTS OF

**THE JAMES ROBERTSON CO.**  
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142 William Street,  
Montreal.

AT YOUR  
SERVICE

## Toilet Laundry



**GENERAL INSPECTION AT THE E. T. D. BY MAJOR GEN. ASHTON, A.G.**

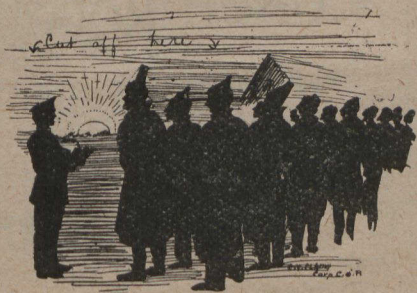
**Creditable Showing by Canadian Engineers.**

There has been many notable General Inspections carried out on the historic Parade Grounds of the Engineers Training Depot. The General Inspection of Wednesday last was, however, in some respects unique. It was the first, or at all events one of the first, General Inspections, of men who have been called up under the Military Service Act.

We in Canada, have been accustomed to expect a high standard among our men in the C. E. F., and there has been much speculation as to how the newer men would compare with the personnel of those Battalions who formed the first Canadian Divisions. After Wednesday's Inspection there remained no grounds for such speculation. As individuals and as organized units, the men now attached to the E. T. D. need not fear to take their places beside the many drafts which have, during the past two years, marched away from the St. Johns Depot. Many of the men have much to learn regarding discipline, conduct and drill. But the material is there.

Under present conditions the E. T. D. can scarcely be regarded as more than a mobilization point. Consequently, it is not to be expected, that the men now at the Depot, can develop that proficiency which was characteristic of some of the earlier drafts. Under these conditions, it must be admitted that the conduct and bearing of the men who took part in the recent Inspection, was more or less of a surprise and only favorable comment was heard. In a word, the Inspection indicated that, so far the Canadian Engineers are concerned, the men now reporting for service, are quite up to the standard of their predecessors.

At an early hour, the final touches were given to brass and



Our Special Artist's Conception of Reveille after a pay parade.

ALL FUTURE PEACE NOTES ARE RESPECTFULLY REFERRED TO OUR NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY.



leather, and at 8.30 the boys of "C" Coy. swung down Champlain Street. Their motto is "nulli secundus", and they were the first company to report. By 9.30, however, Officers Classes, "A" Coy., "C" Coy., Ry. Construction Coy., Base Coy., and Mounted Section were all drawn up in review order on the large Parade Ground, ready for the Inspecting Officers. The famous brass band of the Canadian Engineers, was as usual right on the job.

From the "Stand Easy", the whole parade sprang to attention as the car, bearing the Inspecting Officers, drew up; and the Command from Lt. Colonel Melville,—"Canadian Engineers, General Salute", was carried out with a steadiness and precision that left little ground for criticism. As the band struck up the opening bars of the National Anthem, there were few men present, who did not feel a thrill of pride, as they realized that they belonged to the "Canadian Engineers". Maj. General Ashton, A.G., took the salute. The following Officers then inspected the various detachments: Major Gen. Ashton, A.G., Major Gen. Elliott, M.G.O., Major Gen. Wilson, G.O.C., M. D. No. 4, and Col. Hill, G.S.O., M. D. No. 4.

The thoroughly practical in-

terest shown by the Inspecting Officers in the establishment of the various companies, put the Company Commanders at once at their ease. And not a buckle or button escaped the searching inspection, as Section after Section opened ranks. The Inspection was certainly not by any means a nominal one.

When the last Section had closed ranks, the "March Past" began to the stirring music of the band. Led by the various Officers Classes, the whole Depot swung past the saluting base in column of platoons. And this was the real test. Altho many of the men had been in the Depot only a short time, the efficiency of the training was unmistakably reflected in the steadiness and precision with which they marched.

In spite of a hot sun, comparatively few men fell out of the ranks. These were at once attended to by the smooth running organization arranged by the Chief M.O., Capt. Campbell.

On the conclusion of the Inspection, the several barracks were visited by the Inspecting Officers.

Band Sgt. Cook and the band of the Canadian Engineers deserved the compliments paid it. Piper Cooper received special mention.

Corporal Mallison was complimented by the General on the smart appearance and soldierly bearing of guard and sentries. We quite agree with the General.

"And how many medical officers have you at present?"

"Four, Sir, for two thousand men."

"What! four for only two thousand! Why, what can they find to do?"

**CONGRATULATIONS TO—**

- A/C.S.M. C. Stevens
- Sergt. H. M. Davidson
- Sergt. E. W. Johnson
- Sergt. F. Campbell
- Corpl. J. Fines
- Corpl. A. Mauger
- Corpl. G. W. Brown
- Corpl. H. E. Ker
- Corpl. S. Appleton
- Lie. Cpl. G. W. Browne
- Lie. Cpl. J. Burnett
- Lie. Cpl. H. J. Roy
- Lie. Cpl. E. L. Patterson
- Lie. Cpl. T. B. Fleming
- Lie. Cpl. K. J. McEachern
- Lie. Cpl. C. Dimler
- Lie. Cpl. T. Williams
- Lie. Cpl. A. P. Catherwood
- Lie. Cpl. T. D. Doucet
- Lie. Cpl. H. J. Caldwell
- Lie. Cpl. J. H. Mallinson
- Lie. Cpl. W. H. Parker
- Lie. Cpl. R. C. Miller
- Lie. Cpl. J. W. Riley
- Quebec Detachment
- Lie. Cpl. P. Marceau

**WELCOME TO,—**

- Lieut. W. G. Griffith
- Lieut. R. D. Adams
- Lieut. B. W. Ryan

**OVERHEARD AT QUEBEC.**

Scene—Battlefields Park at conclusion of ball game.

Lieut. Donaldson (to some Officers):—"Come on, let's beat it for home; we shall be late for supper."

Voice of Sapper S. (among a bunch of the boys):—"Oh Hell, let's stay here till 9 o'clock."

Another Sapper:—"It'll be dark then."

Spr. S.:—"Oh! That's a'right, we can carry side lights so as the Officers can see we're in step."

Word has come to our ears, that our dusky friend, "Snowball" of the Employed Section, recently met up with a pugnacious Rooshian near the Windsor Hotel. He made the Barrack Gates at 14 seconds flat. In view of this feat, we were disappointed that he did not figure in the recent Sports Day events.





**ATHLETICS.**

(Our gentle readers will remember that, the Annual Field Day of the E. T. D. held last week, was fittingly brought to a close by a series of boxing bouts pulled off at the Old Fort during the evening. The following notes were received too late to appear in our regular Saturday Edition of last week.)

While the ball-fans, speed bugs, jumpers and horsemen had the world by the tail with a down-hill pull all day, the votaries of the "manly art" came into their own in the evening.

Verily, my friends, it was some sweet little celebration!

Not many bouts, but the real stuff, dished up properly and served hot.

First, Jones and Mundell,—both of whom had travelled from the far ends of the earth to participate. (Note.—If the Vinegar Factory is not the end of the earth, what is?) Both boys weighed in at 133 lbs. The first two rounds were fast and fairly even, though Mundell was the more aggressive and did most of the leading. At the end of the second, Jones was obviously beginning to tire. The third was Mundell's from the first sound of the gong. He went after his man like a young cyclone and handed him the sleep-produces about the middle of the round. A good scrap, but a little too much hugging.

The next pair of gladiators was McFee (115 lbs.) and Fiola (128 lbs.), both of whom also are sojourning at the Vinegar Factory. McFee's hair is a rich auburn,—and this fact, coupled with his name, is a fair indication of his nationality. Fiola, long and lean, had several inches advantage in the reach. Both men spent a good

part of the first round, feeling each other out, but things got more interesting before the round closed. The second round started well, and it was about 50-50 in the middle of the round, when Fiola's accidental foul knocked his chances of a win on the head.

Third came Sullivans and Wallace,—both good fighting names. They climbed the ropes at 133 lbs. Sullivan is by no means new to the squared circle. It is stated that he has eighty-eight battles to his credit, but has never yet heard the Referee count the fatal half-score. Leading for the stomach, he had his man in difficulties from the start. Before the end of the first round, Wallace seemed to have just about all he needed, thank you. A minute and a half after they faced each other in the second, something heavy struck Wallace below the ear, and,—Dreamland. Both these gentlemen are visiting at Base Company's quarters.

Last came forth (and fourth) Babineau and Brown. The first round was anybody's, and it looked as if this might be the fight of the evening, but, alas, for mortal hopes. The second round also started with plenty of pep,—but that's where she stopped. Just about there, Babineau landed a good one on the nose, and Brown resigned gracefully.

The important position of Referee was filled by 2nd Corpl. Henesy. If that doesn't mean anything to you, ask the fight fans of Liverpool.

**Summary**

- Mundell-Jones — Mundell won; 2 rounds, time 1m30s; K.O.
- McFee-Fiola — McFee won; 1 round, time 1m15s; Foul.
- Sullivan-Wallace—Sullivan won; 1 round, time 1m30s; K.O.
- Babineau-Brown — Brown won; 1 round, time 1m25s.

**BASEBALL.**

The morning fixture of the Annual Field Day at the E. T. D., was the Base-ball Challenge Match,—Officers vs. N.C.O.'s and Sappers. The game took place under favorable weather conditions and a large gathering of fans and fannies were on hand to greet and en-

courage their favorites. A base-ball game was promised from the form displayed by the players at practice, but after a short spell of expectations, there came the realization that there was only one ball team on the Diamond, and that was the Victorious Depot's team,—23 to 3. After seven innings, a comedy of errors and wildthrows, the Officers cried "Kamarad". To go into the whole detail of the innings played and what happened, is forbidden by the censor, so after a word of praise for Lieut. Anderson's good work and service in the unthankful job of umpire, let us proceed,—as follows:

1st inning—Geron faced Kine, strike one slied out, to short, number one, Kine had Don's number; fanned over three; it was all Kine; Fraser to pitcher. 0 runs.

1st inning—A base ball game in one inning, that's all; a merry go round, some riding twice; Gervais singled over second; Don was wild; walked Emmett; Johnson grounded; error at second; three on; Riley singled; two runs; Pease to short; error; two runs; Bolton first out; Bang to Fraser; Thomas doubled; Kine grounded to second; error; one run; runner to third; Wallace singled; two runs; Kine to third; Gervais singled; two runs; stole second; Emmett bunted safe; Johnson fanned, two out; error by catcher; safe; Pease doubled; two runs; Bolton easy out; ending the agony.—11 runs.

Depot		Officers
Riley	C.	Geron
Kine	P.	Don
Johnson	1b.	Fraser
Gervais	2b.	Bang
Pease	3b.	Warren
Bolton	S.S.	Shepley
Thomas	L.F.	Gobel
Emmett	C.F.	Greaves
Wallace	R.F.	Poe

Officers . . . . . 0 0 1 2 0—3  
 Depot . . . . . 11 x 0 2 6—23  
 Umpire: Lieut. Anderson.

(Reported by  
 Lee, Corp. Mundell.)

**OVERHEARD AT THAT KIT INSPECTION.**

"And now I want all you Sappers to remember that if you leave any of your stuff lying in your bunk, I'll see that it's confiscated on ye!"

(We thought our old frined, Barbwire, had moderated his "langwidge" since taking up with the rural life at his Country Place. Better cut the rough stuff, Sgt. Major.)



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**8,000 Candle Power**

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 Puts the light at the right place in  
 the right amount.

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 Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants,  
 and Cement.  
 Wholesale and Retail,



K. R. & O. No. 1215.—"Chiropodists".  
 A soldier not above the rank of sergeant, may be employed as Chiropodist . . . etc. . . .



**HE ROSE FROM THE RANKS AND BECAME A CAPTAIN.**

Notable among the assortment of recent arrivals "in our midst", we are happy to welcome Captain A. Leys Brown,—one of the "Original Canadians" who helped to make history during the early months of the war.

Capt. Brown went over with the First Contingent in the guise of a full Private in the Machine Gun Section of the famous 13th Battn. R. H. C.,—a Battalion which had the proud distinction of being allied with the Black Watch Regiment. Shortly after the 2nd Battle of Ypres, Pte. Brown was wounded. He was subsequently recommended for a commission in recognition of marked ability and initiative under trying conditions.

Shortly after Festhubert, Pte. Brown was invalided back to England and then to Canada. During the summer of 1916 he acted as Instructor in trench warfare at Valcartier and during the following winter, filled the position of Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Princeton University.

Later, he was transferred to the Staff of the British Recruiting Mission, being promoted to the rank of Captain. In 1918 he resigned from the B. R. M. to join the Tank Corps but was subsequently turned down by the M.O.

Prior to the outbreak of the war, Capt. Brown attended McGill University, and had had extensive experience in mining work in Northern Ontario. "Knots and Lashings" extends to Capt. Brown a most cordial welcome to our Depot.

**HATS OFF TO OLD GLORY.**

First Sapper:—"I see they've got a whole Brigade, over there in France, composed entirely of actors and ex-convicts?"

Second Sapper:—"Yes, keeping the Stars and Stripes together, paragonically speaking."

**OBEY THAT IMPULSE!**

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.

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.



(Prince Lichnowsky's memorandum is a damning indictment of the German Government, and proves conclusively that the war was deliberately contrived by Berlin.—Daily Press.)  
**THE KAISER** (to Prince Lichnowsky):—"You clumsy fool! You now let the cat out of the bag let have!"  
 —"Opinion", London.

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**ADAM'S CHEWING GUM BLACK JACK**

**5c. Per Package 5c.**

For Sale at Canteen and Everywhere



OBSERVATIONS BY OKAY YEM.

MATERIA MEDICA, AS SHE IS WROTE.

Capt. B.,  
Sir:—

Will you kindly see this man, and if you think it advisable lend him an inhaler. He is Cpl. R., an instructor who has lost his voice. He will return it to you as soon as he is through with it.

MOONSHINE.

The time is close to midnight. The scene is set in the historic market place in the proximity of a sparkling fountain whose tinkling music lends an added magic to a night already made glorious by a full moon's silvery light. Here the plot thickens, and a birthday cake appears, devils food, but fit for the gods. The merry revellers gathered at the fountain, are not insane; they are merely bubbling over with an irrepressible exuberance of gaiety inspired by the witching hour. Follows an amazing interlude; then retreating foot-falls. The cake and the revellers are no more, but the moon still casts its radiant, splendid light upon the fountain in the market place, and the silence of the night is broken only by the splashing of the limpid waters. Hark! The curtain falls and darkness reigns supreme.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

Need a pink haired Lieutenant naturally develop into an affectionate lap dog, just because he has acted in the capacity of orderly pup upon several occasions?

Can some one diagnose the condition of a young man who has the temerity to accuse a girl of trying to kiss him? Is he really popular, or only overcome by the sense of his own identity?

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor

"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

Referring to "Knots and Lashings" dated May 25th, 1918.

On the page referring to the Mounted Tug of War and Wrestling matches.

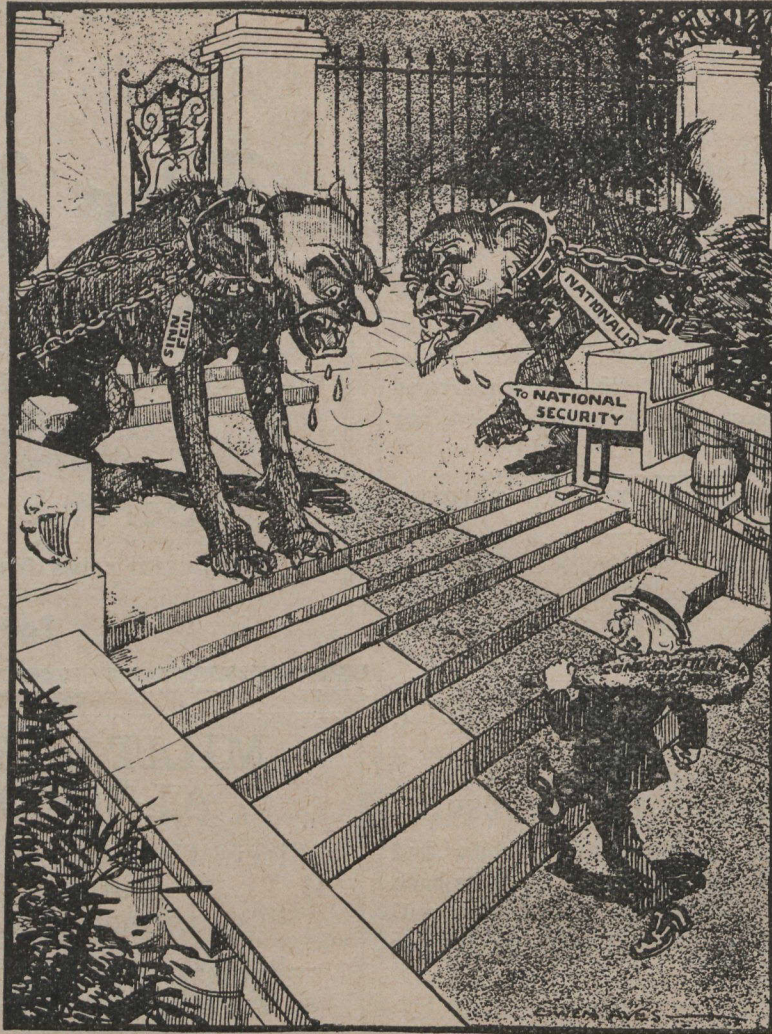
This article quotes the Sappers as winners of the contest, whereas the credit should have gone to the Drivers.

Credit, where credit is due.

I remain,

F. Burt Johns,

Bugler R.C.E.



THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.

"Fear not the dogs—for they are chained. Keep in the middle of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee."—"Pilgrim's Progress—Present-Day Edition."

—"Passing Show," London.

THE DAY.

You boasted the day, and you toasted the day,  
Now the day has come.

Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,

Little you wreack of the numbing ball,

The blasting shell, or the white arms fall,

As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the day, you lied for the day.

And woke the day's red spleen.

Monster, who asks God's aid divine,

Then strewed his seas with your ghastly mines.

Not all the waters of the Rhine,  
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the day, you schemed for the day.

Watch how the day will go.

Slayer of age, and youth, and prime,

Defenceless slain for never a crime.

Thou are steeped in blood as a hog in slime.

False friend, and coward foe.

You have sown for the day, you have grown for the day.

Yours is the harvest red,

Can you hear the groans, and the

awful cries!

Can you see the heap of slain that lies!

And sightless turned to the flame spit skies.

The glassy eyes of the dead.

You wronged for the day, you longed for the day,

That lit this awful flame.

Tis nothing to you that hill and plain,

Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain,

That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,

And mothers curse thy name.

But after the day, there's a price to pay,

For those sleepers under the sod.

And He whom you've mocked for many a day,

Listen and hear what he has to say,  
"Vengeance is mine. I will repay"

What can you say to God!

By Edwin Chappel.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why the Dance at the Iberville Yacht Club last Saturday evening was such a success and the one at the St. Johns Yacht Club such a fizzle.

THAT BAND,—STILL GOING STRONG.

Last evening the brass band of the E. T. D., played their usual Thursday night program at the Officers Club. But an innovation was introduced. Instead of playing inside the building, as has been the custom in the past, it was arranged that the bandsmen should be stationed on the St. George Street verandah of the Club.

The thoughtfulness of Col. Melville in permitting such an arrangement, was widely appreciated by the large numbers of soldiers and civilians who gathered to enjoy the music, and many expressed the hope that the new arrangement may become permanent during the summer months.

THE RECRUIT'S LAMENT.

As round the school I wildly go,  
my brain all in a fizz,  
I think of days not long ago, and say O Lord, gee whizz,  
Why did I leave my little farm, and in the Mounted go;  
If a man has nerve to stand all this, he will not fear the foe!  
My steed swerves in, and I swerve out, the tan I hit so hard,  
But it does my bean no damage, for my brain is soft as lard.  
I stagger up, my steed I catch, he hits me with his heel,  
And while on him I clamber up, he gives a playful squeal.  
"Close up, Close up," the S.M. cries, and to show that I did wrong,  
He gently waves a lissom wrist, and crack, crack, goes a thong.  
With grim despair, my knees they grip, the saddle flap so smooth,  
Oh, never will I weaken them, by drinking any booze.  
I fold my arms, for it's a crime, your leather for to "pull",  
And I try to kid myself, that my cup of grief is full.  
As my horse bounds on, just like a hare, I hear this with despair,  
"Prepare, prepare, for vaulting exercise prepare!"  
Rear file comes up, and takes my reins, he gives a fiendish grin,  
Oh, why must I do penance, I never sinned a sin.  
Now down and up, now down and up, I sure get down, ah yes,  
But as for going up, well now, That is another guess!

(The "inventor" of the above, appears to take the Tan Bark Emporium, more or less seriously. However, it may be some encouragement for him to know that we have all been through the Process and the majority are still alive.)



**MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ST. JOHNS ALPS.**

**A TALE OF ADVENTURE**

By Lieut. "X".

(With acknowledgements to Mark Twain.)

(There are many people living in St. Johns today, who, through a quite justifiable timidity, or through a regrettable lack of initiative, have never climbed Mount Johnston,—that majestic monolith, which towers above the plain some few miles to the East of our historic city.

Some weeks ago, there arrived in this old Garrison town, one who combined with his qualifications of "officer and gentleman", an indomitable spirit. It appears, moreover, that he had enjoyed an extensive experience in mountaineering in the Swiss Alps and in our own Canadian Rockies.

His eye, trained through years in the hard school of experience to note quickly the essential features of the landscape, instinctively took in the National, Poutré, Windsor and Chagnon. After that, he happened to notice Mount Johnston. And then there was nothing to it at all, at all. With indomitable courage, verging indeed almost on recklessness, he forthwith decided to scale the top-pinnacle.

In the expedition, as subsequent-

ly organized, there was included a Special Correspondent of "Knots and Lashings". The copyrighted tale describing the ascent, will thus appear exclusively in the **Great Family Compendium**. Throughout the narrative, there breathes a spirit of hardihood and adventure, which should appeal strongly to the Engineers, whose ostensible "raison d'être" is to grapple with the untamed forces of nature,—and with mulligan. Well, here she goes.)

For many, many days, an indefinite, an intangible 'something', had cast its spell over the spirits of certain members of the justly celebrated Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns, P.Q. There were times when, contemplating the peculiar strategic movement of Classes 36-39 (incl.) both on and off Parade, one instinctively 'sensed' that military affairs and anticipation of their coming 'jour de gloire', did not fully occupy their waking thoughts. Thus, on one occasion at an O.C. inspection, young Mr. Blinkman had allowed his rifle to slip unobserved from a heedless hand, only to be regained by the owner, on a discreet observation murmured sympathetically by Capt. Powell. On another occasion, that stern disciplinarian, Mr. Mallett, had slipped a head-stall, reversed, over his horse's head, bringing the brow band where the jowl piece should have been,—an error which caused the

(Continued on page 14)



HE'LL GET AN IRON CROSS FOR THAT.

A German professor has discovered that Napoleon was a German.  
—News Ditpatch.

—"Record", Philadelphia.

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**ANOTHER ENGINEER GOES OVER THE TOP!**

Once more it is our solemn duty to record the fact that still another of our Officers has gone "over the top". The first intimation appeared in the "Chit-Chat" column of that racy compendium of "Social Diddings" known as "Daily Orders", which stated in its usual naive manner,—“Lieut. H. McNab; Permission to marry; Auth. M. D. 4. 11—M—552.” Subsequently we have learned that on May 25th, our old friend and comrade was married very quietly at London, Ontario, to Miss Florence C. McConnell.

During his period of training at the E. T. D., Lieut. McNab has established for himself an enviable reputation as "an officer and a gentleman". To him and to his new O.C. and best half, "Knots and Lashings" extends most hearty congratulations.

**THE HOBO ENGINEER.**

I sometimes think I'll quit this life  
And settle down and get a wife;  
By Jove!  
Sometimes I think that I would love  
To have some place I could call home  
And settle down, no more to roam.  
But Hell, that very thing I've tried  
And found myself dissatisfied.  
I've often tried to settle down  
To office work, and live in town  
And act like civilized folks do,  
Take in the shows and dances too.  
But I'd no more than get a start  
Till "wanderlust" would seize my heart,  
And in my night dreams I would see  
The great white silence calling me,  
And at the chance I'd never fail  
To drop it all, and hit the trail  
Back to the solitudes again  
With transit, level, rod and chain,  
To lead the simple life once more  
And do the same thing o'er and o'er,  
Day after day, and week after week.  
Sometimes we go to town to seek,  
A little fun, and sometimes—well  
Sometimes we raise a little hell.  
We don't mean to, but then you see,  
When we've been out two months  
or three  
In silent places where the face  
Of white man seems so out of place,  
Well—when we hit the "Great White Way"  
Our joyful spirits get full sway—  
We try to crowd into one night  
The joys of many months. Taint right?

**THE MAN POWER BILL.**



Man of Fifty (to Sir William Robertson and Lord Jellicoe)—“Fancy them spurning you—and taking me!”

—London "Opinion".

Well maybe not. 'Tis not for me  
To shape our final destiny  
But when out last survey is done  
And tied up to the Great Unknown  
And to the Chief our records brought,  
Of lonely work with danger fraught  
Of hardships cheerfully endured  
That best results might be secured,  
Against all this our little sprees  
Will seem as ponds compared to seas,  
And the Angels will decide  
There's a balance on the credit side.  
And God, I think, will drop a tear  
And bless the "Hobo Engineer".

Theda Barra, under the influence of the scintillating beauties of the St. Johns Yacht Club, was graphically relating how he had once caught a fish, which had a small mouse in its throat. There was a perfectly respectful silence as the realization of this remarkable experience was felt by all present. Then up spoke the famous Cotillion Leader and proud owner of the St. Johns Victrola Orchestra,—Mr. McColl, and said quite earnestly:—"Was it a cat-fish?"

**WE EAT CROW.**

In the issue of "Knots and Lashings" of May 25th, there appeared a brief allusion to our tried and trusty comrade-in-arms, Lieut. Roxborough. Unfortunately, at the time of going to press, an unfortunate conjunction of events, interfered with our usual supervision, and the article in question inadvertently "got by". The reference to Lieut. Roxborough was, however, open to misconstruction, and we have no hesitation in expressing our regret that it was given publicity. Such an explanation is not necessary for those who have the privilege of Lieut. Roxborough's acquaintance, but for those who merely know him officially.

**OBEY THAT IMPULSE!**

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.

**To Officers and Men, E.T.D.**

We would suggest that when in Montreal you DINE at the

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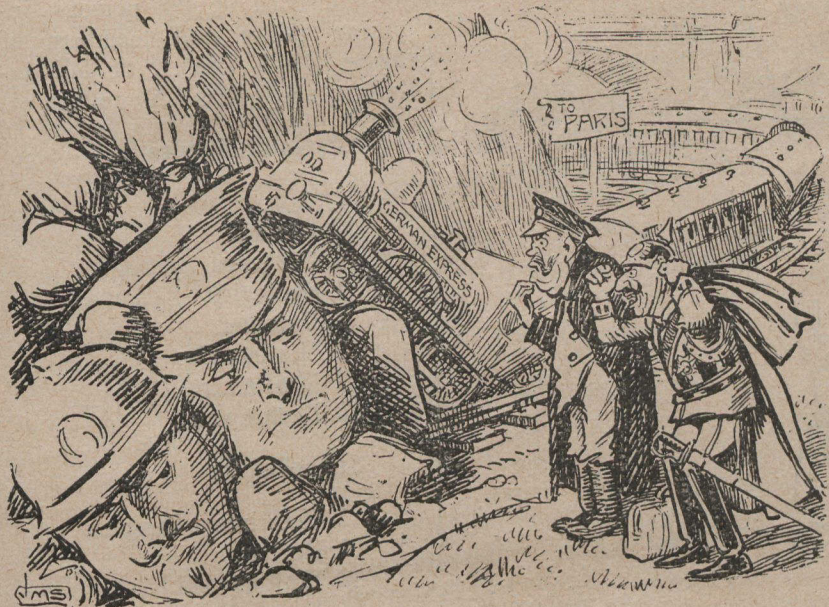
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Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders for remittances to Europe.





The All-Highest—"Gott in Himmel! Hindenburg! What shall we do? I promised to be in Paris on the first of April!"  
(The enemy time-table, as declared in various captured documents, has gone to pieces.)—"News of the World."

**THE CALL OF THE UNION JACK.**

(Syndicate rights only reserved.)

Yes, wave, God-guarded emblem  
wave! Greet the winds that  
blow,  
From the North, from the South,  
from the East and West—  
Each wafts a message to your  
sons in far-off foreign lands,  
"Britannia is calling you! List,  
list to her loud behest!"

"O sons of mine in the effete  
East,  
To whom I have been the star,  
That brought you from bondage  
to freedom blest,  
From long dead things to things  
that really are.—"

"I ask ye to remember,—remem-  
ber I did not forget!  
I found ye slaves, I set ye free, I  
succored ye soul distressed!  
Weighed down with thousands  
of years of decay, I lifted  
the banner of Hope—  
I welcomed you into my pitying  
arms—I gathered you close  
to my breast!"

"O dark-skinned sons from the  
stagnant South,  
I heard your groans from afar—  
You turned to the North, to the  
East, to the West,  
But alone, in my folds found your  
star!"

"I ask ye to remember,—remem-  
ber I did not forget!  
I heard your moanings 'neath the  
lash, I saw your pleading  
eyes,  
I beckoned forth my dogs of war,  
my ocean hounds unloosed!

I broke your chains! I set your  
gaze, once more upon the  
skies."

"I ask ye to remember,—remem-  
ber I did not forget!  
My mother eyes have followed you  
in all your great deeds done,  
My love has travelled o'er the  
seas, and o'er you waved my  
flag,—

The flag that millions love to greet,  
that knows no setting sun!"

"O blue-eyed sons of mine in the  
North,  
Long scourged by the tyrant's rod,  
My flag shone through your  
night of gloom,  
Like a beacon-light, lit by God!"

"I ask ye to remember,—remem-  
ber I did not forget!  
I sought ye out in your ice-bound  
lands, in your plains of  
eternal snow!

I brought ye peace and freedom,  
I guided your steps toward  
the light,  
Thou'rt free! Thou'rt free! There  
are no slaves where my free  
banners flow!"

Yes the East and South are  
ready, standing hand in  
hand with the West,

And arm to arm with the man from  
the rugged North,

And the Union Jack waves  
grandly, and God smiles  
kindly down,

And the British lion roars proudly,  
as our army goes marching  
forth!

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## MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ST. JOHNS ALPS.

(Continued from page 11)

'dour Laird' and his dreadful accomplice, to burst into uncontrollable fits of merriment. Left hand salutes came to pass almost without comment. In "Knots and Lashings", that great technical journal of Military Engineering, that mirror of a world in arms, the "Heard on Parade" Colyume, attained undreamed of dimensions.

Indeed, in a word, it became clearer, day by day, that the strategists of the various Classes had something on their several and respective minds,—a something which obsessed them even more than the delicious nothings in K. R. & O., the refined humor of Infantry Training, or the contagious wit of Otter's Guide.

But one evening, utterly worn out by intensive and well nigh incessant application to Squad drill, Equitation, Demolitions and Field Defences, the members of the Classes sat grouped together upon the spacious terrace of the Chateau Poutré, idly enjoying the magnificent panorama unfolded before them. In the near distance, lights from the stately National, set in the midst of its own superb grounds (and real concrete sidewalks), gleamed through the trees of the Park. Just beyond, in all its architectural beauty, the marvellous lines of the Fire Hall stood as though etched against the evening sky. A constant stream of luxurious limousines, racing cars and the more plebian taxis, flowed uninterrupted along the Avenue du Bon Marché.

An almost holy calm had settled over the scene. From the gilded Palais Chagnon, that mecca of the Sabyrite, occasionally there floted up, mellowed by distance, that haunting and mysterious cry of "ham and". From the Windsor, the occasional pop of a cork, caused even the oldest member of the Corps d'Elite, instinctively and involuntarily to start from his chair. From the neighboring cathedral, the (more or less continuous) music of the chimes, fell like a healing benediction on war worn souls.

Engrossed in my own thoughts, and quite unconscious of my surroundings, my gaze had wandered far, far away, across the sweep of the St. Johns Plains, to where Mount Johnson, sublime in its splendid isolation, lifted its towering crags and lofty bastions above the surrounding country. I was no longer myself; I was tranced, uplifted, intoxicated. For some



—N. Y. "World".

time I sat silent, then turning to Baker I said—

"My mind is made up."

Something in my tone struck him; and when he glanced at my eye, and read what was written there, his face paled perceptibly. He hesitated a moment, then said—

"Speak."

I answered with perfect calmness—

"I will ascend Mount Johnston!"\*

Had I shot poor Baker, he could not have fallen from his chair more suddenly. If I had been his father, he could not have pleaded harder with me to give up my purpose. But I turned a deaf ear to all he said. When he perceived at last that nothing could alter my determination, he ceased to urge and for a time the deep silence was broken only by his sobs. I sat in marble resolution, with my eyes fixed upon vaceney, for in spirit, I was already wrestling with the perils of the mountains, and my friend sat gazing at me with adoring admiration through his tears. At last, he threw himself upon me with a loving embrace, and exclaimed in broken tones—

\* Scientists tell us that the elevation of Mt. Johnston is not less than 472 feet above mean sea level, though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this figure.

X.

"Your Baker will never desert you. We will die together!"

I cheered the noble fellow with praises, and soon his fears were forgotten, and he was eager for the adventure. He wanted to summon guides at once and leave at two o'clock in the morning according to the usual custom among mountain climbers in the Alps; but I explained that nobody would be looking, at that hour, and that a start in the dark was not usually made from St. Johns but from the first nights resting place on the mountain side. I said we would leave the town at three or four p.m. on the morrow; meanwhile he could secure suitable guides and let the public know of the attempt which we proposed to make.

I went to bed, but not to sleep. No man can sleep when he is about to undertake one of these Alpine exploits. I tossed feverishly all night long, and was glad when I heard the clock strike half past eleven and knew it was time to get up for lunch. I rose jaded and rusty, and went to the noon meal at the Officers Mess, where I found myself the centre of interest and curiosity, for the news was already abroad. It is not easy to eat calmly when you are a lion, but it is very pleasant, nevertheless.

As usual, at St. Johns, when a great ascent is about to be undertaken, everybody, native and foreign, laid aside his own pro-

jects and took up a good position to observe the start. Our expedition consisted of 498 persons, including mules and members of Classes 37-39 (incl.), or 505 including the cows. As follows:

## Chiefs of Service

Myself  
17 Guides  
4 Surgeons  
1 Geologist  
1 Botanist  
3 Missionaries  
2 Draftsmen  
15 Barkeepers

## Subordinates

1 Veterinary Surgeon  
1 Butler  
12 Waiters  
1 Footman  
1 Barber  
1 Head Cook  
9 Assistants  
4 Pastry Cooks  
1 Confectionary Artist

## Transportation

27 Mounted Sec.  
44 Mules  
Rags  
7 Cows  
3 Coarse Washers and Ironers  
1 Fine ditto  
2 Milkers  
76 Sappers  
Total 235 men; 51 animals.

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22 Barrels Whisky  
1 Barrel Sugar  
1 Keg Lemons  
2000 Cigars  
1 Barrel Pies

## Apparatus

25 Spring Mattresses  
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29 Tents

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97 Ice Axes  
5 Cases Dynamite  
7 Cans Nitro-Glycerine  
143 Pairs Crutches  
2 Barrels Arnica  
1 Bale Lint  
27 Kegs Paregoric  
33 Cases No. 9's  
22, 40 ft. Ladders  
2 Miles Rope  
184 Umbrellas

(In the next number of "Knots and Lashings", the manner in which the hazardous ascent of Mt. Johnston was undertaken will be related. Book your order early and avoid disappointment.)



**THE SILENCING EYE.**

It may be open to doubt whether the humours of our Colonel's orderly room are a basis for legitimate laughter—but Carlyle has said that humour is a "sense of brotherly sympathy with the downward size": and viewed from that standpoint, a good many humorous sidelights on human nature may be obtained from orderly room incidents.

It requires a combination of several very strong forces to reduce a talkative Irishman to silence; but,—well, there are times when the Colonel's eye is very potent.

It was an ordinary case of drunkenness—varied by the fact that the victim of joy was an Irishman.

The evidence was conclusive; the Colonel, with his arm on the table and his eye on the charge sheet, told the prisoner that this was the second time in a month, and asked him if he had anything to say.

He had. Lots.

"Sore, oi wuznt reely drunk. It's thim pollis. If they'd 'av left me alone oi'd not 'av bin here at all, at all. Oi wuz just quietly comin' home whin one ov thim comes up to me——"

"Do you question the evidence?" the Colonel murmured, without looking up.

"Well, sore, it waz the 17th of March, an' oi wuz comin' down Richelieu Street as stiddy as cud be whin——"

He stopped suddenly in mid-torrent as the Colonel, for the first time, raised his eyes and looked straight at him for a second, and then, lowering his eyes, picked up his pen, dipped it in the ink, and slowly approached the charge sheet with it.

The eye removed, the floodgates of eloquence were once more loosed.

"Sore, ye'll remimber in yer leniency it wuz the 17th av March."

The Colonel paused.

"Sore, oi've bin in a cold damp cell this last night an' oi'm sober now, an' I askes ye to remimber——"

Again the Colonel looked up, and again the talk stopped abruptly.

Leaning back in his chair, the Colonel gazed fixedly at the prisoner, who, realizing the close scrutiny he was under, stood steadily in the most perfect attitude of attention—as laid down—and gazed fixedly at a point above the officer's head.

He had become the exemplary soldier, and the Colonel, satisfied

that nothing could be read, in that blank and innocent countenance, resumed a writing posture.

Paddy unbent at once; he also looked down, and saw the pen—a mightier weapon than the sword, and a recorder of decisions against which he knew all appeal to be vain—getting nearer to its dread work.

"Sore, right from the Royal Family down on the 17th av March——"

"Will you take my punishment?"

"If thim pollis——"

"Will you——"

"But, sore——"

The Colonel looked up for the last time, and he looked more determined than before. The R. S. M. reached for the door knot.

"Ten days Detention," he said, "and fined \$2. March him out."

Who was the Sapper who entered the Q. M. Stores the other day and, having asked for an order to get some straw, for his paliasse, received five cents to buy himself a cone at the Canteen?

**OLD, OLD, STUFF.**

Sapper (approaching S. M. Evans):—"Please, Colonel, the heel of my grandmother's shoe gave way and she fell down stairs and hurt herself. I would like a 10 days Pass to go home and see her."

(My! aint these Sappers too cute for anything.)

**OBEY THAT IMPULSE!**

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.

A lady in England died, and left four hundred pounds to her dog. Just how the family solicitor will ascertain whether the dog will invest in War Bonds or bones is a cause of wonder to us.

Sufferer—"I have a terrible toothache, and want something to cure it."

Friend—"Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday, and I went home, and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

Sufferer—"I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"

The white and black cat has had kittens. For Heaven's sake, Rags, don't be beaten by a cat!



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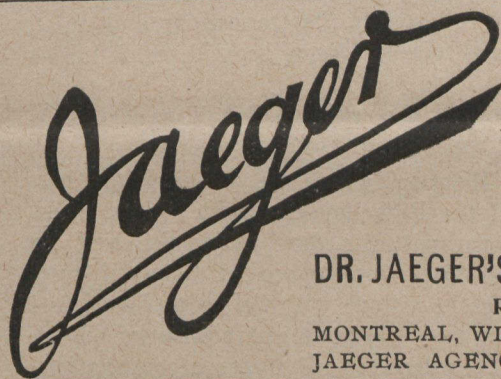
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33 St. Charles Street.



## "NUTS AND RATIONS."

Spring having arrived and established herself in all her pristine beauty, invites us to partake of the many gifts she has to offer. The country surrounding St. Johns is at its best just now. Why so many men choose to hang around the town, to the utter confusion of the fair ladies, passes our understanding, when the open country offers such opportunities for the enjoyment of Nature, at the same time combining both pleasure and profit.

You have no need to be a student of Botany or Zoology,—knowledge of the Latin names of trees, plants, birds, beasts, or fishes is not necessary, to get this enjoyment, which is to be had first hand, by all who wish to take it. A walk along the tow path by the Chambly Canal, is calculated to fill you with enough oxygen to combat the onslaught of a million (or more) microbes of the mumps and measles variety. From here the prospect of Mount Johnson and Rougemont, can be enjoyed amidst pleasant surroundings.

If you are a follower of Isaac Walton, you can try your luck by tempting the voracious pike or the wiley and graceful perch. If you know your Wordsworth, your Cowper, or your Alfred Austin, you will increase your enjoyment, for the chances are that one or more of these poets will supply you with a phrase or a verse to fit exactly into the view now lying before you.

But perhaps you don't care for the river, with its ever ringing invitation to follow it through its many and devious courses, over its rapids and weirs, through its leafy arches, or to wash the flanks of the dreamy cattle, now taking delight in its coolness, upon some marshy shore. You do not care perhaps to put your thoughts upon the barque of your imagination and go with it through its miles of hurry and scurry, its tranquility and quiet, until it reaches the broad and mighty Ocean, beyond which lies,—what?

(The mind of the reader can picture for himself; he is acquainted with his own country lanes, or city streets.)

We invite him for a walk into Iberville, which, as you all know, is a village on the East side of the Richelieu, from St. Johns. You can be away from the town with its dust and noise and its questionable attractions in the short space of about fifteen minutes. You pass through the village with its up to date Post-office and stores. You comment, without unkindness or odious comparison, upon its rural gardens, in all stages of cultivation, and heigh presto! you are in the Country, with fields stretching away upon either side of you. Here are woods inviting in their coolness, quaint wells, shrines of a bye gone day, well kept farm houses, and sleek cattle. Your eyes will be charmed with the picture, which, like the kaleidoscope, changes at every turn. Your ear will be delighted by the song of bird, or the lowing of cattle. Your olfactory organ will be greeted by the odor of hawthorn, and plum, and apple blossom and other odoriferous plants, and the feeling of freshness and rest will be upon you.

Thus having brought into use four out of our five senses,—(and it is only by the exercise of them separately or collectively that we derive pleasure to ourselves),—we would draw your attention to the means whereby the fifth sense (and to some people the most important) can be indulged. After crossing into Iberville, turn along Napier Street on the left. A short and pleasant walk through this the principal street of the village, will take you to the C. P. R. Bridge, pass under it and the next turn on the right brings to your view one of the most delightful and picturesque Old English Churches to be seen in this part of the country. Toward the North East lie Rougemont and Mount Johnson. On the South, is a small copse, which offers shade an drest, and on the West a Lawn, upon which the Ladies of Iberville are holding a Red Cross Lawn Social today (Saturday, 1st June). Here they intend to tempt your gastronomic taste by offering viands of the choicest, (the making of which has made them famous for miles around), and ice cream, tea, coffee, cake, etc., can be had to satisfy the most fastidious. The object is worthy of support by itself, but the added presence of the ladies, makes it doubly so. Go over and enjoy yourself. Saturday afternoon. PAT.



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