

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, OCTOBER 19, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE

(Continued from last week.)

The secret of the rally which amazed us and stunned the central empires by its very unexpectedness is but a product of that loyalty which is expressed in that word "Mother-country."

The tie of Empire was loose, the strands did not break under the strain, and four years of cumulative slaughter could not change that determined mien of the allied nations and particularly the sons of Empire.

The period of equilibrium, arrived at after three years of war, falsely called "stalemate," as a result of a slowing down of the offensive of the Teutonic alliance, gradually changed to one of initiative for the allies, and at the end of four years we find the initiative in our hands.

The overwhelming balance of power put into the struggle by the United States has now brought "Junkerdum" to its knees. It is grovelling in the dust for a means to extricate itself with an imaginary military honor which it never possessed.

The Beginning of the End.

We may take the beginning of February, 1917, the date upon which the German unrestricted warfare began, as a starting point. That warfare is in itself an authentic index of the desperate straits

to which the German high command had arrived. The simple catalogue reads like a "Book of Doom" for the central powers. On February 24th General Maude took Kiev; on the 25th the Germans retired on the Anere; on March 8th the French opened their attack in Champagne which, with

the concerted British pressure, forced the German retreat on the 17th. Meanwhile, Bagdad fell on March 11th, and the following day the Russian revolution. At the end of March the British advanced towards St. Quentin.

As a result of the submarine warfare, the U. S. A. declared

warfare on Germany. On April 9th the British opened up on the Lens to Arras offensive, followed a week later by the advance of the French from Soissons to Rheims and in the next week the British advanced on the Scarpe. The month of May saw both British and French in offensive, and on



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the 14th of that month the
Italian offensive was successfully
launched.

On June 7th the British gained
an important advance at Messines,
and on the 12th King Constantine
abdicated and Greece broke with
Germany. A fortnight later the
first American contingent landed
in France. Simultaneously Brus-
iloff's revolutionary army began
its smashing work on the Austro-
Germans. Such a chapter has
never before been written and evi-
dence is clear all through the en-
emy fronts that his once possessed
superiority of man power—but
never of moral courage and deter-
mination—was fast dwindling.

The Intense Moment.

Strikes, panics, or susceptible
submission on the allies' side only
would at this stage bring about a
military defeat. A certain amount
of this did happen but not of suf-
ficient strength to bring about dis-
aster, but when the history of the
war is finally written, those upon
whose shoulders the blame can be
put for internal disturbances at a
time when the objective for which
the Motherland entered the war
had been reached, should be writ-
ten in type so distinct as to call at-
tention to their infamous disloy-
alty to the men who had given
their lives.

Germany's Last Kick.

The spring of the present year
saw the supreme effort of the Jun-
ker party to redeem itself. A for-
lorn hope, as it proved to be, but
one which tested the Allied com-
mand to its utmost.

Immense losses in men and ma-
terial were suffered and at certain
periods of the offensive grave
doubts were had that it could be
stemmed. However, from sheer
exhaustion, caused by the dogged
resistance under terrible odds of
the splendid sons of Empire and
their French allies, and with the
help also of some American divi-
sions the tide was stemmed; and
before the German high command
had time to recruit its shattered
divisions the Allies had com-
menced what proves today to be
the gradual driving of Germany
to her military defeat.

Such then is the position today
with regard to Germany. Bul-
garia has capitulated on terms set
forth by the Allies. Turkey, after
suffering military defeat of such
magnitude as was never before
known, is on her last legs and is
merely holding out to get the best
terms possible. The American
army is at present developing such

proportions that to many were
deemed impossible. And finally,
the balance of power, and of a cer-
tainty the superiority of morale,
rests entirely with the Allies.

Why We Must Go On.

There was an hour when Ger-
many made her infamous proposals
prior to the entry of the Empire
into the war, when we might have
stood aside. Such a bargain as
proposed to us, was branded as "a
disgrace."

We therefore went to war de-
liberately with no ambition save
that of vindicating a treaty and to
keep our plighted word. We did
not stand aside but accepted the
responsibilities and were prepared
to give our best blood in the in-
terests of honour and, as it will
prove to be, in the interests of a
lasting peace.

The allied aims are not limited
to the negative objective of smash-
ing the German military machine
but are essentially constructive.
The clear path for humanity is,
however, blocked by the monstrous
evil of German Junkerdom, which
has to be destroyed. It is essen-
tial to our aims. It has been au-
thoritatively expressed in the Al-
lies' reply to America (January
10th, 1917) that "the chief aim of
the Allies is to assure peace on the
principles of liberty, justice and
inviolable fidelity to international
obligations." Such an aim in-
volves the crushing to extinction
the military authority of Germany.
Three autocratic nations—Ger-
many, Austria and Turkey, stand
in the path of liberty of the peo-
ple, and now that the world is in
the melting pot of war, the time
is at hand to destroy these autoc-
racies and give to the people the
right they have of self govern-
ment, which is the only true means
of fostering a proper international
relationship. The world must be
made safe for democracy.

President Wilson's reply to
Germany's peace offer is now
given and when the people of Ger-
many are the parties with which
negotiations can be had, then and
then only will a possible settle-
ment be brought about and the
world once more "carrying on"
its peaceful and industrial exist-
ence.

The End.

Was Sergt. Hesford playing the
good samaritan, by escorting an-
other sergeant's fair damsel
around the streets, trying to locate
him?

Glad you didn't find him, eh
Bill.

To Officers and Men,
E.T.D.

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Montreal you DINE at the

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er, they're so dashing-
ly smart, y' know!"

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SEBERIAN LASHINGS

Oh, that peace alarm last Sunday. It certainly put the wind up some of those Depot barnacles.

"What did you do in the great war, Daddy?"

"Why-er---, I was making the world safe for Democracy... in St. Johns, P. Q."

What about it, S. M.—what are you going to do about it? You're going to loose the best job you ever had, when peace to proclaimed. Why, you'll actually have to clean your own boots. Wow.

You've had a home from home a long time now, old bird—got out of it as gracefully as you can and keep it to yourself about being in the Army—Specially when the soldiers come home.

What about all those ultra-patrotic ginks, who made a big splash about volunteering for the Siberian draft? "Please, Sir, I don't want to go now—my wife won't let me." Oh H.. L.

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Is the cook really running the Sergeants Mass? If you want a cup of tea, when you're sick, you'll have to get a doctor's certificate—that is if you happen to live on the top floor. Of course if you live in the permanent residential section on the second floor—you can have any thing you please.

Hell's bells! What a sketch in uniform!

Old Big Chief Rain-in-the-face is having the time of his life just now, trying to stop the troops from pulling his leg.

Who was McKeegan hitting, when he described a brother Sergeant as an "oatmeal monument?"

What's the cost of a feller, S. M., to join the Society of "Chosen Friends"?

What's the matter with turning that yatch into a hospital? What about it, Major?

Those M. P.'s certainly got a good one in last week's Knots. Well, it was coming to them alright. They'll have to patrol the streets in sections, presently.

Yorky's pretty glum these days. That canal bank is not as nice as a little music indoors, is it Yorky? Cheer up, they'll be putting the place in bounds.... the day after you leave with the draft.

What in h...l's the matter with that Post Office? A change in that department is more than necessary.

Saw Lieut. Craighton the other night—standing on the steps of a Chink laundry—making all kinds of semaphore signals to attract the Chinks attention. A big M. P. had his eye on him, too.

Sergt. Barr has certainly got more on his mind than his hat these days.... Please, Barr, may I come to Iberville with you, before I go to Siberia?

Sergt. Golding wants to know if there is a cure for sleeping sickness.

Congrate to Bobby Lewis—volunteered to go in any capacity to Siberia. That's showing some of those birds the way, Bob. What about those other two big huskies in your room—have they any designs upon appearing in despatches—outside this burg?

Some of those N. C. O.'s who

are so popular in this town—won't have any more home than a rabbit, when peace is declared.

McKeegan has a line of persuasive talk that would make a Jew drop his bag.... Mac, I believe the girls fall for it.

I was walking behind Jack Hensy, the other night, and I mistook him for Harry Bent.

Oh! You up-river parties! No, they don't go to see the scenery—or to catch fish, either.

Sainthill had one h-ll of a shock the other day. He had a big parcel of cookies and candy sent him and the Doctor wouldn't let him eat anything. That's the real cause of his relapse.

What the cook says—goes! So there! Consider yourself slapped on the wrist.

I don't want to get well, etc., etc., etc.

Letter from "K" Company soldier to his mother:

Dear Ma:
"I am at present in College,... Mother to the neighbors:—"Isn't it fine the way those Officers look after the soldier's situation."

Hint to the very young M. O.'s: Cocktails are not to be gargled.

Would someone kindly ask Mike McGough, what became of his Aunt Aggie?

Tough luck, Frank—why don't you do the same as Yorky? Take a long cool walk down the canal bank—it's very thrilling.

It is rumored that Sergt Johnson intends to challenge that big Swede to a wrestling bout—Johnson's physical development is greatly improving. The trouble is he doesn't use his weight enough.

Sergt. George and Cpl. Collins want to know who invented stairs.

If Jim Urquhart doesn't burn that chanter.—I'll drink his gargle.

Did the Cergeant in "K" Company, think supper wasn't ready when he gave the order, "About turn", to the parade? We don't you, old top, we didn't think it was, ourselves.

We hope those drivers won't go on a spree again, as it gave us considerable trouble identifying W-ll this morning.

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Nuts and Rations

Lieut. W. G. Griffith,

Sports

MANAGER:—A/Sgt. E. Carol Jackson.

PEACE AND RUMOURS OF PEACE.

The arms of the Allies having recently met with such success in all fields, it is almost certain that many rumours of Victory and Peace will be circulated.

It is necessary for us to accept these rumours with every precaution, and reserve our pent up feelings until such a time as official confirmation can be received.

It is unseemly to rush off and discharge a few crackers or wave a few flags at the slightest whisper. When peace comes we may depend upon it, it will not be sprung upon us at a moment's notice, it will be gradual as the dawning of the day. After a night of trouble and anxiety we look long and eagerly for the dawn.

We have passed through the period of night for the past four years, and now the first rays of the sun are tinting the sky, as we know the darkest hour is the hour before dawn, so it was with us, when, earlier in the year the news we received was disquieting, our spirits were downcast, and our hopes seemed blighted, we looked with longing eyes for the dawn of day.

"Dark tho' the night be morn comes at last
Fierce tho' the storm be soon it is past."

Hope is beginning to light the sky, but we have yet to await the rising of the sun of Victory before we can celebrate the advent of Peace.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

We are under a double disadvantage this week in the production of "Knots & Lashings" inasmuch as our chief is absent on sick leave and the staff at the printing office are combating an attack of the 'flu, thus rendering it necessary that all material for publication should be collected earlier than usual and forwarded to Montreal for printing.

So, any of our comrades who do not find their contributions included in this issue may hopefully look forward to next week for the fulfilment of their desires.

Meanwhile, don't slack up. Send in your chatter, your verse and your miscellaneous contributions. We regret owing to lack of space being unable to publish several good stories, including a first rate golf story. We would ask our contributors to bear in mind "Brevity is the soul of wit." Don't make your copy too lengthy. Boil it down a bit, and the chance of it appearing in your own paper is increased considerably. Be brief and to the point. Neither the editors nor our readers care to wade through a couple of pages before reaching the point. Let us hear from you next week with plenty of copy. Make your paper worth while.

Watch out for our Anniversary number. We want to make it a huge success. Your help is asked and is necessary in order to secure the goal of our ambition. Don't forget. Send in your contributions early.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:

About that there football match between us and the Depot last Saturday. The score was 1 all—officially—but what we want is to place before the public (that is not the right word seeing the public wasn't there. We mean the private soldiers, N. C. O.'s and officers (funeral order) well, anyway, we want to show the unofficial score. This has been carefully worked out in the Smoking Room of the Pickle Works, and in two clinks and the average is Vinegar Factory 6 goals to 1. Mind you, we don't say the Depot team didn't play well—it did it's best. Sergt. Lewis did his best to wipe the slate but he's got to get new studs in his boots for a big job. Them evening dress shirt studs ain't the kind. One fellow on the Depot side who did his work was the goal keeper. He put in four days' practice right in between them two posts and was pretty busy most all the time. Only he's one of them guys as likes work. Two or three other chaps also did some good hikeing and punting, but what's the use unless you knows how. Sergt. Dailey played a good game, but, as Sergt. Major McLaren says, "hasna ony judgment in that hankey." I noticed this myself. One time he waved his flag just as Lt. Tubman nearly had the ball. It was over that chalk line of Tiring Hounds, but what's the difference, he ran every yard of a mile for it, and he's some sprinter that same feller. Wee Davie played a dandy game and only failed making a whole lot of goals through half a dozen big fellows pickin' on him. Now, Mr. Editor, Davie is going to get a square deal or there's going to be more trouble 'round that goal post than at an Election Commission. What's the use'n getting sore 'cept your bleeding. One guy died for 5 minutes there last Saturday and the Depot wanted to count it a goal. But Sergt. Dalley wouldn't stand for it. That was after Sergt. McIntyre made some kind of sign to him. Say, boss, watch the next game and I'm going to report any dirty work to the colonel. Any pickin' on the little fellows or the goal keeper being offsidies won't be stood for. Waht we wants, is good clean sport, any kind, and lots of it.

Mr. Editor, I just wants to tell you, it isn't me as reports to the "News" or the "Canada Francais."

"Left Out Side."

In Memoriam

In addition to the notices already appearing we much regret to be compelled to add the names of 17 more victims of the dreaded disease. Those marked with a * being from the 81st and 134th overseas draft from Manitoba and detained here in quarantine for mumps.

The "Bugs," as they were known here, wish to extend their deepest sympathy to relatives and friends of the deceased and want it to be known to them that their comradeship, cheeriness and general good fellowship under favorable as well as trying conditions helped to smooth over the rough places. They will be sorely missed.

- * 3348005 Pte. Eamer, L. A.
- * 341 Pte. Garnett, E.
- * 2130486 Pte. Guthrie, J. W.
- * 3348583 Pte. Stewart, J. G.
- * 3347428 Pte. Hammerquist, W.
- * 3346883 Pte. Gregory, F.
- * 2130626 Pte. Johnston, C. E.
- * 2130584 Pte. Montgomery, John
- * 3347487 Pte. Friedlund, E.
- * 3348286 Pte. Krantz, W. F.
- * 2130579 Pte. Forrest, Norman
- * 3347667 Pte. Erlendson, G.
- * 3347995 Pte. Wilson, T. H.
- 2005417 Sleigh, James, L/C
- 2024145 Sapper Stephens, Roy
Gilbert
- 3085118 Sapper Reed, Earl
Edward
- 2015146 Sapper Murphy,
Patrick

FULL CREDIT TO FOCH.

"And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer."

Thus Macaulay tells us respecting Horatius at the Bridge. And so, even the Germans, whilst they hate him, cannot forbear praising General Foch, and giving him full credit for his plans in the recent offensive, so well devised, and so successfully carried out. It was evident Foch was well informed beforehand as to the German plans, and knew when and where they would attack, and so he was prepared to meet them successfully.

Sgt. Maj. I heard that my name was struck off the Siberian draft because I was in the hospital sick. Is it true and can you change it now that I am well?

J. T.

Ed.—Your on alright!

Anyone standing around in the vicinity of the N.C.O. class between instruction periods this week may have heard them holding forth on the following,—to the familiar time of "Hinky Dinky Parlez-vous".

THE SWAN SONG OF THE N. C. O. CLASS.

Oh! this is the tale of the N. C. O. class:

Parlez-vous?
The pick of the men that the Depot has: Parlez-vous?

They stand at "shun" should an officer pass,

All shaven and duded and with glittering brass:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

They're tall and they're short, they're fat and thin; parlez-vous?

And when it's "right dress" their troubles begin—parlez-vous?

The bust of Berry makes Marshall grin,

And Armstrong cannot see Pearson's chin;

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

They're English and Scotch; Canadian too:

Parlez-vous?

Yorke brings the Bow Bells back to you:

Parlez-vous?

When Porter drills with the awkward squad

The thistles roll of his tongue, b'Gawd:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Robins, McDonell, and Earle had the flu:

Parlez-vous?

Armstrong, Baikie, and Davidson too:

Parlez-vous?

If they had been planted beneath the sod

The rest would have furnished the firing squad:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Our N. C. O.'s can all be found:

Parlez-vous

There's Mat—he trails the squad around:

Parlez-vous?

Then Mat sits down to write a line "Dear Mother,—I am doing fine:"

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Parlez-vous?

But then he is a married man:

Parlez-vous?

And Caporal Mill is old and tough, And Armstrong isn't quite old enough:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Pett goes to the range to make a score—parlez-vous?

He makes six bulls from a possible four: parlez-vous?

Perhaps it is a ricocette, Or a couple of shots from Yorke or Day:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Now Cooper at "squeezing the sponge" is fine:

Parlez-vous?

Yet "Shooting the Bull" is more in his line:

Parlez-vous?

But spider he carried off the cup When he marched away with the chicken gut:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

The musketry they think is fun:

Parlez-vous?

But Collier has them all on the run: Parlez-vous?

When P. T. period comes around Most of the class cannot be found:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

There's Walton, McKenzie, and Albutt, too: parlez-vous?

They slept outside and escaped the flu; parlez-vous?

They have a heater in their tent, Where the P. T. period's always spent:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Now Gibb and Gorman are always there: Parlez-vous?

The O. C. inspection they do not fear: parlez-vous?

For Gibb, they say, has washed his shirt,

And Gorman has shaved to hide the dirt:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

To sleep in town we'd like a pas: Parlez-vous?

Before they form No. 3. Cadet Class: Parlez-vous?

Now how does Toms get all his pull?

It's just because of his line of bull.

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

But McCullough has put them all in the shade: parlez-vous?

He's "over the hill" as soon as h's paid: Parlez-vous?

A. W. . for a month, 'tis said— And then he falls in on the pay parade:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Lieut. Lavoie, to add to his fame; parlez-vous?

Is teaching the class regulation aim: parlez-vous?

"Continue the practice" they all have heard,

Is one of the "points to be observed":

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

In infantry drill their chances are slight: parlez-vous?

To put anything past Sgh-Major White: parlez-vous?

He's right on the job—hears all that is said,

And he has an eye in the back of his head:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous)

The Knots and ashings and tackle to: parlez-vous?

They had to be dropped on account of the flue; parlez-vous?

For the dread disease got Sgt Bell, And the whole class was S. O. L.

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

Now very soon the class'll be through: parlez-vous?

A few will get a stripe of two: parlez-vous?

But the most will go into an officers' class.

And the rest will get a permanent pass:

Hinke, dinke, parlez-vous?

"MAGI".

"THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW."

Who is the genial Company Commander who recently made a hit with a party of the members of the fair sex when he offered to have a sprig of mistletoe tattooed on his bald pate so that no excuse would be needed for anything that might happen next Christmas?

And is the aforesaid baldness due to early piety or to the rapid development of his mental powers, thus illustrating the truth of the old saying, "You cannot grow brains and hair at the same time?"

And why the Sister beat a hasty retreat when she heard his remarks concerning a naughty but affectionate fly, which alighted on the above mentioned portion of his anatomy during his recent incarceration in hospital?

And whether is would not be advisable for one of our Padres to "get busy" with the jovial C. C. and point out the error of his ways?

And what are the aims and aspirations of the Ancient and Honourable Order of the Poor Prunes? And why is the Past President so friendly with the Present President? Is it a case of "Presidents of a feather flock together?"

Who is the popular representative of a certain noble profession who gave a party on a motor boat on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day?

And does he realize that, as "it takes money to make the mare go," so also "it takes gas to make the motor go?"

Who was the handsome subaltern among the guests? Does he

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MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS
IBERVILLE, QUE
Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

appreciate the fact that a Date with a Peach is often followed by a Date with a Parson?

What the others thought of the Old Fort, and how its scenic attractions compared with those of the Yacht Club wharf and the Lighthouse?

And likewise why a certain article was placed in a position "where neither Rust nor Slack doth corrupt, and where Peg Legs do not break through and steal."

Is Captain Gerrard a descendant of our old friend Brigadier Gerard who, when answering the toast to his health, said "You are honouring yourselves when you honour me?"

And, if so, what was his reason for changing his name?

Who was the Padre who on his way to a certain place acted like the Levite in the Parable towards the Vinegar Barracks and "passed by on the other side?"

Would it not have been better for him to have imitated the Good Samaritan and bound up the wounds of the officers and men on duty there, and poured the oil of consolation on the troubled waters?

And, finally, when is this ——— Quarantine going to be lifted?

"Inquisitor."

THE BASEBALL GAME

By Spr. R. W. Emmerson.

The "Pickles" from the Vinegar Barracks were "Pickled" to the Queen's taste Monday afternoon on the Sports Field, when the Depot team completely swamped them in a weird game of baseball, by the one-sided score of 22 runs to 2. The two runs which the "Pickles" managed to score were the result of a donation from Catcher Pease. The third inning was a nightmare for the poor "Pickles." In this frame, 10 hits,

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coupled with 5 errors and two bases on balls resulted in 17 runs going over the plate, before the third man was out. Sgt. "Ernie" Johnston, who had started pitching for the "Pickles," threw up the sponge at this juncture and Scott finished the game which, on account of the cold weather, was called at the end of the fifth inning. The Depot tried out a new pitcher in Sapper McCool, who was a complete enigma to the opposing batters and had them swinging like a gate at his curves. He had worlds of speed and a fine curve, allowing the "Pickles" only two hits and fanning twelve. The feature of the game was a fine one-handed catch by Pearson, in the first inning, of Buchanan's long fly. Score by innings:

First—Gervais flied to Pearson; Murphy struck out; Emmett singled over second base and took second and third on two passed balls; P. Johnston singled into left field, Emmett scoring; Pease hit a long fly into right field, which Sley got his hands on, but dropped, both runners scoring; Pearson made a sensational catch of Buchanan's long fly to centre field. McCool was wild at the start and walked both Williams and Pearson; Lieut. La Pararie struck out, but Pease dropped the third strike, and then threw the ball over Emmett's head, attempting to catch the runner at third, both Williams and Pearson scoring; Reaun hit for two bases; Scott whiffed.

Second—Behrens was given a base on balls and stole second; Morris, who is about as big as the bat he carries, tapped to Johnston and was out at first, Behren's taking third on the out and scoring on McCool's hit past first base; Gervais was given a walk, stole both second and third bases and came home on a passed ball; Buckley dropped Murphy's pop fly. Emmett flashed the S. O. sign. Beaugare went to first on a pitcher's balk but was caught trying to steal second; Buckley and E. Johnston both struck out.

Then came the awful third. Johnston started the procession by walking to first, stole second and third; Pease was safe on his slow grounder to Reaun; Buchanan dropped a Texas leaguer over the short stop's head, Johnston scoring, Pease being caught at the plate; Sley made an awful muff of Behren's fly, which went straight into his hands, Buchanan scoring and Behrens taking third; Morris hit past third, Behrens scoring; McCool scored Morris with a hit over third; Gervais was thrown out, Reaun to Buckley; a passed ball scored McCool; Murphy hit for three bases and scored on Emmett's double; Johnston sent Emmett across the plate with a single to centre field; Pease hit to Beaugare who fell all over the ball, Johnston scoring; Buchanan singled over second. Behrens cleaned the bases with a home run, scoring two runners ahead of himself; E. Johnston could hardly see Morris at the plate, and walked him; McCool singled; Gervais was safe on Scott's error; Murphy walked; Morris and McCool scored on two successive passed balls; Gervais strolled across the pan on Emmett's single, and Murphy and Emmett followed third time at the bat in this inning, made a double; Scott went in to pitch and threw his first ball into the road, Johnston scoring. Pease ended the agony by sending a pop fly to the pitcher.

The "Pickles" inning was short and sweet. Williams walked, Pearson and

Sley struck out; Lieut. La Pararie out Buchanan to P. Johnston.

Fourth inning—Buchanan walked; Behrens singled; Morris was given a base on balls; Buchanan scored on a passed ball; McCool and Gervais fanned; Murphy out E. Johnston to Buckley.

Reaun was thrown out at first by Emmett; Scott and Beaugare both struck out before McCool's speed.

Fifth—Emmett was thrown out by the pitcher; P. Johnston walked; Pease fanned; Buchanan out, Buckley unassisted.

Buckley opened the inning with a triple but was stranded there when McCool struck out the next three men.

Depot Team.

Cpl. Gervais, 2b.....	4	0
Spr. Murphy, lf.....	4	1
C. S. M. Emmett, 3b.....	5	3
Spr. P. Johnston, 1b.....	3	3
Spr. Pease, c.....	5	1
Spr. Buchanan, ss.....	4	2
Spr. Behrens, cf.....	3	2
Spr. Morris, rf.....	2	1
Spr. McCool, p.....	4	2
	34	15

Vinegar Barracks.

Spr. Williams, lf.....	1	0
Spr. Pearson, cf.....	2	0
Spr. Sley, rf.....	2	0
Lieut. LaParirie, c.....	2	0
Spr. Reaun, 3b.....	2	1
Spr. Scott, ss.....	2	0
Spr. Beaugare.....	2	0
Spr. Buckley, lb.....	2	1
Sgt. E. Johnston, p.....	2	0
	17	2

TWINKLINGS FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If the devil don't get you, S. M. Sims must.

I am a "drummer" by trade. In the winter I go to Boston and work. In the summer I go to New York and live on the "sound."

Information Bureau. See Dr. Hobrew.

New driver talking to one of his old chums in D Co.: "I got my breeches, spurs and gondola."

Comrade: "What's a gondola?"

Driver: "What, you don't know what a gondola is?" It's one of those things you wear over your shoulder."

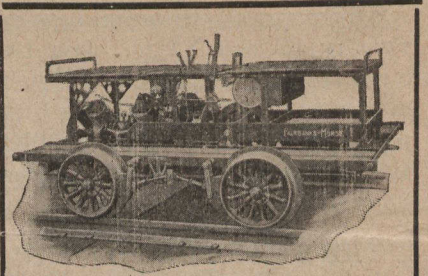
Comrade: "Oh, you mean a bandolier."

Driver: "Yes, that's it, bandolier."

That was a bad knock for one short line driver when he didn't get a stripe, especially after giving the new men such a lot of information about things he doesn't know.

Who was the new recruit to the Mounted Section who says, "I'm all right now. I've got my spurs and gondolier?"

Who was the driver that found a Sweat pad of a collar in his stall and asked what it was; on being



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told it was a foot wiper for the horses again asked if they were issued?

Driver Kinley says he is a qualified driver and wants to know if he can go to Siberia as a mascot.

Sure! We'll try and arrange it.—Ed.

Rumours were about that the war was over. Yes, but it was over in Europe.

Where is the brass that we were supposed to get from the skin of S. T. D. 24? Who wants to know? Ask the C. S. M.—Ed.

We would like to see one of Driver Ford's stripes. Are they coming Ford or are you only kidding yourself?

Who was the Smith who put washers in the corporal's spurs after he got two Yankee nickles to put in.

"Something attempted, something done."

Hello! Driver Hokrough! How do you like your new job?

Oh! I like it alright because it's so nice and easy.

Yes, it's nice, but if I was you I'd get rid of it, because S. M. Sims doesn't like to see old men of one week's service having a better job than he's got.

Think about it!

Who is the Driver, attending the feed, who is always telling the rest of the boys "that he has a girl downtown every night," but who, when we happen to meet him, is always alone? She must leave him early, so that she can spend the evening with a live one! or ???

A sapper by the name of Mc. was asked by a sergeant of K Company to define a fine sight. Mc.'s reply was a boatfull of sergeant's sinking. Driver G.

The boys of the mounted section would like to know whether the Siberian draft will leave this winter, or wait until the war is over?

We would like to know what the government allows per man for rations?

Ed.—80c. per diem.

What made C. S. M. Lear fall down the stairs? Was it because Sergt. Williams asked him if he was going to work?

Who was the driver that put poor old W-ll-'s lamp out?

Who cast Sergt. Cook's boat adrift?

FOOTBALL DEPOT vs. VINEGAR BARRACKS.

Lovers of Soccer were treated to a rare exhibition of that sport Saturday afternoon, on the Sports Field, when the "Pickles" of the Vinegar barracks, after an exciting ninety minutes of play held the Depot team to a tie score of one goal each. The play was lacking in any real scientific points of the game, but was missing in science, was more than made up in the vigor and dash the players injected into the game. The "Pickles" had brought down from their home with the sour name, a loyal bunch of rooters, who enthusiastically encouraged their representatives, with their cheers, not forgetting at the same time to give the poor referee an occasional roast. The supporters of the Depot team were also on hand in goodly numbers and urged the players to slip another goal through. The Depot won the toss and elected to kick towards the Barracks goal against the wind. They immediately commenced to press, but Hardy shot over the bar. A minute later, the same player, made a lovely long swinging pass to Davidson, who with a splendid opening, slipped when about to shoot.

The "Pickles" then carried the ball to the other end of the field, and Hall robbed Thompson of the ball, when the latter looked dangerous. The first corner of the game was conceded to the "Pickles" but was safely cleared. In his eagerness to save the ball from going out, Sgt. Lewis ran full speed into one of the spectators, upsetting the latter who was standing too close to the touch line. The Depot next forced a corner, but Davidson who took the kick, put the ball yards behind the post. Again taking up the running, the "Pickles" pressed hard, and Creighton receiving the ball from Thompson (who was standing yards off-side, apparently unseen by the utes later the same player, with referee) shot wide. A few minutes later, missed badly. The "Pickles" still kept up the pressure, Hall made a miskick, which allowed Lieut. Tubman, to break through. He sent in a good shot which Bridger saved. Clinton got the ball on the return and



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scored the first goal of the game with a lightning low shot, amid the loud cheers of the "Vinegar" rooters. However, their joy was short lived, as right from the kick off, the Depot team equalized the score. Hardy sent across a long pass, which Alexander intercepted and turned past Hamilton. The "Pickles" protested vigorously that Alexander was offside, but the referee pointed to the centre, and disallowed the claim. Half-time arrived with the score, 1-1.

Playing now with the wind, the Depot attacked strongly and twice Hardy tested Hamilton with two good shots, which the latter cleverly saved. Creighton, outside left for the "Pickles" then made a good run up the left wing, but after tricking the defence ended with a poor shot, which was yards wide. Thompson also broke through but his final effort was weak, but a minute later amended by making a splendid shot for goal which Bridger with an equally clever effort saved. The play from this see sawed from one end of the field to the other, each team taking turns at attacking, but neither being able to score again, and time arrived with the score standing the same. Depot, 1 goal; Vinegar Barracks, 1 goal.

Depot Team.

Bridger, Bandsman, Orr, Brennan, Haytock, Cundy, Ronaldson, Davidson, Alexander, Hardy, Williams, and Lewis.

Vinegar Barracks Team.

Creighton, Clinton, Thompson, Maley, Lieut. Tubman, Boot, Davidson, Martin, McGough, Hawthorne, and Hamilton.

Referee: Sapper James Muirhead.

Time: 45 minutes halves.

"COMMENTS ON THE GAME"

(By Crossbar).

Considering the fact that the two teams were selected at short notice it was a splendid exhibition of the game, although the "Pickles" gave evidence of having had more practice than the Depot men.

Some of the Depot men claimed that the "Pickles" had made an early raid upon the uniforms and commandeered the best of the lot, consequently they had to play in all kinds of misfit uni-

forms and shoes. Well, a poor excuse is better than none.

"Jimmy" Muirhead, the referee came in for an awful panning from the supporters of the "Pickles." On the whole he refereed a fairly good game, but was not firm enough. Twice he changed his decisions. In the first half, he gave a goal kick, but after consulting Linesman C. S. M. Dailey changed to a corner kick, which was absolutely wrong. It should have been a goal kick. By the way, while C. S. M. Dailey may have acted as linesman as well as he knew how, he certainly leaned towards the "Pickles" in several decisions. We hope that he did not spoil the crease in his "Slacks" when he slipped.

The left wing of the "Pickles" was the best on the field. Clinton, the inside man is a clever ball player. He showed good control of the ball, played with his outside man in good style, and is a splendid shot. He would look well on the Depot team.

Creighton is a good outside man, but seems slow in getting started. Centres well, but is a poor shot at goal.

"Wee" Davey Thompson played a hard game at centre forward, but is inclined to monkey with the ball too much. Part with it, once in a while, Davey, and you will have better results.

McGough was a tower of strength for the "Pickles" at left full back.

Lieut. Tubman, was the fastest man on the field, but hasn't yet quite learned the fine points of the game, and on one or two occasions, thought he was still playing Rugby. Bet he felt pretty stiff Sunday morning.

We don't know who picked the Depot team, but there are certainly better players in the Depot than were in the line-up. Hardy was the class of the forward line, but outside Williams had nobody to work with him.

Alexander, at inside right was practically useless. He is too small and the hustling "Pickles" gave him no chance at all.

Ronaldson at left half was the

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best of a mediocre middle line. He is inclined to play dirty, and twice tripped Tubman, when beaten.

Bandsman Orr, played a splendid defensive game, and continued pluckily after twisting his knee. Brennan also played hard, but is getting a little too old for the game, and with a more experienced wing against him, would be much too slow.

Bridger made some clever saves in goal, and had no chance with the shot which beat him.

It isn't often that a Sapper has the pleasure of sitting on a full fledged Lieutenant, but Bridger, the Depot goalkeeper, enjoyed that rare privilege, when Lieut. Tubman who charged him, slipped, bringing Bridger down with him. The Lieutenant was sprawled full length on his stomach, with Sapper Bridger on his back, and it took the combined efforts of several spectators to extricate them.

Sgt. Lewis played hard all through the game, as he always does. He was all over the field, and it wasn't his fault that the Depot did not win. Great credit is due to the Sergeant for the interest he has shown in the making up and practising of the team. A few more N.C.V.'s with the same spirit would help.

Williams, at inside left showed some flashes of real football, but seemed a little afraid of his opponent, often allowing the half back to beat him to the ball.

OH! SIR, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

An orderly officer was making the rounds the other day while it was raining, and as he was inspecting the "Klink" he noticed it was apparently empty. He however put his head inside one of the tents and perceived a number of forms rolled up in blankets. He gave voice to the usual "any complaints"? Some muffled voice came back with "no" for the answer, whereupon the officer asked: "No what?" The answer came from another form "no complaints?" Exit Officer.

CORRESPONDENCES.

E. T. D., St. Johns, P.Q.,
Oct. 14, 1918.

Editor, "Knots and Lashings",
E. T. D.

Dear Sir:—
"Barbed wire Mac" is certainly up-to-date. He has supplied his N.C.O.'s with a "Gowff Coorse" out at the Vinegar Barracks.

Why doesn't some enterprising Sergeant-Major utilize the ground around the tents for a similar purpose.

Sergeant Roxburgh has become an ardent devotee of the game, and is promising to develop into a second "Jimmy Braid". The other day an old asthmatic Scotch lady was taking a stroll near the Vinegar Barracks and stood for a few minutes to watch "Rony" drive off from the first Tee. He had been off his game the previous day and was painfully deliberate.

Time and again he addressed the ball swinging back his club as if to drive off, but stopping at the top of his swing and commencing to "waggle" again. With each thwarted expectation the old lady's breath became shorter and more painful till she finally gasped out.

"If that big Gomeril disna bash the Ba in a meenit. I'll burst my Stey-Laces.

MacDuff.

Editor, "Knots and Lashings."

A young Cockney person had been transferred from "C" Company to the Mounted Section and was commenting on the drill with Sergt.-Major Sims.

"God blime me hold top, but you 'ave to 'ump hit hin the stables."

"Ay ma laddie," says I, a fortnight wi Major Milne an' th' 'ump is aff yer back an' on yer chest.

MacDuff.

FROM QUARANTINE CAMP.

Say! Morley, who were the two noblemen who stuck to the guard tent? They must have been bricks alright. Hope you got the reliefs.

Lieut. J— was heard to say "pigs wound't live in a place like this," don't you think, sir, we all ought to get the D.C.M. or something for our splendid ef-

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forts? A thirty days' leave would be jake! What do you say boys?

Squad drill becomes automatic in the quarantine camp they will soon be calling us out of bed to do, "on the left form; squad!" Lest we forget.

The bugs are sorry that their contribution regarding their vocal efforts at the last open air concert, has been mislaid, and herewith send you a copy.

The bugs still think they have a good quintet, notwithstanding the poor showing they made in their initial effort. They would like however, to ask, on whose authority their pianist and coach who had practiced them and brought them to a commendable showing, was replaced by one, who, hopelessly balled them up? We understand that any effort along these lines, unless born of, fostered by one particular person, is condemned to death even before it is born, but cannot realize that with the number of men and the amount of real talent there is in this depot, that one man should have absolute control of matters vocal. We don't know, but we make a guess that the "guff" responsible is a very poor sport. Any complaints?

Note.—We hope the Bugs will try again when they will meet with the success they deserve.—
Editor.

ANOTHER LETTER TO "DERE MABLE."

From one of the most interesting and entertaining books published by E. Streeter.

Dere Mable:—

I haven't wrote you for some time because I've been made an officer—a corporal. I admit I deserved it. I didn't apply for it nor nothing though. They just come and told me. Bein' corporal means I don't have nothin' more to do with details. And at the same time I got more to do with details than ever. That's a sort of joke that us military men understand. You couldn't get it probably Mable. Its techinckle.

Yesterday, being Sunday, me an a couple of other officers borrowed a couple of mules from the stable sergeant and went for a ride out in the country. Its gettin' cold. I wish they'd hurry up with those gas works; they'd come in handy these cold nights. The gas fellow said the other day that gas was perfectly safe cause you could always tell when it was comin'. You could hear it escape or see it or smell it. The only trouble was, he said, that when the gas started the machine guns made so much noise that you couldn't hear it and it always came at night so's you couldn't see it, and when you smelled it, it was too late to bother anyhow. I've been thinkin' it over it seems to me there's a joker in the pack somewhere. The sargent told me that I was goin' to do interior guard tonight, I gess I'm lucky to get indoor work this wether. You never saw such a place for roomers, these are army roomers, they ain't got nothin' to do with the kind your mother takes in Mable. We hear that we're goin' next week and that we're not goin' at all, but were goin' to be used to guard the Montreal Stock Yards. Then we hear that all the mounted men are goin' to be dismounted and all the dismounted men are goin' to be mounted and that the rest of us are goin' to be made cooks.

I got your Thanksgiving box two days' ago, it was only 4 or 5 days late, I guess the post offis must have made some mistake things are usually later than that. It was in good shape except that the insides had been squodged out of the mince pie and somebody had set a trunk on the turkey. Of course, I divided it up with my Squad Big harted that's me all over Mable. I'm awfully popular with my men they offen say they wish I'd be made a Majer or somethin'. My men ate up all the stuff, all I saved for myself was the white meat and half a mince pie. It certainly tastes good in the field. Of course, it ain't in nobody's field that's a military expreshun I can't explain it. I got to quit now and post a guard. At the same time I'll post this letter to you. That's a joke Mable, I'm sorry this letter can't be longer, but as a man rises in the army

he gets less and less time to himself.

Olive oil, yours faithfully,
BILL.

It has been said that a soldier has a sweetheart in every town. We would hardly believe this, because there must be a few towns he has not visited.

Tommy to Sammy: "American as you are don't you think you would feel uncomfortable in the presence of a King?"

Sammy: "Not if I held the ace."

THE PICTURES.

At least the first night can claim to be a huge success, as far as numbers go.

Long before the hour announced for starting, men were filling the seats. Content to wait. Satisfied that their forethought had enabled them to witness the pictures comfortably.

When the start was made, the crowd had grown to such dimensions, that the stairway, leading up to the hall, was packed with men, eager to participate in the first night free show, under the new conditions, in spite of the counter attraction in the front of the town hall where an opportunity was offered by the fire department of the city to witness a turn out of the brigade.

However, the pictures claimed their first attention, and the idea of the management in throwing, at frequent intervals, the chorus of a popular song upon the screen, was a good one and it broke the monotony and enabled everybody to join in the singing.

The writer was one of those who the misfortune of coming in late had condemned to a standing seat at the back and there were many such. It was during the early part of the performance that an individual (dressed as a sapper) arrived, took in the situation, and saw the possibility of obtaining a seat was remote. After a few moments he schemed a bluff, (which fortunately did not work).

He had a message for the Sergeant, a most important message for the Sergeant up at the front. "Make way boys, make way, a message for the Sergeant." Some one sized him up and called his hand, "What Sergeant?"

"Oh I don't know his name, but he's up there in the front, make way boys." Then a voice called out. "Bluff, I guess that's his name", and the rear of the hall was made untenable, the top of the stairs was handy and the exit near and the messenger with an important communication for the Sergeant beat a retreat probably to watch the two firemen who by this time had gathered together and were united in their efforts to start the untained steeds in the direction of the nearest fire.

Anyway the pictures were a success.

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

A CORNER IN "BLIGHTY."

"On leave in Paris." This is very popular with most Canadians. But unless one is possessed of the wherewithal for a tour of the city it would be a comfortless task to find one's way about.

The Hon. Phillippe Roy, General Commissioner for Canada in Paris has overcome the difficulty by establishing a "Corner in Blighty" at 20 Place Vendome where every Canadian soldier receives the heartiest of welcomes, here he is treated as if he were visiting friends in his own home town, he is entertained at meals, and has cigarettes served gratuitously. There is a music room and writing room at his disposal free of charge.

He has tours planned for him, and is conducted to places of interest (and Paris is full such places) by ladies, of whom there are 45 from England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Australia. So if any of the Canadian Engineers at present in the depot are fortunate enough to be on leave in Paris they will do well to remember the address, 20 Place Vendome, Miss Lilly Butler is the manager of this splendid work.

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.

England had her James, Rome her Nero, Potsdam her Bill, but St. Johns has her M. P.'s

**PERJURY CHARGE UNFOUNDED,
SAYS JUDGE McLENNAN.**
(Star)

OTTAWA, Oct. 11.—Complete exoneration of the charge of perjury made by Jos. Archambault, M.P., in the House of Commons against certain military officers at the barracks of the Engineering Training Depot in St. Johns is the finding in the judgment of Judge MacLennan, the Commissioner appointed by the Minister of Justice to investigate.

"The officers who were examined before me," says the judgment, "gave their evidence in a straightforward manner, and their conduct and demeanor while under examination, and the reasons which they gave for their answers, established their good faith, and that they honestly believed they had a right to answer questions, 6, 7 and 8 as they did.

"The envelopes show that Col. Melville, Lieut. Trow, Lieut. Adney and Lieut. Armor did not answer question No. 8. That disposes of the charge of perjury against the officers. In my opinion these charges are unfounded.

"It was proved to my satisfaction that Col. Melville was not sworn by the deputy presiding officer when he polled his vote. None of the voters who voted before the deputy presiding officer, Lieut. McCulloch, was sworn as required by law. Captain Knight, who was a deputy presiding officer, was not sworn for his own vote. In view of the answers given to questions 6, 7 and 8, the officers had the right to apply their vote to Chambly and Vercheres."

The question to which reference is made by the Judge form part of the declaration on the envelope sworn to by voters. Mr. Archambault alleged that the officer had been induced to commit perjury by falsely representing themselves upon oath to be unable to specify or state in what place or places or electoral districts in Canada they had resided at any time preceding their appointment in the army.

DOMICILE QUESTION DIFFICULT.

In the judgment it is stated that the place of residence or where he resides is not always easy to determine. Laymen, lawyers and even judges are liable to confound these with "domicile," and "domicile" may be two distinct things. Some of the officers swore they did not know the meaning of "residence" or what was meant in these questions by the place where they resided.

There was, says the judgment, a widespread conviction among not only military voter but civilians that every military voter had a right to apply his vote where he saw fit and all the officers who were examined swore that they believed they answered truthfully to the best of their knowledge and believed that they had the right to specify Chambly and Vercheres as the electoral district where they wished to have their votes applied. As it had not been proven that false evidence had been given wilfully, the testimony of the officers cannot be regarded as wilful or corrupt perjury.

NOTHING IMPROPER.

The judgment continues: "Mr. Rainville, the Government candidate in that electoral district was known to some of the officers, but not to all of them, from having taken one meal, the date of which is not proved, at the officer's mess. There were no speeches and no votes asked for on that occasion and the suggestion that something improper occurred between the officers and Mr. Rainville is absolutely unfounded.

"The officers and soldiers at St. Johns were strong supporters of the Union Government. From patriotic

motives, they wished to see the Government returned. Mr. Rainville's public record as a supporter of the Government and his stand in favor of conscription and of adequate reinforcements for the Canadian Army strongly appealed to the military voters and a considerable number of them, but, not all, who answered, 'I cannot say,' to questions 6, 7 and 8 desired to have their votes applied to Chambly and Vercheres, as they honestly believed they had a right to do.

NO CANVASSING PROVED.

"The officers were also accused of subordination of perjury by having induced certain military voters, being non-commissioned officers and men of the engineers training depot, to commit perjury by falsely representing themselves upon oath to be unable to specify or to state in what place or places or electoral districts in Canada they had resided at any time preceding their appointment, enlistment or enrolment or calling out on active service for the purpose of having their votes applied to the electoral district of Chambly and Vercheres. The evidence clearly establishes that there was no canvassing for votes on the part of any officers.

"The charge of perjury and subordination by the officers of their men fails," the judgment adds. "There were no improper inducements, representations, suggestions or other misconduct by the officers or any of them to influence any non-commissioned officer or men to commit perjury by giving false answers to questions on the envelope and the non-commissioned officers and men who appeared and were examined did not, in my opinion, commit perjury in connection with their answers. The charges of perjury and subordination of perjury are unfounded."

Referring to "Knots and Lashings," a weekly newspaper published by the Depot, the judgment says that the evidence does not show that the voters were influenced by any thing which appeared in this publication.

"They gave," says the judgment, "what appeared to me to be good, valid and sufficient reason for the answers which they gave to the questions and of their choice of Chambly and Vercheres."

The lawyers acting in the enquiry were E. Fabre Surveyer, K.C., and John MacNaughton, Montreal, who were appointed to protect the interests of the soldiers involved in the charges, and Aime Geoffrion, who represented Mr. Archambault's side of the investigation.

PICKUPS FROM THE TOP FLOOR OF THE COLLEGE BARRACKS.

Sapper J—— must have met some new friends up town last Saturday night. He came in feeling pretty jolly and wanted to run things his own way.

Everybody seems to sleep fine now that most of the London bunch are put down to the floor below us. Bow, wow, wow, lay down, major, lay down.

The sidewalk don't seem to be straight for Corporal C—— these last few days.

Why is an M. P. like a custard pie?

Because he is yellow all through and has not got crust enough to go over the top.

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We carry SUITS for Discharged Men at Special Rates.

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

"Let's hold an armistice" said the burglar to the policeman, when caught getting out of the window with a bag full of swag. The Kaiser has confiscated all the property of the Salvation Army in his Kingdom, and by an Imperial order dissolved the organization. So the Hun has found one army he can lick. Three years ago last Sunday (13th Oct.) Nurse Cavell was murdered. It is her Imperial assassin who is now inviting the Allied nations to withhold punishment from him, forget his crimes and sit down with him at a council table to consider the terms upon which he will pass his "word of honor" to respect law and the traditions of civilization in the future.

The British have a plucky little ship pet,

In a battle it's as busy as an ant;

We don't know why they christened it a whippet,

But by gorry, any way, the Germans can't.

"Flying After the War" is the heading of an article in a Toronto paper of recent date. Of course, there was no reference to the Germans who are flying before it.

British aviators have destroyed three times as many airplanes as they have lost and they have now more airplanes on the western front than all their allies have on all fronts.

Since General Foch started to take over a large part of the German army in addition to the armies of the allies, we notice the Hun is not playing the game of "Der tag" so cheerfully.

An Irish soldier had just lost an eye in battle but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye. "Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?"

"Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in me bunk to keep an eye on me kit while I'm on parade."

Those rumors about the capture of the Crown Prince are foolish; he serves the Allies best where he is. PAT.

SCENE IN ORDERLY ROOM ONE NIGHT THIS WEEK

Telephone bell rings:

Operator.—Jones there?

O. K. clerk.—Est-il un sapeur?

Operator.—No, he's in the barracks somewhere.

There was an exciting time in the Orderly Room, one evening this week, when one of the clerks, assisted by several others, made his first attempt to write a letter in the French language to a St. Johns mademoiselle. Bet when the young lady received the epistle, she imagined that the writer had made a mistake and sent her his Chinese Laundry slip.

Who is the employee in the Orderly Room, who had his slacks nicely pressed and cleaned, and an elegant two inch cuff stitched on the bottom, only to read in the next day's orders, that no slacks were allowed to be worn outside of the barracks. The price of seven nut bars gone for nothing. "Seots wahae".

The staff of the Orderly Room are looking forward with great expectancy to the great walking

match, which is scheduled to take place in the near future. The contestants on the one side are Cpl. MacPherson and Sapper Baird, on the other Sappers J. M. Graham and MacFarlane. The walk is to be to the top of Mt. Johnson, and the winners will be treated to a dinner, not to cost more than one dollar a head (Sapper Graham inserted this proviso) by the losers. It is said that there are also one or two bets one the side, but our bet would be that none of the "hikers" reach the top. One or two of the contestants are telling wonderful tales of the famous "walks" they accomplished in years gone by, but as Josh Billings says "it ain't what you were, but what you are, that counts".

How about that tree in Iberville, S. M. Hesford? Sappers and drivers please keep away.

Please tell us what Sergt. Badger was doing in the park with one of our pretty nurses the other night?

Is it a fact that C. S. M. Evans was so changed after his recent illness that even his close friend Rags didn't know him.



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To Wear in Barracks

Good Trunks and Valises

Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

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Yes, we have nice

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at Frs. Payette,

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Also Special Suits for discharged men.

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