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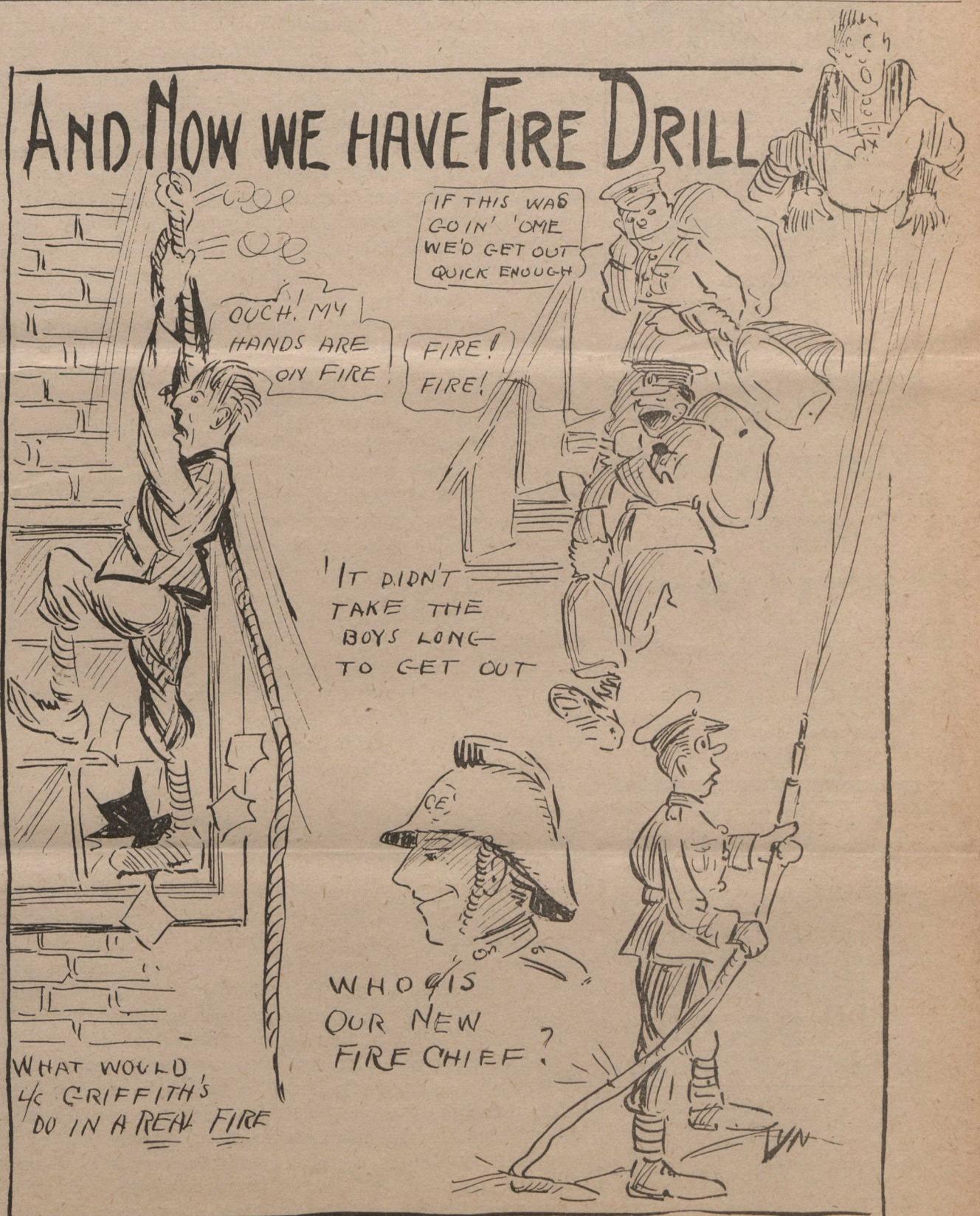
**JUSTICE TO THE RETURNED  
 SOLDIER IS ESSENTIAL IF  
 CANADA IS TO BE SAVED  
 FROM THE PLAGUE OF  
 BOLSHEVISM.**

By  
**Bernard Rose.**

Murmurs which are daily becoming more articulate, are being heard on every side, and throughout the Dominion from the men who have returned to our shores, after their stay in France and Flanders or other battle fields to which they went at the behest of their country, in order to champion the cause of right.

There is no doubt that the grievances of the men returning will increase in number and seriousness, and this, notwithstanding every effort that will be made by the Government and private organizations to meet the wishes of those who are deserving of the best that a loyal and patriotic population can give them.

We can well understand that when our boys come back and walk along the principal streets in our various large centres, noting as they will the well-dressed, sleek men and women bearing all the marks of prosperity and likewise driving costly cars, that the comparison they will make of their own lot and that of their more fortunate fellow citizens will arouse an indignation that will be difficult to curb. We must not forget that in every problem and question involving the welfare of men and women that we must always give due consideration to that im-



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ponderable quality called "human nature".

Men's passions, prejudices, and wants suffer little change even during so strenuous and exceptional a period as the one through which we have been passing since war was declared. The thirst for comfort and wealth is as intense as it was previous to the beginning of the great conflict. Man's senses are affected by what he sees, hears, and feels. These convey to him impressions that lead to action and awaken feelings of anger or pleasure.

Huge fortunes have been made as a result of the country's war needs. To quite a number, the war was a means of becoming rich. Hundreds scrambled for contracts which brought big profits and thousands obtained concessions in the matter of wages. Although very sincere and passionate appeals were made to the patriotic sentiment of the population, those engaged in industry and finance were seldom moved by such appeals and endeavored to make hay while the sun shone.

While labour and capital were adjusting their differences in the matter of wages and conditions or endeavouring to obtain a larger share of the wealth that seemed to be so easily available, our splendid Canadian citizens in khaki were fighting and dying so that the former could continue to enjoy life with even more security and with greater comfort than they did previously.

Greater than the crimes committed by the Huns would be our overlooking the just claims of those who come back to us after having gone through the fiery furnace. Numbers will be maimed and short of limbs with which they came into the world. Others will be unstrung as a result of their nerves becoming distraught. Shell-shock will make continued existence for many an heroic soldier a burden hardly to be borne. Away from the trenches and camps they will have time to reflect and it depends upon the measure and intensity of such reflection as to whether they will side with the loyal population and help the Government through its reconstruction period or sympathize with the disorderly, dangerous, and disloyal element that can unfortunately be found in every country during times of peace and war.

Every possible means is being

used by the unscrupulous and hair-brained agitator to whom the words country and patriotism are incomprehensible, to carry on the propaganda known as Bolshevism. The object is of course, to upset society as at present constituted and instal as directors and dictators those who profess to be the champions of an exploited and oppressed proletariat. Any and all appeals that cunning and unscrupulous minds can think of are directed to the great mass of the people whose lot entitles them to the sympathy of all ardent well-wishers of the human family.

The Bolshevik is kin with the pacifist represented in the United Kingdom by men of the Ramsay, MacDonald, and Snowdon type who obtain converts to their propaganda by making promises that are impossible of fulfillment.

They believe that in expropriating the machinery of production and distribution and the confiscating of wealth, that they can bring into being the millenium which will be a workers paradise. They completely ignore the ability and executive power of those who are best fitted by training and nature to conduct industry along the most productively efficient lines.

One cannot reason with a Bolshevik. He suffers from a form of insanity that only time can cure. It likewise permits the full and freest exercise of those emotions that demonstrated that man has a great deal in common with the animal species that rend and tear if their appetites are not satisfied to the full. The Bolshevik takes care to always speak in the name of Democracy. With the shrewdness characteristic of some men to whom educational opportunities have been denied but possessing native wit, he knows that unless he makes it appear that he speaks in the name of the people, the mass of those whom he seeks to delude will not be influenced by his appeals to the basest of their selfish desires.

Bolshevism is another name for anarchy, disorder, social, economic, and political disintegration. It is a resolving of society into its original elements and bringing to the surface those repressed traits that civilization cannot allow to manifest themselves. It is a species of hysteria and is therefore a psychological problem. The specialist in nervous disorders and

psychiatry who has devoted time to the study of the abnormal conduct of human beings would be able, if permitted, to exercise the therapeutic measures that are within his reach and bring about a cure providing his instructions were carried out. However, the Bolshevik will certainly not go to the alienist for advice. He is prepared to wade in blood up to his very neck in order to abolish those who he believes are the support and champions of the capitalistic society which he hates with a brutal ferocity that even a tiger could not emulate.

In the several countries, both Entente and Teutonic, Bolshevik propagandists are feverishly at work. The loosening of those social bonds which make for law and order and the peaceful carrying on of every day life, brings about an orgy in which the Bolshevik can indulge to his heart's content.

Writers on social and political conditions have ascribed Bolshevism to starvation and the denial to the multitude of the necessities and comforts of life that distinguish the satisfied citizen from the poverty stricken worker. A desire to share to a larger extent in all the good things of life may be one of the causes that inspire Bolshevism. It is an apology for the conduct of those who profess this crude creed.

Events have shown, that the fair promises made by Bolshevik leaders cannot be carried out and that the continuance of conditions which it brings in its train leads to a social and economic degradation that causes untold suffering and privation to the class that it is supposed to benefit.

Any group of dissatisfied citizens can very quickly become Bolshevik. While its methods may not appeal to those living in constitutionally governed countries, we cannot overlook the fact that where men think they are being unjustly dealt with and refused consideration of the demands made, they can very quickly, in times such as these when men are so unstrung, rally to their side the disorderly and criminal elements with which every society is afflicted.

If the Canadian Government and people wish to destroy any influence that potential Bolsheviks in this country may be able to exert if given the opportunity, they must make up their minds quickly and definitely that everything that can

be done to show our appreciation of the men who went overseas and are returning, must be done without any delay. Every single complaint of unfair treatment should be investigated and adjusted.

While there may be amongst the men returning some who no amount of consideration will satisfy, the great majority will be very thankful for the kindness that the Government can show them and the concrete way in which the appreciation of the people through the Government can be expressed.

It is extremely galling to a returned soldier to learn of appointments that are made to offices within the gift of the Government, and particularly within the jurisdiction of the Militia Department, of men who have made no sacrifices whatsoever; who have enjoyed all the emoluments of the office which they held and to which they were not entitled still continue to profit from the favoritism which was responsible for placing them in the positions which they do not really honour.

Men who were opposed to conscription should not under any circumstances be allowed to occupy any military position, be it ever so humble. If they are allowed to wear the uniform which they thought was not sufficiently honourable to don in order to fight for King and country, they are not good enough or loyal enough to be employed by the Government. In several cases that have recently happened, appointments were made that can only be classed as an insult to the heroic dead and the brave living.

A great deal of criticism has been levelled at the Government for making these appointments and the antagonism which as a result has been aroused will continue to become stronger and by no means redound to the advantage of the Government. No man should be called to sit in judgment upon another who is charged or convicted under any one of the several military regulations where the former refused to show his willingness to fight for the great Cause.

Those who have been properly termed uniformed shirkers, i.e. officers and men attached to the different military districts who did not volunteer their services or offer to go overseas, should not be kept a moment longer. Their places can and should be filled in accordance with the declaration made by the

Minister of Militia and Defence that the preference in all cases will be given to returned men.

One can understand that men of the class named do not relish vacating their positions for those who are better than themselves, but there should be no option given. The public of this country pay the money that supports it. The majority of the electorate voted overwhelmingly to assist the men in the trenches. They are unanimously in favour of everything possible being done for their splendid fellow citizen soldiers. They will not tolerate place and preferment, still being kept by those who wore the uniform and all the marks of rank, but were not prepared to make any sacrifices that would make them worthy wearers of it.

Our splendid men will now be coming back in their thousands. At heart they are loyal Britishers. No finer men live. Their feelings though, will be outraged if they learn of instances to which reference has been made, multiplying after their return.

If the Government does not wish to provide material highly inflammable, from which the flames of Bolshevism will rise, it must not countenance under any circumstances the growth of a feeling of discontent on the part of the returned soldiery. The cowardly civilian Bolshevik will very gladly incite the soldier. He will exploit him for his own fell purpose and if any campaign of this kind succeeded, the harm done could never be remedied.

Already pamphlets, booklets, and circulars are being distributed throughout the length and breadth of this Dominion. The soldier is being told that he battled for capitalism and that he was nothing more than a victim of wage slavery. The usual arguments of the revolutionary socialist are embroidered with all the verbally vitriolic trimming that characterizes the literary output of the normal and abnormal disciples of Karl Marx.

With the likely depression that will ensue within the next six months, the Bolshevik may be able to secure recruits to his banner. However, if the returned soldiers, knowing that the Government has done all that humanly can be done for them, do not become susceptible to the vicious teachings enunciated by the Lenine Trotsky disciples we need have no fear as to normal conditions of law and order being

maintained.

Officious and offensive military officers, be they the general officers commanding districts, or mere subaltern uniformed shirkers, must be kept in their place. This can be done without any loss of discipline or diminishing of the respect which the enlisted man and non-com owes his superiors.

We must likewise not forget that every soldier is a citizen first and a soldier next. Upon his return to Canada he automatically resumes all the rights and privileges that belong to him as a citizen. He therefore will not brook any presumption on the part of those who, if he was in civil life, would have to treat him with the respect that one citizen does another. Any officer, be his position of the highest importance who makes a recommendation or suggestion, as to the appointment of a subordinate who is not entitled to such preferment either on account of his failure to have offered his services or because he opposed the Union Government, should be summarily dealt with. He is not fit to occupy the position which, from the standpoint of loyalty and patriotism he abuses.

I have on more than one occasion pointed out that the loyal population of this country, male and female, will stand by the returned soldier and woe unto him or them who do things that hurt the feelings of the returned soldier and the loyal population, or refuse to revoke appointments hastily made and which entirely disregard the principle laid down by the Militia Department and concurred in by the sincere and loyal electorate of the Dominion.

**Ships That Pass In The Night.**

The steamer had just arrived and had cast anchor outside a well-known port. The captain gave orders to the watch to allow no one to come on board. After a while a pinnace came near, and a voice shouted out:

"Hullo there, lower your ladder."

The watch replied:

"You can't come aboard tonight, sir."

The voice from the small boat said:

"I'm the Admiralty Pilot, you silly ass."

"Can't help it; I don't care a rap if you're Pontius Pilate, I've got my orders."

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A NOTE OF WARNING.

Now that demobilization is in full swing, and the boys are returning to their homes, and civil occupations, let us utter a word of warning against the Spirit of unrest that seems to be latent all around, re-action from the tense feeling, that the fighting in the World-wide Conflict aroused seems to have set in; a good deal of dissatisfaction exists amongst Officers and Men, at various things in the Scheme of demobilization, that bear harshly and unduly upon them. Consequently, one hears a great deal of grumbling, and unfortunately we have to admit that there are grounds for complaints.

Let us remember "That evil is wrought more by want of thought than ever by want of heart". Things might have been done more tactfully and less harshly, and whilst we appreciate the desire of the Powers that be, to see that the men are returned to their homes as speedily as possible, more tact and diplomacy might easily have been used. And all would have departed in better spirits.

We were assured that all measures had been taken and schemes fully prepared for handling the men. When the time for demobilization arrived but all too suddenly the sponge was thrown up by the Merciless Hun. And, "Hey Presto! Where are the Schemes?"

Evidently, they were not quite matured, because the Cogs in the Wheel sometimes slip causing annoyance, and vexation. Of course, one admits that it is inevitable that mistakes will occur. Indeed, in our opinion, "the man who never made a mistake, never made anything" but it is very unfortunate that whilst there is this spirit of unrest, invisible but all around, these causes for dissatisfaction should arise, it is a thousand pities that either Officer, N.C.O. or Man should depart nursing a grievance, some grievances are avoidable others unavoidable.

One grievance that seems to be unjust, is the question of Clothing Allowance to the Officer, provision has been made for the men, but none for the Officer.

Now there is not such a gulf fixed between the Commission and the Ranks in Canada as exists in the Older Countries, as a matter of fact, they are all drawn from one stratum in Society, indeed, until quite recently the Senior N.C.O. was better off than the married Subaltern, yet no provision or allowance is made to the Officer upon resuming Civil Life; this in our opinion is decidedly unfair, and is working harshly in many instances, a sore question with the men was the retention of their Uniform upon discharge a large percentage desired to retain their clothing, but unfortunately had to leave them

behind, these little irritating things small as they appear, all add to the spirit of unrest that is surging around us. We remember the celebrated "muddling phrase" of the Rt. Hon. Walter Long who was a member of the Conservative administration in England during the South African War.

When the government was accused of "muddling things" he blandly stated in the House of Commons, "Well, gentlemen, we'll muddle through somehow." Yes, but muddling is not business, and surely with the innumerable examples of "How not to do things" that have occurred during the whole period of the War. We quite anticipated that the process of demobilization would go on just as merrily as the proverbial "Marriage Bells". This brings us back to our note of warning to the boys.

During your period of Training you were taught to develop the habit of obedience to restraint, let us urge upon you to carry the spirit of self restraint into civil life, we must also carry the spirit of forbearance with us, and try to be tactful in dealing with the shortcomings of both individuals and communities; by self restraint we will overcome, unrest. Let us see to it that our Country is not plagued like unfortunate Europe with Strikes and rumours of Strikes, having subordinated self for the Conquest and overthrow of Autocracy, let us see to it that a triumphant Democracy is well ordered, and under proper restraint. By suffering and fortitude we have overcome evil, evil in National life is still with us. And having learned during our sojourn in the Army to live for our Country and not for self, let us use our knowledge wisely and well.

CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Johns, P.Q., Dec. 12, 1918

The Editor

"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

In your able reply to Financial Times you do an injustice to the Daughters of The Empire and Red Cross Societies of St. Johns.

You say "The Daughters of the Empire, the Canadian Red Cross, and other kindred organizations, look after the upkeep of the Camps in England, but here in St. Johns, without any aid from these organizations", etc.

I think in justice to the ladies who have given so freely of their time and money, and have done so much for the Soldiers, and would have done more if they had been allowed by the Military authorities, and who have supplied the Hospitals here with all the com-

forts asked for, or which their kindness suggested, that you should ascertain from someone who has been longer in the City than you appear to have been, the truth of the matter, and not condemn by implication all the ladies of St. Johns as "Slackers".

Yours very truly,

W. C. Trotter,

Major R.L.

We have pleasure in printing the letter of Major Trotter and regret that through inadvertance, that any slight should have been put upon the ladies of St. Johns.

Editor

of "Knots and Lashings".

HADN'T SENSE ENOUGH.

The Huns:—"Peace! Peace! We must have peace!"

The Allies:—"Well, why didn't you keep it when you had it?"

A WIFE'S PRAYER

Somewhere a woman watches thrilled with pride,  
Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none;  
She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side  
You stand together, when the fight is done.  
Keep for her dear sake, a stainless name,  
Bring back to her a manhood, free from shame.

—From Mrs. Wm. Allbutt,  
Amsterdam, New York.

THE LOST CHANCE

A Hint to the Hesitant

She stood beneath the mistletoe,  
When I came in the room  
The vision set my heart aglow  
And drove away my gloom.  
But I—alas!—I paused to stare,  
Enraptured at the glance;  
And it was then, and it was there,  
I lost my only chance.

For as I stood another came,  
A speedier than I.  
He hied him straightway to his game,  
E'en as the eagles fly;  
And, oh, the kisses and the smacks,  
So merry and so gay!  
He took 'em singly and in stacks,  
In osculate array!

A hungrier wight I never saw  
In all this life of pain;  
He gobbled up a thousand score,  
And then began again.  
And when I left at break of day—  
Oh, bitter, bitter pill!—  
I very much regret to say  
The cuss was at it still!

—Horace Dodd Gastit.

I should say, of about 10,000 inhabitants, and was slightly shell marked, there being many broken windows and some holes in the roofs and walls.

The people seemed to be the scum of Belgium, and were making all they could out of the British Tommy. They didn't seem to care if the war never ended and I think many of them were pro-German. The Station Master was shot as a spy.

The French people were much nicer to us and they are cleaner and greatly superior to the Belgians we met about Poperinghe and Loere.

This Camp A is situated about five miles or more from the front line but the enemy is able when he takes the notion to land in a few shells. To the East of us is the Ypres Salient, where the Canadians made their name when they stopped the German rush for Calais. By a Salient we mean a projection into the German line, so that when in the Salient the enemy can fire on you from three sides.

About the base of the Salient in its centre is what was once the delightful city of Ypres.

Roughly the Salient could be mapped out by a curved line drawn with its convexity facing East. Starting from the North end at Boesinghe, which is in our possession, and curving South-east to Hooge, which is the apex of the Salient, thence the line curves south-west through Hill 60 to St. Eloi.

March 28th.—We left Camp A in the pitch dark and sleet and boarded a train about a quarter of a mile distant which took us to Ypres. Here we started our march to the front to relieve the R.C.R. It was very dark and no smoking was allowed, for fear the Germans would see the lights.

We marched quickly through the ruined city which we could see was a ghastly wreck. Portions of broken walls and churches stood up like corpses against the black sky. Occasionally we heard a shell screech overhead and twice one burst rather close. We were all nervous although no one would admit it, but there was nothing to do but go steadily on and trust in God. We passed through the City and out the Lille Gate, thence down the Lille Road to Shrapnel Corner, a pleasant spot so named

French town called Bailleul. Here there was a canteen where we were able to buy provisions for our Mess.

March 23rd.—We took a long hard march to our Camp in the Ypres Salient called Camp A. This was about a mile and a half from Poperinghe, Belgium, and consisted of wooden huts and a parade ground. We marched via Berthen, Westoutre and Reninghelst. At the last named place General Sir Douglas Haig inspected us as we marched past. We also passed a battalion of the Durham Light Infantry who were being relieved after six months in the Ypres Salient and they looked the part—tired and dirty. We were told the Salient was a very bad place and we expected a hard time.

The A. D. M. S. and Divisional Headquarters were stationed at Reninghelst. Later on Camp A was called Camp St. Lawrence.

March 26th.—Went for a long walk with John Edgar to Vlamerdinghe. This was a small town but now is a wreckage from shell fire, and was the first I had seen of the devastation.

From Vlamerdinghe we walked west on the Ypres-Poperinghe road to Poperinghe. This was a place,

DIARY OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE SIXTIETH BATTALION.

(Continued)

Our men went to the trenches for instruction under the 24th and 26th Battalions. I went to Siege Farm with a company where I received my baptism of shell fire—it was not much but one shell splattered me with mud.

At night two guides took me across country where I called on the M.O. of the R.C.R. I returned alone and was not sure of my way and when I heard machine guns for the first time I felt rather uncomfortable. During this trip we had our first casualties—one killed and one wounded.

March 11th.—We marched back to Thieushank near Godewaersvelde, where we had a beautifully quiet rest in farm billets for 12 days. While here I shared a room in a farm house with the Quartermaster and the Chaplain. We had a stone floor, a stove, and a dove which sang "Hip Hurrah" day and night. The people of the house worked hard from 5 a.m. until 9 p.m., when they had prayers and went to bed.

One day I rode to a decent little

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MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS

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because the Hun puts shrapnel over it at his pleasure.

From this Corner we turned left on a road which took us along Observatory Ridge. I thought there was no end to this road and as the country was new to me, I felt each time a German flare went up that I was a good target in my trench coat decorated like a Christmas tree marching at the tail end of the Battalion.

Finally we struck off the road and went north through fields for the communication trench. We tripped over telephone wires, caught our necks on other wires and fell into shell holes full of water. Every once in a while a rifle bullet would sing overhead, or come too close, when the sweat would stand out in huge beads. The Shrapnel Helmet, or Tin Hat as the Tommies call it, allows of no evaporation.

I landed at Battalion headquarters in a little wood called Maple Copse. Everybody here lived in built up shelters of sand bags wrongly called Dug Outs. No lights could be shown outside, but candles were used in the Dug Outs.

I met the M.O. I was relieving and he showed me the Dressing Station and my Dug Out for sleeping. Then he took me back to Headquarters and left me. After a while I started along the bath-mats or narrow board walk to the Dug Out and did not like the situation as the German flares seemed to surround us on all sides and bullets whistled continually through the trees overhead in all directions.

#### Never "Recuperated".

Through selling the necessaries of life at a highly inflated price, old Tompkins was rolling in money. Before the war he had been contented with a small villa at Brixton, but now he presided over a tremendous establishment, and, in fact, was having the time of his life.

His one bane in life was the fact that he could never master the difficulties of diction, or the vagaries of the English language; try how he might, that beastly "h" would never come in the right place, and he would often see his guests trying to suppress their laughter at his quaint phrasing. One evening he was holding forth on the subject of a neighbor.

"Mean fellow, 'e is—thoroughly



RETURNING OUR ISSUE.

mean," he confided. "I extended me 'ospitality to 'im; I 'ad 'im in 'ere, gave 'im a jolly good dinner, and a first-rate bottle of wine—one of the best in my cellar. Now this'll show yer what 'e is; that was a fortnight ago, and up to now 'e 's never recuperated."

#### The Last Thing.

There had, it appears, been an explosion at the big munitions factory, and the manager who was snatching a brief holiday at the time, hurried home to investigate. "How in the world did it happen?" he asked the foreman as he gazed at the ruins of the beautiful new building. "Who was to blame?"

"Well, you see, sir," was the reply, "it was like this. Bill went into the mixing-room, probably thinking of something else, and struck a match in mistake. He—"

"Struck a match!" exclaimed the manager in amazement. "I should have thought it would have been the last thing on earth he'd do."

"It was, sir," was the rejoinder.

#### Sound Evidence.

A woman was brought before the magistrate and charged with being drunk and disorderly. She strenuously denied the charge but admitted telling everybody that the war would be over in three weeks.

The magistrate said to her in grave tones:

"And don't you think, my good woman, that that is sufficient evidence that you were drunk?"

"Indeen not," the woman replied; "my old man, 'e's just joined, and 'e's never kept a job longer than three weeks."

#### "Unconscious" Humor.

An Irishman never seems to lose his delicious humour, even under the most distressing of circumstances. During the big push at Messines an Irishman, beloved by all his friends, was seen to fall struck by shrapnel in the leg. A friend stopped to help him saying: "Mike, are you hurt? are you hurt?"

Michael looked up with a drawn face and said:

"Am I hurt, boy? Shure, an' I am; can't you see I'm unconscious."

#### No Use For Zeppelins.

The recruiting-sergeant was taking a party of men to the station en route for the local military centre. They were a strange assortment—professional men, well-dressed and spruce, young boy clerks, labourers, street-hawkers, and even gipsies. The last named were giving him some trouble, having been brought up to the scratch of enlisting by their womenfolk, who came to see them off and give them into the hands of the military. They had spent their last two hours of liberty in assuaging their thirst and drinking

to the new life, and were in a decidedly befuddled state when the sergeant took them over and tried to get them into some kind of order.

"Oi don't wonner go," said one of them. "Oi 'ont be no use to 'em. Lemme go."

He started to roll about and get out of the line.

The sergeant hurried up to him. He was one of the real old sort, a soldier through and through. He took the gipsy by the arm and dragged him back again, saying:

"You're orld right, old son, you'll soon feel a man. All you want is dis-cip-line. That's the thing to buck you up; yes, dis-cip-line."

He rolled his tongue round the last word, and lingered on it lovingly. To him it was life (even though it was wrongly pronounced).

But the gipsy man caught the last word:

"Zep'lin—who said Zep'lin? Don't talk to me o' Zeplins, I don't know anything of 'em."

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

Wife: "That girl in the opposite flat is quite a promising singer." Husband: "Well, get her to promise that she won't sing any more!"

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

Asparagus Tips.

The woman sat down.

She was six feet two in her stocking feet; quite tall for her size. She wore a becoming brown Donjon suit of jazzcloth. Her hat of red mock sauerkraut silk put the finishing touch to an otherwise good-looking costume. It was a chic—presumably designed for a chicken. Under her arm she carried a roll of manuscript. One could tell by the odd position of her feet (they were inter-locked) that the manuscript was valuable.

The woman spoke.

“Are you the editor of the Morning Glory?” she asked, timidly.

“I am,” answered the editor, at once businesslike and full of business. Editors see so much of this sort of thing.

“Well, my name is Virginia Asparagus. Tee-hee—sounds like dinner-time, doesn't it?” she giggled girlishly, for she was only 48. “You see I've been studying Mr. Hoover's articles on food economy and I have here some articles about making things to eat from things one would ordinarily throw away—from wood-shavings down to the sand you wash out of spinach. I call these articles ‘Asparagus Tips.’”

“I see,” weakly murmured the editor.

“I shall need about one column of your paper and shall use the money you pay me for a home in Slanders for Insane Cats and Insane Dogs.”

“Ye gods!” wildly cried the editor.

“Sir?” smiled out Miss Asparagus.

“I was merely suggesting some more inmates for your home,” said the editor, thus excusing himself.

“Now, my first article tells how to conserve corn silk by tying the strands together and knitting them into sweatless sweaters.”

“Ugh!” groaned the editor.

“Article two describes a way of utilizing the husks of corn by dipping them into molten iron, tacking them to a broomstick and using them as formidable fly-swatters.”

“For the love of—” began the editor. But Miss Asparagus went on with her tips.

“Then here is the prize ‘Tip’—the best of them all—how to save the cobs of the corn and make

them edible by punching out the core, cutting them in slices and frying them in liquid butter. Thus they make delicious doughnuts. Sir, I am full of ideas. I—”

“Excuse me one minute, Miss Brussels Sprouts,” said the editor, confusedly, and he left the room.

After calling up the asylum, the editor returned to engage Miss Asparagus in conversation until the bug-wagon came along.

But the lady was gone.

Darn it!

Too Many Sergeants.

After a parade the drill-sergeant called a recruit aside, in order to give him a little fatherly advice. All the afternoon the recruit had given him trouble and he meant to make the man fell ashamed of himself.

“Now, look here,” he said, “you are about the awkwardest handful I've ever had to lick into shape. You must have had a rotten upbringing, or else you are doing it on purpose. I don't like to think it's the latter—you look as if you can't help it, as though you were

born like it. Tell me, what were you in civilian life?”

“I was a packer in a factory, where they made toy soldiers, until I got the sack,” replied the recruit.

“Oh! you were, were you? And what exactly did they sack you for?”

“They sacked me for a very good reason,” said the recruit placidly, “I put too many sergeants into the boxes.”

Very Considerable.

A young private in the yeomanry was told off for sentry duty on the squadron stables. At about 11 p.m. the sergeant of the guard thought he would look round to see that everything was in order. When he arrived at the place where the sentry should have been, he found nobody there. He walked along the stables calling “Guard! Guard!” and after a minute or two observed a very sleepy looking figure peep from behind a bundle of straw.

“Here's a fine thing,” he roared; “why aren't you on



duty?”

“I am on duty,” retorted the private.

“On duty indeed! And what do you suppose you are doing now?”

“Marching round.”

“Marching round, eh!—and with your boots off!”

“Well, I took 'em off so that I shouldn't wake the horses,” was the reply.

Driver Screw, R. E.

It all arose through the system that the War Office employs to name a thing. The army doesn't know what a rip saw is, but it knows what a “saw ripping” is, just as it knows that “Mugs, enamel, blue, officers for the use of,” are like.

The ordnance officer arrived at his office to find an urgent message from H. Q. awaiting him. It was to the effect that a certain Driver Screw, R.E. was missing, and that he was to make enquiries at once. He turned to the register to find if he had a driver of that name, but in vain. Together he and the A. P. M. set inquiries afoot to locate the mysterious Driver Screw, but late in the evening they abandoned the task as hopeless. He was about to ring up H. Q. to inform them of the fact when the telephone bell rang.

“Hullo!” he yelled.

“We're H.Q.,” came the reply; “you needn't worry, we've found it.”

“Found what?” he asked.

“Why, the screwdriver we asked you about this morning.”

A True Consoler.

Private Brown had got a day off, and with true Christian-like spirit resolved to visit his sick chum in hospital. He walked six miles along a dusty road, and ultimately found the place.

“Good Heavens!” he gasped on seeing his friend. “How rotten you look. Why you're nothing but a skeleton. Glad I dropped in—you want cheering up. If anything should happen, old chap, I'll try and get a day off for the funeral.” Then he looked through the door towards the staircase beyond.

“Good Lord!” he ejaculated, “what an awful job it will be getting the coffin down those narrow stairs.”

When may we presume that man is very hungry?—When he devours books.

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



Taken July 1870.

H. R. H. Prince of Arthur (Duke of Connaught) reading an address to the troops, on their return from the battle of Trout River, from the verandah of the residence of the late Archibald Henderson, Huntingdon, Que.

The one not in uniform to the left of the Prince is C. J. Bridges, who was at that time Manager of the Grand Trunk Ry. The boy second from the left is his son. The tall officer in front with the broad sash is General Lindsay, who at that time commanded the Militia, the tall officer in the doorway is Col. Fitz-George, A.D.C. to the Prince.

## AN EVENING WITH THE ARTISTS OF THE E.T.D.

It was a most kind and thoughtful act of the Officer Commanding, the Entertainment Committee and Artists of the Engineer Training Depot to extend to many of the citizens of St. Johns the great privilege of being their guests on Wednesday evening last at one of their entertainments in the City Hall. For some weeks now the Market Hall has been loaned to the Depot for movies and concerts and it has been hinted abroad that no mean display of talent characterized these evenings. Naturally there has been curiosity among the civilians and consequently there was an atmosphere of expectancy in the Hall last night when the curtain rose. And there was no disappointment. For upwards of three hours the audience was treated to a rare programme of delightful variety. Classical numbers had catchy comic selections treading on their heels, while intensity of pathos was succeeded quickly by sportive levity. There was literally something for everybody, children and seniors, sentimental maidens (present in profusion)

and sordid men of business. The resonant laughter of the latter on frequent occasions was an antidote to the far-away look of the former during the dancing of the ruddy buglers, and when the E. T. D. Band filled the Hall with its melodious flood of exquisite harmony one realized that he was indeed in the company of artists. The delightful evening was too soon over and it adds one more occasion for gratitude to our good friends of the Engineer Training Depot that they so kindly devoted an evening to this entertainment for their friends in St. Johns.

Lieut. Phillips was on hand and welcomed the guests as they arrived.

It is hardly fair to pick out for special mention any particular performer, but one cannot help mentioning Corp. Patterson, who surprised the audience with the sweetness of his voice. The violin numbers were beautifully rendered and the audience could have stood a little more. The sketch with the Ghost was well presented and the "young lady" who danced created quite a furore among the sterner sex until it developed that she was a he. (Reprinted from The News.)

## THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The guardsman who brought his right hand smartly to salute with his rifle on the other shoulder.

Major when he is not looking stern and haughty.

The non-coms doing "P.T."

The Sapper who asked for a discharge on passionate grounds and the guy who considered himself a burden to the Government.

The Sapper who on returning from a recent party concluded that he needed a bath and who stood under the north wing shower in his full regimentals.

## APPLICATION FOR DISCHARGE.

To the Captain of E.T.D. Regiment  
Vinegar Barracks  
St. Johns, Quebec.

November 8th, 1918.

Dear Sir:—

I apply for my discharge on Compassionate grounds which are having a wife and daughter and through sickness are not able to take care of my home and with being the main support.

I have the honour to remain

Your obedient servant

**Spr. Ima Nutt**

Vinegar Barracks,

St. Johns,

Quebec.

## ONE FOR THE VINEGAR.

Cobbler Corporal (to N.C.O. in charge of party of sappers whose boots need repairing):—"I seem to get more boots for re-soling from the Vinegar Barracks than I do from the Main Barracks."

N.C.O. from Vinegar Barracks: "That's quite true, old Top. A and B Companies have a tendency to wear out the soles of their boots as they do a certain amount of marching and fatigues."

Collapse of Cobbler Corporal and Quick Curtain.

Veritas.

## HER LITTLE PLAN.

"I see you a good deal with young Flubdub."

"Yes, auntie."

"I hope you are not going to marry a spendthrift."

"Oh, no. I don't think I'll marry him. But it's nice going around with one."

MATERNAL COMMUNINGS.

By P. L. MacHale.

Dear sons of mine, whose faces I shall never  
 Again behold with these poor mortal eyes,  
 Who, when you said good-bye it was for ever,  
 O God! the anguish of these last "good-byes",  
 You told me at the gateway as I kissed you.  
 Aye, each of you, to ease my aching heart,  
 Well knowing how, away, your mother missed you,  
 That you would soon be back ne'er more to part.

You briskly marched to—death!—those cruel mornings,  
 With well-feigned courage, tho' with eyes tear-filled;  
 And in my bursting breast I felt the mornings  
 Of these dread missives with their burden—"Killed!"  
 Those messages that have for ever ended  
 The hope, the yearning hope, of your return,  
 That have in one deep chalice swiftly blended  
 The bitter sorrows that I cannot spurn!

Dear sons of mine, they tell me of the glory  
 That each of you by dying thus has won;  
 "Decorum est pro patria sic mori,"  
 They lightly quote who have not lost a son,  
 "Fame," "glory," "immortality," are only  
 Vain empty words, all meaningless, to me;  
 I only know I'm desolately lonely,  
 And that I long—so long—with you to be!

And yet (I'm proud, oh! proud) you've done your duty—  
 Have fought for honour and for honour died—  
 For God, for freedom, spiritual beauty,  
 And not for merely kudos, human pride.  
 You yearned for no V.C., no decoration:  
 To cleanse the world of wrong—that was your aim;  
 Wherefrom there flows to me some consolation,  
 Yes, I am proud; you did not die for fame.

Dear sons of mine, farewell—farewell for ever—  
 No, not for ever—Death shall not prevail;  
 We'll meet again, pray God, ne'er more to sever,  
 When I have conquered Death and passed the Veil—  
 That Veil the Intellectuals are seeking  
 To penetrate, yet spurn the Crucified,  
 Whose Spirit to our spirits has been "speaking,"  
 Since on the Hill of Calvary He died.  
 (News of the World, Nov. 17, 1918.)

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**THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.**

Who is the Sapper who was found eating raw potatoes in the basement of the Officers Mess?

Who is the lady who was initiated at a recent session of the Hooligan Club?

Also are lady members offered any rebate on payment of initiation fee?

Have the Hooligans got a pull with the M.O.?

Who is the Sapper who, when

his subsistence was stopped, thought he was up for discharge.

**ANSWER AN EASY ONE.**

"How did so many of the men who are in Training Camp happen to get 'Influenza'?"

"We give up."

"Because they were in the Draft."

**PROPOSAL.**

Should a man propose to a girl on his knees.

Well if he does not, she should get off.

## PURPLE COW.

I never saw a purple cow.  
I never hope to see one.  
But I can tell you, anyhow,  
I'd rather see than be one.

## FIRST AID FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES.

The following instructions have been carefully prepared by the eminent medical authority, Doctor Howitt Tickles.

## Stage Fright

If patient is unconscious hang him, face up, over a convenient fence. See if he is breathing through his ears. Take off his shoes and throw them away. If he is still unconscious, go through his pockets. That will bring him to.

## Paralysis

Search patient for bottle and test quality of contents. If bottle is empty, hold to ear and listen for death rattle. Rub patient's back, beginning at the front and vice versa. Ask him where he got it, writing reply on back of your collar. Pull out patient's tongue a few inches, letting it fly back. Continue this operation till the wagon comes.

## Tooth Ache

Wrap blanket around tooth and secure with rubber cement to roof of mouth. Lay your ear to soles of patient's feet and see if you can detect heart-beats. If his pump is working, ask him to count up to ten slowly, holding his breath. A fly-paper poultice in back of the knees will help in severe cases.

## Homesickness

If patient is unconscious wind his watch, returning it carefully to your pocket. See if there are indications of rust marks on the back teeth. When patient is able to take nourishment, feed him a hot goulash through a straw.

## Freezing

Hang up patient by his heels, telling him to stand "at ease". Rub frozen spot with tomato sauce and open dampers half-way. If patient is still cold it may be neces-

sary to prime him. Use prime carefully, remembering federal tax.

## Snake Bite

If patient has been bitten below the belt, remove belt and place below bite. This is important. Remove patient's shirt and look for snake. When found mark "Exhibit A" and replace carefully. Blow in both of patient's ears at the same time.

## EQUIPMENT.

While the government furnishes the essentials of military life, experience has taught that the following articles contribute to one's personal comfort:

One paper-hanger's outfit  
One case of dominoes  
One four-inch hawser  
Two typewriters  
One nice work bench  
One Chicago directory  
One kitchen range  
One slot machine  
One manicure set  
One Morris chair  
Four doz. prs. suspenders  
Four good Persian rugs  
One 24 foot ladder  
One bass violin  
One Vanity-box  
One fly-rifle  
One mahogany bar  
One brassiere  
One 1906 Ford  
One chiffonier  
One saw horse  
One chafing dish  
One clothes-dryer  
Two clothes-pins  
One tooth brush with Evinrude motor attached.

## The Value Of Medals.

"And phat's the good of all these bits of tin, anyway," said Pat. "Shure medals is nothin'. Oi have a brother who has more medals thin the ginerel himself, an' he's niver seen the colour of a tunic."

"Very likely," said his friend; "perhaps he's an athlete."

"It's a liar you are," said Pat, "he's a pawnbroker."

## HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

Contributions from the men in the Depot have been falling off somewhat of late, but to give the general reader some idea of the material that has to be gone through in order to pick out the Wheat from the Chaff we append the following in all its pristine beauty:—

To the Editor of Nots and lashing facts from B Comp

## Viniger Baracks

how was the Sapper who invited the offiser of the day to have a drink and be soshible like the rest off the boys but the O D could not see it that way Gard turn out nuf said

B Comp is well liked by one sertant S M thats wise I have told you today remember I will send you all to bordoux again

Some of the boys in the pickel Cook House leave a home never had such a job wont them guys mis them big stakes and late suppers o boys.

B Comp is all sory losing one good romm ordely Mr J Buckley he sertanty looked after the boys dug outs and kept them elene his staff of huskeys will have to get along without jock but never mind Jock the boy harts all goes with you. At a boy.

B Comp is quarnteenen some quarenten no body sick nor never was no body sick we cant get out what did the gang say about it nuff said after lights out J. Me

## The Only Way.

The army examiner was getting somewhat out of patience with the dull candidate before him. But he controlled his temper, and gave him a last chance to distinguish himself.

"Let it be supposed, sir," he said, "that you were a captain in command of infantry; that in your rear was an impassable abyss; that on both sides of you there rose perpendicular rocks of tremendous height; that in front of you lay the enemy, out numbering you ten to one. What, sir, in such an emergency would you do?"

"What would I do?" responded the applicant for military distinction. "I should resign!"

## HOT-FOOT.

Kaiser:—"What account are my brave troops giving of themselves?"

Hindenburg:—"A running account, your Majesty."

## OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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**ANSWERS  
TO CORRESPONDENTS**

1. Yesterday at target practice I did not make a single hit. What had I better do? "Priv. Dedd Shott." Ans.—Fix your bayonet and charge the target.

2. What shall I do when surrounded by a superior force? "Capt. Dill Pickle." Ans.—Walk sideways rapidly. The enemy will then think you a whole regiment and hastily retreat.

3. How can I make my girl remain true when I am away? "Sergt. Ima Nutt." Ans.—Get a new girl in every town.

4. How can I enter the German lines? "Capt. F. U. Pleeze." Ans.—This was done very cleverly by Ike Melke, the Yiddish spy. He disguised himself as a sausage and crept through No Man's Land, making a noise like a pretzel.

5. What shall I do when my ammunition is exhausted? "Henry Fish Cake." Ans.—Cease firing.

6. How can I make myself popular with my men? "Lt. Leiderkranz." Ans.—Join another company.

7. What is the capital of Turkey? "Col. M. T. Bean." Ans.—Thirty cents.

8. How can I cure myself of walking in my sleep? "Weary Willie." Ans.—Take car fare to bed with you.

9. How is the modern trench constructed? "Major Hans Uppe." Ans.—Some run from right to left. Others from left to right.

10. What is the best cure for seasickness? "Corp. Tom Cod." Ans.—We give up.

**Punctuality.**

"Now then," roared the sergeant-major as he dismissed the paraded, "you will parade again on this spot at 2 o'clock precisely, and when I say 2 o'clock, I don't mean five past—I mean five-to."

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

**WAS IT 'ONLY' A DREAM?**

The writer asks the above question on the chance that someone may be able to tell him whether the following incident really was a dream or merely a case of "Second Sight".

One night not long ago, two beauteous maidens were taking an evening constitutional, when they met, and in passing, were greeted by two gentlemen answering to the name of "Mac and Tub".

The maidens proceeded on their way unconscious of any danger. They came at length to an Ice Cream Palace which they promptly entered, only to be followed shortly afterwards by the above named gentlemen who, on entering, immediately claimed acquaintance and insisted on doing the honours.

Having satisfied its pangs of hunger, the party then proceeded on its way, not in the formation one would suppose, however. Nothing daunting the gentlemen followed closely behind, having first as they thought, each "Tagged" his choice.

They continued in this way for some distance when suddenly the gentlemen discovered that they had been badly "Left".

The maidens not wishing to be outdone in generosity, had gracefully discarded the "Tags" which I thought seemed to take the form of two "Canes", these the gentlemen retrieved.

Then followed a game of "Hares and Hounds", but with no further success on the part of the "Hounds". My dream ended with the slow return of our sadder but wiser friends.

I awoke with tears in my eyes, but whether these came from a feeling of pity of my fellowmen I do not know; what I do know is, that I was accused some hours later of having awakened several people with what they described as laughter, but knowing the circumstances as I did, I hardly think that that could have been possible.

As I have stated above, this to the best of my knowledge, was only a dream, but the vividness of it all makes me think that perhaps,

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

**Morpheus.**

"Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?" "They are the ones which their owners forget to wind, my son!"

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ing for amateurs.

### TO THE DEAD IN FRANCE.

On Flanders Fields, where fell the brave,  
Where crosses mark each hero's grave;  
Where patriots' blood, so freely shed  
Has stained the soil a crimson red:  
There Freedom's torch, aglow with light  
Shines forth to guide mankind aright,  
And, from our hearts, goes forth the prayer,  
For all, who fought and suffered there;  
God save the men, who fought the fight,  
Who dared to battle for the right.  
Than they, none, costlier gift could give,  
Who gave their all, that all might live  
Unfettered by the Tyrant's chain:  
No, they have not died in vain.

J. Frederick Bermon.

(In Montreal Gazette.)

Morrisburg, Ont., Nov. 28.

### A COMPARISON.

(Editorial from Mount Vermont  
U.S.A. Paper.)

The total casualties of the American forces to date are about 65,000 while those of the British were 158,825 for the month of October. While the figures for France are not available it is likely that they nearly equalled those of the English. We mention these facts in order to show how small our losses have been in comparison to those of our allies.

History will, no doubt record that America played a big part in this war at a crucial time, but we in America should not forget that our Allies have made the great sacrifice and because of their sacrifices they must have the chief voice in determining the terms upon which the Central Powers may have peace.

We do not take a whit from the splendid achievements of our boys at the front when we give credit to our Allies for their magnificent bravery and wonderful accomplishments.

We are prone to minimise the part England has played in the war but we must never forget that had it not been for the English navy, victory over the Hun would have been impossible.

Furthermore, had it not been for the English navy there is no question but that our coast cities would have been attacked and probably destroyed by the German fleet.

### OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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

When History is finally written, it will be set down that it was the English sea power that made victory possible.

So, while we glory in America's part in the war—and we believe America has saved the day on land—we must not forget that the great burden has been carried by our Allies.

### WHAT MORE COULD HE WISH?

"You ask for my daughter? What are your prospects, young man? Do you own the house you live in?"

"No, I rent it, but I have five tons of coal in the cellar."

"Take her."

Sgt. Roxborough:—"Cpl. Sparrow, your services are required in the Sergeant's Mess and you will carry on there from now on."

Cpl. Sparrow:—"You know I am an experienced cook and cook only fancy stuff. You haven't the utensils there in the kitchen to enable me to carry on with that job. And besides I am awaiting my discharge. Oh, get somebody else for the job. I don't want it."

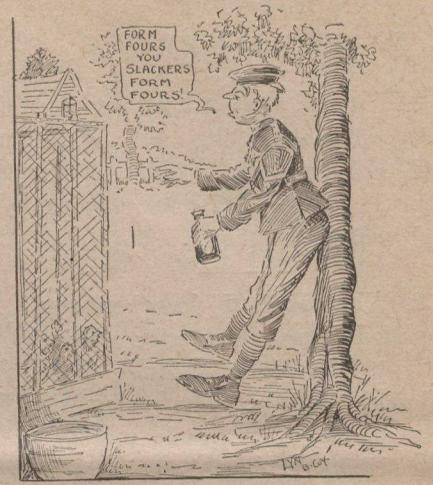
### The Cake That Was "It".

A fond mother sent a parcel of cakes to her dear boy "out there". They were duly received, and the boy gorged himself with them and then sat down and wrote to his mother:

"Dear Ma,—Many thanks for the cakes, they were it."

The old lady on receiving the letter remarked:

"Bobby's spelling is atrocious, but I wish those beastly Germans would keep their shrapnel to themselves."



### ON MEAL PARADE—THESE DAYS.

Sergeant:—"Parade 'Shun."  
"Parade stand and freeze."

### WHERE MONEY COUNTS.

"Darling," he said, "I have lost all my money."

"How careless of you," she replied. "The next thing you know you'll be losing me."

### MEDICAL REPORT

The information desired on this sheet is not at all necessary. All questions, therefore, should be answered carefully.

1. Name . . . . .
2. Address . . . . .
3. State address of your lady friend . . . . .
4. Do you know any other good addresses? . . . . .
5. What is the matter with you anyway? . . . . .
6. Why were you born? . . . . .
7. What do you think of the Kaiser? . . . . .
8. Is that all? . . . . .
9. Where were you on the night of the 31st of June, 1492? . . . . .
10. Is that the correct answer? . . . . .
11. What is the correct answer? . . . . . Thank you.
12. Do you like molasses on raw oysters? . . . . .
13. Have you ever committed suicide? . . . . .
14. Have you kept anything back? . . . . .

These answers must be sworn at by a Justice of the Peace and the sheet detached and mailed to the Bureau of Military Misinformation. If the commanding general owes you any money, telegraph the answers to him collect.

"IN LOVING MEMORY"

Oh Harry Dear, why did ye gae?  
 For, ye, ma hairt it yearns,  
 Soon ye will be, upon your way,  
 To meet Dear Brother Burns,  
 Oh, how we wish our lot would come,  
 To go with ye, Dear Eaglesome.

BRITAIN'S DAY IS OUR DAY

(The Baltimore Sun.)

We have had our fights with Great Britain in the past, but they were family fights, and should no more be remembered now than our own Civil War. For, after all, we are bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Her blood flows in our veins and answers the call of the same inspiration and ideals. Her soul lives again in our soul, and binds as in a common heritage of language, literature, history, tradition and political development that runs back through hundreds of years, and which neither time nor the seas can divorce. Composed of divers races as we are, the English birthmark stamps our national life and character ineradicably with our origin, and we are full brothers still in thought, in philosophy and aspiration to the magnificent manhood of the British Isles.

It is well to recall at a time like the present where the ark of modern liberty first rested, after the flood of mediaeval tyranny, where the seeds of modern freedom were sown, and where they were nourished and developed from generation to generation, with blood and tears and prayers. We talk much about our Declaration of Independence, but let us not forget that Englishmen had fought and striven for political freedom, for popular sovereignty while the American republic was still in the womb of time. English kings were defied on English soil long before we defied George III.; and the commoners of England challenged royal imperialism and established parliamentary power when this country was still largely a wilderness.

What would we have been today without these pre-natal influences, without the national ancestry, without this strain of inheritance? In the countries in this continent settled by Spain Spanish influence and characteristics long survived

and still survive. Had this country by any chance been mothered by Germany, its history and its tendencies might have been very different. But we come of a nation in which free institutions and free principles seemed to spring naturally from the political soil, and in which they developed as if in accordance with a great and natural plan. No student of history can deny the debt which we owe to England for our instinctive love of liberty, for the great moral law of freedom to which we have always paid allegiance.

We have a right today to feel prouder than ever before of this great ancestress. Without her mighty aid on land and sea, the continent of Europe would now be under Prussian domination, and Emperor William instead of being a trembling fugitive in Holland, would menace us as well as all other civilized lands with calamity. We could not have reached the scene of conflict in time without the help of her fleet and mercantile marine, and but for her might now have been awaiting a German armada on our coasts, instead of sending our President to Europe to assist in guaranteeing the future good behavior of conquered Germany. Great Britain in the last four years has stood between the world and destruction. We can never forget what she has done. We cannot praise her too highly today.

AMERICAN SLANG.

An Englishman newly arrived from "the old country" entered a street car in one of the large American cities, and sitting opposite to him was a lady who had a baby on her lap. The child was so ugly, that the Englishman could not help looking at it.

The lady becoming enraged at the man's seeming rudeness lent forward and said "Rubber".

The Englishman with a sigh of relief said, "Thank God, I thought it was a real one."

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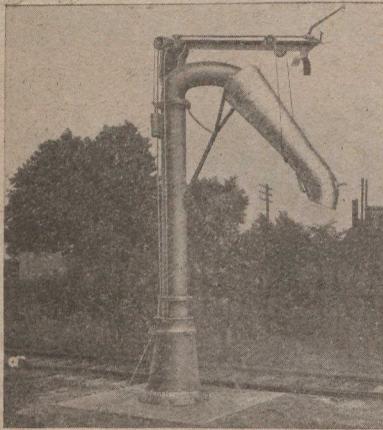
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**DEPARTMENT.**

On reaching camp, go directly to Headquarters and introduce yourself to the Commanding Officer. Be cordial and friendly. Make some jocular remark like, "Well, here I am, Old Sock! How's tricks?" He may appear embarrassed, but do not notice that. Clap him familiarly on the shoulder. Make him see that you are his friend.

Strive constantly to improve on the Army manual. Some day when an Officer passes, salute him with both hands. This will be a distinct novelty to him and, no doubt, he will commend you heartily.

If, by any chance, you should be called down by a superior officer, it would be a grave breach of discipline for you to salute him the next time you meet. He may still be mad with you and not want to speak.

Whenever you are given an order for which you can see no reason, in a courteous manner, but very firmly, ask the officer for further details and explanations. It may develop that there was no reason for the order being given.

Endeavor to relieve the monotony of parade by little witticisms and humorous comments on the various commands. When your company commander says "Right face" reply that it is your right face but you can't help it. He will be charmed at your quick wit and probably will mention it to the entire company.

While on sentry duty, if some one approaches your post, rise, thrust your rifle into the ground, muzzle first, and say pleasantly "Who is it?" If the visitor has no visiting-card and you think that he is endeavoring to deceive you, speak to him sharply. Show him that you are not to be trifled with.

Show an interest in the personal comfort of those about you. Offer the sergeant your old shirt. At the proper time ask the colonel if he has sewed himself up for the winter.

If you are absent without leave and your company commander speaks to you about it, tell him that you are taking your next furlough

on the instalment plan. This businesslike reply will greatly please him. In all probability, he will give you a permanent vacation.

If you should be awake in your tent some night, reflect that there may be some other weary or homesick comrade in your company. To cheer him, begin singing in a clear, sweet voice, "Meet me in the brickyard where the pickled onions bloom," or "Remember that a loving heart still beats beneath his overalls," or some other old time ballad.

Whenever it occurs to you that the company commander or the commanding officer is lonesome, make it a point to call on him. Do not wait for an invitation. He may be longing for a friendly word.

When you meet an officer who is walking with a lady, step right up to be introduced. He will be delighted with this attention to his friend. Do not, however, detain them more than an hour or two. Remember that there are other men in your company whom he will be anxious to have her meet.

If you think you are going to be sick go directly to the captain about it. He will tell you what ails you.

If you feel that your company commander is lacking in a few minor respects, talk it over with him in a patient, sympathetic manner. If you think he is in trouble, offer to lend him a couple of dollars. These little attentions will make him love and respect you.

When you see that your quickness and natural ability are placing you ahead explain to your comrades your good qualities. At the same time tell them kindly about their own defects. Do this in public so that you can not be accused of favoritism. While you are in the hospital send for a Bible and look up Daniel, fifth chapter, twentieth verse.

**LOOKS LIKE A SLOW UP.**

Briggs:—"Well, the world seems to move faster and faster all the time."

Griggs:—"Nonsense! During the Revolution we had minute-men. Now we have four-minutemen."

**CAMOUFLAGE**

The Modern Science of Camouflage consists in deceiving the enemy into thinking that something else is different from what it ought to be. As may be easily seen, it offers to the young soldier a fine opportunity for exercising his ingenuity. These suggestions, rendered into verse by Fuller Prunes, the street-car poet, may prove of value to the beginner.

**Camouflage**

If you see a complexion that's peaches and cream,  
Remember things always aren't just what they seem;  
Just take a good look, and come out of your dream,—  
It's camouflage!

If the opposite player leans back in his chair,  
Looks happy and whistles a popular air,  
Why, just ask the dealer for all he can spare,—  
It's camouflage!

If you're touched for a loan by a friend who is flat,  
And who'll pay "the day after or swallow his hat,"  
Just borrow his watch till the day after that,—  
It's camouflage!

If you don't want to drill when the weather is hot,  
Why just throw a fit in a suitable spot;  
A mouthful of lather will help quite a lot,—  
It's camouflage!

The reason the Kaiser, the silly old ass,  
Is steadily losing is simply, alas,  
He never got out of the primary class,—  
In camouflage!

**Cool Under Fire.**

The major of a British battery—a soldier of the regular army—whilst on leave in London, met the wife of one of his subalterns. She was very keen to know how her dear boy was getting on, and particularly how he had shaped in the big push.

"Tell me, major," she said, "was Percy quite calm under fire?—was he perfectly cool?"

"Cool!" echoed the major. "He was just splendid. Cool isn't the word for it. He was simply Arctic. At times I thought he would shiver."

# SMILES

## The Wonderful Hun.

The All Highest was inspecting the elaborate dug-outs in which his Huns were snugly lodged, and, voicing his approval to the officer in charge, said:

"Ach! Here my gallant fellows will be as a wall of steel to hurl back the foe. They fight like lions."

"Yah," assented the officer, none too felicitously, "and burrow like rabbits!"

And that was how he missed the Iron Cross.

## A Military Motive.

The colonel of a certain regiment which was out on rest ordered the regimental band to play rag-time in the market-place of the town in order to divert their minds from the horrors of war.

As soon as the band commenced to play the mayor of the town came round and complained tearfully to the colonel that the music was not quite in keeping with the dreadful crisis taking place.

"My dear mayor," said the colonel, "I am not doing this for amusement but for a purely military motive. The Germans hates rag-time music and he'll send his airmen here to bomb the place. That'll leave our airmen free to play hell with the German depots."

The poor mayor went away even more tearful than he came.

## Open At Twelve.

With a certain infantry regiment stationed far away from any church it was the custom to hold Sunday morning Divine Service in the open.

One morning, just as the service was about to commence, it began to rain hard, and no other place being large enough the troops were marched into the regimental canteen, where it was resolved to hold the service.

The place was thronged from end to end, and the men at the back sat on the bar counter. Most of them were frightfully bored, for the service seemed much longer than usual. Towards the end of the sermon one of the men seated on the counter turned round to the bar attendant, who was present, and said:

"Say, what's the time?"

"Five past twelve," replied the attendant in a whisper.

"Well give me a pint of beer."  
"Talk sense," said the attendant, "the sermon ain't finished yet."

"I don't care twopence; this 'ere canteen is open at twelve—it says so on the door—and I want a drink."

He pushed over a heap of coppers, and the bar attendant, fearful of the law, handed him the beverage.

## Very Confidential.

Pat, who was "somewhere in France", had just received a letter from home. Being unable to read, he called in the aid of the chaplain, who readily agreed to decipher it for him.

The chaplain commenced to read the letter, which was from Pat's fiancée and proved to be very intimate in style. When he reached a particularly passage he felt a

tug at his sleeve and heard Pat whisper:

"I hope it's not angry ye'll be, sorr, but as the matter is of a very private nature, do you moind puttin' your fingers in your ears, sorr, whilst you are reading it out?"

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

# Fighting German Fires



Fighting the fires started by the Germans.



Funeral of General Lipsett near the line. The cortege passing between men of a battalion which the general brought to France. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales followed the coffin.

"A NIGHT AT THE HOOLIGANS BALL."

In the Hooligan Club, we'll always find  
 A place to drown our sorrows, "Ye mind".  
 Each Hooligan did "His Bit" by turns,  
 The Rochester Tenor, whose name is Burns.  
 Then, next on the list, Harry Lauder did come  
 A saphead, whose name is Dunk Eaglesome.  
 Then came a "Hooligan" right for sure,  
 Somebody said his name was Moore.  
 Along in the crowd, was Camouflage Mac  
 Who thinks himsel sae husky,  
 His maiden name's McKlusky.  
 The Boston Butler, so wry and twisty,  
 Who, Parlez Vous, to the name of Christie.  
 Next, came a man, who, if you please,  
 Could gargle a pound and a half of cheese  
 When asked for his name, he answered tartly  
 I cann' jest mind, but maybe it's Hartley.  
 A fellow also, his song isn't sure on,  
 Is one we all know, by the good name of Huron  
 A Hooligan too, ne'er known to lag,  
 Is a "Sergeant" by name of F. G. Wagg.  
 A seafaring man, who delights just to mix 'em,  
 Is our worthy Brother whose name is Dixon.  
 Of His Maesty's Official Potatoe Peeler,  
 I don't wish to make light.  
 A Hooligan is he, whose name is Wright,  
 Asleep in the deep, he is never a baulker  
 Is our worthy batman, Brother Faulkner.  
 "I'm sorry dear sir, your feet to tramp on,"  
 Said Corporal Patterson, to Hooligan Crampon.  
 Said, Crampon to Dan, "If you want something to dance on,  
 Just try it all over, with Dear Brother Branson."  
 Said Andy to Dan, "Go away you poor fish,  
 Sit down on a chair, by Brother English."  
 A member far famous, as all of us know,  
 "All Hail to Japan, and Brother Kasino."  
 And next comes a Jew, with his melodies fine,  
 A worthy "Dear Hooligan", Brother Eckstein.  
 He fiddles Scotch songs as if in a trance,  
 And jokes with Kavanaugh, who claims he can dance ?  
 So along to the Hooligans Ball, we all trudge  
 While out in the cold, stands poor old Fuge.

SCENE IN REGIMENTAL  
 ORDERLY ROOM.

"Anytime"

1st Nut (entering):—Has my  
 transportation arrived yet?  
 Sapper:—Are you getting dis-  
 charged?  
 Nut:—Yes, I'm a Railway man.  
 Sapper (dryly):—So am I.  
 Nut (innocently):—When do  
 you expect to get out?  
 Sapper:—The price of butter is  
 still over fifty cents a pound.  
 Nut:—You ought to be out soon  
 though.  
 Sapper:—That depends on the  
 wheat market.  
 Nut:—Why don't you have your  
 firm apply for your discharge?  
 Sapper:—Oh; we'll get out in

"due course".  
 Nut:—Then you are S.O.L.?  
 Sapper:—That's the first bit of  
 sense you have said since you've  
 come in here.  
 Q. E. D.  
 Equation.  
 M.F.W. 23—Railway man.  
 M.F.W. 313—"C3".  
 M.F.W. 39—Oh: it's no use.  
 We understand the Orderly  
 Room staff have applied to the  
 Quartermaster for their S. O. L.  
 badges.  
 Greetings from a departed O. R.  
 C. and a Sapper.  
 "Gone, but not forgotten."



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It satisfies because the natural  
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