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5 Cents The Copy

Engineers first, then Grenadiers, used the Grenade in War!

THE HISTORY OF GRENADES AND GRENADIERS.

(From The Regiment.)

The trite saying that "history repeats itself" is especially applicable to military history, and the use of the hand grenade as an infantry missile in the present war affords us a striking illustration of its truth. The re-introduction of the grenade and the rehabilitation of the Grenadier arise from very much the same causes which led to their first inception in the armies of the European Powers towards the latter end of the 17th century.

The hand grenade (the name derived from "granada", the Spanish word for a pomegranate, from a fancied resemblance of the projectile to the fruit) was a Spanish invention, dating from the middle of the 15th century, at which period the Spanish Royal Standing Army held the place of the Imperial German Army of yore, facile princeps among the armies of Europe. Its use was for long confined to the scientific branches of the Artillerists and Engineers, who were then counted as civilian auxiliaries to the three combatant arms of the service, Horse, Foot and Dragoons. We find the hand grenade mentioned in a military treatise as early as 1472, and meet with occasional mention of its use in siege operations during the course of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Glass Grenades.

Great quantities of glass grenades were used by the Venetians in the famous siege of Candia by the Turks (1667-69), which lasted without intermission for three years, and in the course of which the resources of attack and defence were developed in a manner hitherto undreamed of in Europe.

In the year 1667 King Louis XIV decreed that four picked men in each company of every regiment of French infantry should be trained to use hand grenades. These trained men were assembled for tactical purposes in a provisional company under picked officers, but were mustered and paid in their own companies. This arrangement did not last long, and the Grenadiers of a battalion were soon formed into a permanent company. Some 10 years later Grenadier companies were established in British regiments of Foot. Evelyn in his memoirs speaks of "a new kind of soldiers called Grenadiers, wearing furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries with long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools, their clothing being likewise pybald, yellow and red."

Grenadier companies were soon instituted in all the infantry regiments of all the armies of Europe, their special function being to act as a forlorn hope in the assaults upon the fortresses which at that time constituted the main objective of an invading army. For this purpose the men carried hand grenades to search out the ditches and covered ways, and hatchets to

hew down the palisades which then served the purpose of war entanglements.

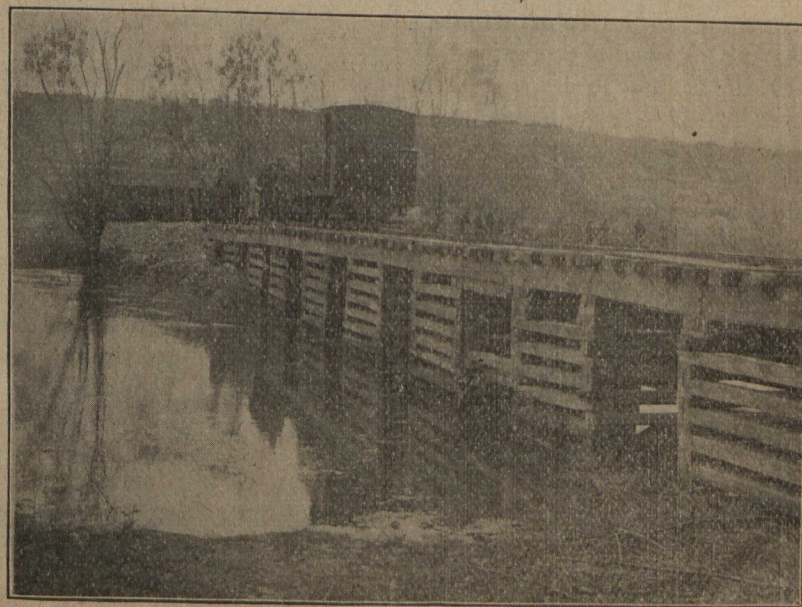
Origin of Fusiliers.

The Grenadiers were armed like the rest of the infantry with muskets and bayonets and with short swords, writes Lieut.-General F. H. Tyrrell in the "United Service Magazine." Their officers and sergeants carried fusils (a lighter and shorter description of musket) and bayonets instead of the half-pikes and halberts carried by the similar ranks in the battalion companies. Fusilier regiments were so named from their being originally armed with these fusils. When the halbert was discontinued, the sergeants of regi-

ments of foot were armed with fusils. The light infantry regiments of the Madras Army carried fusils up to 1860. A musket was invented with a cup-shaped projection at the end of the barrel from which a grenade might be thrown, but it never came into general use.

"Horse-Grenadiers."

In 1678 a troop of Horse-Grenadiers was added to each of the three troops of the English King's Life Guards. They were equipped and armed like the Grenadiers of the infantry, and dismounted to fight, linking their horses and leaving them in charge of some of their men. The second Royal North British Dragoons



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE
Bridge built across swamp by Engineers as a necessary means of advance.

(Scots Greys) were also made a Grenadier corps, but no further formations of mounted Grenadiers were proceeded with in the French and British Armies.

The improvement in fire tactics, due to the suppression of the matchlock by the flintlock musket, was probably mainly responsible for the abandonment of the grenade, which ceased to be carried by the Grenadier as part of his equipment, and was only occasionally used in siege operations.

It was used with good effect by the British Grenadiers in the combined naval and military raid on the French port of St. Malo in 1758. As late as 1775 an English traveller who witnessed a review of a Swiss regiment in the service of the King of Naples relates that their Grenadiers performed their exercise with sham pasteboard grenades filled with some detonating mixture. Some of these missiles, falling by accident among the spectators, threatened damage to the ladies' dresses, but the gentlemen protected their fair companions by dexterously catching the falling grenades in their hats.

Stories of Grenadiers.

It is said that our first Guards were given the title of Grenadiers after Waterloo to commemorate their having encountered and routed the Grenadiers of the Old Guard in that final ruin of their Imperial Master's hopes and glories.

An officer of the Grenadier company of a Swiss regiment in the service of Napoleon has left it on record in his memoirs that he would have been frozen to death after the passage of the Beresina but for a change of dry under-clothing which he had carried packed inside his bearskin cap.

When a mutiny among the Sepoys of Sir Hector Monro's army in Oude had been suppressed, many of the mutineers were sentenced to be blown from guns. While they were being tied to the guns two of them appealed to the officer superintending the execution, pleading that they were Grenadiers, and therefore claimed the right to be blown from the guns on the right of the battery, and their request was granted.

Grenadiers Gilt Chain "Wings."

At one time the Grenadiers had the badge of a bursting grenade on all their appointments, and they wore "wings" instead of the epaulettes worn by other troops. The crescent-shaped wings worn by Grenadier officers were of gilt

chain edged with three rows of gold bullion for the captains, with two rows for subalterns. A pair of wings cost more than the coat they were worn on; their price was ten guineas for a captain, seven guineas for a lieutenant or ensign.

The bearskin cap had been discontinued for Grenadiers early in the reign of Queen Victoria, at the same time that it was given to the battalion companies of the Foot Guards, who had until then worn the shako. It had long been the custom, however, for Fusilier regiments to copy the Grenadier companies in the details of their dress and equipment, and these regiments still retain the caps and the badges peculiar to Grenadiers. The Scots Greys also still wear the bearskin cap to remind us that they were once reckoned as Horse-Grenadiers.

The Grenadier Guards are now the only corps which bears the title in the British Army; there are two Grenadier regiments in the Indian Army, and a regiment of the Canadian Militia has also the title of Grenadiers. In the French Army to-day the name is obsolete; but the Italian Army has two regiments of Grenadiers, the 1st and 2nd Granatieri di Sardegna which are recruited from men of exceptionally fine physique. Russia boasts a whole Army Corps composed of Grenadier regiments, which form an intermediate class between the Guards and the Line.

As the siege warfare of the 17th century evolved the Grenadier, the trench warfare of the present day has evolved the bomb thrower. As the South African War saw the revival of the mounted infantry soldier, so the present war has witnessed the re-employment of the Grenadier.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why a certain officer who used to take his lady friend up the river every evening last summer in a boat, stopped so suddenly.
(Stopped what?—Ed.)

Why a certain officer used to take his lady friend out on horse back and then stop so suddenly or did the horse get tired.

(We imagine he said whoa!—Ed.)

Why a certain officer used to call so often at a certain shop and look with anxious eyes in an easterly direction.

(We feel sure the reason is that the shop was on the west side of the street.—Ed.)

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

Woman Unknown, Last Seen at The Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns, P.Q.

Up to the present the Secret Service and Detective departments have been baffled by the disappearance of a woman whose identity is not known.

The only evidence at hand at present is in the shape of some articles of woman's toilet and a wisp of hair. The hairpins referred to, and identified by the Farrier Sergeant of the Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns are of a particularly massive type and were recovered in front of the smith's forge at the depot; and the mystery may have remained for ever hidden had not the Colonel noticed these articles lying in the snow. Upon calling the Farrier Sergeant's attention the Colonel remarks that he (the Sergeant) acted in a peculiar manner, presently going down on his knees presumably to ask pardon but later to inspect the hairpins. On further looking around (the Colonel by this time was suspicious) a wisp of hair was found caught in a splinter of a piece of lumber and a splotch of blood near by on the wood.

Upon the Colonel remarking that things looked suspicious the Farrier Sergeant commenced to talk hurriedly in a foreign tongue and has been known to act peculiarly ever since. Further evidence seems impossible to obtain just now in spite of the united efforts of the two departments mentioned.

The Staff Sergeant has not been examined yet but his every movement is watched. It is believed that the letter he wrote to "Knots and Lashings" last week was the product of a mind tangled with distress and tortured by this awful discovery.

"Knots and Lashings" has been approached by the Sergeant who has made the demand that we print in our "rag", as he terms our paper (another sign of a disordered mind) a letter he intends to write.

Should this letter appear in this or a future issue we would ask our readers to bear with the Staff Sergeant in his distressful condition with this "Sword of Damocles" hanging over his head.

For the purpose of identifying, if possible, the woman in question, the wisp of hair and piece of lumber are on exhibit in the "Sports" notice board near the entrance to the Recreation room.

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Demolitions.

(Continued from last week.)

It is necessary that all ranks of the Engineer service should have a practical knowledge of the use of explosives; and principally that knowledge which deals with the calculation of quantities of explosive substance required for carrying out certain works of demolition, and placing the charges and attendant details in order to obtain the maximum result from the minimum quantity of explosive.

Use of Explosives.

From a Military Engineering point of view explosives are exceptionally useful in many and various directions. For **Quarry Work** in which material has to be obtained for road making. For **Road making** where blasting has to be resorted to in order to remove rock or other hard material, stumps to be blown out of the ground or split up for easier removal, boulders to be shattered, etc. For **Mining** where craters have to be made to form lodgments in enemy positions, where enemy strong points are to be destroyed, or to delay or destroy enemy subterranean works by blowing up his galleries, etc. For demolishing **Railway Line** by attacking frogs, switches, crossings or destroying a long line of rail. For demolishing **Bridges** of masonry, steel, iron and timber. For demolishing **Buildings**, principally factories and buildings that might be of use to the enemy. For **Miscellaneous** purposes, such as, the destruction of guns, canal locks, communications, etc.

Formulae and Calculations.

Experience may teach us the approximate quantity of explosive necessary for a certain class of work and one may become expert in applying the explosive in correct quantities but it comes to few of us to be familiar enough with their uses to be able to produce results with proper economy of material; and this is important. A demolition party would be hampered in its movements if proper economy were not practised in the use of explosives and at times the work would fail of completeness if the available amount of material were not sufficient to accommodate a liberal allowance to take care of guess work.

The formulae tabulated below, and as used in connection with the following examples, have been carefully compiled for Guncotton, but may be applied for determining the equivalent amount of other explosives necessary to be used, when the comparative explosive force of that explosive is known.

The explosive forces of some of the explosives likely to be met with for Military use are as follows:—

Gunpowder 5, Cordite 8, Sixty per cent Dynamite 9, Roburite 9, Guncotton 10, Lyddite 10, Nitro-glycerine 11, Tri-nitro-toluol 11, Gelatine dynamite 12, Amitol 12, Monobel 12, Blasting gelatine 13, Sabulite 13, Blastine 14, Ammonal 14, Permite 15.

Formulae.

For forming a crater where the diameter of the crater is to be greater than its depth

$$C = \frac{S}{2V} \left\{ 1 + .9 (r-1) \right\}^3$$

For blasting rock, earth, or other hard material, where the material is to be blown completely out (as in a roadway cut)

$$C = \frac{K \times D \times l^2}{32}$$

For demolishing a masonry wall by means of bore holes placed at a dis-

tance apart equal to the thickness of the wall

$$C = \frac{1}{6} l^3$$

For demolishing a masonry wall by means of placing the charge along one side

$$C = \frac{1}{2} B T^2$$

For demolishing a masonry pier by means of placing the charge along one side

$$C = \frac{2}{3} B T^2$$

For demolishing a masonry bridge by placing the charge across the supporting ring (haunch or crown)

$$C = \frac{3}{4} B T^2$$

For demolishing a rectangular hardwood spar by placing a single charge on the "B" side, or by completely encircling the spar by means of a necklace

$$C = 3 B T^2$$

For demolishing a round hardwood spar by placing a single charge against the side or completely encircling the spar by means of a necklace

$$C = 3 T^3$$

For demolishing a hardwood spar by means of a charge placed in an auger hole

$$C = \frac{3}{8} T^2$$

For cutting round iron, or steel wire rope

$$C = \frac{c^2}{24}$$

For cutting one end of a girder, such as is used for single line railway

$$C = \frac{L^2}{15D}$$

For cutting steel or iron plate

$$C = \frac{3}{2} B t^2$$

Key to letters used in formulae.

- C—Guncotton charge in pounds
- c—Circumference in inches
- B—Breadth in feet
- T—Thickness in feet
- t—Thickness in inches
- D—Depth in feet
- L—Length in feet
- l—Line of least resistance in feet
- K—Variable nature of rock from .1 to .5
- S—Variable nature of soil from .8 to 1.5
- r—Radius of crater in feet

Exceptional Conditions.

Under certain circumstances, as in the presence of the enemy, charges may have to be placed hurriedly, and so under unfavourable conditions. In these cases an increase of fifty per cent should be made.

All explosives will give better results when tamped sufficiently to cause the greatest force to work in the required direction.

Certain explosives—such as guncotton—give very satisfactory results untamped. In fact, a safe rule to observe is that all explosives made up in powder form must be tamped. Those made up in cake, stick or plastic form will give fairly good results untamped.

Explosives must be placed in close contact with the object to be demolished. It is essential that no air space be left between the charge and the object. If this rule cannot be followed, what would otherwise be an airspace, must be filled with some plastic substance such as damp clay.

A one pound slab (15 ozs) will cut the heaviest type of steel rail.

A slab of guncotton can be relied on to cut its own thickness of steel plate.

(To be continued.)

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NOW, WHAT D'YE KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Peavie McForrest Digs Up the Hatchet and Comes Down the Trail Like a Bat Outa Hell.

National Bunkhouse
Feb. 2, 18.

Mr. Editor:—

Say, old timer,

Where did yuh get that dope about the forestry gink who wrote you in the hay last week?

I guess yuh gotta nother think comin' your way if you figure it out that I am the goat of that hay wire outfit sashayin' round this burg under the imposing categorisation of No. 34.

No siree Bob! you gotta dope it out consid'rabable diffrent if you imagine this 'ere kid spends his moments out of the saddle, on literary achievements. That aint my line, no sir; I am a logger—an' tho' I say it myself, I'm a logger from away tuh ellangone back.

Say, old timer, things aint just stakin' up just as I figure out they otta, and right heres where you realise I aint buttin in on a newspaper. No sir, you cant stick your Uncle Dudley by puttin over that line of bull.

Say, I aint sore—except where I fell—but take it from me kid, your lil' ol' news sheet aint got nothin on me yet, 'cause I'm too darn busy fixin' plasters on me hide to figure out when we move our camp. Say, I can hit the trail any old day and dont need no horse neither. Looke-here, I gone through scrub fir, jackpine and cedar from Bull River to Portland, Ore. and all I needed was a hunk of payroll plug and a club to soak the poreupine with.

Tough? Say old timer, I'm so goll darn tough that there aint no hoss—well there may be one or two 'round here,—but back in the Kootenay or any white mans country like the Coeur d'Alene, say, cayuses was just pie for me.

I gotta hunch that some smart Aleck put you next to my idea of pullin' out on the western freight, but say just take it from me, bo, I am gonna camp right here till I've halter broke every brone you've got in the outfit. Bring 'em on old scout. I'll be on the job this week again, and believe me, bo, theres goin' to be hell—a poppin round your lil' ol' corral.

Yours outa bed

Peavie McForrest.

P.S.—I'm goin' gunnin' after your sub-editor.

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A BOMBING EXPEDITION

(Continued from last week)

The Fight Begins

I kept my eyes on my adversary. I could clearly see the black painted cross on his fuselage and helm) The fight began. We exchanged a shower of bullets. The Boche piqued, apparently having had enough. I did not think it worth my while to follow him, as there was nothing now to obstruct our way, and I had an important mission to fulfil.

Through the wind-shield I could distinguish railroad-tracks, trains, stationary and on the move, stores of goods, hangars, etc.

Beat It For Home

My observer tapped me on the shoulder and signed to me to go ahead. Another tap informed me that the bombs had been dropped. Our mission was accomplished. All that remained for us to do now was to get back to camp as soon as possible. The Boches were hurrying up in numbers. We had to keep a watch on all sides. We were surprised by a monoplane Fokker, which hurled at us a shower of bullets and departed before we had time to respond. Two or three short, sharp, familiar sounds, in-

formed me that my machine was hit. But my motor continued its regular throb and my observer reported that the gasoline tank was untouched.

The wind blowing from the north facilitated our return. In a short time we were over our lines. Then I laughed, without knowing why. I looked at my observer, and he, too, laughed. We were both feeling good. Now that we were out of danger we wanted to compare notes, but the noise of the motor hindered all conversation.

Back Home

Slowing down the motor in our descent we glided smoothly over the valley of the Meurthe, and so on home. My comrade lighted a cigaret and passed it on, for me to take a puff.

Gradually, the scene beneath us grew normal. The smooth carpet of green moss slowly developed into forests; the long and narrow black ribbons became railroads, the white ribbons, roads. That which in the distance I had taken for a large factory, partly hidden in a cloud of smoke, now assumed gigantic proportions, and I recognize dit as the city of Nancy. I was at an altitude of 200 meters, over the plateau of Malzeville, which served us as an aviation field. One last spiral, and I landed near the hangars of my escadrille. My first care was to examine my machine. I found that the planes were pierced in several places by bullets.

Finally, all our men had returned and our captain expressed his satisfaction at seeing his escadrille complete.

Unfortunately, this was not the case with the other formations that participated in the raid. Though it was still too soon to make sure, we feared that some of our comrades would be the guests of the enemy that night.

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“Yes; he is a man after my own heart.”

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WELCOME TO—

- Lieut. E. H. Chave.
- Lieut. A. L. Tregillus.
- Lieut. A. L. Fairbanks.
- Lieut. C. V. Mott.

GOOD BYE AND LUCK TO—

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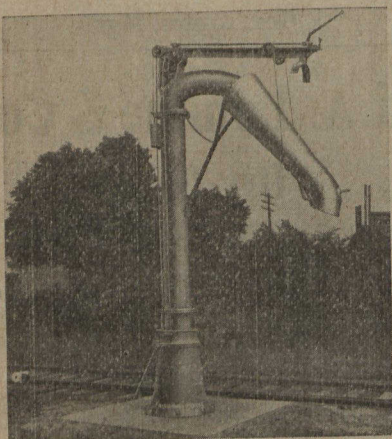
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**NEW ETIQUETTE
FOR OFFICERS**

**Some Rules To Be Observed By
Subalterns And Others.**

Editor's Note:—We are informed upon good authority, that copies of the rules usually handed to newly-joined officers at the E. T. D., are becoming scarce; and, in view of the fact that the Government war loan was very much over-subscribed the Government is unable to afford sufficient paper for further duplications, "Knots and Lashings" is willing to come to the rescue in order to give a bountiful supply of this important set of rules. It should, however, be distinctly understood that close observance of these rules is not essential in fact is not encouraged by the older members of the mess, who have developed a liking for cigars especially when purchased by someone else.

Rules.

The Mess is supposed to be your home (supposition only we assure you) and you should govern yourself accordingly. That is to say kick the cat when annoyed, put your feet on the table and swear at the furnace.

All officers are supposed to be equal in the mess (delightful irony), but this does not mean that you should not observe the ordinary rules of politeness (we don't know what these are of course) and show due respect to those who are entitled to it. (Here again we cannot give any definite information.)

You should address all subalterns by their nicknames, the "Mister" is both unnecessary and incorrect. (Act as if you were in the "bush").

Never address a Captain by his Military rank (he becomes agitated and annoyed, wishing of course to be considered a Sub.) Only Majors should be addressed according to rank. (Don't make any mistake this time.)

The C. O. takes the place of head of the Mess (whoever this is—he never seems to be there anyway). He goes in first to dinner and is the last to leave. (Hence the usual length of belt.)

The Mess president acts as host. (Acts mind you—a comedian is usually given the job.) He says Grace before and after the dinner (this act should be rehearsed several times) and proposes the

King's health on guest nights. (For the information of those to be yet initiated he drinks the toast too).

Dinner in Mess is a Parade; if late you'd better keep out of sight. If you wish to absent yourself during dinner don't do it, unless the excuse is worth it.

You are supposed to dine in the Mess (oh, what a merry jest on the Lobster Salad) on guest nights; and will do so if there's room.

If you are not dining in (you are dining out) enter your name on the wall or table cloth and attempt to avoid paying a fine.

Do not smoke until you see someone else do so. The mere action of the Colonel (or senior officer present) of lighting a match is not "doing so". A pipe is not allowed in Mess. (Take them out of your pockets and leave them "checked" outside).

You must dress properly in Mess. (This is a trap for the unwary—our advice is that you should not wait until you're in the Mess to find a button or two undone.) The Orderly Officer only wears a belt. (This again is not correct, at least we've never seen the O. O. with so little on.) This applies to all meals—(except those taken in bed.)

Do not wander around the men's quarters without a hat or jacket. (Carrying the jacket on your arm is not permitted.)

When the C. O. enters the Mess or Anti-rooms stand up and say "Good morning — afternoon — evening — Sir" according to the time of day. (Don't make the fatal mistake of saying "Good night".—He may take it as a personal affront). Do not salute in Mess (especially in the shower-bath—you are likely to strike the hot water pipe or a compromising attitude.) It is better to remove your cap and avoid the mistake (especially in the bath referred to).

Be polite to your brother officers (as long as they are polite to you, and if a stranger is in the Mess, don't avoid him as the Plague (buy a ticket from her instead) and if he happens to be a civilian he may happen to have some good points (such irony) you were one yourself once.

Don't be always making complaints; the proper way to complain is to write to the Mess Secretary (truly, an Irishman had to

do with this). Try and be contented, everyone is trying to do (their best for) you.

Never mention a lady's name in Mess (but try to get someone else to).

If you have a complaint to make in general, see the Adjutant, he has to listen to you. (Poor devil).

Out of the Mess remember you are a soldier first, above all things, and an Officer is supposed to be a gentleman. (We agree).

Always salute when entering an office—(especially the Paymaster's).

See that you are always tidy and shaved and don't be an advertisement for some hair tonic—(leave that to your batman).

Be punctual, there is no excuse for being late, so don't try to make one. Excuses are poor things at best. (We don't exactly agree with the latter statement, we've had some really good ones ourself, but we agree with the former statement entirely, so what's the use?)

You must make yourself acquainted with all orders that are posted up. No excuse will be taken for not reading them. (A knowledge of reading is therefore essential. Furthermore if you don't understand the order, don't put your own construction on it. Do it).

Remember, also, that we are not here for a picnic, but something very serious and you must all do your best. (Superfluous, but really this thing has to end happily we suppose).

(Signed) **Ure Keeper,**
Adjuster,
Engineer Teething Dept.

THANKS.

The Junior Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church wish to thank the members of the orchestra of the Canadian Engineers for their kindness in furnishing music at the entertainment held in Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening, February 5th.

**"THE BOID CAGE
COIPENTER"**

Officer, examining his company for trades:—"Well! What trade are you? Did you ever do any carpentering?"

Sapper:—"Not much, Sir!"

Officer:—"Well, what was it you did?"

Sapper:—"Made perches for canary cages, Sir!!!!"

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Vol. 1. No. 15.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, Feb. 9, 1918.

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TRACT CHRISTIANITY.

We are, most of us, familiar with the individual who stops a man on the street, hands him a tract—maybe a sheaf of them—and in all probability tells him he is a sinner, and goes to some trouble to point out the way to salvation.

Lately we have had such an individual, several of them in fact, in St. Johns whose particular burden in life seems to be to save the souls of the Sapper soldier.

To the average man, this form of Christianity is most repulsive. The tract, and we have read many in our time, usually is of the violent and stormy nature. Hell and damnation are mainly the topics. We admit, we think most of us do, that we need quite a deal of spiritual guidance in order to make good citizens of us, and in the army such is provided for, at least in a dignified manner.

There is no doubt in our minds that most men realise that the risk they will run in this war is very great, and that the chances are somewhat against a safe return; and some of us are going to pay the full price by giving up our lives in the country's cause. We realise that we should make our peace with our Maker before we enter the fight; but many of us, and we think the majority of us prefer to do this our own way, or as our mothers taught us.

The man with the tract, seldom, it seems to us, gives us credit for having brains, he usually does all the talking. We wish to inform him that the majority of us have some intelligence and prefer the service we go to at church to the "peddled" form on the street.

No doubt these individuals sleep soundly at night with the self satisfaction of having done good. The amount of good done probably being estimated by counting the number of tracts disposed of. They may appreciate the fact that the majority of these "tracts" are picked up by the scavenger, perhaps they don't, at least it would appear so by their persistent use of this mode of distribution.

Christianity served up in this form is subject to ridicule, whereas, the whole tendency of the church is to bring a proper atmosphere to bear upon the worshipper. The atmosphere created by the tract is one of derision and sometimes contempt.

Without Christianity the world, for us, would be as nothing. Standards of justice and morals have been based upon the teachings of the Bible, a conscience has to either a greater or lesser extent been created in man upon which he judges his actions and thoughts. To many, the need for thought along religious lines is great, but conscience is a delicate state of mind, it has to be delicately nurtured and is shy and reserved in its manifestations. Our "street ranter"

does not apparently realise this as the Church does, the first thing he sets about doing is to wound the conscience and advertise its shortcomings. We look for a reason and that perhaps is not far to seek. It only needs a comparison between the attitude of the Church and the sinner and the methods adopted by the "tract deliverer". The former is dignified, quiet, unobtrusive, the latter is void of any dignity, is noisy, boisterous and objectionable.

The utter blindness of this individual is certainly marked. He must frequently meet with disapproval and disinterestedness, which apparently, he diagnoses as absence or lack of soul in the "sinner". Let us tell him he is wrong in his judgment. We are none of us soulless and few of us think ourselves good either according to his standard or that of our own conscience, but we do not want Christianity hawked on the street.

HOW TO WIN THE WAR IN FOUR WEEKS. — GREAT DISCLOSURE OF SCHEME.

Extract From An Examination Paper For Field Officers Above The Rank Of A Cook's Orderly.

Question:—Describe briefly how you would conduct operations in the present war (standpoint selective).

Answer:—(by an officer of two month's standing):

Taking the standpoint as that of supreme command of the entire army and fleet, I would cut off communication with all political parties at home and abroad for at least seven days.

It would be distinctly understood that the fleets of the Allies in the North Sea and vicinity would be under my orders to cooperate.

On a prearranged date, I would ask the Admiral to kindly mass his fleet and effect a landing at Kiel, or any other old place as long as it was strategic and effective; and having done this, to get his boats out of the way and start in and clean things up, and to let me know from time to time where he was. So much for the fleet.

In all probability, I would start things up about the same time myself, with a few star shells—but everything noisy—as the whole scheme depends on an absolute "lights out" sort of quietness. The first army would be in front, more or less, followed by armies two three and four, these armies in rear conforming to the movements of the army in front, except when it was held up.

The first army would not check because of a few Germans going through, these would be finished up by the succeeding armies. The second army would take its instructions from the army in front as long as it remained, the third army taking its orders from the second, and so on to the rear.

The general idea would be to

gradually form a "V". The western flank doing the "swing round" until Berlin lay approximately between the two ends of the "V". Then I would order the whole bally army to "charge". Our gunners would pound the very life out of everything in the middle—sort of. The cavalry would fill up gaps in the main lines until the army in rear took over, but they would be used mostly for the hasty removal of prisoners and bringing up food and other stuff.

"Tanks" would be used to attend to villages and smaller obstacles.

During the initial stages of the operations, Field Marshals and Generals of all grades should be allowed to play golf, but be kept close at hand in case it might become necessary to use them, but as much as possible should be left to the section officers who thoroughly understand this sort of work.

The fleet commander would, after he had established a good footing, detail a number of boats to go to the Dardanelles, and on the way out would call at Spain and dictate terms in no uncertain manner, and if any objections are raised, he would proceed to take the Spanish fleet with him and bombard it up through the narrows and he would concentrate his energies in generally blowing the beastly place up.

I roughly estimate that, by following these instructions the war would last about four weeks.

In large sweeping movements, like the above, it can readily be seen that there would be very little chance of small parts of the line being "pushed" as we would be doing the pushing first. Again bearing Napoleon's great fault in mind, in always having his cavalry halt to receive a charge from the enemy, he invariably lost. There was one exception and that was when his Marshal's horse bolted and the others followed.

In the event of this document falling into the hands of any General or other enemy I can assure you that, without the de-

tails, which I have carefully concealed, and which are the "grey matter" of the scheme, the operations, as outlined, could not be worked out.

_____, Class _____
(Censor) (Censor)

(Editor's Note):—The above scheme of operations appears to us to have, at least the merit of originality, and we see no reason why the scheme should not at least be tried out. The natural feelings of jealousy predominant in the higher command of course are the bars which prevent such a "try out". We, however, feel it incumbent upon ourselves to remark that they have tried out some of their own schemes with some success and with some failure.

No harm in trying anything once.

We have to commend the writer for his splendid perspective, there is nothing puny in his scheme. If it were successful the war, as he says, would be over in four weeks. If unsuccessful—well we've faced difficulties before and we still have some Class C men.

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Luke comedy in 2 parts and
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A Drama of Russie.

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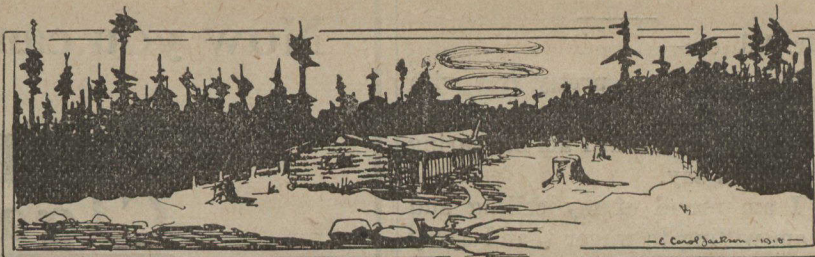
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THE ATHABASKA TRAIL



Men attached to the Engineers Training Depot at St. Johns are drawn from nearly every corner of the North American continent. From them you may hear many a thrilling tale, embracing every zone from the burning deserts of Arizona to the wind swept spaces of the sub-arctics.

The following verses refer to scowing on the mighty Athabaska river, one of the great streams of America. With those who have toiled thro' long weary hours, for days and weeks, in rainy autumn weather, on the straining tracking rope, these lines will doubtless strike a responsive chord.

Drip, drip, and patter, patter, the yellow leaves fall clumsily down,
Drip, drip, and patter, patter, yellow leaves, and gold, and brown;
For the high bush berries are crimson now, and the low bush berries
are done,

Yellow and sodden the wild hay droops, for the days of summer are
~~done~~ gone.

Drearly falls the autumn rain,
The wind is raw and cold,
Wearily wings the grey goose south;
The year is growing old.

Drip, drip, and patter, patter, the yellow leaves fall clumsily down,
And the willows droop by the river, for the days of summer are gone.
Silent and swift steals the river away, with the woodlands tarnished
gold,

For the autumn days are numbered, and the wind is raw and cold.

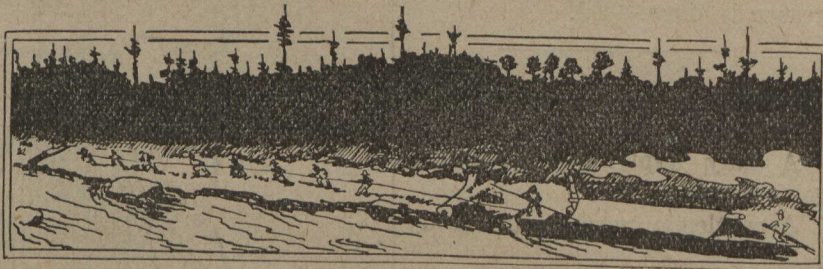
Like silent legions of the North, the endless spruce march by,
Their inky silhouettes clear cut, against the morning sky,
Their heads adorned with golden wreaths, like graceful maidens tall,
The silvery stems of poplar gleam, when shades of evening fall.

The morning air is cold and chill, before the rising of the sun,
Thro swinging curtains of the mist, the men come toiling, one by one.

Drip, drip, and patter, patter, and its chill in the early dawn,
The tracking line grows heavy, while men trudge wearily on,
Wet with the dew at night and morn, but with sweat in the noon-day
sun,

Oh, there's warmth and rest and shelter, when the last days work is
done.

E.



* Cranberries (high bush & bog)

Willing, But—

Officer—Now, can you give any reasons or excuse why you are continually late on parade?

Delinquent—Well, sorr, I can give ye any amount of excuses, but rayson—I'm afraid I can't oblige ye, sorr!

From a speech by the Lord Mayor of Dublin:—

"That would be a crying evil to leave the poor people in the city without milk. It would be a wise thing if the authorities would take the bull by the horns and deal with the matter.

(Try the cow at the udder end.—

"JUST FOR FUN"

Auntie "Mucks" Things Up In Great Style.

Bai-jove, if it isn't a beastly coincidence, we took the show in for the very same reason, despite the fact that we had free paste-board for two movies and a dance (you see it pays to be on the editorial staff) that same evening.

We were, of course, fashionably late, but didn't feel any need for any apology—everyone seemed to be busy anyway. The house was full to overlapping in one or two places; but really, you know, our eyes were mostly on the stage—figuratively speaking of course—for the play was well under way.—Oh! we're quite nautical—and we were busy linking loose ends up, as at the moment of our arrival there was an entry of two of the prettiest girls that ever visited an auntie anywhere, leave alone St. Johns.

We are somewhat new to this reporting game or business, as we usually send the office boy; but we heard that this was to be good, so we hied ourself to the Victoria Hall; and we apologise right here if we unduly flatter, or pay undue attention in these columns to the wrong party.

Mrs. Fitz-Smythe-De Gerald Maundeville was "Auntie" from start to finish, while her niece Edith with her friend Mabel, hatched a plot which auntie accidentally laid, (don't please miss the pun) and carried the ball to the touch line.

Jane!—Yes Jane!—We mustn't miss her. She was there with bells on, or rather whenever the bell rang and often when it didn't. Oh Jane! You sleuth, we really didn't think there was jealousy or spite in you; but we forgive you for innocently trying to put things right.

The male parts, Chelsey and Jack Earl couldn't well have been left out without spoiling the play, so they had to be taken by someone and we don't think the ladies could have made a better choice.

The play was enjoyable from rise to fall of curtain, and auntie's mistake in picking the wrong girl for her niece, was, of course, the cause of the whole trouble. We were really glad she made the error, otherwise we would have had but one act. We had an idea that auntie would "muck" things up sometime or other, in fact we had 10 to 1 on it. We had an aunt that did the same thing.

Yes! you bet we saw devilment whenever Mabel came through the door, we liked her style even if she did unnecessarily draw our at-

tention to the fact that she had a well turned pair of ankles and small feet, in fact we were there some ten or fifteen minutes ahead of her,—but let that pass.

Auntie told us her niece was worth millions, otherwise we wouldn't have believed it. Her quiet submissive manner (true to life) would have disillusioned many a fair suitor (only we knew her before she was so rich).

Our ears caught many expressions of sympathy with Edith when auntie "sat" on her almost before they met; but bless her heart, we liked her from the very start, money or no money. With the dress she had on in the second act, who wouldn't? We were awfully glad she liked Chelsey otherwise the thing would have been pretty tame. However, "we should worry", she had Chelsey's number from the drop of the flag.

Jack took the situation in with a sweep, and we believe, if he pulls that "gag" at Paisley, that he'd get away with it.

Auntie, who, as we've said already, was the cause of all the trouble, was great. All fussed up, looking younger than ever, not a golden thread showing among the grey; and we feel sure that none misjudged her stern stage appearance as being the reflection of the prima donna in real life.

Come again girls! We'll give you all the support we can, but Edith, don't sit on the arm of Mabel's chair.—T. M. L.

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Cough no more
CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP
Does it.

50 cents.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—

You have been pretty free with my name lately and I would like fine to tell you that I am not caring what you say.

I am proud of my calling and I am willing to wager that I carry out my work with as much success as any man amongst you all.

So you want to put me and Teddy Lowman in an old man's home? Oh, well, let me tell you that we can both hold our end up and what's more we don't have to go on sick parades, nor do we creep round the doctor's office for treatment to bolster us up.

Some of you fellows who are talking may take the hint. I can't say all I would like because it is against K. R. & O. to criticise Officers, but if I were allowed I could say a lot about what some of them don't know. I admit I am not good at talking but it don't matter as the amount of B. S. (Breezy Stories—Ed.) round now is awful. It is a pity that the whist drives are stopped, a lot of hot air used to be let loose there and I suppose it must come out somewhere. I know of one officer who would die if he were not getting at somebody. I wish he would tell "Shorty" that he was only good to dig holes in winter, to his face.

There would be a pantomime.

I would just like to say in conclusion that ye may have a go at me, as often as ye like, I am no' mindin' it.

Sgt. Barr.

Really, Sergt. Barr, we thought you had real grounds for complaint.—You have disappointed us. We could have written a letter for you much more to the point, of course, but there, you will be stubborn. Our readers may be disappointed as much as we, let us refer them to another column where the reason is given.—Ed.

Camouflage.

A lady applying near-natural color to her cheeks.

A gentleman wearing an obesity belt.

A young couple suddenly discussing music when someone unexpectedly enters the room.

A false hood and wide fenders on a Ford.

Having yourself paged at a hotel.

Explaining why the food at Thompson's or Childs' agrees with you better than fancy cooking.

Stenographers carrying lunch in music rolls.

Now you can get

Philip Morris Cigarettes

in the Canteen

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

Virginia Ovals, 15c
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Girl:—"Tea, Sir?"
Spr. Ruddy-nose, C.E.:—"Tea!!!! Me!!!!!"

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Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders
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A REPLY TO MILDON'S POEM OF LAST WEEK

Just been reading Mildon's verses
On the parson at the kirk,
And he raises lots of questions
That I would not like to shirk.

He thinks of God as abstract force,
A creature of Man's mind,
But his views upon this question
Lag most woefully behind.

He stands where speculators stood
In this old world's fresh youth,
And is like a chap named Pilate
Who inquired "What is Truth?"

And Mildon says that Heaven and Hell
Are figments just of mind
Which parsons, delving in their books,
Unfortunately find.

Now if this bold philosopher
Tried to sleep here in "The Clink",
Some long night just after payday,
He'd find Hell more FACT than think.

But Mildon seems an earnest chap
And scornful of cheap rot.
He won't deny realities,
He'll value them a lot.

In practice, thoughts of Heaven
Are healthful to the mind,
While what the parson means by Hell
We all would leave behind.

Whence came the mind that thinks of
God
And goodness and the rest,
That dreams of full eternal life
And mansions of the blest?

I do not know unless 'twas made'
For just that very thing,
And somehow I can't but believe
It knows the Truth's real ring.

I cannot separate the mind
From Him Who made it strong
To know the good we all can do
And fight against the wrong.

And I opine this mind of Man
Is rendered stronger far
By keeping in close touch with Him
Who made us what we are.

And ONE came centuries ago
To clear up all these things,
Of Him the parson preaches
And the Choir often sings.

He taught us, God is Father,
His children brothers true,
And if we would keep close to Him
He'd see us safely through.

So all these great big questions
Are answered in His Word,
For He is Man and Brother,—
The Master and the Lord.

The parson talks a lot of Him.
I notice those things too,
As Mildon says, of "gates of pearl",
But lots more stuff that's true.

The parson has his message
On the future, I'm aware,
But he also hands out frank advice
For Barrack Room and Square.

And I notice that the fellows
Who adhere to his advice,
Cut out swearing and obscenity,
Thieving, drunkenness and vice.

If I judge by fruits of teaching
It seems quite clear to me
That this truth of God, the Father,
Is what keeps us clean and free.

The truth of God as Brother
Keeps the feelings kind and warm,
And the truth of God as Spirit,
And within us, keeps from harm.

"Do what you think right" says Mildon.
True, but help your thinking out
By this truth of Him who made you
And brought your mind about.

Don't get cockey when you're baffled
And chuck pearls of truth behind
Just because their very bigness
Cramps your puny little mind.

Life self-centred gets benighted,
Shuns the mysteries of thought,
Glibly spurns the wealth of treasures
Years of mental toil have bought.

Parsons can't know all of knowledge,
But as others worked their way
So the parson strives for wisdom
That will meet life's needs today.

What he gives us of true wisdom
Helps to win life's fairest crown,
And the mind's most potent message,
Mind's Creator handed down.

Live for God and live for others,
Is the truth that sets us free;
And this message of the parson
Is quite good enough for me.
—"ON GUARD".

AMERICANS CAPTURE JERUSALEM.

Our cousins to the south are
starting in early enough to win this
war. This to us seems a bloodless
victory alright, and we wonder just
how much was made on the Con-
tract.

ONLY THE ENGINEER.

"Jerusalem Won by AMERICAN
Pipe Line in the Desert."

Arms, I sing, and the man
Who conquered the Sinai sands!
Greater than Turk defeat
The conquest of desert lands.
One hundred and fifty miles
For centuries held the gate,
And barred the road to Jerusalem
Until the modern crusader came;
Only the Engineer.

The troops that fought at Gaza
Drank water from Egypt brought
Through American pipes;
Who laid the line? Who taught
The railroad to bring supplies
Crossing the desert sands?
The weary world has waited for
him,
The modern crusader, the knight
with vim,
Only the Engineer.

Jerusalem the Golden!
Our Holy City now won,
Thy shrines are safe; the Day
Of thy great Redemption come,
Thy Conqueror enters—say—
Where is the desert chief?
Where is the man the desert obeyed
Crusader who conquered the gate,
—his trade
Only the Engineer.

C. S. B.

New York City.

We read that a man who was
last week charged at P— police
court for posing as a Government
official, has been remanded pend-
ing an enquiry into his state of
mind.

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
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JEWELLER,

108 Richelieu St. ST. JOHNS

Remember that I repair watches.

CLASS 34 WANTS TO KNOW

Why Mr. Lang has purchased a set of bagpipes and is taking lessons in Scotch dialect from Mr. Davidson.

And if the old guitar is now out of date as a serenading instrument?

Why Mr. Bulman prefers "The Spice Box" to Otters Guide and K. R. & O.?

Who it is engages Mr. Ells in conversation a full half hour in the hope of hearing his "Ha"—and having heard, departs happily?

What Mr. Butterfield keeps in his trunk besides clothes?

If there is not some way of making the class senior take P.T.?

If Mr. Davidson has patented his idea of infantry training by black-board?

What is Mr. McCall's candid opinion of the European War?

And if he considers the horse a noble animal.

Why the class so faithfully took Capt. Fellowes' notes on explosives and found them all in "Knots and Lashings" a few days after?

Why Mr. Brewster's week end leave expired on Saturday night, and if he thinks she's sorry now she didn't turn up?

Who was the orderly officer who mistook the parsonage for the hospital?

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Why a certain officer does not wear the smile now that he used to wear last summer, has he been jilted or is it the weather we wonder.

(The querist does not mention any clothing so we guess the solution of the matter is the weather.—Ed.)

Who was the officer who paid nearly two dollars for two rosebuds at a certain hall and presented them to a certain lady. Was he trying to win back the lost smile, one wonders.

(We've heard of smiles that cost a thousand dollars and more, we congratulate this officer, if he met with success.—Ed.)

"What made General Goldbrake so sick?"

"Oh, things in general."

27 EN ROUTE.

On board the train
at McAdam.

Dear Mr. Knight,

Just a note to say how things are going with the boys on the Draft. First of all I want to say that it is the unanimous opinion of the boys that they have never stacked up against better feeding since joining up. For breakfast we had mush, fried pork sausage, fried liver and onions, coffee and bread and butter. The system followed in serving the grub is as follows:—four men are detailed from each car, who take up their position in the diner. They are then given the rations for their section which they bring through to their own coach. Card tables are served out between the sections and taking it all through, the system works out fine, the grub coming on warm and there is no disorder. The writer belongs to Section One who have in their midst such celebrities as Jimmie Rylands, Bunt Burns, Joe Houston (of Melodeon fame) and other Sappers well known to the readers of "Knots and Lashings". We expect to arrive in St. John's about noon and as far as we know, will go aboard the boat right away.

In closing I may say that we are all in the pink, and looking forward to the next leg of our journey.

With kind regards to all the boys in the Depot from the boys on the Draft.

Yours very truly,
L. Cpl. J. Brown Strang.

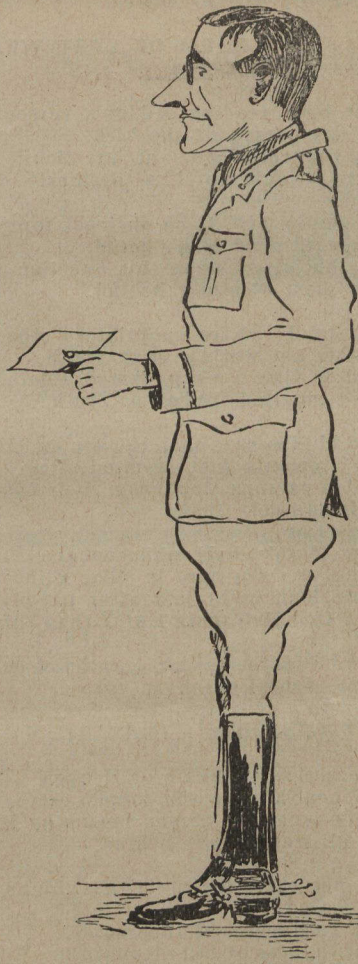
CHURCH PARADE.

Corpl. Mildon and
H. G. Wells in Bad
at St. James' Church

Bandless and with sadly thinned ranks the remnant of the Anglicans braved the blizzard last Sunday, and were rewarded by a forceful sermon which would have done Cpl. Mildon heaps of good had he been with us to listen.

We of "Knots and Lashings" take credit in having produced some of Mildon's early verse,—frankly we thought it was pretty good, at least up to last Sunday, we did.

He has, however, the satisfaction of being replied to—most effectively at that,—from the pulpit. Such is fame! He is now likely to call on Wells when he gets over, introducing himself thus:—"Hullo, Wells, I guess you heard the Rev. Moore put it all over us lately?"



REWARD.

Corporal Gibson will pay a substantial reward for information regarding the person that pulled the "old soldier" trick with his over-shoe last week.

CORPORAL MILDON AND
SAPPER MACDONALD
LEAVE US

"Knots and Lashings" is losing two more members of its staff by the departure of the two above named.

It is with deep regret that we relinquish the services of these two valuable assets to our paper. They have both put their good work into their particular assignments, and the success with which the efforts of our little journal has been crowned is largely due to the excellent work of the staff, of which Corporal P. B. Mildon and Sapper J. A. Macdonald were members.

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FEBRUARY, February 9th.

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SUNDAY AND MONDAY

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AND WE HIED US
TO THE GARDEN
AND ATE WOR-R-RMS

Once upon a time there dwelt among us a great man.

He wrote diligently night and day of the hopes and fears, of the daily walk and conversation of the sappers.

The editor of the town paper pounced eagerly on the crumbs that fell from his table.

He was wont to call thrice per week at the Depot canteen in the hope that he would forestall a special representative of Northcliffe here, or a deputation of McClurists there.

That he was sometimes successful was apparent by the huge increase in circulation the local paper enjoyed every time the Colossus bestrode himself.

He waxed fat on editorial praise and pence:

But, seeking fresh fields he be-thought himself of commencing a paper of his own and got him two sturdy lieutenants to resolve the passing fancy born of an evening at the National, into the reality of "Knots and Lashings".

Wherefore having rallied his benchmen he noised it abroad that "their paper" was on the way, and that his further efforts would be directed to the publication he had founded. Whereat the local editor renewed his note at the bank with difficulty.

Now comes it to be said that no more do we hear his voice in the land.

His associates plot and scheme by praise and scurrility to have him but ope his lips but all in vain.

Teddy, he whose facile pen was the envy of all, records nothing but canteen profits.

How, oh Lord, are the mighty fallen Lowman, the poetic pride of the Depot.

Brer Rabbit, who laid low and said nuffin was affability itself compared to he who barely earns the title of sales manager.

Perhaps having given birth to the great idea of a depot paper was a most wonderful inspiration, but ah me, to think what that idea has cost to the world of literature.

We beseeched him tearfully but yesterday, asking for a portion of that blessing he had once bestowed on the local editor.

"Me," he said, "Me, as made the bloody piper, write to it—say wot are you givin' us, 'avn't I done annuf?"

And we departed sorrowful, for he was a rich man.

TO THE ROOKIE.

Behold the rookie as he stands to-day

Just in from the fields of new mown hay,

Or the acres of waving corn.

There is not one thing that he really knows

As he 'gawkes' around till the mess call blows.

He calls it the dinner horn.

It seems he'll never learn to keep step.

In spite of the drill sergeant's cry of "hep".

As he drills the whole day long

He tries to carry his gun like a hoe, He marches either too fast or too slow.

Poor chap, everything seems to go wrong.

And now his boots he forgets to shine,

Some of his buttons are off for the time.

He is called on to mount guard.

The manual of arms is an awful stunt.

He simply can't keep his eyes to the front.

Oh, the ways of the service are hard.

Though most of his actions produce a laugh,

I'm sure the rookie will stand the gaff

Till he gets as wise as the rest.

Then he'll turn out for inspection trim and neat,

All brushed and polished from head to feet

And looking his very best.

No doubt when the rookie gets his chance

To prove his mettle "somewhere in France"

For the sake of the things that he loves

When the fight is raging and death all about

He will face the danger with a heart that is stout,

Stand, with the brave, tried and true.

May the great God of Battle protect him from harm

And send him, once more, safe home to the farm.

Where mother and sweetheart await with their love.

But should he be numbered among the dead

May flowers, everlasting, grow o'er his head

And his spirit be taken, Above.

Spr. Kenneth J. WHEELER,
Montreal General Hospital.

NOT IN THOSE TROUSERS!

What a fright that N.C.O. must have had when he arrived in barracks the other night and discovered (as he thought) seventeen new sergeants major in his room. Is this the reason the Forestry Draft have been relieved of their handsome headpieces?

Too bad it had to come, though, as one young lady was heard to remark as they left the station:—"My, aren't they cute, just like the Engineer officers, I wonder if they have come to join the new officers training class."

A VOICE CRYING
IN THE WILDERNESS

Would they please tell us why the toboggan slide we had last winter and enjoyed so much wasn't fixed up this winter. We can't all skate.

When our preacher friend is coming again? (Which one?—Ed.)

When Base Coy is going to thank Spr. R. M. Brodrick for the Board of knots he presented to them.

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MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

AGENT FOR

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

W. R. SIMPSON, Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

A chicken hearted man is sure to be Henpecked—witness our friend King 'Tino.

We notice the Food Controller is at it again, this time his advice is to "Husband Your Feed". Which being freely interpreted by some people, conveys advice to the ladies that the best way to "Husband Your Feed" is "Don't Feed Your Husband."

A lady student of the Chicago University is causing quite a sensation by going out every morning through the snow and over the ice clad only in a bathing suit, for the purpose of taking a plunge. If she is seeking notoriety we can recommend the Richelieu River—opposite the Barracks they have been cutting ice—and the Engineers will undertake to supply the crowd, which is said to brave all kinds of weather in order to witness her performance.

O! it's nice to get up in the morning,
And journey through the snow,
And walk along in a bathing suit
With the mercury 10 below,
And when you come to a hole in the ice
You dive in and wet your head.
O! it's nice to gather a crowd around
When they ought to be home in bed.

It may be of interest to those who are left in the Depot (now the 27th draft has left) to know of the existence of a lending library up at the Baldwyn hall. There will be found books to suit all tastes. If you wish to travel in Africa with Allen Quartermain, you can soon be carried there by Rider Haggards works. Or take a trip on any, or all, of the Seven Seas conducted by Clark Russell.

Fiction is represented by Sir Gilbert Parker, Phillips Oppenheim, Mrs. Henry Woods, and a host of the best and ablest writers. Sir Walter Scott will take you to the Holy Land with the Crusaders, by means of the "Talisman", and to those who have not made the trip we would recommend them to do so now. Thomas Hardy is here to present to you those wonderful and charming stories of English country life. Jack London offers you infinite variety from Hobo stories to studies in Natural History. G. K. Chesterton, and W. W. Jacobs, will do their best to lift you out of despondency and give you a good laugh. That most wonderful of all word painters Maurice Maeterlinck is represented by "Wisdom and Destiny".

Poets rub shoulders with Politicians and Presidents for we have Wordsworth, and Theodore Rosveldt, we have Milton Kipling Shakespere and Woodrow Wilson. Indeed, the selection of books is one that will meet the tastes of the most fastidious—try and get your favourite author, and the chances are that you will not be disappointed. The Library is here for your convenience. Keep the Book clean, and take it back as soon as you are through with it and get another.

We read in a recent issue of the newspapers that our Brothers in Arms in Uncle Sam's Army at Camp Custer, are having a hard time and a cold time, through inability to get coal for heating. We extend our sympathy and would recommend them to cultivate the acquaintance of some of the "Hot air merchants". Some samples of which can be found in our own camp. Two or three in a room are guaranteed to provide a warm time for the rest of the occupants.

This shortage of fuel is getting to be a burning question.

One morning recently a couple of our Forestry friends (recently in from the Wild and Woolly West) were standing before the notice board reading the orders about Church Parade. Said one wise man to his friend, "I'm glad they go to church down here, do you know I like going to church." "What do you know about church?" said the other. "I betcher quarter you can't repeat



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LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

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

the Lord's Prayer." "Right o" was the response, "Here goes:—

And now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

His friend drawing the quarter from his pocket presented it to him. "Well you know it all right all right. I didn't think you did."

Up to date we have not heard if the conscience of the recipient worried him at all when he heard the real thing in Church. We would like to know if he put the complete coin in the collection plate or if he returned it to its original owner.

Answer to last weeks simple addition problem:—50 1/2 plus 49 38/76.
—PAT.

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