

See page 5 50.



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

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918

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FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE

(Continued from last week.)

Less conspicuous than the enlistment of the men, but as heroic and complete, was the self-offering of the girlhood and womanhood of the country. To-day women from every walk of life have put aside the dainties and domesticities that grace life, in order to tread the furrows of the farm, stoop over whirling lathes, shovel nitrate of soda, fill shells with high explosive; "man" railway trains, street cars and omnibuses, make aeroplane wings, drive motors, mould bricks, crush coal, fire kilns and in a thousand ways to replace the men who have gone. The women of England to-day literally hand out to the armies the guns, shells, cartridges and food without which the Army would wilt in a week.

Industrial Transformation.

This brings the story of transformation to its mechanical and industrial element—the reconstruction that has made Britain one vast armament factory. At the beginning of the War Britain's ammunition needs were served by three Government factories and a few auxiliary private firms. How often in the early period of the War our gunners sat gloomily by their batteries, being pounded by shells, and with none of their own for a reply! The story of what has been done

here baffles the utmost stretch of the mind. In the spring of 1917 the capacity for producing high explosive was twenty-eight times as great as in the spring of 1915, and the cost was barely one-third per ton of the early War charges.

New explosives have been discovered, all the technical difficulties of their manufacture eliminated, the supply speeded up, and as a result our soldiers have moved on to the ridges of Vimy and Messines from which the Germans had pounded them with shell for more than thirty dreadful months.

These guns and this ammunition roar from the Italian and Russian fronts as well as in Flanders and France, in the Balkans and in Palestine, on the banks of the Tigris and in the jungle of Africa.

Over and above these things, whereas at the beginning of the War we could only make 10 per cent. of the glass for optical instruments that we required for ourselves, we can now do all that we need and provide substantial assistance to our Allies. Our entire and paralysing dependence on Germany for potash has been broken by a discovery which puts the supply of more than all our needs into our own hands.

New Inventions.

Tanks and super-tanks, with still more yet unrevealed inventions to

follow; railway engines and railway lines for the immense network of new strategic lines behind the Front; a myriad motor lorries; agricultural implements for widening the range of harvest; these have all been provided by the Army behind the Army, the industrial array of Britain. The supply of aeroplanes has been doubling every six months. From abroad some 1,500,000 tons of munition supplies come every month with an average loss, since the beginning of the "ruthless submarine campaign"—

as Dr. Addison informed us on June 28th, 1917—of at the most 5.9 per cent. by submarine warfare. The annual output of British steel has risen from seven million tons to ten millions and is still increasing.

The British arsenals put out in 1917 as many heavy Howitzer shells in a single day as in the whole first year of war, as many medium shells in five days, and as many field-gun shells in eight days. In high explosives and in heavy guns every three days in 1917 pro-



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duced the total output of the first year of war. The new national projectile factories in 1917 had a total length of over fifteen miles of an average breadth of forty feet, with more than ten thousand machine tools driven by seventeen miles of shafting with an energy of twenty-five thousand horse-power and a weekly output of over ten thousand tons weight of projectiles. The increase of output continues steadily and shows no sign of reaching its limits. What is more, Britain is so instinctively true to her history that in all planning of new arsenals the thought of turning them into productive industrial centres, when war is over and peace returns, is held steadily in mind.

Women To The Fore.

We reach perhaps the deepest and most difficult of all elements in the British transformation when we discover that of the five hundred different processes in munition work upon which women are engaged some three hundred and fifty had never been performed by a woman before 1915. The significance there lies, not primarily in the swift training of women to these difficult technical tasks, nor in their readiness to undertake the work. It lies in the fact that the millions of men who through decades of travail have built up a trade union system in defence of their own rights, have surrendered their hardly won positions for the purposes and for the period of the War. It is a corporate and deliberate sacrifice on a national scale. And without that sacrifice the whole Alliance would inevitably have been defeated in the War. We owe a debt of honour to those men which must be recognised in action after the War.

We had before us this task, "to improvise the impossible." The miracle is not that we made a score of blunders, but that the impossible came true, the incredible happened. England became a new people, just because "England to herself was true."

What Is Britain Doing?

So when men ask "What is Britain doing in the War?" we ask from the bottom of our hearts, "What is she not doing?" A nation wedded to peace, a people that never wished for or expected war with Germany—a country not invaded, and sheltered by an invincible fleet—a land with an immemorial tradition against compulsory military service, materially wealthy, with everything to

lose and little enough to gain—what has she done?

Her Fleet, with a vastly increased strength, and its 'personnel' increased from 136,000 before the War to something approaching 400,000, has swept the seas free of the enemy on the surface, and is in incessant war upon her foe beneath the sea. Her Fleet and her heroic Merchant Service have borne year in, year out, from the ends of the earth to her Allies and herself, the supplies without which Germany would have triumphed before the Christmas of 1914.

By July, 1915, two million men had voluntarily enlisted. Britain, at length, surrendered her birth-right of freedom, and accepted compulsory service. To-day her armies hold the foe in three continents and on six fronts, and are co-operating with her Allies on two others. Her guns confront the enemy on the whole vast steel circuit of this colossal siege. Her tens of thousands lie in their graves from the Tigris, the Aegean and the Zambesi, to the Somme, the Aisne and the Yser, and still the dreadful daily toll of life is taken.

Her women have flung aside without a thought all the happy pre-occupations of peace, and have given themselves without stint to ungrudging and brilliantly successful labour, while their hearts are broken by the loss of the men who have made their world.

She has poured out her wealth for the allied effort by thousands of millions. She has drawn her products from every habitable place on earth, and thrown them into the pool.

She has indeed flung into the breach for the freedom of the world, not her possessions simply, but herself, her immemorial heritage, her treasured citizenship, the commonwealth of nations that constitute her empire—her heart and mind and soul!

(To be continued.)

A man named Dodgin had recently been appointed foreman in a brickyard, but his name was not known to all the employes. One day while on his round he came across two men sitting in a corner smoking, and stopped near them.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we," replied the other workers. "Sit down and have a smoke."

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DRAFT 56 IN ALDERSHOT CAMP.

(Sergt.-Major Slack, Aldershot, England.)

We had a very pleasant voyage in favorable weather, with but little sea-sickness but La Grippe played considerable havoc especially amongst the officers. Located in a beautiful camp on rolling hills four miles from Aldershot the health of the troops is improving, as evidenced by the wonderful appetites possessed. It is just warm enough to make sleeping outside the tents, (which is done on orders by all officers and men) very comfortable and healthful. We are getting down to real training and athletics now. Draft 56 won one game of baseball and lost one by the close margin of one run in the eleventh inning.

Contrary to expectations the men are well pleased with the rations and the corps of instructors, being chiefly returned men, are very thorough and patient to give every man a chance to learn what is required.

Crime has been practically nil and the cheering war news in the papers which are sold both morning and evening in the camps makes for putting everybody in fine humor.

There is a great scarcity of some articles but others are cheaper than in Canada.

The men received \$5 each on board and have had an additional £1 since arrival. There is a canteen for each two blocks with wet and dry departments in separate tents and a number of Y.M.C.A.'s

scattered around at which a concert or lecture takes place every evening.

We will be in segregation for a period of at least 28 days.

OUT AND ABOUT.

Well, boys, the "Boy Scout Sergeant" has returned from his leave and the story of his visit across the border is very interesting.

Disappointed at not being allowed to wear his uniform and decorations, he took along his collection of pictures, and those in Barracks who have seen them know well what a fine picture gallery he possesses, as anyone with a camera in the Depot can always get the "Scout" to pose for them.

His former comrades greeted him, but were disappointed to see their hero in civilian clothes. However, before he started on his return journey his identity was known to all, and judging from the crowd assembled at the Grand Central, he kept up his reputation of popularity. The send-off must have disturbed him, as, when the train started en route for St. Johns, he was a little restless, so began to look for a little company. Thinking of C.S.M.'s York, Boyd, Sergts. Henessy, Badger and how popular they are with the ladies, he at once approached a lady and soon made her acquaintance. Being in civilian clothes he had a hard time in convincing the lady he was a Sergeant, stationed in St. Johns, but, after explaining that there is quite a distinction between a Sapper and a Sergeant, chiefly the chevrons and grenade, then the

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size of the cane. Yes, she was surprised to know that a Sergeant has a long cane whereas the Sapper has a swagger stick. Then, of course, there is the bayonet, and from latest reports, Sergt. Vrooman will have to hand it to the "Boy Scout" as the parts of the bayonet are his speciality.

Learning that the lady was travelling to St. Johns to visit her husband who was in camp here, he told of what position the Sergeant held, also the influence he had around the Depot, and she saw visions of her husband parading around with stripes on.

Stopping over at Troy the lady was afraid she would lose her escort, but the "Scout" stood by, only to discover on boarding the train, that the lady had boarded a Pullman.

It is rumored in Camp here that several of the Sergeants in Camp are using canes not of regulation size. Now, boys, if you don't know the size, ask the "Scout" and he will gladly tell you, and those Sappers,—well they had better get wise too.

CADETTISMS.

"And what were you in civilian life?" asked the Captain.

"I was a travelling salesman, Sir," replied the recruit.

"That's all right, then. You'll get plenty of orders around here."

Let 'er alone!

Papa:—"Daughter, daughter, isn't that young man gone yet?"

Daughter:—"No, Father, but I've got him going."

Speaking of leather shortage:—Why do the R. A. F. Cadets wear riding shields of leather? They surely have no stables around their airdromes.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

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His eyes are blue;

His chin recedes;

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SEPTEMBER 15th to 23rd.



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GERMANY'S PLIGHT.

With her hands more than full on the western front, her Bulgarian ally being hard pressed in Macedonia, a deadlock on the Italian front, and the anti-Bolshevik activities coupled with allied expeditions in Russia, the German have to face a condition to which she has been a stranger during the war.

The character of the bully is evidenced clearly at this time. Just as the school bully cries for mercy and calls for cessation of hostilities when he finds himself licked, so Germany is appealing to the world for discussion as to discontinuing this awful bloodshed.

No people ever wished the war to end more than those ranged on the side of the Allies, but in President Wilson's answer Germany has her medicine; and though it means the sacrifice of lives to carry on the struggle, these will have been well given if in its ultimate end the war will bring the Hun to his knees.

Germany throughout has misunderstood the temper of the people she has been fighting and from the pig-headed view of her advisers, both military and political, she fails to appreciate that the war cannot be over at the behest of Germany, and until this pig-headedness is knocked out of her, she is not licked in a manner that will satisfy a lasting peace.

WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING.

Some of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago newspapers have recently expressed, as have the leading journals of France and Italy, the most unstinted admiration for the mighty work on land and sea that Great Britain is, and has been, doing in the war.

There is evidently need, however, for a good deal more in the American press on the part Britain is taking in the war. In several instances that have been brought to our notice, tourists from the United States, visiting Toronto or the lake summer resorts, have shown the most amazing lack of information about what the British have done, and are doing, in the war. It rather puzzles one to figure out where these men have been during the past four years and what they have been reading that they know so little about what has

been happening.

When an American comes to Toronto and tells a Canadian that he knows Canada has done wonderful things for a young country, but he doesn't see why Great Britain did not pitch in and help France the way the United States is now doing, the Canadian at first thinks the man is joking, and then fears that he is crazy.

In the end, of course, it becomes plain that the man knows absolutely nothing about the magnitude of the war, the forces in it, and the campaigns on many fronts. It becomes evident that he has accepted without question the talk of hyphenated Americans with pro-German sympathies who slander Great Britain because she is Germany's most formidable antagonist. One of the most earnest aims of Hun propaganda is to arouse distrust among allied peoples, and a great deal of money has been spent in seeking to create

the impression in the United States that Britain is letting others fight the war while she looks on. The charge is so false that it is farcical.

Britain's part in this war is prodigious, as everyone with any knowledge of the war knows. She has in France and Belgium an army of two million men, and the percentage of casualties in the Canadian and Australian troops is less than in the English. No Canadian will thank any tourist for compliments to this country at the expense of Britain in connection with fighting services done in the war. The British people and foremost among them the English people, rank equal with the French in the valor and sacrifices of the war. They have an immense army in France and Belgium—if the United States places equal forces there the Huns will be overwhelmed by numbers—other armies in Italy, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Russia, Africa, opposing Turkey and Bulgaria, they have fought over and subjugated every German colony throughout the world, and in the British navy and mercantile fleet two million men are enrolled, keeping the seas open and enabling France to get coal and iron and enabling the American army, with its vast supplies, to reach France. Not only has Britain financed and equipped herself, but she has supplied her allies with food, munitions, coal, steel, guns, rifles, aeroplanes. But leaving all these out and talking only of actual fighting, Britain, up to and including the present time, is doing about half the fighting that is being done by the allies in the war. The facts are in plain view of any intelligent man in any country who cares to examine them.

The United States is swinging into the war on a huge plan and with a thoroughness that excites the world's admiration, but she still has a long way to go before she equals, even on land, the military power Britain is, and long has been, using with full force against the Central Empires. But America coming in additionally, will furnish the preponderating force which, we all hope, will enable the war to be pressed quickly to a successful conclusion. In the meantime, no true American should listen to German propaganda against England.

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.

RE. INTERVENTION IN SIBERIA.

The following is an extract from a letter of Charles Colby, Professor of History, University of McGill, and received by one of the boys. We appreciate the privilege of publishing the opinion of such a well known man on the question of the proposed Siberian Expeditionary Force.—Editor.

"Personally, I am a great believer in the Siberian Expeditionary Force, and think it ought to have a great part in the regeneration of Russia. I believe the Bolshevik rule to represent merely the tyranny of a small minority which is in part made up of fanatics and in part of crooks. After Russia has recovered from this orgy, it will straighten its affairs out and become a decent Democratic nation. At least, such is my hope and belief.

"Meanwhile, I think there is no finer job for any one than to help in the work of re-constituting the Eastern front against the Germans through the agency of the Siberian Expeditionary Force. I have the highest opinion of the Czechoslovaks, and have seen quite a lot, recently, in New York, of Dr. Masaryk, who will be the first President of the Bohemian Republic after the war—as this new State has been recognized officially by Great Britain, France, the United States, and Italy. Masaryk is as fine a man as I ever met in my life, and last Friday night President Butler of Columbia introduced him to a great gathering in New York as one of the six greatest men now living.

"Were it practicable for me to do so, I should like nothing better than to get into the Siberian Expeditionary Force myself, for I think it will be a great experience, and that its objective is wholly on right lines."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear "Knots and Lashings",

In an army which boasts that it, with its Allies, is fighting for Democracy, isn't it about time that Feudalism, as exemplified by a certain section refusing to permit its driveways to be utilized by the rest of the Barracks, who must wade ankle deep in mud in going around these premises, be abolished in the interest of Sanity.

Yours sincerely,

Web-foot Bill.

ST. JOHNS ELECTION INQUIRY.

The Commission reassembled on Friday morning last the 13th inst., but upon examination of the ballot boxes brought by Mr. Chadwick from Ottawa it was decided to adjourn and that the Commission sit at Ottawa for the purpose of locating the missing ballots. These ballots were found and brought to St. Johns, September 17th.

(Reprinted from the Montreal Gazette.)

Evidence indicating that Hon. Frank B. Carvell had tried to secure the vote of the soldiers of the Canadian Engineers' Training Depot at St. Johns, Que., until he found that he was to be returned by acclamation, and that after that he had tried to have the vote turned over to Col. H. F. McLeod, in York county, N.B., when he found he himself would not need these votes, was introduced yesterday at the Royal Commission to investigate into the charges against the officers and men of the C. E. T. D. at St. Johns, by Lieut. E. T. Adney, in the course of a day's procedure that was fairly electric with unexpected incidents. Lieut. Adney's evidence came well on in the afternoon, following a series of sharp exchanges between Lieut.-Col. Melville, of the C.E.T.D., and Aime Geoffrion, K.C., and between Mr. E. Fabre Surveyer, K.C., and Mr. Geoffrion, which had made the whole morning's proceedings tense with excitement.

Lieut.-Col. Melville's evidence was marked by sharp interchanges with Mr. Geoffrion on the question of residence as applied to soldiers' votes. This was followed during the afternoon by a series of officers of the C.E.T.D., which was marked by efforts by Mr. Geoffrion to show that there must have been some prearranged plan for the election in order to secure the voting of some 517 or more soldier voters there, out of about 800, for the Chambly-Vercheres Unionist candidate.

This was denied by officer after officer, all of whom declared that there had been no plans for the election, and affirmed strongly that there had been no orders or efforts in an organized way to make the men of the depot vote one way or the other.

Mr. Geoffrion was ironic in the course of his examinations, and repeatedly tried to draw witnesses out as to whether it was by a miracle or mere coincidence that so many hundred soldiers who had come from all over the United States and Canada, should have decided to vote en masse for Mr. Jos. Rainville, the defeated candidate in Chambly-Vercheres. But no matter how he cross-examined the military witnesses he failed to bring out any evidence to show that there had been any plans or instructions to turn the vote at the St. Johns barracks for Mr. Rainville. Much time was spent on this, but every officer of the many examined insisted that there had been no plan, simply a general talk on the situation, and an understanding that their votes were needed to help out Mr. Rainville in Chambly-Vercheres.

OFFICERS NOT LAWYERS.

As to the point of why officers had declared that they could not declare on their ballot envelopes any place where they had resided for four months or more during any time previous to the election a good deal of difficulty arose, since the soldier witnesses were not versed in legal

technicalities, and simply fell back on the general understanding that they had believed the military vote could be allocated where it was most needed to win the war by returning the Union Government, and that since they had all believed this could best be secured by helping Mr. Rainville in Chambly-Vercheres, whom they knew as a supporter of the Military Service Act, they had voted for him.

So far as the rest of the men were concerned it was sworn by officer after officer that there had been no efforts or influence of any kind to swing their votes, and it was indicated that the fact of so many of the men voting as they did was merely due to the general feeling that by so doing they might help elect Mr. Rainville, whom they regarded as a patriotic Canadian, and defeat Mr. Archambault, whom they considered to be an opponent of the Military Service Act.

This morning it is expected that a number more officers will be called from the Engineers' Training Depot, these being used by the accuser as his own witnesses, from whom he proposes to prove his case. Later on it is expected that a number of the deputy presiding officers will be called, to testify as to the proceedings at the actual voting. Following this it is likely that the hearing will be postponed, probably until Friday, so that several absent military witnesses may be brought to St. Johns.

PRO-GERMANS HERE.

The sensation of the investigation was reached when Lieut. E. T. Adney, an artist American volunteer, with the C.E.T.D., was called in the afternoon, and made a series of rhetorical replies to Mr. Geoffrion's questions that at times caused a stir of applause in the court. This was especially the case when Lieut. Adney referred to the necessity of guarding the lines at home against slackers and other disloyal elements in this province, remarking that since he could not get to the trenches he had at least got into the defence lines here, and that real peace had not come in this province until the bullets had started to fly.

Lieut. Adney said that he was an American citizen, an artist and magazine writer of New York, 46 years of age. He had come to New Brunswick to settle up business affairs of his wife's, and when these were settled he had considered whether to go back to the United States and carry on his profession or join the Canadian army.

"I decided that this was no mere pettifogging question of perjury or political matters," he declared, "but a question of the safety of the nation, and I joined the Canadian army. Then six months later I became a naturalized Canadian citizen, and at the election last December I voted, with the other officers."

Lieut. Adney declared that he considered it was a matter of saving the country by the soldiers at the front, and by winning the election here to support them, and he had been prepared to take his responsibility of doing what he could to win that election for the Union Government. Therefore he had taken an active part in the elections, not commanding any military votes, but stating his convictions as to the advisability of voting for the Union Government, and placing such votes where they would do the most good.

"We are interested in lots of places that are not our own homes," said Lieut. Adney, "just as some people attend to lots of things that are not their own business. I considered that our duty was to defend our country against the Huns and the slackers and the pro-Germans of Quebec." This was greeted with a sign of ap-



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

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

ST. JAMES STREET
Near the Catholic Church)

plause that called for prompt action
by the court criers.

DIDN'T NEED VOTES.

"I might have voted in my own
county of Carleton, N.B.," continued
Lieut. Adney, "but Hon. Mr. Carvell
wrote and said that he would not need
our votes, as he expected to get an
acclamation, so I was told to vote for
the Unionist candidate, Col. McLeod,
in York County, N.B., where the votes
might be needed."

"Then why did you vote here in
Chambly-Vercheres?" asked Mr. Geoff-
frion.

"Because I thought up here was
nearer the firing line," retorted Lieut.
Adney. "I could not get overseas, so
I thought it better to get as near as
I could to the fighting line."

"And why, then, did you vote for
Mr. Rainville?" demanded Mr. Geoff-
frion.

"Because I believed him to be a
loyal member of the Union Govern-
ment and a loyal citizen, and I was
sure his opponent Mr. Archambault
was not. I voted because I was not
quite sure whether or not the Govern-
ment would need the soldiers' vote,
so I voted as I thought my duty to
my country lay, and that is the reason
why 17,000 other Canadian soldiers
voted as they did."

Again there was a rustle of ap-
plause in the court, which caused
prompt action by the criers, and an
intimation from Judge MacLennan
that unless order was preserved he
would clear the court.

Considerable evidence had been
given regarding a dinner at the bar-
racks, at which Mr. Rainville had
been present, referred to by Mr. Ar-
chambault in his accusing speech in
Parliament, and a burst of irrepres-
sible laughter greeted a statement
by Lieut. Adney that he had met Mr.
Rainville at a mess dinner. When
quiet was restored Lieut. Adney
stated that it was not at this dinner
he had seen Mr. Rainville, and that
he had never met him personally,
while he corroborated the evidence
of Lt.-Col. Melville and other wit-
nesses that there had been no liquor
served at this mess dinner, as hinted
by Mr. Archambault, while liquor had
never been allowed at the regimental
mess.

Lieut. Adney frankly admitted that
he had spoken with his men and
other officers as to the high duty of
loyalty they owed in the past election,
without advising any man as to who
to vote or where or how.

MUST SAVE COUNTRY.

The witness said he had considered
that the election law conceded too
much to the lawful opposition to the
Government, without considering the
activities of those who were pro-Ger-
man, or who for party or sectional
reason were opposed to the war. He
had known that the question of sup-
port to the Government was very
serious, and that men high up on both
sides, "including our friend Carvell,"
feared the issue. There was only one
thing in such war times, and, if ordi-
nary civil law failed, they had to get
down to what the preservation of the
country required.

"You were out to win the war?"
asked Mr. Geofffrion.

"Absolutely, and so were 17,000
other Canadian soldiers," replied Lt.
Adney, once more court criers being
needed to quell incipient applause.

Further, Lieut. Adney declared he
had told his men to try to fairly win
the election, as part of winning the
war, by their ballots, as it would be
better to win it then with ballots than
have to use bullets later. "I consid-
ered the isolation of Quebec provin-
ce, that it was a pity if Quebec
should have been led up to the edge
of a precipice and then tripped over,"
declared Lieut. Adney.

In answer to a further question as
to his opinion as to the advisability
and legality of the soldiers' vote go-
ing where it would do the most good,
Lieut. Adney replied: "Yes. And let
me tell you it was not until the bullets
began to fly that opinion changed for
the better."

Another heated colloquy broke out
shortly after, when Lieut. R. M. Trow,
of the C.E.T.D., was explaining why,
since he considered he had no other
residence in Canada, he had voted in
Chambly-Vercheres.

Pressed by Mr. Geofffrion as to why
he had not voted for Mr. Doherty in
St. Ann's, Montreal, or St. Antoine,
or other Montreal ridings that needed
Union votes, he retorted that the
population there was more mixed,
and there were enough "white" men
in such ridings to look after them-
selves.

Mr. Geofffrion took this as an insult
to his compatriots, mistaking the ap-
pellation "white" as a racial refer-
ence, and the witness hardly soothed
his ruffled feelings when, after an
appeal to Judge MacLennan, Lieut.
Trow explained that by "white" he
had meant decent loyal citizens.

Outside these exchanges and dis-
cussions of the afternoon a number
of officers were examined, including
Major Thomas C. Keefer, Capt. Dou-
glas Bond Armstrong, Lieut. H.
Somerville Phillips, Capt. Robert
Pettigrew, and Major Robert Powell
(who wore the Military Cross ribbon,
with bar, and three casualty stripes).
Each of these officers was asked
similar questions by Mr. Geofffrion,
and they all gave the same answers,
that there had been no premedita-
tion as to the vote, no orders as to
how the men should vote, and that
the whole voting had been done by
general consent after the usual
amount of talking over things. Each
of the officers declared that he had
no idea of committing perjury, or of
asking anyone else to do so, and that
he had voted in Chambly-Vercheres
under a sincere idea that by the
Military Voters' Act he was entitled
to do the same.

Mr. Geofffrion made many searching
questions as to the "miracle" or coin-
cidence whereby so many of the men
at the Engineers' Depot had voted in
Chambly-Vercheres, but was always
met by the response that there had
been no effort to make them do so,
and that it was either a coincidence,
or else the result of general talks,
leading to the idea that the soldiers
could help the war best by voting
that way.

During the morning Lt.-Col. W. W.
Melville, commanding officer of the
Engineers, was on the stand until
noon, and his examination was full
of exchanges between himself and
Mr. Geofffrion. During the hearing
Col. Melville refused to answer ques-
tions as to his statements regarding
his residence in Canada when voting,
and asked the protection of the com-
mission. This was granted after a
prolonged and heated argument be-
tween Col. Melville and Mr. Geoff-
frion. Eventually Judge MacLennan

ordered that evidence be given, and
Col. Melville testified that he had
voted for Chambly-Vercheres and
lived in New Brunswick before the
war.

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in
Montreal you DINE at the

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TRY OUR

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Soft Shoes and Slippers

To Wear in Barracks

Good Trunks and Valises

Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

JOTTINGS FROM "A" COMPANY.

"A" Company is getting to be "some" Company. These other Draft Companies will have to speed up as "A" Company men are right there with rifle and squad drill.

The new "rookies" are quite 'tickled' with their new woollen underwear.

Those sing songs which we have at the movies are jake. Keep up the good work, Davis, you are right there with that old movie machine.

Jack Badger is going to sing for us at one of our concerts. He is going to sing "Over There" and "Yankee Doodle".

C.S.M. York is some ball player. He gave up a good job in the big leagues to come and play for the Sergeants. He says that the ball is a little smaller than he is used to.

The night was dark and stormy. It was about 11 p.m. The sentry was walking his beat in a smart and soldier-like manner. A dark form slipped by the gate and the sentry challenged in a loud voice. No reply. Again the sentry challenged. Still no response. "Guard turn out!" Out came the Guard on the double. "What is the trouble?" asked the Sergeant. "A vicious looking being just passed and wouldn't stop when I challenged," replied the sentry. Soon the dark form re-appeared from out of the darkness. The Guard shivered when the man got closer. On close investigation the man turned out to be a poor, innocent, harmless, M.P. The Guard again breathed freely.

Our friend Hunter in the Q. M. stores reported that the cat had kittens in the clothing department. Hunter says that he is going to teach them how to swim.

The drivers are practicing the song "We are going to murder the Bugler." Four-thirty A.M. is a little too early for the delicate constitutions of the Mounted Section. (?)

Guards and N.C.O.'s furnished on a moment's notice. Sergeants Henesy and Johnson, E.W. will take contracts to run a Guard for a week, month or year. How about it?

"A" Company is not a common ordinary Company but it is the Company.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

I land with de draft in England today sometime yesterday an I must rite tell you about de boat trip cross dat wide river Atlantic she is so rough with de wind she blow. I am seek dere Koronel sometime most often in dis boat which she will not keep still and de man what make de stew called de steward she give me some piece salt pork on a string an tell me swallow him to cure my seek but he make me more seeker than before so I go to de doctaire what give me lung tonic but do me no better nor the nine pill as in St. Johns.

I keep outside de clinic too as I too seek to get in for de crime but de Surgent she tell me I am no so seek as I am believe an tell me go to de kitch to help de cook but de smell call my stummick too much an she try to get out my mouth an push my breakfast into her eye and face all over. I feeled better nor before at that an so I go help in de kitch as she say and so not get de clinic.

But dere Koronel when I get off de boat I feel my legs not in control and the Surgent she tell me I got C legs an I tell her I was A two in de board at St. Johns but she still say my legs are C an I guess I get my discharge although I think I discharge everything over de side of de boat.

The people cheer de boys on de train which look to me like little play toys an dont stop for de switchman not at all an I am scare she run so fast an run over de side of dis small island.

Dere Koronel I am glad when I am arrive at de camp but I am not liking de look of de Surgent majer nor better than Surgent Majer Estey as well as Surgent Boyed but I am rite you to tell me if they not treat me too well as before.

Joe Pacquette.

NOTES.

(A. Coy.)

"It is more profitable to move furniture for an officer than to form fours."

By one who had a good appetite.

Who is the Lance Corporal in "A" Coy. who asked what an N.C.O. is?

Corporal Clappison had a long conversation with the parson last Sabbath. Was he confessing his sins past or present?

James O'Cain Agency,
H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.

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Insure with us in an old line British Company.

Agents--Lackawanna Coal.

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For a Good Meal.

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A. A. BOULAIS'

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ETC., ETC.

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**Clothing and Gents'
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prices.

AT YOUR
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LEE LEE
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Two Stores

Corner Champlain and St. James
Corner St. Charles and Richelieu
A Favorite Laundry of the Soldiers.

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

**TWINKLES FROM THE
MOUNTED SECTION.**

We Come Back!

We find that in Column 2,
Editorial Page, C.S.M. Evans
brings up, among other things, the
vexed question of the O.C.,
Mounted Section, not being able to
tell the difference between a horse
and a mare.

A mare is a horse!

A gelding is a horse!

Now show your Equitation,
Harry.

Any of the Girls the Major
doesn't need, we'll look after.
Leave that to the Mounted Section!

As to that beer, we never saw
when another glass would do you
any good.

"Handed In".

Sergt. Doylean, on approaching a
Driver:—"Did you write that
poem about me in last week's
'Knots and Lashings'?"

Driver:—"No, Sir!"

Sergt. Doylean:—"You may be
right but I don't believe you."

Camouflage.

My meals are all wheatless,
My horse's meals are not wheatless,
My tent is very heatless.
My horse's bed is not strawless.
My bed is very featherless.
I hope the officers will not be
heartless
And will soon transfer us in the
barracks les'

we freeze!

Dvr. Horthorp.

To Corporal Johnson:—

Why not have a private dressing-
room for the piquets of No. 2 and
No. 3 Stables as the straw shed is
too open to the gaze of other
drivers!

The Dandy Piquets.

(Ed.—Repairs wanted, Sergt.
Caddy!)

I wonder whether the Driver
that paid 75 cents for his first kiss,
thinks he got his money's worth.

"Wait and See".

Prochain Décès

Vous êtes cordialement invité
d'assister à mes funérailles
qui auront lieu trois jours après
le prochain exercice de P.T.

J. Therrien.

(Editor's Note:—We regret that
there is not room in this week's
issue for all the material supplied
by the Boys of the Mounted Sec-
tion. It is carried forward, and
will doubtless appear later.)

Why should not the Mounted
Section get together a football or
baseball team of their own. I was
asked to try and get one up. So
apply to tent at back of 21.

"Irish".

(There's a talkin' boys! Then
ask to take on the Quarantine.
Shure an' they'll be aisy on ye.—
Editor.)

STUNG.

Benny has had another Board!
This time they painted him all over
before they discovered they had the
wrong man. Benny is now indus-
triously engaged with a squeegee
and soft soap removing the medical
attempt at tattoo.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW.

Does rank count on a football
field?

Should one man have the author-
ity to pick a team. Why not have
a selection committee?

Why was one of the best players
dropped, so that a Sergt. could
play in the game on Labor Day?

Why were so many of our team
on sick parade after the Labor Day
game. Was it because Alexander
was playing for the opposing team?

When is Corpl. Hardy going to
give the next lecture on "How to
score from a penalty kick"?

Can a free kick be given against
a player who fouls a man within
the penalty area? (Goal keeper not
included.)

Why doesn't Wee Dave Thomp-
son's name appear in the write up.
Is it because his playing isn't
worthy of praise or because he is
too small to be seen.

Where did the Sergeants get
nerve enough to say they had a
football team. We think they would
make a better showing in a free
for all fight.

Why doesn't Sergt. George enter
in the boxing tournaments.

Who is captain of the Depot
Team?

When are we going to see an-
other good game. Come on, boys,
get busy and keep up the good
work.

I. M. N. Quisitive.

WATCH LOST

A wrist watch on Champlain or
Richelieu Street on Monday. Finder
please return to
70 Champlain St.

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of E. T. D.

Wearing Glasses should have a
duplicate of their lens before
going overseas.

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Arm. Bourgeois,

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ATHLETICS.

THE "BUGS" SHOW LIFE!

The Quarantine Camp baseball team and the nine representing the Depot staged their weekly classic on the Sports Field, Sunday afternoon, the representatives of the "camp of isolation" being returned the winners, by the score of 4 runs to 2. The same pitchers as in the preceding game, last Monday, when the Depot boys played rings round the "Quarantiners" were in the box. Brynelson, however, this time outpitched Sgt. E. Johnston who was relieved from command of the guard to do the twirling, and his mind, perhaps, was more on his military duties, than on fooling the opposing sluggers. Brynelson pitched the best brand of ball, that he has shown so far in any of the games, having 12 strike outs to his credit, allowing only 5 hits, and exhibiting air tight control, by not issuing a single base on balls. "Ernie" Johnston, notwithstanding his guard duties, also pitched a swell game, yielding only 4 hits. He fielded his position in a masterly manner, and had good control, giving only one free ticket to first base, when he passed Masters in the 8th inning, which followed by Skelly's double, sent a run across the plate. The depot team was weakened by the absence of three of its regular players, Manager Johnston being compelled to pick up three "unknowns" at

the last minute, none of whom exhibited any particular brilliant playing. "Jimmy" Ronaldson, one of the "unknowns" evidently had left his batting eye in the "Sports" room, of which he is one of the caretakers. In four times at the bat, he failed to even touch the ball once, and gracefully swung at the elusive pill for four successive strike-outs with all the ease and confidence of the immortal "Casey". Williams was a close second with three failures to connect with the ball.

DEPOT TEAM

	A.B.	H.	E.
Buchanan, s.s.	4	0	0
Murphy, c.f.	4	1	0
Pearson, l.f.	4	2	0
P. A. Johnston, 1b.	4	1	0
Emmett, 3b.	4	0	1
Rawlinson, 2b.	4	0	1
Williams, r.f.	4	0	0
Wilson, c.	4	0	1
E. Johnston, p.	3	1	0
	35	5	3

QUARANTINE CAMP TEAM.

	A.B.	H.	E.
Grant, 1b.	4	0	0
Morrow, l.f.	4	0	0
Skelly, 2b.	4	1	0
Montgomery, c.	4	0	0
Fraser, c.f.	4	1	1
Masters, s.s.	3	1	1
Ellis, 3b.	3	0	1
Gowan, r.f.	3	1	0
Brynelson, p.	3	0	1
	32	4	4

Doubles—Gowan, Skelly, Pearson.
 Triple—P. A. Johnston.
 Strike-outs—Brynelson, 12; E. Johnston, 5.
 Base on balls—Brynelson, 0; E. Johnston, 1.
 Umpire—Balls and strikes, Lieut. K. R. Ayer; Bases, Capt. Campbell.
 Spr. R. W. Emmerson.

WRINKLES FROM THE UNMOUNTED SECTION.

A Wrinkle.

"What are my duties?" the new Sapper said
 To a man who'd been here for a while;
 "Must I get up at six from my little bed?"
 And the veteran replied with a smile:
 "You must get up at six when the bugle you hear
 "And dress just as fast as you're able,
 "Then down through the tents your course you will steer
 "But say boy, don't go near the stable!
 "At breakfast you'll get what is fit for a king,
 "You can eat all there is on the table;
 "To the praise of the cook, they allow you to sing
 "But don't sing your song near the stable!

"You'll parade, sharp at eight, just below Quarantine,
 "With recruits that are both white and sable;
 "And you'll answer, 'Here Sir' when they call Sapper Green
 "Then you'll march round the back of the stable.

"So, on through the day wherever you're at,
 "Whether digging or building a gable,
 "Work like the beaver you've got on your hat;
 "And remember! Keep clear of the stable!

"The road they have there is both good and strong,
 "But its only for Drivers and Mabels;
 "So I'll give you a tip; take your girlie along,
 "When you walk on the road at the stables."

Bartank.

To Sergeant Doyle

(With apologies to "Canary")
 In the morning we rise and think of
 The eyes of you,

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.

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Reserve Fund \$13,500,000

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Established 1864.

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J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

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Incorporated 1855

Capital, \$4,000,000
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Men's Youths' and Boys' Suits—a specialty.

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ST. JOHNS

It scares us to death when we think
Of the size of you,
The strength of your lungs makes us

Shake and get wise to you,
So we'll keep off your road and
Wont walk on your grass!

With a lass, we might walk on your
Road and get by with you,
She might linger a while just to
Fill up her eye with you,
But a Sapper alone would keep off
A mile from you,
And away at the back of the stables
He'd pass!

Doylan we tell to you,
We'd quake at a yell from you,
Still we're all wishing well to you
Doylan me buck!

Your horse, you look well on it,
We know you ne'er fell from it,
Though, your road, we're expelled
from it,
Doylan heres luck!

Bartank.

Cleanest place in the barracks!
Twinkle, old boy, Friend must have
taken his lady on the forbidden
ground past the front door.

English as it is spoken some-
times:—

N.C.O. to Sapper: "Don't you
come late on parade again, after
this, now."

Didn't the Drivers who were
watching over the transom know
we were short of leather?

This week's best laugh:—
"The horseflesh story."

Bartank.

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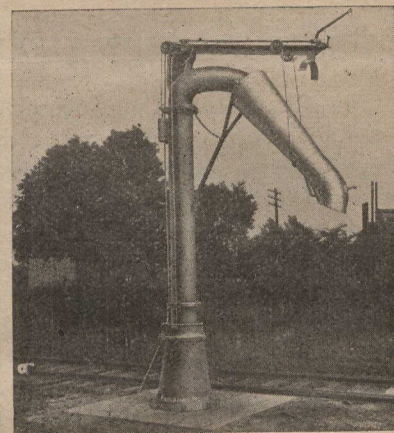
We buy your civilian clothes and
pay highest prices.

We also outfit discharged men
and guarantee satisfaction to all.

A. COMPANY'S PAGE.

It is regretted that owing to
Election Inquiry matter crowding
our space, the page allotted to A.
Company could not be set aside.

It is a good thing too, A. Coy!
You sent very little in. Don't let
us be disappointed next week.



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least troublesome are the ones
you want.

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



"The Food Hog"

AN ECHO FROM THE EMPLOYED SECTION.

There comes a time to everyone,
When nothing seems worth while;
Your spirits are at zero,
You couldn't crack a smile;
You're lonesome as the dickens,
And life has lost its zest—
**Until you get a letter from
The one you love the best!**

“Imp.”

(Query: “What is Love?”

Answer:

“Love is a dizziness,
Keeps a man from his
bizziness.”

Does it ever affect “Imp” that way at times as well as in the above? Oh you Employed Section!

“TWO GOOD OLD FRIENDS MEET.”

(Note:—The following poem was handed to us by Spr. A. E. P. King. It is from “The Movie Operators’ Journal” published by Local 173, Toronto, to which he belonged.)

The Kaiser met the Devil in an agitated way;
And the Devil stopped his prodding just to hear what Bill would say.
Bill approached him quite contritely, for he wanted something done;
He would make his endeavor to enlist him with the Hun.
So he said, “My dear good Satan, I’m in trouble, I’m afraid;
“If we do not work together, sure as Hell my grave is made.
“I have worried and I’ve worried, and the Huns stand in dismay,
“When they hear the preparations of the good old U.S.A.;
“I had thought that Gott was with me but of late he’s hard as bone,
“So I’ve come for your assistance, and we’ll oust him from his throne.
“Now, dear Satan, won’t you help me?
“We’re a team that would work well,
“And when this awful war is over, we’ll own Heaven, Earth, and Hell.
“I surely am disgusted with the Gott up in the skies,
“Instead of helping me, he’s helping the Allies.
“Just say the word and I’ll abide; and tonight at just eleven
“I’ll call out a string of Zepplins and we’ll make a raid on Heaven.”
All this while Old Satan wondered,

scratched his head and then he pondered,

When he found his equilibrium, after Bill had gotten through, He addressed Bill Hohenzollern in these words, severe and true:
“You’re a dirty, low brow ingrate, you’re the worst I ever knew;
“You are dippy, talking flighty,
“And to win your greatest blunder you would wreck the God Almighty.

“You for years had a notion that you had a regular call,
“And some day you’d rule in Heaven, but, oh, Bill, you’ll get a fall.

“And this fall is not far distant; it is coming sure as Hell,
“For the Allies have your measure, and they’ll fix you good and well.

“You have stooped to the lowest level, you have broken every rule,

“All the world is now against you, you’re a great big jackass fool.
“I don’t like your talk or methods, I’m the Devil that is true,
But you’ve wrecked and butchered millions and I have no use for you.

“Look at Belgium, poor, bleeding Belgium, look at France and England too;

“All because you had a notion that the world you could subdue.

“For punishing, I’ve a reputation; but I’ve watched you all the while,

“And for downright, ornery meanness you have the Devil skinned a mile.

“All the fire and all the brimstone, all the groans and shrieks of Hell,

“You have equalled and surpassed them and you know it mighty well.

“Now, Kaiser Wilhelm, listen; you’ll not finish what you’ve started;

“The Hohenzollern family and throne will soon be parted.

“You hear from President Wilson, he told you what he’d do,

“But you thought him only bluffing, now you know he’s coming through.

“Over there they’re training soldiers, and oh, my Lord, how they can fight!

“They’ll get your dirty carcass because they’re fighting for the right.

“When the bugle call is sounded, you will have no time to pray,

“For they’re coming on in millions from the good old U.S.A.”

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"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Ting a ling. "Just answer that phone," called the Sergeant to the orderly in charge, who, after carefully noting various details, reported: "Sergt. George, Sergt.-Major Harry, Tom, Dick and Pat, to report at once to the Court house to give evidence in the case now being heard."

Here was a chance for an afternoon off.

It did not take long to procure the necessary pass out of barracks, for the purpose of attending, for the first time in my life, a Court of law, the interior of which had been but an imaginary picture, carried in my mind through a long and varied experience in different parts of the world. Strange how some men seem to put in quite a lot of time attending cases in Court, either as prosecutor, defendant, or witness, whilst others, with more variety in their lives, have never seen the inside of such a place. Such however has been my lot, and it was with mingled feelings of curiosity and fear (to culminate eventually in what is commonly known as stage fright) that I entered the Hall of Justice. Never did house of cards collapse with greater rapidity than did the illusion of my mind. Where was his Worship, bewigged, and clothed in ermine? Where was the woosack? Where were the wigs of the counselors? Where were the stately ushers resplendent in their silken gowns? These questions crowded in upon my bewildered brain.

That was evidently the Judge seated up there, beneath the Royal Coat of Arms, but the counselors! Were those ordinary looking men, who kept bobbing up and down, they, who were to match their glib tongues against my poor wit?

What were those men doing, seated at a long table in the centre of the Court, directly in front of the Judge? Here was one man, with his head upon his outstretched arms, so interested that he had fallen into a deep, but not too passive, sleep, from which he occasionally roused himself to readjust his arms to a more comfortable position. There were two others, who seemed to have drifted in for no other reason than to have a conversation, coupled with so much gesticulation and shoulder shrugging, that it led me to believe they were discussing the merits of such and such an exercise in P.T. or were devising some new style of using the Indian clubs. Another, seated at the far end of the table, brought to mind Tommy Traddles, of our school days, except that his drawings were the heads of animals, and not skeletons. Then, glancing across to the opposite side of the Court, (to the right of the Judge) one was compelled to acknowledge the total collapse of all preconceived notions of the interior of a Court house, for there were seated the most nondescript crowd imaginable. Clerks and salesmen, trainmen and shunters, (dropped in from the adjoining station), messenger boys seated side by side with gentlemen of leisure.

The one bright spot was to be found in the south east corner, where one could see a quorum of fair ladies busy plying their knitting needles, creating some article of comfort for their present or absent loved ones. On my right and on my left, was such a display of khaki, with crowns and stars upon sleeves and shoulders, that almost compelled my right hand to remain fastened to my right eyebrow.

But my interest was chiefly centred upon the witnesses, and the tone of voice used by the Counsel, now soft and seductive, like a mother pleading with her wayward child, and now commanding, like a new fledged N.C.O. showing off before a bunch of "Rookies". Soon it came to my turn, and I could scarce answer to the reiterated call of the usher for "Pat" (only he didn't say Pat), conscious of the fact that I was to be the cyposure of all eyes, for the time being. Having reached the elevated stand at the right hand side of the Judge, I was the better enabled to form an opinion of some of the chief characters. The Judge himself might have been my old schoolmaster, or a minister, from his clean shaven and rubicund countenance, and the Counselors, members of my own club.

Having duly sworn that I would speak the truth without



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"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.

evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation, I was bewildered by a number of questions, on this, that, and the other, and I was relieved when I heard his Worship say, "Stand down", an order which I promptly obeyed, and within one minute I was seeking to revive my scattered wits, standing in the rain, out in the Court yard, with my favourite pipe between my teeth.

Thus, was another mental picture taken from the peg from which it had hung so long, and an engraving of actual experience put in its place.

—PAT.

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"Riding Breeches"
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 Also Special Suits for discharged men.

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