

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

Vol. 2. No. 3.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

Observing the Armistice

The signing of the armistice by the Teuton representatives was appropriately observed by the men of the E. T. D. on Monday. Somewhat dubious at first of the early rumors which came from Montreal by wire by reason of the hoax perpetrated on the previous Thursday there was no general giving way to feeling until an 'extra' arrived from Montreal and then the cheering began. The morning's routine was carried through but the afternoon was proclaimed a half holiday, part of which was taken up by a football game between the Depot team and selected eleven from College and Vinegar Barracks, this resulting in a no-score tie.

Morning and evening papers were snatched up eagerly and read by Soldiers and Civilians alike. One sensed a strange feeling as one realised the termination of the sanguinary struggle.

The factory whistles at St. Johns were blown nearly all the morning and during the afternoon the church bells were rung.

The town was crowded during the afternoon and night with soldiers from the Depot, Vinegar and College Barracks. An impromptu band composed of a fife, a kettle-drum and a big drum, bearing a life size portrait of the Kaiser in distress, was formed and 'processed' to and fro and over into Iberville. Pickets were brought out and patrolled the town until a late hour but the celebration was both sane and safe but none the less joyous.

The Depot is still in Ottawa and so there was no festal music which would have added enthusiasm to the occasion long to be remembered in the lives of all on the E. T. D. strength.



SPR. S. VEALE

FIRST RUMORS

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"Knots and Lashings" is printed by
the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ("The News
and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

**THINGS WE WOULD
LIKE TO SEE.**

The recipe and the preparation
of Mulligan.

Sapper Mappin at work on cer-
tain menial duties in the Hospital.

Corporal Elliott with an audi-
ence thoroughly in sympathy with
his views.

Sergeant Phillips imparting the
art of right turn by numbers to
Sapper McLeish.

Meal parade when Roast turkey
and Plum pudding had been offi-
cially announced the day pre-
viously.

Sergeant Hessford walking down
St. Catherine street, Montreal, for
the first time after his long and
enforced absence.

Abolition of the command 'Form
Fours'.

Lieutenant MacAndrew go over
the top with the E. T. D. Victory
Loan campaign.

Corporal Fitton arriving at Bar-
racks last Monday night.

The wholesale theft of all Bar-
racks bugles before 6 a.m.

Sapper Lucien Prairie taking his
morning P.T.

The attendants at the canteen a
little sooner after meals.

A fine week-end at St. Johns.

A little more enthusiasm shown
by the spectators at the football
games.

The Kaiser getting "His".

The pair of socks a certain O.C.
had promised to give in return for
his lost gloves.

A demonstration of "Position of
Attention When Tossed from
Saddle" as referred to in our last
issue.

Sapper Maynier when he wasn't
cold.

Pay day twice a week.

A satisfied look on the face of
the last man on meal parade.

A Defaulter who 'jumps to it'
with the pail and mop.

An armistice signed about twice
a week.

"Knots and Lashings" a décidé
de publier dorénavant une PAGE
FRANÇAISE, dans l'intérêt de
nos bons amis les Canadiens-
français.—(Editor).

FOOTBALL GAME TODAY.

Weather and grounds per-
mitting, another Soccer game be-
tween the Depot and the Vinegar
Barracks team will be played this
afternoon, starting at three o'clock.
Captain Rodgers promises several
changes in the Depot team and
some new material will be seen in
action.

Had the field been firm last
Monday the game played between
these two teams would undoubtedly
have been the best exhibition of
the season. Considering the muddy
state of the ground and a heavy
ball an exceptionally good game
was played.

WHY NOT SOME BOXING?

With several amateur boxers be-
longing to the E. T. D. there
should be no difficulty in ar-
ranging a series of interesting
bouts. Rumor has it that there is
one Sapper thirsting for an ex-
hibition. The editor will be glad
to receive the names of men in-
terested in order that an event may
be promoted. The names should
be sent to Room 72, age, weight
and experience stated.

The Beaver Club held a success-
ful concert and entertainment on
Monday evening last and wish to
thank the boys of the Depot for
the support they gave. The Vic-
toria Hall was crowded and those
present claim that they received
full value for their money. There
were many items of interest on the
programme which included songs,
recitations, tableaux vivants, and
a performance by the inimitable
"Salome". We look forward to
another of the Beaver Club con-
certs.

Miss Crutchley and Miss Baker
were at home in the Mess Room
last Saturday. The guests, ex-
Cadets, arrived somewhat early
and Miss Crutchley being caught
unawares, apologised profusely for
not having removed her apron or
the slum gullion from her dainty
little feet. This however did not
detract from her appearance. The
afternoon was spent most en-
joyably.

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

**ORDINARY OBSERVATIONS
FROM THE ORDERLY
ROOM.**

We wonder who is the "Don
Juan" in the Orderly Room who
has a date every night with a dif-
ferent girl? But does the made-
moiselle always show up, that is
the question.

Did you see the flashlight
picture? And did you notice the
"sleeping beauty"? Copies may
be obtained from Sapper Best.
They are well worth the price. All
look angelic and "spirituous". We
are going to give it the title
"Caught napping".

The champion team of long dis-
tance walkers have now turned
their energies to bowling, and
challenge any two men in the Or-
derly Room to a game of tenpins,
after time has elapsed in which
their sore thumbs can get back to
normal.

SLASHINGS.

Our genial Sergeant Hesford's
big smile is always in evidence,
particularly when little sister calls
at Room 25 to enquire when she
can see big brother in his uniform.

That little Brunette was a peach,
wasn't she, Sergeant?

A Sapper who had successfully
broken the blockade and reached
Iberville to attend a party the
other night was complimenting the
damsel with whom he was fox-
trotting: "What beautiful arms
you have got—how shapely and
well developed they are."

"Oh, do you think so?" came
the delighted reply with a blush,
"you know I swim a great deal."

"Er—do you dance a lot?"
enquired the soldier somewhat ab-
sent mindedly.

And he wished himself in the
clink with bitter remorse.

Last week there appeared
in "Knots and Lashings" a
Letter written by Ever Lyn
To a C.S.M. in "B" who thought
that

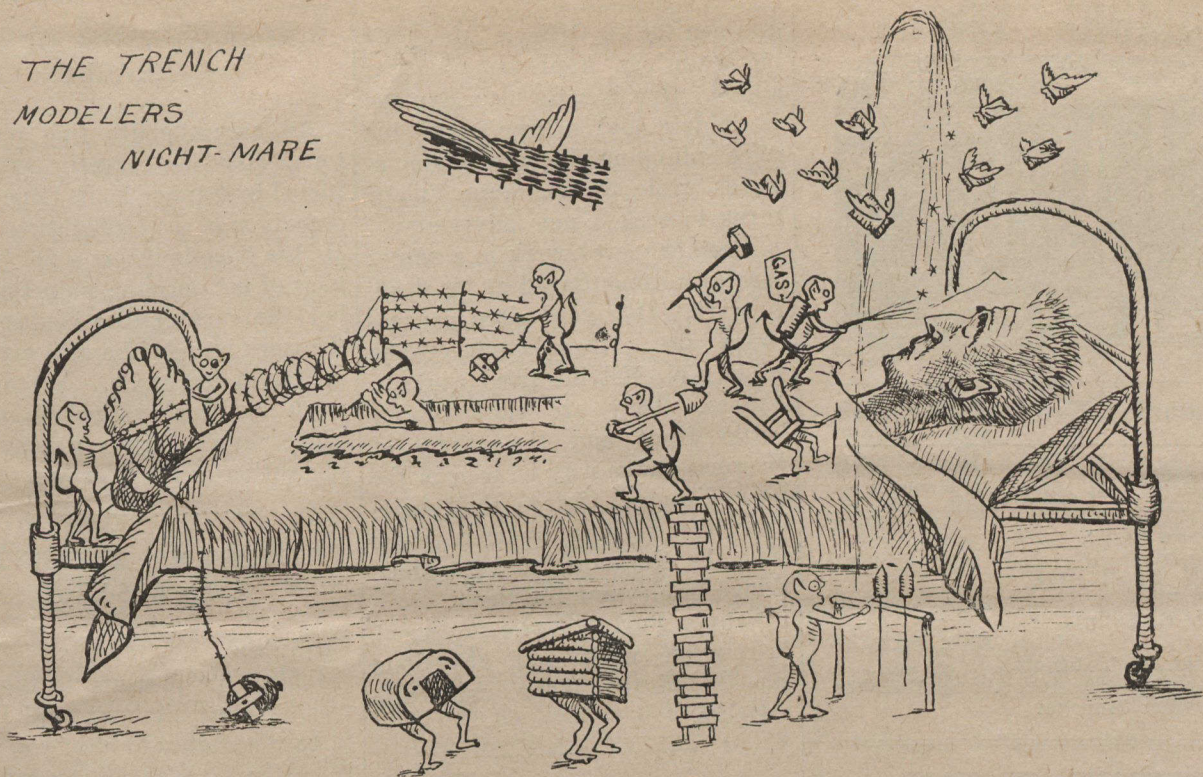
Same was very uncouth and
He said that I was to get busy
And bring him down to earth again
Because he did not want to give the
Game away,

But he was not a thousand miles
Away from said girl this week
End and it happened to be this
guy's girl,

Tell it not in Gath, but verily the
Long distance stuff can be played
Both ends.

Selah!

THE TRENCH
MODELERS
NIGHT-MARE



VINAIGRETTES.

Our second-in-command owns a boat,
(The same one that got Simpson's goat)
Travels 'round in a Hup
'Bout the size of a pup,
And rides "breakers" ashore and afloat.

There was a young cherub named Len
Who pushed a poetical pen,
His splutter and splatter
Caused very much clatter,
A noise like the scratch of a hen.

A gallant subaltern called Mac
Once walked down the old railway track
In spite of his great tact,
We must state the sad fact,
His ears got a very sound smack.

Our "Quarters" a gay bird was he,
Siberia and Germany
Once both knew his sweet smile,
But now, for a long while,
He's favoured our fair Canady.
Lance-Jack.

The suggestion is made from Room 72 that a note should be dispatched to the Allied Plenipotentiaries, suggesting that in the event of the actual capture of the Kaiser he should be exiled in St. Johns, P.Q.

Anyone visiting Room 25 lately may have seen Sergeant Hesford deeply engrossed in Milton.

"Grace was in her step, Heaven in her eye. In every gesture, dignity and love."

Is that so?

SOUR PICKLES.

Spr. Nutt says he would have enjoyed his leave of absence in Philadelphia if the Rookies of the U. S. Army hadn't kept him so busy saluting.

Who says Spr. W—— is not a lady killer? The other evening he was seen making strenuous efforts in an endeavour to impress a young lady with his soldierly bearing. When she gave him the cold shoulder all he said was "Stung".

Said Sapper Young to Sapper Younger

For lack of proper food I hunger
From eating Canteen ice cream cones

I've shrivelled up to skin and bones,

I'm tired of beer, I'm tired of booze,

Lets try Old Jimmy's famous stews,

So to the Mess Hall they did go.
Although their steps were very slow.

Young tried the beef, the cheese and bread,

The pudding and the tea, then said,

"You know, old pal, I'm gol darn sore,

That I didn't join this army before."

Since Spr. T—— has been making puddings and cakes we notice the boys' appetites have not decreased, in fact they make three round trips now instead of two.

We would like to know what

made "Wee Wille" so sleepy the morning after peace was declared.

The boys in the cook house say that little Barrie the French laddie who dishes out the roast beef is getting all the rest he can, goes to bed early every night. He expects to get married soon. Good luck, Barrie. We get the beef. You get the rest.

"A Dill Pickle."

Three Englishmen were drinking at a popular bar in London.

One of the trio, after imbibing a little, suddenly said:

"By gad, I'm going to war," whereupon one of his friends said:

"By gad, I'm going, too. We've been pals for years and I simply must go to war with you."

The fellow who had first made this declaration then turned to the third chappie who was very silent.

"I say, old top," he said, "are you going to war with us?"

"No," the other returned, "I'm not going."

"But you must come, Gilbert, you must. We're going and you've gotta come."

"No, I won't," the other protested. "There's too much bloomin' war going on, anyway."

"Oh, but you must come." Then, as if hitting upon a brand new idea, "Come as our guest!"

A bland old lady seeking information as to 'bus route numbers at Oxford Circus addressed a gallant Canadian officer formerly of the E. T. D.

"Can you tell me where I can get a Number Nine?"

"Yes, M'am, on the M.O. parade tomorrow morning."

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BOTTLING
WORKS

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Vol. 2. No. 3. St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, November 16th, 1918.

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Spr. G. Tetley,

Notes, Main Barracks

Corpl. R. L. Elliott,

Advertising Manager

Sales Manager

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.

Monday last was a day that will live long in our memories. The glad tidings floated over the wires telling to the whole world that hostilities were suspended. To some of us who have borne the stress and strain, since the early days, it came as a welcomed relief; others amongst us felt that whilst we rejoiced at the near advent of peace, it was marred by the fact that the land of the despoilers of France and Belgium was not to suffer the same measure of suffering privation and misery that the heroic peoples of France and Belgium had undergone during the last four years. Others again, were grieved because they had not had the opportunity of showing their devotion to their country by serving overseas. To them I would like to address a few observations.

During the fall of 1915 the unit, the writer was then a member of, was on the lines of communication in France and, chafing at our inactivity, we felt we were not doing our duty. One Sunday, a young Anglican padre came along and took for his text those beautiful lines of John Milton—"They also serve who only stand and wait". He pointed out that our seeming inactivity was merely preparation for more vigorous work later on, and we were to fit ourselves and others for the best. So we were serving whilst standing and waiting. To those who are feeling downcast because they missed the din of battle, I would say, "be not discouraged". You have done what you could and played the man's part by working training and waiting here. You have helped and sustained your comrades over-seas, and incidentally have sent overseas trained and fit comrades whom you envied.

It was obviously impossible for all to go; the work of training and equipping others had to be carried on, and, whilst standing on guard here and patiently waiting for the summons to go to join your brothers somewhere in France you held down the enemy elements here, and kept safe that which your brothers overseas had entrusted to you,—the sanctity of our homes and the honor of our country. All praise and honour to you for the good work you have accomplished.

TALENT IN THE E. T. D.

There appears to be no lack of artists in the E. T. D., in fact the Barracks can lay claim to several Sappers whose artistry is of a high order. Of course, everybody knows Lyn of Vinegar, Veale Cundy and Cone of the Main Barracks, for their work has appeared from time to time in these columns, in fact they have been considered among the most valued contributors.

In the old Musketry Office can be found daily Sapper S. C. Burton, in civil life Art professor in the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis, whose talent came to the fore after he had been drilling for four weeks. He has completed nearly a score of canvasses representing the new Art of this continent which have been favorably commented upon by all who have seen them. These pictures, nearly all of them war subjects, are

destined for the Officers' Mess. His oil paintings represent martial scenes. One is a German airplane in midair and aflame, with the pilot plunging hopelessly earthwards while the victorious 'plane turns to seek a new adversary.

Another clever work is a sniper carefully camouflaged at his deadly work. One good sized canvass shows the officers' quarters in which Col. Melville lived while in France. They are close to the battle front and the crown of Messines Ridge may be seen in the near distance. Large shell holes near the officers quarters show that the Germans tried to make things unpleasant for them.

Sapper Burton is also proficient in crayon work and has done some admirable black and white sketches.

A POSER FOR THE PAY-MASTER.

The work of the Pay Corps is strenuous and perhaps monotonous, but there are times when it has its humorous side. Our Paymaster was busy in the Holy of Holies one day when a lady entered, and after a few preliminary remarks, said sweetly,— "Well, Captain Pettigrew, we needn't worry about what's going to happen after the war. My husband, Lieut. _____, will receive \$2500 when he is discharged, as a reward for his services."

The gentleman in question has been in the Army since last May, and is therefore entitled to 15 days post-discharge pay, which is more than slightly less than \$2500, but our genial Financial Chief smiled gallantly and held his peace.

"Pass the prunes please Petty, there's a dear."

Enthusiasm over the signing of the armistice ran so high at Company Sergeant Major Thompson's home on Monday night that a hole was actually worn in the oilcloth of the dancing salon. Notwithstanding the fact that Thursday's news was similarly celebrated, the C.S.M. and Mrs. Thompson invited a dozen of their friends and another delightful evening was spent. Songs, recitations, and 'records' were enjoyed and dancing proved popular. It is still undecided as to whether Sergeant Banks or Corporal Dowsett inflicted the damage to the C.S.M.'s linoleum. A delicious course of refreshments was served during the course of the evening, Sgt. Sutcliffe explaining the absence of roast duck.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BARRACKS.

An exceptionally fine piece of topography has recently been completed by Sapper R. B. Cone whose domain is in the Draughting Room. He has done in colors a perspective view of not only the main Barracks but the surrounding country and the work brands him as a man well versed in his trade. Not a landmark has been overlooked and the whole drawing gives a very clear conception of the quarters.

PETITPOMME RETURNS TO THE ASSAULT.

"Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to thanking you for your kindness, and I hope to have a chance to meet you shortly. If you have any occasion to passing at Chambly I will be very glad to see you—stopping—.

My brother made a good service to the Department. The work he done—a contractor ask \$65.00—to make it.

You will pardon me for my poor english, also for the so numerous letters was who take lot of your precious time.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

L. J. N. Petitpomme.

11 novembre 1918."

(Don't you worry, Petitpomme, old top. My time is precious, but your letters are even more so. Keep up the good work.—Assoc. Ed.)

SOME MORE ALLITERATIVE ALLUSIONS TO PROMINENT PERSONAGES.

Tactful Tom, tearfully trying tyres, took Trow towards town, though Tilly's tears trickled tremblingly. Toot! Toot! Tom.

Bald, brainy Bill, bored but bright, bravely bought brother-boobs bath buns. Begorrah! Bill.

Punctillious Petty, pushing pen properly, paid privates promptly, prankishly parading pretty Peasoups. Priceless Petty!

Chic, captivating Chaplain, cleverly catching Constance cleaning choice carpets, climbed cautiously chimneywards, clinging closely. Come! Come! Chaplain.

Grouchy Goodyou, greedily grasping girlish Gladys, glided gleefully gatewards, giggling gushingly. Gosh! Goodyou.

Natty, neurotic Norman, nodding niftily, needed new noodle, now nerves not normal. Naughty! Naughty! Norman.

Sapient Sapper.

TWINKLINGS FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION.

An interesting presentation took place on Thursday evening, when Staff Sergt. Barr, on behalf of the N.C.O.'s and men of the Mounted Section, presented a Silver Tea Service to Major Milne, in anticipation of his marriage. The presentation took place at an hour when it was possible for most of the men of the Section to be present, and it may be taken as a fair criterion of the good feeling which exists between the O.C. and the men, when we say, that without exception, every man was there. The well chosen remarks of S. S. Barr were delivered in a manner which left no doubt as to their sincerity. Major Milne, to whom the presentation came as a surprise, replied suitably, and was given a great ovation, which would have done the heart of the future Mrs. Milne good, had she been present to have heard it.

There's a Driver somewhere around here who says he can't run a wheelbarrow. We have an idea he can use a hod alright.

Overheard in Driving School. C.S.M. to man trying to catch his horse, after dismounting involuntarily:—"Get raund in front of 'im 'e'll kick yer bloomin' 'ead off. Not that it will 'urt your 'ead much, but the 'orse might break 'is 'offs."

Guess the draft is cancelled. We're out of luck, expected to spend Christmas in the Old Country and the new year in Berlin.

Who rides like Tom Miek? Why Scotty, of course! Ask any of the Drivers.

Advice to O'C—r. How to mount a horse. Don't look him in the face, and for goodness sake speak to him in English. Try and learn the language, there's a dear. You can't wonder at a horse being nervous with such a combination.

Recently, when the Drivers were in Montreal, we were inspected by an officer 'way up. He remarked we were a fine body of men, and all the while he was looking at Holbrough. Some joke!

Seems as though quite a lot of our chaps like to eat Sawdust (or Tan Bark), judging by the frequency some of them bite it.

A new draft came into Camp the other day and one of the

"Rookies" when returning to Barracks was halted by the Picquet. "Halt, who goes there?" "A Friend." "Advance friend and be recognized." "It's all right bo' you don't know me I only came here today."

We have many representatives of Scotland's Sons in our Section but there are three kinds typical. Beaton short, fat and happy. Cameron witty and exceedingly wise. O'Connor—the other kind.

(Seems we've met the last name frequently in another part of the United Kingdom.—Editor.)

Not a day passes without its joke. The latest is watching the new Drivers trying on their Bandaliers for the first time round their waist.

We heard a lot about the Hard work a fellow has to do when on farm leave from one of our Corporals and we wonder if it's true that he went to bed frequently without his supper.

Who hit Driver Fletcher on the head with a clay pellet? Don't all speak at once.

Say, boys, but that was some Saw Sharp'r, said it was his trade too, and then set the teeth all one way, and when he went to use the saw, gee whiz! Of all the saws I ever saw I never saw a saw that sawed like that saw saws.

Now the war is over, there is much speculation as to the ultimate destination of Driver Polino. Will he return to Italy or will he continue to break the hearts of the dear Gir—but there that's up to him.

When the Sergeant shouts "Hay up" it must be distinctly understood that he does not mean "Dust down".

Has any one taken the hint and bought some gin pills for Corpl. John? Evidence seems to point out that the Druggist had a busy time filling orders.

Here are a few of the questions we are constantly called upon to answer: "When is the Major going?" "When is he coming back?" "Where is he going?" "Will he bring her back with him?" — Give it up! If you want to know for sure, ask him, and it's a hundred to one that having heard his reply you will know about as

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To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

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old chap!—tho that is
remarkably good!—but,
er, they're so dashingly
smart, y' know!"

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much as you did before you put the question.

The Editor has handed over the following letter, together with a brief reply to it, for insertion in "Twinklings":—

Sir,—

We notice in your last week's "Knots and Lashings" a poem entitled "Let him live" marked from "K" Coy.

This poem appeared in K. L. in Vol. and was submitted by the Mounted Section.

Now we can't mind "K" Coy. or any other Coy. cribbing good stuff, but if "K" Coy. wants us to supply them with material we would request them to apply to the Editor for some of the copy we send in, as we know quite a lot of it isn't fit for publication and it might be useful to them and save them doing any thinking for themselves.

That's us.

Mounted Section.

(Reply.—The poem sent in by "K" Coy. would not have appeared but for the fact that the copy was included in a bunch of M.S.S. sent to Montreal to be set in type during the Flu epidemic. When returned it was condemned as having appeared once before, but not destroyed at the time, and its use in last week's issue was an oversight.—Asst. Editor.)

A RIVER EXPEDITION.

While we don't wish to insinuate, we feel we ought to receive the bombastic announcement of the B. Coy's men, who walked to Chambly and back in five hours, with a tiny pinch of salt, as I, for one, hae ma doots. However, C. Coy. wishes with all due humility to draw the attention of our readers to the feat of our tough old Corporal and two brother Scots, who just for a picnic rowed up to the Isle aux Noix, a distance of twelve miles, against wind and current, in three hours and a half, stopping on the way to purchase eggs and enquire the location of the Fort. Arrived at the Island we made a fire and cooked our lunch, and when we finally got the edge off our huge appetites, we explored the island and the Fort, and after a most enjoyable afternoon we launched our boat for the return trip, just as the sun was setting and made the trip back in less than three hours, two thirds of the way in pitch darkness. This was done on the same Sunday as

the walk to Chambly and was not considered a feat out of the ordinary.

So pull in your neck, B. Coy, till you do something we can swallow.

High Drum Leigh.

D. COMPANY NOTES.

The Debating Society in Room 72 continues to hold nightly sessions. The subjects vary, and cover a wide range from the heredity of Christian Science to the possibility of eating Christmas dinner in civilian attire at home. It is quite often that three or four debates, all of them sotto voce, are going on at the same time much to the satisfaction of those vowing eternal love to some distant damsel or to some other soul in agony giving life to poetry for "Knots and Lashings". So far there has been no actual commencement of hostilities.

What did the Lion do to the Prussian eagle?

The Sapper who denied that he was a plumber when sought for special work by C.S.M. Sutcliffe and who insisted that he was a dog trainer by profession, must have been an old soldier.

Lieut. R. M. Trow is exhibiting a highly interesting relic in the form of a riding crop made from a piece of oak taken from a British vessel sunk in the Richelieu river in 1775. The ship was the Royal Savage and participated in Montgomery's raid on Canada. She went down with another vessel from the guns on the fortifications (the site of the barracks) but was raised to the surface in 1888. Several citizens of St. Johns secured pieces from the raised ship and Lieut. Trow was fortunate enough to secure a fragment, which he has put to good use.

The mere fact that he woke up with a radiator under his pillow a few nights ago did not perturb Sergeant McKeegan who blandly explained that it was a cold night.

Bombing practice was in progress one day this week and the Cadets were taking it in turn to bowl the dummy missile to its objective, when one seizing the object cried aloud:—

"Look out fellows."

The Captain in charge stood stiffly at attention.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why LAP wants to sell his tunic, and who is the Engineer Officer who delights in breaking windows?

Which does Len know the most about, Box Cars or Crib? Has he stopped playing golf in order to hold bath parades?

Who is the sacriligious individual who entered the Sacred Temple of the Prehistoric Permanent Past President of the Poor Prunes and dared to abstract a bottle of ink from that holy place?

The reason why a certain gentleman is now known as Wha! What! and whether his nose is of the Roman, Graeco-Roman, or Catch-as-catch-can type?

What is the cause of Buddie's chin whiskers? Wipe your chin, Buddy dear.

What MacA. got for supper a week ago Wednesday, and did he eat it? Wow!

Where did smiling Len get his gift of poetry?

If a certain globe-trotter really ever saw Venice. Or was it Venus?

What was the cause of the look of gloom on a certain Sister's face during last week end?

Who is the officer that takes Sunday morning walks with an M.O.?

When does the proposed military wedding take place?

Inquisitor.

THE PARSEE'S HOLIDAY.

In a little town behind the lines in Flanders it was raining as usual, and a crowd of Tommies out "resting" were seated in an estaminet cursing the weather fluently. Outside a tall turbaned figure went by.

"What's that," gasped a Tommy.

"Oh, him—he's a Parsee."

"A what?"

"A Parsee."

"What's a Parsee?"

"Garn! Don't you know what a Parsee is? He's one of them Indian blokes that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, does he?" growled the first voice. "Blimey! I bet he's come over here for a holiday!"

DEPOT VS. PICKLES.

Again the Depot Soccer team played the "Pickle" factory, who were strengthened for this game by having the pick of College Barracks. The field was heavy and made the going hard, but one of the best games played this season was played by the two teams. From the start the Depot men were the aggressors, and many times they were near scoring. Spr. Cooper played a brilliant game throughout, and the "Barracks Annexes" can thank him for staving off another trouncing. The defences of both teams played fine under the conditions, the halfbacks in particular, Pop Lewis being the outstanding feature of the "Pickle" boys. Wee Jimmie played the best game of the season, and Rogers, well same old Jack and always a thorn in the opposing forwards. Wee Davis at back played superbly as also did Old man Brennan. Hawthorn and Horrocks tackled well but weak on kicking. The Depot forwards played well in the field, but finished poor in front of goal, many easy opportunities being missed. The 'Pickle' boys were hopeless, never getting dangerous. The Depot team was far superior team in the field, but lost the game through weakness in front of goal.

Referee Ellis held the game well in hand.

Depot Team.

- Lee, Corpl. Bridger Goal
- Sergt. Horrocks R.F.B.
- Spr. Brennan L.F.B.
- Spr. Alexander R.H.B.
- Spr. Rodgers C.H.B.
- Spr. Ronaldson L.H.B.
- Spr. Charlton R.W.F.
- Dvr. Williams R.I.F.
- Corpl. Hardy C.F.
- Spr. Webster L.I.F.
- Spr. Lynch L.W.F.

Vinegar Team

- Spr. Cooper Goal
- Spr. Hawthorn R.F.B.
- Spr. Thompson L.F.B.
- Spr. Gregson R.H.B.
- Sergt. Lewis C.H.B.
- Spr. Davidson L.H.B.
- Lieut. Tubman R.W.F.
- Spr. Malley R.I.F.
- Spr. McGough C.F.
- Spr. Clinton L.I.F.
- Spr. Creighton L.W.F.

Referee:—Mr. Ellis.

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.

FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

Where did the "Pickle boys" find the horse shoes, they certainly were around in Monday's game.

Well, we did send them a goal-keeper, much to our regret, Dan Cooper certainly was half the team, Wee Davis and Pop Lewis the other half. The rest, well not much to it.

And did you critics of Wee Jimmie get out, his exhibition was second to none on the field, in fact the Depot half back line never allowed the opposing forwards any room.

Well, Mike McGough was a failure as a forward; why not be a linesman, Mike.

The Depot could improve on the forward line, two wings very poor indeed.

Any new talent in the Depot want a trial, step forward, make yourself known.

Referee Ellis was good, the best of season.

Pop Lewis certainly helped the "Pickle boys".

Brennan and Pop can still show the youngsters how to play.

Malley is a clever player, but spoils his play by playing the man too much.

THE ONLY WAY.

The major arrived at dead of night and found the sentry stolidly barring the way of entry. Then began an altercation.

"It's no use," said the sentry. "I can't let you pass without the password."

"But I tell you I have forgotten it."

"I'm sorry—"

"But, my good man, are you aware that I am your commanding officer?"

"Orders are, no one is to pass without the pass-word."

"Yes, yes, I know—but I have forgotten it, and can't stand here all night."

"Orders is orders, sir."

"Oh, confound it, don't you realize—"

A sleepy voice from the guard-room growled:

"Don't argue the point with him, sonny. If he won't give the password bayonet the blighter."

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Richelieu St.

St. Johns, Que.

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duplicate of their lens before
going overseas.
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**THE SOLDIER SAVIOUR AND
POLITICAL CONTROL.**

By

Bernard Rose.

The soldier in the aggregate has earned the right to be called the Saviour. Yes, the Saviour of mankind; the Saviour of civilization; the Saviour of liberty; the Saviour of all that is good and noble, since in the same way as Jesus died so did the millions give up their lives for the benefit of others.

Whether they were constrained to do their duty by the law of the land or the appeals to their conscience, the fact nevertheless remains, that it was done. Not for their profit. Not in order that they may enjoy material advantages. Not to lay up a store of capital for the future, but solely that they might lay up a store of happiness for future generations created by their own noble sacrifices.

To those who are no more, we can simply bow our heads in reverence and think with poignant sorrow of the brave souls who have gone to the bourne from whence no traveller returns.

Poets will enshrine their brilliant deeds in verse that will live eternally. Historians will recount brave charges, heroic battles, and privations endured that stagger the imagination.

The school boy open-eyed in wonder and with a heart beating fast will read of the exploits of the men who died in order to make the world a safe and happy place for him to live in. He will make a silent vow that when he reaches manhood's state he will emulate them and if not as a soldier, he will at least in civil life seek to be true to the ideals incarnated in the deathlessness of the memories of those who gladly went to their death at their country's call.

It is with the living that we must, however, deal. They are with us. Their wants are pressing. Their needs are known. Their rewards for deeds done and sacrifice made, must be paid. Those who through ill-fortune or age, but nevertheless with a willing spirit, wanted to share in the noble sacrifices made and could not, must help the heroes who were able to return. The selfish; the sleek; the profiteer and the placeman are undeserving of any consideration. To them the war was an opportunity not to do and die but to make and enjoy.

They will, no doubt, outwardly endeavor to make those with whom they associated and came into con-

tact believe that they were patriotic; that they were loyal; that they fully appreciate what was done by men braver than themselves. They will endeavor to obtain advantages and privileges. They will seek by every means in their power to despoil the soldier of any preference and position that rightfully belongs to him. They will even deprecate what our noble men in khaki have done. They will even be presumptuous enough when remonstrated with by those who returned, to tell them that nobody asked them to go.

The exploiting thug and the disloyal thing will both be factors that the best in our citizenship must contend with and overcome.

We shall also have the alien who from the land of our allies, from the countries of our enemies, and neutral nations, have each found the war an opportunity for amassing wealth. Placed in a privileged position on account of their not being called upon to fight, they have each in turn, whether in factory or mart, mine or field, waxed prosperous exceedingly. They are therefore, not entitled to any favours or more sympathy than we would give a guest who enjoyed our hospitality and yet, at a critical or dangerous moment failed to assist in helping those to whom he is indebted and whose kindness he availed himself of without stint.

Every allied country and Canada in particular belongs to and should be governed for several generations by the men and women who were ready to die for it if need be and serve it to the utmost of their strength.

We are democratic. In other words the people rule and the majority govern. Democracy giving as it does the utmost liberty brings with it a corresponding obligation of defending the nation or country, the government and laws, of which, are made by the people for the people's benefit. The defence of one's country is a sacred obligation that cannot and must not be repudiated if democracy is to survive. Refusal on the part of any class, section or group within the democracy to fight for its preservation or give up their lives or wealth in order to safeguard it, is a blow struck at the very foundation of the structure which democracy rears. It creates a privileged class who no longer view things from the same standpoint as their fellow citizens, who gladly spring to arms the moment their country's welfare is endangered.

The matter of defending one's country, exemption from the bearing of arms unless for just causes

or on medical grounds becomes a political miscarriage. It is a cancer in the body politic that must be removed at all costs. The surgeon when once war is over and peace is declared, must be none other than the soldier whose bayonet was thrust into the vitals of a barbarous autocracy that if allowed to thrive, would have strangled liberty into a voicelessness that would have made the world a tomb for righteousness, and all men slaves.

The kith and kin of those who died should be permitted to exercise the franchise that would have belonged to them had they been spared. Theirs was the cross which they bore in the same way as the Nazarene two thousand years ago. The cross on the ballot paper signifies the power which democracy embodies within itself. Though the fingers of death cannot make this cross and the choice that living men make of those whom they wish to make the laws, the living who are related to the great dead and the off-spring sprung from their loins, stand in their place.

The soldier and his friends must stand together. They must not permit themselves to be diverted from the task imposed upon them of shaping the destinies of this country so that a proper and adequate tribute and due meed of opportunity and discrimination be given the country's defenders.

In the American Civil War thousands died to save the Union. When the war was over the Grand Army of the Republic was formed. This Organization for many decades after that great conflict made and unmade legislatures. They, as men should, who dared all for principle and unity, controlled the state. The men in and from Canada who went across to meet the Hun in Flanders must likewise control. This is the restitution that we owe them. The reparation that we make and the guarantee that we should give them as an earnest of the bargain we made with them that in giving their all for Canada and the

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British Empire we would reciprocate by giving Canada's all to them.

We must keep faith with those whose confidence in our sense of justice and fairness was such that they took us at our word.

For years to come there can be but one party,—the Soldiers' Party. It must be composed of all those who are thoroughly British at heart. Whose loyalty is unquestionable. Whose patriotism is glowing and transparent. Its membership must be recruited from the ranks of the men in khaki and those whose prayers went with them when they waited for the Hun onslaught or went forward to give him battle.

On December 17, 1917, the day when history was made, the loyal legions, male and female, of this vast country united and returned to power the Government and men who championed the Cause of our boys "Over There".

When the nerve-racked, toil-worn, shell-shocked, wounded and maimed heroes return the same Government and men must stand by the boys "over here". They owe everything to the men on whose behalf they asked their fellow citizens to elect a Government composed of those with whom love of Country and Empire came first.

We must therefore, make our professions our political practice. **Every returned soldier should be given a triple vote.** The wives and mothers of those who gave their lives should enjoy the same privilege, since they stand in dead men's shoes. The rest of the electorate is entitled to nothing more than the usual voting power. Young men who were able and refused to serve their country should be deprived of the franchise. Likewise the naturalized and neutral alien whose sympathy went no further than filling his pocket. The enemy alien should be excluded and where resident in Canada, debarred from voting for at least fifteen years. The friendly alien who refused, notwithstanding every inducement, to enlist in the Canadian army or that of his own nation should be placed on the same level as the enemy. He is no better, in fact considerably worse.

The defaulter and the deserter should be treated in the same manner; they have both failed in the allegiance they owe their King and the support that their fellow citizens expected from them.

In order to patriotically discriminate in favour of the children of those who gave up their lives, the children of such, both male and

female, should be entitled to vote at the age of 18. Every legitimate and possible means should be used to discriminate between the soldier and civilian who did their duty, and their fellow citizens who refused or were indifferent.

The real nobility in this country as in every allied country will consist of the men to whom "noblesse oblige" appealed literally when their country's inviolability and welfare was in peril. They are the modern Patricians and are entitled to that distinction which the ruling classes in Rome's day enjoyed.

The modern plebeian claims all the rights of citizenship as well as its privileges but the state of which he is a member cannot consistently permit him to enjoy such rights and privileges where he will not without just cause rally to its defence. Let us therefore be governed for some years to come by the Patricians of the community if they are made a privileged class. Well have they earned it and no fair minded person will deny them that privilege.

Our soldiers must stand together. There must be no petty bickerings; no loss of strength through foolish division; no exploiting by unprincipled politicians; no childish threats or vain regrets; but a dogged determination to carry all before them. They must enlist and will easily get the cooperation of those who would have gladly been with them but

could not for age or other reasons which even the soldier will deem sufficient. A body thus united, dominated by the **will to win** will be the most potent factor in the Government of this country and its future development.

It must not be forgotten that the alien and the slacker, the shirker and the Bolshevik, will do all in their power to profit by dissention in the ranks of the men who defended our territory three thousand miles from our shores. These elements which are a source of weakness but which may coalesce when the victory is won and peace imposed, will in their own sneaky and cowardly way do their utmost to wean the soldier from his whole souled devotion to the ideals and principles for which he fought and desires to have maintained.

Let them not forget that those who during the great war were not with us, were against us and should not be taken into our counsels nor be given the chance to influence the selection of those who make the country's laws. In ancient times the soldier was also a law maker. Those who fought for the Commonwealth suggested and enacted its laws. We must revert to this salutary principle in order that our brave returned warriors may in like manner say who shall rule and how our country shall be governed.

A Chatter-Box.—The gramophone.



THE CADETS.

Cadets' Mess.

Bill:—"What's that over there, Fred, a submarine?"

Fred:—"No, that's only Chase. He's been eating soup and is coming up for air."

A Life Story.

When he was born they handed him the wrong Christian name and later gave him the wrong training and sent him to the wrong school. When he grew up he went into the wrong business on the wrong street in the wrong town and married the wrong woman. He always managed to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. Most of the things he did got him in wrong. Now he wonders if he will get the wrong kind of a commission. And his name is number one and two cadet classes.

Bang!

Sapper:—"Marry me and I could die happy."

Miss Frenchy:—"Yes, you could—but would you?"

Sapper:—"The fools are not all dead yet."

Officer:—"That's as sure as you live."

Who was the Cadet found sleeping on a tombstone Monday night? Ask the Archbishop, he knows.

"HAMLET" AT OUR CONCERTS.

When men can open up and laugh like the fellows did at last Friday night's vaudeville show, it is a sure sign they are in good health. A good laugh is as beneficial as P.T. or even forming 4's and if given their choice I am afraid most of the men would choose the "laugh". It's all yours, boys, providing you get there early enough to avoid the rush.

Buglers Pollit, Coyne and Frost covered themselves with glory in their screamingly funny sketch "Three o'clock train". Pollit makes a good "scared nigger", Coyne was a capable foil for his comedy and the ghost rivalled my own illustrious father.

The other act that drew equal honors was "The Poolroom", a real sensational dramatic offering with all the thrills of the pistol shot, dope fiend, detectives and death scenes. It depicted in true style the life of a pool-room loafer, who ends his worthless life to save a young boy from going to prison. Spr. Milne played the act in vaudeville before enlisting in the Engineers to work at his trade. He's doing it every Friday night for the benefit of all. Sprs. Milne, Linney, Branton, Fennel, Stephenson and Slater were in the cast which was exceptionally good, each character being very well portrayed.

Spr. Forbes is a master of color, and handles the chinks in an interesting manner. He is one of the oldest entertainers, but his work is always appreciated by the boys.

A musical turn by Sprs. Rich, Eckstein and McDonald made up of popular selections brought lots of applause.

Miss West, always a great favorite, sang a couple of songs in fine style, and Spr. Stephenson contributed his songs as the opening act, usually a hard shot and one that all vaudeville artists try to avoid. He received his share of appreciation.

If Spr. Bergeson was a married man I should say he had quarrelled with his wife. He was evidently very angry with some one, which seemed to effect his work. He became so interested in his efforts to extract a laugh from the audience that Sergt. Major Ritchie had to remind him his time was up.

If you think that appearing before the footlights is the only part of a show, just talk to Spr. Clifford, the stage manager. Although he is an old hand at the game and knows the ropes, he says that this bunch of soldiers are worse than

a troupe of Shakesperian actors and they have the reputation of being the original "HAMS".
"Hamlet".

"BARB-WIRE MAC"

There's a genial Sergeant-Major,
And I'd like to lay a wager
That the likes of him elsewhere
cannot be found,
Oh, he's fat, and fair, and forty,
And he bawls us out when
naughty,

Yet we love him, from his bald head
to the ground.
He's a solemn, awesome geezer,
As he squints along his beezzer;
When we're on drill, and you
should hear him rave,
As he gazes at the stubble
that adorns our chin, there's
trouble.

"Ah, ha, me lad, and why did ye
na shave?"
Thank God, when war is over,
And we go back to "clover"
We'll have no fear of any heart
attack,
By hearing the old warning,
"So ye dinna shave this morning"
From genial, gentle (?) good
old Barb-Wire Mac.
Spr. G. E. Coyle.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

How soon will the Orderly Officer get sufficient blankets for his bed.

Who has been nstealing all "Pickledilly's" girls.

Why Sergt. Hennesy always rushes to the phone after 6.00 p.m.

Where Mr. Tubman got his cow-bell.

When is "K" Company going to publish some original stuff.

The reason why a certain C.S.M. made a hurried trip to see some friends, Saturday.

How soon are we going to get our discharges.

Popular refrain heard shortly after 8.30 a.m. last Monday, and sung to the air of "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me":—

Nonsense, Nonsense,
It all sounds like nonsense to me,
to me.

Nonsense, Nonsense,
It all sounds like nonsense to me.

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ABIE THE SEPPER

by Branton W. J.

november
friday 1918

dear Nots and leshings i see you got my pickcher in de paper lest veek but i am disapointment bekaus you put it not on de front cover enyhoe it is k.o

I am unsurprized to here that the hunz have esked for pease bekaus they always vos lookin for a pease of sumthink and noe they hev it a pease vit nothink after they found out they kant lick the alys right avaf they vant to lick vun each oder i am exprised to noe the kizer quits his job ill betcha hel hev it a hard time to find it anoder job like he hed it

especial i dont think he belongs eny more to de kulcher union mebbe he thinks more from a scrip of paper noe

i dont vant noe credit for stoping the var but i think it must leaked out i vos going out on de next dreft i think they got it spize around here and I got it ideas I noe who is it bekaus the feller i got in my memry esked me vunce vere I enlistment and thin he sed he couldnt understand for vy they wanted me in the army he tried to discourge me a lot he sed i vouldnt be a soljer in a tousand yeres and that the only thing i vould be good for vos in de camassage dept i vould make a fine imitation of a german dashound vich vould fool the enemy you noe i never liked dot

feller and right away i got a soxspishion

i did not meke up my mind yet vot kind bizness i shell do noe I hev stoped fiting but efter i get it my medel i think it a good idea to go over dere and get a job as a church builder or else make a junk bizness bekaus the junkers from germany hev all quit and deres plenty of dot stuff over dere they say to the vietim belongs de spoilt if you noe eny fellers vot vould like to deposit sum of dere vages in a first class a number 1 bizness insted of booze i vould be gled to hev it a partner you noe a sensible feller but not too much

i got it to day a cupel pickshers taken from an interior look of the vinegar works vere i used to room ven i vos a rookie soljer it looks

awful netural my fotografter lynne took them so i am sending you enclosed it is too bad he couldnt take all de rooms dere as some are dystinktivly dysinteresting but he sed it vould take too meny expozures

i vos on church parade sunday ve hed to go to the victoria hall as they dont got enuf churches to fit the soljers the chap lane sed life vos a short time just like a bird if you leaf 2 vindows open in a dence hall in de night time and a sparroe flies in on 1 side and out on de oder every think is lite up inside but the sparroe dont stay long vell just like dot is life efter i got thinking about dot i couldnt help think in de vineger shop is a non comical ossifer and from vot i herd sum fellers say about him dot must be de reasons the chap lane got the idea life is so short if the bird vos a ostricker it vould be different dot enuf

herowikaly yours

Abe

you noe vot is a sepper?

A BUSINESS BRAIN.

A gentleman of the Hebrew race on passing a nursery thought he would like a cucumber, so he went in and inquired the price. The man in charge said:

"Here's a beauty, you can have it for eightpence."

The prospective purchaser waved his hands:

"Too dear, too dear; show me a cheaper one."

After being shown several others at the price of sixpence, he raked round the frame, and pointed to a very tiny one in a corner.

The nurseryman said:

"You can have that one for twopence," and forwith proceeded to cut it off, but the Jew quickly stopped him, saying:

"For heaven's sake, man, don't cut it off. I will call for it in a fortnight."

Warrior from Palestine (whose baby is about to be christened, and who has a bottle of Jordan water for the purpose)—Eh, by the way, meenister, I ha'e brocht this bottle—

Minister—No' the noo, laddie! After the ceremony I'll be very pleased!—(London Opinion.)

The St. Johns best shoe and harness maker: We sell "Invictus" cushion insole boots, "Unicus" cushion sole boots, "Daisy" cushion shoes for gentlemen, "Invictus" military boots.

You are welcome to

91 Richelieu St.



SAPPER JONES IS MADE A LANCE JACK ON SAT. A.M.

HE GOES TO THE ICE CREAM PARLOR AND ADMIRES THE EFFECT

HE DECIDES HE WILL HAVE HIS PHOTO TAKEN

HE PUTS ON THE DOG AND IGNORES A COUPLE OF HIS OLD PALS.

WHILE FLIRTING WITH A PRETTY GIRL HE RUNS INTO THE C.O.

AT 6.P.M. HE IS A SAPPER AGAIN

LYN - H.B. Co. 4.

NEWLY OPENED

KNOTS & LASHINGS LUNCH ROOM

116 Richelleu Street, . St. Johns

HOME COOKING.
REASONABLE PRICES.

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COMPLIMENTS OF

THE JAMES ROBERTSON CO.
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and Engineers' Supplies.**

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185 St. James Street.

All kinds of GROCERIES, CANNED
GOODS, FRUITS, FRESH MEAT,
at popular prices.

Albert Bourada

Caters to the Soldiers of the E.T.D.

We have a splendid ice cream parlour
and serve lunch; also we sell fruit and
candy. Everything is clean and neat,
and we guarantee satisfaction to the soldier
boys.

ST. JAMES STREET
(Near the Catholic Church)

FOR SALE

McClary Oil Heater new, just
used a few times. Enquire
101 Jacques Cartier.

Second Hand Store

29 CHAMPLAIN STREET
(At Market Square)

We buy your civilian clothes and
pay highest prices.

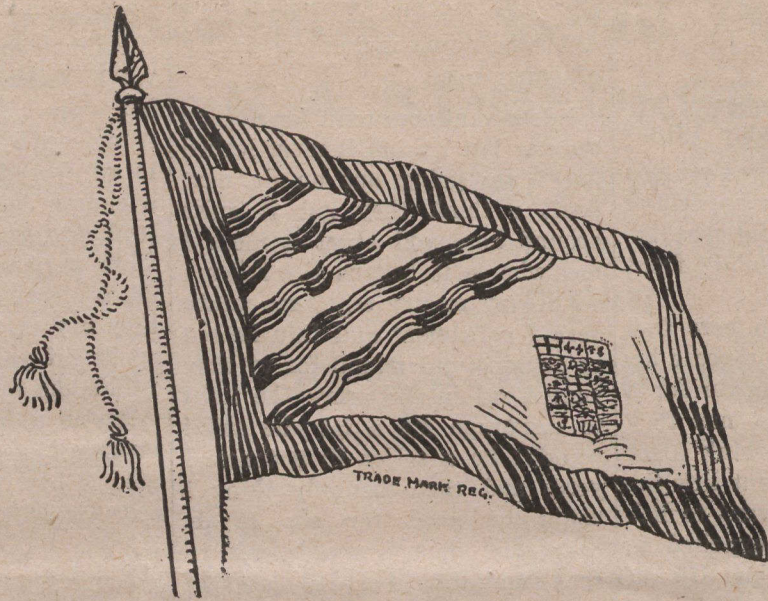
We also outfit discharged men
and guarantee satisfaction to all.

LEE LEE
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Two Stores

Corner Champlain and St. James
Corner St. Charles and Richelleu

A Favorite Laundry of the Soldiers.



EMPRUNT DE LA VICTOIRE 1918 VICTORY LOAN 1918

PROVINCE DE QUEBEC
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

(A l'exclusion de l'Ile de Montréal)
(Excluding the Island of Montreal)

A. P. FRIGON — E. A. MacNUTT
Présidents-Conjoints — Joint Chairmen.

BULLETIN QUOTIDIEN DES QUARTIERS GENERAUX SUR LES SOUSCRIPTIONS RECUES
HEADQUARTERS DAILY BULLETIN OF APPLICATIONS RECEIVED

Compilé d'après les Rapports Reçus des Quartiers Généraux de Comtés le 12 Novembre 1918
Compiled from County Headquarters Reports, received 12th November 1918.

Division	COMTE COUNTY	No. de souscriptions No. of subscriptions	Total à date Total to date	Totaux par division Divisional total	
(Division Spéciale) (Special Division)	Présidents— Chairmen— Hon. Philippe Paradis, J. M. McCarthy				
	Québec - Ville — City	1 414	4 889 850		
	Québec - Comté — County	90	133 200		
	Montmorency	64	69 600		
	Charlevoix	50	16 450	5 109 100	
	1 Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— H. P. Thornhill, J. C. Grant				
	Argenteuil	858	480 800		
	Labelle	31	19 400		
	Buckingham—District	274	278 550		
	Ottawa	433	672 900		
	Pontiac	166	89 300		
Temiskaming	57	21 600	1 562 550		
2 Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— E. A. Ouimet, H. R. Wood					
Beauharnois	716	473 900			
Chateauguay	564	218 500			
Huntingdon	1 106	518 150			
Soulanges	85	46 300			
Vaudreuil	154	91 900	1 348 750		
3 Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— J. B. How, J. F. Boulais					
Champlain	171	505 500			
Maskinonge	4	17 600			
Portneuf	96	129 700			
St. Maurice	164	379 150			
Trois Rivières - Ville—Three Rivers - City	153	538 450	1 570 400		
4 Organisateur de la Division— Divisional Organizer— T. T. Ross					
Chicoutimi	182	324 250			
Kenogami & Jonquiere District	52	20 950			
Lac St. Jean — Lake St. John	10	11 300	356 500		

Division	COMTE COUNTY	No. de souscriptions No. of subscriptions	Total à date Total to date	Totaux par division Divisional total
5	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— E. C. Alford, Leopold Fortier, Eug. Panneton			
	Chambly	716	242 450	
	Iberville	19	17 000	
	Laprairie	15	44 450	
	Napierreville	30	13 850	
	Rouville	68	27 100	
	St. Jean—St. Johns	158	569 850	914 700
6	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— A. J. Nesbitt, P. A. Masson, J. N. Cabana			
	Bagot	52	27 400	
	Drummond	240	82 700	
	Nicolet	28	26 000	
	Richelieu	133	88 500	
	St. Hyacinthe	142	105 250	
	Vercheres	25	52 150	
	Yamaska	13	4 600	386 600
7	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— Wm. Hanson, E. H. Begin			
	Arthabaska	86	78 000	
	Brome	489	295 100	
	Missisquoi	481	278 300	
	Richmond	771	458 400	
	Shefford	392	311 050	
	Sherbrooke	1 433	1 387 500	
	Stanstead	959	753 450	3 561 800
8	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— F. W. Tofield, T. Langlois			
	Beauce	163	65 350	
	Compton	484	328 700	
	Frontenac	76	68 150	
	Megantic	316	527 150	
	Wolfe	20	17 750	1 007 100
9	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— J. H. Fortier, C. B. Hibbard			
	Bellechasse	26	13 450	
	Dorchester	72	48 950	
	Levis	871	513 600	
	L'Islet	47	21 350	
	Lotbiniere	85	57 900	
	Montmagny	318	92 800	1 048 050
10	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— F. Saint-Pierre, W. W. Marshall			
	Bonaventure	132	61 950	
	Gaspe No. 1	100	56 950	
	“ “ 2	23	8 050	
	Kamouraska	98	89 350	
	Matane No. 1	185	76 200	
	“ “ 2	123	46 150	
	Rimouski	105	81 350	
	Temiscouata	348	75 200	495 200
11	Organisateurs de la Division— Divisional Organizers— J. A. McQueston, J. W. Simard, L. Rochefort			
	Berthier	44	28 100	
	Joliette	251	156 700	
	L'Assomption	29	10 100	
	Montcalm	12	12 300	
	Terrebonne	93	80 400	
	Deux Montagnes — Two Mountains	10	27 650	315 250
12	Organisateur de la Division— Divisional Organizer— J. B. Desrochers			
	Ile Jésus (Laval)	23	24 150	24 150
13	Organisateur de la Division— Divisional Organizer— F. W. Clark			
	Saguenay	4	11 700	11 700
	TOTAL	17 202	17 711 850	17 711 850
		1917		9,676,200



**Garrow
Acetylene
Light**

8,000 Candle Power

Strong, Safe and Efficient,
Puts the light at the right place in
the right amount.

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MORSE**

Railway and Contractors Supplies
are complete.

—A tool for every purpose—
and are reliable.

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Fairbanks-Morse
Co. Limited.**

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John Donaghy,

*Customs House Broker
and Shipper.*

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**Hard and Soft Coal,
Hard and Soft Wood,
Kindling, &c.**

21 Richelieu St., St. Johns, Que

**The Merchants Bank
of Canada.**

Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000
Reserve Funds - - \$7,437,973
Total Deposits (Sept. 1918) \$126,000,000
Total Assets (Sept. 1918) \$159,000,000

Savings Department

Start a Savings Account with us.
We welcome small accounts as well
as large ones. Interest allowed at
best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager

THE MESS COOK.

I was sitting at the table,
Thinking of the days of yore,
When there was no conversation,
And the chow was not so poor;
On the floor there came a tapping
That I'd never heard before,
And it surely made me sore,
To hear that rapping tapping,
That I'd never heard before.

Then there came a starving mess
cook,
Coming from the kitchen door.
"Give me food," I cried in anger,
Quoth the mess cook, "Never
more."

"Get me chow," I cried in anguish,
I entreat or I implore,
From his lips in accents mournful
Came this sentence, "Ain't no
more."

Then I raved like one demented
From my head the hair I tore.
I'll eat hard tack, beans, slum-
gullion,
Anything I've had before.
Oh you, mess cook have some
mercy
Ere I starve, give me succor.
But the villain only muttered,
Muttered so there "Ain't no
more."

Now I ponder and I wonder
As I've wondered oft before
What to do to stop that croaking,
That eternal "Ain't no more."

I might beat him, kill him, choke
him,
Choke him till his throat was sore,
With last expiring breath he'd
whisper,
Whisper softly, "Ain't no more."
Driver D. G.

FAMOUS RUMOURS.

"Germany has signed peace
terms."

"The draft will leave Monday."

"The draft will not leave Mon-
day."

"My wife is here, can I get a
sleeping out pass."

"I am going to raise hell if my
name isn't on the draft."

Tramp—Kind lady, would yer
please give a pore man a bit to
eat?

The Lady—What! You here
again? I will call my husband im-
mediately.

Tramp—Excuse me, lady, but I
ain't no cannibal. I bid yer good-
day.—(Exchange).

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

"THE KICKERS"

By J. F. W.

I lay in my bunk one evening,
Resting my weary head,
My comrades around me were
talking,
So I listened to all that they said.

They spoke of their work and their
family,
They told of the lives they had led,
They beefed about life in the army
And about the punk grub they
were fed.

One said that the dishes were dingy
And greasy and sloppy and black,
And an other while eating a
sausage

Had very near chocked on a tack.
One said that he coughed up an
old shoe,

From a piece of bad beef that he
ate,
And said the jam that they gave
you

Looked just like a speck on your
plate.

They all swore the tea was quite
rotten,
And one who is known as "The
Bud"

Said the coffee was sweetened with
glucose

And colored with E. T. D. mud.

The other sad things that they told
of

Would make the bad Kaiser Bill
weep.

But at last I got tired of their
jabber,
And peacefully dropped off to
sleep.

I was eating my breakfast one
morning,

The very same chaps round me
sat

And I noticed the grub in the
Army

Was sure making most of them
fat.

The room was brought to atten-
tion. Enter an officer. He says:
"Is everything all right, boys?"
We all answer, "Yes, thank you,
Sir."

J. F. W. seems to have some of
the boys taped off correctly in his
last verse. We have often noticed
that chronic kickers never avail
themselves of the opportunity to
ventilate their grievance (?) when
presented with a chance to do so.

Reasons for kicking being gener-
ally due to ignorance, lack of
common sense or reason, and a per-
verted idea of how things should
be done.

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.

THE SERGEANT OF THE
GUARD.

As daylight breaks on the barrack
square,
The mounting sergeant stands;
He calls the roll with a worried air,
And bawls out his commands.

It's up to him to take the blame,
If men don't comb their hair;
Or if they don't keep step the same,
In marching off the square.

He halts before the guard room
grand,
And numbers off his men.
Each man is told where he must
stand,
And his duties round the 'pen.

Ten times a day the sentries shout,
With voices loud and clear,
"The guard turn out" the O.C.
comes,
Or the Orderly Officer draws near.

The sentry recites his orders to
him,
Omits them all but one;
Then the sergeant gets 'bawled'
once more with vim,
For of brains the poor sentry has
none.

Then on we go to where "time" is
done,
Withdraw the bolt so strong;
Admit the O.O., then its 'Prisoners,
Shun'
"Any Complaints"? and Carry
on.

Three times a day the men must be
fed,
In itself it's an awful job;
They must have coffee and meat
and bread,
If they don't there's a howling
mob.

For the sentries must have some,
too, you know,
And the prisoners get what is fair;
And a hell of a row they'll raise,
If they don't get more than their
share.

The sergeant must make his reports
just right,
Omit not a single name.
He writes by day and he writes by
night,
He writes them again and again.

Till his eyes grow dim and his
head, it nods,
By the wretched desk in the
gloom;
Then a prisoner bawls "Open the
Door"
And curses fill the room.

Then the lights go out and out of
the night,



Somebody slipped on the gangway.

The sentry shouts in fear,
 "Turn out the guard, things aren't
 just right
 A rustling noise I hear."

But all is well, a false alarm,
 It was only a cat in the lane;
 And the men lie down and snatch
 a nap,
 To go out in the pouring rain.

Then the 'phone it rings or a
 telegram comes,
 Or an escort is wanted at once;
 Or a prisoner is sick and must see
 the 'M.O.'
 Or the M.P.'s come in with some
 drunks.

And so it goes on 'til the break of
 day,
 And a new guard comes on the
 scene;
 Then the sergeant goes off for a
 two hours' rest,
 And some breakfast in between.

And when he lies down perchance
 he may dream,
 Of the guards he's done before;
 But his sweeter dream by far will
 be,
 Of the day when guards are no
 more.

A Helluva Sergeant.

— ? —

There's a little bunch of men in
 camp

Who are they?

They're boys of a peculiar stamp
 Who are they?

They're gathered here from far
 and wide

Their time for action here to
 bide

Who are they?

They're listed here as engineers,
 But are they?

A nice decorous bunch of dears
 Now aren't they?

They think that they're the liv-
 est crowd

That ever to dicipline bowed
 Who are they?

Some of them tradesmen by
 vocation,

What are they?

With the rest its purely 'magin-
 ation

Who are they?

They know it all they'd have you
 think

Who are they?

Until they wake up in the clink

Since they came back from
 loading slugs

Where were they?

Their actions savour strong of
 things

Who are they?

Because they loaded box-cars up
 with shells for Kaiser Bill
 They think they've earned a re-
 putation that is hard to
 kill,

Who are they?

With "Corporal" Mitchel in the
 Van

Who is he?

And the rest of us pickled every
 man

Who are we?

Now we're all divided up
 Likewise thoroughly sobered up

Who are we?

Now some of us are on our fati-
 gues

Who are we?

And others are distant 1,000 lea-
 gues

Where are they?

And some have the pleasure un-
 alloyed,

Of Regimentally being employed
 Who are they?

One is a Post office clerk large
 as life

And one's in the Kitchen as
 "cook" (?)

And two in the Hospital, order-
 lies are

And three by the M.P.'s were
 took.

Which were they?

There's Woodsy and Wyman
 Wilkerson bold

Who are they?

Fitzpatrick and Campbell and
 Mitchel so old

Who are they?

Our Sergeants were Scotch, to
 heaven give thanks,

Tho' they never interested their
 money in "banks"

Who are they?

They're the crowd that once did
 a bit of their bit,

Yes that's they!

In spite of their being so full of
 bull,

Yes that's they!

They're a bunch of good boys in
 spite of their voice,

Each one's a good sport if in
 temper, he's short.

They're ready and willing to
 jump to their part

In the scrap that's in progress in
 France,

And every dashed one of them
 loudly they sang

And the bell on the Loci right
 loadly it rang.

When the train left the Depot
 with that little gang,

Who were they?

The Montreal Gang, signed,
 Sebastian.

Canada's Leading Hotel

The Windsor

Dominion Square, Montreal, Canada

EUROPEAN PLAN EXCLUSIVELY.

Centrally located in the heart of the
 shopping and theatrical district.

Service Unsurpassed.

Special rates for Military and Naval Officers.

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Tunics, Slacks and Breeches
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Woolen Goods, Underwear, Gloves, Sweaters, Mufflers and Socks
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We carry SUITS for Discharged
 Men at Special Rates.

W. L. HOGG, GRAIN. HAY MONTREAL.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO. LIMITED.

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"Five Roses Flour"

CANADA

"Flour is Ammunition—Don't Waste It."

The Soldier's Friend Restaurant

166 St. James Street.

LUNCH COUNTER. SOFT DRINKS,
 PATISSERIES and FRUITS
 FRANCAISE. The Soldiers' Own.

Eats for the Week

Through the courtesy of the Quartermaster, "Knots and Lashings" is this week enabled to give the diet sheet for the ensuing week, starting with tomorrow, Sunday. It is as follows:—

The daily Pudding is supplied by the Canteen Fund.

Monday

Breakfast — Porridge, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Irish Stew, Potatoes, Bread and Tea, Sultana Roll.

Tea—Soup, Jam, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Tuesday

Breakfast — Porridge, Liver, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Boiled Beef, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Dumplings.

Tea—Soup, Jam, Hash, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Wednesday

Breakfast—Porridge, Fish Cakes Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Irish Stew, Potatoes, Bread and Tea, Cabinet Pudding, Chocolate Sauce.

Tea—Soup, Prunes and Rice, Cakes, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Thursday

Breakfast—Baked Beans, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Sausages, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Suet Pudding and Syrup.

Tea — Soup, Lettuce, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Friday

Breakfast—Kedgeree, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Stewed Steak, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Rice Pudding.

Tea—Soup, Jam, Cold Roast Lamb and Sweet Pickled Cherkins, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Saturday

Breakfast — Porridge, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Boiled Beef, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Dumplings.

Tea — Soup, Honey, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Sunday

Breakfast—Porridge, Sausages, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Steak and Kidney Pud., Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Cottage Pudding and Caramel Sauce.

Tea—Cold Roast Beef, Sweet pickles, Cheese and Cake, Bread and Butter, Tea.

THE LUCK OF COY. B.

By Lyn.

Have you heard of the luck of Coy. B.

It's the toughest luck you ever did see,

They're first on parade in the morning

And the last to leave at night,

When Coy. A is out at play,

Or if it happens to rain all day

You'll always find that Coy. B.

Is doing fatigue and guard duty.

Their N.C.O.'s and Sergt. Majors

Seldom grant Coy. B. any favors,

While the N.C.O.'s of Coy. A.

Join in with the boys at work or play.

When they line up for their marmalade

Coy. A. always leads the parade.

When the pictures were made the other day,

After peace had been declared,

The first ones taken were Coy A,

Then Coy. B prepared,

They put on a smile you could see a mile,

Hoping that "Hoodoo" to kill.

The camera man said "wait a while",

And they might have been waiting still.

For the usual luck that has followed them

Since they tried to go over-seas

Stepped into that circle of waiting men

And caught them all on their knees,

They waited and waited, they waited in vain

Till all their muscles and joints were in pain

But they didn't get any picture that day

For the Camera was busted by Coy. A.

OVERHEARD IN THE KITCHEN.

Hungry Sapper (Scotch by extraction and also by absorption): "Wha do ye ca' this, SIRR?" (displaying a plate filled with more vegetables than meat).

Irate Quartermaster: — "Irish Stew, my lad."

H. S.:—"Me feyther fed his cattle on stuff like this."

I. Q.:—"Yes, and I have, also, fed donkeys on carrots. What! What!?"



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

"STAG"

have made this famous chewing tobacco a prime favorite all over Canada.

It satisfies because the natural flavor of the tobacco is in it.

A SPECIALTY

Steamer Trunks & Travelling Bags

At lowest prices.

SURE-CURE - HOSPITAL
FOR OLD SHOES.
Bring yours in, and we'll
fix 'em while you wait.

Soft Shoes and Slippers
To Wear in Barracks
Good Trunks and Valises
Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

144 Richelieu St.,

Opposite the Thuotoscope.

Come in and say "Hello". We are good folks, and think you are, too!

Yes, we have nice

"Riding Breeches"

at *Frs. Payette,*

146 Richelieu St.

Opposite the Thuotoscope

Also Special Suits for discharged men.

FOR CHOICE GROCERIES AND FRUIT GO TO

SIMPSON'S

MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

Agent for Chas. Gurd's Goods and Laurentian Spring Water.

W. R. SIMPSON, Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

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