

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

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1917

5 Cents The Copy

## We Wish Our District Commander, Gen'l Wilson, A Happy New Year

**GENERAL WILSON POSSESSES THAT RARE COMBINATION OF TALENT: GOOD BUSINESS ABILITY PLUS GOOD MILITARY ABILITY. AS AN EXECUTIVE, ORGANISER AND ADMINISTRATOR HE IS ONE OF CANADA'S STRONGEST SONS. SINCE HE DONNED A UNIFORM IN 1882 HE HAS STEADILY CLIMBED THE LADDER OF MILITARY SUCCESS, DOUBLY EARNING THE RIGHT TO GRASP EACH NEXT RUNG. AND IN THOSE BRIEF PERIODS WHEN HE WAS IN MUFTI HE MADE A DISTINCT SUCCESS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. YOUR HEALTH, SIR, AND A LONG LIFE TO YOU!**

When war's alarm aroused the Empire, Canada elected to take her part in the conflict and commenced active preparations forthwith.

It was evident at the outset that a good business organisation was needed to carry on the military work demanded at this moment, and wisely enough the cabinet looked around for men who had made, by their powers of organisation and business acumen, a success of their civil enterprises.

Major-General Wilson (then Lieut.-Colonel) was one of the men selected for this work, and judging from the results he has achieved the confidence that was placed in him by the Cabinet was well merited.

### A Soldier Since 1882

His military career dates from 1882, when he joined the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Canada as a private and was promoted through the non-commissioned officer ranks, when, in 1892, he was appointed a Lieutenant. In 1894 his promotion to rank of Captain was consummated and in 1899 he attained his majority. In 1903 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in com-

mand of his regiment only to retire from that responsible position in 1907.

In 1908 the responsible command of the 12th Infantry Brigade was placed under his charge which he relinquished in 1911.

At the commencement of Canada's participation in the war, in October 1914, the Minister of Militia appointed Major-General Wilson to the command of Military District Number Four, with rank of Brigadier-General, in recognition of his past military services as well as recognising his entirely successful civil career.

### Commanded Valcartier

The command of the camp at Valcartier was placed in his hands in 1916 with the responsibility of training twenty thousand troops for overseas service. It may be stated here that the organisation and operation of this camp was second to none, demonstrating as it does the wisdom of the selection and the ability of the man himself.

In June, 1916, his promotion to the rank of Major-General was gazetted and in 1917 the order of Companion of St. Michael and St.

George was conferred upon him. This distinction and honour was bestowed in recognition of his splendid achievements in the constructive periods of Canada's armies.

### Big Business Man

Major-General E. W. Wilson is, in private life, the head of the Canada Life Assurance Company for the eastern provinces; he is one of the few men who keep young in spite of long service; is extremely

The situation in Quebec was a difficult one to handle, probably the most so in Canada, but Major-General Wilson with his tactful administration solved the problem and it is greatly to his credit that the military business of this province has been carried on without trouble in any shape or form. A mistake in judgment at any stage would have spelled almost disaster, but that mistake was not made.

### Always Ready to Help

The subject of our article is a very successful business man, a splendid organiser and is one of the strong men of Canada today. His interest in the welfare of officers and men of the army is well known and appreciated; he is without "side" and will support a good proposition to his full extent. He can see good in others and spares no effort to help and assist a worthy endeavour.

One of his chief characteristics is thoroughness which he applies to all his efforts, and when the Duke of Connaught visited Valcartier Camp this attention to detail and strict discipline both of himself and his subordinates was remarked upon by His Royal Highness.

### Inspected Us in Autumn

Most of us at the Depot saw the General when he visited us on an inspection last October. His charming and pleasing manner is captivating; his willingness to help, and constructive criticism are features of his admirable personality. The Engineer Training  
(Continued on Page 9)



MAJ.-GEN. E. W. WILSON, C.M.G.  
G.O.C., M. D. No. 4.

**CHRISTMAS CHEER AT THE MEN'S MESS**

To the gay prattle of children, the strong rending of shells from the kernel, the cheery rip of the orange peel and the aromatic odour of Corporal Vaughan's breath the troops did themselves real proud on Christmas day. The proud fathers sported their progeny, resplendent in multi coloured ribbon, which although not matching the colour of the gravy, lent none the less an added touch of gaiety to the harmonious assembly. O tempora o mores! my genial spirits, some of us caught ourselves saying "please" and an orderly was overheard requesting a

member of "A" Coy to "do have some more nuts".

Everybody had a wonderful time of course and the dining room looked, for once in a way, as though everybody was there to enjoy themselves. After the proceedings proper an orange swiping and raisin rustling competition took place but owing to the general excellence of the contestants no prizes were awarded.

Now follows, for the benefit of those unfortunates who were home for Christmas, a copy of our menu. Space does not permit us to give the wine list in full, but those of us who drifted in towards even have no doubt as to the quality.

**MENU**

**DEJEUNER**

GRUAU, à la Caledonia  
 FLOCONS DE BLE D'INDE, with a jigger of MILK SAUCISSE, décolletée  
 et OEUF'S FOUETTES, à la Wilhelm's Guards  
 PAIN DE GUERRE truqué  
 BEURRE NATUREL, sans Oléo

**DINER**

DINDE ROTIE, damned good!  
 SAUCE AUX ATACAS, piquante  
 CHOU BOUILLI, sans odeur  
 POMMES DE TERRE à la crème,  
 Vive le Roi d'Irlande!

FRUITS, du Nord et du Sud

THE, sans Dansant

PAIN et BEURRE, à la Ruhleben  
 PLUM PUDDING, Brandy Sauce,  
 —Memories of Britain's Home-fires  
 NOIX et RAISINS, à la Skirmish

**SOUPER**

BOEUF ROTI FROID, SAUCE H. P.  
 —à la Boyaux Bien —à la K.R.O.  
 TARTES A LA FRICASSEE, avec Raisins  
 à la santé du Roi!  
 PAIN et BEURRE, GATEAUX,  
 —graissé bien mince —à la manière de ma grand'mère  
 THE, FRUITS  
 —et ensuite le Maréchal!

**SHOES AND SHIPS  
 AND SEALING WAX**

This week, my somewhat jaded readers, our Base Coy holds forth to the multitude and it naturally becomes us to search among their stuff for material suitable to the peculiarities of this column.

To our astonishment, the prize poet of the Company, who is tall enough to hitch his wagon to the stars, presented us with something bad enough to claim our column as its home. How oh Lord are the mighty fallen! Listen to this profound thought and guess the brand he swears by!

"There in that room at sixty five  
 There you will see a great fat boy  
 And in the mornings as he lays in bed

Almost too tired to be fed.  
 When the dinner time comes and  
 the bugle welcome sounds  
 He glances through the glass  
 He is out with a "hurry up boys,"  
 "Or you will be the last." "

Exhibit "B" is a gem from the pen of a sergeant who shall be nameless, as we are a loyal lot over there and try to preserve the dignity of rank both in our poetry and on pay nights. Bear with me therefore and lend a sympathetic ear to the alleged swan song of a submarine marine.

God gave us a beautiful place to live

When he put us all on the earth  
 He gave us a joys and our sorrows  
 He gave us our gladness and mirth  
 He gave us the beautiful spring-time

Of which the poet raves  
 But did he ever intend that we  
 Should descend to the garden.  
 Beneath the wave.

Im a submarine under the see  
 What a beautiful place to be.  
 The oceans hed with corals abound  
 The waves have a melodious sound  
 And as I look thru the windows  
 As the fish go floating by  
 Its a beautiful place to live in  
 But a Hell of a place to die.

Spr. Wheeler on receipt of a parcel containing Sox and Marmalade composed some very commendable lines. As we know his girl very well we have sent his appreciation on to her as in such a cold blooded journal as this we can not give too much prominence to the secret yearnings of the woe-ful balladists who now and again cross our path. Were I single and had a girl, dear Wheeler, and she sent me sox, I should take it that I was being accused of having cold feet. Therefore would I hie me to her wigwam, club the old man and borrow the registrar's fees from my best friend. The marmalade would no doubt come in handy the following morning.

Finally, boys, a plea for original verse. There comes to our desk—joint ownership of seven—some real fine stuff, the only fault being that the Literary Digest, Life, Christian Herald and other comic papers have got in ahead of us. If it's punk we will print it and should it be a shade worse than that, why, it receives our honourable mention in this the dwelling place of light.

WALRUS.

**MAJOR MILNE AT THE  
 NEXT WHIST DRIVE**

The streets Christmas eve were in a very bad state, were they not? Sergeant Major Barr and myself were down town that night, and we found it almost impossible to walk home, especially Barr. I was no so bad, but Barr found it very slippery walking. I'm telling you this for fear my friend may be misjudged and it wouldna be fair to judge a man's condition by his walk that night.

Next on the Programme will be a song.

"Just a wee Deoch an Doris".  
 —By Scotty Graham.

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It is quite unnecessary, at this late date, to make any detailed reference to the calamity which, a little more than three weeks ago, overtook the city of Halifax.

At 9 a.m., December 6th, Halifax was a thriving city of 60,000 souls. Extensive rail and docking facilities, thoroughly modern in arrangement and in equipment, constituted a vital link between the greatest of the Overseas Dominions and Great Britain.

And then the blow fell.

Half an hour later the northern portion of the city and a large part of the magnificent water front was a mass of blazing ruins among which lay the charred and mangled bodies of more than twelve hundred men, women and children.

A man on foot brought the first news to Rockingham, 4 miles distant from Halifax. This took some time, yet, before 10 o'clock, the town of Amherst, 140 miles distant, was organizing their first relief train. At 11 o'clock the Amherst fire brigade was ready to entrain, together with every doctor but one and every single nurse in the town. Such promptness and such efficiency were but typical of many similar instances in the Maritime Provinces.

When the blast came many hundreds of buildings in the northern section of Halifax were

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"KNOTS AND LASHINGS"  
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utterly destroyed, while scores of thousands of windows and doors throughout nearly the whole city were shattered. The disastrous effect of the zero weather which followed almost immediately may be readily imagined. Pipes of all kinds burst, thus adding greatly to the material damage and distress.

Under existing conditions glaziers, carpenters and pipe fitters were urgently required and within a few hours of the disaster, one hundred and forty-five N.C.O.'s and men from the Engineers Training Depot at St. Johns were on their way eastward.

These men reached Halifax at an early hour Sunday morning, after two nights of discomfort on the train. On their arrival they were at once marched through the city to the South Barracks where they beguiled away the very few minutes required for the disposal of a small cheese sandwich. Half an hour later they were "on the job" among the wreckage of the city.

At the time of the explosion Lieut. A. G. Stewart, late O.C. "B" Co., E.T.D., with a Railroad Construction Draft, was in Halifax awaiting orders to embark. It is said that he and his men were among the first to bring organized assistance to the wounded and the dying in those terrible hours immediately following the explosion.

But with their smooth working organization and skilled personnel, the draft from the Engineers Training Depot nobly seconded their efforts. Shortly after their arrival, fifty men were assigned to the work of restoring Rockhead Military Hospital. This building is situated near the shores of Bedford Basin at the northern end of the city, and as the men "carry on" they look out over one of the finest harbors in the world.

Here they see the constant coming and going of many of those vessels which form the vital lines of communication on which the success of the Allies so largely depends. Lt. G. Stairs, late O.C. "D" Co., E.T.D., is in charge at Rockhead, with Lance Corporals Beasley and Law as N.C.O.'s.

The remainder of the draft from the St. Johns Depot is quartered at the old South Barracks and their efforts are principally directed toward the reconstruction of the Armories, Wellington Barracks and the buildings at Pier No. 2. Lt. W. B. Young is in charge of this work, which is ably carried out under the immediate supervision of a number of bright young N.C.O.'s.

In considering the manner in

which reconstruction work is now being done at Halifax there appears to be a strong argument for conscription. Men of the Canadian Engineers,—not a few of whom drew \$5.00 per day prior to their enlistment—are working side by side with civilians equally fit for military service. The Engineers are paid \$1.10 per DAY; the civilians 40c to 60c per HOUR.

In other words, a premium is placed on remaining in civilian clothes!

Recently the men with the letters C.E. on their shoulders were given an opportunity to vote on the question of conscription, and, although it is naturally impossible to surmise how their ballots were marked, one is inclined to suspect that they voted "RIGHT".

—E.

**P U S H**

'Twas Christmas eve and an overdue and overloaded driver slid and crawled laboriously across No Man's Land. Somewhere from out the silence of a winter's night a bell pealed out the midnight hour.

"Alas," he sobbed, "to think that I am but two days from out of Bordeaux and tis me for the clink again." Tears sprung to his eyes as he reviewed the prospect of singing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" in durance vile.

Almost could he hear the song echoing through those clammy walls. He would ask for bread—they would give him a stone. For mince pie would he have a crust barely buttered.

Tremblingly he approached the gate. One last lurch and he was there, rapping faintly for admittance. "Shentry, oh Shentry lets get by just this time." No answer. "Oh Shentry" again he called, a plaintive note creeping in, and a cunning light in his bleary eye. "Shentry—would you like a shnort—good rye—shentry lemme—in—old—boy."

Like a thunderclap boomed out the voice of our guardian of the portals. "Dammit man, can't you read."

'Twas then he read the magic words on our main gate. With a glad cry he sprang forward, pushing so forcibly that he fell for the fourth time. A noise as of breaking glass, a long pause, then an ever lessening sound of shuffling feet across the parade ground. Mechanically the sentry came up to the slope and resumed his vigil.

C. A. D.

**MISCALLED.**

"Any complaints, corporal?" asked the colonel, making, one morning, a

personal inspection.

"Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal.

"Why," the colonel said, "that's the best soup I ever tasted."

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."

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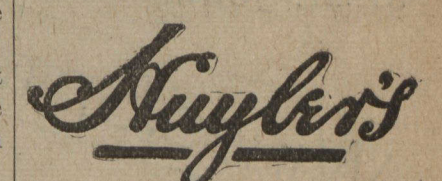
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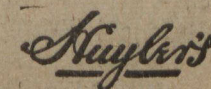


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## "NUTS AND RATIONS."

A Happy New Year to you all.

Good resolutions are like castles in the air. Now see to it that they have good foundations.

New Years Resolve:—

To be an honest man at heart;  
To play the game and do my part;  
To serve the Flag—come weal or woe—  
To set my face toward the foe;  
From France and Belgium drive the Hun,  
And not turn back 'till Victory's won.—  
To hold my own despite of fears,  
A credit to the "Engineers".

Whatsoever a man seweth that also shall he rip.

We presume those Cooks who recently changed their trade to Carpenters must have had some knowledge of plane cooking.

To be an aviator it is necessary to be temperate: a drop too much might be fatal.

Before the exemption board:—

Many a rich man is unable to offer anything better than a poor excuse.

Medical officer examining a Recruit who was something of a vocalist:—"Now get onto the scales." Recruit:—"Doh, Ra, Me, Fah, Soh, La, Te, Doh."

In these days when so much is being said about waste, and ways and means are suggested to eliminate it, we would like to call attention to some instances that have come to our notice:—

It is a regrettable waste of raw material for two girls to kiss each other.

It is a waste of time to play cards with your wife.

It is a waste of paper and ink to apply for leave whilst you are "CB".

It is a waste of breath to argue with a "Know-All".

It is a waste of money to back a "Dead" cert.

The ladies have taken the matter up, we notice:—many of them with less waist.

If music is an aid to digestion, then those of us who were fortunate enough to enjoy a meal whilst our Band was playing in the Mess the other evening, had no need to use digestive tablets.

It recalled those good old happy days, when we used to dine at Frascatti's in Oxford St., or at the Cafe de Lockharto in the Strand, and we lingered over our Maderia and Havanas, or our mug of coffee and "Woodbines" (as the case might be). It reminded us of the pleasant times we spent in the Buffet at the "Savoy", or at the bar in "Mooney's". But such are the vicissitudes of life. From the Strand to St. Johns is a long stretch, but it was bridged by the strains of our Depot band at supper.

"Life is a game at See-Saw.

And many the ups and downs.

One day counting our five-pound notes,

The next day sorting our "browns".

We're down on our luck in Lambeth

We're doing the "Swell" in the "Mall".

Now we've signed up for King and for Country

And we're thinking of "Home" and the "Gal".

—PAT.

### THE TEUTON WAY.

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner. The soldier said to

the officer: "Give up your sword!" But the officer shook his head and answered: "I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"

# BASE COMPANY'S Chief Fault is **NOT** Modesty

**GENTLEMEN! WE HAVE  
WITH US TODAY!  
—BASE COMPANY**

We are the Base Company! The bottom Company of all! The very first rung of the ladder! I wonder, did you ever stop to think, that everything has to have a start!

The most wonderful man in the whole world, no matter who he may be, has to rely on his feet to get about.

If he had no feet he would be out of luck.

The strongest part of the greatest structures are their foundations!

If it wasn't for the hard rock foundation that the Woolworth building stands on, it would topple over.

A tree or flower would never grow, if it were not for the root. We are the root!

If it was not for the sounding board in a piano, there would be no music. And the sounding board is the base structure of a piano.

So, therefore, I say, to wit:—**THAT BASE COMPANY IS THE FOUNDATION OF THE WHOLE DEPOT!**

The solid bottom which supports every thing!

If it were not for the wonderful strength of Base Company the whole depot would fall like a house of cards.

Do not smile at these words; they are words of wisdom. We say them, and are prepared for any Scrap of Paper!

I know that many of you, when you are returning from town on paynight, have had reason to thank God that your legs kept firm, or else you would never have got home!

So get down on your knees and thank the kind fates that gave you Base Company!

And then again,—always remember who treads the snow down for you so that you are able to march across the parade ground like soldiers!

If it were not for us, you would have the stooping shoulders of mountaineers.

Who is it that uses the shovels around here? **BASE COMPANY.**

Did you ever see any great work of engineering done without the use of shovels? No Sirree, you never did!

BASE Company is at the beginning of everything: and at the very bottom.

They are the first to line up on parade—and also first at the Dining Hall!

**Roster**

- |            |                                  |
|------------|----------------------------------|
| B—roderick | —Tattooed Man                    |
| A—shton    | —South African Relic             |
| S—outhcott | —A Pirate of Penzance            |
| E—lls      | —Gloomy Gus                      |
| C—laus     | —Saint Nickolas                  |
| O—'Doyle   | —Foxy Grandpa                    |
| M—urphy    | —The Runt                        |
| P—enny     | —One hundredth part of a dollar  |
| A—iston    | —Always first (on the roll call) |
| N—elson    | —(Not the Admiral)               |
| Y—earsley  | —Loaned to B. Coy.               |

**PICK IT UP! PICK IT UP! IS BASE COMPAN-NEE'S MOTTO**

One thing that shines out in the E. T. D.  
Is the wonderful work of Base Company.  
Whatever they do, they move as one fellar—  
And they work like the dickens, when digging the cellar!

When out on parade, they are always in line;  
And the R.S.M. says they're always on time.  
They look to their right, and take up their dressing.  
They've got everyone beat, the O.C.'s confessing!

They show all the companies how to behave.  
Never have to be told that they need a shave!—  
They keep their hair cut, and clothes always right.  
And their leather and buttons all polished and bright.

When they're out doing squad drill with Poor Old Slim,  
They march in quick time and step out with vim.  
He shouts "pick it up" as they march round and round.  
And he gets really sore, when they look on the ground!

But when he gets mad, when they look down to see  
What needs picking up, it sure puzzles me!—  
For if nothing is down, why does he keep calling  
"Pick it up, Pick it up", when nothing has fallen.  
—Sapper COE (Base Company)

The only thing they are last in is:—leaving the table at meal times!

All the strenuous work of the depot is done by Base Company!—including Sanitary Fatigue.

And always it is done Quickly, Smartly, and Well!

Thank God I am modest! I could go on speaking of the wonderful character of Base Company for years! But I will leave the rest to your intellects! Selah!

**Base Coy's Scribe.**

**BASE COY'S MIRTH  
PROVOKER OFFERS  
HIS SERVICES**

Having acquired astounding ability as an entertainer, I have decided, after many requests from friends and acquaintances, to place at the disposal of all interested the benefit of my skill along this line.

I do not wish to appear at all

egotistical, but it seems imperative to state that for real elocution my equal is not to be found in the barracks; and I feel confident the members of Room 58 who have enjoyed many of my soothing anecdotes will testify to the correctness of this assertion.

Really, I have simply mastered the art, and I opine it behooves me to assist others, not so fortunate, in attaining a similar position to the enviable one which I now occupy in the firmament.

In view of this I shall gladly devote my spare moments to the task of helping anyone who aspires to lofty heights as a mirth provoker.

For references as to qualifications, I must reluctantly refer you to the occupants of my room.

In addition to being a raconteur of unequalled ability, I also claim to be a recognized authority on vexing questions of love, and to the lovelorn stationed here I take

extreme pleasure in announcing that they will make no mistake in confiding in me.

While I am a valued member of Base Company, I also have a warm feeling for the members of the other Companies, so that in giving assistance I will treat all alike.

**JABEZ ROY.**

**BASE COMPANY  
WANTS TO KNOW**

What is going to be done with all the fours and inclines that we have been forming.

When are we going to have a steam roller to roll the snow down, instead of using us to tread it down.

How big is that rag, that a cer-  
(Continued on Page 8)

**MOUNTED SECTION  
GOES INTO ACTION  
HERE NEXT WEEK**

This page belongs to the Mounted Section next week. (Have all material in by Monday noon, please.)

The rest of the Depot had better watch out! Too long have the Drivers been patient under the gibes of mere foot-sloggers. Next week is their opportunity, and we can expect some mighty good stuff from them.

## Theatre Royal

Saturday and Sunday, December 29 and 30, Evelyn Nesbitt and her son, Russell Thaw, in "Redemption", 6 films. Come and see this play. Everybody knows this story of a few years ago. Come in the afternoon to give room to others at night.

**Night Shows at 6.30 and at 8.30.**

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, December 31, January 1 and 2, "Hinton's Double" in 5 parts, with Frederic Warde.

**No more War Tax at this Theatre.**

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Vol. 1. No. 9.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, Dec. 29, 1917.

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A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR  
TO YOU ALL.

"Knots and Lashings" extends to all its readers the seasonable wish stated above. That the year 1918 will see the conclusion of this war and peace again restored to the earth, is our solemn wish.

DIEU ET MON DROIT.

To Richard I of England we attribute the motto of the present Coat of Arms of Great Britain.

Richard I had dreams of greatness, and while he has lain at rest in his grave his kingdom has extended far beyond the limits of his wildest dreams, refuting, for the moment, Mark Antony's words:—

"The evils that men do live after them:  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

The exception to the rule is often looked upon as the proof of that rule, and if Mark Anthony's words were true our knightly Richard has proved to be the exception. His motto, and the spirit of its creation, still survive. It is unequivocally good; indeed the best we know of, and has represented the true British spirit throughout the ages.

Richard I, the Royal Knight, adopted this motto as his cry at the battle of Gisors (some forty-five miles N. E. of Paris). It was later adopted by Henry I as the Royal motto and was subsequently

emblazoned on the Royal Standard in the same year as the Act of Union, 1801.

We wonder how many have ever paused to ponder upon the true significance of this inspired motto, or have stopped to consider either its patent or latent influences upon this present war situation.

The day of going into battle with banners flying, it is true, is over and hence we have lost the significance of knight errantry—but the spirit of the Britisher has not altered, and in spite of the absence of his regimental banner, which he prizes so much, he acts under its inspiration.

The least this motto demands from every Britisher is respect. To the reflective mind this respect will be tinged with some degree of awe; many another will, in its association, be inspired with pride.

To the British family this motto heralds the zenith of the day of mediaeval chivalry, knightly courtesy, the love of right and the hatred of wrong. It signifies restraint of brute force, the protection of the weak, and forms to a great extent the foundation of the truly romantic influence which has done so

much to refine and beautify the surroundings of our private and national life.

To the soldier it has a peculiar significance, for while every unit is immediately concerned for the immaculate preservation of its own colours, the army as a whole is led and inspired by this grandest and noblest of mottoes. King Richard's knights and soldiers followed with blind devotion even unto death; the true soldier of today with clarified vision, emulates those brave departed spirits;— and what greater glory can a man have than that he has died for his country.

The voice of the British Empire, with clarion note, loudly proclaims **GOD AND RIGHT.**

Her first blow in this war, with her numerically poor little handful of heroes, was struck for protection of the weak and preservation of the Right.

Our numberless legions of today follow in the path directed by their forbears and reveal in this an unparalleled metamorphosis. The glory of conflict has departed, methods of war have changed on account of the introduction of machinery, and knightly combat has given place to ugliest warfare; but the spirit of chivalry still permeates the army of today and it is this spirit which guides and stimulates the British soldier in his grim tenacity.

The same spirit which led the armies of England under Richard I leads the British army today in its victories. The British soldier is fighting today as he fought in those days for "DIEU ET MON DROIT". (God and Justice.)

No efflux of time, no evolution, can ever shake this motto from our Royal Standard; and it is worthy of mention that our Judges have adopted it as their emblem.

Equity was developed under its fostering care and noble inspiration, and modern justice flourishes not except in its very presence. It is, in itself, a creed—and represents the ultimate aim of all; it has been a shield and buckler in war and our ideal in times of peace.

Men and munitions obtrude themselves no more upon our physical sight than **DIEU ET MON DROIT** does upon the mental vision, for whether consciously or unconsciously, it expresses the attitude of our Empire in the present war, the guiding genius and recompense for our yet untold and unheard-of sacrifice as an empire and people.

**FLOREAT, DIEU ET MON DROIT.**

CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to—

- Lee. Cpl. J. P. P. Tulloch.
- Lee. Cpl. E. P. Cummins
- Lee. Cpl. M. Murdock.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death in his 24th year of **Sapper D. Roby**, at Base Hospital, Montreal.

He was born in Cameron, Idaho, U.S.A., and was a single man. Enlisted in the Canadian Engineers, in Lethbridge, on the 7th May, 1917.

Our sympathies are extended to his mother and relatives.

A BIG BOUQUET—

READING IT MAKES

US SOFTLY BLUSH

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 20th, 1917.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I wish to offer you and your associates on the Editorial Staff of "Knots and Lashings", my heartiest congratulations on the success of your most interesting paper. It must be very much appreciated by the men of the Depot, (particularly the Christmas number with its excellent photographs) and the few personal hits that do nobody any harm, but help everyone to become better acquainted, are very good.

You and your Staff deserve a great deal of thanks for your work and pains in making the paper so interesting and I feel I am only adding my voice to the many from the Depot in saying how much we enjoy reading "Knots and Lashings" and in wishing it continued success.

With the Season's compliments, I am,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) **CLYDE CALDWELL,**

Col.

O. A. R. C. E.

**WE WANT TO KNOW**

If the old saying, "Love me, love my dog" is true—if so, why does a certain M.P. keep Rags waiting outside when he goes visiting a certain young lady!—Lead on, MacD, and blowed be he who first cries—Hold!—enough!

Are printer's privileged!—if not how does our manager, "the devil", so easily reach the Golden shore? By George, I have it—he's saint as well as devil!

**SQUIB.**

A dual personality is better than "rags", even when they are glad ones.

**MORE NEWS FROM HALIFAX**

Excerpts from a letter from Lieut. A. G. Stewart to Lt. Col. Melville, dated Halifax, December 17.

"Halifax is in awful shape. Lt. Rutherford and I were in our little orderly room in Huts opposite the armories when explosion took place. I was telling the C.S.M. something and filling my pipe.

Suddenly a sharp explosion occurred—not enough to any more than startle one. I was going on with what I was saying when in came the blast—doors blown off hinges and roof of men's quarters blown in. I suppose it just took a second or so for the force to reach us after the noise.

We all three rushed out in the corridor with arms protecting our faces against glass and splinters of wood. As we reached the outside my first thought of a German naval gun was cast aside by the

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sight of the huge column of smoke right in front of us over the harbor.

The smoke was mostly white with black spheres and funnels in it. Then one could see plainly pieces of solid material whirling through the air on the edges of the smoke cloud. The noise from that direction was indescribable. Just plain hellish noise.

I got a small cut on the cheek which covered my tunic with blood. I cursed my luck etc. on discovering it and thought I was abused. It was several minutes before we realized what a terrific force must have done the work.

Very soon people from the city came running to the huts with faces cut in ribbons by glass. The three American Doctors who came with us from Montreal, with 200 men, got busy and that day in a little room dressed over 1000 cases.

I took a party of 20 men out a few minutes after it happened and we stopped three blocks away to put out a fire. I left one N.C.O. and returned to Armories. Fortunately I did, for I was detailed by Col. Flowers to proceed to Richmond at once with all the men I could get.

I didn't know the way but went north from Armories and landed up at the extreme northwest end of city—then worked east toward the harbor. God, it was a sight!

When I reached the Railway yards I met the only whole man or woman to be seen—Col. Finnie—he just got off a train that had arrived from north and of course could not get into the city.

I naturally reported to him and he said that an hospital train was backing in—so we started carrying people to Railway yards instead of up the hill towards the city.

As we went along the street we went to what was the door or window of each house, and if we could see or hear anyone among the ruins we left a detail of 4 or 6 men (depending on difficulties.)

The wounded were carried out and placed on doors, a section of a board fence—a bed spring—or anything—and there were lots of such things to be found. The dead we left where they were.

Strange to say, in the extreme north end of city on the hillside there were very few fires, but the houses were crumpled in like toy houses.

Of course there were dozens of other parties out but I happened to get to north end first through ignorance of the city—if you know Halifax well—we passed on the west side of the water reservoir which is up the hill from the I.C.R. station."

**A BU-SE MUSE!**

Sapper J. H., of "A" Company wakes up with a regular "morning after the night before" head and is moved to muse:—

"Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust,  
If beer won't kill, whisky must!  
Paydays may come come and pay-  
days may go,  
But where the Hell they come  
from, I don't know."  
—L. Cpl. STRANG.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

"C" Company Sends Regrets.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

In order to correct some slight misunderstanding caused by a certain notice appearing in "C" Company's page of "Knots and Lashings"—we want to tell our friend, Sgt. Boyd, that if any insinuations appear in it that would in any way tend to belittle or ridicule him in the eyes of the boys of the Barracks, they were entirely unintentional.

And we desire him to know (as well as his colleagues in the Sergeants' Quarters) that, in our opinion, there is not a more popular "N.C.O." in the Barracks, nor one who has such an intimate and correct knowledge of military points in general.

"C" Company will feel honored if Sgt. Boyd accepts this as an explanation, and here's wishing him the Season's compliments and the best success for the coming year.

Yours truly,

"C" Company.

P.S.—The mentioned "acting Sergeant" has since been exchanged.—"C".

**PRISONERS OF WAR  
GET GOODLY SUM**

In just a brief period of collecting around the barracks, the Prisoners-of-War Fund was increased by over \$331, with the men in Halifax yet to be heard from.

A worthy object, and one which everyone should support. Our men, incarcerated in the unspeakably vile German prison camps, with not even creature necessities, let alone creature comforts, supplied to them, will have at least a few bites of food, or a few fragrant whiffs of baccy, as a result of this contribution.

"Knots and Lashings" will gladly receive further contributions for this Fund, which is well managed and is doing a noble work among our unlucky comrades who fell into the filthy hands of the Hun.



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St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraine, Manager.

(Continued from Page 5)

tain corporal tells us to stop chewing:—it must be pretty well chewed up by now.

What kind of a place is St. Johns in the summer time.

How is it that so many members of the California "Gimmie Gang" have drifted into the Engineers.

When Sapper R. is going to buy the different things he uses, instead of borrowing them.

Who is the Sapper that has been in Base Company six months, and has only washed his neck once during that time.

Who is the Lance Corporal who arrives home at eleven o'clock every night, and wakes everybody up, so that the whole room will have an even start at sleeping.

Who is the Sapper that arrived from Vancouver and brought nineteen dollars worth of talcum powder with him. (He's got enough powder in his kit bag to blow the Huns out of Belgium.)

When is Lance Corporal R. going to stop looking up in the sky when he gives commands. (Is he looking up to heaven for inspiration?)

When is a certain Lance Corporal going to get something for his throat.

Why they don't put the whole Depot to work on the recreation room, and complete it in a month.

Who is the Sapper who insists upon singing "My Old Kentucky Home" every time he returns from town.

And, last but not least, where do we go from here? And when?

P.S.:—We also want to know who added three more boards to the recreation room. (Are they not afraid of working themselves out of a job?)

We all join in wishing the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the Depot a Very Happy New Year.

P.S.S.:—When is the band going to learn their other piece.

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**

I must blushing admit it is a great pleasure for me to exhibit my own handiwork, and I take pride in announcing that in a few days' time I shall place on exhib-

ition in room 60 an assortment of knots and lashings destined to amaze all who gaze on them.

I may say that I, a sailor and rigger of fortune, have spent many weary months in the preparation of this splendid collection, and in view of the certainty of my being showered with encomiums on the remarkable achievement, I begrudgingly request that my friends will not forget to hand along a little praise to Sappers Barry and Burgoyne, who, by their able assistance and advice, unselfishly given, made it possible for me to give the knots the decidedly pleasing finish which characterizes each of them.

In conclusion I must also ask that no compliments be bestowed on me until my work has been placed on exhibition.

—R.

**He, She, or It?**

After a rush of water and a rattle of chains—another pink flash along the draughty hall! Don't let it worry you: men, "Williamson" has pink "Nighties".

**WE WANT TO KNOW**

Who is the only man—I mean sergeant—in Barracks who doesn't desire leave for either Xmas or New Year?

Why the men grumble so about the eats? They weren't ALL married to good cooks anyway.

**WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE—**

A column in "Knots and Lashings" for the "Bright Sayings of Sappers". (For obvious reasons Officers, with the exception of Major Milne, could not get in on this!)

An Engineer who is a woman hater.

An M.P. who earns his \$1.10 a day.

Sapper Samson shovelling coal.

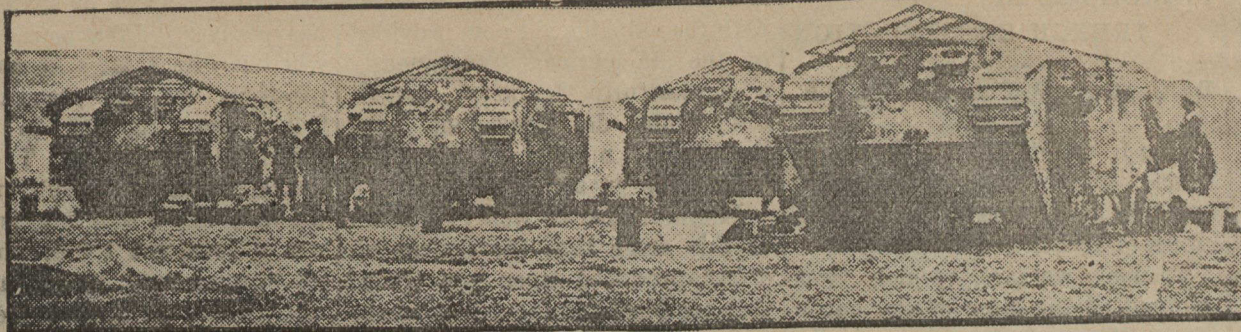
Sapper Woodhouse made a General.

Sgt. Mjr. Estey with a girl on each knee.

The girl we left behind.

Extensive mining operations are being carried out underneath "C" Company's quarters by Base Coy Sappers and there is mutiny and revolt amongst the said company's men. We expect some news from these sectors soon.

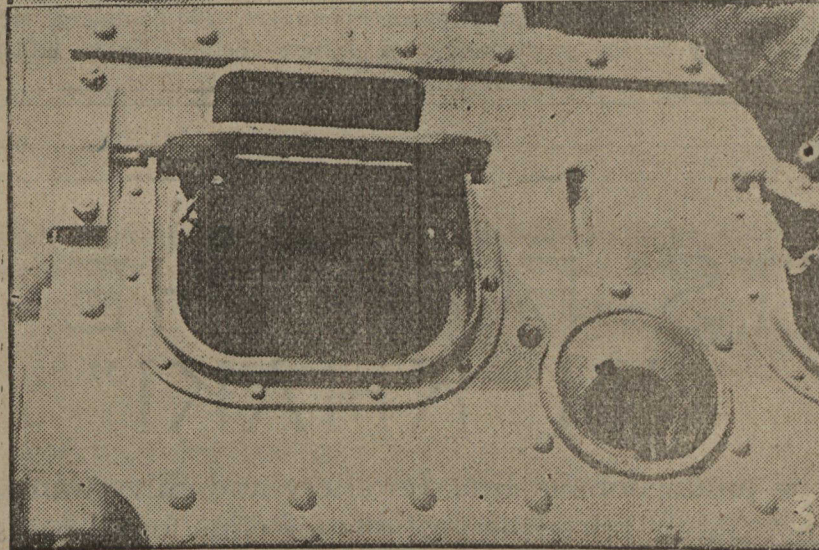
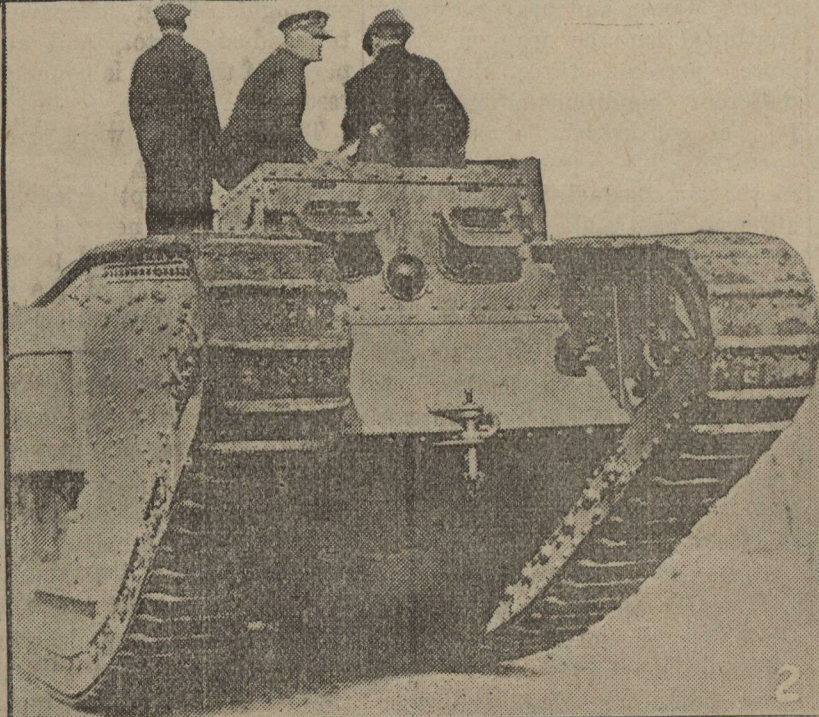




- (1) British "Tanks" moving for a charge on German trenches.
- (2) The "Tank" is equally at home on the level or climbing hills.
- (3) The side that faces the foe. The shells are poured from the opening on the right.

—Photos by Central News.

(By Courtesy Canadian Pacific Ry.)



Happy New Year, General Wilson!

(Continued from Page 1)

Depot narrowly escaped being under the command of Major-General Wilson, it being merely an accident that we were stationed at St. Johns. Now that we are here and under his command we certainly have reason to congratulate ourselves.

His fairness and justice in all matters are greatly to our advantage, and we feel sure that we voice the feeling of the Depot, from our O.C. to the youngest bugler, when we offer to our General Officer Commanding our best wishes for a prosperous and healthful new year.

**HERE'S BASE-COY AGAIN!**

What did Jimmy Boyd pull all the pictures off the walls of his room for? Do not his visitors appreciate art.

Are not some of our church services after the same moral tone and uplift as the man's statement who said: "Cheer up, you'll soon be dead."

Base Company will never be "broke" while it has a Penny nor in want of spuds since we have Murphy's.

We are worrying lest the war is over before we get issued with clean blankets.

"He who stealeth my purse steals trash"—but he who taketh

away my New Year's leave taketh that which enricheth him not and leaves me poor indeed.

Millennial dawn — Recreation room finished.

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**C. G. WILKINSON, City Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System,**

Wishes the

Commanding Officer, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, Sappers and Drivers of the Engineers Training Depot, St. Johns, Que.,

**A Very Happy New Year.**

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### PRINCIPLES OF TRENCH CONSTRUCTION

By Capt. R. W. Powell, M.C., C.E.

In a few short articles the writer intends to give some details of interest in connection with the principles of trench construction.

Trench warfare, which was adopted at the close of the battle of the Marne, and has practically continued on the western front since, presents three decidedly different conditions that have to be considered, apart from conditions due to unequal strength in the air, inequalities of natural strength, gas, tanks, etc., in order to appreciate the principles of construction adopted.

**First.** The enemy may be the aggressor, launching attacks with a view to taking the territory in our possession, either for strategic reasons or for the purpose of inflicting more casualties upon us than is necessary for him to sustain in his assault.

It may be well here to note that in the early days of the war, troops launching an offensive usually suffered more casualties than those defending; but conditions have materially changed, owing primarily to the great weight of

artillery now employed, together with the valuable aid now provided by the air service. Consequently a successfully launched assault under later day conditions reaps the greater number of casualties among the enemy.

It might also be well to remark at this stage that the depressing effect produced upon the troops that are placed in front to stem the onslaught of an offensive is a tremendous factor, and at some period of the fight is bound to bear results.

The nature of warfare is continually changing, due to one side or the other adopting new tactics or introducing new weapons of destruction. It would possibly be not too much out of the way to relate, as an illustration of this, the following story:—

As new instruments of warfare are invented they are, most probably, first brought into use on the more important fronts until the supply is sufficient to furnish them to other fronts of lesser importance where the fighting is naturally of a more crude nature.

The war was going along merrily on the western front with the introduction of Stokes guns, 60-pounders, 200-pounders, etc., the latter, being fired either by

mechanical device or by a charge, heave a bomb of 200 pounds, which when it hits creates no small impression. In the meantime the Turks were fighting in a more primitive sort of way. They lived in their trenches opposite ours, and the only thing that suggested war was a lonesome bullet ploughing its whining way across; and possibly, where the trenches were close together, a home-made bomb, manufactured from pieces of horse-shoes, razor blades, nails, etc., contained in a tin, might be thrown across.

The British eventually became more aggressive in this field and produced a few trench mortars.

On a fine sunny day, without any undue provocation, they let loose a 200-pounder. As luck would have it, the first shot was a direct hit on the Turkish trench with the usual result, such as flying timbers, sand-bags, etc. A "Tommy" at our parapet was closely watching results, and to his astonishment there arose from the damaged trench a Turk of tremendous stature, carrying a white flag. The following conversation took place.

Tommy:—"What in Blankity Blink is the matter with you? Do you want to surrender or do you all want to give in."

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Turk:—"Not a Blankity Blink chance. I claim to be the champion bomb-thrower in the Turkish army and I just want to have one look at the son-of-a-gun that threw that bomb!"

This story has no bearing upon the subject other than to impress upon the reader the fact that conditions to be catered to, or to protect oneself against, are continually changing.

This first condition of affairs, with the enemy on the offensive, will call for certain trenches to be built or dug. As to their location, the nature of construction and the uses to which they will or may be put will depend to a large extent, if not entirely, upon the tactics assumed by the enemy in his assaults.

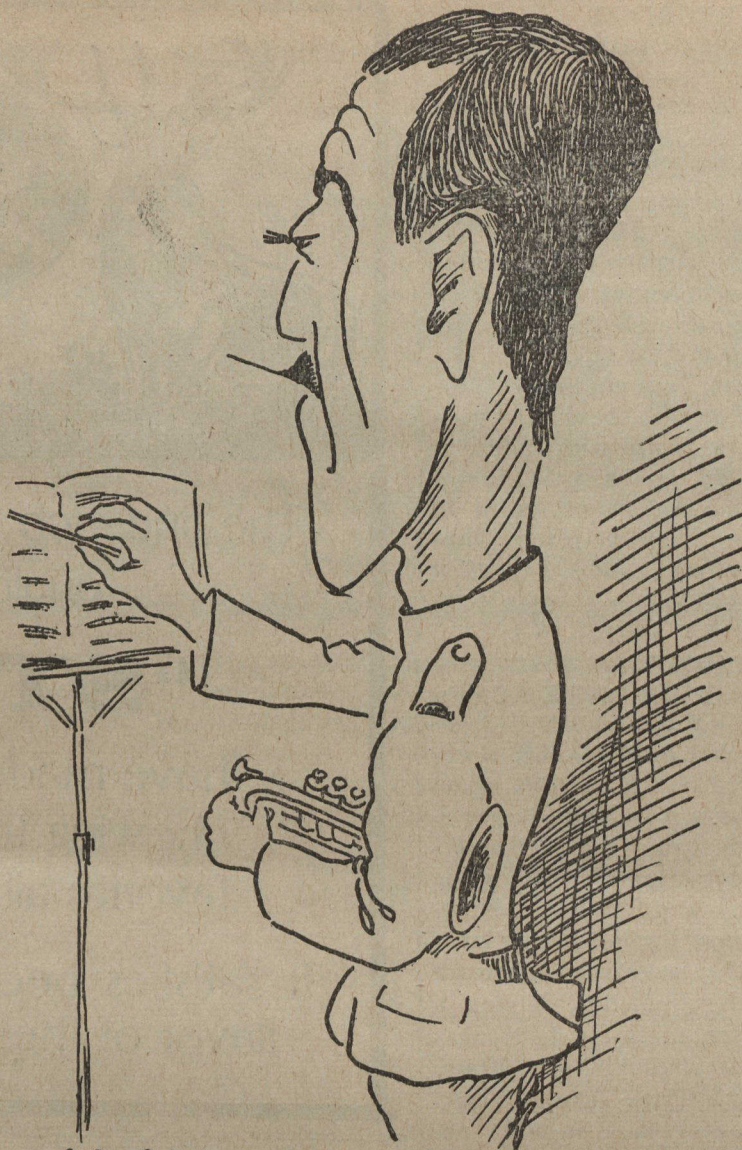
He will have some surprises for us in every attack, and our trench has to be constructed and located in order to combat any possible new device of his.

**Second:**—The second condition governing trench construction may be quite the reverse of the first; that is, we may be assuming the offensive, in which case some of the requirements of location of trenches in the same area, as considered in the first case, will be entirely different.

If, under this condition, we were to know the extent and probable location of enemy counter bombardment and barrage fires, together with the degree of success that we might attain in each assault, the amount of labour necessary to make preparations could be considerably reduced, and our trench system could be designed to suit the circumstances.

**Third:**—The condition which prevails over probably eighty per cent of the front, is that of comparative inactivity.

Whether or not each side is satisfied with the territory in its possession is not for me to say, but at any rate neither makes any effort to wrest territory from the other; and consequently the only hand-to-hand fighting that goes on here is



— E. Carol Jackson - 1917 —

during a raid carried out by either side.

In this form of warfare each side is trying to inflict casualties upon the other; and casualties occur from many different causes which differ from these under conditions One and Two, and consequently the protection called for to keep down casualties is of a different nature.

**Other Conditions:**—In addition to the conditions influenced by the questions of offence, defence, or inactivity, those brought about by the employment of tanks, gas, gas shells, etc., have to be taken into consideration.

Further, we have to consider whether we occupy low or high ground, whether our trenches are easily drained or otherwise,

whether the operations are to be conducted in winter or summer, and many other contingencies, which have a direct bearing upon the requirements of a trench and its siting and form of construction. (To be continued.)

**ATTENTION!**

The great art of memory is **Attention**. Pay careful attention to **Details**.

See the thing you wish to remember instead of merely **looking** at it.

**WE WANT TO KNOW**

Why Sergeant Cook of the band reported one absent when Nunn was absent.

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

**E. MESSIER,**

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

**John Donaghy,**

*Customs House Broker and Shipper.*

Dealer in

**Hard and Soft Coal,  
Hard and Soft Wood,  
Kindling, &c.**

21 Richelieu Street,  
St. Johns, Que.

Remember that

**O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY**

is the place to buy your

**New Year's Gifts.**

**The big store—everything you can wish.**

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

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, Proprietor.

**J. A. Lomme & Co.**

**Dry Goods  
Departmental Store.**

Richelieu St., ST. JOHNS, Que.

We retail at just  
**ONE PRICE.**

||Satisfaction guaranteed.

My stock of holiday goods is now complete.

Come in and pick out your **NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS**

All goods absolutely guaranteed.

**J. P. Meunier**

JEWELLER,  
08 Richelieu St. ST. JOHNS  
Remember that I repair watches.

Established in 1876. Tel. 65

**G. O. GERVAIS & FRERE**

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Groceries,  
Hardware, Glass, Oils,  
Paints and Cement.

Wholesale and Retail,

**Arsene Moreau**

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GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND LIQUORS.

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129 Richelieu Street, St. Johns.

Telephone: 46

**Hotel Poutré**

Market Place,  
St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

**MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS**

IBERVILLE, QUE.

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

Townfolks can secure "Knots and Lashings" at the uptodate store of H. Bernard & Son, Richelieu St.,—every Saturday noon. Leave your order early.

**EVANS RECEIVES GOLDEN TRIBUTE**

C.S.M. Evans was taken by surprise on the 21st instant by being hailed to a Barrack Room and made to stand on a low stool.

The boys of "B" Company had planned the surprise and presented their sergeant major with a Canadian Engineer cushion cover and a purse of gold (\$20.00).

From our eye-witness on the spot we hear that the worthy recipient cut a figure with dignified mien and delivered a speech to suit the occasion worthy of record in Hansard. (The eye-witness has since been fired.—Ed.)

**PERFECTLY SHOCKING CONDUCT OF TWO HIGH RANK N.C.O.'s.**

It is stated that R.Q.M.S. Beauchamp and C.S.M. Escott spent several hours in a Main St. jewelry store, Saturday night. The object of their extended visit having caused much discussion, "Knots and Lashings" would like to know whether they were negotiating for a "Big Ben" engine, buying a chronometer, or trying to trade a launch for a couple of solitaire rings. And if so—Who?—When?

**WE MUST YELL HOW IN H— COULD THEY TELL!**

(We cannot claim the following as original, nor do we know to whom credit therefor should be given. It came to our ears anonymously, and we thought it might be considered good enough to report.)

Two Irishmen were having their first view of a Highland regiment. Said Casey to O'Brien:—"What do ye think of that, Mike? They've got the wimmen fightin' now!"

"Ye're crazy," said O'Brien; "Look at their whiskers. They couldn't be wimmen with thim whiskers."

"Yis, but, Mike, look at their dhresses. They couldn't be min with thim dhresses!"

An argument ensued as to whether the Highlanders were men or women, Casey finally volunteering to make a direct inquiry, to settle the matter.

A few moments later he returned, wearing a puzzled expression.

"Faith, Mike," he said; "we're both wrong. I asked that big fellow over there what they were, and he tould me they're a MIDDLE-SEX regiment."

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



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

**"STAG"**

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

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

By Gad, Sir, We're Base!

Breathes there a "Sap" with a bone head,  
Who mockingly of "Base" hath said,  
That is my own my native "band".  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As poor "Base Coy" he hath spurned,  
And defiled it with shaking hand.  
Who doth this old mob disclaim  
Should hide his face in very shame.  
So! place conceit upon the shelf!

Take not the credit on thyself!  
(Especially "D" who calls us down,  
Nor look upon us with a frown.)  
We are the gang from whence you sprung,  
And climbed the ladder rung by rung!  
—Without Apologies.

We know that there is a great deal of suffering in the world; considerably more than at any previous time that we know of, but—being a "calamity howler" will not help.

**LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.**

144 Richelieu Street, — — ST. JOHNS.

**BOOTS & SHOES**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Special price for Slater's best military boots, **7.00** regular \$8.00 value, on sale at

**Sure Cure Hospital for Old Shoes** attached to store. Shoes repaired while you wait

**WHEN IN MONTREAL** be sure to call at 190 Peel Street.

above St. Catherine and Windsor streets,

**Chapman's Bookstore**

We make a specialty of Mail Orders. Write us.