



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

Vol. 2. No. 2.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9 1918

5 Cents The Copy

HOW THE BOYS RECEIVED  
THE PEACE NEWS EXTRA.



- No. 1—What!! Peace? After all the bullying I've stood from the non coms, an not get a crack at the Germans?  
 No. 2—And after standin' for that mulligan the food carpenter hammers out? That's what I call Hell.  
 No. 3—After bein' shot to pieces by the light artillery of that d— M.O. and not even see the boches?  
 No. 4—After soakin' up the rain an mud fer six weeks at a stretch?  
 No. 5—I don't want no peace. I only want a "peace" of the Rhine!

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of E. T. D.

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St. Johns, Que.

**THURSDAY'S JUBILATION.**

The somewhat premature jubila-  
tion of the bringing of Germany to  
terms which reached here early  
Thursday afternoon was one of the  
biggest events seen by the men of  
the E. T. D. What appears to have  
been an erroneous report which  
ran like a prairie fire over this  
great continent did not miss St.  
Johns, and the armistice was cele-  
brated in royal style by the men  
of the local command.

The news came suddenly, just as  
the afternoon parade was drawn  
up on the square. The bell of St.  
James church pealing joyously  
seems to have been the first clue  
as to what was in the air and short-  
ly thereafter, the news came to the  
barracks by telephone via Montreal  
that the final overthrow of a  
hideous autocracy for which blood  
has been freely shed for more than  
four years, was at hand. Suddenly  
cheers broke out from one of the  
companies on the square and with-  
in a few seconds others learning  
the wherefore joined in. Men em-  
ployed in offices, orderlies—in fact  
all the "shut-ins" made their way  
hastily to windows and joined in  
the roars of cheers which were by  
that time ascending. The fact that  
the news came from Montreal and  
was contained in "rush" extras of  
the press and the fact that the  
factory whistles of St. Johns were  
blowing frantically and bells peal-  
ing gave sufficient corroboration  
of the news.

At the time, men were being  
boarded, indicating the early de-  
parture for the goal of their ambi-  
tion but this work was quickly  
stopped when a half holiday was  
proclaimed.

The band being away playing  
for the Victory Loan at Ottawa  
there was at first an absence of the  
full festal music appropriate to the  
occasion but "Shorty" of the cook-  
house proved equal to the occasion  
and he dived down into his kit and  
brought out his cornet and made  
his way to the square, climbed up  
into a wagon and the silvery tones  
of "God Save the King" brought  
every man in hearing distance to  
attention. To many it was perhaps  
the most stirring rendering of the  
National Anthem ever heard, and  
the mind involuntarily paused to  
realize what the news meant for  
the Empire.

"Shorty" did not stop at the  
great anthem, and after the great  
volume of cheering which followed  
it had died away he broke out with  
"Rule Britania" and then, with  
many of the popular war time  
songs which have sprung into  
being during the past four years.

Hundreds went down town to partic-  
ipate in the revel which was  
going on there. The civilian  
populace was greatly stirred and  
British and French flags appeared  
quickly and there was great re-  
joicing. The bugle band formed  
up and led a great procession  
through the streets. A flag was  
secured from some building for the  
occasion and led the parade being  
restored to its original owner some-  
time later. The bells rang and the  
whistles blew for nearly two hours.  
A steam whistle on the kitchen roof  
at Main Barracks was also hurried-  
ly brought into play and joined in  
the chorus. When the steam got  
low, it was shut off and more  
generated and thus it continued  
periodically through the afternoon  
'as it caught its breath'.

An extra picket of some fifty  
men went on duty in St. Johns at  
nightfall but the jubilation was  
very orderly and it had little work  
to do. In many private homes, the  
news, the correctness of which was  
never doubted, there were little  
home celebrations and the fatted  
calf was prepared for the joyous  
occasion.

During the afternoon at about  
half past three o'clock the dull  
thud of a 'feu de joie' fired at  
Montreal was plainly heard here  
indicating that a great celebration  
was in progress there too. It is  
even reported that at noon the  
blasts of the Montreal whistles  
could be heard in unison.

There is a good deal of comment  
in the barracks on the portentous  
phenomenon which was seen by all  
who went on breakfast parade on  
Thursday morning. As the men  
were falling in, there appeared  
high in the Eastern Heavens a  
beautiful rainbow in the half light  
of early day and many eyes feasted  
on the sight.

On Friday afternoon the rain-  
bow and that which was also  
ominous to Noah were compared.

**FIVE POUNDS A HEAD.**

A newly formed battalion of an  
Irish Regiment went into the  
trenches for the first time, and in  
order to keep enthusiasm as full  
pitch the commanding officer pro-  
mised five pounds for every Ger-  
man killed.

For a long time nothing hap-  
pened, and then after ten minutes  
bombardment by Fritz, Murphy  
and his chum squinted over the  
top, and saw a host of the enemy  
coming over.

"Glory be!" cried Murphy, with  
delight. "Foive thousand of the  
divils at least. Terrance, we bhoy,  
git your rifle, our fortunes are  
made."

—AT—

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

(Important Notice.—The following communication was received from an officer almost directly after the peace report was announced on the 7th instant, and after giving it our careful consideration we have decided that it would do a vast amount of good if the men in the E. T. D. were made thoroughly acquainted with certain information as imparted in this interesting article.)

**GRAVE MILITARY SECRETS DISCLOSED.**

Now that armistices one after the other are bidding fair to spoil this war—the best we have too—it matters little if some of the inner workings of the War Department are disclosed.

Hostilities will soon cease, and in that case the Kaiser's spies will not be able to handle the information profitably.

We are able to disclose for the first time—yes, sappers and gentlemen, for the very primus tempus—the bowels, or inner works of the great war machine.

Subtle are those in high command. List to this!

Did you ever realise why officers in order to qualify for their commissions are put through an examination? No, you never stopped to think, I'll bet, and so carefully has the secret been kept, that only those in the highest commands have been taken into confidence; excepting me.

I will get right to my disclosures. Listen!

If ever those in positions of high command fail to find a solution to a difficulty, they arrange to have a test examination of some poor unfortunates. Here is an instance to prove what I say is without the slightest essence of truth. I know what I am talking about, and it wont take you long to find out to the contrary.

Just after the war started and the British forces were driven to their entrenched positions in Flanders, the following question was put to a bunch of aspirants and perspirants.

"You are to assume that the enemy is in superior numbers. You have taken up an entrenched position which is more or less favourable. You are the Commander-in-chief of an army of ten divisions. What would you do to bring the war to a close and how soon could you do it?"

Just a simple question you will admit. Now just listen to the answer that was adopted as a basis of operations.

"In assuming the enemy to be

in superior numbers I fully appreciate the fact that he has more men than I have. This, together with the fact that it is threatening to rain at any moment, would preclude any immediate action on my part. I would therefore have me a dug-out built of sufficient capacity to hold my wife, my maid-servant, my man-servant, my ox, my ass, the sea and all that therein is, and there would I await a more opportune moment to begin hostilities. Meanwhile I would ask one of my junior officers to go over to England and get a few more men to make my strength up to say two hundred divisions. I would also have him fetch me another dozen guns or so, some excellent brand of whiskey and a packet or two of 'Players'. It seems too bad that we should have to live in trenches whilst waiting, and it would be my first step to get into touch with my enemy to arrange that we may both live in huts until the precise moment arrive for real fighting. If this were satisfactorily arranged I would ask that officer, while he is in England, to get hold of a few nails and some carpenters.

"Being the C-in-C of the army I would naturally avoid any scheme that would bring the war to an end before I had accumulated sufficient moneys in the bank to provide interest of a sufficiency to give me enough to live in luxury for my remaining years. Meanwhile more troops could be sent over and the A.S.C. could be putting in a little practice in supplying piping hot rolls and coffee for breakfast every morning (a weakness of mine which I would under the circumstances feel disposed to foster rather than fight).

"Having disposed of the points raised in the question I have only to say that when the stage is properly set and the huts removed to provide a clear field of fire, as required by the text books, I would order a general advance during my temporary absence, and tell my men to go in and knock Hell out of the Blighter of an enemy.

"This scheme would take about four-and-a-half years to complete provided the bank rate is not lowered, and a correspondingly shorter period if that rate increases. It also largely depends upon the continued support of the general public in subscribing to the various loans. The cessation of this support would involve my resignation and hence the failure of this excellent scheme.

(Signed) .....  
Lieut."

Just why this scheme was not

adopted in its entirety is not quite clear to me. It may be, of course, some foolish acts of the enemy, or his stupid reluctance to await more favourable opportunity, interfered with the proper carrying out of this excellent plan. All I know is, that the war was carried out on the model laid out in Lieut. —'s answer to the simple question above.

Muck-a-muck.

**SLASHINGS.**

There is a blind barber in London, England. Why not appoint him as barber to the Kaiser when we get him on St. Helena?

We've heard a lot of the German dreams of a Mittel Europe. It looks like a Muddle Europe through German spectacles now.

It is said that Austria has always been a winner at the peace table. But Austria will not be at the table this time. She will be on a platter.

We're downright sorry for Len. He seems to have got in bad with the ladies. Never mind, Len, we can give Delilah another guess and if she hasn't any better luck next time, we should worry.

We quite agree with her sister. Yes, you are a pickle.

Now, Mr. Editor, will you be good? The ladies were a long time getting even with you but it had to come.

We heard the other day that an Engineer boy from St. John's was asked if he belonged to mounted unit; and being a driver he replied, "I belong to a married unit."

We can only conjecture that the impending event of his beloved O.C. caused the lapse of memory.

We understand that the Colonel and one of the drivers know the lady's name. What we want to know is, what is that driver's name. The rest is easy.

We understand that Phil is doing his best to make it hot for the officers this winter. What is most surprising though is, they seem to appreciate his efforts.

It is interesting to note that what was supposed to be the voice of a man heard in St. James' Church, now appears to have been only a: MOUSE.

Alas! Poor Arthur, although he possesses the physique of Hercules, he lacks the spirit of Don Quixote.

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We also outfit discharged men  
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THE RETURN TO CIVIL LIFE.

With the alluring prospect of peace in sight, we should like to direct the attention of those in authority to the vital question of the reinstatement into civil life of those of the male population of Canada who have been upholding Canada's honour on the stricken fields of Flanders. By their fortitude and hardihood has Canada helped uphold the cause of progress and right, and as a natural corrolary they should be Canada's first charge. It has been charged against those of us who hold this view, that we would hand the country over to the soldier because he fought for it.

Let us say once and for all that we dissent entirely from that aspect of the case, but surely the men who went forth at the call of duty have claims upon our gratitude that cannot be paid in words and fair promises. Whilst many of us have been away fighting our country's cause, positions we once held have been filled and businesses once flourishing have disappeared, and the question of re-adjustment demands the earnest attention and diligent thought of all patriotic citizens.

It has been usual in the past to laudate the soldier upon the successful conclusion of a campaign and as soon, almost, as the ink had dried upon the papers containing the congratulatory speeches, to forget his existence. He was looked upon as something that had outlived its ability, consequently he was treated as a negligible quantity, to the eternal disgrace of those in authority who permitted it. Vested interests have grown enormously during the present war, and we would like to utter, in warning, the pregnant phrase of the old Hebrew prophet when he defended the individual against the rights of vested interests,—“How much more value is a man than a sheep.”

Interests and property that during the war have become deep-seated and deeprooted, to the detriment of the community must disappear in the face of the pressing needs of the returned soldiers. Now is the time for our statesmen to grapple with the situation. Vocational employment alone, only touches the fringe of the question; a larger, wider and more statesmanlike view must be grasped and greater comprehension of the immediate needs of the soldier and their dependents taken, so that ringing down the ages the old cry will appeal to those in authority and recognition of the statement that a “man is of more value than a sheep” will be given.

To work upon the old lines in dealing with the situation would belie Canada's reputation for progress. Our only fear, and the reason why we urge upon the powers that be, this warning is that in delaying preparations, disastrous bungles may occur. This we wish to avoid and so make the lot of the returned soldiers a happy one and one that is fitting from a proud and grateful country.

STAND BY YOUR PAPER.

The staff of “Knots and Lashings” desire that every man in the Barracks, no matter whether he be quartered in the Main Barracks, Vinegar, or College should know that the Depot publication, as the line on the front page indicates, is for the delectation and delight (we hope) of the Depot generally—not for any special class but for everyone who is here serving the Empire. It is not a medium whereby ‘knocks’ can be administered under the guise of harmless jest or banter, neither is a forum in which the vials of wrath and indignation may be poured out against the authorities, or disgruntled men stung by the retribution visited upon them.

“Knots and Lashings” should be the pride of the Barracks and it should by all means have the undivided support of the personnel. This paper will endeavor to present sanely and safely the current news of the E. T. D. and contributions are requested from those who know of happenings deserving of print and little stories that carry subtle humor which invariably make delightful morsels.

The Depot paper should be sent home by every man to his family for the folks at home are thirsty for the events in the days and the incidents in the lives of those men who have forsaken civilian calling

for the worthiest of causes. Then there is another phase of “Knots and Lashings”. Ponder a minute, and look into the future and of the days when Peace shall have returned and the present E. T. D. personnel have returned to their peace time habits. There will be evenings when the mind will revert to the days at St. John's even though many of us may be denied Overseas Service. There will be pleasure galore in refreshing the memory, and what could do it better than copies of this paper to prod the mind and reveal events in the days of service which are bound to escape the memory in the cycle of events.

Let every man stand by the Depot Paper, a purely local enterprise and one which the new staff is hoping to make fully up to the E. T. D. standard.

VERILY, AN OCCUPATION.

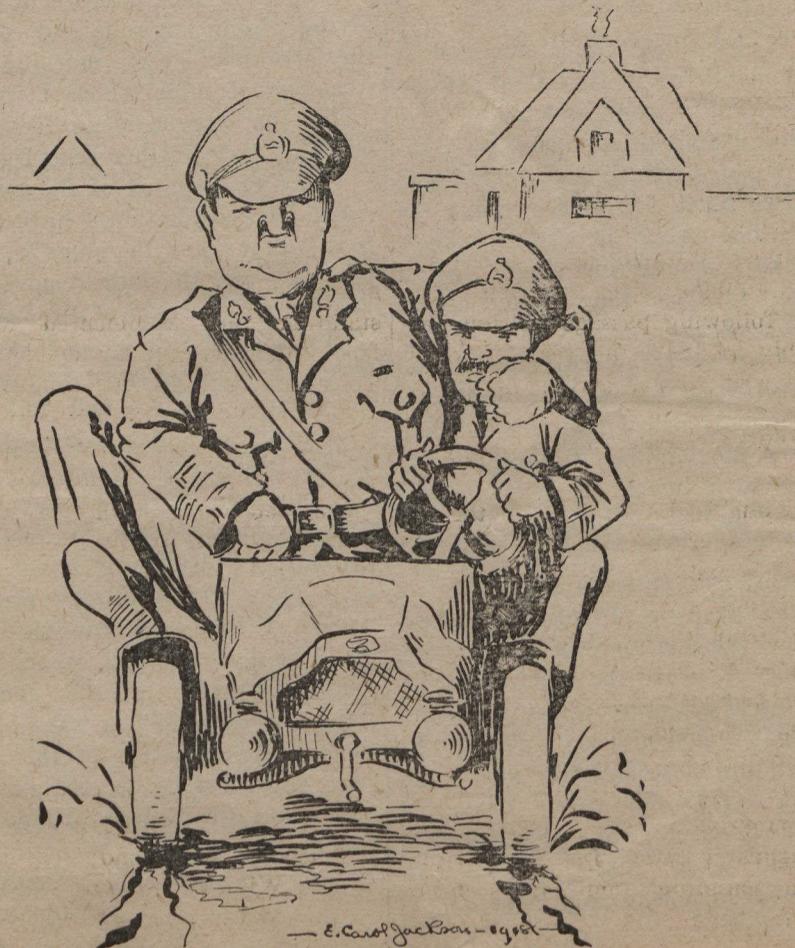
And Lo, a certain Sapper journeyed to the Pay Office for certain procedure. He made his way to the habitation of Lieutenant Orr who questioned him as to certain facts. And after some time the worthy officer spake:—

“What is your occupation?”

“Forming Fours,” answered the Sapper with a distant look.

Will Sapper A. E. Baker (No. ?) communicate with Spr. H. R. McKee 3030769, 2nd C.E.R.B. F. Coy., Seaford, Sussex, England.

THE NOON HOUR—AN IDYL OF THE IDLE.



“Let her o'ut, Tom.”

**GOOD LUCK TO THEM.**

At last the Siberian snowballs are on their way. After many weeks of delay and preparations the boys of the 16th Field Company have gone to do their bit in the snowbound land of the North. We are sorry to lose these boys who have been at the front in many of the depot's sports and good times. They were given a rousing send-off at the station by the boys of K Company, from whose ranks these men were picked. The boys had a great time on Saturday night when the College Barracks were C.B.'d. When it was over the boys said they couldn't have had a better time had they been allowed out. We know that the officers and men of the 16th Field Company will do all they can to make better the reputation they gained as K. Company.

Over the top with the best of luck and give 'em hell!

**Wilson and White,**  
K Company.

The poor old London Draft is sure getting split up. I think they will always remember them at St. Johns and the boys will always remember St. Johns with its mud, good old Ontario.

**T. L. Boys.**

**A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR OF LONG AGO.**

Corporal J. E. Whiffen made an interesting discovery a few nights ago, and one which cannot fail to strike the lovers of literature who are quartered here. Corporal Whiffen was whiling a few spare hours between the duties of Orderly Corporal by reading stray passages from Dickens. He was glancing through the famous writer's impressions of America and Canada, when he came upon the following passage written probably in 1842, the year in which the writer came across the Atlantic:—

"We left Montreal for New York again on the thirtieth of May crossing to La Prairie, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, in a steamboat; we then took the railroad to St. Johns which is on the brink of Lake Champlain. Our last greeting in Canada was from the English officers quartered in the 'Pleasant' barracks at that place (a class of gentlemen who made every hour of our visit memorable by their hospitality and friendship) and with 'Rule Britannia' sounding in our ears, soon left it far behind."

Corporal Whiffen finished read-

ing the passage for the pleasure of others who were present, and then came this lonely rejoinder from a sapient Sapper coiled up in a corner of room 72:

"I wonder if he saw the Clink."

**A DELIGHTFUL PARTY.**

A number of the employees in the Orderly Room spent an enjoyable evening, Saturday, at the home of Lance-Corporal and Mrs. George Frith. The time passed all too quickly. Songs were rendered by several of the guests, the "piece de resistance" however was the musical treat furnished by Sapper Maynier. To even the uninitiated in the technique of the piano, his finished playing was a revelation and greatly enjoyed. Light refreshments were served and the party left at a late hour, extending their sincerest thanks to the host and hostess for a delightful evening's entertainment, which was an enjoyable break in the monotony of army life.

Those present were: Lee, Cpl. and Mrs. Geo. Frith, Sgts. J. O. Williams and E. Ferrier, Sappers Maynier, Samuels, Steeves, Baird, Martin, MacFarlane, Graham, Emmerston, Best, Montgomerie, Murphy, Cummings and Keir.

**"SOCIETY MEETINGS"**

That August, Illustrious and most Noble order known to the world at large, as the "Poor Prunes" held a most delightful reception, at their Antient Temple at St. Johns, P.Q., on Monday last. A most distinguished gathering assembled at the request of the Permanent Present President. The gathering was distinctly honoured by the presence of both of the Most Noble Patrons, who in well chosen and highly felicitous speeches, congratulated the Order upon its standing and commented very freely upon its high financial position and the excellent number of members. Several members of prominent families were initiated into the mysteries and privileges of the Order, the whole of the ceremony being conducted by the Prehistoric Permanent Past President, who with his charming personality and unimitable manner placed the eager initiates at their ease. At the conclusion of the ritual, the President invited the assembled brethren to view the mysteries of the Sacred Temple and under the direction of the Lord High Keeper the members were conducted to the Sacred Wigwam, there to be finally initiated into the full rites of the Order.

**BALDWIN HALL DESTROYED**

Fire of undetermined origin destroyed Baldwin Hall during the early hours of last Friday morning causing a monetary loss of some \$4500, partially covered by insurance. The loss to the soldiers of the Depot cannot be estimated, for it had been a welcomed haven of rest for the men in training here. The flames were first detected at four o'clock by Major Moore, rector of St. James, who discovered the roof already burning at its apex. He at once notified the fire brigade and despite a prompt turn-out, the structure was wreathed in flames by the time it arrived. A hurry call was sent to the Main Barracks and the guard turned out about fifty men in the North wing and they 'doubled' down to the beckoning flames. Little could be done, however, and although there were many willing hands, the building was consumed and it was only with difficulty that the church was saved for the Hall flanked the sacred edifice and was close to the rectory. Happily the blaze was confined to its point of origin.

Baldwyn Hall was, up until 35 years ago, the parish rectory and was moved from its old foundations bodily to its last site in order to make room for the more modern building. It served as the parish hall and the loss is particularly severe to the church with the autumn activities just beginning. Baldwin Hall, named after an early rector, had been at the disposal of the barracks through a generous offer since 1916, but it was still used for parish purposes. Before it became a reading room, it was the organization centre of the Grenadier Guards Band. It has also seen stern moments when courts martial were held there.

Major Moore in detailing the loss to the scribe expressed his gratitude to the efficient work of the fire brigade, the Commanding Officer, officers and men of the E. T. D. for their endeavors to quell what threatened to be a more serious blaze.

**Victory Loan 1918**

It is the duty of every citizen to purchase Victory Bonds, and this Bank is prepared to assist wage earners by making loans for this purpose on the most favourable terms. Wherever possible, the bonds will be held for safe keeping, on behalf of small subscribers, for one year, without charge.

**The Canadian Bank of Commerce**

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

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

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For Men and Boys.

Suits Made to Order at the lowest prices.

AT YOUR SERVICE

**Toilet Laundry**

## ORDERLY ROOM FLASHES.

Who was the member of the Orderly Room staff, who lost his false teeth one night last week, in somebody's back yard?

Wonder what the flashlight picture will look like?—Hope somebody doesn't steal the negative.

Many happy returns to genial Sgt. "Joe" who celebrated his birthday last Monday. Presents from fair admirers were numerous. Yes, Joe, we all smoke Murads.

Who are the three clerks in the O. R. who went for a little shooting practice last Sunday afternoon? It is said that the Huns will never have to fear them, if the workmanship exhibited is any criterion of their skill.

Sapper James McGregor Graham, chief of the C. L. of A. staff, after several weeks of steady practise, challenges any man in the office to a game of checkers for an unlimited number of nut bars.

## ALLITERATIVE ALLUSIONS TO PROMINENT POPULAR PERSONAGES.

Efficient Edmund, earnestly evading Equitation, engineered elusive excuses. Eh Eddie!

Joyfully jubilant Jack justifiably jilted jealous Jane. Jove, Jack!

Prehistoric Permanent Past President, Poor Prunes, prattled precocious personalities, prettily punishing Permanent Present President. Pooh, pooh, Poor Prunes!

Conscientious Colonel, chuckling cheerily, caught Creighton crawling cautiously Conventwards, coveting coy Clara. Careful, Creighton!

Bumptious Bob, brave but bashful Briton, beholding beautiful blonde Betty, blushed busily but becomingly. Bravo, Bob!

Shy, shifting Shand sheepishly seeking shelter, shambled shorewards, sobbing soulfully, shrieking shockingly. Shame, Shand!

Chubby Captain Church, chirruping chokingly, chawing cheap chocolates, chose Charlotte chielets. Chump, Church!

Mild, magnanimous Major Milne, managing manfully, married marvellous Mabel midst Mutch melodious music. Mercy me, Major!  
Sapient Sapper.

The atmosphere is much cleaner now, in the Record Office, as Lee Corp. Skidmore has a new pipe, but Chubb is still chasing cooties—open season.

## THE BEAVER CLUB CONCERT

During the recent epidemic it will be remembered that the ladies of the Beaver Club helped considerably to make the lot of our sick boys brighter by their kindness and attention, supplying them with comforts and shedding a ray of sunshine upon them by their cheery presence.

Now they wish to renew acquaintance by holding a concert at the Victoria Hall on Monday evening next (11th inst.), and it is hoped the men of the E. T. D. will show their appreciation by attending in goodly numbers, the price of admission is only 25c.

## BIG SOCCER GAME SATURDAY.

Soccer enthusiasts are anticipating a good game of Soccer this afternoon when the Main Barracks will play the pick of the lot from Vinegar and College Barracks. The game will begin promptly at 3.30 o'clock. Sapper Rogers, captain of the Main Barracks team denies that he has lost good material in recent transfers (for he keeps his weather eye open) and he has chosen the best at his disposal for the fray. Sapper Thompson, however, is making no concessions and with customary optimism expects to come out with flying colors.

Every man in the Depot should be at today's game.

## SHADES OF SHAKESPEARE!

The following letter was recently received by the O.C. of "A" Company:—

"Dear Sir,—

May have reason to hope to have the visit of my brother, private Petitpomme (Little Apple) No. . . . . soon—to finish the work he start, at the wall of the Fort. This alterations needs to be finished before the "Fall", if we want protect walls—to the water in the next spring.

If you remember he had his pass—for coming at Chambly. but he did not used because in account of the—quaranteen—"

A few days later this gem arrived:—

"Chambly, 4th Nov., 1918.  
Officer of the Orderly Company "A",  
Saint John, Que.

Dear Sir,

In account of the—absence—of my brother, "Petitpomme", No. . . . ., he need a extension of time, because friday it was a holiday,

and Saturday he work only a 1/2 day, in fact it is only today he doing a bit of work. The weather is not very proper. If that weather continued I think a extension of 6 or 8 days will not too much to give him a chance to finished that work in a proper shape.

I am your obedient servant,

L. J. N. Petitpomme,  
Caretaker of the old Fort."

And yet some people wonder why the second in command has lost his leg. The wonder is that he hasn't lost his reason also. At the same time we must thank Mr. Petitpomme for the compliment he has paid us in referring to us as "The Orderly Company "A". Keep it up "Little Apple", we certainly agree with you.

Scrutator.

## HELLO CENTRAL!

To C.S.M. E—y.

My Darling:—

Every time I think of you my heart goes up and down like a churn dasher and sensations of unutterable joy flutter over me like young gnats on a stable roof. It thrills me through like a needle through muslin.

When I first heard your lovely voice over the 'phone I was bewildered, and my brain whirled round like a bumble-bee borne on invisible wings to Cupid. Your image stands before me. I reach out my hands to grasp it like a panther after a bluebottle fly. I have heard from others but none like you.

My love for you is stronger than the odor from boardinghouse butter, or the kick of a young cow. To me you are sweeter than Yankee doughnuts fried in molasses.

Ever since I have heard your voice over the 'phone my heart has been yours. You have ever been kind and generous so I will leave my future in your hands.

Yours till death,

(Signed) Eva Lynn.

In Egypt a very tired Irishman came into camp on a dilapidated horse. The adjutant, who was standing by, grinned humorously.

"Pat," he said, "that's a rotten horse you've got."

"Indade, sorr," said Pat, "it's a foine animal, but powerful onlucky, sorr—powerful onlucky."

"How's that, Pat?"

"Well, you see, sorr, I toss him ivery mornin' to see whether he has his fodder or me a mite o' whisky before shtartin' off, and begorra, sorr, he's lost three toimes runnin'."

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Commissioner

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The big store—everything  
you can wish.

Richelieu and St. James Streets  
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MONARCH  
BOTTLING  
WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor



THE ARRIVAL OF ABE.

november twice  
1918

dear Nots and leshings i am sending to you underneath seperation cover by parcels postage a choyce portrats of mineself i think you shuld be heppy to receive as it shows me up to a fine advintage i think it fletters me a hole lot but not so much this pickcher was taking by especial apointment in a hurry i only had vun siting standing up i vould like for you to give it some space in ure joke book vich you sell every saturday vunce a veek a soljer sed it I shud make monek vit a face like i got but i got to much patry-artistic for dot so I give it free for noting i vos vunce a riter from books so I think you vil lbe heppy ven I told you I vill koresponse vit you veekly i can also poetik and as a skribeler i am most infleunza i got a good grippe on newspaper voik i vos a koresponder for the St. Johns sickly a lokal paper vich had a very large sircumferents between the hebrewish people i also write for the Mornings milk vich vos a cheeseey paper and besides I was an advertiser for a vineger fectry

i am getting sociability vit the soljers now and to day an osifer even smiled on me and right avay i thought I hed a stend in vit him but i afterwards lerned he is a shap lane and he shows no parshality i am much tengled up vit bob vire mac but ve are not soshability he thinks ime his insperior i am glad to noe that after the remarks I made at the theayter a cupel veeks ago they are serving better lunch in the restyerant at the barracks there is a hole lots more things I shall investigashun soon and after I have been hear a vile things will be much more better if you don't use my fotograf send it back bekaus my fotografer is saving up pickchers of high tone fellers.

i could rite a hole lot more stuf but i think dot enof to give you the idear vot my voik is like if you vant some more i hope you vill respond to me i am not voiking at my trade yet they tell me i must wait until i get on the other side i think they meen the river jordan i will close now i am

expectfully yours  
sapper Abie the recruit  
You know vot is a sapper

i am inclosing some punktual marks you can use if you need them . , - ? - ! :

“D” COMPANY NOTES.

C.S.M. Henry Sutcliffe received a rousing welcome in Room 72 on Tuesday morning when he made his first appearance after being awarded the Crown as announced in the Daily Orders of the previous day. The promotion came like balm to a wounded soul for the C.S.M. had not quite recovered from a keen disappointment. A day or two before the C.S.M. and Sergeant Major Thompson had decided to bag a few duck on the Richelieu and at four o'clock they were pulling up the chilly stream. For four hours they paddled here and there, but never a shot did they get and they returned at eight o'clock. Sergeant Thompson is quoted as saying that the C.S.M. in despair struck a dramatic pose and cried, 'My Kingdom for a Sparrow' but the wish was not fulfilled and the expedition was a failure. The day after when the two were pulling across the river, two Mallards flew right over the boat within easy shooting distance!

Before leaving for New York on Tuesday, Corporal Kastner denied that the suit which called him away related in any way to underwear as suggested by a sauey sergeant.

Sergeant Banks' empressement to read daily orders is no longer so manifest since last Monday night.

The O.C.'s notice proved effective after a lapse of ten days. His gloves were returned apparently from 'C' Company Orderly room.

St. Andrews night will present an opportunity for all lovers of a good dance to enjoy themselves to their fullest capacity. Some influential folks are busy preparing to make the evening a memorable one, and it would be a good thing to book that date: 28th November, at the Odd-fellows Hall.

Canada's Leading Hotel

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The Soldier's Friend Restaurant

166 St. James Street.

Specially attractive for Soldiers.

FRESH PASTRY, SOFT DRINKS, &c.

To be opened Shortly.

A CLEW FOR THE CAPTAIN.

In "D" Company's room he was thinking, Dear me,  
 How I have slicked the men up in Company "C",  
 He was only just "MADE", not much more than a pup,  
 Still his mind run on Drill and, come on pick it up,  
 Form Fours, now, two deep, keep your distance, don't shove,  
 Then he reached out his hand and he picked up a glove,  
 Never thinking, not he! it belonged to a brother,  
 It was only a minute till he picked up another,  
 On looking them over he thought they were fine,  
 So he took them right over to room sixty nine,  
 He didn't care though the times

were so hard,  
 Nor the expense he would cause worthy Captain Gerard,  
 McKeegan and Golding were in there that day,  
 But they never saw the gloves walking away,  
 They both made a statement, and to it they swore,  
 That no one came in, only, Mr. O'Moore,  
 Now who was the man, who went in there on duty,  
 And when he came out was all loaded with booty,  
 Here is a mystery far deeper than love,  
 Please Mr. O'Moore tell us, Who has the gloves?

TO RENT — large furnished front room, conveniently, near barracks. 27 St. Georges St., St. Johns.

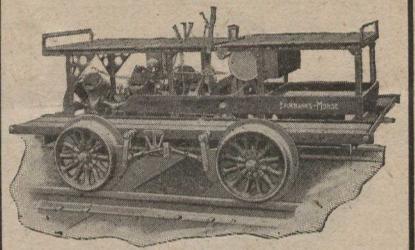
SOME MORE TWINKLES FOR THE MOUNTED SECTION.

How to Mount a Horse—With the Regulation O.D. Stepladder.

At the chirp, prepare to mount, clatter up the stepladder and volplane to the horse's back. This is not only the best way to get results but the quickest, as only six days elapse between the time you leave the stepladder and the time your widow draws your first month's insurance.

Without the Stepladder.

Seize the reins in your left mitt. Grab your insurance policy in the other. This keeps two of your hands busy. Use the others to assist you in the saddle. Place the left foot in the stirrup and spring lightly up into the mezzanine floor where the saddle should be. You



RAILWAY MOTOR CARS

Put your trust only in cars recognized by every leading Railway as the most reliable.

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Capt. W. J. Gerrard.

E.T.D.

P.P.P. of the P.P.A.

TAP! TAP!

HE IS A BORN SHIP BUILDER

HE IS A GREAT FAMILY MAN.

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Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital	- - -	\$7,000,000
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Total Deposits (Sept. 1918)		\$126,000,000
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**Savings Department**  
 Start a Savings Account with us  
 We welcome small accounts as well as large ones. Interest allowed at best rates, paid half-yearly.  
 J. A. PREZEAU, Manager

will either light in the saddle or in the place where the saddle ought to be. If the horse isn't where you thought he was do not be disappointed.

Even Houdini could not get out of a straight-jacket the first time he tried. If you can't get on a horse without a stepladder, keep on trying—the first eleven years are the worst.

If your mount throws you try to land in the position of attention.

**Position of Attention When Tossed From Saddle.**

Neck well bent and folded up inside your hat.

Head on the ground and at an angle of 45 degrees.

Teeth loose and hanging naturally at the sides.

Feet alert and sweeping the horizon.

Knees shaking in cadence of 180 to minute.

Reins somewhere in the near vicinity.

Back up and arched like an angry cat.

Shoulder blades flat on the ground but not locked.

Chest drawn in and breath knocked out.

The position may be modified to suit varying conditions and conformations.

**"Vinegar Barracks Scribe."**

**VINEGAR BOYS TRIMMED**

**Main Barracks Wins Soccer Game With 4 Goals to Spare.**

Another Soccer game was played on Saturday and the Vinegar Barracks team was again beaten, this time thoroughly whipped by the Depot boys to the tune of five goals to one. The game started with the Depot only having ten men on the field, and like all previous games, the Pickle boys scored in the first few minutes of play, the defense of the Depot getting mixed up, Clinton taking advantage and leaving Bridger helpless. Soon afterwards, Horrocks took his place at full back, making the Depot team complete and they soon settled down to a hard game in an effort to retrieve their reverse. Midfield play followed but gradually the 'Pickle' boys slowed down and when Malley handled in the penalty area, Rogers made sure when entrusted with the kick. At this stage the Depot continually pressed and on several occasions the Vinegar goal was endangered.

Hardy in particular had hard luck. The defense of the Depot could not let the Vinegar team's forwards settle down. Staring the second half the Depot soon got the lead, Hardy breaking through. A

few minutes later, McGough handled when another goal was sure and Charlton scored on the penalty kick.

Williams and Hardy followed up with other goals. The Depot team outclassed their opponents and the defense was splendid, the 'Pickles' being continuously prevented from getting their combination into action. Sgt. Horrocks at full back should make a good partner to Brennan. Rodgers' play was the feature of the game. Hardy at centre was good. Bridger in goal should use his hands and control his kicking better.

The Vinegar boys have not scored as yet.

**MORE PICKS FROM THE PICKLE EMPORIUM.**

Who was the Sapper who was seen down town with Mike McGough the other night. When they were passing a grocery store the Sapper said, "Oh! Mike. Look at the Artichokes." "Artichokes nuffink," replied Mike. "Them's Brussell's sprouts." Carry On, Mike.

Frank Estey broke our 'phone the other night. He was at the phone for two hours and unfortunately fell asleep and fell against it which caused the unhappy accident.

No wonder that Turkey has surrendered. L/Cpl. Sparrow threatened to join the Tank Corps.

Sapper Barlow, of "A" Company, will give a course in Rifle Drill for the advanced recruit. Sapper Barlow is a specialist when it comes to swinging the rifle.

**FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.**

Rodgers certainly "came back" with a jolt alright.

Bridger wants to remember a goalkeeper cannot afford to play to the "gallery".

What about loaning a goalkeeper to the "Pickle" boys, we got lots of them.

Wee Jimmie and Wee Davis were on the job again, coming back to old time form.

Sergt. Horrocks has played in all positions but goal, let him have a try at that position too.

In heading the ball, Rodgers and Horrocks head more than the kick at it. That's the stuff, boys, don't wait, get it in the air.



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Photo supplies, printing and developing for amateurs.

Soldiers of the E.T.D. Come to Our

**Shoe Shine Parlor**

We guarantee satisfaction to the soldier boys and like to have them visit us.

**John Malinos, Prop**

21A St. James St.

St. Johns

(Same street as Post Office)

**MORE PICKS FROM THE PICKLE EMPORIUM.**

**Draft.**

The draft will parade at 9 a.m. at the Q.M. stores to turn in two blankets, belt and ground sheet.

The draft will parade at 2 p.m. at the Q.M. stores to draw two blankets, belt and ground sheet.

**Punishments.**

8304624 Spr. U. B. Damm, charged with dumb insolence when ordered to stop talking, awarded 7 days C.B. (Catching Bugs).

7280635 Spr. I. M. Dotty, charged with attempting to kiss L/Cpl. Sparrow, committed to Montreal Hospital for the insane.

8065435 Spr. Fuller Booze, charged with refusing to accept a six day pass, awarded sick leave.

**Board.**

A board of inquiry, composed as under, will assemble on this date to inquire into and report upon the reason why so many drafts have been leaving lately:—

President, Captain Caughtshort; Lieut. M. T. Space; Lieut. Knott Thayer.

**Promotion.**

Sapper Bergeson to be Actg. Lance Sapper from this date.

**Notice.**

It is hereby called to the attention of all ranks that the practice of slipping and falling on the parade ground must cease at once. Any infraction of this order will be severely dealt with.

Capt. D. A. Mitall, Adjt.

**TO A "B" COMPANY SERGEANT.**

Oh! Gracious maid from Montreal,  
Why didst thou telephone at all,  
Didst not thou know that here-  
about,  
Other Sergeants flock about,  
To answer calls from sweet young  
things,  
From photographs their memory  
clings,  
Beware! dear Sir, or you'll find  
out,  
That they are set "To cut you  
out".

"Vinegar Scribe".

**OVERHEARD AT VINEGAR.**

Famous sayings heard around the Vinegar Barracks:—

"Stand at ease, stand easy, have a smoke."—Sergt. B.

"Parade 'un."—Sergt. T.

"Not a move."—Barb Wire Mac.

"Go and get your hair cut at once."—C.S.M. E.

"Sergt. Henesy is wanted on the telephone."—O. R. Clerk.

"I hope to be on the next draft."—Lee. Corp. S.

"You'll get an hour's extra drill if you don't wake up."—C.S.M. E.

"Vinegar Scribe."

**THE PICKLES HIKE.**

The Depot has nothing on the boys from the Vinegar Barracks when it comes to long distance walking.

Last Sunday Sappers Squires, Sturdee, Hartley and Engelberg, four sturdy members of B. Coy., thought they would demonstrate their fitness for Over-seas service by hiking to Chambly and back, a distance of 14 miles each way (?). They made the round trip in the record time of seven hours, allowing two hours of the seven for a rest at Chambly, during which time they attacked a Japanese restaurant. At first they were a little afraid of the dainty China ware after the husky dishes handed out at the Pickle factory, but their fear was soon overcome and the meal disappeared.

They are ready to challenge any team for a hike, so get in touch with Sapper Engelberg if you think you can walk.

Congratulations to "Pop" Bradburn. It's a boy.

Too bad the "Siberia bounds" got away, could about trim them on another game.

Our reporter tried to get an interview with C.S.M. Lear but he can't be found evenings. How about it, Len.

Jack Henesy was in a heluva fix last Saturday. He went to meet the C.P.R. train but the time had been changed and he had to camp there for an hour. It was worth it, wasn't it, Jack?

Pickledilly.

**THE LOITERER.**

It was the last bus to Ealing, and was crowded inside and out. Among the "straphangers" was a very large lady and a dapper infantry major. The major stood just behind the lady, and every time the bus stopped the lady trod heavily on the major's toes.

After about twenty minutes of this the major let fall his eyeglass, and tapping his torturer on the shoulder said:

"Madam, I don't mind you treading on my toes, but I do object to you loitering on them."

**WINDSOR HOTEL**

A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

Make this Hotel Your Headquarters while in St. Johns

**Wines Spirits & Liqueurs**

Excellent Cuisine  
Spacious Dining Rooms  
RATES MODERATE.

**NATIONAL HOTEL**

ST. JOHNS, Que.

N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REASONABLE RATES

THE BEST

**ICE CREAM IN CANADA**

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Compliments of  
*Lymburner,*  
Limited,

360 St. Paul St. East,  
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**Hotel Poutré**  
Market Place,  
St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

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MILITARY SUPPLIES  
Our lines are sold in your Canteen  
33 to 42 Clifford Street,  
TORONTO

For Refreshments, Candy and Fruits, do not forget

*St. Johns*  
**Ice Cream Parlor,**  
THE SOLDIERS HOME

A. GAVARIS, Prop.

Phone 377 100 Richelieu St.

**A. Patenaude**

Barber Shop and Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

LET HIM LIVE.

As long as flowers, their perfume give,  
So long I'd let the Kaiser live.  
Live and live for a million years,  
With nothing to drink but Belgians' tears,  
With nothing to quench his awful thirst  
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.

I would let him live on a dinner each day  
Served from silver on a silver tray  
Served with things both dainty and sweet,  
Served with everything — but things to eat.

And I'd make him a bed of silken sheen  
With costly linens to lie between,  
With covers of down and fillets of lace,  
And downy pillows piled in place;  
Yet when this comfort he would yield

It would stink of rot of the battlefield.  
And blood and bones and brains of men,  
Should cover him, smother him — and then,  
His pillows would cling with the rotten clay  
Clay from the grave of a soldier boy,  
And while God's stars. Their vigils keep  
And while the waves the white sand sweep,  
He should never, never, never sleep.

And thru all the days, thru all the years,  
There should be an anthem in his ears.  
Ringing and singing and never done  
From the edge of light to the set of sun,  
Moaning and moaning and moaning wild,  
A ravaged French girl's bastard child!

Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,  
As fine a ship as ever could be.  
Laden with water both cold and sweet,  
Laden with everything good to eat;  
Yet scarce does she touch the silvered sands,

Scarce may he reach his eager hands;  
Than a hot and Hellish molten shell  
Should change his Heaven into Hell.

And tho' he'd watch on the wave — swept shore,  
Our Lusitania would rise no more.

In No Man's Land, where the Allies fell,

I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;

I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas;

In every wound I'd pour ground glass,

I'd march him out where Canadians died,

Out past the boys He crucified.

And tho' he'd shrink in mortal grief

I'd make him kiss the Maple Leaf.

From K. Co.

A DYING WISH.

A young private lay dying in a trench, and the padre was at hand endeavouring to brighten his last moments.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I am afraid you haven't long to live on this earth. Is there anything you desire?"

The boy shook his head, then suddenly an idea seemed to come to him.

"Yes," he said softly, "I should like to have the quartermaster and the paymaster here."

The padre looked surprised but sent for the two men in question.

When they arrived the boy motioned one of them to stand on his right side and the other on his left.

For a long time silence reigned.

"My boy," said the padre hastily, "if you've anything to say you must be quick. Time, alas! is very very short."

The boy looked up with a smile on his lips. "I don't want to say anything," he muttered, "I thought it would be lovely to die as our Lord died—you know, one of them on either side."

Who is the guard who, a few nights ago, stopped an officer at the gate and asked him if he had his belt on?

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

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## THE VICTORY LOAN.

The attention of every man in the Engineer Training Depot is directed to the following notice which is taken from Daily Orders of last Monday:—

“Arrangements have been made whereby all ranks may subscribe to Canada’s Victory Loan. Lieutenants W. MacAndrew and L. C. Lajoie are detailed to arrange with Company Commanders to interview N.C.O.’s and Men who may desire to subscribe to the above.

“Only those desiring to make payment ‘other than through their future pay’ should apply at present. Arrangements are being made, and will be published, whereby any N.C.O. or Man may assign pay towards purchasing Victory Bonds.

“Not only is the subscription to this loan a help to win the war, but it is the most profitable and safe investment a man can make.”

Any man desiring to subscribe or who seeks further information may apply to Lieut. MacAndrew who will be found daily at Room 72 or to Lieut. Lajoie who is at College Barracks.

## HAMLET AT OUR CONCERTS.

I was talking to my old friend Bill Shakespeare the other night and during our conversation I suggested that he might devote a little of his valuable time to writing a play for the Canadian Engineers, seeing that you have so much talent in the depot. He told me he would gladly do so, but at present he is busily engaged writing the final act of the world’s greatest drama, entitled “The Kaiser’s Defeat”.

I hope some of you fellows took my advice as regards patronizing the Friday night shows. In many respects last week was better than the week previous, although there wasn’t quite as much variety, and a few more double turns would be an asset, so if you think you can do a “stunt” step up and make yourself known to Sapper Rich of “A” Company.

“The Slacker”, a dramatic sketch by Sappers Linney and Milne, assisted by Miss West, is a little gem. It was a big contrast to “The Battle of Too Soon” and demonstrated the versatility of these two boys. Miss West was very appealing as the mother. The finish of the act is a great surprise and brought forth good applause.

A new face, and one I hope to see again, was Bugler Pollet. He put over a neat little act in a manner that showed he had been there before.

Sapper Stephenson entertained with his funny English comedy songs, and Corpl. Hardy rendered a musical recitation that was appreciated.

There’s one little fellow who never falls down; they say he is always ready to do his bit, and believe me he has the stuff you never

grow tired of. His name is Bugler Fennell.

Miss West sang in her usual good style in addition to playing in the sketch, and Sapper Milne did a single singing and talking act.

By special request Spr. Branton repeated his impersonation of “Abie the Recruit” augmented by a few impressions of a certain famous Sergt. Major from the Pickle factory. This Sergt. Major must be very popular. His name was used in no less than three different acts, much to the chagrin of the other N.C.O.’s who are looking for publicity. Spr. Branton’s turn was the comedy hit of the show.

Several cartoon slides by Linney brought laughs and the orchestra led by Spr. Rich was up to its usual good standard.

There is every evidence of good dramatic talent in these shows and all the co-operation possible should be given these boys who are putting in their evenings studying and rehearsing in order to provide entertainment for the other men. I am sure they will keep up the good work they have started and these Friday night shows will do much to help relieve the monotony of a winter in St. Johns, P.Q., as we all can’t leave on the draft.

“Hamlet”.

## E’s AND H’s.

The colonel was a bad horseman, and during the general’s inspection his horse began to shy violently. The soldiers, while watching the struggle between the colonel and the horse, became badly out of line.

“Ease off there!” shouted the captain, angrily.

“E’s not,” yelled a grinning recruit, “but I’ll bet e’ll not be on another two minutes!”



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