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

Vol. 1. No. 26.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

Development of use of Obstacle in modern warfare

OBSTACLES.

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

An obstacle, in field engineering, is a mechanical device of any kind for blocking, temporarily, the infantry or cavalry attack. It serves two purposes,—namely, to guard against surprise, and to hold the enemy in an effective field of fire of rifles, machine guns and artillery. Obstacles are placed in front of field defenses and inside of trenches. Trees felled toward the enemy with the limbs sharpened and pointed, sharpened stakes at the bottom of concealed pits, "crow's feet" of iron sown in the path of cavalry, etc., were among the more common sorts of obstacles in use at the commencement of the present war. We should not omit mention of the moat, or wide ditch of water around the fortress, this being one of the most ancient examples of a military obstacle. In the Boer war, ordinary agricultural barbed wire was extensively used in the form of fences in front of, and around, positions.

Barbed Wire.

In the present war in Europe, barbed wire has superseded almost every other type of obstacle. At first the familiar type of fencing wire was used, and is still used, but this soon gave place to a heavier wire, with barbs about 4 inches apart, and very formidable. The Germans, it is said, employed a very heavy variety, almost impossible to cut with the ordinary wire cutters carried by the attackers. Plain wire is also used for certain purposes. We will,

however, only describe the more common ways in which wire is used.

Two General Kinds of Wire.

In a rough way, obstacles are of two kinds,—"portable" and "fixed". But this distinction does not constitute a real difference. Portable obstacles in many cases will need to be secured, or else the enemy will carry them away.

Portable Obstacles.

Portable obstacles are made up so that one or two men can carry and place them in the desired position. They are used as "gates" for closing narrow passage ways, or may be put out in front of trenches, when the enemy fire will not permit of the erection of the usual fixed types of obstacles.

"Knife Rests".

The name "Cheval de friese", is given to a type of obstacle consisting of a long pole to which crossed stakes are secured. The ends of the stakes are sharpened, and, when arranged a few inches apart, make about as pleasant an object to run into as a porcupine with his quills up. By using barbed wire, however, the number of crossed stakes has been reduced to one pair at each end. Sometimes another pair is provided in the middle, the wire being strung from point to point, and coils of loose wire added. A very formidable obstacle is thus created with much less trouble than in the old way. Such obstacles, from their resemblance to the metal rests for

carving knife and fork, were soon dubbed "Knife Rests". In general, they are of round or square poles, about three inches in diameter and six and a half to eight feet or more in length. The crossed stakes, lashed at right angles to each other, and to the pole at or near the ends, are four to five feet long. They are further stiffened by stay wires secured to the pole. In one type, the pole is detachable from the crossed ends, in such a way that the latter may be removed. The crossed ends may also be so secured that they will pack flat, and one man will thus carry a prepared obstacle, from the work shops to its place in the front line. The Germans use a somewhat similar device, with the difference that the legs are spiked to the pole, and fold along side of it. The wire is added after it reaches the front area. The French have employed a very long type of "Knife Rest" having a third pair of legs in the middle.

How the "Knife Rest" is Used.

"Knife Rests" are pushed over in front of the parapet, when the trench is so close to the enemy, that no fixed type of obstacle can be set up. They will be pushed over by poles, and if possible after dark, are pegged fast to the ground by a wire and picket. Failure to attend to this detail, cost a certain Canadian battalion all its obstacles of this type. The Germans carried them off during the night, and they were to be seen next morning in front of the German line. That night the Canadians went across to recover them, only to find them

securely staked down. "Knife rests" singly or in series are used to block a road. They are also stood on end in recesses in the side of communication trenches, and may be dropped over to block the trench when the enemy makes a raid. In such cases, the obstacle is "covered" by a loophole suitably arranged, (generally at traverse), at the end of a straight run of trench. For throwing out in front, the Germans also use a cylinder, or coil of steel wire, 39 inches in diameter and about six feet long. This is over wound in all directions with barbed wire, secured by pieces of binding wire.

(To be concluded next week)

OBEDIENCE THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.



O.C. 2nd C.O.R.:—"You're Irish?"
Pte. O'Brien:—"From Tipperary, Sir!"
O.C.:—"Oh! yes, that's where they part the hair with a brick."

THE RECRUITS SOLILOQUY.

Sgt. C. M. Lee, (2nd C.O.R.)

I remember, I remember,
How I used to sit and scold,
When on getting down to breakfast
I would find my coffee cold,
How I used to turn my nose up
If the steak was done too rare,
But O! for home and Mother,
And that dear old bill of fare.

I remember, I remember,
How I used to sit and scoff,
When I fancied that the butter,
Must be "Just a little off"
How I scorned the lowly biscuits,
That my sister used to make,
And the things I said concerning,
Her attempt at jelly cake.

O! it may be childish weakness,
That possesses me, but I,—
Would give a whole months wages,
For one piece of Mothers pie,
And I think I'd be quite willing,
To walk twenty miles today,
Just for one of those dear dough-
nuts
That I used to throw away.

THE C.O.R. ARE ONCE MORE
SINGING THAT OLD SONG,
WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE?"

Rumors are in the air that we are soon to proceed on our journey Eastward. Much as we hate to leave St. Johns, and we have all thoroughly enjoyed our stop over here, the boys are all glad that they will soon be on their way "over there". On Wednesday, orders were received from Headquarters to pack up our rifles and Oliver Equipment and send them to Ordnance Stores in Montreal. In consequence thereof, the Barracks presented a very busy scene during the day. The Quartermaster was as busy as a one armed paper hanger with the hives. Everything checked out fine with the indents, except the oil bottles, and these were certainly a hoodoo. After these were counted and re-counted numerous times, it was found a shortage existed of 74, and these could not be located after a two hours' search. The question was where did they disappear to. You should have heard the cheer when they were finally located packed up with the Oliver Equipment.

The boys are again singing their old favorites: "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way" and "Where do we go from here?"

To Colonel Melville, O.C., E. T. D., we wish to express our deep appreciation of the courtesy which he has shown during our brief sojourn in St. Johns. We will al-

ways remember the Engineer Training Depot as the exemplification of military discipline, military organization and the Engineers themselves as worthy comrades.

We note some of the remarks about a certain other Corps in the column of "Vinegar from the Factory", by "Lance Private". This is indeed well headed, Vinegar resembling Gall, and Lance Private accounting for the intelligence (?) and unsportsmanlike remarks on matters which are too childish for publication. "W.O.R." come clean and be straight, although we know this is asking much from a London unit.

Am glad to note from "Lance Private" in last week's issue, that after twenty days in the garrison they now report that their quarters are clean. **Marvelous.**

Too bad the "C.O.R." were given choice of quarters that took them away from the Gall Works. From some of "Lance Private's" remarks in last issue, it seems to be bothering the "bunch from the bush".

(Lieut. Schenck.)

RECEPTION AT THE E. T. D.

It is rumored in exclusive social circles, that Lieut. J. Schenck was recently present at a select reception, held by the O.C., E.T.D. Those present were deeply indebted to Mr. S. for a thoroughly delightful "travel talk", based on his recent visit to the Metropolis. His "bon mots" and piquant anecdotes completely established his reputation as a "raconteur". Subsequently, a "discussion" on Mr. Schenck's address, was ably led by the genial O.C., his remarks having reference more especially to young Subalterns viewed from the purely military standpoint.

Mr. S. states that, owing to a great mass of executive work which had accumulated during his absence, he will unfortunately be unable to again run up to Montreal for some little time,—an announcement which will doubtless cause deep regret among the 400 of the neighboring city.

The decorative scheme followed at the Reception was thoroughly in keeping with the times in which we live, consisting chiefly of bombs, hand grenades and pens, which latter, as is well known, are even mightier than the sword.

Long hair makes a man look intellectual, but not when his wife finds one on his coat.

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ATHLETICS.

During the last few weeks, Athletics have become an extremely prominent feature of our daily life at the Depot. The competition in all branches of Sport, between the various units, as well as between individuals, has become so great, that we gladly inaugurate this new department in the columns of "Knots and Lashings". The keen sportive spirit shown by the officers and men, ensures the success of any sporting venture.

Boxing, Baseball and Soccer, seem to be the leading features at present, but the facilities offered for other sports are so great, that there is no doubt all will receive their full share of support. The River offers a most promising field for Aquatic Sports. As soon as the weather permits an aquatic meet will be held.

A Bowling League has already been formed among the Machine Gunners, and similar leagues are in process of formation among the Engineers and W.O.R.

Pool and Billiards have many enthusiasts, and Army Pool nights will shortly be inaugurated in the town.

This new Department of "Knots and Lashings" is intended to keep everyone informed of what is going on in Athletics. The men of the Garrison are requested to send in challenges and notes of a sporting nature.

HEAVY FIGHTING IN THE "OLD FORT SALIENT".

Engineers, M.G.C., C.O.R., and W.O.R., All Take a Hand At "Straffing".

Preliminary Bouts Pulled Off.

On Saturday, April 2nd, Athletics at the E.T.D., got away to a most auspicious start. Beautiful weather, a well contested programme, and a record crowd, form a strong combination. With an unusually efficient management, the events were run off smoothly, without delay or hitch of any kind. The 'manly art' has always held a prominent place among soldiers, and on Saturday every soldier present was a live fan.

When the whistle blew, calling the principals to the centre of the ring for the first bout, there were probably 1500 men on hand. The amphitheatre formed by the old ramparts and the Fort, provided ideal accommodation and every seat was a ring-side seat. Even the adjacent roofs were requisitioned.

In the early days, the site of the present Depot was the scene of

many a bloody fight between aborigines and the British and French soldiers. Many a time the air has rung with the wild battle cries of Iroquois and Huron braves. At that they had nothing on the crowd that saw the events of Saturday afternoon. Did the shades of the departed heroes of former British Garrisons, look down upon the scene? If so, they must have felt satisfied with the game and martial spirit of those who have followed in their footsteps.

As a preliminary feature, Capt. Powell took on Lt. Shaffer. He did. But even at that, good old Shaffe, who appeared to be suffering from the 'Heaves', put up a strong argument. No decision was given, the argument being amicably settled out of court.

Apart from the 'curtain raiser', eleven bouts were pulled off. The following briefly summarizes the results:—

Bout No. 1.—Hart (M.G.C.) vs Lange.—Decision to Hart.

Bout No. 2 (130 lbs.)—McGuire (C.E.) vs Morgan (M.G.C.)—Decision, a draw.

Bout No. 3 (130 lbs.)—Quick (C.O.R.) vs Lindsey (W.O.R.)—Decision to Quick.

Bout No. 4.—Shank (M.G.C.) vs Percy (C.O.R.)—Bout called off in second round.

Bout No. 5 (155 lbs.)—Nash (C.O.R.) vs Stevens (M.G.C.)—Decision to Stevens.

Bout No. 6 (130 lbs.)—Quick (C.O.R.) vs Percy (C.O.R.)—Decision to Percy.

Bout No. 7.—Lyons (M.G.C.) 130 lbs. vs Kerr (W.O.R.) 125 lbs.—Decision to Lyons.

Bout No. 8 (130 lbs.)—Mundle (C.E.) vs Small (C.E.)—Decision to Small.

Bout No. 9 (120 lbs.)—Berg (M.G.C.) vs Taylor (C.E.)—Decision to Taylor.

Bout No. 10 (Exhibition).—Small (C.E.) 131 lbs. vs Brown (C.E.) 112 lbs.—Decision to Small.

NOTES.

The O.C. E.T.D. was a prominent figure at the ringside. There was not a keener "fan" among "those present".

You've certainly got to hand it to Lieut. Fleming. He handled the situation like the veteran, that he is.

The success of the afternoon programme was largely due to the energetic work and capable organization of Capt. Powell and Capt. Mess.

The Louse Hunters were early on the scene, accompanied by a

guard of honor, and were given choice seats on the terrace. At first they were mistaken for a party of visiting yachtsmen from across the line. Throughout the session they maintained their reserved and exclusive attitude, holding aloof in a manner that won the admiration of all.

No. 2 Post was never most popular,—not even in the days when the nymphs from the Yacht Club bewilded the susceptible sentries.

The 1918 Season has gotten off to a most auspicious start. Let's keep up the good work.

All concerned 'played the game'. They should make good soldiers.

Let's hope the M. G. Corps are as good soldiers as they are good sports.

"Knots and Lashings" was ably represented.

The last copy of the Saturday edition was disposed of early in the game.

That boxing is to be one of our most popular pastimes this summer was clearly evidenced by the large delegation of rooters, representing every unit stationed at St. Johns present at Semi Finals for the Championship of M. D. No. 4.

The Semi Finals were held in the "Bowl" at the "Old Fort". The crowds lining the sides of the arena reminded one of the crowds at the Yale-Harvard games in the famous Yale Bowl.

The bouts were refereed by Lieut. Flemming, of the Machine Gun Corps. He was not called upon to give any difficult decisions during the day. Lt. Fleming's work was well done, but he is just a little too lenient about hitting in the clinches.

We regret that owing to exigencies of space, it is impossible to give full details concerning the various bouts, although this had been carefully reported by Corpl. Lake. The following briefly summarizes the results:—

Welterweight Bout (3 rounds)—Pte. Laxton (M.G.C.) vs Pte. Hall (W.O.R.)—Decision to Laxton.

Second Bout (3 rounds)—Spr. Burke (C.E.) vs Spr. Small (C.E.)—Burke claimed injured arm and gave fight to Small.

Third Bout (3 rounds)—Pte. Percy (C.O.R.) vs Pte. Casey (M.G.C.)—Decision to Percy.

Fourth Bout.—Pte. Lindsey vs Spr. McGuffey (C.E.)—Decision to McGuffey.

(Continued on page 10)

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MANAGER:—Lieut. C. A. Davidson

PLAY THE GAME.

The newer men of the St. Johns Garrison,—whether Machine Gunners, Engineers, C.O.R., or W.O.R.,—should have but one ambition. That ambition should be to equal,—for they can never surpass,—the record established by the famous battalions of the First Contingent.

Those battalions of the First Contingent, which placed the "hall mark" on Canada's military effort, earned their reputation by simply "playing the game". It was their motto just as it must be yours. They lived it on the Parade Ground, in the Barracks, among civilians, with the Officers and among themselves. As a consequence their record as soldiers and as men has never been surpassed.

"Playing the game" is the only sure way to success in any calling in life. It is the only way to honor and to success in the army. By "playing the game" you change tedium to pleasure, and work to play. There are many features of army life that appear uninteresting and monotonous. They can be made bright and pleasurable by simply "playing the game".

The true significance of "playing the game" should be clear to all. It means simply playing the part of a soldier and a man. So let's play the game, wherever we are, no matter what our rank, and see the change that will come, the interest that will develop and the satisfaction we will have in work well done.

You read of the "Fighting 48th,—the Hell of Leather", Fort Garry Horse, of the "Princess Pats", of the "Old Hundred", and of many others. No doubt you envy them their name and their honors. Don't envy them, but simply remember that they earned their names and their honors, by "playing the game".

They 'played the game' from the very beginning,—in their training camps in Canada, in their work and in their sports. Some day the names of our Corps will also be a source of pride and inspiration to the whole world,—if we just learn to "play the game".

It was to the Canadians who have 'played the game', that Sir Arthur W. Currie, K.C.B., K.C., M.G., Commanding the Canadian Corps in France, issued his special order on March 27th. Few messages, even in this war, have reached greater heights. In part the order read,—

"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that today the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged, there can be no giving away. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance, or fall where you stand, facing the enemy.

"To those who fall, I say: 'You will not die, but step into immortality! Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever, by your grateful country and God will take you unto himself.'

"Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought, with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil valour. On many a hardfought field of battle you have overcome this enemy, and with God's help you shall achieve victory once more."

DON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT IT!!

It was the usual morning reception held by the Colonel. Outside the sun shone and birds twittered. In a word, it was one of those occasions when it were much better, if possible, to be "on the outside, looking in".

At the table sat the O.C., his eyes cast down upon the charge sheet. And he was also toying with that pen,—in the culprit's eyes, a very "Sword of Damocles"!

The Corporal had given his version of the sad affair, the prisoner had also been heard, (in a very different version). And still the pen hesitated,—irresistably fascinating those who stood by.

The outlook for the prisoner was indeed a bleak one; the sun and the music of the birds, a cruel mockery. The Orderly Officer,—one of the 57 varieties,—coughed suspiciously. The R.S.M., tears brimming in his kindly eyes, turned away his head to hide his deep emotion.

Suddenly the Colonel looked up,—so suddenly indeed that the representative of the 57 varieties, inadvertently dropped a very new and very shiny riding crop. The R.S.M. swallowed so hard you could hear him. It was coming now!

"My man," said the Colonel sternly, "your case is a most serious one, and, I may say, everything now depends upon your character. As you are aware, men are known by the papers they read, no less than by the company which they keep. I must therefore ask, whether you have a copy of the latest issue of "Knots and Lashings" with you?"

Instantly a glad light leaped to the prisoner's eyes, for there was a "constant reader". Forgetful of all else, he tore open his tunic and lugged out a well worn copy of the very latest number.

We need hardly add that this settled the whole matter. The Colonel shook the accused warmly by the hand and briskly wished him "good morning". The R.S.M. bowed him from the room in his usual courtly manner, and when last seen, he and the late prisoner had their heads together over a clever cartoon by one of those

noted artists retained by "Knots and Lashings".

(It should, however, be added, that it is always well to purchase TWO copies of "Knots and Lashings"; one to send to "the folks back home" and one to keep,—well, in case you may require it later.)

ALI BABA CLEARS MATTERS UP "WID' A FEW PLAIN WOIDS".

St. Johns, P.D.Q.

Dear Steve,
42 Tremont Row,
Boston, U.S.A.

Sure, I will tell you about our Officers. If you hadn't asked me I wouldn't have told you Steve, because they aint nothing to speak about, Steve, unless you aint got nothing else to talk about.

First I will tell you about a fella who aint any officer but wood like to be one but cant. His name is sgt mgr evans, and he is the engineers. He gave us boys a speech the other day, but Steve, it was a bum speech. He sed they was pigs and hogs, and should eat in a pig pen but the fellas dont want to eat in no Sergeants mess, Steve. After he got done he sed, I hope I make myself plain, but he didn't need to knock himself like that, Steve, everybody can see he is.

Another fella, which his name is Lt. Smallecombe in the Machinery Gunners is a nice fella, but you can't believe what he says, Steve. At a lecktur last tues. he said that when he was in France, that he saw a fella what was shot and the fella was paralyzed on one side, which I hope he don't think we is iggerent enuf to believe, because what I say Steve is, I guess i drunk enuf whiskey and was shot enuf times to know you get paralyzed all over and not on one side.

Anothe fella, which is a loote-nant in the engineers and his name is Davidson told us that he was blown up at Vimby Rige, and when he was comin down he remembered every mean thing what he did in his hole life. Those shells must blow you awful high, Steve.

There is one fella who rites "Knots and Lashings" who as a Lt. to, and his name is Ray Night. He is always telling all the soldiers how to get a head, but i bet

the best way he gets a head is out of a bottle just like us.

There is a lot more officers, but they don't amount to any more than these I told you about, so I will tell you about something worthwhile. I am well, and feeling fit. I got over my quarantine and all the fellas did to. My army is still ok, and we are the best in it.

Hoping you are the same,
Your old side kick,

Low.

Notes From No. 2 Section.

Last week, although insulted by a member of another unit, a Machine Gunner refused to fight in a public place. He had the good name of his unit at heart, and in spite of taunts and jeers, refused to take part in a brawl in public. The fact that he is one of our best boxers, makes his action the more commendable.

No. 2 is sorry to lose Cpl. Pickett, who has been transferred to the Military Police force. The Corporal was popular with all.

Cpl. Percival seems to like his job as armed guard over Cpl. —, and Cpl. — seems to like his armed guard.

The Cpl. of the Mess went out of his way to congratulate the members of No. 2 Section on their speed and cleanliness while on Mess duty, Tuesday. He claims they broke all records in cleaning and washing up. (Is this a compliment?)

Pte. Aldridge still holds his seat on top of the radiator in spite of all opposition.

Did you see Blackie Perry on guard, Tuesday night. What price Blackie now?

Pte. Lyons has the whole Section buffaloes since he won his fight, Saturday.

Pte. J. Wilson spent the night with friends, last Wednesday.

Some of the others should have done so.

Cpl. Lake has a friend who is ever at his side (by orders).

Pte. Dutton is suffering from Lumbago.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

NO MAN'S LAND.

(The following poem was copied from the ruined wall of a dugout at Dead Dog Farm, near Wytchaete in Flanders, by Sergt. H. Tripp, M.M., W.O.R., and vividly depicts 'No Man's Land' as seen by every last man who has been there. The writer had seen, eye to eye, the raw scars of war,—the grisly terrors of war).

No Man's Land is an erie sight,
In the grey dawn of the morning light,
There is never a house, and never a hedge,
In No Man's Land,—from edge to edge,
And never a living soul walks there,
To breathe the freshness of morning air,
Only some lumps of rotting clay,
That were friends or foeman but yesterday.

What are the bounds on No Man's Land?

You may see them clear on either hand;

A mound of bags, grey in the sun,
Or the furrow brown where the earthquakes run;

From the eastern hills to the western sea,

Thru forest and field, over river and sea,

But keep you low and aim you well,
For Death rides across on bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight,

When patrols go forth at the dead of night,

Bosche or British, Belge or French,
You dice with death when you leave the trench,

And the rapid fire flies in the dark;

Spits down the parapet, spark by spark,

And you dive for cover to find your head,

Rests on the breast of the four-months dead,

The ghastly star shells burst overhead,

And scare great grey rats, that feast on the dead,

And a bursting bomb or a bayonet snatch,

May answer the click of your safety catch,

For the lone patrol with his life in his hand,

Is looking for blood in No Man's Land.

(Anon.)

ONE OF THOSE 'OWL KNIGHT' CHAPS.

Why is Mr. Knight like an owl?
Because he can't see his (fair) friends in the day time.



HABITS OF C.O.R. CLIFF-DWELLERS
A. D. 1918

ST. GEORGE GIVES US NEWS FROM SEAFORD, AND BETS ON WAR.

31st March, 1918.

Dear Mr. Knight:—

Your letter was very welcome. The "Knots and Lashings" came on Wednesday—and I got busy at once. Slow sale so far—but will do my best. Most of the bunch were broke (just after returning from "leave") and others have, I am sorry to record, lost interest.

All St. Johns is here now, except the Railroad bunch, which went to Purfleet, near Gravesend. Messrs. McCullough and Emery brought one draft,—and a "perfectly rotten time was had by all"—so runs the unanimous verdict,—much to my surprise. Messrs. McBeath and Bourget brought another draft,—and both wish they were elsewhere.

These two drafts arrived during Draft 27's absence on "Landing Leave": 6 days, if in England; 8 days in Ireland or Scotland.

Draft 27's Infantry Training period being over, we transferred today from "B" Coy. to "A" Coy.—and will now get the Field Works training. A Coy is the Draft Coy,—and will lose about 300 returned men this coming Tuesday—all going back to France. This is a big Camp,—and every day and every night sees small or large drafts leaving for the Base.

A few men, of course, have gone to the Drivers, or the Signals, or to the Tunnelling Coy.

Men who will apparently get their tickets, or some soft job at the Depot, (on account of dis-

ability) are Carruthers, Friedeaux, Turner, Burrowes, Irving,—all of whom are in the C. E. Regimental Depot, as it is called.

At least Miller, Mildon, Lister, Kelly the football player, A. B. Caldwell, and LeSage, also Brown, went to the Drivers; while to the Tunnellers went Pope, Porthouse, Roberts, Milburn, Armstrong, Johnstone, A., James, and 'Seattle' Jones.

Hope the Canadian papers have given you the real war news. The situation is perfectly "jake" to date with us. Masterly strategy,—to let Fritz play the game all his own way, and beat him to a standstill: then to turn on the sonuvagun and lick him to a frazzle. That's the outlook. Haig hasn't published a single figure concerning our gains or our losses in prisoners or men:—but we here have the words of many returned soldiers that our losses have been numerically small, comparatively, of course.

Bet you there's a Victory Decision for our side within 6 weeks from March 27!!

Have very little time to read or write, and that breaks my heart. Much of our time is spent foraging for grub,—as, believe me!—the scoffins have been damned poor these past 6 weeks.

Weather showery, with cold winds from the sea. Picked first violets on target range yesterday. We are temporarily 10 to a tent with no board floor or paliasses. Some comfort! After draft leaves, we expect hut-rooms will exist for us. In transferring, we lost (?) Canadian blankets, receiving poor

substitutes in exchange. Why? Quien sabe! Some other bodies probably like them beside us—and possibly rank us!

Faithfully yours,
ST. GEORGE.

"DILL PICKLES FROM THE FACTORY"

By the "Little 'Un"

Fifty men. Without boots!

Little Scotty Hill,
Not much bigger than a pill,
But along the canal he goes
sprightly,
And he is "Johnny on the spot"
In the ice cream shop,
And then up the towpath nightly.

Two of the privates in the W.O.R., have taken unto themselves wives since they have been in St. Johns. No, they did not find them here; it was the girls they left behind them in Ontario, who came along when they learnt that the W.O.R.'s were booked for a little stay at St. Johns. Pte. Tony Lamantia and Pte. J. Clarke are the two happy men who have been put on the married strength. Good luck to them and the missus. May they come back safe and sound, and tell their grandchildren all about how they got married on the banks of the Richelieu.

Hist! Fifty men. Without socks!

The poor ladies of the Methodist Church, were nearly scared out of their lives last week at the pie social. They had prepared for about thirty-five and when they saw three hundred waiting to wrap themselves around the pies, they nearly had a fit. Over a hundred were turned away.

Harry Edwards, who acted as chairman at the impromptu concert last Thursday at the church, speaking about the tight corner "over there", asked the crowd if, in spite of all that was happening: "Are we downhearted?" and we'll bet that that "NO" could have been heard for blocks.

Who swore he'd never swear again,
And made good for a day,
But when he slipped,
And out it ripped,
In the same old blue-flamed way.

Fixed Bayonets. No Boots!

Chips, the carpenter, was relating with great gusto about his visit to the aquarium in Brighton, England. He told us about the little fishes and the big fishes, and the minnows and the whales, and so forth which interested us very much. He then said how there were

monkeys in there and he honestly believed it himself, until "Scotty" convinced him that it was a mirror he was looking at.

Did Pte. Alex Condie anticipate a "stick" in his coffee, when he sang so sweetly, "A wee doch and doris" at the concert last week?

R.S.M. Bowen and Sergt. Poultney are very dubious about an invitation card each of them received, forwarded from London. It may be all right, but it reads: "Hospital for the Insane. Admit One." Well, perhaps they know them in London better than we do.

Fifty men. With or without pants!

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, fonder for another girl!

The boys of the W.O.R. certainly appreciate the kindness of the Bank of Commerce for the special parade to change their pay checks last Wednesday. Three cheers and a tiger! You bet!

Sergt. Fraser is some linguist. He is becoming quite a heart-breaker with the soft spoken choice bon-mots in pure French. Something like this: "Polly Wolly. Ding Dong. Cafe au lait. Two times. Oui mesdames, Saprista, Free Presse", which sounds like shorthand to us, but he gets away with it alright, so why should we worry.

Canteen doing very fine, thank you. Barber shop doing great biz.

No bon, No good,
Is Georgie Wood,
The W.O.R. rip snorter,
The bald-headed cuss,
Gets wuss and wuss,
Says things he didn't oughta.

Great rivalry between No. 1 and No. 2 Companys. Always trying to outdo each other. That was a great one that No. 2 put over when they presented arms on the march to the C.O. Something new and snappy about that, eh?

There is nothing new under the sun, we are told, and we believe it; but the newest thing we ever did see, was the Engineers picket last Wednesday, patrolling their beat, armed with bayonets and,—swagger sticks!

"Old soldier, old sweat" is an old saying, but what we want to say is that Q.M.S. Wood said it was a sight for sore eyes, when No. 1 Coy. were told to port arms with fixed bayonets.

Maybe it was not the Engineers picket that wore the dainty little swagger sticks, but it seems quite

probable that it would be them, in view of the order that the conscientious objectors are to go to that unit. It would not be out of place if they were ordered to treat those guys very kindly and gently, such as a slap on the wrist with a swagger stick. Still if we are wrong, and there is anything we are sorry for, we are very glad about it.

Who made the pair of pantaloons for the dance a few nights ago?

We had three desertions from the W.O.R. last week. We may mention that it was three of the "Big Four" kittens of the vinegar barracks that changed their sleeping quarters during the silent watches of the night. They were discovered away on the top of the building.

Sergt. Poultney has been appointed the M.O. assistant, and he declares that he cannot count above nine any more. Number nines we guess.

We read in the good book that "it is not good for man to be alone," and we believe that many of the W.O.R., (and we don't mean the rank and file either), must have been reading that particular passage of scripture, judging from what we see in the theatres and along the river bank.

SOME MALLETT!

"On dit" that Sergeants when attempting to drill the assortment known as Class 37, always insist on having a Mallet handy. It is hoped that, with this kind of a persuader, the aforesaid assortment will eventually be beaten into some sort of shape.

Cheer up Class 35! Class 36 is now running even with you in Equitation. We respectfully suggest that you adapt the superior and infallible "Legg" grip.

Class 37 are a wierd aggregation of military genii, but you've got to hand it to them when it comes to repartee. The other day one of the new men, having got past the M.O., turned up on parade with his glass eye missing. He was promptly reproved by the Sergeant Instructor for not being properly dressed, whereupon he retorted that it was necessary for him to leave the other eye watching his kit.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, April 26th and 27th.—Jockey of Death, 5 parts.

Sunday and Monday, April 28th and 29th.—Mable in Dodging a Million, 7 parts.

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 30th and May 1st.—Olga Petrova in The Love of a Russian, 5 parts.

Thursday, May 2nd.—Franklyn Farnham in Fast Company, 5 reels.

Our Series:—Red Ace, on Tuesday and Thursday; Bull's Eye, on Thursday and Friday. Every week.

Saturday and Sunday, April 27th and 28th.—Charlie Chaplin in Sentimental, 2 reels.

10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday at 2.30; evenings at 6.30 and 8.30.

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and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

**MAJOR ALLAN POWELL
KILLED.**

Ottawa Officer Who Was Awarded
D.S.O. Last Year.

On Sunday, April 21st, word was received that another of the bravest sons of the Dominion, had made the supreme sacrifice on the western front. On April 19th, Major Allan T. Powell, D.S.O., second son of Dr. R. W. Powell, of Ottawa, and a brother of Captain R. W. Powell, M.C., of the Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns, died of wounds.

Apart from his military and professional career, the late Major Powell was one of the most noted all-round amateur athletes in Canada. In addition to captaining the Royal Military College football team, when it won the intermediate championship of Canada, he was also, for several seasons, a member of the Ottawa Rugby team in the "Big Four". He played for the Cliffside Hockey Club when it held the Allen Cup, and was also a well known member of the Ottawa Rowing Club and of the Royal Ottawa Golf Club.

In 1917, the late Major Powell was awarded the D.S.O. and promoted for bravery under fire. Although previously wounded, he had recovered, and had rejoined his regiment. He was in his 30th year.

In the face of a loss, such as this, words, however sincere they may be, mean but little. We wish, however, on behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the St. Johns Depot, to extend to Capt. Powell and to his family, our deepest sympathy. To those of us who have lost near relatives and friends in the present war, this sympathy is very real.

It is to men like the late Major Powell that we in Canada owe our safety and our smug complacency. It was to men like him that General Currie addressed the inspired words,—“To those who fall, I say: “You will not die, but step into immortality! Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever, by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.”

The great majority of us in St. Johns, are still merely civilians in uniform. Capt. Powell is a soldier in the truest sense of the word. It is therefore difficult for many of us to realize how severe a shock his recent loss has been.

Capt. Powell has already signified his intention of returning to France, when the time shall arrive that his departure will not be too

severe a shock to his mother, and provided the military authorities will grant him permission. Yet, even remotely, he is not called upon to go. The Military Cross and bar, the three gold stripes, all tell better than many words, of services already rendered to the Empire. What an inspiration to those of us who may still be more or less indifferent, more or less perfunctory, in carrying on the duties of our new profession!

JOTTINGS FROM QUEBEC.

Fine, sunny, but chilly weather prevailed throughout the week, and general training was carried on. We had two six mile route marches. Section one of "A" Company, were up to the Citadel, shooting on the gallery practice range.

Last Sunday we celebrated the Canadian Glories of St. Julian. About 1500 troops were massed on the Drill Hall Square and were inspected by General Landry, the G.O.C., M.D.5. The parade then marched down Grande Allée, each unit leading away to the church selected. The Engineers attended St. Matthews on St. John Street, where prayers were said and the 'Dead March' played for the departed heroes of St. Julian.

**THINGS WE HEAR IN DIS-
CHARGE DEPOT.**

Fall in for eats, boys!

Eh! Sergeant, any mail for me?

Is that right, we're C.B. tonight?

We leave for St. Johns Monday.

I tell you we are going overseas right from this place.

Looks to me, we are never going over.

Pick it up on the left! Look to your right! Steady!

Keep a thinkin.

Ham and eggs, this morning, fellows!

Sounds like Hard Tack to me.

Look out, they're searching you tonight!

I played that shot!

Put him in the clinck.

Fall in.

Who were the M. G. Officers who took the Curfew Bell(e)s home the other night?

Old Friends With New Faces.



“Under the spreading chestnut tree.”

**SHOES, AND SHIPS, AND
SEALING WAX.**

We had the great times last Sunday up here, the occasion being a real review. We knew, of course, that this was bound to come along sooner or later, as, where one or two units are gathered together, it must naturally follow that they should all do homage to the gentlemen of the brazen chapeaux.

Moreover, we had a rehearsal up on the Plains,—beg pardon,—historic Plains, whereat we marched past, gravely saluting a walking stick, and a pair of gloves. Officers fell out in review order and tried not to look embarrassed at being in front of the boys. They get away with so much by following the example of his Grace of Plaza Toro, you know.

We walked back from the rehearsal feeling that the General could open the pot any old day, and sure enough he came right after us in the next day's district orders, promising to give us the once over on St. Julian day,—Sunday at that.

Our own little affair had the big time beat all the way round, and had it not been for the G.O.C.'s speech, which was certainly in a class by itself, every way you take it, the show would have fallen mighty flat.

Mark ye, I'm not trying to give the affair a black eye,—there are too many up here already,—(ref. Trow and Davidson),—but I've seen much more impressive stuff pulled off under less propitious conditions,—notably the muster parade at Chambly last fall about half an hour after the motor truck arrived from Montreal. Eh, mon! that was a parade!

However, inasmuch as the parade of last Sunday broke the monotony

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Belt Buckles, Ash Trays, etc.

of our training, we ought to be mighty grateful, as the persistence of our friends Squad Drill and Rifle Exercise on the syllabus, is surely undermining that stoical attitude characteristic of the boys. It got the better of two of them, last week,—but that's another story.

Several improvements in the Officers quarters have been made. Mr. Knighton has had a private line run to his bedside and sleeps with the receiver at his ear. The orderly corporal can now go to bed at night. Knighton handles a pretty good line of telephone stuff, and knocks them all cold at long range.

Donaldson's pink pyjamas are still exhibit "A", with Mr. Knight's "gor' blime" boots a close second. Mr. Trow has moved his little cot nearer the dispensary, and the "Big Svede" is taking more lessons in camouflage.

We are, in spite of our restrictions, a happy family, and even the dietitian smiled upon us the other day. Oh boys,—if you only knew what that means to us!

OUR SYMPATHY TO BANDSMAN MORRIS.

As we go to press, it is with sincere regret that we learn of the death of the young daughter of Bandsman Morris of the E.T.D. Since coming to the St. Johns Depot, Bandsman Morris has gained the respect and confidence of all with whom he has been associated. To him, on behalf of Officers and men, "Knots and Lashings" begs to offer every sympathy in his sad bereavement.

HER MOTHER LOVE.

Private Jones, of the M.G.C., after serving three weeks with the forces, had fallen beneath the avenging eye of the C. O. for some petty offense. Thereafter he sent this touching epistle to his mother: "Dear mother, I am now a defaulter." His grief was too great to write more, so he got a comrade to mail it for him, and sat down to do his punishment in silence.

Five days later he got this: "My dear son, I am so glad to hear of your promotion. Be sure to be kind to the men under you, and never forget that you were a private once yourself."

THE OBSERVING SAPPER.

Observing Sapper (to Young Thing in very decoletté gown):—"But you don't appear to be pleased with your new gown, ma chérie?"

Y. T.:—"No, my heart's not in it."

O. S.:—"So, it would appear."

THE MYSTERIOUS "HUN".

A member of Class 36,—to wit, Lt. McColl, anxiously seeking information of military value, inquires the inwardness of the expression "Hun", when applied on Parade to all and sundry. The most reasonable explanation appears to be a desire to get the boys fighting mad to get at the original Hun of them all.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted,—Man to mash potatoes; man with wooden leg preferred.

Also, Boy to sell eggs 12 years of age.

Also, good man to mix soup.

Apply in person to:

Sgt. Cook,
Officers Mess.

For Sale,—Umbrella with Bent Rib.

Apply to:

Sgt. Thompson,
M. G. Corps.

DAILY ORDERS FROM THE C.O.R.

SERGEANTS OF THE 2nd C.O.R.—SHUN!!

Many of the Sergeants of the 2nd C.O.R. are not now with the units to which they were originally attached. Many of these men would have been overseas long ere this had not "a higher power" seen fit to switch them from their old Battalion. The following list will therefore be of interest to many, as showing the Battalions to which the Sergeants mentioned originally belonged:—

B.S.M. Graham, D., 177th Bn.
Q.M.S. Issard, E. D., 216th Bn.
Prov. Sgt. King, C. W., 164th Bn.
O.R. Sgt. McKenzie, K.
Sgt. Cook Foley, J.
No. 1 Coy:
C.S.M. Ferrier, C. J., 204th Bn.
Sgt. Gammon, Wm., 122-157th Bn.
Sgt. Hugill, A. R., 196-227th Bn.
Sgt. Spiker, F. C., 177th Bn.
Sgt. Hurst, A. H., 122nd Bn.
Sgt. Black, W., 215th Bn.
Sgt. Forward, V. W., 208th Bn.
Sgt. Morgan, J. E.
No. 2 Coy:
C.S.M. Thompson, N. A., 164th Bn.
Sgt. Elliott, R. J., 119-227th Bn.
Sgt. Hugill, O. H., 119-227th Bn.
Sgt. Boyd, T. W., 227th Bn.
Sgt. Swackhammer, H. R., 164th Bn.
Sgt. Clemence, J. A., 204th Bn.
Sgt. McDougall, A. R., 164th Bn.
Sgt. Lee, C. M., 215th Bn.
Sgt. Cullis, J. A., 208th Bn.

Sgt. Forward, of No. 1 Coy., has taken up the study of astronomy. He may be seen any evening standing on the corner of DeSalabery St., near the College Barracks, gazing at the stars. He has also

interested a "charmante petite jeune femme" in his star gazing. Several of the other Sergeants are considering taking up star gazing as their evening occupation.

Sgt. Gammon is now a man, and is at last eligible to vote. Saturday, April 20th, was the day he received congratulations.

The Sergeants of the Machine Gun Corps, are reported to be lying in ambush for several of the C.O.R. Non-Coms. It was a shame for the C.O.R. boys to take the lady friends of the M.G.C. home, after the Gunners had spotted them in the new refreshment parlors.

B.S.M. Graham has been noticed wandering homeward across the "Bridge of Sighs" at a rather late hour on several nights this week. Don't ask the B.S.M. what he thinks of the new Garrison order placing Iberville out of bounds after 10 p.m. He might tell you, and believe me he has some vocabulary.

WANTED,—An artist who can successfully portray the expression on the face of Prov. Sgt. King, when he turns up 16 in Pontoon, with a full board against him. Our local artist, Corp. Clarke, says it is far beyond his abilities.

Lieut. Holtzman, of the M.G.C., is a firm believer in "Every man to his trade". After this, he fully intends sticking to the pasteboards and leaving the Bones alone. Ask him why.

ODE TO A MUMP.

The drivers mugs were sad,
And their pockets were out of dough,
And darkly they looked at the sick corp'al,
And fearfully at the M.O.
He said, you have the measles,
And some of you have mumps,
And when you're in the riding school,
You get some horrid bumps.

I'll separate you from your kind,
For days about fourteen,
And to make it sound more dismal,
We'll call it quarantine.

AFTERNOON TEA!

(Endorsed by "Knots and Lashings")

The Ladies of St. James' Church will hold the TEA at Baldwin Hall, Jacques Cartier St., on the afternoon of Saturday, April 27th, between the hours of 4 and 6.

To those Officers and Men of the St. Johns Garrison, who were present at the tea held last Saturday, this announcement requires no emphasis. To those who were not present, we would simply say, "Don't miss It."

Remember the time:—

Saturday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock.

1st C.O.R. B. Coy. AT QUEBEC.

Pte. Fred Bright:—"Whose gotta magazine?"

Pte. Hal Crawford:—"Look on your rifle."

Sgt. Byers (while on parade):—"Did you see my blonde?"

Pte. ——— (Smiling).

Sgt. B.:—"What are you smiling at?"

Pte. ——— (Still smiling).

Sgt. B.:—"Two men fall in for escort!—To the clink!"

THE LATE PTE. GEO. W. NESBITT.

Pte. Geo. Wm. Nesbitt, late of the 2nd C.O.R., passed away on April 20th, 1918, at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Pte. Nesbitt was ill but a short time, having been admitted to Hospital on April 12th.

The late Pte. Nesbitt was born in Burkes Falls, Ont., on June 26th, 1892, and prior to his enlistment followed the occupation of blacksmith. On February 4th, 1918, he answered his country's call and donned the khaki.

During his service with the colors, Pte. Nesbitt earned the reputation of being a good soldier and a true friend. His untimely end will be mourned by many of his comrades.

To his sorrowing relatives and friends, "Knots and Lashings", on behalf of the Officers and men of the St. Johns Depot, extends sincere sympathy. It may be some slight solace for them to remember that, though Pte. Nesbitt did not live to reach the trenches, yet he died a soldier on active service.

R. I. P.

CONDOLENCES TO SGT. C. M. LEE, C.O.R.

The deep sympathy of the St. Johns Garrison is extended to Sgt. C. M. Lee, of the 2nd C.O.R., in the loss of his sister, Mrs. Truman Hall, who died at the home of her husband in East Garafrax Township, near Paris, Ont., on Friday, April 19th, 1918.

LEAR IS LEARY YET!

Our genial and attractive Q.M.S. thinks he has solved the mystery. For his benefit we must tell him that he has another guess coming.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We regret, that, owing to the lateness at which certain contributions,—prose and “otherwise”,—were received, it has been found necessary to hold them over until our next issue. Publication of these is, however, merely deferred.

We wish to thank all those who have contributed their various ‘gems’ to “Knots and Lashings” this week and ask that next week they send more,—and get them in earlier. All contributions must be in our hands not later than Thursday morning.

A PROBLEM IN GASOLINE.

There are a number of industries in St. Johns, and not the least important is running gasoline boats on the Richelieu. Of course there is a semi-official craft at the Depot. It usually stays there. With the near approach of open navigation, R.Q.M.S. Beauchamp and Sgt. Thompson are moved to ask the following:—

If it takes 40 gallons of gasoline to start the dog-gone thing, how many gallons will it take to run up to Isle aux Noix?

(Better not take any chances; you’d never get back.)

The grub at Quebec is really not bad,

If there was only a little bit more to be had,

Alas! for our officers! they do miss their mess,

And though I don’t like to, I have to confess

That if good language will help to Salvation,

There’s a bunch of good fellows on the road to damnation.

In the Orderly Room at the Old Rock City,

There’s a fellow who punches the ‘keys’ without pity,

And strange to relate,

He’s now met his fate,

In the telephone girl whose moniker’s kitty.

THE GRAND OLD FLAG(S).

The mysterious phenomenon of a pair of pyjamas, kicking feebly in the soft west wind, from the flag-pole of the Canada Hotel, was the subject of much speculative comment in local circles during the past week. One of the N. S.’s tentatively inquires, “So that is the new flag of the C.A.M.C.? How very chic!”

An old bachelor is a man who is too late for the fair.

SAINT JEAN, QUEBEC.

There’s an isolated, desolated spot I’d like to mention,

Where all you hear is “Stand at ease”, “Slope Arms”, “Quick March”, “Attention”.

It’s miles away from anywhere, by Gad, it is a rum ’un,

A man lived there for fifty years, and never saw a woman.

There’s lots of little shacks, all dotted here and there,

For those who have to live inside, I’ve offered many a prayer.

Inside the shacks there’s rats as big as any nanny goat,

Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.

Its mud up to the eyebrows, you get it in your ears,

But into it you’ve got to go, without a sign of fear.

And when you’ve had a bath of sludge, you just set to and groom,

And get cleaned up for next parade, or else its “Orderly Room”.

Week-in week-out, from morn till night, with full pack and a rifle,

Like Jack and Jill, you climb the hills, of course that’s just a trifle.

“Slope Arms”, “Fix Bayonets” then “Present”, they fairly put you through it.

And as you stagger to your Hut, the Sergeant shouts, “Jump to it”.

With Tunics, boots and puttees off, you quickly get the habit.

You gallop up and down the hills just like a blooming rabbit,

“Heads Backward bend”, “Arms upward stretch”, “Heels raise”, then “Ranks change places”,

And later on they make you put your knee caps where your face is.

Now when this war is over and we’ve captured ‘Kaiser Billy’,

To shoot him would be merciful, and absolutely silly,

Just send him down to old St. Johns, among the rats and clay,

And I’ll bet it won’t be long before he droops, and fades away.

And we’re not downhearted yet.

Sgt. BUCK DARWIN,

Machine Gun Corps.

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BLACK
JACK**

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REASONABLE RATES

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869.

Capital Authorized	- -	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid Up	- -	12,911,700
Reserve and Undivided Profits,		14,324,000
Total Assets	- - -	300,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

365 Branches in Canada and Newfoundland.

Thirty-eight Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Costa Rica and Venezuela.

LONDON ENGLAND Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.	NEW YORK CITY Cor. William and Cedar Sts.
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Business Accounts Carried Upon Favorable Terms.
Savings Department at all Branches.

St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraire, Manager.

ATHLETICS.

(Continued from page 3)

NOTES.

W. J. Morgan, the M.G.C. 133 pounds, who gave a 3 round exhibition with Sapper Dwyer (C.E.) is confined to bed with la grippe. When he entered the ring he was just out of a sick bed and the exertion proved too much for him.

In spite of this handicap, this battle proved to be the fastest staged during the afternoon. Morgan is an aggressive fighter, and takes every advantage of any weakness shown by his opponent. He is the Machine Gun challenger to all comers for the 133 lb. class.

Dwyer is a clean cut fighter, who puts up a strong argument. His main weakness is leaving his body unprotected.

Baseball.

A game of Baseball will be played between the Engineers and the M.G.C., at 3.30, Saturday afternoon. Judging from the amount of argument between the two units, as to the various merits of their teams, this game is going to be a headline attraction.

Soccer.

The M.G.C. and the Engineers meet on the Soccer field at 2 p.m., Saturday. Both units have strong teams and the game is sure to be hotly contested.

Athletics Training Class.

An innovation that proved a success from the very start, is the Athletic Training Class inaugurated by Capt. Mess, of the M.G.C., for members of his unit.

Primarily, this class is to train and develop boxers, but the members receive training in all branches of sports.

The class is under the supervision of Cpl. Stevens, and any of the M.G.C. can enroll by handing in their names to him.

The amount of enthusiasm shown by the members already enrolled, assures the absolute success of the enterprise.

Would it not be a good idea for the units to form classes of a similar nature?

SPEAKING OF CHALLENGES.

(In our issue of April 13th, there appeared a rather long, yes, rather long, series of challenges, in which the members of the Machine Gun Corps, challenged all and sundry, to meet their representatives in a variety of competitions, athletic and otherwise.

It appears that certain of the Engineers have seen fit to consider, more or less seriously, certain of these challenges, and there appears to be a reasonable possibility of getting matters down to a business basis. We would, therefore, suggest that those interested, meet Capt. Powell, and make such arrangements as may be necessary to facilitate a show down. So far as we are aware, the following challenges are bona fide, and may be considered as such.)

How About This One, Corporal?

To the Editor
of "Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir,—

Will you kindly have the following notice inserted in your next edition.

It has been noted, that our friend, Corporal Lake, has a "Canadian Caruso", who is idling his time carrying ammunition belts, when he might be singing for the Victor Talking Machine Company of Camden, N.J., having his silvery tones recorded all over the universe, or even "doing his bit" in the Engineers in an honest manner. We direct this human song-bird's attention to the fact that Spr. W. G. Miller, the light tenor favourite of the Engineers, is far from being "buffaloed", and will gladly sing "Ali Baba's" star, from here to Berlin and back. L. Cprl. Henesy will take care of Spr. Miller's interests, whilst arrangements are being made.

Spr. W. G. Miller,
Room 21.
c/o L. Cprl. Henesy.

— And Moreover —

In your issue of April 13th, there appeared a challenge from the M.G.C., directed at the C.E.'s, demanding a show down as to the titular honours at various athletic games.

Among others was that of boxing. One M.G. by name of Morgan, challenged any C.E. at 133 lbs. Not being a "Laggard", or "Henchman", or being "Buffaloed", I will take it up. I will meet Morgan, or in fact anyone in the Garrison, at 133 lbs., in a three, six, eight or ten round contest, A.A.U., Army, or Marquis of Queensbury rules, in Barracks or at any civilian promoted boxing show.

Always willing to be eaten up,
I remain,
Yours always for good sport,

Spr. J. J. Small,
No. 2 Sec., Base Coy. C.E.'s.
Room 21.

— And Moreover —

The team of the Engineers A.F.C. being composed of the cream of the Soccer talent in the Garrison, while not being "laggards", or "henchmen", or even "blowhards", or "hot air merchants", have got together a team of players, to accept the M.G.C. challenge, but would ask Cprl. Lake (Ali Baba) as a special favour to have the game played on the football field and not in this valued newspaper, as the Engineers have always been of the opinion that actions speak louder than words.

Cprl. Lake would do well to meet L. Cprl. Henesy for completion of arrangements for same.

— And Moreover —

In the ranks of our Engineers, is still another "laggard" who also "might" be "buffaloed" by Ali Baba's long list of stars. In name he is Spr. A. N. Hall, who is open to meet any M.G. at Jiu-Jitsu wrestling, regardless of weight, size or experience. Cprl. Lake might seek an opponent among his confrères, to sit up and take notice, as Hall means business first, last, and at all times, and guarantees, if he locates the chip on the Gunner's shoulder, to remove it in a swift and scientific manner. "Now Gunner Grapplers get busy."

L. Cprl. Henesy will arrange matters.—Room 21.

— And Finally —

In conclusion, we also would deem it a special favour, if Cprl. Lake would search his roster of athletes for a water fiend who would care to enter a swimming contest, (weather permitting), with Spr. R. E. Brown, of Room 21, over two, three or five mile course.

Surely, Cprl. Lake can find a "Gunfish" to accept this challenge, as Brown expresses a fervent desire to be 'eaten up'.

L. Cprl. Henesy,
Room 21.

(We consider that the present situation may be very briefly summarized by "WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT"?)

— SPRING TIME. —

It has been remarked that one of the Senior Officers has more than once been observed going about with an abstracted, preoccupied air. Can it be that he is mentally reviewing his music lesson?

Windsor Hotel

IBERVILLE.

L. C. LABERGE, Proprietor.

Best Accomodations.

Keep out of the Cold
Just like Home at
Richelieu

Ice Cream Parlour

Come in and spend your spare time
at all times. You are welcome.

ICE CREAM,
SOFT DRINKS and
HOT DRINKS.

Pianola playing all the time.

W. H. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

Remember that

O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY

is the place to buy your

Furniture

The big store—everything
you can wish.

Richelieu and St. James Streets
City of St. Johns.

Meet your friends at

SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

Hotel Poutré

Market Place,
St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

WHEN EVERY FELLOW
COUNTS,
Or,
"Gae' a freen' a helpin' hand,"
Etc.
(Robbie Burns).

Those of the Drivers who were not in Quarantine, when the first attack of measles depleted their strength, wish to thank particularly the two Buglers,—Forsy and Furnival,—for their assistance during that period; also the members of the Band, who helped at the Exercise Ride and in the Stables on Saturday morning last.

We are not sarcastic, though it would almost appear to be so, seeing that only two Buglers out of about 1800 Sappers, complied with the appeal which appeared in Daily Orders. There are many Sappers whom we know do not profess to know anything about horses; there are others who know a little, and there is the hot air artist who thinks he knows everything and knows nothing. We wouldn't have them, even on the manure pile. The former we didn't expect, but the other we did, and were disappointed. However, we learn from experience, and we are looking forward to that promised Route March,—12 miles out and 12 longer miles back, and no wagons!

Extracts from instructions of Officer in charge will, we hope, read as follows:—

"Owing to the scarcity of Drivers, Mounted Transport will no be used.

MOREAU
Modern Photographic Studio.
—HIGH-CLASS—
—PORTRAITS—
21 St. James St. St. Johns, P.Q.

I. HEVEY & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
TUNIC, SLACKS & BREECHES
MADE TO ORDER.
FOXES PUTTEES FOR SALE.

The
**Merchants Bank
of Canada.**
Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital . . . \$7,000,000
Reserve Funds . . . \$7,421,292

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Start a Savings Account with us.
We welcome small accounts of well as large ones. Interest allowed at best rates, paid half-yearly.
J. A. PREZEAU, Manager

The Field Kitchen will not accompany Troops; consequently Bread and Cheese Sandwiches will be carried.

The Water Cart will not accompany Troops. Water bottles to be filled, (no water available en route).

Ambulance will not accompany Troops. All sick can die or crawl home.

Tool Carts will not accompany Troops. All Trenching Tools to be carried, also Fence Posts, Barbed Wire, and other necessary materials."

Etc., etc.

It may not interest many, but it may appeal to a few, that there are upwards of 2800 Troops in St. Johns at present, and there have been 3000. How did they get their rations taken to the Barracks, their clothes, their coal several times, their mail every morning? Did it ever dawn upon the Sapper, who could have helped and didn't, that the Mounted Section might have done it? What happened when it was down below zero, and you fellows stayed in doors, because it was too cold to be outside? Did your rations fail to turn up? Did you miss your mail? (provided the train came in). Did the Sapper ever think (if Sappers ever do), what expense the Government would have been put to, had there been no Mounted Section at the Depot, and civilian teams and drivers had been employed? Five teams a day wouldn't have done the work, but put it at that, for 2½ years, at \$5.00 each and teamsters at \$4.00: this little bit of arithmetic only amounts to \$41,030.

Unfortunately we are in the toils of the M.O., with 80 per cent of the Drivers in Quarantine again for 14 days, including all the farriers except Staff Sergt. Barr. But this time we are not going to appeal for assistance, as some 20 new Drivers have reported, and look like good material. Seventeen partially trained and untrained Drivers, working from 5 a.m. till 4.30 p.m., managed last time, and can do it again.

Moreover, during the first period of quarantine, more transport was required than during any similar interval during the past year. Also we may state, the Ambulance was called very often, and we would ask all Sappers when going sick,—that is really sick,—to do so at a reasonable hour. We hate turning horses out at 1 a.m. for a jag case, and usually the Drivers report "not a single case from overwork".

Times have been when the Depot was up against it for men,—that is, real men. What about General Wilson's last inspection? Who did the Asst. Adj. and the R.S.M. get

for the Bombproof Guard? 1 Sergt. and 4 Drivers from the Mounted Section! Who policed Halifax at the time of the disaster and who police that city yet? 40 Drivers from the E. T. D. Mtd. Sect.! Who were the men a certain General spoke of as being the smartest men in Halifax, eh? Those same 40 Drivers! Who runs that big trumpet in the Band? Hughie, transferred to the Band for that very purpose! Probably the largest funeral ever held in Montreal, was headed by 7 Blacks and a Tool Cart, with Drivers all from the Mounted Section!

We have not always been Saints in the Mounted Section, though our record in the orderly room shows no Drivers for orderly room for upwards of four months; "We are proud of it," as they say in the Pay Office, though, to quote the Commanding Officer, the Drivers at one time supplied 95 per cent of the crime. And he knows!

There's lots more we could say, but wont.

Next time you are in trouble, ring up one long and one short. That's us! Ask for a team, and we'll be right there!

These six Sappers who reported for Cinder Fatigue on Monday and when they found the fatigue cancelled, said—"Where are the brushes, we'll fix the stables", and they did, these are the boys we like to meet, perhaps we will be able to help them sometime. That little time isn't forgotten.

"CARRY ON".

—o—
OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

—o—
JOTTINGS FROM THE
MOUNTED SECTION.

(Driver Arnold)

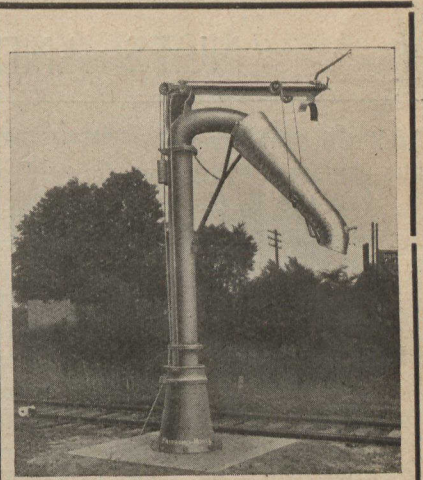
We would like to have been at the Boxing Tournament last Friday, 19th, and think it will stir up our interest in the noble art, if we are allowed to witness the finals.

The old timers are glad to see the Stables filling up again. It means road rides, lunch and nose bags for noon, and fewer picquets.

We were all pleased to see Sergeant Doyland back from Halifax. Welcome home, Bob!

The measles are still with us, and room 92 is getting its little vacation.

Oh you, measles, you're as welcome as a shunk at a lawn party.



Standpipes

The most nearly automatic and least troublesome are the ones you want.

Specify

**FAIRBANKS
MORSE**

Standpipes, and you will have the best obtainable. They are widely used by all leading railways. 100 of these are already on the way to France.

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**Wholesale
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Canteen
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116 Richelieu Street, St. Johns
HOME COOKING.
REASONABLE PRICES.

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C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants,
and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail,

“NUTS AND RATIONS.”

And still they come.

The cry from over there for “Men, More Men” is heard over here, and the E. T. D. is certainly playing no unimportant part in the response.

Whilst it does not come within the province of our remarks to comment upon municipal matters in our columns, we would, however, like to thank the St. Johns’ District Council for the refreshing display of rural simplicity in the methods employed in cleaning up the roads of this City.

Our Editor being absent upon a vacation in the historic city of Quebec, has found a worthy substitute to “carry on” the good work. There seems to be no one Ells so well suited to the job.

During the course of our contributions to this column, we have rubbed some people the wrong way, (for which we offer no apology). We have been dubbed “Permanent Room Orderlie”, “Sinn Feiner” and “Slacker”. If we have hit hard, we are delighted to know that our shots have reached their goal, and we take to ourselves the credit of good marksmanship.

Much has been said and written about bells. Their casting and histories are interesting matter for study. We have read of the bells of Bruges, of Moscow, of Picardy, and of many other places. We have been enchanted with the descriptive poem of Edgar Allen Poe, wherein bells of every calibre are requisitioned to produce one of the finest efforts and flights of imagination.

It was said of Dick Whittington, that his fortune was attained by paying attention to an imaginative appeal from Bow Bells “to return again”. The marvelous colour tones of Millet’s “L’Angelus” have inspired our wonder. The tongue of Great Paul has summoned us to worship beneath the great dome near which he swings. It has been our delight to wander through the leafy lanes of Kent and Devon, and to listen to the peal of evening bells borne upon the still sweet summer air.

But why dilate upon the uses and abuses of bells in the past, when what we have to say has reference to the immediate present. Previous to the introduction of the “Daylight Saving Act”, it had been our custom to rise with the bird who breakfasted upon the unfortunate worm, and anywhere about the hour of 5.30, would have found us busy preparing for the strenuous duties of our vocation.

But we have recently discovered that our soporific tendencies are governed by the sun and not by the clock, and around the hours when we are most desirous of following the comforting advice of Harry Lauder, to “lie in bed”, we hear the Reveille sounded upon the many bells in St. Johns, unintermittently for about thirty minutes. Our beauty sleep is spoiled, and our usual equanimity is upset for a period ranging from one hour to ten, according to the intensity or energy displayed by the bellringers. We have developed a mephistophelean dread for the bells, and are convinced that the late Sir Henry Irving must, at one time, have resided in this ancient city, in order to understand, and be the better able to portray, the poignant terror displayed by Paul Le-clerque whenever the sound of bells came to him. Why importune high Heaven for the repose of souls, by the discordant notes of G. sharp and A, at such an unearthly hour? when the chief desire is the repose of our body.

PAT.

OVERHEARD AT A LOCAL HOTEL.

Proprietress (with deep feeling): “Yes, the situation is becoming almost unbearable. I have to rush from the bridge table to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the dance. Maids are so very hard to get just now!”

Lieut. Rice (feelingly): “Yes, indeed, yes, indeed, quite so, quite so!”

“SHUN”, THE ARMY LIFE.

Hesita —tion.
 Attesta — “ .
 Vaccina — “ .
 Transporta — “ .
 Vexa — “ .
 Demobiliza — “ .
 Jubila — “ .

Great opportunities come to those who make use of small ones.



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

“STAG”

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

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

OF COURSE YOU’LL WANT WALKING-OUT BOOTS

— Slater’s Best usually cost \$8.00, **\$7.00** but we are satisfied to sell them for
 Some class to ‘em, too! SHE will think so, also!

SURE-CURE - HOSPITAL Soft Shoes and Slippers
FOR OLD SHOES. To Wear in Barracks
 Bring yours in, and we’ll Good Trunks and Valises
 fix ‘em while you wait. Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

144 Richelieu St., Below the bridge
 Come in and say “Hello”. We are good folks, and think you are, too!

Now you can get Philip Morris Cigarettes in the Canteen

Virginia Ovals, 15c
 Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

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

Special Rate to Soldiers on Watch Repairing.

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

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

E. MESSIER,

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

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