

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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## Captain Powell, M. C., Must Have More Lives Than a Cat!

**THE KING RECOGNIZED THE LOSS OF TWO LIVES BY BESTOWING THE MILITARY CROSS TWICE; BUT THE CAPTAIN LOST A COUPLE MORE LIVES AFTER THAT! TO HEAR HIM CHUCKLING ALONG ABOUT HIS WORK ONE WOULD THINK HIS WORST FEAR WAS WHETHER THE SQUAD SHOULD EVOLUTE ACCORDING TO THE DETAIL GIVEN BY SOME BUDDING CORPORAL, OR ACCORDING TO K. R. O. IN SPITE OF HIS WAR EXPERIENCE CAPT. POWELL IS ONLY 26 YEARS OLD!**

Possessing a delightful sense of humour, and a natural disposition to look upon his part in this war as a matter of little moment, the subject of our article, Captain R. W. Powell, C.E., represents our ideal of the soldier.

It is to such men as this we can attribute the complete mystification of the Hun in his estimation of the characteristics of his enemy. The Hun takes the war seriously, as we know, and fails utterly to understand the character of the British fighting forces; and so misunderstanding, has misjudged time and again the effect of his frightfulness, and highly disciplined ruthlessness, to his own detriment.

Captain Powell is a surprisingly young man, being only twenty six years of age. Born, October 11th, 1891, at Ottawa. He graduated at Royal Military College, Kingston, in 1911 and was engaged, after leaving College, as a civil engineer in the Department of Public Works of Canada at Ottawa.

He was employed on the following works between 1911 and the time of his enlistment in the Canadian Expeditionary forces in September of 1914:—Georgian Bay Canal, Kingston Harbour improvements, improvements to the middle

channel, St. Lawrence River, Canadian Northern Railway (Trans-continental), and on the St. Charles River improvement works with Messrs. Quinlan and Robertson, Contractors.

Captain (then Lieut.) Powell proceeded overseas with the second division in April 1915, being stationed at Shorncliffe until September of that year, leaving at this time for France with the 4th Field Company under the command of the late Colonel (then Major) Inksetter, C.E.

The second division arrived in Flanders at the time of the battle of Loos, standing by at this engagement, and later taking its baptism at Messines.

After Messines Capt. Powell proceeded north to the sector between Veerstat and the spoil bank north of St. Eloi. Here he was engaged in field defence works of all descriptions until the battle of St. Eloi was fought at the end of March 1916.

In his first engagement, at St. Eloi, he was wounded twice in the legs. The first wound, from a piece of shrapnel, put him in hospital for four days; three weeks later he was wounded by a machine gun bullet which necessitated his retire-

ment to Etaples Base Hospital; thence to the 2nd London General Hospital in England. At this stage he was three months in England, the last of the three being spent with the fourth Division at Bramshot.

On his return to Flanders about the middle of August, 1916, he was stationed at St. Eloi, his old "stamping ground", for about



**CAPT. R. W. POWELL, M.C., C.E.**  
Chief Instructor, E. T. D.

(Photo by Pinsonnault)

three weeks, then went south to the Somme.

On November 18th, during the renowned Battle of the Somme, he was wounded in the eye by a shrapnel splinter. On this occasion he was leading a party of six sappers on their way to lay out work for the night and got into the barrage

fire. Capt. Powell (then Lieut.) was the only one wounded or hurt in the party the shell exploding at graze about thirty feet immediately in front of the party he was leading along the shallow communication trench.

After receiving this wound he "carried on" and the next day was sent back to Etaples Base Hospital, occupying the same bed, in the same room and being attended by the same nurse, as before at this hospital.

From Etaples he went to Boulogne to an eye specialist for one month, and was there granted leave to go to England—and later received permission to return, on leave, to Canada, arriving about Xmas day.

Capt. Powell joined the instructional staff at the E. T. D., St. Johns, while in Canada, and his lectures on Entrenching and Field Defences came as a refreshing boon to many an officer anxious to learn conditions at the front.

In listening to Captain Powell giving a lecture on these subjects one cannot but see that he knows his subject perfectly and has certain convictions rather than opinions on the way things should be done. One minute he is seriously taking to task certain methods of foolish design; the next he is illustrating his point by a reference to "some poor blighters" with a "chuckle" so characteristic of him that any sketch of him is incomplete without reference to this, (for the want of a better word) "chuckle".

He is a splendid lecturer, pin-

(Continued on Page 11)

**NOT FAT: JUST RIGHT!**

You say our O.C. is stout?  
Is overweight?  
No doubt  
You've heard the rumor that  
He's got to work it off?  
The Colonel's got to doff  
Full thirty pounds—  
To be in proper bounds!—  
But he's NOT fat!  
No, no, not that!  
Just plump, you chump.  
You say he's lost his punch?  
Because he is, by far,  
Too ample in the lunch?—  
You make me laugh, Har-Har!!  
You say he looks like Taft?—  
Large fore and aft?  
That he has got to train  
To make the weight again  
Which brings the knockout blow?  
Oh, I don't know!—  
Though he has meat to spare,  
The punch is there!  
Tho' he's not down to weight  
(As he should surely be)  
I certainly would hate  
To have him land  
On ME!

THE SCRIBE,  
D. Coy.

**NEWS FROM HALIFAX**

**Excerpts from letters**

"We are divided up into sections here. I have a bunch of men at Badhead Hospital: we are to stay out there after tomorrow. We walk out every day to and from work, five miles, and we go through all the wreck. Gee, it sure is some sight!

There are lots of buildings that have never been searched yet, and the town is all guarded, so we can only get out with passes at night. Every morgue and shed is full of

bodies and at Snow's, the undertakers, there is a stack of coffins amounting to hundreds right on the street. The town is in darkness; there are a few street cars running short distances and every window is boarded up.

Some people are still in tents; no houses are going up yet. The people are very nervous here, wandering around trying to find their children and relatives.

We are doing fairly well now, but the first day or so was very tough, as I believe we were a larger bunch than they expected, but we are getting along fine now and have good quarters, sleeping on cots with mattresses.

We have discovered Sergt. Bell's photo as a Corporal, and I met C.S.M. Melmer's son at the Michael Building when I went for the mail on Tuesday.

The snow is not very deep here but it's cold, and we are all digging in good and have a good name here for work and discipline. We all turn out good and on time, that's through our own R.S.M.'s good system, and it helps here.

We can out-walk any of them here, having had lots of practice on route marches. Anyway every body is good to us and we are appreciating it, believe me!

The Officers are fine."

"It was true, indeed, what the Colonel told us:—it was no picnic we were going to.

I hardly know how to explain things to you as everything is in such a mess and muddle. After being snowed up for ten hours we got within a half-mile of what is left of the city.

Arrived at the barracks only to find the place deserted except for a few home service men. After a bite of bread and cheese we were marched off to the Wellington barracks, which is absolutely wrecked.

We did a bit of clearing up there, one fellow being killed by some masonry falling. Today we marched through the deserted streets to the Military hospital—three miles through the worst of the wreckage. From this place, which is right on the cliffs, we could see the ships stranded on shore, and pieces of the munition ship laying all over the streets.

Words cannot describe the awfulness of the situation even now five days after; there are scores of people homeless, there are no lights anywhere, and traffic is held up by the terrible blizzard.

Without any exaggeration at all it was the most we could do to get home tonight from that hospital through the blinding snow.

We passed women fighting in vain to make headway. We asked the corporal if we could fall out and help them but he said, "No, keep together."

Soldiers are leading old women and children through the streets. Amid the wreckage there are some amusing scenes, as one can see butchers' wagons, with huge joints of meat in them, left on the side of the streets and snow up to the boxes of the wheels; coal wagons and bread carts just the same as they left them when the snow became too deep to go any farther.

Mounted military police are patrolling the streets, but in the worst district nobody is to be seen except stray cats and dogs hunting for food.

I noticed a white rag nailed on a post outside some building or piece of building. It had the word "FOOD" written on it. On looking inside the gate there was a crowd of people with baskets and buckets waiting for a "hand-out".

We did not realize what sacrifices we were going to make and what comforts we were leaving behind in St. Johns barracks.

None of us are kicking as we can see how everybody else is suffering. We are doing good work and all the men at St. Johns should have been sent. Drafts are coming from all cities, including Toronto. What is needed is lots of men each with a hammer, saw and glass cutter.

We are hard up for tools. We have not even got knife and fork and spoon; no plates, etc., in the place; and all our rations today were two jam sandwiches!

We drank our mulligan out of our mess cans tonight. But its "All for the empire", so cheer up!—say we.

They say they are sending for McSweeney."

**NOT BY A DAMSIGHT!**

Dear Editor:—

Can you inform the boys in "C.1" whether there is a shortage of writing paper on the North American continent?

Our reason for asking is that Shorty Mallory received a letter recently that was written on paper straight from the perforated roll. (Get me?)

Would you advise him to reply in a similar manner?

Grits.

**RAGS DOES!**

Rags knows a thing or two. He has lately taken to following a certain Sergeant (J. B.) and one of St. John's fairest damsels everywhere. The Barracks is all right, but Rags is looking for a real home.

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This task of conducting a column at long distance range is one entirely new to me, but, as an engineer,—and therefore a general in disguise—I might as well get used to the feeling, as the war has only to last long enough to find me—many others also no doubt—moving up the columns by long distance from H. Q. However, when one's thoughts run constantly to turkey, cranberries and an overdrawn account he's a mighty hard editor who demands his pound of flesh—St. George calls it "meat":—so from the quiet confines of a Montreal barrack room, here goes for our weekly review of Poetry—ancient and modern.

"D" Company is certainly the home of the bards both docile and dangerous. Gentlemen, the reams upon reams of good canteen stationery used by some of them and sent up for trial to us would bring tears of joy to the local rag man. Can you tell me why the sapper is so strongly leaning toward the muse?

Just for fun—as Curtis says—we made a study of twelve "D"

Coy "poems". Seven were wholly and solely about drafts. Two efforts I am glad to say were of the Greenwood Tree variety and here may I say—heaven be praised for two optimists. The only thing wrong was choice of subject. It is rather embarrassing from a critic's standpoint to read two efforts right down to the bitter end, and after having come to the conclusion that the boy was really in love—to find out that actually the poems were in praise of raising pie on the one hand, and Sergt. Major McLaren on the other. Two more referred to the Mounted Section, but as they came through the smoke so well lately, no quotations are necessary. The twelfth was a jim-dandy, and took the form of an ode to Boorman's gramophone, his camera, his personal appearance and finally his character. If sapper Boorman will call unarmed some day next week, we will read it to him.

Like you we thought K. M. B. was an awfully nice boy—but now he's a home wrecker, a German spy and lots more.

You will now hold your respective hats on, inhale a deep breath and—

ETAOIN shrdu! ODZWK vbgkqj???

Its a strang feeling when you are at St. John  
from all that you hold dear;  
In the day time you dont notice it so much  
but at night then you feel queer.

There is a forgotten feeling creeps around your hart  
and you wonder what made you start;  
You think of England and France;  
and of loved once you are apart.

If you were in Montreal Ottawa ore a Town  
then you would'nt feel as sad and blue;  
You think the Heads at Ottawa dont give a dem for you  
when thay leave you at St. John.

When you are in St. John you think of the days gone by  
You think of the good times you have had  
For your civic cloths you sigh.

Ah there's plenty of good in most of us  
the Heads dont seem to try to find;  
But let them give us a chance  
and will show them we are never behind.

May God help and safely keep;  
The Engineers at St. John for thay must be  
A bunch of black sheep.

Sapper H. STEINBERG.

Oh! ye immortal gods!

Finally we have pleasure in acknowledging a graceful little appreciation from "A Modern Young Woman" of New York. She eulogises, with apologies to Lord Byron and Childe Harold—

"A" Company is certainly clever  
"B" Company is too I am sure  
"C" Company possess wit  
And "Pies" and a Man who can snore."

"I love not A. the less but C the more

For "Knots and Lashings" showing of its skill  
To do e'en better what's been done before  
It calls forth admiration and a zeal  
That I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

This, coming at a time when we were about to cut our salaries in half and fire the office boy is doubly welcome, so, firm and resolute, we shall go undeviatingly onward towards that glad day—this was pulled off with great success on election day by at least fifty members elect—when the bailiff shall come forth and swipe our typewriter.

WALRUS.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

Now, "PAT", Will  
You Be Good!

Editor,

"Knots and Lashings".

I note with interest that your confrere, "Pat", the "unknown genius" in his "Nuts and Rations" column in the Christmas number, (in which column there are exactly two good things out of seventeen attempts) has entered the field as the card-playing expert of the Staff.

I deduce this from his line in the "agony column" which mentions that "Uncle Sam is no longer playing 'Solitaire'. We presume now he intends to go in for 'Brag'."

Accordingly I wish to ask "Pat" if it is good playing, and according to the rules of his game, to trump his partner's ace?

My friend Steve, one of the many hundred of Americans (over half the men in the Depot) laughed when he read "Pat's" presumption as to what Uncle Sam was doing in France and said, "Well, I'd bet my next pay envelope that Friend Pat is a Permanent Room Orderly and will never get any nearer France than the City Hotel's bar in St. Johns. Gotcha, Steve! Attaboy!"

Contrary to Friend Pat's habit, I do not hesitate to sign—

K. M. BOORMAN,  
Sapper, D. Coy.

**WORTH WAITING FOR**

A Rhondda man went into a public-house and called for a glass of whisky and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"Which did you put in first, the whisky or the water?"

"The whisky, of course," the publican replied.

"Ah, well," said the Rhondda man, "perhaps I'll come to it by and by."

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**The Song of the STATIONARY Engineer.**

(To the tune of "When the roll is called up yonder".)  
 Over there! Over there!  
 We'll be over when it's over, over there;  
 Over there! Over there!  
 We'll be over when it's over, over there.  
 (Repeat, ad lib!)

**BUBBLINGS.**

We have a noble C.S.M.; they call him "Barbwire Mac"; He went to France, won great renown and came galumping back.

And him we wish a Christmas gay, as it deserves to be And from the subsequent effects a swift re-cove-er-ee!

Oh section 3, says section 3, is far the best in E.T.D.:

And section 2, says section 2, is best in what they are and do:

And section 1, says section 1, is quite untouched beneath the sun—

And so perforce men say of 'D' "Oh! what a wondrous company"!

Oh editor, dear editor, pray tell us why it is—

That engineers both old and young eat biscuits, cones and fizz—

In such prodigious quantities; do you think it can be

That our canteen is wise enough to tip the A.S.C.?

—Sapper Jackson.

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**THE RETORT SCORNFUL**

D. Coy. Sapper in the Hospital: Nurse:—"Is there anything more I can do for you tonight?" Sapper:—"You might kiss me good night."

Nurse (30 degrees below zero):—"We have a Base Co. orderly here on Sanitary Fatigue, who does all the dirty work!"

**ECHOES FROM THE SERGEANTS' QUARTERS**

Wanted:—A few intelligent Sappers or Drivers to take lessons in knitting. Apply any evening this week to C.S.M. Sims, Room 1. (Wool supplied free.)

What took our R.Q.M.S. to Granby last weekend?

Now that Sgt. Davidson has relieved Sgt. Fawcett on the P.T. Staff, Montreal, it is only right that Sgt. Fawcett should relieve Sgt. Davidson at the head of the table.

**Heard at the Breakfast table:—**

C.S.M. Lear:—"Good morning, McLaren;—A nice morning for the locks!"

McLaren (grouchily):—"What locks?"

Lear:—"Why, the Polocks! of course, old dear!"

McLaren:—"G—D—!"

Who is the C.S.M. that was asleep on his bed last Sunday afternoon when he should have been escorting a lady friend through the Barracks?

Is it true that owing to his absence the R.S.M. had to perform a double duty.

**But WHY Not?**

And Behold, Samson, the great strong man, was at a gathering where there was playing of cards:

And a little maiden timidly approached him, saying, "Great and mighty Samson! It hath come to mine ears that Thou are holding court tomorrow at evening time, and that there will be dancing and much amusement: may not even I be present among thine Elect?"

And lo, Samson spoke, and straightway smote the maiden with

these words, and with his greatest weapon, THE JAW BONE OF AN ASS:—

"No, you are not invited!"

**"D" COY'S STARS.**

Also "Rogues Gallery"

Spr. K. M. Boorman:—Regmtl. Photographer.

Spr. G. Sampson:—A Lady-Killer.

Spr. Sigsworth:—The Human Phonograph.

Spr. Fountain:—The Long-Drink.

Spr. Bunton:—Appollinaris the Great.

Spr. Ryan:—Thompson's Nurse.

Lee-Corp. McSweeney:—Flannel-mouth.

Spr. Cooper:—Toothless wonder.

Lee-Corp. Stalker:—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

**THE SCRIBE.**

**WANTED: AN ANSWER.**

E. T. D., Nov. 13, '17.

Love Editor,

"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

I am, or was, practically engaged to a girl who lives, or at least visits, in St. Johns. Recently I brought her to visit the Depot. We were watching D Company drilling with their customary dash and precision, when she suddenly asked:—"Who is that cunning officer?"

Since that moment she has been very distant to me, and the only time she spoke to me the rest of the day was to ask what pay lieutenants got in the army!

I cannot understand it. Do you think anything in the Depot would have caused this sudden change?

Heartbroken.

**EATON ANSWERS**

**"OTTAWA READER"**

To Readers of

"Knots and Lashings":—

I wish to make apologies to the writer (I do not know his name) of the poem "Witley" which was published in December 8th "Knots and Lashings" as "St. Johns". I did not intend for my name to be published as the writer, but it was through my thoughtlessness in not explaining it to the Editor.

I remain,

Yours truly,

Driver C. EATON.

**A BIT HEADY.**

Presiding Genius: "What is the charge against Private Jones?"

Sergeant: "If yer plaze, 'e's been drunk, an' 'e's been breakin' things, an' he won't obey no orders. In fact, 'e's been behavin' ginrally as though 'e wuz the bloomin' colonel himself!"

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**"D" Co'y says:—**

**D. COY. WANTS TO KNOW**

D. Coy. wants to know if B. Coy. appreciates the surprise package furnished them when Spr. Burrows was transferred from D. Coy, and if so, why we have received nothing in return, not even a bill for storage.

When the Military authorities are going to determine whose over-shoes are going to be used as a transport to convey the Engineers abroad.

If some competent feminine representative could be assigned to room 93 to decide who has the most fragrant talcum powder.

If that hammer has been found yet.

Why the popular P.T.'s cannot be held between midnight and 12 o'clock p.m.

If the tailors will close shop temporarily to await the return of a well-known mobile corporal.

Why the "Col." laughed at the "dog" story the other night at Mr. Racey's lecture.

Why Spr. Hambly says we'll all be threatened with "Intelligence" one of these days.

D. Co. would like to know if a Band concert could not be had once in a while. All work and no play make Jack a dull boy.

Spr. G. Smith wants to know why his Laurier opponent moved his bed.

How about the newly-made Lance Corporal who went to the dance in Odd Fellow's Hall in his issue shoes, and explained to every young lady that his dress shoes were locked up and so it was impossible for to get them:—while as a matter of fact the sapper whose shoes he usually borrows had to wear them himself that night.

(Echo from the Philadelphia Bulletin)—We are in receipt of a letter from Sapper Hildale, (the human pull-through) informing us that he has been promoted from Base to "D" Coy. which he claims is a step nearer the firing line. What firing line does he refer to?

The boys of Room 91 want to know if there is a Kindergarten school in the immediate vicinity for Sprs. Comfort and Fell. Any-

**D. COMPANY'S POET GURGLES—**

Some people were made to be soldiers:—  
But the Irish were made to be cops!  
Sauerkraut was made for the Germans:  
And spaghetti was made for the wops!

Fish were made to drink water;  
And bums were made to drink booze.  
Banks were made for money,  
And money was made for the Jews!

Everything was made for something;  
Everything,—except the miser!  
God made Wilson to be President,  
But who in H-E-L-L made the Kaiser?  
—Sapper ROBERTSON.

**Something ELLS For You.**

It is said the WOLFE KING's daughter  
Got a HUSBAND, oh what fun,  
By a MORGANatic marriage  
With a DAWSON TINKER's son.

See them DODGE from WOODS to COVERT.  
FARR o'er LEE and rolling FELL,  
With the king and DEAN behind them,  
Faces SCARLETT, mad as Hell.

But ere long their faithful geegee  
Strains its WITHERS and the DEAN  
With his LONGSTAFF SHIELDS the truants  
From the old KING's righteous spleen!

And at last his HOUGH subsiding,  
Smile and QUIPP supplant the frown;  
Cries "Come feast on roasted SWAN, SON  
WHITING, RICE and gravy BROWN.

See him LUCE affection's FOUNTAIN  
Fills he up his foaming STEIN  
Spreads his PENCE among the needy  
Drinks a (draught!) for "auld-LANG-syne".

**BEAKause—**

Now, BOYCE, I quit: I want a COHN, so I wish you all A VERY happy Christmas WITHERS o'ere you may be.

one having rocking horses, baby's pacifiers, diapers, etc., kindly send them to the above Sappers.

If Mac's dyspepsia and weak stomach have developed into a severe attack of eating diabetes since coming to St. Johns from Calgary.

Who the fellow is who goes to the canteen and buys candy and goes to bed to eat it so he won't be seen.

Why Steinberg is so chesty since Jerusalem fell into the hands of the British ("Home, sweet Home").

If the Depot is aware that there is an information bureau in Room 91 (ask Steinberg, he knows).

Why the Officer of "D" Coy,

who never smiled, should smile when he told the boys he was going away?

Why the old guard, so tired and dreary after their twenty-four hour grind, should fall prey so easily to that death-dealing P.T.?

Why Cooper of "D" Coy never has his cap on "Straight"?

Why Jimmy Boyd coming in at eleven at night says "Gate" a block away.

**Human Again.**

Our bronze-faced Lance-Corporal ("All for de Empire") in a hurry to get down "South", got his Beak mussed up by Jack Frost, and with the aid of a little "Snow" he became quite human again.

Continued on page 10)

**Smoke  
Hudson Bay Co.'s  
Imperial  
Mixture**

CANADA'S FOREMOST  
TOBACCO.

**"Chandler"**

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Enlargements.*

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**Merchant Tailor &  
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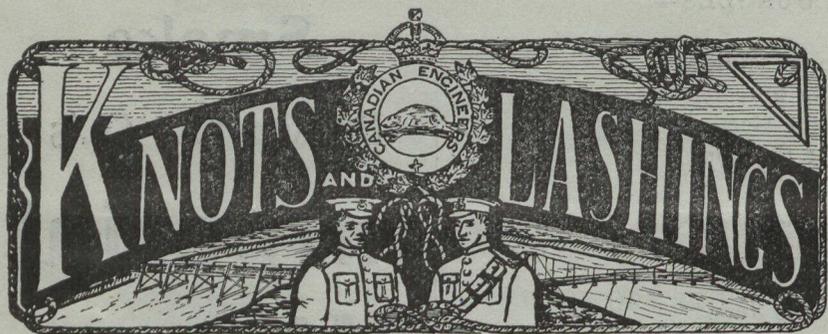
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One Dollar a Pound  
The value is in the candies.  
The box is incidental.

New Transfer Service System. Our  
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Write for particulars.

Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our  
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**PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR**



222 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada



Vol. 1. No. 8.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, Dec. 22, 1917.

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Founded Oct. 1917

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— On Request —

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MANAGER:—Sapper E. W.-P. St. George

## BEST WISHES.

"Knots and Lashings" wishes  
you all a Happy Xmas.

## ELECTION RESULTS

The results of the election are very gratifying to the soldier. Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues have, in the people's vote, a distinct endorsement of their "Win the War" platform.

The officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Engineer Training Depot are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they responded. They will have no reason to regret their particular devotion to the cause, and "Knots and Lashings" thanks them one and all for their support along the lines indicated.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION  
DRAFT HAS GONE

The officers and N.C.O.'s of the Railway Construction draft that left us for Toronto some short time ago, were at Farnham last Sunday for a few hours, on their way to St. Johns, N.B. Frozen steam pipes on the train necessitated the stop.

All are reported well and happy. They will probably spend their Xmas day at sea. Good luck to them and a Happy Xmas.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends  
its hearty congratulations to—

Sergeant F. J. Tryer.

## THE SAPPER.

The sapper's duty at the "front", as far as ordinary plain labour (such as digging trenches) is concerned, is that of acting as foreman over infantry working parties.

When it comes to work involving skilled labour, such as revetting, timber construction in trenches and emplacements, dugout construction, drainage problems, small bridges, and concrete work, then the sapper does the work himself under direction of subaltern officers or senior N.C.O.'s.

We often hear around barracks cynical reference to the advertising inducement, "Enlist in the Engineers and work at your trade". We want to clear the misconception surrounding this statement.

When a sapper gets to France or Flanders the opportunity to work at his trade is presented to him almost immediately. Trench construction is only one item of the duties of a Field Company of Engineers. Approximately fifty per cent of a Field Company are working at their trades: for the most part within their Divisional Area.

## Working at trades.

The tinsmith may be employed making stoves and stovepipes, trench pumps, etc., and never know what a front line trench looks like from his own observation. The plumber may be entirely engaged in plumbing work in the rear; steamfitters may occupy their time fitting up power stations, pump houses and the like; the bricklayer, with the exception of a chance airplane bomb, may never know what it is to face danger, and so on.

At the divisional headquarters of the Field Companies tradesmen are on command from the field companies, to work in shops preparing materials for field works of all descriptions.

## Selected in England.

As soon as a draft of engineers arrives in England the men of different trades are grouped; and apart from the regular training as to discipline these groups are trained in their special vocations and not in Field Company work.

Field Company training involves work relevant to trench warfare and field defenses. The training a sapper receives in Canada is practically disciplinary training only. When he gets to England he has his course of training according to the work he will be called upon to do at the front, and that is the training, and that only, which will be of any use to him as a sapper soldier.

## Discipline.

Discipline is the most important part of a soldier's training and it applies to the sapper equally as to the infantryman.

Without discipline it would be impossible to maintain control of the working party at night. It often happens that the only instruction that can be given under these conditions would be "Follow on" or some such informal command. Had troops not been disciplined, such an order would be impossible; but with proper training in that respect, the officer in charge knows that the troops will do what they are told. They know how to act immediately on a word of command, and will act instantly.

## The Field Company.

A Field Company of Engineers (and there are three such to each division) is composed of about 250 all ranks in the following proportions, approximately:—Drivers 59; Four sections of about 44 N.C.O.'s and sappers each; Headquarters, including cooks, one clerk, batmen, grooms, etc., 10; and 6 officers (1 Major, 1 Captain and 4 subalterns.)

In most cases eight to ten subal-

terns are attached as supernumeraries.

Field companies' work is supervised from the headquarters of the C.R.E. who is the officer in charge of the engineer services of the division. The C. R. E. exercises supervision practically as a consulting engineer would in civil life, and having the knowledge of the materials available he takes control of the supply of materials required, by indent, by the Field Companies in his Division. He is also in charge of what is known as the R. E. Park where material is stored and workshops are operated.

For instance, if materials require making up into forms of standard type, or if materials can be made up to drawing to save work in the field, the C. R. E. looks after such work, and in order to carry on this work calls upon the different Field Companies to supply the skilled labour necessary. These men are often posted "on command" and live in quarters provided at the R. E. Park. Here again tradesmen are working at their trades.

## Special Corps troops

The work of engineering at the front is so vast that special corps troops have been detailed to take care of certain branches of the work. Such troops are known as "Corps troops" and do not come under the Engineer services at all. Among these may be mentioned Tunnelling Companies, Railway Construction Corps, Roads Companies and Bridging Trains.

When a draft is categorised as to trades on its arrival in England it often happens that men fitted for special duties (by their previous civil experiences) are drafted to the particular corps troops for which their experience fits them.

There is, to some extent, co-operation between these Corps troops and the Field Companies. For instance, the Tunnelling Companies draw materials through the C.R.E.: In connection with bridging, the Field Companies may be called upon to erect a bridge, the Bridging train supplying materials only. The composite Railway Construction Corps look after, maintain and operate main railroads at the rear, but the Field Companies often have narrowgauge railways, used for transporting materials from main dumps to the front line dumps, to construct, repair and operate for their own use for materials for field defenses and such like.

## Signallers.

Signallers are enlisted under the Engineers but are Divisional troops. They are trained at the



Songs We Know:—(6)—The Bedouin Love Song,  
“Till the sands of the desert grow cold!”

same camp as the engineers but do not form part of engineer services; and are attached only to the O. C., Canadian Engineer Training Depot for discipline and rations.

**Sundry works.**

Field Companies of Engineers are often called upon to furnish foremen for parties on Road construction or repairs being executed under the Road Companies. In the construction of barbed wire defenses the Field Companies do the original work of laying out and supervising the erection of wire in the front line defense system. After this the infantry under a Brigade Wire Offices looks after the repairs.

The Field Companies, however, construct and keep in repair—by supervision of infantry wiring parties—the wire defenses to reserve and support lines, communication trenches, and switches.

Corps headquarters require printers for printing; the Field Companies supply these men. For electrical work, such as installation of power station equipment, wiring for lighting dugouts, billets, etc., the Field Companies supply electricians; and in many other phases the Field Company is called upon to supply special qualified troops.

**Carrying parties.**

The sapper is very rarely called upon to carry anything but special tools up to the site of the works. Infantry carrying parties are employed for carrying materials from the forward dumps to the works; and it often happens that sappers (particularly sapper N.C.O.'s) are employed to take charge of carrying parties to see that they carry a fair load and that the party

moves off at the correct time and arrives at the time stated. This is no mean task and involves exercise of organisation methods.

Thus it will be seen that the sapper is a specialist, and if he is a skilled tradesman he is almost certain to be employed in work that civil life has trained him for. Squad drill, rifle drill and the like are mainly part of his disciplinary training. The instruction in the use of the rifle and bayonet may, of course, stand him in good stead, and on such an occasion he will have reason to “thank his stars” that this part of his training was not neglected.

An example of “telling off” a working party might not be out of place here. For night work it is essential to divide the party into units of small dimensions so that ready recognition by the officer in charge and easy location by the men themselves may be consummated.

Names are inconvenient and convey small significance, and checking a party by names would be a laborious process.

The Engineer officer or senior N.C.O. appreciates this, and will “fall in” his party, say of 50 men. He will number them in single rank off a sapper and an infantry N.C.O. to each batch of ten men; and will number the parties (one to five in this example).

Each man, then, has only to remember his number and the number of his party (for example, No. 4 of No. 2 party; or No. 3 of No. 4 party or N.C.O. of No. 5 party). In this way the chance of con-

fusion is practically eliminated and the checking of men at work and after work in order to “pull out” is made quite simple.

Each party, when numbered and told off, should be moved away and the engineer officer should describe in full the nature of the work and the objective.

With proper instruction at this stage, experience has proved that the parties need little or no further guidance, the work will proceed faster and in fact—to put it in Tommy’s own words—when it is time to pull out, “Everything’s Jake”.

**CARTOONIST RACEY  
GAVE GOOD TALK**

There was something refreshingly novel in the treatment of the subject of war and its policies in the lecture by Mr. A. G. Racey on Friday night the 14th instant. Most of us were there, so that any mention at length is out of place and unnecessary.

We wish to say, though, that his lecture was very well received and his points particularly well chosen. Mr. Racey’s cartoons are in no wise new to us but are always well worth the second glance, his particular style being delightfully de-

scriptive and his subjects very well chosen and of moment and importance.

We feel sure that the speaker went away with no mistaken idea of the appreciation, so well expressed by the men of the depot in the cheers they so heartily gave him, and he seemed to enjoy the novelty of reading his notes from the top of a “dixie” and so enjoyed himself that he completely overlooked the fact that the minute hand was beating him to his train time.

We can do with other lectures of this type and should have one every week.

*With  
Compliments of  
Lymburner,  
Limited,  
360 St. Paul St. East,  
Montreal.*

By  To  
*Appointment* *H.M. King George V,*

## Gifts For Christmas.

GIFTS at Christmas are varied, and your time is much taken up in making selections for the numerous friends and relations, taking into consideration their likes and dislikes and many personal characteristics known to yourself.

TO MAKE selection a pleasure, a catalogue is a great help, not only in its suggestive capacity, but in its power to illustrate to the best advantage the article as it really appears.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S catalogue is now ready, a compilation of 104 pages, illustrating Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Silver, Silver Plate, Leather, China, Glass and Stationery.

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353 St. Catherine Street W. MONTREAL

**THE OFFICE STAFF**

Pale clerks we have;  
Slingers of ink—  
Vendors of salve—  
(Smooth looking "ginks"!)

Polishing their stools—  
Also their nails!—  
At the thot of P.T.'s  
Their spirit quails!

They never sleep—  
Perpetually think—  
How best to keep  
Out of the clink!

Poor pusher of Pen!  
Looking thru glass  
Mere shadow of men  
Lacking in "Jass"!

They don't like to drill  
So we'll let them fade.  
Sling the "quill", boys!—  
Work at your "trade"!  
Corp. MILDON.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

**He's Growing Cold.**

Dear Editoress:—

Could you answer me a few questions about my personal affairs? Of course you must not under any consideration devulge my identity, for I wouldn't have

"Harry" know I was doing this for worlds.

It is rather bold of me to put confidence in you who are a total stranger to me, but with your experience you can surely tell me what I want to know. I can tell you what my biggest trouble is in few words: "Harry has grown very cold toward me lately and is not a bit like he used to be."

I wish you could have known him as he was when I first met him. He was so eager and interesting he never missed a chance to show me how much he loved me and it was so easy to please him, but now, although he tries to hide it, I can see that his thoughts are not on me.

I have a suspicion of what is wrong with him. I mean I know who she is. It was that hateful oval-faced blond whom he met at the "Fireman's Ball".

But what I wanted to know is how is the best way to hold a man's love against these terrible "blondes". They seem to be everywhere and they are so crafty, too. I hope to hear from you through your paper at once.

Rosie Tetnoir.

**"Feed The Brute"**

Dear Miss Tetnoir:—

Just in time to get your letter

in this issue. We have room for it, too. There are not many questions of love to be thrashed out since the war is on, but I dare say there will be more after the boys come home.

Your question is one that we have often came in contact with and although the cure for your trouble takes considerable nerve it is very effective.

It is this:—when you see that your boy is getting interested in the "other woman", just pretend that YOU have other "fish to fry", and that will bring him to his senses.

It is an old, infallible rule that a man will always go after that which is hardest to get; so make him work his passage.

Another thing to remember is that the closest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. In other words, if you wish a man to love you, prove to him that you are a good cook (which of course you are) and see if things don't change for the better. In other words, "feed the brute".

We would like to hear from you again,

Yours truly,

Love Editoress.

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

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Reserve Fund . . . \$13,500,000

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Start a Savings Account with us. We welcome small accounts of well as large ones. Interest allowed at best rates, paid half-yearly.  
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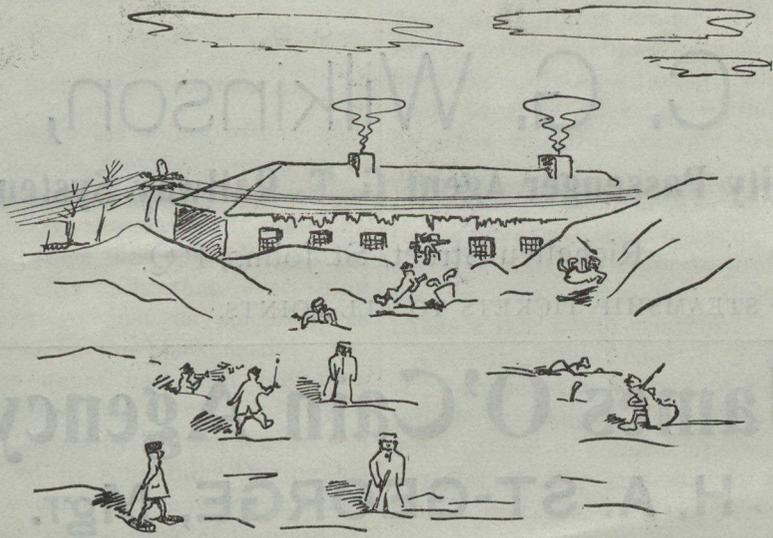
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**Diamond Merchants, Expert Craftsmen in Platinum, Gold & Silver.**

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, OTTAWA, VANCOUVER.



“Fall in” at St. Johns, January, 1918  
(For the digestion of our Southern recruits.)

**MARY OBSERVES QUIANT ST. JOHNS HAPPENINGS**

St. Johns, Dec. 19th, 1917.

My Dear Brother:—

During my short stay in St. Johns, I have been greatly impressed by the carefree manner in which the inhabitants conduct themselves. The Natives of this place, must, according to my observations, be born fatalists. Take the drivers: You see an old bundle of bones in the shape of a horse that should have been consigned to the scrap heap years ago, driven by a shrivelled-up man in his late seventies, and, as you notice them driving leisurely along, you think what a poor dispirited looking pair they are, but, watch them as they near a corner—the ancient horse perks up his ears and waves his sawed-off tail: the driver shouts “Allons” or words to that effect, giving his steed at the same time a blow with a blacksnake, that would make the S.P.C.A. weep, and horse and man take that corner in a manner not equalled anywhere in the world.

The horse goes E. by S. W. and the sleigh W. by N.E.: the nearby pedestrians step nimbly to one side to escape death and destruction, and a few moments later one sees the old man and his horse meandering peacefully on to the next corner, where the same performance is repeated. This is, so to speak, the only way to turn a corner in St. Johns, and no driver would dream of missing the excitement of this sporting chance with Old Man Death.

The next best fun seems to be the level crossings. I have stood amazed, and watched men, women and little children doing the most hair raising stunts in order to get home in time for dinner. That's why they take such chances. I

asked a small boy why he climbed through a moving train, and he explained with a shrug, “I need my dinner, don't I?”

There are, of course, other ways in which the natives of the City show their utter disregard of the Grim Reaper, such as—turning their rain spouts out on the streets to make little puddles of glare ice to catch the unwary old lady, or the small boy on crutches, allowing their bakers to deliver bread in a sleigh covered by a tarpaulin that looks as though it had been thrown out of an abattoir, as too dirty for further use: delivering milk in a rusty tin can. These cans, by the way, would do nicely for garbage. The absence of receptacles for this purpose is only another instance of the brave St. Johners defying Death and laughing in his face.

Then there is the meat and other food stuff carelessly thrown about, exposed to filth and flies, and then cheerfully eaten with an utter absence of fear of the deadly typhoid or cholera germ.

I must say that I am amazed at every turn by the bravery of these people, as you know at home we were taught to regard Death more or less in the light of a calamity.

Hoping that this letter finds you all well and happy, I am,

Your loving sister,  
MARY.

**WE WANT TO KNOW**

What the young lady at the Telephone Exchange says about the gink who takes down the receiver five or six times every evening and shouts “Officers' Mess”.

What he means by it.

Why he is not up to “snuff”.

Office Tel. 385.

Res. Tel. 62.

P. O. Box 477.

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COAL AND WOOD  
INSURANCE BROKER

31 Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, P.Q.  
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**ADAM'S  
CHEWING GUM  
Black Jack  
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**J. A. BOULAIS**

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REASONABLE RATES

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Capital Authorized	-	-	\$ 25,000,000
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Savings Department at all Branches.

St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraire, Manager.

(Continued from page 5)

D 3 STUFF

If you don't like the beef and brown gravy,

If you don't like the Mulligan stew;

Then don't monkey with the same—

You yourself will be to blame— Nobody will force them on you! If you don't care for mush or for bacon,

If to liver your heart is untrue; Then don't act like a famished young rookie,

Don't bite the feed they're handing you!

I'm always mighty scared When Sampson starts to sing. I stand holding breath

While he makes the rafters ring, I do not make a movement I'm quiet as a mouse.

I remember once when Samson Brought down the house.

Heard in the morning—

"Wish I had a little more mushroom."

Honest Confession.

"What's the matter with you anyway! Got fits in your family?" "No", sadly; "All misfits!"

 **RICHELIEU**  
Restaurant

J. A. MASSEAU,  
Proprietor.

141 Richelieu St., St. Johns.

*J. H. Racicot*

Importer of

*Watches, Jewellery,  
Cut Glass and  
Silverware.*

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**Windsor  
Shooting  
Gallery**

OPPOSITE  
WINDSOR HOTEL.

LAUNDRY!!!!

Why pay the exorbitant prices demanded by the Toilet Laundry while I am in the Business?

Encourage HOME INDUSTRY and keep the money in the Barracks!

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

Lce-Corp. McSWEANY,  
—Room 93—

Note.—Please rush any work to be done as the Business is liable to suspension without notice, owing to unpopularity.

THANKS, DRIVERS

Spr. Duetta, before going on a furlough, received a present of a fine hair-cut donated by the boys of the Mounted Section. The boys of "D", No. 1, appreciate this kindness bestowed on one of their comrades.

CASUALTY LIST—D. COY, C.E.

Sapper G. W. Duetta, 2006050.  
Sapper H. J. Covert, 2006363.  
Both Engineers gassed while on Guard Duty in "No Man's Land".  
The boys of "D" Coy, No. 1 Section, wish for their quick recovery and speedy return from their vacation where they are now resting very easy but still are confined;—and judge it will be about four weeks before their return to duty.

SOCIAL NOTES

Chatter Service

The boys of "D", Number One, who did not take advantage of our O.C.'s kind and worthy opportunity of spending the week-end amongst the poultry at Montreal, got together and held a social chatter in their famous Room No. 93.

It was a very enjoyable evening we spent, and before the affair adjourned we were treated to two surprises: one, by presentation of pies by Sapper Hambly; and the other by presentation of chocolates by Sapper Fountain.

D. COY REGRETS—

The boys of Room 91 regret to learn that Spr. Longstaff leaves shortly for Montreal to undergo a serious operation. We all wish him a speedy and successful recovery.  
Sapper WOODS.

Phone Office 55.

Phone House 71

**C. G. Wilkinson,**  
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Richelieu Street, St. Johns, P.Q.

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For Choice Groceries and Fruit  
—GO TO—

**SIMPSON'S**

MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

AGENT FOR!

Chas. Gurd's Goods, and Laurentian Spring Water.

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THE BEST

**ICE CREAM IN CANADA**

IS SUPPLIED TO THE CANTEN BY

**THE MONTREAL DAIRY CO. LIMITED.**

GO TO

**Chagnon's New Restaurant**  
For a Good Meal.

**WINDSOR HOTEL**

A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

Make this Hotel Your  
Headquarters while  
in St. Johns

*Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs*

Excellent  
Cuisine

Rates Moderate

Spacious Dining Rooms

**CAPTAIN ROBERT WYNYARD POWELL, M.C., C.E.**

(Continued from Page 1)

ning down his points with certain convictions, leaving nothing to be imagined and always humourously reminding the class that there are some things that depend upon the Hun after all, that everything doesn't go just as smoothly as "shown on the blackboard".

The depot had with regret to relinquish the services of Capt. Powell in May 1916 when he was recalled to England. During his stay with us here, however, his promotion to the rank of Captain, so well merited, was consummated and congratulations were as numerous as they were sincere.

On his arrival in England this time he went to the Engineers' Depot at Crowborough, and moved with the depot to Shoreham. After three months in England he returned to Canada to take up instructional duties with the E. T. D., St. Johns, again and later was appointed to his present position of Chief Instructor.

Captain Powell wears the Military Cross with a bar. He gained the ribbon at St. Eloi for devotion

**Theatre Royal**

*Saturday and Sunday*

J. Stuart and Albert E. Smith present

**ALICE JOYCE**

and

**HARRY MOREY**

with an all star cast in

**'Within the Law'**

*Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday*

**"Polly of the Circus,"**

Feature in 8-reels, very exciting.

Matinees Daily 2.30.

Two performances every night.

**Special Rate to Soldiers on Watch Repairing.**

For Personal Use, or for Gifts, I have a splendid assortment of low and medium-priced articles.

COME AND LOOK OVER MY STOCK. WE ARE FRIENDLY HERE.

**E. MESSIER,**

83 Richelieu Street, - ST. JOHNS (Next to Pinonnault the photographer)

to duty during a period of several days and nights under intense artillery fire, combined with enemy bombing attacks—during which time, in spite of being wounded, he set a splendid example to his men.

On this occasion he was caught in an advanced trench, having no covering party in front to protect his working party, and thereby hangs a tale worth relating.

Captain (then Lieut.) Powell was instructed to proceed to a certain point under guidance of another officer to connect up two of a series of five craters. It was known that the Germans were in occupation of three of these five craters and it was the intention of the British Command to obtain and secure possession of the other two.

Arriving at the site after dusk two craters were indicated to him, and work was started as arranged. After working for practically a week, at night, during which period the weather did not permit of photography from airplanes, word was received that from a photo taken the location of the work undertaken was wrong.

Two shell holes of large dimensions had been mistaken by the guiding officer for the craters! The photo also revealed the fact that the Germans were in possession of four of the five craters. Work, however, was started at once, to join up to the main trench when an enemy bombing raid was made. Captain Powell had fourteen men of his party wounded and three killed in this scuffle before he realised the situation.

His orders to complete the work that night had come at such short notice that he had only just time to arrange for his working party and had no time to arrange for the usual covering party, and in his anxiety to finish the work according to orders he took the chance. His party soon beat off the raid, however, and the work was completed.

He gained his "bar" to his Military Cross at the Somme for devotion to duty. As mentioned before, he was hit in the eye with shrapnel splinter while leading a party up to the front of the front line.

In spite of his wound he proceeded with his men and laid out the work, stayed with them until the work was well started and was at last forced to go for treatment.

While at the Somme, Capt. Powell had an experience of a unique character. As far as he can tell a shrapnel shell burst immediately in front of him. All he felt was the hot blast, but two men on either side of him were killed by that explosion. We wonder then

that he is no believer in "luck". He considers luck is superstition and figures his chances are cyclic in their operation, rather than at the direction of what we call luck.

Capt. Powell tells in his characteristic manner of a trench the British occupied at Messines. This trench had been in the possession of the Germans and subject to shell fire. In reversing the parapet the booted foot of a Hun was disclosed. He says that the first duty of the troops occupying that trench was to polish that boot, and sure enough!—there it stood out into the trench with a polish that would make even a Greek shoe shine parlour artist green with envy!

This story he tells of course with the usual "chuckle".

Captain Powell has seen quite a deal of hard service and "Knots and Lashings" voices the feeling of the Depot in congratulating him upon his safe return and particularly upon the distinctions he so well earned. We only hope that he will write some articles for us that we may share his knowledge, and that in the spare moments at our disposal may have a chance to absorb his instruction for our own benefit when we go overseas.

R. R. K.

BASE COY! GET BUSY!

Next week it's your turn to show the Depot the literary capabilities hidden amongst you. The eyes of everyone are on you! Get all material in by MONDAY NOON, please.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AT ST. JAMES CHURCH.

We got a bit mixed last week in our announcements of the above services. Major the Rev. A. H. Moore says he will "carry on" as usual next Sunday but that the Christmas Eve Carol Service, designed especially for men in Barracks, will come off as announced.

On Christmas Day there will be a service of Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and a later service at 10.30 a.m. to enable Engineers attending to get back to Barracks in good time for their Christmas dinner. By means of these services we feel sure we shall be helped to get into the real spirit of the Christmas season.

As the collection on these occasions is for the Rector—and are the only collections throughout the year that he receives—we hope there will be a bully good attendance. Major Moore deserves a Christmas treat, what with his perennial good nature, his personal helpfulness, his aids on passport-securing, and his numerous first-aid kindnesses—so loosen up wi' your siller when the plate comes 'round, and give cheerfully!

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## "NUTS AND RATIONS."

As Mr. Racey says:—"Watch Russia".

During the next few weeks if it's not a revolution it will be a revelation.

Our friend who started to roar at last Friday's lecture came in like a lion but went out like a lamb, or, to use another illustration, he lasted about as long as a snowball in H—.

To succeed, often necessitates doing things we don't want to do.

Truly this is a righteous war! For the first time in History, Jerusalem, the Home of Christianity, flies the flag of a Christian nation.

We make this statement with the full knowledge that during the thirteenth century a German Emperor reigned for a brief period, but we used the words "Christian Nation" and that does not apply to Germany.

Headings from newspaper articles during the past week:—

"Turkey anxious to quit."

"Hun vultures raid London."

"Peace dove sent from the Vatican."

"General Pershings army to have pigeons."

Quite an ornithological collection.

Some mistakes:—

—When the plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

—The lawyer's mistakes enable him to try the case again for a larger fee.

—When the electrician errs he blames it on "induction", because nobody knows what that is.

—The doctor's mistakes are buried.

—The judge's mistake becomes the law of the land.

—When the preacher makes a mistake nobody in the sleeping congregation knows the difference.

—When the sapper makes a mistake he gets 7 days "CB" (more or less).

—When the Kitchen staff make a mistake we get "Hail Columbia" for Waste.

—When the mess orderlies make a mistake we get two pieces of Pie.

We think those men who go around talking about "Food conservation" should be called "Food conversationists".

We wonder what the Kaiser will have for his Christmas dinner if "Turkey" does quit.

"Come to the Cook house door, boys

Come to the Cook house door"

That's one call we hasten to answer

We've heard it so often before.

We're not all so keen on "Reveille"

And we hate just like H— to "turn out"

But the tables are turned at the "Last Post"

And we're loth to "turn in" at "Lights Out".

There would be the deuce to pay if we followed the fashion set by some of the ladies who, under the plea of helping some good cause, organize "Pyjama" Dances and tableaux where they appear as "Kirchner" girls, attired in Holeproof Hosiery and abbreviated skirts! If men attended dressed in combinations and cummerbunds would they be shocked? We wonder!!!

—PAT.

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