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CHRISTMAS 1917

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What to Expect at the Front

**Maximum of Military Activity Is
 Seen Twenty Miles Behind
 Fighting Lines—From the
 Trenches the Battle-
 field Looks Like**

**A Deserted
 Section.**

What is the front like? Every one that comes to France, whether soldier or civilian, has a certain pardonable curiosity as to the "Front" and a vigorous desire to see it. It may interest the men who are going there to fight, to learn beforehand what the front looks like to a civilian. When I speak of the front, I mean a quiet section where it is safe for visitors to come. Only soldiers have any right to pretend to tell about the active front. In this whole war newspaper writers have been only commonplace tourists. The front of today is not a line of trenches, or two lines, or three or four. It is not just one series of continuous ditches or parapets. The front that stretches from the Swiss border to the North Sea is rather the edge of a fortress grinding against the edge of another. There is always firing going on at every part of the front, especially at night; men are stationed at every corner, watching the other side. The vigilance never ceases, night or day. There are always patrol parties crawling out into the No Man's Land, where death is always lurking behind every bush, behind every rock or mound. No part of the ground is safe. Nerves are tense everywhere.

In the same sense it may be said that France is a huge fortress or arsenal. Not that there are not quiet spots, where there are no signs of war, but that everyone is working for the war. All activities that amount to anything are strained toward making the edge of the fortress as strong as possible, making its teeth sharper so they may grind into the fortress opposite.

When traveling from the interior of the fortress toward the edge, it is only the last forty or fifty miles that begin to show military signs, soldiers' camps, troops moving, long lines of motor trucks, some horse vans, ambulances, artillery trains, steam rollers mending roads, prisoners breaking stone, repair shops, soldiers in billets, etc. One might say that the visible military activity reaches its maximum in the area ten to twenty miles behind the front. There one sees more men than at the front itself,

where practically everything is hidden. In fact, looking out from the first line observation posts over the German trenches and the territory behind, I have never seen a living thing, never seen anything move, though I have frequently heard the German machine guns rattle and have heard the bullets whine a few feet above my head.

The country looks like a deserted piece of ground. The casual observer would say that the No Man's Land extended indefinitely. The German shells seem to come from a mysterious source. There is no smoke until they explode. There is only the sound of the "depart" somewhere in the distance, the scream overhead, and then the roar of the explosion. It is only the trained observers, knowing every stone, every bush, every tree, every mud bank, that see anything going on. The untrained newcomer sees nothing. He stares stupidly through the peek-holes and with Mayor Gaynor exclaims, "So this is the Front."

Never having seen an attack, except at some distance, with the generals, I cannot describe it, only a fighting man has the right to try, but I can imagine the inferno of exploding shells, the terrible "feu de barrage" or curtain fire, the smoke bombs, the gun shells, the confusion, the tense atmosphere, like that just before starting a race, and then the infantry rising out of the ground like gophers from the prairie.

But these are things that no visitor sees. He gets the battle reports second or third hand. What he does see near the front, is, first of all, destroyed houses, ruined villages and towns. Then a mile or two behind the front, at a point sheltered by some ridge or forest, he enters the trench system by going down the mouth of a communication trench, or "boyau" (literally "bowel"). This trench, or winding ditch, which gets deeper and deeper, leads to the system of regular trenches, but no man can tell where the "boyau" ends and where the "trench" begins. It is all part of the same underground system of defenses.

The trenches run in all possible directions, according to the lay of the land. Sometimes they are covered, sometimes they are open. They are so complicated that a stranger would be sure to be lost should he try to find his way alone. Even for the occupants there are signs at the junctions, indicating the directions. Nothing being

(Continued on Page 3 of Cover)



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

Vol. 1. No. 7.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1917

Cents The Copy

On Monday Comes OUR Opportunity to Aid OUR COMRADES in The Trenches

**There is One—and ONLY One—
Election Issue to be Considered
—SHALL WE SEND RE-
INFORCEMENTS TO THE
FRONT? If we shall aid
our Comrades, Vote
UNION. If we shall
DESERT our Com-
rades, Vote An-
other Way.**

The Soldiers' vote will play an important part in the approaching election. It is fitting that this should be so, since upon the issue of this election will depend so much that is not only of interest but of the most vital importance to the soldier. It is a wartime election, and the vote has been extended to the soldier because the question of providing adequate reinforcements bears directly upon the welfare of the soldier.

The coming election is unique in two respects. It is being fought upon one issue, AND ONE ONLY, —that of compulsory service by the selective draft system.

“Hold On” or—

There are no other issues, because no other issue is big enough to intrude itself, or be forced upon the consideration of men who are called upon to determine whether Canada is to hold her share of the line or drop out.

That is one of the unusual features of the campaign now in progress. The other is to be found in the disappearance (for the time

being, and in the face of this great issue) of the old political parties in Canada.

With the exception of a small section of the opposition party, which still maintains its position as an opponent of compulsory service, the two great political elements, so long divided in Canada, have coalesced for the carrying on of the war.

Opposition Wants Delay

It is pointed out by the Union Government that the suspension of the Military Service Act, pending a reference of the whole matter to the people, as proposed by the opposition, would involve a year's delay, during which time the Canadian Divisions, with their glorious record, would be unable to maintain their strength as a fighting force.

Prior to the reorganization of the Government on Union lines, the scale of pensions allowed to Canadian soldiers and their dependants was substantially increased, although the old scale was, as compared with pension rates in force elsewhere, a generous one.

“Union” Increased Allowance

Public sentiment in Canada favors the best treatment that can be given to the soldier, financially or otherwise, and the same spirit has found expression in the act of the government with regard to pensions. Within the past few days

the present Union Government has gone even further in announcing a liberal increase in the separation allowance paid to the dependants of soldiers on active service.

The fact that the new Government is representative of both of the old political parties, makes the

recognition of claims, in connection with separation allowances, a much easier matter than if the change was introduced by one political party and subjected to criticism from the other.

The soldiers' interest in the
(Continued on Page Twelve)



YOU YOURSELF will SOON be standing in his place: when that time comes you will be praying God that your “relief” may not be too late in coming up. NOW is your LAST—your ONLY—chance for ensuring that YOUR relief will be there.

FOUR OFFICERS "GO ROYAL"

The following officers have been selected by the Royal Engineers for transfer at an early date:—

Lt. R. M. Corning, C.E.,
Lt. K. A. Farrell, C.E.,
Lt. R. Hamilton, C.E.,
Lt. C. G. Steers, C.E.

WE WANT TO KNOW

How the typhoid germs enjoyed their fire bath on Thursday morning.

Where we are to get our straw hats next summer.

On behalf of the ladies of St. Johns, when Major Milne is going to put on that Blue Cross concert he boasted of.

Just how a man would feel when he met the boys at the front if he had voted against adequate reinforcements, and what kind of an excuse he could possibly make.

How you would feel if, after having "gone over", word came from Canada that you had to play a lone hand—that Canada had done enough.

If there is any truth in the rumor that a communicating trench is to be constructed through "no-man's-land", between the barracks and town. Or is it to be a snowshed.

Who was the driver who, under the impression that it would promote the growth of hair, permitted another to massage his scalp with Red Polish.

Why, in view of his repeated submission to similar acts, he does not change his name to "Simple Sam".

Whether the band will be present at the opening of our rink.

Whether coffee will be served

With
Compliments of
Lymburner,
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360 St. Paul St. East,
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HERE'S HEALTH TO YOU, COLONEL!

(Lieut.-Col. W. W. Melville, C.E.)

"Knots and Lashings", our weekly journal,
Proclaims best wishes to our Colonel:—
"May long life, happiness, health, his portion be"—
Is the wish this Christmas at the E. T. D.

THIS CHRISTMAS

No Christmas in the Western World since first Columbus came
Was ever quite like this one. A hot and purging flame
Has knit our hearts and purified: as long as it endures
The War is Mine and Thine and His and Hers and Ours—and
Yours!

We all have tasks from which there is no true exemption claim;
For old or young or rich or poor, the duty is the same:
From Allied hearts seize double strength! And all along the line,
This War is Yours and Ours and Hers and His and Thine—and
Mine!

and ladies invited the first night.

What date has been set for the opening.

When will work on said rink be started, if we are going to have a rink.

What happened at an out-of-town organ recital given by members of E.T.D. Was it a success, and why has a report not been turned into "Knots and Lashings".

What we should do with the man who waits for the other fellow to finish his copy of "Knots and Lashings" and then borrows it.

One single good thing that could come to ourselves, our country, or the boys overseas, by a change in government at the present time.

Capt. W. A. Bishop, 19 year old aviator of Owen Sound, Ont., hero of 58 fights, is the only man living who has the V.C., D.S.O., and M.C.

THE FIGHTING ENGINEERS

We dug up husky mountains by the roots;

We spanned the rushing torrent with a bridge;

We laid the rails to guide the steam-charged brutes

That fed the men and guns at Cambrai Ridge.

We built a road through slush and soupy mud,

While dodging shells the German "minnies" sent;

We did the Job and saw that it was good—

And then we heard another call—and went.

The pick and shovel dropped from every hand;

We didn't even notice where they fell;

We crawled or climbed or ran in No Man's Land

To bring back tortured souls from worse than Hell.

And then the Germans came—we had to fight;

With something near to joy we grabbed the guns;

For this we'd waited many a day and night

To send our deadly greeting to the Huns.

With British Tommies we stood face to face

With Death—and counted it the Chance

Of all—to be with them in that red place,

To live and fight and maybe die for France.

So shot for shot and ball for ball we gave,

From trench and shell-hole till the fight was won;

Then we came back, each from his living grave—

Save those whose living fighting days were done.

So when the story of the war is told,

Let one small chapter tell our little tale.

Say that we helped the thin first line to hold—

That when the Big Test came we did not fail.

But do not call us "heroes"—do not give

For those who died "out there" your futile tears,

But, smiling proudly, let their names still live

Upon the Roll—the Fighting Engineers!

—H. Varley.

Engraved Christmas Cards, containing your choice of 20 local views of Depot, Drill, Trenches, Route March, etc., etc. You are in some of the views. Only 15c each. Apply at Room 92, over Recreation Room. (Be quick: number is limited.)

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"A" Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

There was a meeting of the Sports Committee on Monday evening when the following sub-committees were appointed:—

Hockey:—

- Lt. Armstrong
- R.Q.M.S. Beauchamp
- Lc. Gibson
- Lc. Gifford
- Spr. Yearsley

Basketball:—

- C.S.M. Estey
- Spr. Boyce
- Lc. Duff
- Lc. Walker
- C.S.M.I. Carson

Volley Ball:—

- Lt. Bourget
- Lc. Caffal
- Lc. Mildon
- Spr. Walker
- Spr. Boorman

Boxing and Wrestling:—

- Capt. Powell
- Lt. Emery
- C.S.M. Escott
- Spr. Fletcher
- Spr. Walker

Indoor Baseball:—

- Sgt. Davidson
- Spr. Miller
- Spr. Cunningham
- Lt. Bourget
- Lt. Steers

Badminton:—

- Capt. Powell
- C.S.M. Escott
- Spr. Boorman
- Spr. White
- Spr. Murdoch

The sub-committees are instructed to prepare a list of sports' apparatus they require and prepare the schedule of games to be played:—this to be handed in, in the form of a report, on Friday the 14th inst.

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who went to town the other night and returned with someone else's coat and was going to turn the barracks inside out to find his own.

The Junior Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist Church, will serve tea and sandwiches in Victoria Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 15th, from 4 to 7—for the small sum of 15 cents.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

There's a harder game than fighting; there's a deeper wound by far
Than the bayonet or the bullet ever tore.
And a patient little woman wears upon her heart a scar,
Which the lonesome years will keep for evermore.
There are bands and bugles crying, and the horses madly ride;
And in passion are the trenches lost and won.
But She battles in the silence, with no comrade at her side,
Does the girl behind the man behind the gun.

You have cheered the line of khaki swinging grandly down the street;
But you quite forget to cheer another line.
They are plodding sadly homeward, with no music for their feet,
To a far more lonely river than the Rhine.
Ah! the battle field is wider than the cannon's sullen roar;
And the women weep o'er battles lost or won.
For the man a cross of honor; but the crepe upon the door
For the girl behind the man behind the gun.

When the heroes are returning and the world with flags is red;
When they show the tattered trophies of the war;
When your cheers are for the living and your tears are for the dead,
Which the foeman in the battle trampled o'er;
When you fling your reddest roses at the horseman in array,
With their helmets flaming proudly in the sun,
I would bid you wear the favor of an apple blossom spray,
For the girl behind the man behind the gun.

MAJOR MILNE SEZ, SEZ HE—
(Soliloquized at Whist Drive)

"I haven't a thing to say.
"After going to all the work of arranging the program, making the sandwiches, marking the cards and so forth, I naturally thought I was going to be chairman tonight and had a nice little speech all written out, but just before we started, Major Moore came up and asked me to let him be chairman: so to keep him from getting mad I handed over my speech to him.
"That was it you heard a little while ago.
"Now I know you all want to hear about the draft that's going to leave on Tuesday, I don't know which Tuesday but if it doesn't leave on Tuesday it may leave some other day, of course.
"I don't expect we're needed now that Haig has made his big advance, and the camp behind the stables won't be so wet next year.
"And now about that bunch of

snow-shovels the Quarter-Master ordered the other day.
"I see that is not a popular subject but some of the young ladies say the sappers don't call often enough.
"Of course the sappers know they are going away soon, so they may be getting careless.
"Now if the young ladies want the drivers—
"I see it is getting near closing time and I have only about fifteen minutes more to talk. Of course you all know we are going to have a rink—(if it ever gets cold enough) and the ladies will have another excuse to come down to the barracks: that is, if the draft doesn't leave before next October—
"—and anyway—
(The other four columns are held over till another issue owing to lack of space.—Ed.)

Page 5 belongs to "D" Company next week. Have all contributions in by MONDAY NOON.

GYPS.

Is it less expensive to spend the weekend in local circles at St. Johns, or in Montreal? Possibly Sergt. Davidson can let us know.

Who was it that gave the order "Knees up" on the Church parade last Sunday? Staff Sergt. Barr is some P.T. instructor, what? Too bad he didn't have Sergts. Lowman and McIntyre on parade, too!

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A PEOPLE'S PRAYER

Our Father, we lift our hearts to Thee in prayer for those who are dear to us, who are far away from us, serving the cause of Freedom in the camps, at home or on a distant shore. Our sons, our brothers and sisters, our comrades, in the camps, in the trenches, in the ambulances and the hospitals, are offering their lives for Liberty and Humanity.

They are far from us, our Father, but they are not far from thee; let them know how near to them thou art, and let the sense of thy presence overshadow them by day and by night.

Keep them, O merciful Father, keep them from all harm; keep their minds from fear and their lives from sin; in the hour of danger keep them brave and true, and in the hour of suffering keep them calm.

In thine own good time, thru thine own dear love, bring them home again to us who love them; and in all these days of peril and of pain may the peace of God which passeth all understanding, guard their hearts and their thoughts in Christ Jesus, Amen.

HOSPITAL CHATTER.

O, ye barrack room pessimists!—ye who rave about the injustice that your gallant sergeants deal out to you in making you form fours!—ye who grind your teeth and groan every morning at your bacon and whistleberries!—ye who swear that by thy halidom ye will not look a hog in the face!—(thou shalt be so ashamed thou swearest, or allowest a whistleberry to intrude upon the privacy of thy breakfast table, if ever thou makest civilian life again)—come ye to the Fountain of Optimism, where lie the gallant knights of influenza, broken bones, skin ailments, etc;—where reignest the exalted M.O. dealing out the "magic" liquid and pills which maketh both the sick and the lazy active!

(Yea, tis true; so active that even those who desire to rest must respond to the call of the potent charm!)

Wonderful, oh, wonderful, are thy works, great highness!—deep is thy knowledge,—great is thy judgment! Thou canst even read the minds of men. (They testify who wish to dodge a drill period!)

Wise also are thy gallant courtiers: humbly do we implore of thee to inject the "make others happy" medicine that we find in this abode, thy mansion, into thy sanetum, known to us all as the M.O.'s room.

We humbly entreat thee to allow thy slaves, Sgt. Cook and Corpl. Cummings, to partake of the dish of "smile and make others happy"; for sadly do they need it.

Ofttimes do we give thanks to the gods for endowing thee with such excellent judgment, for do not

CHRISTMAS

Christmas! Can it be
Christmas tide again!
Oh so short the year just past,
Yet so filled with grief and pain.

Through long centuries gone,
Christmas was the day
Sanctified by all who knelt,
At the feet of Christ, to pray.

There, with hearts outpoured,
Nations were as one;
Britain, Russia, Germany
Joined in worship of the Son.

Wheels of Time have turned;
Nations drenched in blood,
Man on earth, in conflict locked,
Strives to stem the savage flood.

Brothers have we all,
In War's cruel jaws;
Thousands offering up their lives,
Vindicating Freedom's cause.

Let all those, who can,
Buckle on their swords;
Rid the world forevermore
Of the savage Hunnish hordes!

Not till then may we,
Sons of Truth and Right,
Lay aside our arms, and be
Free from lustful German might.

When our sons return,
Gladly welcomed home,
Then! and only then, proclaim,
Christ return-ed to his Own!

Ring, ye joyful bells!
Peal your chimes again!
Sound to all the world once more,
"Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."
—BRASFORT.

we, who lay on our beds of sickness, ofttimes getting discouraged, missing the love of mother, of wife, aye, of our dear children whom we have left many miles away—think of these things.

How our hearts do lighten and our gloomy thoughts vanish, when, like a ray of sunshine, thy devoted nurses shed abroad their angelic smiles about our sickroom. How we admire them for their never-failing patience, for their ceaseless efforts to help us forget our own sickness: truly we agree with the poet when he wrote

"O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn
Go back to God from whence you came—
The kingliest warrior born."

Who was the sick man who, when eating his breakfast porridge, swallowed the spoon and then complained about not being able to stir?

We wish to welcome to our midst Sister Morrison. Her presence here means another ray of sunshine in the Ward. How pleasant her cheery morning greeting of "Hello". It is the best tonic we get. Long may she be with us.

When is Sgt. Duval going to invest in a pair of rubber heels and would he tell us the secret of his smile? It is the proverbial smile that won't come off. Never mind, Sergeant, you can't have both hair and brains.

When is Martin going to get another C. B.?

Gather round, ye students of phrenology, and read the dome of the only human enigma,—Corpl. Patterson, the prepossessing representative of the office staff. Learn how a man may lead a perfect life and still remain a Red Cross "hunky".

When is Sgt. Fletcher going to grow a mustache? Try dubbin, old boy.

Private Lee ought to make an efficient waiter, judging by the manner in which he juggles around the enamel ware. O you night duty! Yes, a man has to put up with a lot. Truly the lot of a Red Cross man is anything but sweet.
CORP. JONES.

THE FIREMAN SAYS—

"Think of a number," said a B. Coy. Sapper to his friend: "Now, double it: add 20: subtract half of it from itself: take away the number you first thought of:—and you have 10 left!"

"No," said the friend; "I have no such thing, blimey if I have!"

"Well, what number did you think of?"—inquired the Sapper, testily.

"The Christmas Number of "Knots and Lashings", darn ye!"—said the friend: "and I jolly well haven't got 10 left because I bloody well sent 10 copies home to me folks!"

For Refreshments, Candy and Fruits, do not forget

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THE SOLDIERS HOME

A GAVARIS, Prop.

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ICE CREAM,
SOFT DRINKS and
HOT DRINKS

Pianola playing all the time.

Cheerful Fire: Home Comforts.



"B" Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

THE CREED OF CANADA

I BELIEVE in Canada.
 I BELIEVE that Canada is the best part of the British Empire.
 I BELIEVE THAT Canada is safe today, because of the British Navy;
 THAT Canada enjoys all the privileges of British Citizenship; and
 THAT she must fulfil its duties;
 THAT the Empire's wars are Canada's Wars;
 THAT this war is for Righteousness; and Canada must take a part in it;
 THAT if Canada fails, she will meet the punishment due to the slacker;
 THAT Canada has made a splendid start, and MUST keep it up;
 THAT Canada cannot afford to be a Coward or a Quitter;
 THAT the UNION Government will lead Canada to Victory, physical and moral;
 THAT Canada has only one question now—"How to Win the War."

"THREE WEEKS IN THE LINE"

(Excerpts from the letter of an officer at the front).

"You cannot imagine the life we have had for the last three weeks in the line; we were only one day in the front line, but the rest of the time was Hell.

"First we were in huts and got bombed nearly every night; they got thirty men with one bomb one night. I and another chap were barely twenty yards away, but we got down into an old bomb-hole just in time.

"Then we moved up to the site of an old farm; right in the big gun area, about six miles behind the lines. We stayed there a few days and every night all the men and the junior officers went out to act as carrying parties to the front line. They got a lot of shelling, high explosives and gas, but remarkably few casualties. There were some 9.2's just behind the camp and every time three of them fired it would blow out the candle in my shelter; it rather

spoilt reading in the evening!

"We then moved up closer still, to an old German trench. My Company headquarters was an old concrete machine gun emplacement; it had duckboards on the floor and a duckboard to sleep on:—when I lay down I could hear the water going glup-glup-glup under my head, and the stench was awful, I think there was a very dead Bosche underneath somewhere!

"That night we moved up into the line, a long straggling line of loaded men on an apparently endless winding duckboard track.

"We took over at dusk, and it was SOME place—a farm on the point of a little spur, the ground sloping away in front and on each side, and the Bosche line on another rise opposite.

"There was no trench; just a collection of shell holes, some joined together, others fairly isolated, but all chosen for their position, and all supporting one another; some on the top of the spur, others at the bottom, and others scattered about the sides.

"The night was very cold and I spent it improving my own shell hole. I had one to myself, half covered; two yards away lived my C.S.M. in another, and five yards on the other side lived several runners. I worked on my h'q'r's all night to keep warm;; it was very nice and quiet until about 5 a.m. (just before light when both sides suddenly opened fire).

"Fritz fairly plastered the front line with 'whizz bangs', but did extraordinarily little damage.

"I could see nothing from my hole so I had to go out in front as I was afraid the Bosche might come over. After about an hour I got hit. I thought it was only a bruise and after I had fainted and come round, I "carried on", thinking it was alright. After a time it got worse so I went down to my home and told the S.M. to take my place.

"When I got in I felt quite bad and sat there for about an hour, during which the Bosche knocked parts of the roof in on me twice.

I may say, in my absence he had hit a shell-hole full of water nearby, and my hole had three inches of water in the bottom and all my breakfast and papers were washed into the sump hole in the corner.

"During the morning an officer arrived from another Battalion in the Brigade; he walked straight up to my hole, in the open, and sat down on the edge. I told him politely to get out of sight—and then spotted eight men some 25 yards behind him, also standing up! (You must understand that the position of the occupied shell holes is kept secret from the Bosche and as little movement as possible allowed by day.)

"Then he told me that there were thirty of them altogether and that they would doubtless arrive in the course of the morning! I am afraid I got rather profane and told him they were not going to arrive until dark while I was in command, and I sent a sergeant up the trench to see that they didn't! Some men are indeed fools!

"On the way back to hospital the roads were shelled continuously but we got through alright."

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AT ST. JAMES CHURCH.

On Sunday, the 23rd, Christmas Services will be held in St. James Church at 8, and at 11. Both services will be strictly Christmassy in character, tho quietly toned because of the Great War and its consequent hardships and suffering. There will be special music, and Major Rev. Moore will preach an inspired Christmas sermon.

On Christmas Eve (Monday night) there will be an Old English Carol Service beginning at 7.30, Sapper Dixon at the organ. Every soldier is cordially invited to come and hear the augmented choir sing the good old carols so dear to the hearts of all. Come—and for an hour or two be transported back to the well-remembered Christmas Eves at Home.

TRENCH SPIRITS.

"When's the bloomin' war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad. "Dunno," replied one of the south shires. "We've planted some daffydils in front of our trench." "Bloomin' optimist!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted acorns."

Thuotoscope

has burned down:—but Monsieur Thuot is too good a sport not to rebuild. We understand that by next week he will have secured a temporary "Palace of Silent Art", and will be screening good features as usual.

"Knots and Lashings" extends sympathy for the \$40,000 loss suffered by M. Thuot, and hopes he will have best success in raising capital to start anew.

Smoke

Hudson Bay Co.'s

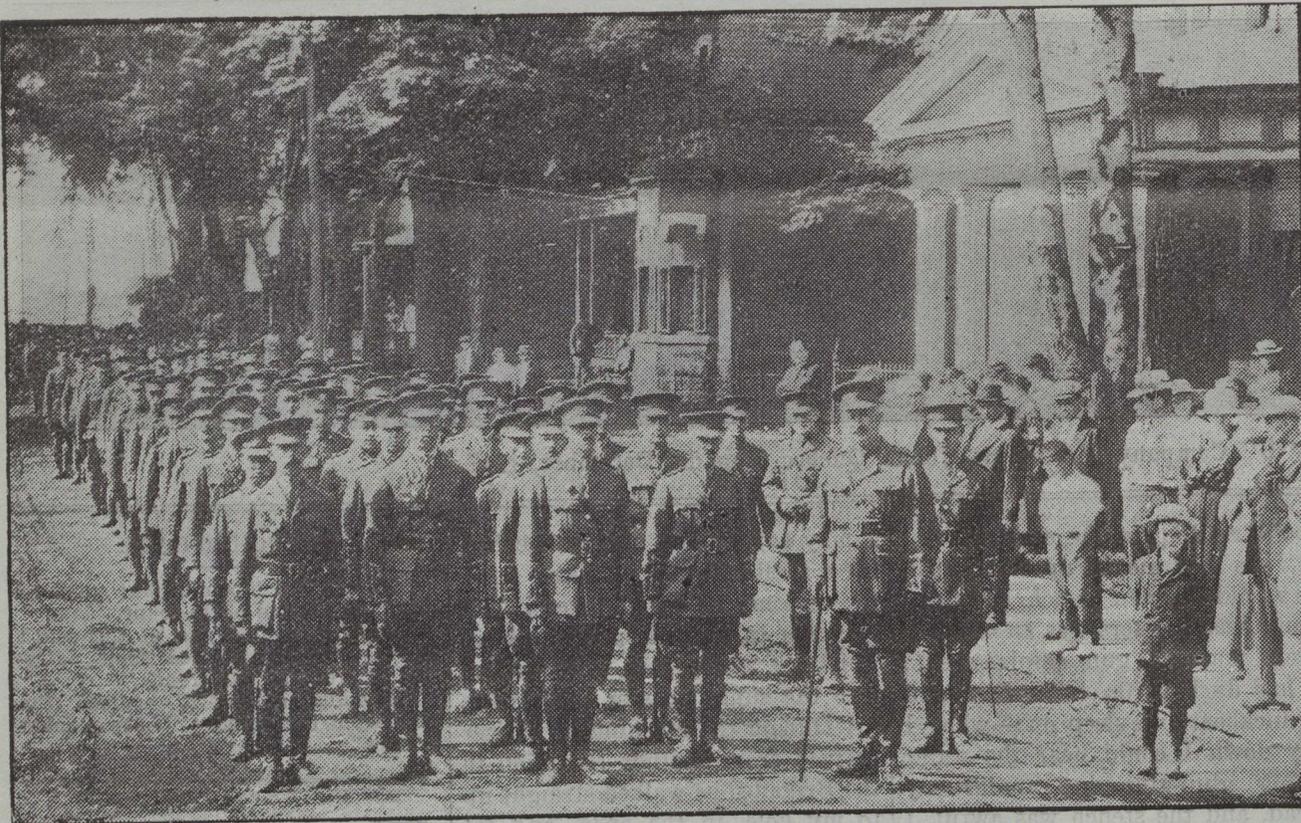
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CANADA'S FOREMOST TOBACCO.

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 St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.



Church Parade, August, 1917.

**NEW SHOES, NEW SHIPS,
NEW WAX.**

Not being gifted with the true literary instinct, I had never remotely conceived the idea of sponsoring anything which might be considered worthy of a place in the columns of a journal of such a high literary standard as "Knots and Lashings"—that is, until the appearance of the last two issues, wherein, under the heading of "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax", were published some samples of poetic atrocities, with appropriate criticism thereon.

This fired my ambition, for surely here at last was an opportunity to break into print as a versifier. I felt peculiarly qualified, as my Muse carries a gold stripe and limps badly, and my lines scan on a dot-and-carry-one system. For admission to the Chamber of Horrors, therefore, I beg to submit the following:—

" 'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west,
And on the pine tree's lofty tip
The turtle seeks her downy nest.
While eke a sad and pensive cow
Hops twittering from bough to
bough."

In case the above is not sufficiently atrocious for admission to this column, I have evolved a second, which I am confident must be considered such a splendid example of poetic frightfulness as to be included:—

"Oh! would my soul could bleat like
battered pease,
Outsailing shoestrings on the milky
seas,
Fired by the omelets of Arcadian
love,

Alpaca greatcoats wave their wings
above.
While on the rocks of adamantine
fate,
The moaning monkey mourns her
mangled mate."

Should these two samples be out-classed this week by other contributors who seek to visit Shakespeare's "well of English undefiled" and to throw things into it, I feel confident of their appearance in the next number, as the chance of anything worse being submitted for two consecutive weeks is so highly improbable as to be rated a practical impossibility. If, however, they penetrate no further than the editorial waste-basket, I can console myself with the thought that

"Seven cities contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer
begged his bread."

To the Halifax Draft.

We've lived and worked and played
with you,
In friendship close and true,
And now you're off for Halifax—
Good-bye—good luck to you!

You're facing hardship for a Cause,
You're facing danger, too,
But would that we might share your
lot—
Good-bye—good luck to you!

We cannot tell you what we feel,
Our parting words are few,
One hearty hand-clasp tells the tale—
Good-bye—good luck to you!

Too, too Rough.

Judging from the gathering in the riding-school on the occasion of the call for the Halifax draft, a census of the men in the Depot would show the following proportions of the various trades represented:

Carpenters 50
Rough carpenters . . 1000
Other trades 0

Sapper Croco (on guard, handing over his orders): "I will turn out the guard to all officers in general." (As if the guard didn't have troubles enough already.)

We should greatly dislike to think that we are becoming pro-German, but after reading the poetic effusions published under "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax" in the last two issues, we are inclined to believe that the Hun policy of frightfulness has some good points after all!

Sec. 1 of "C" Coy is hereby informed that there is no truth in the statement that the extra baggage car which was attached to the Montreal train last Saturday night was put on solely for the purpose of carrying Parsonson's overshoes.

Billy Bell's Belly

Billy Bell was one of the fortunate members of Sec. 1 of "C" Coy. who was chosen for the Halifax draft. Billy packed and tried on his overseas kit preparatory to departing, and found that it fitted very well, except that the belt was very much too loose. Having an important business engagement in town which would not admit of delay, he stated that he would leave the belt as it was and fix it when he came back, as he was in quite a hurry. When he returned an hour later, smiling blandly and wiping his mouth with the back of

his hand, it took the combined efforts of four strong men to buckle that same belt around Billy's waist. We can offer no explanation of the phenomenon—we merely state it as a fact.

"From the Tomb They Came".

We have in the past heard many stories of the miraculous curing of chronic invalids and the healing of cripples by the laying on of hands, or by visits to shrines of mysterious power, or by conversion to the doctrine that disease is an error of the mortal mind, but we never placed any confidence in their authenticity.

However, the almost unbelievable cures effected at a moment's notice by the announcement last Friday week of the departure of a draft for Halifax has convinced us of the error of our ways.

The gathering at the riding school on that memorable occasion comprised men who have "gone sick" regularly since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; men who have been assigned to "permanent light duty" and "permanent excused duty", and

(See next page)

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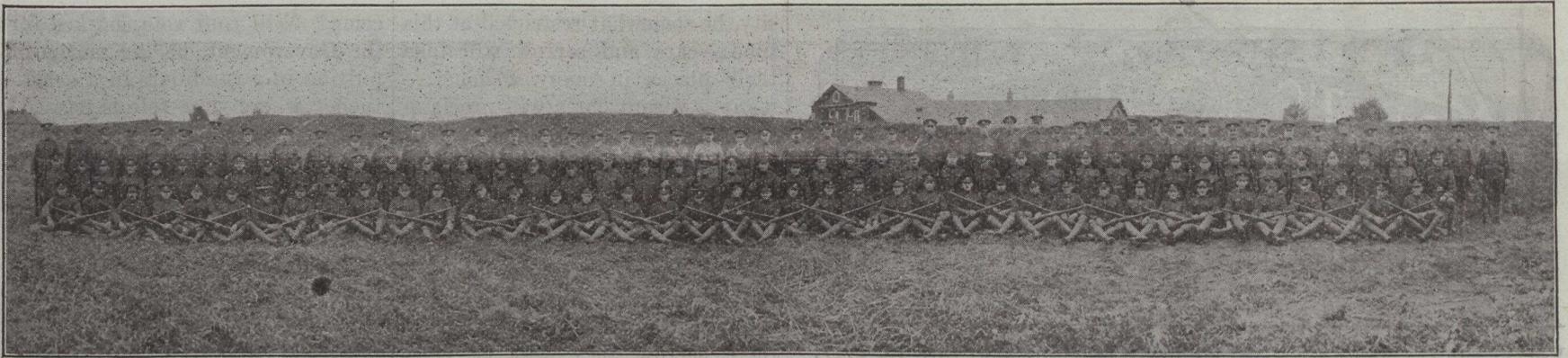
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“C” Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

even the lame, the halt, and the blind from the hospital itself.

We heard one man whose lungs for a long time have been so far gone that he could barely whisper, bawling lustily that he was a rough carpenter and therefore eminently fitted to be chosen.

Another, who has been for weeks unable to touch his foot to the ground without agonized contortions of his features, covered the distance from the barracks to the riding school in four seconds flat. Another hopeless cripple was in such a hurry to get there that he forgot his crutches entirely.

Henceforth we are an ardent disciple of Mary Baker Eddy, and shall devote our life to the spread of the Christian Science cult.

Regimental Goat-Getters.

Reveille.

O.C. Parades.

Mess fatigue.

“Guard Turn Out.”

The fellow who borrows your copy of “Knots and Lashings” instead of buying one.

The fellow who stands beside you at drill and coaches you in an audible whisper.

The fellow who borrows a cigarette from you and then passes the box around to the other men.

The reading-room pest who starts the Anvil Chorus on the piano just when you are in the middle of a letter.

Tabloid Stories are Gems.

We have been asked to write a 200-word article on any one of six subjects. The writing of stories is not our strong point, but we have done our best. Being unable to select the most appropriate title, we have tackled them all, and while we cannot vouch for the excellence of the compositions, we guarantee that none of them exceeds 200 words in length:

“The Happiest Christmas in My Life” was any one of the thirty-two which was celebrated before I enlisted, (only I didn’t realize it at the time.)

“The Most Miserable Christmas I ever Spent” hasn’t been spent yet, but I expect it to be very shortly.

“The Cheapest Christmas Dinner I ever Ate” will probably be the one at the expense of the Canadian Government.

“The Finest Christmas Present I ever Received”: “A draft of volunteers will leave at once for Halifax.”

“The Biggest Christmas Surprise I ever Had”: “ONLY carpenters will be accepted for the Halifax draft.”

“The Best Christmas Joke I ever Heard: “A draft will leave for overseas early in January.”

Let’s Back Up Currie!

In the last issue of “Knots and Lashings” the following is embodied in a message from Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, D.S.O., Commander of the Canadian Army at the Front: “It is an imperative and urgent necessity that steps be immediately taken to insure that sufficient drafts of officers and men are sent from Canada to keep the corps at its full strength.” Comment on the foregoing is superfluous, but if any were made it would probably take the form of a question: “Why are we being kept at St. Johns?”

P.T. BUNCH CAME BACK.

After an eventful five weeks’ sojourn in Montreal, the second bunch of budding P.T. and B.F. instructors have returned to St. Johns.

The boys were very anxious to make a good showing, and as the first week wore on their joints and muscles gradually grew stiffer. The instructors had no mercy on these anatomical parts, so the fellows had just to go on with it and say nix.

With the end of the first week the “arms bend” and “foot sideways place”-ing came to an abrupt end.

We were quarantined for chicken-pox!

That was a mere detail. We started in to make the best of a bad job and managed to enjoy ourselves very well.

After ten days of concerts and dances the course got hold of us again. The instructors and the budding instructors settled down to hard work.

There never was a thought of stiff joints now. We had to be ready for an examination on a certain date, and as the examiner is NOT very fond of giving SIMPLE tests, the boys had to have their heads screwed on the right way.

The examination was held on December 10th and from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. questions and answers were thrown between the examiner and the examined.

The result is good.

All have passed and can become instructors, but—WE WANT TO GO OVERSEAS! WE WANT TO GO!

The Junior Ladies’ Aid, of the Methodist Church, will serve tea and sandwiches in Victoria Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 15th, from 4 to 7—for the small sum of 15 cents.

YEA, VERILY

It was a winter’s morning:—
The O.C.’s parade began:—
The Colonel’s face was frozen stiff
As round the lines he RAN.

“What meaneth this?” the Sappers cried—
In accents full of glee—
“The Colonel cannot us inspect,
So quickly runneth he!”

Alas! the Colonel stopped quite short
Before a new recruit:—
“Your hair is long; your face unshaved,
Your kit on ’wrong, to boot!”

The R.S.M. came panting up,
And stared an awful stare:—
The new recruit went deathly pale
Through ill conceal-ed fear.

“The punishment that you shall get,”
The Colonel said, with wrath—
“Is to take our little mascot Bob,
And give him his annual bath.”
B. B. HOSBRUGH.

Page 5 belongs to “D” Company next week. Have all contributions in by MONDAY NOON.

ANOTHER APPRECIATION

“Gee whizz!! The band, with fourteen members, takes only 20 copies!—why, we take fifteen copies between two of us at the post office.”

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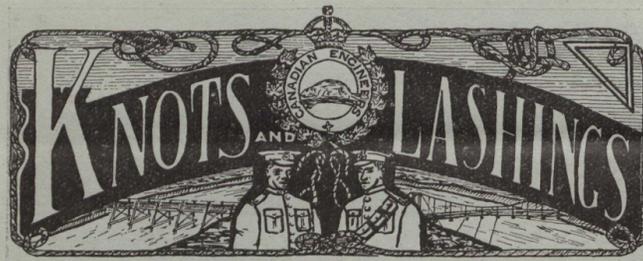
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Vol. 1. No. 7.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, Dec. 15, 1917.

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Founded Oct. 1917

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TO OUR BOYS.

"Christmas greetings to you, boys, wherever you may be, In trench, in camp, in hospital, in battery, at sea! Fling out your banners to the foe! And may they not be furled Until you've beat the ruthless Hun; and peace reigns in the world."

THE SEASONS COMPLIMENTS TO OUR READERS.

Christmas comes but once a year, signifying "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."
 "Peace on Earth" is what we are striving for in our united effort to win this war: it is the symbol of our existence, the utopia of all right minded peoples.

"Good Will to Men" has been broadcast in its application until the Hun asserted his aggressive right to dominate the world by cowardly aggression.
 At this present our Good Will is limited, by circumstances over which we have no control, to our own people and allied friends.
 The festivities that usually accompany Yuletide must, of neces-

sity, be somewhat restricted at this time;—care and sorrow will take their places in many a home;—many a vacant chair will proclaim the absence of a loved one.

To those who have so suffered, and to those who have returned with mangled bodies, we offer at this Christmastide our deepfelt sympathies; and our wish goes out to the widow, the mother, the orphan and the wounded, that in their sorrow they will be comforted in the knowledge of a deed well and nobly done; of a sacrifice made, not in vain striving after worldly gain, but in the brave endeavour to bring about that state of Peace and Good Will so admirably expressed by our Christmas festival.

The gloomy side of our present Christmas is a picture none has pleasure in depicting; and presents an unerring indictment upon the Hun—the murderer of mankind—silhouetting him vividly against the high light of that Symbol of Peace whose birth we celebrate at this period of the year.

THE ELECTION

We go to print on the eve of the election with our watchword—

VOTE FOR UNION

In another column you will find instructions as to voting.
 Every soldier of the C.E.F. has a vote in this election, and that vote is a powerful instrument which, used in a proper manner, can be made to operate effectually. You can size up the situation for yourself.
 Ask yourself these questions:— Will your vote be needed in the constituency from which you

come? Will your vote, marked for the Government, be the means of putting in a candidate in a constituency where your vote is needed? Weigh these questions in your mind!

DON'T WASTE YOUR VOTE!

Have you mind made up before you enter the Polling booth. Don't hesitate to place your vote for the Government, in a constituency where it will count.

Your Personal Viewpoint.

Ask yourself: What will the result of the coming election mean to YOU?
 One uncompromising, unavoidable fact stares YOU in the face:— Six months from now YOU will be under fire near the front line; and there will be cold, wet, mud, snow and suffering, and every form of hardship and misery that is inseparable from the grim realities of service at the front; and at last the time arrives when YOUR relief is due to "take over".

When that time comes, when YOU have about reached the limit of your endurance, which would you prefer?—
 —To know that away back in Canada "slackers" and pro-Germans, under the protection of the soldier, are comfortably discussing the pros and cons as to whether YOU really need relief in the form of reinforcements!

That is what a vote against UNION will mean.
 Or, on the other hand, would YOU prefer to know with positive certainty that when YOU have done your turn, and have earned your spell in rest billets, that the

(See next page)



Staff and Company Non-Commissioned Officers, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

relief for which YOU long is ready to "take over!"

On December 17th YOU will have an opportunity to say which you prefer. The ONE way,—the ONLY way,—to protect yourself is to vote for UNION—and REINFORCEMENTS.

HISTORY OF THE DEPOT

We have reason indeed to feel proud of the achievements of the Engineer Training Depot. Its record needs no "boosting".

The depot was opened at the Lansdowne Park Exhibition Grounds in April 1915, under command of Major J. A. McKenna, R.C.E. It was moved to Rockcliffe Park Camp for the summer of 1915, returning to Lansdowne Park in the fall. At this time the depot comprised about 375 officers and men.

During the winter of 1915-16 the strength increased to 1800, the increase taking place shortly after Lieut.-Col. (then Major) W. W. Melville was appointed to the command, in January 1916.

In June 1916 the depot proceeded to Valcartier Camp, from

thence in October to its present quarters in St. Johns.

Captain G. H. Shaw, R.C.E., was the first Adjutant, being succeeded by Major T. C. Keefer, C.E., in September, 1915.

Captain Fellowes was the first R.S.M. of the depot, when our present R.S.M. was appointed C.S.M. Sergeant-Major Johnson was appointed R.S.M. on 16th February 1916.

Recruiting for the Canadian Engineers was permitted from coast to coast, and drafts of 200 men at a time were forwarded from recruiting stations to the Engineer Training Depot. The recruiting depots were, as a whole, under the control of Col. Maunsell, R.C.E.; and locally administered by the C.R.C.E. of the Military District.

The total number of men who have passed through the Engineers' Training Depot is 7708, of which about 6000 have proceeded overseas. Four hundred and seventy officers have been trained in the Depot, the majority of whom have gone overseas.

POSTAGE ON THIS NUMBER: TWO CENTS EACH COPY



"Fifteen Bucks, and now my paw,— Oh my God! What an awful war!"
 "Never mind, Cheer up!"—says B:
 "You have our heart-felt sympathy!"

The Royal Halifax Sixty-Third was the first colonial militia regiment in the Empire to volunteer for service, and the first to send officers to the front.

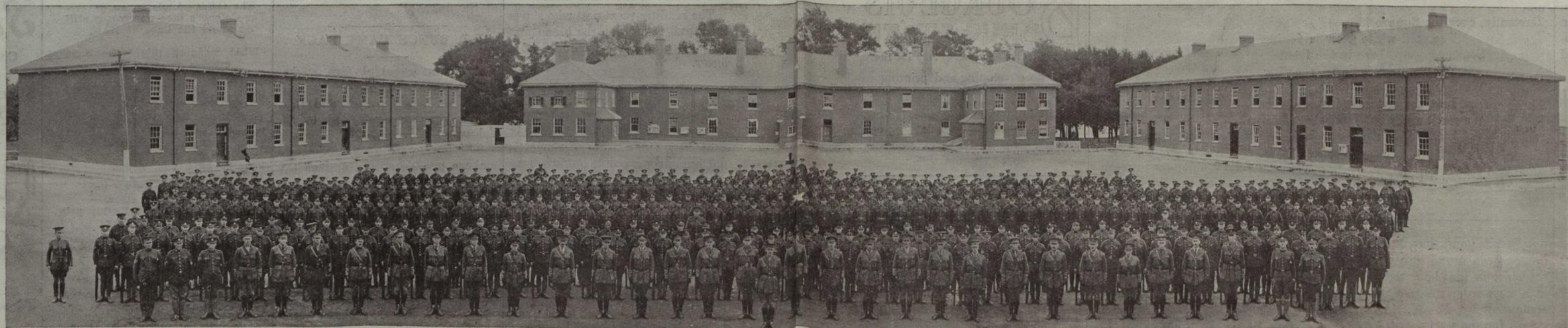
OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death in our midst of—

2006233
 Sapper E. A. P. Anderson, C.E.
 Spr. Anderson was 31 years of age; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. He enlisted in Winnipeg on 26th May of this year. He had served eighteen months in the Danish Army. He was single. A military funeral was held at St. James Church.

It is our unpleasant duty to record also the death of—
 2006171
 Sapper M. N. Kirby, C.E.

Sapper Kirby was born in Sunderland, England, in 1887. Enlisted in Toronto on 18th June of this year. He was previously with the Royal Engineers (Imperial) for two years. He leaves a widow, to whom our sympathies are addressed. A military funeral was accorded the remains at the Roman Catholic Church.



Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, Sappers and Drivers of the Engineers' Training Depot; St. Johns, Quebec, Canada; December, 1917.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We're Going: Want to Come??

To the Editor of
 "Knots and Lashings".
 Dear Sir:—
 I beg to thank you for the publicity given my letter in "Knots and Lashings" of recent date, wherein I endeavoured to correct a misconception of a remark of mine, concerning the bad habits of my wrist watch.

You kindly printed my explanation under an interrogation to which I, in reply, refer you to the directory of this town.

My reason for doing this is that my address may not become too public; otherwise I fear I would be subjected to still further annoyance by having too many callers.

My time is so frequently occupied that I am afraid I will be unable to extend the hospitality of my house to you this week, so beg of you to postpone your visit until one evening next week, when I hope to have nothing on. I remain,

Interestedly yours,
 Felicia Charming.

THE N.C.O.'s AT TORONTO SAY—

"We had a pleasant journey here, notwithstanding that our eyes were moist with grief as the train pulled out of dear old St. John's. By the time we reached Toronto, however, we were dry as to eyes (and otherwise)—as befitted our arrival in a dry town.

"The journey was uneventful and the ordinary daily routine was pursued as usual. It commenced with Orderly Room, which was held in a smoking car at 9.30 a.m.; at which Sgt. Davis and Sgt. Perkins were arraigned on a series of charges.

"Some of these were not proven, but it was established beyond a doubt that Sgt. Davis was improperly dressed in that his cloak did

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— in —
 "The Clever Mrs. Carfax"

Paramount special.

Matinees Daily 2.30.
 Two performances every night.

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Greetings to the men in the Depôt.

In the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us, every one."

A tip for the festive season:—Whatever else you drink, don't forget a good stock of the spirit of Christmas.

Grace said by "Tommy" after going "over the top":—
 "Dear Lord, for Tanks
 Accept our thanks."

To the boys on leave:—when the roll is called at Christmas dinner time, look around at the happy faces, and answer "All pleasant and correct".

As a man is known by the company he keeps, so is he also known by the company he keeps away from.

"Everything comes to him who waits." Rot!! Fancy waiting for a fellow to ask if he can lend you a 5-spot!

We are pleased to see by reports from France that Uncle Sam is no longer playing "Solitaire". We presume now he intends to go in for "Brag".

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder":—that's all right, but don't forget "Presents" help in the same direction.

These are days of conflict and opposition. Nations at war: Political parties tearing each other to pieces: and contradictory newspaper reports. We noticed in a recent issue of a Montreal paper two articles, side by side;—one said, "Hun war chiefs talk of Great German Victory"; the other, "Kaiser acknowledges defeat."

Paradoxical. An all-round man on the Square.

TOASTS:—

- To our Colonel.
- To our Boys Oversea.
- To our Boys at Halifax.
- To the speedy downfall of Kaiser Bill.
- To a Safe Journey Oversea and a Victorious Return.
- Etc., etc., ad lib.

Count Tolstoy recently said:—"The present situation in Russia is only temporary." Which is a fairly safe guess for any one to make.

"A hair-pin New Year to you," said the soldier as he stooped and picked up one of those little twisted wire ornaments his girl had dropped.

" 'Tis the lost rose of some Her," remarked another as he picked up a buttonhole after the Concert.

Dreamily, over the Square,

The cold white snow is falling:—
 Somewhere up there in the front
 The Sergeant's voice is calling.
 We listen, alert and tense,
 Lest the orders we should miss:—
 We can't make out just what he says—
 But there's one word we hear; that's "DISMISS".

You'll never be able to realize that the other fellow amounts to more than you, until you can see yourself from his point of view.
 —PAT.

not fit him; and that Sgt. Perkins, having been found guilty of dumb insolence in that he gazed savagely at a mess orderly,—they were each sentenced by R. W. to furnish cigars for the party.

"We felt entirely at home as soon as we arrived, on noticing so

many of our old officers attached to the unit:—Mr. Elliott being Orderly Officer for that day.

"We are quartered in the Exhibition Grounds, amid pleasant surroundings, and our companions are all that could be desired. The weather to date has been fine, and

so much warmer than at St. Johns that we intend carrying on with bathing parades for the remainder of the year.

"It is unofficially reported that three drafts are to leave here next week, and, although we have heard rumors of drafts before, our chances of going overseas soon look brighter than at any previous time.

"Sgt. Davis, however, is already so enamoured with the conditions here that he does not seem keen on going with the first draft, but would prefer the third or fourth or even twelfth.

"Our winning ways have already endeared us to the hearts of many of the fair sex in this patriotic town and we think we will enjoy ourselves immensely during the short time we expect to remain.

"If anything of interest takes place during the next week we hope to have a reporter on the job."

—F., K., W.

Page 5 belongs to "D" Company next week. Have all contributions in by MONDAY NOON.

H. Bernard & Son,

52 Richelieu Street,

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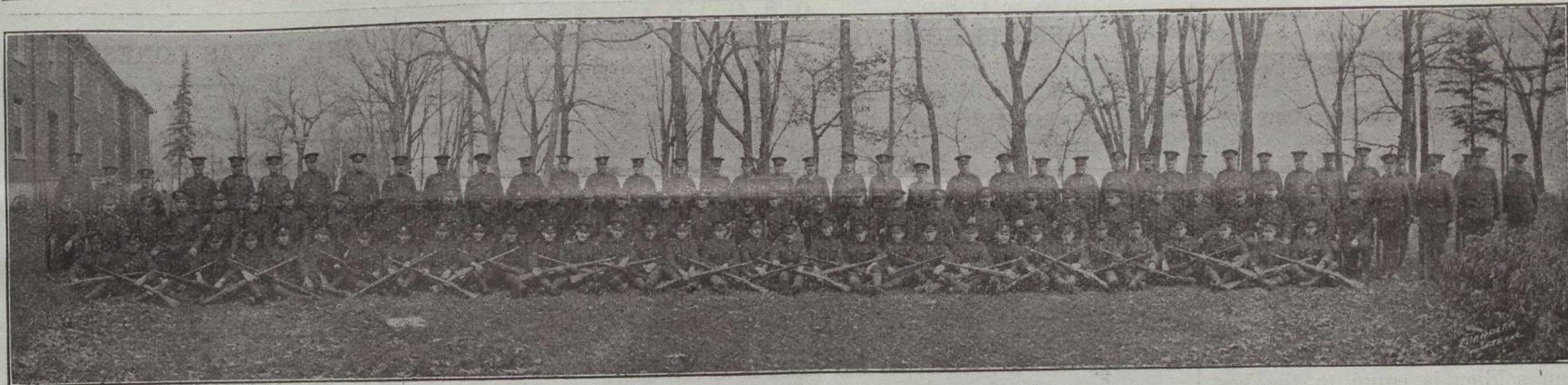
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HOME COOKING.

REASONABLE PRICES.



“D” Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

THE TWO IDEALS.

Major Rev. A. H. Moore.

In his latest volume of poems, published only the other day, one of Canada's most graceful poets, R. W. Norwood, gives his answer to the question, Whence come wars?

His answer is—

“Because a few men sold their souls
For little heaps of minted gold.”

He may have been trapped into this superficial answer by St. Paul's sweeping assertion to the effect that “The love of money is the root of evil.”

St. Paul, however, was at a great disadvantage when compared with our present-day poet, writing while history's greatest war is being fought. He looked out upon the petty feuds of tribal kings and the activities of their predatory bands of warriors, and perhaps his “love of money” did supply the root of their evil, and lust of gain the motive that urged them on.

Today we face a world at war—forty millions of men in arms—and Civilization, Democracy and Freedom shaken to their very foundations.

It is indeed the sorriest and saddest of spectacles if this world situation is due to love of money, to sordid greed of gain. But St. James gets nearer to the root of this matter when he says that wars come of the lusts that war in our members; that their source lies in the tangled undergrowth that cover the marshes and quagmires of human desires and lusts.

It is unreasonable to expect an explicit and adequate answer in an ancient writer who never had even a vision of such a situation as we face today. None of these reasons, much less the poet's, touch the cause of this war. It must be sought out carefully and can only be accounted for by recognizing the manifest clashing of rival and opposite ideals in the conflict. To

this task, I propose to devote a little space.

In August, 1915, there appeared in “Punch” a wonderfully striking cartoon from the pen of Bernard Partridge. On the background of a clouded sky there looms a Wayside Calvary with the emaciated figure of the Christ hanging on the Cross; and before the Cross stands the Kaiser, with protesting and disdainful eyes turned upwards towards the Holy Figure, as he grasps the hilt of his sword.

There is no mistaking the parable.

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE, even unto death itself, is challenged by an overweening and unscrupulous lust of Power.

Herein is revealed the cause of this war. It is not greed of gold, but a lust for that which gold may help its possessors to acquire, viz:—the domination of the world.

As far back as 1913 Prof. Cramb of London pointed out the great difference between the national ideals, the great ruling ideas, of England and Germany. Since the war broke out we have seen how characteristic are the differences between the viewpoints of the national philosophers and historians of these two countries. In spite of the efforts of demagogues to befog the issue, it remains clear.

It is a conflict between the forces of Christianity and of Anti-Christ. Two great German names represent the dominant ideas of Germany; Treitschke, the court historian and philosopher of Berlin; and Nietzsche, the godless German philosopher. The teaching of these men made Bernhardt's philosophy of war possible and even inevitable.

Treitschke taught that the “State is Power”, that there “is nothing above the State,”—in a word that there is no God. Nietzsche created the Superman idea, perfect physically, mentally a wonder, but utterly devoid of such weakness as Pity, and sent out to break the Christian ideas of justice and goodness and mercy. The weak are without a *raison d'être*. Christianity is decadent,

because it teaches gentleness and cares for the weak and aged and defenceless.

A glance at outraged Belgium, devastated Northern France—pitiless ruin and untold atrocities—reveals the fruits of dominant German ideas. Nietzsche's cry to “break up” the restraining influence of “the good and the just” has been fully obeyed. Here is German “kultur” in a nutshell, and we are fighting to save the world for the cardinal graces and virtues of Christian life and character.

Of course we might calculate that we have done enough and “now wait and see what others will do.” One pities the man who thinks any force anywhere can be withheld when so deadly a menace confronts the world. We are not fighting to help England or France or anybody else, but we are fighting because the Right is being jeopardized and because, God helping us, we can do no other thing but fight.

We are standing sponsors for ages yet unborn; we are ancestors to that new oncoming age.

The ideals of the Central Powers, framed by Treitschke and applied by Bernhardt, are ideals which impose no moral restraints upon a nation. When the German Chancellor excused the breaking of the treaty concerning Belgian neutrality on the grounds of “national necessity or advantage”, he only applied the German ideal that a nation can do no wrong.

When Sir Edward Grey insisted that no action, be it national or individual, can ignore the constant law of Righteousness, he was standing for England's ideal of unswerving loyalty to Truth and Righteousness.

We are not fighting a sordid greed of gold but a lust for power and world domination. In the ruthless and brutal Hun we face the fruits of the dominant philosophy of Germany, and, as President Wilson so well said the other day, we cannot hope to make a right-ful and abiding peace with a nation

imbued with such ideas—therefore Germany must be smashed.

And now, as Christmas bells are about to ring out their message of God Incarnate across the pure white of Canada's vast stretches of snow:—as the news comes to us that Jerusalem and Bethlehem are again in the hands of a Christian nation:—we do well to remember that our aims and ideals in this war are in harmony with and inspired by Him who came to be the Prince of Peace—but only of a Peace that reigns at the core of a whirlwind sometimes; the Peace that is only possible because Wrong is conquered and Right reigns in the lives of men.

The Junior Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist Church, will serve tea and sandwiches in Victoria Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 15th, from 4 to 7—for the small sum of 15 cents.

Naylor's

CANDIES
are unsurpassed.
One Dollar a Pound
The value is in the candies.
The box is incidental.

New Transfer Service System. Our Agents or Stores will take orders for delivery to soldiers in distant camps. Write for particulars.

Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our products, is unequalled for
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Departmental Store.

Richelieu St., ST. JOHNS, Que.

We retail at just
ONE PRICE.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

THERE IS NO MIDDLE COURSE.

(Continued from Page One)

existence of a non-partisan administration thus becomes apparent. With the provision made by the former ministry, and the improvements already inaugurated by the new, it may be said without fear of successful contradiction that the treatment accorded to the Canadian soldier is equal to the best which is to be found in any army; and is distinctly better than is to be found in most.

Effective BEFORE Election

Everything that can be done for the men in khaki, consistent with sound public policy, the Union Government seems determined to do. It is a good enough test of the Government's good-will toward the army that these measures have been made effective BEFORE the election instead of being made the subject of pre-election promises, put forward for the purpose of securing votes.

The pre-election promises of a political leader or party have not, in times past, proved to be very reliable. In the case of the Union Government, representing both parties, good-will to the soldier has been shewn, without regard to the outcome of the election.

The Canadian war veteran, and his dependants, are being made better off; they are getting something better than promises. The provision for reinforcements for men at the front has also passed the promissory stage. The law has been actually passed by Parliament and is being carried out.

Reinforcements Unless—

These reinforcements will begin to go overseas in detachments as they are raised and partly trained, unless, of course, it is placed beyond the power of the Union

“Chandler”

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367 St. Catherine St. W.,
Montreal.

Special prices and attention paid to military photos.

HERE IS HOW YOUR VOTE WILL BE TAKEN.

Your vote will be taken in the Barracks.—Nine polling booths will be opened at 6 a.m. and will close at 5 p.m. on Monday the 17th of December.

After taking the oath, you will be asked certain questions (printed on the envelope) by the Deputy Presiding Officer. You will then be handed a ballot form which you will mark in secret.

You will then hand the ballot, FOLDED, to the Deputy Presiding Officer. He will then tear off a counterfoil and place it in the envelope, seal the envelope, and place it in the bag.

You will be told which poll to vote at:—Make no mistake:—Cause no delay:—Be sure and vote:—VOTE RIGHT.

The Deputy Presiding Officers are Officers of the Depot.

The votes of patients in hospital will be taken at the hospital.

Nursing Sisters in the hospitals here will vote in the barracks.

If you are not quite clear on any point see your Company Sergeant-Major.

Government to carry out the law as it stands today;—unless, in other words, the War Government now in office is replaced by an administration which is less concerned for the welfare and support of the soldier.

The question which you and I will shortly be called upon to decide is, therefore, NOT ONE OF POLITICS.

Politics have been eliminated from the present controversy. The old and familiar “platforms” and “policies” are for the time being forgotten. The leading men of both political parties stand united in a common cause. That cause is the greatest on which any people can unite, — THE DEFENCE OF YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR COUNTRY'S HONOUR.

One VITAL Issue

For the first time in the history of Canada public opinion is sharply divided on a single, vital issue. Shall we or shall we not send reinforcements to those heroic Canadians, who, during the past three long years, have played such a gallant part in making it possible for you and for me to live in safety and in comfort?

On the one hand are those indomitable Canadian battalions which, at Ypres and St. Julien, at Messines, Vimy and on numberless bloody fields have brought immortal fame to the name of Canada.

On The Left Hand—

And on the other side what do we find? Cowardly mobs who, at Sherbrooke, at Montreal, at Quebec and at a score of other places, have

attempted and still attempt to impose German brutality and mob violence on the people of Canada; Germans and avowedly pro-Germans who at Kitchener and elsewhere have attempted to disgrace the name of Canada in the eyes of the world; slackers who would stand idly by and see their women folk suffer the unspeakable fate of the women of France and Belgium rather than play a man's part beside the heroes who are today fighting their battles.

In the past, in civil life, you have been accustomed to choose your friends and associates: your selection has reflected your true character. Now you are confronted by a choice of supremest importance.

And what will be your choice?

Will you by your vote identify yourself with pro-Germans, Germans and slackers, or will you honour yourself by taking a man's place behind the heroes in the trenches?

It must be one thing or the other. THERE IS NO MIDDLE COURSE.

A WAR GIFT.

A Tommy, lying in a hospital, had beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested.

“Where did your watch come from?” he asked.

“A German give it to me,” he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey this token of esteem and affection.

“E 'ad to,” was the laconic reply.

GEE, I WAS LONESOME!

“In the course of a man's life he makes some moves for which he is not to be held to a strict accountability.

“To a tramp workman ‘far away fields always look green’—and so he keeps on moving.

“Xmas day, 19—, I rose from my very comfortable bed in the King Edward hotel, in Revelstoke, B.C., and through a blinding snow storm went to Arrowhead on the “jerkwater” line.

“Embarked on one of the C. P. R.'s palatial (?) steamers that was going to West Robson, also in B.C.

“All day long we churned along through the snowstorm: the captain knew where he was going, but I doubted it then!

“There was nothing to be seen but just snow—and during my time I had seen enough and plenty of that.

“I had reason enough to be blue on Christmas day. Poor old Slim!—no father, no mother, no home, no friends, no brothers or sisters, no reason for being where he was, no reason for coming back, no reason for going ahead, nothing to do when he got there, and no heart to do it with.

“Poor old Slim!—little did he know what was waiting for him up in the hills at the journey's end.

“But that is another story.”

—Corp. Mildon.

J. H. Racicot

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Cut Glass and
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Bring your films to us.

We will develop any size film for 10 cents.—Should it be weak, we will reinforce it and produce the best possible print.—Have you seen our work?—Ask some of the Engineers. They'll tell you.

The Rexall Store

DR. GUY, St. Johns.



"Base" Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917

PROMOTED, BUT WE HOPE NOT DISGRACED

Two Interesting Items, one a Social Note, from The Gazette, Dec. 14.

"Lt.-Col. G. Steers, is home from St. Johns, Que., visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Steers."

"TRANSFERRED TO ENGINEERS.

"It was announced last night that Lieut. Colonel Steers, musketry instructor for the Canadian Engineers at St. Johns, Que., had been transferred to the Royal Engineers, and will leave shortly for overseas. Lieut. Steers is now in Ottawa visiting his parents, and will be in Montreal tomorrow, as the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Harry Bottomley, at the Lincoln Apartments."

"HE ROSE FROM THE RANKS AND BECAME A SERGEANT."

"Close association with Sgt. Davis brings to light some interesting facts of his career, and knowing that "Knots and Lashings" makes a regular feature of biographies of noteworthy soldiers, we thought this one might interest your readers.

"Passing over his history previous to the South African war, we find him closely associated with Kitchener's block-house system; and understand that he burrowed a hole in the bottom of one of these. His hidden talent in this direction led him to take up mining later in life.

"He spent a few years in the Yukon, but with the advent of law and order, however, our hero emigrated to Montana and after many thrilling adventures during which his life was imperilled (in one of these the rope broke) he sought the seclusion of the mines in Butte, where he became a well known resident.

"He is greatly missed by the authorities of that town, who would be interested to know his present whereabouts, he having left there at night without leaving his address.

"He proceeded to Calgary with the intention of enlisting, and there became a soldier of the King: evading the Northwest Mounted

Police he made his way eastward to St. Johns, where his skill at forming fours won him speedy recognition.

"As he only spoke two languages (English and profane) he was not qualified to transfer to the Polish battalion stationed there,—in which matter we believe he was keenly disappointed—but the opportunity to serve as an instructor in the Forestry Depot at Toronto has consoled him and he is now settled for life—or the duration of the war."

—F., K., W.

WHO'S BOSS ?

A very young subaltern was the son of a General, which fact he desired every one around him to know. One day he was sent with a message from the General to the gunners. "If you please," he said to the Major, "father says will you move your guns?" The Major, looking at him critically, said, "Oh, and what does your mother say?"

AHEM! A-LASS! AHEM!

(Scene. Porch, Main Guard Room.

(Time. Good old summer-time—Sunday afternoon—Commander of the guard, sitting on the well known bench, muses dreamily on the exact nature of an "unusual occurrence"; when the riddle is solved by the appearance of a daintily dressed little lady tripping up to the bench and seating herself. The remainder of the guard, grasping the situation at a glance, fall out.)

Lady, smilingly, asks to see Meestaire Soandso (mentioning a well known A. Company officer).

One hour later:—Waiting man returns after an unsuccessful search for the said officer.

The C. of the Guard explains this to the lady, and expresses his regrets that she should be disappointed after waiting so long.

"Oh, well," said the fair visitor: "Sapper DAINTY will do."

A TRIFLING ERROR

Officer, to his batman: "Hang it, you've brought the wrong boots! Can't you see one is black and the other brown?" Batman: "Sure, but the other pair is just the same!"

BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN.

("In doing an article of this nature the prize-winner who brings home the "bacon" will of course be considered the cheapest man in Barracks.")

"If our reputation was still unsullied, we would of course hesitate to proceed with this incident;—but it is pretty hard to spoil a rotten egg!

"I got my cheapest Christmas dinner way back in the good old day of 1910, when pickings were good, and I myself was in good form.

"It was when I was at that very awkward age when a youth can say that he takes after both his father and his mother—(father ate a lot, and mother ate a long time!).

"I was growing very fast at that time, and in four consecutive years grew as many feet in height! I could be excused in some of my gastronomic feats, for a growing youth needs plenty of nourishing food. I never wasted any food and I made each meal go a "long way"!

"There is many a man goes to the bad trying to make a good fellow out of himself, but I was not as good as that; nevertheless I was able by a little diplomacy to secure invitations to no fewer than five Xmas dinners.

"I also chose those invitations which fell at different hours during the evening, so that they would not conflict with my plans.

"By some tall hustling I managed to attend each one, on time, and was able to "carry on" and give a good account of myself in each case.

"Of course I did not waste any precious space on the coarser things on the menu, but stuck to the most choice articles!

"This was my cheapest meal inasmuch as I secured five meals for the price of one—and the lot cost me nothing!

"You might be able to estimate the cost of each meal if you can figure problems in the fourth dimension."

—Corp. MILDON.

A PRIVATE'S MESSAGE TO CANADA.

"We are here fighting for an ideal. We will not grudge dying if we accomplish what we set out to do, but if party politics and corrupt or weak officials at home offset and lose for us what we have fought and died for, then dying will have still been worth while, for we will have done our best, but it will make us lose to a great extent the satisfaction of dying."—The late Private B. S. Taylor, Montreal.

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

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All Hand Work
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AT YOUR SERVICE Toilet Laundry

Phone 39.

Mark Sung

HAND LAUNDRY

42-46 Champlain St. St. Johns

You get your washing back.

"C" COY BUBBLES THUSLY—

"C" Company wants to know whether a certain officer occasionally forgets that there is such an order as "change arms", or whether he wants to find out how much a sapper's left arm can stand without dropping off.

Sunday afternoon was a RED letter day in Section 1 "C" Coy's Room, as RED Milloy washed his RED socks with RED soap; we understand they had to be chained to his bunk with a double "sheet" bend the night before.

"C" Company congratulates Crawford on his return to our ranks. He came back as clean-faced and clean-shaved as ever.

It is respectfully suggested to the authorities that WHEN we go overseas Sapper Parsonson's overshoes be towed behind the transport, as apart from the large amount of space thus saved they would surely scare all German submarines away.

B. B. HORSBRUGH,

The sweet aroma of the heroic deeds of our soldiers is still with us and will endure as long as time lasts. God bless the families from which they sprung and the country for which they died.—Archbishop Sinnot, Manitoba.



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8,000 Candle Power

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Puts the light at the right place in
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and are reliable.

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HELPING HALIFAX.

On receipt of an urgent call from headquarters for 150 men and two officers to proceed to Halifax at the earliest date, no time was lost; the order came in late in the afternoon and the unit, complete with tools and tents, was on the train that night.

One hundred and forty-five men—mainly carpenters, rough carpenters and glaziers, and three bakers—were dispatched to the scene of wreckage, and arrived safely to take up the work of re-habilitating the city.

They are quartered at the South Barracks, and are under the command of the C. R. C. E., Major Van Tuyl, R.C.E.

Since their arrival Corpl. Brackett, Lance Corpls. Leitch and Cook have been promoted Acting Sergeants.

We feel confident that the boys will give a good account of themselves in their great work of rescue and help.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Lieut. W. B. Young | Dvr. Gamblin, S. J. | Spr. Owens, S. |
| Lieut. K. A. Farrell | Spr. Gault, J. | Spr. Perley, C. F. |
| Cpl. Brackett, R. | Spr. Gough, D. C. | Spr. Pennefather, P. T. |
| Lc. Beasley, A. W. | Spr. Green, E. A. | Spr. Plummer, F. |
| Lc. Clark, R. A. | Spr. Graham, J. S. | Spr. Patterson, L. |
| Lc. Cook, C. J. A. | Spr. Griffiths, J. H. | Spr. Pollock, J. |
| Lc. Kelso, J. D. | Spr. Gilbert, E. | Spr. Powell, D. J. |
| Lc. Leitch, J. F. | Spr. Gloster, J. | Spr. Player, S. F. |
| Lc. Low, R. J. | Spr. Holt, W. | Spr. Pasco, R. A. |
| Spr. Austin, G. H. | Spr. Hall, C. | Spr. Pilkington, E. |
| Spr. Bell, W. L. | Spr. Henderson, R. | Spr. Quipp, W. H. |
| Spr. Bennett, H. A. | Spr. Henderson, F. C. | Spr. Roberts, J. |
| Spr. Bracegirdle, R. | Spr. Harrison, E. W. | Spr. Reid, W. J. |
| Spr. Bain, G. | Dvr. Harris, H. | Spr. Roberts, C. E. |
| Spr. Brown, W. | Spr. Harvey, C. | Spr. Ryan, F. |
| Spr. Bryans, F. | Spr. Howells, J. R. | Spr. Ramsay, B. |
| Spr. Baxter, J. | Dvr. Irving, J. R. | Spr. Rice, C. F. |
| Spr. Bouford, I. | Spr. Imeson, O. D. | Spr. Spicer, E. |
| Spr. Blackburn, J. | Spr. Johnston, A. R. | Spr. Simpson, F. |
| Spr. Barker, T. H. | Spr. Johnson, T. C. | Spr. Squire, J. |
| Spr. Boyle, T. A. | Spr. Jones, J. T. | Spr. Slade, E. |
| Spr. Cormie, T. | Spr. Kennedy, W. J. | Spr. Sherlock, J. T. |
| Spr. Chapin, H. S. | Spr. King, N. E. | Spr. Smith, W. H. |
| Spr. Cormie, G. | Spr. Key, G. | Spr. Spong, E. M. G. |
| Spr. Cox, E. T. | Dvr. Keddy, H. P. | Spr. Smith, H. |
| Spr. Curry, D. J. | Spr. Love, R. | Spr. Say, G. W. |
| Spr. Cameron, A. | Spr. Lowe, G. | Spr. Stewart, R. |
| Spr. Calder, H. S. | Spr. Livesey, H. | Spr. Steen, E. B. |
| Spr. Churchill, C. | Spr. LaRue, A. C. | Spr. Swinehamer, W. |
| Spr. Courtenay, W. R. | Spr. Lawrence, B. T. | Spr. Turner, J. |
| Spr. Clapperton, D. | Spr. McIntyre, J. W. | Spr. Tinker, F. |
| Spr. Clemes, K. | Spr. Montgomery, T. | Spr. Underhill, A. |
| Spr. Callahan, S. | Spr. McIntosh, D. | Spr. Westhaver, P. |
| Spr. Dean, W. J. | Spr. Matthews, G. | Spr. Westcott, C. F. |
| Spr. Dawson, O. | Spr. Miller, F. G. | Spr. Wright, W. |
| Spr. Davies, A. G. | Spr. McNee, E. C. | Spr. Weatherhead, A. W. |
| Spr. Dick, E. B. | Spr. Mayhew, C. R. | Spr. Weatherhead, A. V. |
| Spr. DeForest, N. A. | Spr. Milbury, H. | Spr. Welch, P. H. |
| Spr. Decaire, S. A. | Spr. McGregor, D. | Spr. Wheeler, W. R. |
| Spr. Davies, E. W. | Spr. Maidens, G. T. | Dvr. Wright, A. |
| Spr. Edwards, G. B. | Spr. Martindale, C. | Spr. Waddell, J. D. |
| Spr. Earl, A. | Spr. McKay, W. H. | Spr. Wotherspoon, J. F. |
| Spr. Fisher, A. | Dvr. McNeil, J. | Spr. Williamson, C. V. |
| Spr. Frith, W. T. | Spr. MacFarlane, D. | Spr. Werswick, K. |
| Spr. Forbes, K. | Spr. Mathieson, J. | Spr. Whitley, W. F. |
| Spr. Fletcher, P. W. | Spr. Mason, C. O. M. | Spr. Young, E. |
| Spr. Finglah, P. J. | Spr. MacKenzie, J. R. | Sgt. Farr, A. |
| Spr. Fox, J. B. | Spr. McKay, A. | Spr. Riddell, W. |
| Dvr. Gough, H. V. | Spr. McKenzie, W. | Spr. Robinson, H. A. |
| Spr. Gorham, G. E. | Spr. Nelson, H. V. | |

(Note:—If any one in barracks receives letters, giving particulars of the work our boys are doing there, we shall be glad to have excerpts of same for publication.—Ed.)

We received telegraphic information that Lieuts. Stewart and Rutherford and Captain MacHaffie are safe and are engaged on rescue work there.—(Ed.)

THEY'VE GONE TO TORONTO.

The following is a list of N.C.O.'s who have been transferred to Railway and Construction Draft M.D.2., Toronto. These N.C.O.'s left St. Johns on the 5th inst. and are likely to proceed overseas very shortly. "Knots and Lashings" wishes them good luck.

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Sgt. W. B. Kyle | Sgt. C. A. Perkins | Sgt. S. A. Mallett |
| Sgt. J. Davies | Sgt. R. H. Rice | Sgt. J. W. Olver |
| Sgt. C. Stokes | Sgt. J. S. M. Wynn | Sgt. H. W. Wilson |
| Sgt. J. H. Ray | Sgt. A. Kerr | Sgt. F. M. Freeman |
| Sgt. B. Kitson | Sgt. J. S. G. Laing | Sgt. R. A. Semple |

The brightest gems of Valor in the Army's diadem
Are the V.C. and the D.S.O., M.C. and D.C.M.
But those who live to wear them tell
you they are dross
Beside the Final Honor of a simple
Wooden Cross.

**OUR BOYS ABROAD
GET XMAS GIFTS.**

The gifts purchased by Canteen funds for our comrades overseas—comrades who have trained at this Depot—will be delivered on Christmas day wherever the men may at that time be on duty.

Each package contains 50 good cigarettes and a card of Christmas Greeting from us here. The packages are individualized—that is, each man's gift is addressed to him personally.

It will truly be a comradely "Hands-Across-The-Sea" Christmas in trench, rest-billet and hospital.

A BRICKBAT FROM OTTAWA.

"Have read with interest the poem "St. Johns", by Driver C. Eaton, published in this week's "Knots and Lashings". I think the least he might have done was to publish it with apologies to the original writer of this same article, a friend of mine at Witley Camp, England,—who has since gone to France.

"An Ottawa reader."

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—HIGH-CLASS—

—PORTRAITS—

21 St. James St. St. Johns, P.Q.



Mounted Section, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES.

By Captain L. Pettigrew.
(Paymaster).

Article No. 5.

The matter of pensions for soldiers of the C.E.F. has been placed under the direct control of three men called the Board of Pension Commissioners for Canada. This Board has the final "say"; there is no appeal from its decisions.

Pensions, apart from those for death, will be awarded without reference to a man's occupation prior to the war, but simply on the disability of the applicant, and even if the pensioner has started to work and is earning enough for his living it makes no difference to the pension.

The amount of the pension is decided by the class into which the pensioner is entered. There are twenty such classes:—Class One calling for one hundred per cent, and Class Twenty for five per cent of the pension allowance.

Each class represents five per cent. For example, Class Ten gives fifty-five per cent; Class Nine, sixty per cent; Class Eight, sixty-five per cent, and so on.

In schedule A, the full (100 per cent) pensions for disability are as follows:—

Rank and file, \$600.00 per annum.

Squad, Battery or Company Sergt. Major, Q. M. Sergt., Staff Sergt., Colour Sergt., \$637.50 per annum.

Master Gunner (not W. O.), R. S. M. (not W. O.), Regl. Q. M. Sergt., \$775.00 per annum.

Warrant officer, \$850.00 per annum.

Lieutenant, \$900.00 per annum.

An additional pension is allowed for each child, the maximum being \$96.00 per annum per child for Class One; declining by three dollars per annum for each class up to class nine, then by six dollars per annum per child for each class up to Class Twenty, with the minimum at \$6.00 per annum.

These pensions are the same for all ranks mentioned above. (Child includes step-child.)

Members of the forces permanently disabled to a LESS degree than five per cent are entitled to a gratuity not exceeding \$100.00.

To those up to the rank of Lieutenant, who are totally disabled and helpless, an additional allowance of \$300.00 a year may be made.

The WIDOW of a soldier killed or dead as the result of injuries received, or disease contracted or aggravated, while on active service shall be entitled to the following pension:—(Schedule C)

Rank and file, \$480.00 per annum.

Squad, Battery or Company Sergt. Major, Q. M. Sergt., Staff Sergt., Colour Sergt., \$510.00 per annum.

Master Gunner (not W. O.), R. S. M. (not W. O.), Regl. Q. M. Sergt., \$620.00 per annum.

Warrant Officer, \$680.00 per annum.

Lieutenant, \$720.00 per annum.

For each child, for all the above ranks, an additional \$96.00 per annum will be paid.

On the re-marriage of the widow her pension ceases, but she shall be entitled to a gratuity of an amount equal to one year's pension.

If the pensioner was a widower, but leaves child or children, such child or children shall receive \$16.00 per month each.

In the case of co-habitation of man and woman, the Commission has power to award pension to the woman as if she were his accredited wife.

No allowance will be made in the case of boys over 16 years or girls 17 years of age, unless mentally or physically infirm; in which case the Commission may continue allowance until the child is 21 years of age. No allowance shall be paid after marriage of child.

A parent wholly or mainly dependent upon a member of the forces killed, or dead as above, (provided the soldier has neither wife nor children) shall be entitled

to the same pension (from ONE soldier) as a widow receives. On the re-marriage of a dependent female parent the pension shall cease, but she is entitled to an amount equivalent to one year's pension.

Brothers under 16 and sisters under 17 years of age, wholly or mainly dependent upon a member of the forces killed, or dead as above, (provided the soldier has neither wife nor children) shall be entitled to the same pension as a widow.

If a member of the forces, receiving pension for disability under classes one to five, dies, leaving a widow, she shall be entitled to pensions under Schedule C (and allowances for children) until re-marriage—when she is entitled to one year's pension. Orphan children of such member of the forces are entitled to \$16.00 per month each.

The pension and allowances of a disabled soldier shall take effect from the date of his discharge.

The pension to widow or dependent, and allowances to children, (on account of death of soldier) shall take effect from the first day of the month following the month the soldier was officially reported missing or dead (in cases where separation allowance and assigned pay, if any, were discontinued) or, in other cases, from a day fixed by the Commission.

In cases where officers, warrant officers or N.C.O.'s serve as privates, or in a rank lower than that which they held on arrival in England, (or in cases where officers and N.C.O.'s have reverted) no reduction in Separation Allowance shall be made;—and, in case of death, the pension shall be granted for the rank they held on arrival in England, unless promoted to a higher rank during service. (Reduction of rank as punishment does not apply).

The Junior Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist Church, will serve tea and sandwiches in Victoria Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 15th, from 4 to 7—for the small sum of 15 cents.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to—

- Sergeant B. Doyland.
- Corpl. R. M. DuPage.
- C.S.M. J. H. Melmer.
- Corpl. J. W. Neal.
- Sergeant J. H. Ray.
- Sergeant C. Stokes.
- Corpl. P. D. Jameson.
- Corp. S. A. Mallett.
- Corp. J. R. Hudson.
- 2nd Corpl. H. W. Wilson.
- 2nd Corpl. S. C. Ells.
- 2nd Corpl. L. Taylor.
- 2nd Corpl. W. S. Stalker.
- 2nd Corpl. J. W. Olver.

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COME! WORK LIKE A LIVE VOLUNTEER

One's quite at a loss to boost the Red Cross,
'Cos words are at times feeble things—
But if you wish to deserve the honor to serve,
Come along with a smile and a swing,
(Right along with a smile and a swing!)

If you happen to pause, just thing of the Cause—
And your Boys, fighting grimly in France.
Then—how can you stint the price of some lint,
The cost of a plugged fighting chance?
(Just the cost of a plugged fighting chance!)

You sent him Abroad and 'twould be a mean brand
(For you know he's a man—that's a cinch—
If HE answered the Call)—it's not playing ball
To fail him with lint in a pinch.
(Will you fail him with lint in a pinch?)

So the only good plan for a Canuck-bred fan—
Well, honest-to-goodness, it's clear!—
Is to swallow your "holler" and pay out your dollar
And work like a live volunteer,
(Yes, work like a live volunteer!)

They're all doing their bit in a trench, and fighting for you and the
French;
They're inscrolling your name in the temple of Fame,—
And—if you want some to live, plug the big "G" in Give—
Then, God trusting, we'll play a straight game.
(And, God helping, we'll WIN a clean game!)
—Sapper BERTRAM H. CARRERAS,
"B" Coy.

THE SLACKER.

Pretty soft for me last summer!
I burned an ocean of gasolene!
Dad's car is sure a "hummer"!—
Fields and roads were green!

Was having such a jolly time
With girls and yachts and things,
That I most forgot "Kid" brother:—
Time had golden wings.

"Kid" was a First-Contingent man.
He's over in France "somewhere":—
(Got broke up at St. Julien—
Ruined him for fair.)

Wrote him a nice long letter
About the fun I'd had!—
Hoped his wounds were better!
Thought that he'd be glad!

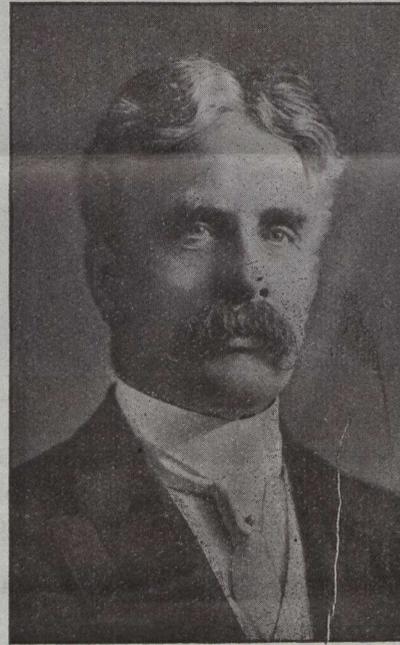
I wished he'd soon be home:—
And this "mess", called the War,
Soon to an end would come:—
'Tis such a beastly bore!

(Rather tough on a fellow!—)
What do you s'pose he wrote?
He said that I was "yellow"—
(Awful nasty note.)

He wished the "mess" was over,
That I might get still fatter!
As for the rest of humanity,
He guessed it didn't matter!

Made me pretty sore at first!
Then it made me think:—
That I WAS as bad as the very worst,
Rotten enough to stink.

Lce-Cpl. MILDON.



RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BORDEN
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Prime Minister and Head of Canadian
"Win-The-War" Government.

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS.

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high:
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies
grow
In Flanders' fields.
—Capt. J. McRae.

MILITARY SECRET OUT.

In a letter home a Tommy grace-
fully mentioned that he had "sent
a dozen Germans to h——." The
censor scored out the satanic refer-
ence and wrote about it: "It is not
permissible to refer to the German
headquarters."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

General Hell is a prominent officer
of the German Army. Wonderful how
one can inspire an entire nation.

With no less than 7,000 food-substi-
tutes, Germans can not complain of
the monotony of their menu.

Russia will please take note that
nothing was ever said by the Allies
about making the world safe for
anarchy.

The British have taken Jaffa, Joffa,
or Joppa. The Germans would have
claimed the capture of all three towns.

Our respects to General the Honor-
able Sir Julian Byng, and the hope
that, if the war must go that far, the
final operations will find him byngin'
on the Rhine.

Shall we who have been robbed of
our young lick the hands of the mur-
derers? Shall we make terms with
hell and balance our gains with those
whose hands are red with the blood
of our sons.—Harry Lauder.

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What to Expect at the Front

(Continued from Page 2 of Cover)

visible but the sky above and the banks of dirt on either side, it is hard to keep in mind where is the front and where is the rear.

In the trenches one meets soldiers that are calmly walking to their work, or returning, carrying ammunition or victuals. Shells may be passing overhead every minute or so, but these men appear perfectly calm, in fact absolutely bored. It is this calm, as well as the surrounding banks of dirt, that gives one a sense of security. The small arms bullets that whine overhead can do no harm. If they should drop into the trench their force would be spent, and a shell would have to drop straight from above to do any harm, that is to say any shell, except the very big one that blow up a whole trench system.

Of the artillery one sees surprisingly little. To be sure there is no lack of artillery crews hauling ammunition, or peering out of their dugouts, but one never sees any guns in action, one never sees them at all, even where they are known to be the thickest. They are hidden in the most ingenious fashion. I have heard guns go off within a small number of yards. I felt the earth rock, I have seen the flashes from the muzzles, I have heard their reports in all directions, but I have never yet seen a cannon recoil as it barks, the way guns do in the "movies". I have seen a battery of British howitzers work out in the open, have even stood in front of them so I could catch sight of the shells passing overhead and then see them disappear toward the horizon, but I have never yet seen at close range, a French gun fired, except on the experimenting field.

On parts of the front where great offensives have recently taken place, as at Verdun, the Craonne heights, the Somme and Flanders, the general appearance of the whole landscape has been changed, which is not true of the ordinary sections. At Verdun as I stood last fall on the edges of the old fort of Souville and looked down over the village Fleury at my feet and then up the ridges to Douaumont and Vaux, Pepper Hill and Thiaumont, I had the same impression of a sea of yellow dirt, which a furious storm had lashed into waves. As far as one could see there was not a sign of a house, a tree, or of a living thing, and this had formerly been a green

valley, filled with villages, farms, railroads, churches and factories. There was not a square yard of the earth's surface that had not been plowed up by shells, and the furrows were the regular waves left by the artillery tornado.

The plateau north of the Aisne, from Craonne to Cerny, has the same aspect. There are also certain peaks of the Vosges, such as the Hartmansvillerkopf, that have the same desolate air. The Champagne battlefields look grayish white, the subsoil being chalk, and the Somme front, where there was fighting a year ago, has now been grown over with weeds until it looks green as a tilled field. Under the network of wild morning glories lie open shell holes like treacherous pitfalls, sometimes concealing dangerous, unexploded shells. In the course of time these pits will be washed in, and in ten years everything will be as flat as before. It has been proposed to plant forests on these ravaged areas, as it will be too dangerous to cultivate them for many generations to come.

After all, the most impressive thing about the front are the numerous little cemeteries that one sees here and there on the hillsides. It is where repose the victims, and the lines of fresh mounds always terminate in open graves, waiting for the next to die.

For those who follow the war on the maps it is worth while remembering that areas that look very small on the paper, look quite different in reality; bigger battles than any delivered by Julius Caesar or Napoleon are fought in spaces that can be covered on the map by the head of a pin, and gains that can be covered on the largest scale maps with a pencil, are big gains that look really impressive to an eyewitness. The object of an attack is not a province that covers a big area on the map, but is in every case a section of the fortress to which siege is being laid, and the capture of a fortified place, even in the war parlor games, means as much as the conquest of a province.

"What do these offensives amount to?" I have heard newly arrived people demand. "You hear of a big successful battle, and yet the gains hardly show on the map."

That is the wrong way of looking at the front. The Allied armies may win this war and win it decisively and yet not move from where they are now much more than the width of a finger on the map. This war is a siege, pure and simple; a siege of a fortified place which, once it gives up, gives up completely.

—N. H.

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