

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. 1. No. 40.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

Towards the Morning Light of VICTORY

By Major (Rev.) A. H. Moore.

Tomorrow, Sunday August 4th, we shall complete four years of war and begin the fifth year in the confident hope that it will be the last year of the supreme struggle in history for liberty, freedom and Christian civilization. The four years of destruction and death through which the world has passed have been also years of revelation and reconstruction. Everything has been shaken to its very foundation by the shock of the great war, much has been demolished, but, like the conflagration which from time to time visits a great city, an opportunity has been created for the rebuilding of a cleaner and better world.

Our first concern must be with the prospect of checking and controlling the destructive ravages of war. As we review the operations of the campaign now being fought we are confident that the flames of war have reached their height, that we shall soon breathe easier assured that the situation is under control and that before another year has closed we shall see only the murky smoke rising from the ruins which the vanquished demon of war has left behind. The enemy has been more than checked on the Marne, there are evidences that he has passed the summit of his strength, his morale is increasingly bad and the armies of the Allies are being effectively replenished by the thousands that are going daily from the shores of this continent. By the opening of another campaign the American army will constitute the balance of power and turn it largely in our favour, the resources of America will compensate for the dwindling reserves of France, England and Italy, and out of these considerations, out of



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our ability to combat the submarine peril and keep open the pathway of the seas and supply the required shipping, out of our ability to meet the worst after the break down on the Eastern front,—out of these considerations is born a fresh confidence in the ultimate success of our arms and the final and not too remote triumph of the Cause of righteousness for which we fight.

It is no over-sanguine prediction to say that we are now actually emerging from that darkest hour that precedes the dawn, that the day is breaking and that already we can see the faint-rays of the rising sun of victory stealing upward behind the distant hills. Perhaps our artist has dealt too gently with the pathway. We have a rough road to travel, a precipitous height to scale, but the morning light lures us on, we shall reach the summit, and we know that behind it unfolds in all its splendour the Day of Victory and lasting peace.

As we strain our eyes to look beyond the smoke of battle towards the morning of the day of peace, we begin to realize how war has recreated world conditions, how much has been destroyed and how extensive will be the task of reconstruction. We have been carried bodily from the atmosphere of individual enterprise into one of governmental administration and control. There has grown a corporateness of action and effort which has displaced the ideal of self-assertion which dominated the field in August, 1914, and we have begun to reckon in the largest terms of society, nation, empire, and even internationalism. We shall not recede in a day or year to the old position,—and if we are wise we shall rebuild for the nation, at least, and the greatest good of the whole body corporate.

Already steps are being taken to such a large end, and the Imperial Conference, which has just closed its sessions in London, has formulated a scheme whereby the Government shall control certain lines of industry and commerce after the day of peace has dawned. Already the Canadian Industrial Reconstruction Association has formulated a National Policy, looking forward to the time when between 600,000 and 700,000 men now engaged either in our army or in war work shall have to find employment on the farm or in factories or other industries under peace conditions. Already also the Labour situation is becoming most acute and the tendency of Labour to take the reins into its own hands, regardless of industrial stability, is creating a very critical situation throughout the world.

It is well that study and preparatory work is grappling with all these problems. It will be well if a moral and social stability is being consolidated even now so that reconstruction may be made upon an abiding foundation and in

an atmosphere freed from the poison of class animosity, favouritism and greed.

We must not, however, allow these growing problems of nation or empire to divert our attention from the fact that the war is not yet won, that Germany is still a colossal military power, and that we are fighting today, as we began fighting four years ago, to rid the world of the curse of militarism and the unspeakable scourge of war. The German ideal has been recently reaffirmed by the Deputy Chief of her General Staff, Baron Freytag-Loringhoven, in a book entitled "Deductions from the Great War". His sole contention is that war is glorious and that Germany must continue to trust in her army and her fleet. This war must at least pave the way for a more successful one in which her dreams of world-domination shall be realized. This blunt challenge to the world, with its scoffing at the idea of a league of nations to enforce peace, must not be allowed to remain unanswered. The heroic men and women who have given their lives for us, and whom the War's anniversary bids us remember with affection and the highest tribute of honour and gratitude, call us to keep faith with them and to finish their work. They are the foundation stones of the new Canada, the new Empire, the recreated world.

As Sir Robert Borden, the spokesman of the Imperial Conference, assured His Majesty King George last week of the loyalty and unswerving purpose of the Overseas Dominions to the Cause for which we are fighting, so the beginning of another year of war demands of us a rededication of ourselves to the task of the hour and also to such a readjustment of the spirit of the individual and of the nation as will enable us to be true builders for the day of peace, worthy to greet the war-scarred veterans when they return and to preserve the traditions for which those heroes who will not come back have given their precious lives.

Although the times are stormy and the skies overcast we must press forward with grim determination to win, for the Cause is the highest and we are privileged to defend it with confidence and reasonable prospect of success.

TAKE NOTICE, BOYS!

Saturday, 3rd of August, 1918, a Lawn Social will be held on the Trinity Church grounds, Iberville, from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Admission 15c.

Ice Cream and Cake will be given. Get there and be happy!

ORCHESTRA DANCE.

On Saturday evening, August 3rd, there will be an orchestra dance at the St. Johns Yacht Club. Refreshments will be served.

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in Montreal you DINE at the

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OUR SPORTS

BOXING.

Last Friday night again witnessed some fine sport given by our Boxing Enthusiasts. A new boxing ring had been fixed up near the Picture Show and suitable accommodation arranged for the crowd of spectators who surrounded the ropes.

When Major Powell stepped into the ring as referee, and Lt. Wilkinson and Sergt. Hennesy, Judges, with Sergt. Collier as time-keeper, appeared, general satisfaction was expressed.

Bout 1.—Driver McLean and Sapper Quinn put on the gloves at 6 p.m. These two light weights gave a nice exhibition. McLean soon showed his superiority, and, although Quinn put up a good fight the Mounted Section representative was given the decision at the end of the third round.

Bout 2.—This bout was of very short duration as Shelton hit the sand on receiving Koehler's first blow, from which he never seemed to recover. Soon after the second round had begun Shelton appeared to be hurt below the belt, and had to be helped to his chair. Referee Major Powell had to declare the bout off as it could not be proved a foul against Koehler and the fight could not go on owing to Shelton's condition. This decision was loudly applauded and seemed to give general satisfaction.

Bout 3.—Spr. Drolet and 2nd Cpl. Mundell gave a very nice exhibition of the fistic art. For some time it was doubtful which of the two could claim to be the better man, but after three very interesting rounds the decision was given to Mundell.

Bout 4.—This main bout between Cpl. Marceau and Spr. Clay was the chief attraction of the evening and was not in any way disappointing. Most of the boys who were at Quebec had seen Marceau with the gloves on, but Clay, who scaled thirteen pounds heavier than his opponent gave the boys grave doubts as to whether their favorite would still retain the laurels. However Marceau soon showed he was more than a match for Clay and gave a splendid exhibition of "the noble art of self-defence".

Bout 5.—Sappers Davis and Baxendale who had arrived in camp only two days before the event, showed the crowd that almost every draft arriving at the Depot brings with it its quota of boxers. Baxendale's long reach soon broke down under Davis'

science and Davis easily earned the decision.

In a short time another boxing match will take place and it is hoped that more students of the fistic art will get busy for this, and create a little more competition. Every assistance will be offered by the Chief Instructor for training, and any who would like the use of gloves, etc., can have same by applying to Chief Instructor's office or room 26.

FOOTBALL.

Lieut. Griffith, of the "Knots and Lashings" staff, wishes it announced that football fixtures are being arranged for Saturday afternoons. Probably mid-week fixtures can also be arranged.

IMPORTANT TO YOU MOVING PICTURE ENTHUSIASTS.

The famous film "The Whip" will be shown in the Depot Grounds on Saturday night and is a treat worth seeing. This is also a special attraction feature for week of 12th: "The Voice on the Wire"—a Serial.

TRIBUTE TO RAILWAY TROOPS AS FIGHTERS.

Railway Troops Co.,
St. John's, Que.
Editor, "Knots and Lashings".
Dear Sir:—
Enclosed was printed in the "Montreal Star", July 27th, and I thought it might be of interest to "Knots and Lashings", so I copied it and send in as a little boost for the C. R. T., of whom we hear so seldom. Thanking you in advance,
I am, Sir, respectfully,
Spr. Chas. Curtis.

London July 27.—Singular testimony how Canadian railway troops can fight as well as build railways is shown in the story regarding the conferring of a bar of the Distinguished Service Order on Lt.-Col. Fredric Fieldhouse Clarke, of Toronto.

In an attack lasting four days he organized sixteen Lewis gun teams from his battalion, making all arrangements for the ammunition to be brought on our lorries; says the Gazette. This unit was entirely self contained. The promptitude and alacrity with which they responded for volunteers, the splendid manner in which the defence was organized, and the coolness and enthusiasm displayed by all ranks were largely due to the courage, inspiring example and fine leadership of their commanding officer.



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Vol 1. No. 40.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, August 3rd, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy
\$2.60 By The Year

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— STAFF —

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Lieut. W. G. Griffith,

Sports

MANAGER:—A/Sgt. E. Carol Jackson.

THE SUBMARINE.

The submarine is not a German invention. Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in 1774, an Englishman named Day was drowned at Plymouth while experimenting with an under-water boat of his own invention. American engineers, like Bushnell and Fulton, did more than any others to perfect the type and an American, Holland, first solved in a practical fashion the problem of submarine navigation. His vessel was so highly thought of in England, that the construction of others was at once begun, and since 1901 submarines have formed part of the British Navy.

Exactly as with the problem of flight in the air, Germany did not originate; she followed the ideas of brighter and quicker minds. Her experts laughed when Britain first added these boats to her fleet, but anxiety followed premature laughter, and by 1906 Germany awoke to the obvious fact that there was a future in the submarine, especially as the weapon of a weaker power.

DEEDS OF GERMAN SUBMARINES.

In spite of the fact that Germany was inferior to the British in submarine power the deeds of German submarines have filled the columns of our press, while little has been written of the doings of British under water craft. The reason is not far to seek. The sportsman's bag must be large if the game is plenty and if he fire at every living thing he may see. It will be correspondingly small if his aim be to bring down only the rarer specimens and to permit the remainder to pass unharmed.

There is no scarcity of game for the German sub commanders, whereas British submarine commanders have rarely a chance to test their efficiency.

GERMANY'S 'GLORIOUS' ACHIEVEMENTS.

It must be admitted that Germany's subs achieved certain legitimate successes against warships in the earlier days of the war, but these did nothing to alter the balance of power. Her great and less glorious campaign has been against defenceless vessels. Her submarine warfare, however, is a campaign of a desperate nation. On February 18th, 1915, Germany announced that every enemy ship found in the war region would be destroyed. Before that date, however, vessels like the Ben Cruachan had been sunk without warning for the sake, one supposes, of a little preliminary practice. The world refused to believe that men had come to this, that a great nation was prepared to slay both friends and enemies. The world, however, had to revise their estimate when the Lusitania with 1200 victims was sunk.

Germany received the news with joyous applause. Lest we forget, boys, lest we forget.

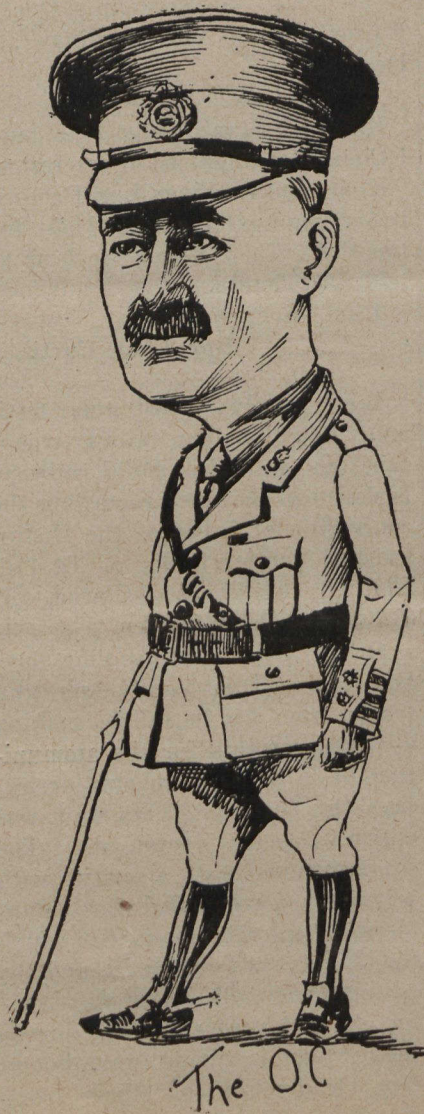
A CHURCH PARADE FOR THE QUARANTINE CAMP.

Capt. Mutch, our new Chaplain, has kindly consented to hold a Church Parade for the men detained in the Quarantine Camp, on Sunday at 9 o'clock a.m. The service will be strictly an undenominational talk to the boys, with singing and music from our Depot Band and from a special Choir of singers which will be in attendance.

A large number of men are now in the Quarantine Camp, nearly all of whom are from the Western Provinces. They were en route Eastward and were ordered to this Depot for Quarantine. Lieuts. Johnston and Pettitt were in charge of the men quarantined from the 1st Manitoba Regiment, and Capt. Laurie is conducting those of the 1st Depot Battalion, Saskatchewan.

Lieut. Bourdon, C.A.M.C., came with the Manitoba men and is attached to the Quarantine Camp and looking after the medical needs of the men, under Capt. Campbell, our Depot M.O.

We are quite sure that these Western Boys, who are a fine lot, will enjoy the arrangements made for them and derive benefit from their stay in our Depot.



"WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME?"

Since the notice appeared in this week's Daily Orders that all Telegraphers, Operators, Telephone and Line men must report to the D. S. M. before 5 p.m., Tuesday, the 30th inst., the Camp, as far as these men are concerned, has been in a state of noticeable excitement.

'Till late on in the night, one can hear the noise of the Buzzers and Sounders, rasping out their mysterious codes.

There is great speculation as to what the outcome of the order will be. One ambitious member of the Intelligence Dept. came rushing up, and kindly informed us, that he just had a straight tip from the Orderly Room, that we were to be formed into two sections, one to proceed immediately to Russia, for Railroad work, and the other to Peking, China. I understand it will be nix on the clothes in China, so I hope we can obtain a sufficient Fatigue Party to pull the leaves off the trees around Camp, before they get too thin and transparent.

Another Intelligence Man informed us, they are going to start a Signal Training Depot in Ottawa. If this is anywhere near the mark, a treat is certainly in store for us.

Meanwhile, in this, we must beat the women in patience, and just wait and see, and above all, keep the old "Iddy-umpty" work to the Fore.

J. H. Graham, S.M.

CAN IT BE DONE ?

Seems to us little wooden trays or otherwise, might be very handy for distributing the second helping of bread in the Big Dining Hall. Occasionally an orderly may forget and bring in the second supply somewhat after the manner of an armful of wood. Rather unsanitary in this sweaty weather, eh!

"One who got the last piece."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

The Young Ladies of the St. John's Yacht Club have been heard to ask if the Officers remaining in this Depot think that the Dance Floor is condemned. Can't they give the girls a good dance some night. The E. T. D. Orchestra will furnish the music necessary for the occasion. Let us come on and get busy.

Is it necessary to have a pull to get into the Dental Corps?

Twinkles from the Mounted Section

I'm transferred to the Mounted,
And a piquet's job I've got;
It's in stable number two,
The easiest of the lot.

"Say, Tom, I wonder if that
S.M. keeps the Mounted Section
up all night putting them wise, for
really we can't get 'anything on
them' down town."

"Keep Moving".

A nod is as good as a wink to
a blind horse, in other words, "a
spasmodic movement of the optic
is as adequate as a slight inclin-
ation of the cranium to the Equine
Quadruped when devoid of his
visionary capacity." 'Tis so, isn't
it?

"Bunchgrass".

(News Item:—A well known
stable N.C.O. thought he saw an
empty boat floating down the river
one morning, some time ago, and
after launching his own boat, and
catching up to the apparent dere-
lict, he was chagrined to find it
occupied.)

A little man got out of bed,
One summer's morn at four,
And glanced upon the Richelieu
In plain sight from his door.

He saw a boat a-floating
With ne'er a man inside,
And his eyes they gleamed with
avarice
And his chest blew out with pride.

He hiked him to the river-side,
And in a boat he got,
And forth upon the river
To salvage work, he shot.

But as he neared the derelict,
His hopes they sure were downed,
For a head looked up,
And a pair of eyes
Upon him darkly frowned.

We would be obliged if "Tiny
the Trotter" would take a long
breath before ordering the Sapper
gentlemen around by the other side
of the Stables. It gives the im-
pression that he has lockjaw. Of
course, they don't take him serious-
ly anyway.

We, the Mounted Section, surely
have our troubles:

Every morning at 8 a.m., we have
to pile our kits outside to fade.

Every noon, we have to try and
write poetry for "Knots and
Lashings".

Every evening we have to dodge
the M.P.'s down town.

"Drivers".

How is it that our Misener lost
his job of being in charge of day
piquet?

We would like to know whether
a fellow on light duty is on day
piquet or not.

We think Corpl. Johnstone ought
to go to Boston!

Every night in the Riding School
we can hear Bugle sounds. We
know what they sound like! They
come from Driver Misener who
will be a Bugler some day, (if he
lives long enough). Best wishes
for his success.

Driver W—— is getting very
popular with the lady visitors at
the St. John's Depot. Carry on,
Mr. W——, only let the boys of
the Mounted Section have a chance
to get acquainted.

I'm a crippled boy from the
Mounted Section,
But I'm not dead yet, and expect
a Pension
For services rendered at St.
John's Camp;
Hope it will be an "Aladdin's
Lamp."

I was wounded down by the
Richelieu,
Some careless consumer of "High-
land Dew"
Cast the bottle not far from shore,
And crippled me for ever more.

But I'll get even with that con-
sumer yet!
I'll lay for him a pit or net;
And some day down by the
Richelieu,
You bet I'll consume his "High-
land Dew".

"Ceil, don't you think, 'I
haven't any towel' is a very poor
Alibi?"

If any one drives down our lines
in a Taxi and asks who is in charge
of tent No. 12, you may be told he
is a Russian Jew. We know it is
not a Jewess he is Rushen.

"Toots from the Trumpeters".

He's a Driver a man called Me-
Innes,
As a borrowing bum he's the limit;
With what he's borrowed and got
and bummed and forgot,
He really don't know what is His.

What was the cause of the smile
on the face of the C.S.M. of the
Mounted Section when he received
a box of Cigars sent to him? Was
it the brand or the sender?

C.S.M. of the Mounted Sec-

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Caps, Spurs, Puttees, Shirts, etc.
Souvenir Hat Pins, Brooches,
Belt Buckles, Ash Trays, etc.

tion to an apparent stranger in the
stables:—"Here, what are you
doing? Are you a driver?"

"No, Sir; I'm in the Mounted
Section."

The Scene—O.C.'s office, 9.30
a.m.

The Prisoner—a Sapper charged
with Drunkenness.

"Well, Sapper 000001, you are
charged with being drunk last
night. Have you anything to say
in answer to this charge?"

"Yes, Sir,—I I I I I—"

O.C.:—"That's enough, seven
days C.B.—Next."

On the train carrying a certain
draft of Engineers from Toronto
to St. John's, a Sapper was
charged with obtaining a bottle of
Beer from a Civilian and with
having same in possession on the
train. A Court Martial was held,
but after hearing the evidence, the
charge against the Sapper was dis-
missed. It was learned that the
beer was only 2%.

Driver C. G. M.

The Horses were fresh, so they
made a break,

On just two wheels, the corner
they'll take;

Then out comes the Mounted, and
on goes the brake,

And the S.M. keeps on smiling.

A Timely Rescue.

Scene — Dining-Room, (known
to us as a Mess-Hall).

Time—5 o'clock Tea, last Sun-
day.

Being on my way out after
having partaken of the above men-
tioned meal, my Eagle Eye caught
sight of a defenceless looking
Orange, resting comfortably on
one of our well known Silver
dishes, and surrounded closely by
three hungry looking Sappers.
(They always look hungry to me!)
I, at once, decided upon my plan
of attack, at the same time to de-
prive those sufferers of such a
delicious fruit and approaching the
scene very quietly with my famous
and trusty trench knife in one
hand, and the dazzling brightness
of my Cap-Badge holding those
three Sappers in awe, I cour-
ageously placed myself between
them and their victim and at the
same time barely piercing the
outer covering of that appetizing
little fruit, I drew it snugly to my-
self and prepared to retreat to my
canvas abode. I was then satisfied
that I had succeeded in frustrating
the attempt of those three de-
perate looking Sappers of de-
vouring their unprotected victim.
I dare not print the volley of
musical words which followed my
departure.

Note:—Who was the mean and
unworthy Sapper who left this
little fruit alone and unprotected,
to be devoured as had been planned,
by those three villians who were
in the vicinity?

"Score another for the Mounted
Section."

ECHOES FROM THE EM- PLOYED SECTION.

Drafts may come and drafts may
go, but we stay here forever.

Please tell us:

Why should a certain young
lady friend of an Employed Sec-
tion may say that—"Drinking 2%
beer is like kissing your sister—
There is no kick in either"?

What does she know about it?
She hasn't any brother!

Dear Editor:—Hoping my small
contribution will find a place and
also help to get the Employed Sec-
tion to respond to the good cause
of "Knots and Lashings".

OVERHEARD AT MEDICAL BOARD.

"Say, Bill, what's all that on
your chest?"

"Can't you read! It says 'mur-
muring arteries'!"

"Murmuring, hell! Why you
are always 'shouting' in the
ranks!"

Submitted "with apologies" to
"Knots and Lashings".

Spr. J. A. MacCosham.

When one of my Tent mates says
that he is not a "Skintific" man,
he does not claim that he has not
knowledge of skin diseases; but
merely that he is not a scientific
man.

Three guesses as to his nation-
ality.

Spr. J. A. MacCosham.

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home. You may be sure they will
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CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

I think I like dis my job now in de farmers section of dis depot same as I tell you before I shall like to change from de Mountain section. I think I wish dis fine weather with de sun so shiny to quit as it makes me work all time an no rest for rainings at all. The Surgent Locke she is nice man with lovely voice like my rosie when he sing an she show me to hoe de patat with de hoe but she don't get no patat when she work de hoe just scratch de ground an when she see I hoe up de spud as she call him she get mad an tear hims hair an talk the swear langwidge same as de Surgent Majer Simms. This Surgent Locke is ver good to me better nor worse than Surgent Boyed sometimes always but I think I have to quit dis farm business if de rain don't come an I get a rest my back she ache worse than before an I think dis hoe business not necessaire if she don't want patat for dinner. The Surgent Locke she look me out de corner of her eye an tell me got to working an I try hide me behind de cucumber frame in out of de sun an she tell me get out or she put me once more again in dat clinic. Now dere Koronel is it so I am threat with dat clinic so dat I want to go oversea from my rosie. I think I won't live long in dis farmer job she is too much hard work for me an I think I don't see de job I like in dis depot for me to suit me so I want to be on the next draft to be out of my sorrows.

Is it not so dere Koronel dat I complaint to you before to go fight de Hun or you put me as de sleekman at your door with other sapper to run message for me as I am tired like hell. The Surgent Locke she say she is sore to lose me if I go but she laugh when she say so an I am not believe her.

Joe Jacquette.

**MORE WHIZZ BANGS FROM
No. 2 COMPANY.
DRAFT UNIT.**

Dear Editor:—

It's nice to be able to talk to someone and you always lend a willing ear to my stories, but that's about as much as you will lend, these days. I've never been so short in my life, I've been smoking the same old piece of rope for the last ten days and I'm getting fed up. I keep on handing the glad eye to old Teddy Lowman, but nothing doing, he always seems to be looking the other way. It was Jimmy Boyd's birthday the other day; say this is awfully dry

weather, he didn't buy the first instalment on an ice cream cone. That was a big fish he caught last Monday, it's growing all the time; he'd better cook it soon, or there won't be enough water left in the Richelieu for it to swim in.

Say, wasn't old Henesy sore last Friday at that boxing match, there he sat judging the contests, and everything was going fine until Major Powell said,—“Come to me afterwards you fellows and get your prizes.” Old Henesy says to me,—“Blimy, if I'd only known there was money in this thing I'd have fought all night for a dime, they'll never get me on that stuff again.” I thought he was going to commit suicide when he had a decko at Major Powell's roll. He walked towards the river, and I beat it for the P.T. boat in case of accidents. He had no further interest in anything that night. I asked him to come along and have one of Teddy Lowman's two per cents and he never heard me, so I am just ten cents in.

Old Harry Evans is happy this week, do you notice the way he beats it down town every evening; that's a fine pair of slacks he's wearing these days, he's some bird is Harry.

Have you ever met old Sergt. Pelletier, the fellow who pulls teeth in his spare time? He's another bird, he's the limit; get him to tell you some of his stories.

Old Henesy is some boatman, he pulled a good one off the other day in midstream. He wanted to change places with Alec who was rowing; well, he started to row and there he sat, working like —I and after about three quarters of an hour of Irish exertion, he happened to look over his shoulder and found that he was still opposite the same bunch of weeds where he started at. Old Alec had carelessly dropped the anchor when he handed over his job.

A fellow has got to be careful these days, especially when he's out rowing, he's liable to bump into a bunch of chicken on these river banks, they don't seem to care what sort of bathing suits they wear either. Say? that Corporal Dagenois is close with his girl, he won't give a fellow an introduction, ever since that handsome young officer, Mr. — gave her the glad eye at the fire, he's too darned careful for anything. One of these days I am going to clink him and then go down town and pinch his ruddy girl.

Did you ever notice old Hughie's feet, believe me, he's got some flappers; that fellow will never fall

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down, he's better equipped than a deep sea diver. Too bad he's so short sighted, he nearly drank my beer the night of the lecture, of course, I know it was only Scotch caution, but it just sort of happened that he'd finished his about ten minutes before.

I see old Murty has been confirmed—I mean in his rank; I wonder when he's going to wet it. If that Corporal Doyon ever comes into this tent for another pass to go to the bank to draw his balance, that won't be the only thing he'll draw, he'll draw his last breath at the same time. Did you ever heard old Alec play the drum, he's got nothing on Henesy with his mandoline, and when Hughie and Beatty join in with the vocal stunts, well—personally I'd rather be back in France listening to old Fritz's hymn of hate. I see Jack Dailly is back from Boston, I'll bet you he had some time too; he doesn't say much about it but there is a sort of reminiscence look in his eye, and he keeps muttering to himself,—“Oh, boy, Oh, boy,” this is an awful war.

This war has got to be stopped soon, somebody is liable to sprain his ankle or something; they don't seem to care who they hurt either, it gets my goat. I nearly got gassed going over to the tents the other day, that ambitious Corporal of ours took off his hat and, whew—he had been using that bum hair wash that one of the last draft wished on him for putting his name on the sick report.

I wonder when that Quarantine bunch are going to buy a typewriter, they borrow ours and just look at this type, it's rotten.

We have got some new office furniture in our Orderly Tent, Urquhart and Robertson found a couple of old cigar boxes and rigged one—I of a contraption, they call it a filing cabinet, come over some time and have a look at it, it looks like one of Jimmy Barr's loose boxes.

Say, you should hear Motherwell's Scotch accent first thing in the morning, it's nearly as thick as that porridge Benny gives us in the Mess. Cairns has stopped taking singing lessons and is taking up physical culture, someone told him that if he could only develop a little more deportment they would introduce him to a bird down town.

“I wonder who's kissing her now.” Who does that hit? Wow.

Mr. — had one time up the river the other evening, they had to abandon the boat and he tried to pull off a Grace Darling stunt, he stepped into a hole and had to stick around until almost reveille,

until his kiswoskis got dry.

It's not too dusty working in the Clearing Company, you get in touch with the birds early, you never know when they are going to be useful to you. I am going strong with these rookies, I haven't bought a bit of tobacco since I left No. 2 Company. We've still got the Duke with us, he gets through a pile of work every day; by the time he has finished that parade state he's quite exhausted.

I've got some good stuff for you next week, it's great; save me a couple of columns. That Mounted Section are not going to have it all their own way.

Say, Editor, if A. Mutt pushed Jeff's wife in the lake, would Bud Fisher out?

Wow!

Jock.

—o—
**WHIZZ BANGS FROM No. 2
COMPANY—DRAFT UNIT.**

At the Lecture.

Sergt. Major:—“Call the roll, Sergt. Major York.”

S.M. York, (smartly, and all that kind of stuff):—“No roll available, Sir.”

Comment.—“Where did he get that stuff.”

Who was the ambitious young French Corporal who asked for a two hour pass for the purpose of going to the Bank to draw his balance? He attended the lecture on Monday last and believe me he was well escorted. Every N.C.O. for miles around, including, of course, our old friend, Jock, tried to sit as near to him as circumstances would admit. But they were all out of luck. That Corporal hadn't got a bean; it appears he was too late for the Bank, even if he had a balance; we are waiting for the time that he comes along for another pass, he'll get it—not.

A gentle tip to that young Sergeant:—Never ask questions at a lecture, you are only prolonging the agony!

Talk about three men in a boat, that story has got nothing on three of my friends last Sunday. There was old Harry Evans, Cookie, and Jimmy Barr in mid-stream, trying to get a spark out of that old motor, and nothing doing. Old Harry got so dam mad, I thought he was going to swim ashore, the only thing that stopped him was the water, he hates water like h—I.

“Say, York, what in the name of Mike were you doing in the Park last Sunday afternoon? Do you know, I have been doing all

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

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kinds of explaining for you ever since, and assuring the lady that the R.N.W.M.P. never pull things off like that, their esprit de corps and all that junk, won't let them. Leave it to me, old bean, I'll try to save your bacon, but I'm afraid it's going to cost you an ice cream cone or something."

"Say, Major, if I send for my lady friends to visit me next Sunday, please, please, please, may I, may I, please Major, please, walk them in front of the stables?"

Who was the Senior Officer who walked into the Ice Cream Tent the other day. The place was full, by the way, and in a lordly, impressive parade tone, asked the man what he was selling. "Ice cream," the man replied.

"A'richt," the Major said, "I hae nae change, gie me yin for nothing."

He ate his cone and even then his voracious appetite was not appeased. He said,—“Whit else dae ye sell here?”

The poor man said with a gasp,—“Ginger ale, Sir.”

"A'richt, gie me yin, I'll pay ye some day."

I wonder if I could pull that stuff sometime.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Montreal, July 26th, 1918.

Dear Editor:—

The enclosed poems may have been sent in before, if so I guess you have a waste paper basket handy. Once before I sent a poem in signed "Interested Montreal Reader" and I noticed you had "A reader who signed himself." No offence meant but next time would you mind changing the him to her.

I enjoy reading "Knots and Lashings" very much and congratulate you on the talent the boys of the E. T. D. show.

Hoping I am not taking up too much of your valuable space and time,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,
Fuzzy.

THE SANDBAG.

What is it that you're sure to see
Where British Tommies chance to be?

What's manufactured in Dundee?
The sandbag!

What keeps our rifles free from dust,
Or when it's wet from mud and rust,

No patent sort of cover! Just
A sandbag!

What is it round our legs enrolled;
That helps to keep out mud and cold?

No better things I can uphold
Than sandbags.

In dugouts, what makes soft our bed
Or pillow for our weary head?

The simplest plan is just to spread—
Some sandbags.

Should we a brew of tea desire,
Then what makes up a tidy fire?
A candle's all that we require,
And sandbag.

When working on some R. E.
"gaff,"

What makes us gnash out teeth and strafe,
Swearing we won't fill—no, not half—
Those sandbags?

And yet what is it, ne'er-the-less,
When there's a strafe, we must confess,
There often is good cause to bless
Those sandbags!

In what do we put all spare kit,
Our rations, bombs, and every bit
Of stuff that we have got to flit?
In sandbags!

In fact, what's everywhere about,
And couldn't well be done without?
What takes first place without a doubt?
The sandbag!

To Dundee lasses then our thanks,
For though we've got such things
as "tanks",

In our opinion higher ranks—
The sandbag!
—Pte. G. Morris,
Scots Guards.

WHEN THIS WICK'D WAR IS OVER.

No more racing to the cookhouse,
No more 4 A.M. parade,
No more twenty-mile route marches
No more lectures on grenades.

Chorus

No more two in dirty basins
No more buttons to be rubbed
No more cook's mate, peeling taters
No more floors that must be scrubbed.

No more hair crooped like felon,
No more trembling by your bed,
As we wait for kit inspection,
With our dixies rusty red.

No more numbers on our braces,
No more numbers on our boots,
No more numbers on our great coat,
No more numbers on our suits.

No more putting in for passes,
No more chuckling up our sleeves,

No more frantic commentations,
When we find they've stopped all leave.

No more little jaunts to Guild-forth,

No more little trips to Siss,
No more ogling in the high street,
No more little girls to kiss.

How we wish this war was over,
All this soldiering would end,
Bless' day our last parade is,
Bless the last hour we spend.

Peace declared, the war is over,
All this cheer and waltz around,
Did we scrap each blooming rifle,
Did we make each canteen sound.

Chorus

Only one more "First and last Post,"

Only one reveille played
Only one more belt to fasten,
Only one more grand parade,
Yes, good-bye to all our comrades
Comrades that have proved right true,

But there's nothing else to do.

Last Chorus.

Now this wicked war is over,
Cheerful instead of sad,
Yes the army brought good comrades,
After all it's not too bad.

NAUGHTY SLASHINGS.

Overheard in Room 30.

Sergt. Hesford (to D.S.M.):—
"What am I to do with this man,
Norbert; he has his mother with him?"

D.S.M.:—"Take him over to Q.
M. Stores for an issue of Nap-
kins!!"

"Extractions" from the Dental CORPS.

Headquarters of Dental Corps.
Enter new recruit and sees Sergt. Pelletier dolled up in white coat. Recruit sits down in chair and says,—“Shave please.” Sergt. Pelletier gently replies,—“This isn't any blankty blank barber shop. This is the tooth pulling Booth.” Little did the poor recruit know what danger he was in when he was under the power of Sergt. Pelletier and his "Booth".

Who was the Sergeant that was left sitting in the dental chair with a plaster of Paris mould in his mouth? And who was the Dental Sergeant that forgot about him and had to get the impression plate out with a hammer and chisel!

Sergts. Bound and Ernie Johnson were walking through the Park last Sunday when they were



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stopped by a Sapper. The Sapper said,—“There is no use for you fellows to go any further as C.S.M. York and Corpl. Courtenay just passed by all shined up.”

“A Dentist is a pretty mournful looking individual, isn't he?”
 “Yes, he is always looking down in the mouth.”

e. w. j.

Jack Hennessy has a mandolin now. You should hear him play! Alex Watling takes a turn on it too; sounds fine about fifteen miles away!

“Hello, Jock! Anything on your hip this morning?”
 “Yes, a boil.”

“Hindy”: new name for Sergt. Henson's cat, (any one!)—after that Hun Commander with nine lives!

Frosts in Brazil. Good news for N.C.O.'s. Fewer nuts!

Sir:—My brother sent me ten packages of Camel Cigarettes from the States and the Custom Authorities wanted me to pay \$2.30 duty on them. I wonder if they thought they were real Camels.

Heard on Medical Board.

Captain S., to recruit:—“What is your occupation?”
 Recruit:—“Farmer.”
 Captain S.:—“E.3. Carry on. Come down and cut my hay this summer.”

THE RAILROAD MEN.

We of the Engineers are used to divious ways,
 Most of us are wanderers at the best!
 There are few I vow, who find it pays,
 Yet eagerly new trails we blaze, and jest
 At the humdrum life of those that stay at home,
 In some snug corner of a City street;
 While o'er the wilds, from pole to pole we roam,
 And only on occasions do we greet,
 Some City's blaze or artificial light;
 Where humans strive and breathe the tainted air;
 And many a pitiful and sordid sight
 Is seen; And painted women set the snare
 For drunken fools. Then sickened of it all,
 We pull up stakes and with a joyous stride,
 Echoing back the old carefree call,
 We drift beyond the human tide.

And when the whole world stood to arms,
 From out the wilderness we came forth;
 As the din of Battle's wild alarms Echoed East, West, South and North.
 We know the cold of the frozen lands,
 Where the heatless sun shines bright.
 We've cursed the burning desert sands,
 On many a sleepless night.
 Our camp has stood in the forest deep,
 Where the tall fir timber grows.
 The wildcats have disturbed our sleep,
 Where the river Albany flows.
 We've played the game of life full well,
 In places yet unnamed, in places long forgot.
 We may belong to heaven or perhaps to hell
 But taken all together we're a fairly decent lot!

We've gazed and laughed into mocking eyes,
 In many a well remembered place.
 We don't give a hang for lover's sighs
 But we like and admire a pretty face.
 We've drank, Ye Gods! with the very best,
 When wine like water freely flows.
 And looked on life as a very good jest,
 And cared not how the wind it blows.
 So come with us and we'll show you all
 Of worth, there is to be seen;
 Back to life on the old Pall Mall,
 Or to wherever else we've been.
 And remember this, 'tis often said
 By those who do not speak in blarney,
 That if the R. R. men were all dead,
 What price the British Army!
 “En Avant”.

Sergt. Henesy to newly made Corporal: — (Scene, Ice Cream Tent. Time 11.30 a.m.)
 “Say, how long have you been walking about with that dollar bill?”
 Corporal:—“Sorry, Sergt. I didn't know you wanted a drink, or I would have asked you before.”
 Henesy:—“Look here, Corpl., if you want to get along in the Army, don't pull off any more stunts like that.”

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 He kicks about the Railroad that takes him to the Camp.
 He kicks about the fellows when he gets there.
 He kicks about the clothes they give him at the Q.M.'s.
 He kicks about the Picture Show that they give free of charge.
 He kicks about the Horses—they seem too fast for him.
 He kicks about the S.M.'s voice.
 He kicks about the Sergt.—he makes him walk too fast.
 He kicks about the Mess-Hall—for they make him eat too fast.

He even kicks about the Pay-Master.

They sent him to the Quarantine Camp and now he never kicks!

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Beneath the eastern sky
The town of Amherst lies;
The girls with eyes of brown and blue
Are very proud to welcome you;
Although in a marshy clime
The boys of the C.E. won't decline
Although o'er seas we are bound
The boys of the 56th Draft are easily found
In cozy corners and all round.

And when the sun begins to set
Mother thinks of loved ones yet,
Her thoughts are far o'er the sea,
England or France perhaps it may be,
Roaming about the land well known,
Sons are thinking of "Home sweet Home",
Till the sun begins to shine on dear

(Old Amherst Town)
C.S.M. Turver, G.

NEWS FROM AMHERST.

Amherst, July 16th, 1918.
The different regiments that have from time to time been stationed at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on their way to the war zone, have been loud in their praises of the hospitality of the Citizens of Amherst; it was therefore no surprise to the men of the Canadian Engineers Battalion, after leaving St. John's, P.Q., and landing in Amherst, to find that the story of the kindness of the Amherst people could only be expressed in the words of the Queen of Sheba:—"The half has never been told."

Almost every family in Amherst is or has been represented on the battle field or other active military service; it is no wonder that they have a warm place in their hearts for the boys en route to Flanders Fields who stop for a season in the town. The glad hand is extended to officer and men alike, homes are opened and men individually and collectively are made to feel that they are among sympathetic friends and that Amherst is not only loyal to the Empire but glad to welcome the men who go over to do their bit for freedom and justice. Only those who are travelling this long and sometimes dreary road from comfortable homes to the far off scene of the world's greatest war, can realize what these acts of kindness and hospitality mean. Tonight another evidence of the kindness of the Amherst heart was shown, when the four churches, Baptist, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist, each entertained a company from

the Battalion; the companies were assigned by the officers to the different churches and while there was no rivalry among the churches, each did its best to make the khaki boys feel perfectly at home. The evening was spent, first, in an entertaining programme in which the men of the companies greatly assisted, then an hour of social intercourse—then, a tempting lunch.

The citizens assure the boys that they (the citizens) are really getting the greater enjoyment in their entertaining the men who for a short time are their guests. We hope, too, that any kindness shown the boys here may redound in favors to their dear ones who are far from home, also stimulate them to further kindnesses.

The boys of the Canadian Engineer Battalion will not soon forget Amherst and their stay here.

Sapper R. Schwanck.

NEW RAMBLERS IN CLOSE GAME WITH THE ENGINEERS.

Score 5—4 With Three Runs Garner in the Final Frame.

(From the Amherst N.S. Paper.)

We figured out last evening that baseball made the world go around, and if noise has anything to do with the movement of this terrestrial globe Dame Terra Firma took an additional shoot of speed last evening. The Engineers and the New Ramblers came together in the third and decisive game of a series, with the result that the Amherst nine came out victorious 5—4. While the local led from start to finish, the game was fast, with fielding and batting beyond the ordinary. Officers and men of the Engineers who have witnessed major and minor league ball, informed the Newsman that very few of the minors put up a better brand, than was delivered on the Academy Grounds.

Although a few seeds changed hands, this fact created no hard feelings for the soldiers and civilians impartially applauded each good play. Of course the rooting was loud and uproarious, for the session was worthy of all possible acclaim.

The New Ramblers grabbed a couple of runs in the third, and in the fifth and sixth innings sent two more men across the rubber. Not until the seventh did the Engineers get a man over the plate, and then with a base on balls off Rattray, Dodson walloped out a screaming two bagger. In the eighth Amherst drew down their fifth run, and

when the last of the ninth came to hand it looked as if the Ramblers had a comfortable lead. Ultimately it was safe, but with one man down, and two men adorning the cushions, Abercrombie, the elongated twirler for the Engineers made a brilliant attempt to win his own game, by nailing out a home run. Dodson and Walsh were killed off on infield plays, leaving Amherst one run to the merry.

It was not a pitchers battle in any sense of the word, although Rattray and Abercrombie twirled beautifully. The two infields bore the brunt of the playing and the two McDonalds at short stop and Collins on second, together with the respective catchers Dodson and Stuart, delivered the genuine goods when it came down to ball playing.

Errors were few and far between and with the clever fielding and hard biting the fans could hardly want a more exciting or more interesting game.

Mr. Norman Ralston, formerly third baseman for the Ramblers and Pte. Forn, umpired the game. The two umps did excellent work and their decisions were O.K'd by both sides.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Engineers	R	H	E
Dodson, c.	0	3	0
Walsh, r.f.	0	0	0
Davy, l.f.	0	2	0
Riley, lb.	0	0	1
Fahrner, 3b.	0	0	0
Frost, 2b.	1	3	1
McDonald, s.s.	0	0	0
Cummings, c.f.	2	1	1
Abercrombie, p.	1	2	0
	4	13	3
Ramblers	R	H	E
Stuart, c.	0	1	0
Collins, 2b.	1	2	0
Alward, r.f.	1	2	0
McDonald, s.s.	1	0	0
Stuart, 3b.	1	2	1
Moffatt, c.f.	0	0	0
England, l.f.	1	0	0
Chisholm, lb.	0	3	0
Rattray, p.	0	1	0
	5	11	1

Summary:—Home run, Abercrombie. Two base hits, Dodson, Chisholm, W. Stuart. Base on balls, off Rattray 1. Hit by Pitcher, Alward. H. McDonald. Struck out by Rattray 8. By Abercrombie 6. Double Plays. McDonald to Collins to Chisholm. Wild Pitch, Rattray 1. Abercrombie 1. Umpires, Ralston, Forn.

Who is the C.S.M. of Draft 56 who insists on Company P.T.'s after individual classes have been dismissed?



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"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Not so very long ago we were asking the mercury to come up a bit, but we did not want it to go "over the top".

It seems that St. Johns is living up to its reputation of having two seasons only, Winter and July.

Here are a few pointed remarks gathered during the week. Remember:—

It is easy to find 9 out of 10 people who are willing to do the shouting while the tenth does the work.

That a good soldier obeys the commands of his Officers.

That a demagogue is a man who rocks the boat and tries to persuade everybody that there is a great storm on.

That a short skirt has its advantages, for it enables the Prodigal Son to tell a fatted calf from the other kind.

That Love and Logic are not on speaking terms.

That no freckles are produced by the Sunshine of Happiness.

That if a man could discover why a woman is a mystery, she wouldn't be.

That there is nothing like having a good reputation—if you live up to it.

That Gossips and Hypocrites are twins.

That more people fall in love than war.

That a Savage worships a demigod, not a demijohn.

That the only time a man has a right to be proud is when he does something—and then he should not be proud.

Drafts may come and drafts may go, but the grouch goes on for ever.

Robert Service has a verse to suit him, and for that matter all of us:—

"You're sick of the game". Well, now that's a shame.

You're young and you're brave and you're bright.

"You've had a raw deal". I know, but don't squeal.

Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.

It's the plugging away that will win you the day,

So don't be a piker, old pard!

Just draw on your grit, it's so easy to quit.

It's the keeping-the-chin-up that's hard.

Seems as though the German front were still being pushed back.

Von Hindenburg is having quite a number of deaths lately. One was too good for him anyway.

Why is a woman's mind cleaner than a man's? Because she changes it more often!

—PAT.

HOW TO UPSET A CANOE.

Special rules issued by the Ontario Safety League, Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

1—Always keep in the swells of a passing launch.

2—Change seats frequently.

3—Transferring a passenger is recommended.

4—Stand up when you wave to your friends on shore.

5—Reach over when picking water lilies.

6—Other methods failing, rock the boat.

Note:—On reading the above rules it struck us that such instructions could be made very applicable to this district. They are accordingly published for your consideration.

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.

MUMPLETS.

Why does Sapper Day prefer to form Fours or expose himself to the tender mercies of the C.S.M. in the Cadet Ride rather than enjoy the free and easy life of the little home on the Riverside. His pals wish him luck in all his bumps and lots of work on fatigue parties, so he'll wish to come back to them.

Certain Old Time Contacts from the Quarantine Camp are asking why the M.O. doesn't extend the time of Quarantine to twenty one or even forty eight days. Not that they have much hope of going back there. Certain good things only come once in a life time.

NOTICE.

After the 1st of August, money orders and postal notes can be bought and cashed at the new E. T. D. post-office.

Sgt. D. Paquin, C.P.C., is in charge.



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