

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

Vol. 1, No. 39.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

MOUNTAINEERING IN ST. JOHN'S ALPS

(Continued.)

The reader will remember how in a previous issue a description of the early stages of the attempt to scale the heights of Mount Johnson was vividly presented and will recollect that an attempt to encircle the mountain had to be abandoned on account of darkness.

At daybreak the following morning I ordered a resumption of the journey but was dissuaded by the combined efforts of the guides and a blister on one of my toes which had to be attended to.

While my foot was being dressed I wrote a long account of the previous days happenings for immediate despatch to St. Johns, so that relief parties might be preparing even then to come to our rescue.

I said nothing of my uneasiness and in spite of the pain caused by the blister, presented a bold front; and to this day I am prepared to swear that my personal fortitude on this occasion was the sole means of keeping the party, in my care, in a sufficiently optimistic frame of mind.

Breakfast was prepared and eaten and a start was made at 9.15 with a cloudy sky, cool breeze, and light hearts in contradistinction to the packs the others were carrying.

Before starting however, the commander of Base Company demanded a muster parade as he felt sure some of his men had been transferred to Casualty Company in his absence. I was firm, and

Baker whom I took into my confidence on this important matter assisted me wonderfully by assuring the commander that the transfers if made were not legal tender unless published in orders at the end of the week and as this was only Wednesday we hoped to be back in St. Johns in time to prevent such foul motives going into effect.

My thoughtfulness in providing a goodly supply of paragoric brought me reward at this stage. Before moving off each of the party was issued with a ration of this potent and beneficent drug. The only thing I regretted was I should have issued it the night previous as its charms are supposed to be those of sleep provocation.

It was high noon before my object was attained, that is to say the lead of the column was now immediately behind the rear. I was satisfied by now that the top of the mountain must be inside the cordon we had drawn around it, but it was not until dusk that Captain Fellows remarked that we were continually passing over the same ground and getting no nearer the summit. It was, alas too true. We were not making headway. I halted the column and although the slope at this point was fully 15 degrees I ordered an attempt to be made to scale it and Sergeant Bell was called upon to get out the hook ladders. After locating these ladders one was fixed and Baker, who persisted in his ap-

"TRIXIE"



Inoculation Parade on Board. No wonder they all rush to get the shot. Several of the Officers have been seen to take a chance without a Medical History Sheet. Can we blame them!

—“Draft 74 en route.”

We would respectfully ask that, in making purchases, you “patronize those who patronize us.”

Thuotoscope

July 29, 30 & 31.

H. Price Webber

Presents the

Boston Comedy Company

with the popular actress EDWINA GREY and Ann Dere, Angeline Betts, Willa Keith, Charles Palazzi, William B. Medway, Walter B. Woodall, F. Garston and H. Price Webber.

Opening Bill:

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E. MESSIER.

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

peals to me to let him take the risk, I condescended at last, not feeling particularly anxious to disappoint him and Baker immediately commenced the ascent. Hand over hand, up he went when a loud report announced the hook had slipped. Baker was precipitated and would certainly have been crippled had he not fallen on the Chaplain. The cleric however had to be issued with crutches in order to proceed.

After searching for some five minutes, an easy slope was discovered so I led the party on up until the summit was almost reached. Having had a disastrous experience with the hook ladders I decided to use the ordinary ladders for the final ascent. The summit comprised a rock about fifteen feet high with almost precipitous sides, so that a ladder was poised on one side for ascent and another on the other side for descent. The difficulty of getting the animals over the summit now presented itself and a panic was threatening when the situation was miraculously cleared. One of the horses was found eating a can of nitroglycerine but before his attempt could be prevented a huge explosion rent the air. The whole party was laid on the ground but none was hurt and to our amazement the rock was gone and the animals were easily passed across the summit. It was on our return journey however that we heard with regret that several of the inhabitants of St. Johns were injured by falling pieces of rock and one was killed by a piece of frozen horse flesh falling on him, showing conclusively to what extreme height the curious animal had been propelled.

A muster parade was held at the summit and all were reported correct excepting the horse before mentioned and Base Company. Q.M.S. Wooley was found to be seriously wounded by one of his own formidable spurs. It appears that several of the green and red tickets from the blackboard of Base Company had been blown off in the high winds, but as the muster showed more men in the Company than tickets on the board I felt assured that we had lost none of that force.

An uneventful return journey was made on the following day. The local newspapers have already done full justice to the splendid reception given to the party on its return. Nothing as yet can be published as to the valuable information gained from this perilous expedition as the Depot Sergeant Major refuses to give his sanction. It was indeed a memorable event

in the annals of St. Johns and Baker and myself can look back with pride to an undertaking so well carried out and so successfully arranged and completed.

LITTLE WILLIE'S OFFENSIVE.

"The famous Duke of York he had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the hill;
Then marched them down again,
When they're up they're up, when they're down they're down,
And when they're half way up they're neither up nor down."

When little Willie read these lines of never dying fame,
He cried,—Yah! Pough! dot Duk of York! I bet I'd do dot same,
Dose men I got, march dem I will, und back I pring dem too,
I'll do it just to shew I'm boss.
Yah! Coch-a-doodle do!

Then little Willie marched his men and let his cannon off,
And told his grand headquarters staff,—Me, I'm the blooming toff,

The men I send, the foe I beat, much glory comes to me
When fader dies—May be before—
I'll one Great Kaiser be.

But presently the news comes in, "The foe will not give way,"
Poor Willie twists his scant moustache and there is hell to pay;
He swears and stamps and rages round, but still his force falls back

And move by move, aye step by step—the Allies dog his track.

Then Willie shouted to his staff,—
"Now make a good retreat,
"And hurry lest these furious foes should our brave men defeat;
"Meanwhile I'll write a good dispatch, tell why we're acting thus
"Tween you and me unless I do, the old man sure will cuss."

So Willie called his press men round, to each he told the story,
How all his plans had carried well, how he was crowned with glory;

How he had marched his men ahead, just to march back again,

And everything was beautiful—
Willie can lie like Cain.

Sergt. E. P. Lowman.

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

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

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SASSIETY COLUMN.

Among those noticed at the Concert on Tuesday night was Sergeant Davidson and his lady friend. It is rumored that Sergt. D—— is learning to speak French quite fluently and already he can say "Brasso Taffy", whatever that means.

Who was the "Duke" that left the ladies waiting in a row boat while he went for his yacht. Did he get it?

The lighthouse is still in the same old place, although we heard that the "Duke" and his valet "Villa" were going to have it moved.

Our Reporter was refused an interview with C.S.M. York. Although he admits that he is still in the lead with the ladies of St. Johns.

Sergt. E. W. Johnson returned from Montreal on week end leave. Don't look so sad, Sergeant, you may see her again.

A FEW WITS FROM A. COY.
A DYING SOLDIER'S WISH.

A young Sapper lay dying in a trench, and the padre was at hand endeavouring to brighten his last moments.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I am afraid you haven't long to live on this earth. Is there anything you desire?"

The boy shook his head, then suddenly an idea seemed to come to him.

"Yes," he said softly, "I should like to have the quartermaster and the paymaster here."

The padre looked surprised but sent for the two men in question.

When they arrived the boy motioned one of them to stand on his right side and the other on his left. For a time silence reigned.

"My boy," said the padre hastily, "If you've anything to say you must be quick. Time, alas! is very very short."

The boy looked up with a smile on his lips. "I don't want to say anything," he muttered. "I thought it would be lovely to die as our Lord died—you know, one of them on either side."

Roll on pay day.

THE CANNY SCOT.

Jock Ewing had just been converted and the news spread all over the E. T. D. One of his friends came up and said to him:—

"Surely it's not true, I've heard that ye're giving up the drink?"

"Aye, it's true."

The friend persisted:

"D'ye mean to tell me, Jock, that ye're not going to have another drink as long as ye live?"

"Aye, I do."

"D'ye mean to say that if ye were standing in one of the beautiful lochs, with whiskey right up to the knees, ye would no' be caught bending?"

"Nay."

"Well, suppose it was right up to your arm-pits, would ye no stoop?"

Jock was very determined:

"Nay."

"Well, if it was right up to your chin—an' its Scotch whiskey I'm talking o'—would ye no' sip it?"

Here Jock began to waver a little; the prospect was too tempting. There was a pause, then:

"Well, I'm no saying I would, mind ye—but I might make a wee ripple with me hand."

A REAL TREAT.

This Depot was extremely fortunate on Tuesday evening of the present week to have had the aid of a concert party from Montreal composed of the following:—

- Mr. Billie Eckstein, piano.
- Mr. Armand Meurt, drummer and bells.
- Mr. Jimmy Eckstein, violin.
- Mr. Chas. Summers, piano.
- Mr. Walter Jackson, banjo.
- Mr. Geo. Coleman, drummer.
- Mr. Howard Wyness, singer (Scotch songs).

to perform at the regular moving picture entertainment. This was due to the efforts of Capt. Simpson to whom the Depot is indebted. The pictures were accompanied by the music by the above artistes, and between reels selections were rendered by the Eckstein Jazz Band. To single out individuals is considered an injustice, but under the circumstances special mention is surely due, on account of numbers seeming to strike a popular chord with those present, to Mr. Billy Eckstein for his brilliant piano playing, the ever popular rags of the Jazz Band, and Mr. Howard Wyness' renderings of Harry Lauders' songs. The climax of the evening came when at the close a triumphal procession was formed, to act as escort of the dray used as a chariot, to convey the entertainers to the Officers' Mess, where what remained of the evening was spent "to some tune".

If one might judge from the wholehearted appreciation shown, it is evidently the hope of all that in the near future we may have the pleasure of another visit from such talented artistes.

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Vol. 1. No. 39.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, July 27th, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy
\$2.60 By The Year

Founded Oct. 1917

Advertising Rates
— On Request —

— STAFF —

EDITOR:—Capt. Ray R. Knight.

— Associates —

Lt. S. A. Lang

"Pat"

Sgt. E. P. Lowman

Canada Sgt. E. W. Johnson, St. Johns & Society

Nuts and Rations D. B. A. Brasford,

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MANAGER:—A/Sgt. E. Carol Jackson.

Poetry

Sports

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

While we are told by the foremost military critics that we are not to expect too much as a result of the Allied offensive now in progress in the Marne sector, there is no real reason why we should not hope for something to happen in our favour and to the detriment of our enemy, after waiting patiently for so long, and standing-by to defend against onslaught after onslaught from the German hordes; waiting for the time to come when not only the psychological moment arrives, but also waiting for much needed reinforcements.

Whatever the military critics say, the public generally accepts an Allied offensive, with an advance, as evidence that we are the stronger and consequently a totally different aspect is evident from that presented during a retreat, even though that retreat be strategic in its conception. This same public has become satiated with reports of ground given up for reasons that seem perfectly clear to the 'critic' but that are particularly obscure to the man in the street. This war has been, and will probably still be, a hard one for the public to bear, but the news of a successful offensive just now has given new life to many who had almost despaired of licking this beast of mankind.

It is strange that the weather plays the Allies false whenever prospects look particularly bright and it is a saying in England that 'the weather is a perfect Bosche'. The elements may affect the ultimate result of this offensive considerably from a military standpoint, but sufficient progress has been made and territory won to give to the public that necessary fillip and a stern belief that 'the tide has turned'.

MORE STRIKES.

The attitude of the discharged soldiers with regard to the strikes among the munition workers of Birmingham, England, is commendable; and there is no doubt left as to the attitude of the Woolwich Arsenal workers in their particularly apt telegram 'Strike and go to hell'.

Matters were not minced as between the two organisations. 'Woolwich will remain at work and earn the right to shake the hand of the soldier when he returns while you are fighting with words and full bellies,' says the telegram and goes further to say the leaders should be shot.

A little of this would do well in Canada too, and strike leaders should run the risk of harsh treatment at the hands of the law. Remember the soldier at a '\$1.10 per.' and don't forget his life goes with it. Strikes during a war paralyse commerce and trade and paralyse the body of the man in the firing line. Is it honourable for us to allow such a condition of affairs? Emphatically, No! And yet we hear of strike after strike and nothing done to control the issues. Wake up Canada, get busy and get this cancer out of your system.

THE MAYOR'S LETTER
(Published by Permission.)July twenty-sixth,
Nineteen eighteen.Lt. Col. W. Melville, O.C.,
Engineer Training Depot,
City.

My dear Colonel:—

Herewith I take pleasure in handing you a cheque covering the loss sustained by a number of your men in the fire of Sunday last.

Also I would ask you to convey to these men the very sincere thanks of myself and our City Council for the great assistance given our firemen as but for this timely aid it is altogether probable that the fire would have assumed much more dangerous proportions than it did.

Yours very truly,

Henderson Black,

Mayor of the City of St. Johns.

CONGRATULATIONS.

C.Q.M.S. Graham, J. H.
Sergt. Davis, H.
Cpl. Bradburn, E.
Cpl. Firth, H. N.
Cpl. MacPherson, J. A.
Cpl. Lothran, J. G.
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Lee. Cpl. Swift, C. D.
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A/Cpl. York, H.
A/Cpl. Boucher, A.

COMING TO ST. JOHN'S.

It will be recalled that in our issue of July 13, we referred to the coming of Mr. H. Price Webber's Comedy Company to the Thuotoscope. We again wish to draw attention to this coming treat—for this it is claimed to be. Mr. Webber made every effort while in St. John's to locate our Advertising Manager as was explained in the issue of "Knots and Lashings" to which we refer. As it is, it gives

us great pleasure to again refer to his coming amongst us.

Mr. Webber's "Boston Comedy Company" will play in the Thuotoscope, Richelieu Street, on dates of June 29, 30 and 31. The Bill will open with "The Female Detective". The Admission is 25 cents; reserved seats 35 cents, and the doors will open at 7.30 p.m.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Maister

I ha' ben spendin' ma siller like water the past twa weeks buyin' a copy o' yon "Knots and Lashings", forby I didna' like the unco lambastin' tha eeditor handed Maister Adney, and I ha' ben speerin' the paper sin' to read the bonnie lad's reply. This is ta' tell ye I'll spen'na more siller, for I ken Maister Adney has deesappointed me, and I ken fu'well why he wears the trews instea' o' the kilt; tis' to kep' his feet waarm, for tis eevident he has cauld feet else he wadna' take refuge in a spiel on the trenches instea' o' wipin' the heather with the eeditor for his outragas reemarks anent the buurd and its messin'oup his room.

For a mon wha has seen tha white coo' on the banks of the Salmon, I'm sair deesappointed.

Noo;—there's the Laird, a fine bonnie lad, wha has the patience o' Scott's monument, (if ye doot ma wuurd, jest ye see him when he's out wi' the General, filled to tha brim wi' gay lassies, and the contraption at the nether end wilna work), noo, he wud'na stan' for any sech goins' on wi'out makin' a coom back that would "scotch" the paper worse no the fire o' the place the meeinster in the "Frae Kirk" a Kilmagorm used ta tell aboot.

I ken fair well tha eeditor wud'na dare ta mak' a spiel the lik o' that on Maister Adney and put it on the Laird—any way while Jeemy Barr's aroond.

As Maister Adney has fallen fro' ma graces I'll subscribe (it costs na siller ta'da'sa) m'sel a devoted admirer o' tha Laird's.

Pennycross

Isle O'Mull.

Owing to the very generous response of our men for "Copy", we regret that it is necessary to hold over a number of splendid and original contributions to next week's issue. Especially do we regret that a certain fine poem—"The Railroad Men"—was crowded out at the last moment. Keep the good "Copy" coming in, boys!
Editor.

MEMBER OF MEDICAL PROFESSION MAKES WONDERFUL DISCOVERY AT E. T. D.

This news reached us about mid-days Friday, just too late for press, but as inventions, patents, and discoveries submitted to our Expert in these things, amount to several hundreds weekly, we did not immediately grasp the magnitude of this physician's discovery. About noon we paid an official visit to the poultice palace and were met by the Great Physician, shirt sleeved, and covered with iodine up to the elbows, but otherwise cool and not in the least excited over his wonderful discovery.

His pleasant smile, which is a twin to that of the genial Paymaster, made us feel as though we were welcome. Then his "Well, gentlemen" gave us the cue to start. On enquiry as to how he made his discovery, he replied in a casual sort of a way. "For several years I have had the idea constantly before me, particularly so in civil life when I had more time than money, now I have neither so I can think more clearly. I had just finished removing a pound and a half of 1½" nails from one of Sergt. Caddy's men, who was working in the stables and had his mouth full of nails, when a horse kicked him and he swallowed the nails.—This has nothing to do with my discovery, so it doesn't matter—he won't get better anyway. My, these fellows use up such a lot of sick reports!"

"Well, let me see now. Yes, quite so, I had finished the Carpenter when Doc. McCrea came to me to have a bandage put round the rubber tube of the pump on his car. While doing this, the idea I had in my head, as I said before, I had it always before me. Yes, I said, 'I've got it!' and really got excited, a thing I very seldom do. Doc. McCrea said, 'All right, hold it and I'll give you the pincers and a piece of haywire.' Little did he think that I had made the greatest discovery of any dead or living physician. I should really say 'Surgeon', but damnit I'm so modest. Anyway the engine in the Doc's car did it. I left him to fix the pump; just as I got back to my consulting room, excuse me, the medical room, a Farrier was admitted, a Farrier Corporal, nice quiet sort of a chap. I decided to carry out my idea. You will excuse not going into detail I know, Lang old chap, but I will have to send in a full report to the Faculty before I can give anything away. You know you editor chaps would spill the beans, anyway I sent my

staff to buy ice cream cones or something, and set to work—in 30 minutes I had finished.

"Yes, gentlemen, I had perfected my idea.—I have rendered it possible, fancy July 18th, 1918, yes, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen years and no one discovered it—(here he got a little excited and shook hands with us, drank some horrible looking mixture which gave off a violent odor and a purple flame.)—Yes, gentlemen, I have made it possible for the human being to remain as cool as the Doc's motor car, in fact cooler! Perspiration is a thing of the past! **I have made man perfect** by a mere application of a certain stuff which I will put on the market at a ridiculously low price, and man may become water cooled—the same as the Farrier Corporal."

We rose, saluted the Famous Physician, and hoped he would remember us when he rose to Surgeon General. He did not reply but his smile assured us, and we beat it to see the Farrier Corporal, whom we find in horrible pain, applying for sick leave, because of a water blister the M.O. had raised from his chest downwards. On being questioned as to the advantages of the water cooled system, the Farrier Corporal informed us that the M.O.'s discovery would no doubt make him famous, and he saw yeast, self-raising powders, etc., becoming a thing of the past, as a drop of the M.O.'s mixture would raise hell leave alone a Farrier.

Congratulations, Doc. G. Sympathies, Corp. F.

"Carry On".

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



Short sighted M.O. !! Chest 56!!

WE HEAR—

That a certain alderman of St. Johns who was forcibly ejected from the scene of the fire has shown his true colors and is ready to do his best for the boys. **Hats off!**

That a certain Officer is taking steps to make himself permanent Orderly Officer. We wish him every success.

Much commotion in the Paymaster's Office, but our pay books still remain blank. Patience is a great virtue.

That some of the Officers are having a delightful time when the day's work is o'er at the Yacht Club. They play at pushing bright eyed damsels into the River, and on occasion wrapped in the close embrace of a wriggling nymph they take the depths together.

That two young Officers were seen a few nights ago chasing a cab in St. Johns. We wonder why that particular cab was so essential for their night's enjoyment.

That a certain Senior Officer with an audience of interested troopers in his rear displayed his vocabularic powers upon two 'Twin Stars' who had not thought it necessary to salute his back. Enough said!

That we are leaving some time and we wonder when.

That Grandmothers, Aunts, Sisters and Cousins are on the verge of dying in great numbers again. Well, they are doing their best, anyway.

That Sergeant D— has been suspended for fourteen days. The reunion, dear Sergeant, will be all the sweeter as your past experiences will no doubt have made you fully aware.

That Lieut. A— has produced a new form of dance. And we wonder what he is going to christen it. From information received as

to its movements we would suggest the "Jiggling Slacks" dance. For apparently the eccentric movement made with that most necessary article of apparel is the pith of the dance.

That Sergt. Major Y— beams encouragingly on any of his young recruits who happen to have sisters on their way to pay a visit.

That C.S.M. Gibson manages to find a few spare minutes to play tennis. If he works as hard at tennis as he does in his official capacity we predict a great future for this worthy C.S.M. in tennis circles.

Many things—but we know too much to tell them!

"Barbwire" to unshaven recruit:—"And why didn't ye shave this mornin'. The little bit of fuzz that ye have on your mug, you could rub off wi' yer knuckles."

LAW OFFICE

of

John MacNaughton

Advocate, Barrister and Commissioner

138 CHAMPLAIN St., St. Johns
Phone 482

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Twinkles from the Mounted Section

There was a young lady named
Wrapper,
As a knitter you surely could back
her,
So swift, at a show,
Once her needles did go,
That she punched out the eye of
a Sapper!

We would be much obliged to
Corporal Johnson if he would only
modify his language while there
are lady visitors present in the
Stables. I was out with one last
night and was astonished to hear
her remark, "Jump to it, gosh
darn it, jump to it!"

"One of the Piquet."

The subscription to obtain that
safety razor for Driver Boler has
not yet been closed. Get in on this,
boys!

Social Item:—"Driver Luxton
has returned from Montreal after
a long illness. We are overjoyed
at his return."

**The New Recruit and Sergt. Major
Sims.**

New Recruit:—"What is that
band around the horse's belly
for?"

Sergt. Major:—"To keep the
horse from bursting its sides laugh-
ing at you greenhorns!"

The Riding Instructor, "Our
Sims,"

Sure gives all us riders the jims,
You'll be a horse-man, by Heck,
Or you'll break your fool neck.

But he's "right there," with all
his whims,

"Our Sims!"
"Isn't he?"

Lord is the smallest runt in the
tent,

He's making rows, and on mischief
bents;

He don't let me sleep, when in
blankets I creep.

In his head my shoe'll nake a
dent!

Dedicated to Captain Pettigrew.

As down the line one day I went,
The conversation in each tent

Was all towards one topic bent
"When's pay-day?"

Lend me a dime, I heard one say,
I'll give it back, when I get my
pay;

But quickly the lad to him did say,
"When's pay-day?"

But some fine day when you're in
the School,

And your horse begins to play the
fool;

You'll go to a place where there
aint no rule,
About pay-day!

Who was it stood guard over the
bread box in the Mess hall, Thurs-
day night? He deserves the V.C.!

Who was the one in the Riding
Class that started to sing the old
cow-boy's song,—

"Roll your tails,
Roll them high,
You'll be beefsteak
By and by."

Driver Guertin would like to
challenge anyone from a driver to
sergt.-major to a rough ride in our
ring.

Last Wednesday at dinner, one
of our drivers overheard three
brave sappers from A Company
holding the following conversa-
tion:—

One Sapper:—"I could ride as
well as S.M. Sims."

Other two Sappers, in chorus?—
"If not better!"

We would like to see these Sap-
pers come forward and prove what
they say!

Please tell us who was the
driver, after borrowing spurs and
leather whip from some of his
friends, dressed in his best and pro-
ceeded down town with his ban-
dolier over his right shoulder. Also,
when did this come into fashion?

(Editor's note: Recruits—you'd
better get the Big Eight to give
you a look-over — and save
trouble!)

"Farewell to Leper"

Last Sunday night, down at the
fire,

Our Leper we did see,
He, with the firemen of St. Johns,
Fought fire Right Merrily.

Old Leper is a man of parts,
One day, he found a whip
And it was sure a dandy,
For it cost "a tidy bit".

(He tried so hard to keep it
It tore his heart with rents
As he offered its real owner,
The Sum of Fifty-Cents.)

But now he's gone and left us,
Not on the Draft are we,
So, we'll say, "Farewell, dear
Leper."

"Oh, go to hell!" says he.

A certain Driver, not exactly a

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pessimist, would like to know what unpardonable sin the Mounted Section committed, that they have to parade 15 to 20 minutes ahead of any other section or company. They have to tie their braces around them and roll up their sleeves so that the ultra-violet rays scorch their arms, causing needless pain; why should not each and everyone be as comfortable as possible, provided they are tidy?

(Editor:—On consulting certain Regulations we find,—Braces will not be worn over the shirts when tunics are not worn and also—shirt-sleeves will be rolled up above the elbows.

Regarding the first 15 or 20 minutes: Some Drivers would require all day; others are always on time.

You don't state what you would propose as a remedy for your grievance. See C.S.M. Sims about it—if he can't tell you, we can't.)

Why was it that they gave the Cadets driver's bandoliers? Was it to make them look like soldiers?

We hope that the two Drivers who are entered in the Tennis Tournament are able to bring home the bacon.

(Editor's Note:—Do you remember when this happened? It is the purpose of "Knots and Lashings" to let all the World know exactly what occurred that day, presenting the scene in the form of a stirring cartoon. All it needs is the "India Ink". Perhaps in the absence of our worthy Cartoonist and Manager, Sergt. Jackson, it will be up to the Editor to fix it, somehow or other? Let us hope he doesn't make a mess of it!)

The Day was close and sultry,
As Baldy cleaned his team;
And the perspiration fairly rolled,
A-down his time-worn bean.

A Major passed through with some friends,
As the driver them espied,
He grabbed his hat and put it on,
His old bald dome to hide.
M. M. P.

The most thrilling mystery in the history of the Tan-bark Emporium was discovered last week, when the buttons of our S.M.'s hat disappeared. Stable Detective Sherlock Johnson, and his famous bloodhound, Laddie, were at once put on the trail, and after an exciting chase, the two most desperate characters of the Mounted Section, J. and J. were run to earth. When cornered they admitted that it was a case of mistaken identity in the

hat. Whereupon, Sherlock Johnson, after insisting on the buttons being replaced, was bribed into silence by a big ice-cream cone for himself and one for his famous bloodhound, Laddie.

Song adopted by the Mounted Section.

Tune—"John Brown's Donkey"
(Apologies to same!)

Who cut the buttons off the Sergeant Major's hat?

Who cut the buttons off the Sergeant Major's hat?

Jimmy did the dirty deed, but Joe, he urged him on;

So we don't know who to blame!

Johnson carried home the Sergeant Major's hat,

Johnson carried home the Sergeant Major's hat,

But when he found, the buttons they were gone;

He went right "off his nut."

He said, "Joe, you'll have to sew one on."

He said, "Jimmy, you'll have to do the same

"If you don't do-oo, just as I command,

"I'll land you in the Clink."

Jim and Joe's poor knees did shake with fright,

Jim and Joe's poor knees did shake with fright,

So Jim sewed them on, and Joey took it home,

And they bought "Viv." an ice-cream cone.

The Driver's Prayer.

To-night I lay me down to sleep,
While ants and "bugs" around me creep;

If they should bite before I wake,
I pray the Lord their jaws will break.

G. Rowan.

(It will be noted by the Companies and the other Sections in the Depot, just how splendidly "The Mounted Section" has come forward in generous response to our request in last week's "Knots and Lashings". They might also note the quality of the material supplied by these men. We regret that it has been necessary to hold over for next issue a large quantity of equally good material. Who ever thought that the men of the Mounted Section were journalists as well as Soldiers!

We cordially invite contributions from the other Sections and Companies for next week's issue of Your paper.—Editor.)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

I am like it nor much worse in de stable of de Majer de Mille she put me to de travail too much as before but it not difficulty to make de imitate I work on de dirty horse some side one day some other side de other day an some day no side at all, but de surgent majer she is watch me close all time sometime not when I rest me an make noise like to steam come from safety valvular on de locomote. She tell me de horse she is not clean as other of de horse an she order me to de clinic cause I say to her clean de horse herself.

I lay de sod in front of Majer de Mille an I hear her say good man but de surgent majer she say no good. Now dere Koronel is it not very bad for me to be so put up upon by dis surgent majer which ride de easiest horse in de stable an give de bad horse for me to clean an ride. She is no good as Surgent Majer Estey an I wish you dere Koronel to stop dis hard working in dis stable for me or I would get to Surgent Locke on de farm for more easier work unless I get to hit de big drum. I am seek at de stomach like hell too much by de smell of de horse an my Rosie is seek like hell too of me as my clothes are stink too much as I write you before of dis eau-de-stable.

Dere Koronel I make de applicant for to work on de farm or hit de drum with de big steek. I think you too must give me new uniform that does not smell much as mine so my rosie will love me again so much as before as when I was in Quebec.

An dere Koronel there is one of de officier who is look my rosie in de eye too much for her own safe keeping an I want you put her on de next draft for over de seas an make it go sooner as possible so I not lose my rosie to dis officier before she go.

Dere Koronel it is so or not is it so dat the war is over sooner now an dat I leave not dis barrack for to fight de Hun. De surgent majer Simms she tell me you know when dis war is over more better than someone else is it not so.

Joe. Pacquette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor:—

I see that things seem to be going along fine in France just now, and I suppose you would like to hear the reason; as a matter of fact I sent a few instructions by wireless to General Foch and he seems to be doing alright. It's a pity I

cannot get over there myself just now to give him a hand out, but I understand that at present I am doing useful work here, and I may as well remain here a little longer, at any rate until the town goes dry. I had an accident the other day, one of our young N.C.O.'s asked me to have a drink to wet his promotion, and I never heard him. I was telling a few of my yarns to the troops the other day, and they did not believe that story of mine about the snake. When I was in Sierra Leone I went out snake hunting and I came across a python forty-nine feet long. Of course I soon got the best of it. I choked it, and then I skinned it, and I used the skin for a sidewalk in front of my bungalow. It's there yet.

Some of these Ginks give me a pain they don't believe half the yarns I tell them, of course they haven't seen very much themselves and the only excitement they have seen is at a tiddley wink convention. I don't seem to catch on to the girls somehow, and I can't explain it. I feel just as young as ever I did and I'm just as handsome. I thought I had a chance with the blonde, but that Scotch friend of mine with the small feet beat me to it; I'll get even with him; I'll drink his beer. I wanted to go on Church Parade last Sunday in my bare feet, but I was afraid the S. M. would choke me off. I lost my boots, that didn't worry me any, after living in Tibet with the natives, and running down the festive mountain goat in my bare feet.

I wonder if you heard about those two sergeants who went to Montreal on Saturday last. They were being entertained by some pretty girls; the day was hot and one of the girls suggested that they remove their tight coats to be a bit more comfortable, well that started Ernie Johnson blushing, and the more the girl insisted the more he blushed; 'cos why, he had no shirt on. Hughie Davidson had the same experience the other evening. I expect Jimmy Boyd had the same experience too, but he won't let on. One of our handsome young Corporals nearly lost his girl last Sunday whilst watching the fire; one of our officers came along and cast sheep's eyes at the girl, and didn't that Corporal sweat blood, all the time the officer was eyeing the girl, our Corporal was expecting to be clinked whilst Mr. ——— pinched the lady. Hughie has been suspended for two weeks for some reason or other, and he's walking around with the same expression as a gold fish. Alec had a fine looking Jane up at the Concert on

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Tuesday night, I am just marking time till he goes on leave and watch my smoke with that girl, believe me, Mr. Editor, they can't resist me when I get dolled up. You haven't noticed me in my new straw hat, have you? I was taken for General Villa and I was scared that I might be sent back to Mexico. Well see you next week, Mr. Editor. I am just away for a big one. Cherrio.

Jock.

NOTES FROM THE WORM PATCH.

Mr. Editor:—

I've spoken till I'm tired in the kindest way I knew how, but it aint no good. So I am writing to you.

Here's me a cuttin' of sods, and beautifying as much of the globe as time and space will permit. But what's the use of me a-laying the choicest bits of turf I can find and havin' fellows come and lift them up at night to catch worms. Them worms is mine, everyone of them. Sergt. Locke would kick if you was to pull up his spuds to get worms wouldn't he not. S'pose you was to pull up Sgt. Major Sim's Sweet Peas, wot would happen? In the interests of this here Depot I beg to suggest that worms be in the future sold at the Canteen.

If some of you fellows would only use your brains you'd know where worms is to be found, lift up old buildings, loose planks, such as tent floors, don't mind disturbing a tent full of Cadets, or anything of that kind, old neglected boats usually harbour worms—there's a derelict just below the bank at the Sergeants mess, nice big boat too. I hears you can have it for the taking of it away.

You fellows as sinks worms in the Richelieu why don't you join the Gardening Squad. There's lots of worms where we cut the sods—only I guess you aint had enough P.T. to bend quick enough to catch them. When you feel proficient enough, apply for Sod Cutting and think it's catching worms and you'll be doing good work.

Yours truly,

"Sods".

BAND CONCERT.

Arrangements are being made for another of those splendid open-air recitals to be given by Band-sergeant Cook and his Master players of the E. T. D. Band. It will be held in the Park at the Grand Trunk Station and the crowds who will attend are assured of a real treat next Sunday afternoon.

DRAFT No. 74 EN ROUTE. GOSSIP.

Shortly after mailing our last Epistle we were lost in a fog somewhere in the Atlantic. So dense was it that many who ventured on deck experienced great difficulty in again locating their cabins. It is rumored that Lieut. Heeney with his "Glass Eyes" rather welcomed the camouflage.

Arriving in an Atlantic port, there was keen anxiety to get to shore; many and varied were the excuses which our O.C. received, but only a few silver tongued orators were able to convince him that it was of national or physical importance that they should set foot on Terra Firma. The M.O. is now taking a keen interest in these for the next few days.

There is one Bird on this boat who takes his pleasures on shore, but unfortunately one or two of the permanent conducting staff were in the same Hotel. He was also rather given to playing a 'lone hand' in Quebec. It is certainly wonderful what a lot of visits to town these documents take, and how careful he is not to divulge any addresses. Anyway we don't blame him. Mamie is a nice girl!

There is a C. A. V. C. Bird on board (Mr. Galloway) and as there are no horses he keeps his hand in by assisting Trixie to vaccinate the boys.—Apart from this he is a dark horse and we cannot line him up at all. At the present moment he is giving more than the once over to a bunch of V. A. D.'s who have just come on board.

Saturday Night Concert.

A party of charming young ladies arrived on board under the charge of Mr. Josey and Capt. O'Neil of the local Y.M.C.A. and, dear readers, we were given one great treat. The piano was removed from the music room aft to the promenade deck. The boys were literally piled in the well decks, spreading themselves out over the boats and rigging. They absoutely let themselves go in joining in the choruses, and when it came to applauding the singers their shouts fetched the inhabitants out on both sides of the harbor to see what the commotion was.

After spending a most enjoyable evening, the Party was entertained in the Dining Salon where we all tackled "Low and Fierce" on the eats.

Officers were jockeying for position for table partners, especially married men recently leaving trusting wives. Lieut. Giroux was noticed leaning in a very confidential attitude over some dove-



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eyed baby doll with pink blouse and stockings, a sloppy look in his eye which usually betokens—you'll guess.

We are quite positive there is no booze on board because we have thoroughly searched the ship ourselves.

After the usual speeches the party went ashore to the singing of "Good Night Ladies". The boys retired to their bunks and hammocks to dream of fair hair, blue eyes with baby stare, and pink stockings.

Lieut. G—— was later found wandering in his sleep, exclaiming "I love my wife but O you kid"—and he **did** look nice in his photographs taken in St. Johns. But you can never tell.

These loving husbands evidently made a hit with the shy and trusting maidens, for later five or six came aboard to lunch and, Oh boys, if you only knew what passed between them and the promises to write loving letters telling each other all they were doing.

Another Concert.

Another concert was given on Monday night along similar lines. Three singers of the previous concert were unable to attend owing to singing in an opera. This concert was appreciated to even a greater extent than on Saturday evening. I twas at the banquet and afterwards at the fond farewells that the Officers maintained their reputation.

We now have some boxing gloves on board, donated by the local Y.M.C.A. and the way the boys are slugging one another we think the M.O. is going to have a busy time.

C. W. K.

Overheard On Board.

We can form fours on deck but we cannot form fours out there, because it is "too deep".

Inoculation parade men lined up and the M.O. reading out names for 1st, 2nd and 3rd shots:—

2010736 J. B. Brown, 1st dose.

2010927 A. J. Jones, 2nd dose.

2010837 A. B. Crabbs, 2nd dose.

Gee I wish I was Chief Officer and had a swollen foot.

We had with us a notable by the name of McNeil of Barra and unfortunately he was transferred, but we still have Smith of Smith and Weston. Among other notables are Stonewall Jackson, Harrison Powell of Kingston, and others.

Nursing Sisters Perry and Polard have just arrived and threaten to disclose our past to the other

fair ladies on board unless they receive share of attention. We can assure them that nothing will be lacking.

We are sorry to lose Count De Tilly, who, as O.C. of the draft of the Jewish Legion, will shortly leave for Palestine and we hope the Count will have a pleasant trip.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

It is officially announced through the Chief Press Censor's Office that a part of Draft 74, Canadian Engineers, has arrived in England.

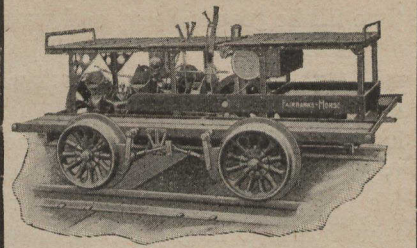
SAPPER TINGLEY DROWNED.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of our comrades, 3182761 Spr. S. Tingley, who lost his life from drowning while bathing in the Richelieu River on Monday last. Several sections of the Engineers were bathing in the river at the time under official supervision. The late Spr. Tingley joined himself to one of these groups unnoticed by those in charge of the Bathing Parades. It is stated that he was a good swimmer and that when last seen on shore appeared to be in good health and spirits. When he went under, he and several other men were swimming close to the channel, and it is said by those who were near to him that he sank without a sound and on coming to the surface, it appeared that he was merely "fooling" as boys will when swimming. Failing to appear after the last time, his comrades began diving to effect a rescue and the boats and their life-saving crews were called to the scene of his disappearance. Every effort was made to bring the man to the surface. At one time the grappling hooks had him within a few feet of the top but he was lost again the muddy waters. An half hour later the body was secured. Every effort was made to restore circulation and breathing but without avail.

The late Spr. Tingley was 23 years of age and his home is in Westport, N.S. Every sympathy is extended to his bereaved relatives. Spr. Tingley, although he never reached France, was on his way. His death took place as he was doing his bit for his Country and his name goes on his Nation's Honor Roll of heroes.

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Wholesale and Retail,

ENCOURAGING!

(Note:—The following is extracted from a letter written late in May, and received from Spr. F. E. Hall, who was trained in the Depot last fall and winter, and with the old "D" Company. He has been seriously ill in England, and his letter, or, rather, parts of it, is published as a word of encouragement to the men of the Canadian Engineers soon to proceed overseas,—none of us can tell what hurt or illness might befall even before we reach France. How nice it is to know that we will be well looked after!)

"I have been sick with pleurisy since the 5th of April; at present I am convalescing here. (Cooden Camp.) After five days in Ravenscroft Hospital in Seaford, I was sent to the 14th Canadian General, at Eastbourne. I came here on the 17th of May. I can truly say that I have never found a better place, in the Army, for food and general treatment. They opened this place in March; at present there are only a few hundred patients.

"I am doing an hour each morning in the gym, on certain chest and lung exercises. The rest of the day is my own.

"Hastings and Eastbourne, both good summer towns, are only a few miles away. We can go down in a few minutes by trolley. Concert companies come nearly every day so we have much to amuse us. There is a stage in the Y. M. C. A. hut. Of course, it wouldn't stage "Ben Hur"; but there is plenty of elbow room for the comedies, or for a tragedy, as the case may be.

"I am getting fatter and lazier every day, it seems! I don't know what I'll do, when the parade ground stares me in the face again.

"Philp, you remember, of the Skilled Railway Draft, is with the 69th Canadian Wagon Erecting Company. I've had only one letter from him. The rest of the boys are in "A" Company, at Seaford and are on their field work by this time.

"I expect to be out of here by the end of June anyhow. Of course, I'll get a sick furlough. I have had no leave as yet. I know they were giving eight days but someone says that concession has been withdrawn. I refer to a 'landing leave'.

"I am glad you located that tobacco and are sending it over. What we now get here is of low quality and does not offer much inducement to continue the habit.

"We are having some real good weather now and it is a welcome change from the cold and damp we met on arriving in the country last

January. It will soon be warm enough to romp around in the surf. Until that time comes, I'll stick to our own pool. There are enough spring-boards for every frog and four good cement walls on which to scratch our backs."

MORE "NAUGHTY SLASHINGS".

All men who are experienced in tree climbing or telegraph pole shinning are requested to report to C.S.M. Lear to climb after tennis balls. Only those who can stand high altitudes need apply.

It is unofficially reported that C.S.M. York has received a new tunic. This report must not be taken too seriously but we hope for the best.

Who was the N.C.O. who gave the following detail for change step:—"Bring the left foot up to the right and carry on."

Visitor:—"Why are the men crowding around the water taps so thickly?"

Corporal:—"This is Friday, fish day."

Overheard in the Sergeants' Mess:—"Sounds as if one of Jimmy Barr's chickens is up stairs and has laid an egg by all the cackling that is going on." "That's just Sergt. Davidson having a laugh over some 16 Century joke."

When is that little Corp. of the Quarantine Camp going over the top, with his little Chicken from Montreal who came to see him two weeks ago? Some classy doll!

The Girls in Montreal are enquiring why a bow of ribbon isn't put on those cute little Cadets' hats.

Who was the Acting Corporal in charge of the Guard at the Quarantine Camp who stamped his foot three times to halt the Orderly Officer?

(Overheard in Room 69.)
Lee. Corp. H.:—"What's your trade?"
Recruit:—"Motor Teamster."
Great laugh from Sgt. Davidson.

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.

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LAST SUNDAY'S FIRE.

Sunday afternoon fire broke out in the old Molleur factory on St. Charles Street. Many of us were there and witnessed, or engaged in, some stirring fire-fighting work. The blaze did damage to the extent of some \$9,000 before it was extinguished. Public Opinion as expressed everywhere throughout the City of St. Johns, gives the soldier-boys of the E. T. D., who dashed in to the assistance of the hard-working and then over-taxed local firemen, much credit for the part they played in the keeping of the fire from spreading, and in aiding so largely in finally extinguishing what looked likely to become a very serious menace to that part of the city.

"The News and Eastern Townships Advocate", reflects the sentiment of the citizens when it states:—

"A number of men from the Engineers lent a very helping hand and worked like trojans, and it was due to their assistance that a more serious conflagration was prevented. Several of the men were overcome with smoke and had to be treated by the Medical Corps, several of whom were on duty at the fire. One soldier unfortunately fell a considerable distance and had to be removed to hospital in barracks. At first the aid rendered was individual but the arrival of several officers concentrated the work of the soldiers and they went at it with a will, and their efforts were to a great extent, responsible for the short duration of the fire. The squad formed up after the fire and marched back to barracks. As they passed along Richelieu street they were cheered and applauded by the people on the sidewalks. Though they were begrimed with smoke and most had more or less of their uniform soiled or destroyed, they were as happy as a bunch of school boys."

In Montreal, the Press, both English and French, speak in high terms of praise of the good work the Engineers did at this fire.

It is regrettable that some of our comrades were injured as stated by the "News". They were heroes.

Great fearlessness was displayed by all and a desire to help the experienced firemen in the work. The only wonder is that more of our men did not suffer because "Danger lurks under many a mask at times like these." But it is as our friend from "Down East" once wrote us, again a case of:

"Canadian Engineers,
The Dears,
Always on Deck
By Heck!"

It is stated in our quotation that many of our boys had their uniforms soiled or destroyed. This is unfortunately the case. Great credit is due to the Authorities of the City of St. John's that they made enquiries from the Officers who were present at the fire, as to the extent of this damage. A generous cheque followed from Mayor Henderson Black and the men will be reimbursed for their burned uniforms; otherwise they would have had to suffer this expense each man personally. Mr. Black also stated to the Officers, who gave him the required information, that the Mayor and Council were unanimous in their praise and appreciation of our work at the fire, and that they wished to express themselves in this tangible manner.

Hurrah for the City of St. Johns and its Mayor and Council!

Since going to press we find that our esteemed contemporary "Le Canada Français" says in its account that Mr. Frs. Payette, merchant tailor, states that he is of the opinion that were it not for the assistance rendered by the soldiers from the barracks it is probable that a conflagration of disastrous consequences to that end of the city would have taken place" —also that Councillor Cloutier and Chief Turgeon, of the fire brigade, desire to express their grateful thanks to Colonel Melville, officers and soldiers who assisted in the fight, for the efficient aid rendered in getting the fire under control. "Canada."

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



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got my
uniform
at last,
and am
now a
real
Soldier

Alb



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