

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. 6.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1917

5 Cents The Copy

Our Comrades are Voting in the Trenches:- How About YOUR Vote?

Every ballot is a bullet! A ballot cast for Opposition is a bullet aimed at a comrade! Every ballot cast for Union is a bullet aimed at the Kaiser!

The issue of today as far as the soldier is concerned is clear: it is not hidden or mystified by any outside factors as have previously surrounded election platforms. The issue is—HOW BEST TO BEAT THE BOSCHE.

The soldier at the front—our comrade—our brother—our kith—our kin—is risking his life in the shambles:—he is fighting something worse than the wildest beast—he is fighting organised militarism, combined with brutal murder of innocent and helpless women and children;—he is fighting against the possibility of a world ruled by tyranny and ruthlessness.

There will be no party ballot cast in the front line. War or no war?—Union or disruption?—Freedom or Slavery?—Valour or

Cowardice?—are the questions that will be settled by the soldier's vote. In the presence of the dead he dared not if he would, cast his lot with the coward and slacker.

He cannot, dare not, temporise with those who would even for one moment place their country in jeopardy for mere political gain.

What does he think of the slacker hiding under the wing of the unscrupulous candidate who pledges, in his address to the elector, to shelter the man who does not want to fight?

What does he think of the proposal to revive voluntary enlistment which has allowed the slacker to remain in his snug job?

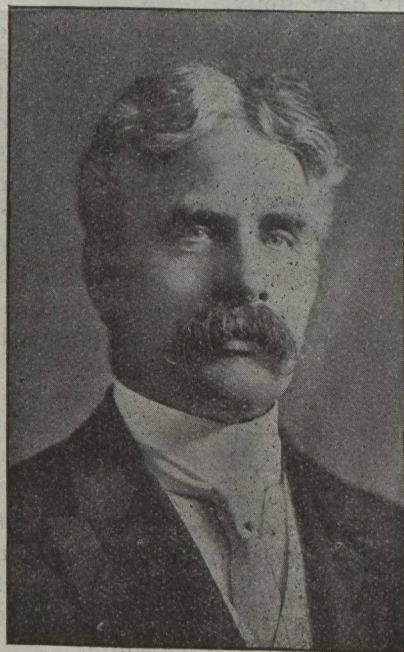
You know what he thinks! You think the same!—and now is your chance to demonstrate to this pro-German organisation, just where this, your Country,—your adopted land, maybe,—stands today in this world crisis.

Cast your vote for UNION, and Canada will go on with her glorious part in this war.

Cast your vote for UNION, and

you will avenge the death of comrade or brother.

Cast your vote for UNION, and honourable peace and your country's safety are assured; BUT—



RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BORDEN
G.C.M.G., P.C.,
Prime Minister and Head of Canadian
"Win-The-War" Government.

Every ballot is a bullet! We've finished with politics, and intend to finish the war.

Aim straight! Aim right!—and shoot at the right target!

cast your vote for the opposition and you will leave your comrade or brother to fight alone:—you will permit the sacrifices of thousands of your own countrymen to have been made in vain, and furthermore you will be protecting and sheltering the slacker.

Cast your vote against Union in favour of weakness, and Canada's honour is dragged in the dirt, her head hung down and shame written all over this—God's Country.

Can you then hesitate? Can your mind possibly be undecided when the issue is so clear? Ask yourself this question—

HOW WOULD THE KAISER VOTE?

That should clinch it; if assurance is necessary.

WHAT ARE THEY VOTING FOR?—The answer is—

1st—A steady stream of reinforcements for the ever-thinning battle line.

2nd—Men, more men, to fill up the blank spaces caused by shot and shell from the brutal Bosche.

3rd—That every Canadian fit to fight shall do his bit.

4th—"UNION" in Canada.

5th—Party politics abandoned during the war.

The Election Situation of Today

As a nation, the people of Canada are today face to face with the greatest question they have ever been called upon to decide. It was a momentous decision which, more than three years ago, resulted in Canada becoming an active participant in the war. It is a still greater decision which

now confronts the people of the Dominion.

Then the question was whether the issues involved imposed on Canada an obligation to align herself as an ally with the Mother Country and with France. Today

(Continued on Page Five)

Is there any doubt which way our comrade overseas will vote? The answer is—

NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

He marks his ballot within the sound of German Guns.

He is facing death, the mud of Flanders, and a pack of baying hell-hounds bent on his destruction—and, furthermore, he is facing the menace of being left alone in this wilderness of strife.

WRITE SOMETHING FOR XMAS K. & L.

We—and you—want to make the Christmas number of "Knots and Lashings" (out next week) the nicest, brightest, snappiest, liveliest number yet!—don't we?

So sit down, men, and write a 200-word article on any one of the following subjects. Be serious—or be humorous—but be prompt! "Copy" must be in Newsbox by MONDAY NOON. (Be sure to write VERY CLEARLY, and on one side of paper only.)

Here are the subjects:

"The Happiest Christmas in My Life".

"The Most Miserable Christmas I ever Spent".

"The Cheapest Christmas Dinner I ever Ate".

"The Biggest Christmas Surprise I ever Had".

"The Finest Christmas Present I ever Received".

"The Best Christmas Joke I ever Heard".

Keep within 200 words for each subject chosen—but write on as many of these subjects as you please. We want to print five of the best stories on EACH subject.

The Christmas number will be a jim-dandy. (And the folks at home will think so, too!)

ATABOY!

My dear Editor:—

Oh, I know you can help me—as I have read your replies to several of my sex who have consulted you. I am sure you are such a nice young man, and will help me in my hour of trouble.

Dear Editor: I have a young man who I am sure loves me dearly. All was going well till about two weeks ago when I invited him to a social function at our home. He exhibited, for the first time since I have become acquainted with him, a marked disinclination to come along and, considering that while he was to be with us a baptism was to take place, I did not feel over-anxious.

Loyal and true that he is, he arrived with his cute little buttons all shined up and his hair ever so nicely done. He remained very silent during the ordinance and finally left for barracks, barely saying good night to me.

As he has spent several hours on a similar duty I began to feel uneasy, and now my doubts are realised as I understand (from one of the sergeants with whom he associates) that he spends his time in his room, counting his fingers and chanting in a most melancholy way, "This little piggy went to

KNOTS AND THEIR USES.

For the Manicurist: The Thumb Knot.

For the Skater: The Figure-of-Eight Knot.

For the Oculist: The Eye Splice.

For the Mechanic: The Lever Hitch.

For the Milkman: The Cow Hitch.

For the Policeman: The Handcuff Knot.

For the Pacifist: The Tomfool's Knot.

For the Newlyweds: The True Lovers' Knot.

For the Artist: The Draw Hitch.

For the Chorus Girl: The Magnum Hitch.

For the Allies: The Turk's Head.

For the Second-Story Man: The Thief Knot.

For the Hot-Air Merchant: The Mexican Bull Hitch.

For the Payday Souze: The Bottle Hitch, followed by the Clove.

For _____*: The Hangman's Knot.

* Note.—This blank may be filled in to suit the personal taste of the reader.

market; this little piggy stayed at home"!

Dear Editor — please! — oh please! — help me to win him back to me. He is such a dear boy and should not be left to mope and pine alone.

Do you think if I wrote him a long letter of explanation, he would come back to me, or will I have to give him up?

Yours distractedly,
Molly Malone.

Take Us Along!

My dear Molly,

We are deeply sympathetic, we assure you but, you know, even a worm will turn. However, do not despair, we would advise you to invite him to your house again, this time asking him to bring with him the editorial staff of the paper. We will do our best to make him feel at home. Ask him to bring his fancy work with him, as he is invariably at ease when so employed.

Yours, etc.
Editor.

ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

A well attended meeting was held in the Recreation Room on Monday evening for the purpose of forming and electing a committee for sports during the winter.

Lt. Bourget was elected to the chair and opened the meeting by calling for nomination for President, himself nominating Captain Powell. Lieut. Steers seconded, and nominations closed. The Chairman then put the vote and declared Captain Powell president.

Captain Powell took the chair and outlined the object of the meeting, stating that the old Fort was to be improved to some extent and that it would be available for indoor sports; also that a skating rink would be provided as before.

Some discussion arose when the President called for suggestions as

to the formation of a sports committee. It was moved that the committee be composed of a manager and one member representing each branch of sport taken up. An amendment was moved that the general sports committee be composed of ten members, five to form a quorum, with power to appoint sub-committees for each sport. The amendment was put to the meeting and carried, and as a motion was carried unanimously.

Nominations for committee were then called for and twenty-one

names were put up. A ballot resulted in the following being appointed:—Lieut. Bourget, Lieut. Steers, C.S.M. Escott, C.S.M. Estey, Sgt. Davidson, 2nd Cpl. Mildon, and Sappers Carson, Boorman, White and Murdoch.

It was then moved that the sub-committees be composed of three members.

Nominations for Secretary were then called for, Sgt. Davidson being appointed.

The President then asked for suggestions as to what sports should be entered into. The following sports were suggested, put to the vote and carried, viz: Hockey, Basket Ball, Badminton, Volley Ball, Indoor Baseball, Boxing and Wrestling.

The meeting then adjourned.

AN INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION.

Sergeant Bell (detailing a section into two squads for bridge-building): "This gentleman will take charge of one squad, and this N.C.O. will take charge of the other."

THE POPULAR WEAKNESS.

Everybody's doing it—doing what? Ask the Drivers.

By
Appointment



To
H.M. King George V,

Gifts For Christmas.

GIFTS at Christmas are varied, and your time is much taken up in making selections for the numerous friends and relations, taking into consideration their likes and dislikes and many personal characteristics known to yourself.

TO MAKE selection a pleasure, a catalogue is a great help, not only in its suggestive capacity, but in its power to illustrate to the best advantage the article as it really appears.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S catalogue is now ready, a compilation of 104 pages, illustrating Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Silver, Silver Plate, Leather, China, Glass and Stationery.

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MONTREAL.

LEAR HAS BEEN THROUGH A WHOLE LOT OF FIGHTING:--LUCKY TO BE ALIVE

HE HAS BEEN A SOLDIER SINCE HE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD. WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO SAIL FROM CANADA IN AUGUST, 1914, REACHING THE FRONT ONE MONTH LATER. FOUGHT AT YPRES, RICHEBOURG, NEUVE CHAPELLE AND LOOS WITHOUT GETTING A SCRATCH—THEN WAS WOUNDED WHILE BREWING A "BILLY" OF TEA IN A DUGOUT! HIS GREAT REGRET IS THAT THE TEA WAS NEVER TASTED!

In the good old days—three years and more ago—the alarm of war was sounded throughout the world. Britain mobilised and sent out calls to her Reservists to report home for duty. One of these reservists was Sergeant-Major Lear.

Born in London, England, January 1886, with a zeal for soldiering in his early youth, he joined the Middlesex Militia when sixteen years of age, only to be claimed out on account of age. He joined the East Surrey Militia a year later, and was transferred to the Regulars—the Oxfordshire Light Infantry—in 1903. After three years' service with this regiment he went on reserve, and shortly came out to Canada, settling in Brantford, Ont. Here he was employed by the Massey Harris Co., but finding indoor work uncongenial sought employment outdoors as a carpenter.

First to Sail.

Upon mobilisation in August 1914 Sergeant-Major Lear reported to Levis, Que., and proceeded to England on the "Tunisian" the first boat to carry reservists from Canada, leaving Quebec on August 21st.

Arriving in England he reported to the Regimental Depot at Oxford and was sent from there to Portsmouth, only to stay there one week before departing for France; just one month from date of sailing from Canada. (This should suit the most exacting).

Being thus early on the job Lear saw quite a lot of heavy fighting, particularly in the defence and first battle of Ypres. He recalls having a good look round the famous Cloth Hall at Ypres before it was shelled. His first Christmas in the trenches was marked by the presentation by Princess Mary of a gift box, a souvenir highly prized by these soldiers who were the fortunate recipients.

At Richebourg his regiment was heavily shelled and suffered losses of 420 men and 20 officers. Lear, however, came through with nothing more than a touch of gas. This battle was fought at the same time as Festubert where our

Canadians distinguished themselves. Lear was also engaged in the battles of Neuve Chapelle and Loos where his regiment again suffered heavily.

Shelled in Dugout.

The circumstances whereby Lear received his injuries are interest-



LEONARD R. LEAR, C.S.M.
"C" Company.

(Photo by Pinsonnault)

ing. His regiment was holding the front lines at the quarries near La Bassée when the Germans became suspicious of some activity in the lines and commenced shelling heavily. S. M. Lear, a sergeant, and a party of stretcher bearers took shelter in a dugout, and soon after, while brewing a "billy" of tea, a shell came through the roof. The shell hit the man next to him but did not explode. The dugout roof collapsed, burying the whole party. When they were afterwards excavated, two were dead (one hit by the shell, the other suffocated). The remainder were severely injured, Lear being cut and bruised in several places and suffering from shock.

He was sent to Etratat hospital, a picturesque little place about 20 miles from Havre. Here he stayed three weeks and from there went to the convalescent camp at Havre, from thence to Rouen and later back to his old Regiment. Two

months later he was granted his discharge owing to poor health as a result of his injuries.

Sent to Canada.

The British Government sent him back to Canada, and on his return to Brantford he was accorded a very hearty reception. Civil life however was impossible, and the return of good health brought with it the yearning to get into the fight again. Seven months from the date of his discharge therefore saw Lear as a sapper in the Canadian Engineers. His previous experience as a soldier and his ability soon procured for him the steady promotion he deserved.

Congratulated by King.

Sergeant-Major Lear was not a recipient of one of the three D. C. Medals presented to his regiment at Bailleau but was one of those who received the congratulations of His Majesty for the sterling fights they had put up.

Lear served in the early days of the war under Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Chas. Munro. He has seen sixteen years of soldiering and, as related here, plenty of action. In his capacity of C.S.M. here at the Depot he is highly esteemed and we only hope his next meeting with the Hun will be a good deal nearer the Rhine than his former meeting was.

A GOOD LOSER.

There is no half way about losing—you either do it very badly or you do it very well. Readers, meet Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Elkington of the Royal Warwickshire Mounted—our pet loser. Elkington was cashiered at the beginning of the war on charges that have since been disproved. But he

neither denounced the War Office nor committed suicide. After the regiment he had served for thirty years marched into action without him, he slipped away and enlisted as a private in the Foreign Legion of France. Soon he was lost in the names of the western battle-front, and only his wife knew that he was "out there," a legionnaire in the ranks, winning his way back. And back he came after twenty-two months, his legs shattered, but covered with glory and French medals. After the story had been told of his single-handed stand against a company of Germans, all England insisted upon his reinstatement; and King George himself gave him back his rank.

Thuotoscope

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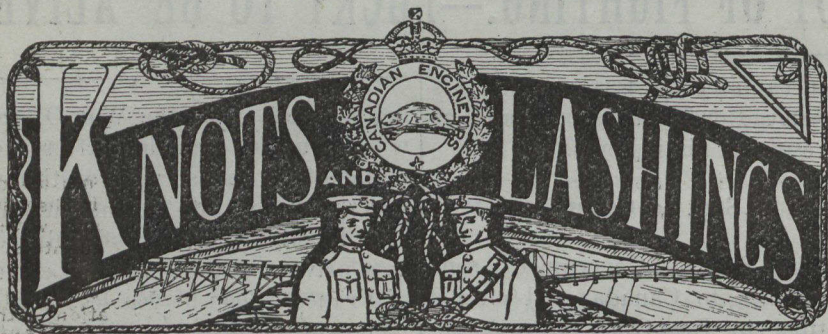
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— On Request —

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THE GERMAN WAY

Along the roads where Roman legions
sleep
The Hapsburg eagle and the German
sweep;
They shall not wear the glamour that
they claim,
The pomp of Caesar and the Roman
name.

Italia stands and shall, embattled yet,
Where silver eagles flashed in suns
now set;
The eagle's note, hear Roman Virgil
speak:
"To smite the proud and to exalt the
weak."

The weak, the little cowering peoples,
know
The German metal and the German
blow;
But let true mettle ring, "They shall
not pass!"
Her talons fly like shards of brittle
glass.

Where armies fester and where states
decay,
Where maggot spies have made a
mellow prey,
With sounding vans the German
vultures light,
To rob the jackal and defraud the
kite.

"VOX POPULI SUPREMA LEX"

The recent Italian reverses have beyond a doubt caused an extraordinary amount of trepidation amongst the Entente Allies; and the stand at present being made by the Italian forces seems to have been scarcely expected in many well-informed military quarters. It is only when we reflect upon the history of Italy, and the character of her people, that we appreciate the stand made by her is not by any means extraordinary.

The formation of the Italian Empire, although in some respects resembling the formation of all other Empires, differs in many others. The might of the sword was not the predominating factor in even early Italian Imperial development, but rather the power of reason leavened with great insight and wisdom. The Roman people of old were masters of the world and none dared say them nay, or, as Macaulay so beautifully expressed it,

"When Rome, the mistress of the world,
Abroad her eagle wings unfurled—"

Yet the magnificence and grandeur of that mighty Empire eventually became dimmed and gradually flickered out at last.

A new Rome then arose amidst the ruin and debris of her former splendour, followed in turn by a new Italy, for there seethed and churned in the magnificent brain of one Walter Cavour, a Roman statesman (withal a short, pot-bellied man of decidedly scorbatic visage) the dream of an Italian empire, freed from the narrowness of ancient, dogmatic, mediaeval Rome.

He, by unremitting effort, sound judgment, and self-sacrifice, laid the foundation of modern Italy surely and firmly upon a rock of democracy.

The renowned achievements of Garibaldi, though they have obtained a prominence they well deserve can never, we hope, obliterate

or deface the magnificent efforts of Cavour.

The grim power of the sword and the sordidness of commercialism seem to have had no place in the vision of this externally unattractive individual. The lust for domination, so obvious in Prussian Imperialism, tinged as it is with the most sordid commercial greed, found no place in his programme, but only the welfare of the Roman people as a self-contained empire.

He browbeat no one; he was never known to hector; yet as we have said he created the modern Italy by force of patriotic principles: So that modern Italy, except for some sporadic outbreak, has been practically free from internal struggle.

Italy holds many socialists of advanced type and always has produced her full quota of anarchists; but no one who has been a student of psychology can deny that reason is the foundation of socialism; (though we disclaim any leanings in that direction) and anarchy, though incited by feelings of revenge, which our greatest philosopher, Francis Bacon, describes as a "kind of wild justice", is only an extreme form of reason.

For the rest the Italians as a whole are a deep thinking, practical people, and of steadfast courage, not prone to be misled or discouraged by mere temporary reverse; and when this is taken into consideration, it is easy to see that a nation so powerful in her own assurance, and so accomplished in arts and arms, would not long continue to flee before an enemy, however powerful, whose victory would mean, for her, subjugation, the disruption of her Empire and her past glorious work together with the destruction of hopes of her future.

Our readers may twit us by telling us that it is easy to be wise after the event, but what we maintain is, that Italy has been indeed true to her national character.

THE ELECTION.

We make no apology to our readers for going to print with extra pages dealing with the election.

We maintain that party politics have no right to interfere in this issue. As soldiers we have the right to demand that the war, and the carrying on of the war only, is the one question at stake.

Our mind is made up that the only way to "carry on" is to put into power a government that has pledged itself to maintain our armies at the front.

The Union Government is our choice, composed as it is of the best men in the country, of all shades of political opinion, who have had the courage necessary to stand together in a crisis with the cry of "win the war".

The opposition to this Union Government has for its platform the protection of the slacker, the disruption of our forces in the field and the aggrandisement of our enemies.

We want nothing to do with politics! We will have nothing to do with politics! We have nothing to do with party! We support merely those who are willing to sink their party aspirations in our and the public's weal. "WIN THE WAR" is our policy; otherwise we would be elsewhere than where we are.

OTHERS TAKE THE HINT, PLEASE

The members of the band, fourteen in number, have ordered twenty copies of "Knots and Lashings" per week.

This is the kind of support we want. (Ed.)

THANK YOU, MEN

The Ladies of St. James Church Guild wish to thank the officers and men of the Depot who attended the sale and concert on Saturday, December 1st, in such large numbers, and who generously patronized the various booths, (especially the afternoon tea.)

The ladies wish especially to thank Spr. Dixon and the men who so kindly assisted with the program in the evening.

They would also like to remind the men that Baldwyn Hall is always at their disposal, both afternoons and evenings.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to—
Captain H. H. Pinch, C.E.
Acting C.S.M.I. W. C. Carson.
Acting C.S.M.I. W. J. Whiting.
Sergeant H. P. McIntyre.
Orderly Room Clerk D. M. Brown.

A vote for UNION is a vote to win the war!

SANITY OR SUICIDE

In vouchsafing this information to our readers we would say that the conditions attending the present election are the most serious in the annals of Canadian history—the gravest the world has ever known.

Our usual political leanings, be they conservative, liberal, socialistic or otherwise, are forced from their places by the clash of arms.

The dismal clanging jar of the fetters of Germanic slavery are almost beating on our ear-drums. Are these to suppress the noise of our war drums? If we are men, No! If we are politicians, perhaps, Yes!

Let us for God's sake sink Politics for Principles:—and the only principles we can logically afford to entertain are those of war:—we ask you to vote for no party but for WAR—red war—war to the end, against COWARDICE, BLACKGUARDISM and SLAVERY.

We fail to believe that there is any cur amongst us so mean as to bite the hand that feeds it. Away with petty meanness and strife. The flag first, last and all the time:—the "Union Jack":—the "Union" Government.

INSTRUCTIONS TO DEPENDANTS.

The female dependant of any soldier killed in the present war, or who is now OVERSEAS, can

"C" Company's stuff will be found on pages 11 and 12.

"D" COMPANY PAGE POSTPONED ONE WEEK

Naturally the Christmas Number—which will be a very special number—should not feature any one Company exclusively, so the exclusive page for "D" Company will be postponed one week, (to December 22).

EVERY COMPANY—

—should be well represented in the Christmas number, of course—so get busy and send in your articles, personals, squibs, knocks, boosts, jokes, etc. Appoint YOURSELF the correspondent for your section, and send in your stuff by MONDAY noon.

EVERY SOLDIER HAS A VOTE

Every military elector shall be qualified and entitled to vote at the coming general election set for the seventeenth instant. With regard to the use of his vote he has the following options:—

(1) The right to vote in any electoral district wherein he has resided for four months prior to his appointment, or enlistment, or enrolment, or calling out on active service.

(2) If he cannot specify any electoral district where he has resided for four months prior to the election in Canada, he shall be eligible to vote in any other constituency in Canada where he has resided previously for four months.

(3) If he cannot comply with either of the foregoing rules;—that is to say, if he was enlisted in a foreign country—i. e. the United States of America—he may apply his vote in any electoral district in Canada that he may desire.

Full arrangements (to be published later) are made to facilitate men voting in camp; and all votes for whatever district and whatever the conditions can be taken there.

No man is entitled to more than one vote and only trouble can arise for himself and others in any attempt to evade the law in this respect.

ONE SOLDIER! ONE VOTE! USE IT WISELY

vote in the electoral district in which she resides.

Dependant means:—Grand-mother, mother, wife, step-mother, sister or step-sister, or in fact any dependant either having received remuneration from the Government as such or being entitled to receive same.

It is most important that these ladies should vote for the maintenance of the war and the protection of their country and themselves.

If the boys of the E. T. D. have brother, cousin, step-brother or relation now overseas—write to their dependants, telling them of their opportunity to vote.

Your own wives, mothers and dependants are not entitled to vote as you are not overseas.

THE ELECTION SITUATION OF TODAY

(Continued from Page One)

the question is whether or not we shall keep our faith with the Allies and with our kith and kin, now fighting our battles in France.

It is quite unnecessary to make any reference to the nature of the common enemy which today threatens the future of our civilization. The conduct of the German armies

in the districts occupied by them in Europe constitutes the most damning indictment of any nation recorded in ancient or modern history.

Organized murder of hundreds of innocent women and children, was far from being the worst of the German crimes. Full rein was given by the higher command to the degenerate impulse of men, whom a rigid discipline had long bereft of their finer feelings. The consequent outrages were of so black a description that they can never be recorded for decent readers.

Violation of women of all ages was carried on by individuals and by hordes of brutal soldiers, resulting in the horrible death of numberless unfortunate females. Ladies of education and refinement in captured villages and towns were forced to wait on the tables of officers and men after being stripped naked. Little children were impaled on swords and bayonets of the Huns, and carried in triumph at the heads of companies.

The German officers not only permitted their men unchecked licence, but, by their example, encouraged and abetted outrage, taking always the fairest women and girls for themselves. Their guilt, including that of the higher command, is proved conclusively by the well known fact that the German army is more highly disciplined than any other in the

DEFINITIONS.

Kultur:—is the art of murdering women and children: it also includes violation of our wives, mothers, sisters and daughters.

Bosche:—An instrument of torture operated for the delectation of the Kaiser, some of its special functions being—clubbing and stabbing wounded soldiers, and holding up its hands while emitting a plaintive wail, "Kamerad".

Hun:—A creature of the devil with a particular predilection for murder, rape and butchery.

Bertha:—A long-range artillery piece used for the purpose of defacing churches, cathedrals and historical monuments and particularly useful for shelling hospitals.

The Kaiser:—The devil personified, (with apologies to his Satannic majesty); the individual responsible for this bloody conflict; an imbecile extraordinary.

world, and could have gone through Belgium without harming a single woman had the German Government's policy not called for terrorism.

It is to keep this fiendish horde from overrunning Europe and threatening our own shores, that Canadians today are fighting overseas. But reinforcements are urgently needed to back up our soldiers and to keep their ranks full.

For each man in the line there are supposed to be four men training at the rear. Owing to absolutely inadequate reinforcements, now being sent from Canada, the present situation is just the reverse, and there are four men at the front and but one man in training. Meanwhile we—you and I—and the people of Canada—have calmly accepted the sacrifices of the men

(Continued on Page Eight)



J. H. Racicot

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Montreal.

JUST A BREEZE!

One day in old St. Johns, P.Q.
A rumor started "entrez nous",
"A Draft is leaving soon for Overseas!"
'Twas argued and debated,
When this originated;—
The Depot hummed like swarms of angry bees.

A tempest raged in every room,
The Canteen ne'er had such a boom,
In picture cards and pens and envelopes!
A thousand chaps wrote to
Their sweethearts who, they knew,
Would be so glad they'd realize their hopes!

The Adjutant in great dismay,
Threw up his hands at the display
Of "Last Leave applications" by the score!
He called the R.S.M.
And heard the reason—then
He rose up from his chair and softly swore.

"There's nothing in it all," he said,
"So let them know the truth instead;
Drafts are extinct and only of the past!
And find out if you can,
What foolish sort of man,
Spread this report, no better than the last."

The Provost Sergeant, on the trail,
First searched the rooms and then the mail:
He finally reported that he'd found—
A driver who had been
Out with some local queen,
Who tipped him to this secret so profound!

Ten hundred soldiers mad!
Ten hundred hearts so sad!
The news was broken gently to them there!
And each one duly swore
He'd surely shut the door
For drafts are much too common—In the air!
—Poet Lowrate, D.B.A.

**CORDAGE, WIRE ROPE AND
CHAIN.**

Article 2.

Iron and Steel wire rope.

Very little iron rope is used now.
In steel wire rope the quality of
the steel varies considerably, thus

varying the strength of the result-
ing rope. All rope issued by
ordnance is galvanised.

Wire rope is made by twisting
strands of wire around one another,
and laid up around a hemp core.
These ropes are then twisted again
around a hemp core making the
cable.

The weight (approximate) of
wire ropes is equal to C^2 lbs. per
fathom (C equals circumference of
rope).

The strength of wire ropes can
be calculated as follows:—
Safe working load equals $9.C^2$ cwts.
(where C equals circumference.)

For built up iron wires the safe
working load is $9.4 C^2$ cwts.

Wire rope should not be worked
round sheaves of too small diame-
ter. As a rough rule, the diameter
of sheaves should not be less than
six times the circumference of the
rope.

The diameter of any holdfast
round which a wire rope may be
secured, should not be less than
four times the circumference of the

rope.

Small wire ropes may be coiled
like cordage. Large wire ropes
should be coiled in a figure-of-
eight to prevent kinking.

Wire rope should be kept well
oiled, linseed oil being the best for
this purpose.

Before cutting wire rope it
should be seized on both sides of
proposed cut with spunyarn. The
ends of wire ropes should always
be seized. Sharp bends should be
avoided in the use of wire ropes.

Chain.

Chain is identified by the dia-
meter of the iron forming the
links.

There are three varieties, viz:—
Short-link or crane chain; long-
link or cable chain; and studded
chain.

Long-link chain is not now used.
Each link of short-link chain has
a length equal to five times the
diameter of the iron, and studded
chain has a length of six times this
diameter.

Weight of chain:

Short-link chain equals $64 d^2$ lbs
per fathom.

Studded chain equals $59 d^2$ lbs
per fathom.

(Where d equal diameter of
chain in inches.)

Strength of chain:

Safe working load:—

Short-link equals $6 d^2$ tons.

Studded equals $7 d^2$ tons.

**"C" Company's stuff will be
found on pages 11 and 12.**

THE FIGHTS.

With the exception of a few ex-
pressions of mild approval, the
concensus of opinion on the boxing
tournament is not flattering to the
promoters. The show was a disap-
pointment from the boxing stand-
point and the social one.

When we purchased our tickets,
and were promised good bouts with
outside talent introduced and
matched against our own, we were
expectant of something really good.

Some excuse may be allowed
C.S.M. Escott and his colleagues
on account of one of their "stars"
becoming incapacitated the day be-
fore. This, we are willing to con-
cede, would partially explain the
inequality in matching the con-
testants in the shuffle, and the
poor exhibition inside the ropes.

We regret to report that the
whole proceedings were riotous and
badly managed; and that such a
show is more liable to make this
sport unpopular than do it good.

**ADAM'S
CHEWING GUM**

**Black Jack
CHICLETS
Spearmint.**

5c. Per Package 5c.

For Sale at Canteen and Everywhere

CONCERNING YOUR
AFFAIRES D'AMOUR

(A very capable and sympathetic Love Editor and (likewise) a Love Editress are on the staff of this paper. Pour out your Love Troubles into their ample laps, where the knots can be unraveled, and the loose ends properly joined. No fee is charged for this expert advice. Bring on your difficulties, and heart-balm and soul-solace will be served up in the issue following

“DOES SHE LOVE US?”

Dear Mr. Love Editor:—

I want to ask you if you consider the London girls true. It don't look like it, as two of the sappers from that city discovered that they were both receiving letters from the same lady and that she was handing them the same fond line (of mush).

(Signed)—“London”.

Dear “London”:—

We do not know at the outset whether our sympathies are with the two sappers or the so-called lady—perhaps you will gather from our remarks which way our feelings are directed—and perhaps you won't.

Considering the irresistible attractions of the average sapper we could understand a lady demanding anything from two to two hundred of the specie to worship at her shrine, and we must always consider the philosophy of love which demands at least two strings to a bow. In this case we are at a disadvantage in applying the philosophy, inasmuch as, according to your letter, the lady has mixed the metaphor for us by demanding two bows (beaux) to her string (line).

In the absence of any information to the contrary we are inclined to the opinion that the lady in question must possess excellent character and judgment for the following reasons:—

(1) In handing them both out the same line she is obviously conservative, and in retaining them both she is obviously prudent. In carrying them both at the same time she is obviously skillful.

(2) By her impartiality she has displayed a breadth of mind by no means common to her sex, and at the same time her fortitude is to be commended.

From the foregoing, should her manners, education and appearance, etc., be in keeping we are of the opinion that she would make an excellent wife for at least one of them.

We reserve our judgment on the merits of the case, at present, between the two sappers; but from our wide and varied experience in these matters we can settle this

“NUTS AND RATIONS.”

Are there no Irishmen in the barracks at all, at all?

Since Sapper Beatty left us we are lost without the sound of the Irish brogue.

Something must be done in order to counteract, or suppress the epidemic of Scotch which seems to have broken out in the pages of “Knots and Lashings”.

Perhaps the hospitality of our columns could be extended to our neighbours, and brothers in arms, from the north end of the town. They surely could give us something without introducing Scotland's only poet (save the mark!) Bobby Burns.

There's many a slip twix the draft and the ship.

The following dialogue took place somewhere at the Back of the Front. How far back we do not know but we would like to remark not quite so far back as St. Johns.

Colonel returning from Route-march, to Lieutenant:—
“Whew! I am thirsty!”

Lieutenant to Orderly:—“Get the Colonel some water.”

Colonel:—“I said thirsty, not DIRTY!”

It was evident that somebody had a birthday on Saturday last, or was it that all the Corporals celebrated their natal day at the same time. There were some to whom the “British Constitution” was as difficult of pronunciation as was “truly rural”.

“A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.” But not a “fellow feeling” in our coat behind.

Today (December 8th) being the day set apart by the Navy League of Canada for the celebration of the Victory off the Falkland Islands, we make no apology for introducing the following lines, written by the Chief Stoker of one of H. M. Torpedo Boat Destroyers.

The middle watch. A wicked night,
With storm and driving sleet;
A grim destroyer fights her way
Through breaking seas, and blinding spray.
Alert, and ready for “the Day”
That's promised to our Fleet.

A gun's crew standing by their gun,
This spray completely drenches;
They stick it out—they do at Sea—
And one man to his chum, says he:
“A bitter night this night must be
For fellows in the trenches.”

Have a way of your own, if you will—but for goodness sake keep out of other people's.

—PAT.

difficulty to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Our suggestion is that in the meantime the two sappers comply with the following conditions:—

1. Tell us precisely and truthfully what took place, and what was said at the last interview that each had with the lady.

2. Weigh in at the Q. M. stores on the day of this issue, and double round Mount Johnson and back in full marching order every morning for six days—and in the meantime, abstain from eating beef, beans, and bacon, then weigh in and report to us.

Any further conditions will be published later.

Yours truly,
Love Editor.

Office Tel. 385.

Res. Tel. 62.

P. O. Box 477.

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KHAKI BLANCO—makes your valises and haversack look like new—15 cents.

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ON SALE SATURDAY NOON.

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We do developing and printing for amateur.

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Film Pack “ 25 cts.
Printing—2¼x3¼, 2½x4¼, 4oc. doz.
3¼x5½, 5oc doz.

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13 Ralph St., OTTAWA.

Whips,
Lanyards,
Polish,
Mirrors,

Guaranteed Goods.

On Sale in Canteen and everywhere.

THE ELECTION SITUATION OF TODAY

(Continued from Page Five)

over there. And some of them have been there for more than three years.

The general assumption—and to some it is no doubt a very comfortable assumption—appears to be that if we do not send more men, our Divisions will dwindle away, and that—somebody else will take over the line. But who will do it? Today England holds all the line she can hold, and France can put in no more men.

Let us honestly accept the facts as they are. We have got to continue to hold the line that our weakened Canadian Divisions hold today. But remember that while we in Canada discuss in comfort and safety the sending of reinforcements, we are asking those men who have already been there so long, to do more and more.

It is just as cold, and muddy, and wet, and uncomfortable in the ditches of Flanders this winter as in the previous winters of the war. And yet, when those men should be back in rest billets, they have got to stick to their trenches. What is the result? When a man is tired—and a man DOES get tired after a while—he doesn't take the precautions he should. There may be communication trenches leading from one trench to another, but they are usually half-filled with mud, and it is easier to get out and go along in the open.

Well, you take a chance, and leave the comparative safety of the trench. And in so doing—because they are continually called upon to do more than their fair share—men are willing to take an extra chance with a sniper or a shell. Thus the actual result is that after training our men for six months, and after selecting those who are physically fit, we materially in-

“Chandler”

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Montreal.

Special prices and attention paid to military photos.



Songs We Know (5)—
“Comin' thru the Rye”.

crease the chances of losing all of the results of that preparation if we do not send adequate reinforcements to relieve them.

In a national sense, Canada's future will depend on the answer which the Canadian people will make to the appeal for reinforcements from our comrades who are overseas. Thanks largely to the efficiency of the enemy propaganda, voluntary recruiting no longer makes good the losses which our forces are sustaining. In other words—and incredible though it may appear—Germans are today actively at work in Canada itself, hampering in every way possible, Canada's war effort.

Under such conditions, the following message from Rudyard Kipling should prove an inspiration to us all:

“If reinforcements are not forthcoming, Canada, after all her sons' mighty sacrifice, in the last three years, must gradually go out of the war. This means that half a million devoted men will have been coldly repudiated by their own people. The enemy will be encouraged, the war for liberty prolonged, and the world's misery will increase. Therefore, upon the Canadian armies in the field and upon the wounded in hospitals today, is laid a burden, not only of actual fighting, pain and disease, but also from their trenches and sick beds, of saving their nation's honor in the present, and perhaps its very existence, later.

“I do not believe that the greatest Dominion in the commonwealth of free peoples can be led to fail at this hour, or that her armies who have proved their faith with their bodies, will suffer any influence whatever to turn Canada from the hard road of safety and renown among mankind.”

VOTE TO “WIN THE WAR”.

THE BAND IS BACK.

Well, boys, the band is back again from our successful and pleasant trip to the Capital.

During the stay there, of a little over two weeks, our duty was to charm away the senses—and the dollars of the citizens of Ottawa in the interests of the Victory Loan!

Successful? Well, you should just have heard the comments of the vast crowds that gathered daily to hear us play upon the Plaza in front of the Chateau Laurier. “Isn't it swell”! “Aren't they fine”! Where do they come from? Haven't they a fine leader!”—were some of the remarks passed.

Admiring faces from the windows of the Chateau were the daily reward of expectant band members.

We had a “noise” parade one night, in which, with much gusto and in spite of slippery roads, we showed our power.

Our trip to Hawkesbury, at the invitation of a Pulp mill owner there, was voted a great success. We moved as in a dream among the dream-ladies.

On the concluding day of our trip we were the entertainers at the Christmas tree celebration which concluded the Loan Campaign. Santa was heralded by the regimental bugle call, “Hail! hail! the gang's all here,” very ably rendered by Sapper Nunn and Sergeant Murphy (ensconced in the rear seat)!

The signal depot treated us royally and we are much indebted to the Eddy Match Co. at Hull for a very pleasant trip through their factory.

The townsfolk, especially those

of the female persuasion, did all in their power to make our stay in Ottawa as attractive and entertaining as possible. Many were the heart-rending farewells and many are the remembrances brought back.

Here's to Ottawa and another trip!

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

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

A FRAGMENT.

He had been a sapper once, sir,
And he'd learnt the sapper's trade:—
From the tyn' of a thumb-knot,
And the wieldin' of a spade,
To the lashin' of a ledger,
And the sightin' of a trench—
And 'e knew the awful horror
Of the gases and the stench.

So he knew the men they gave him—
And he loved them as his own—
He was proud of their successes—
And their failings made him groan!
And I swear, sir, that they knew it,
For I've heard 'em say, by chance,
That they'd die for their lieutenant,
In the fighting, out in France!

Well, 'twas but a six months after
He had gained his shoulder stars;—
I'd bin lyin' in a crater
For a long six mortal hours—
An' the blood was oozin' slowly
Where the shrapnel hit me leg—
And me hand was crushed and
shattered
As a man might crush an egg:—

So I sought me sins' forgiveness
With the only prayer I knew—
(Lord! it seemed so insufficient
For the pile it had to do!)—
Then I closed me eyes and waited
Weak with pain and fevered thirst—
And I heard me heart beat wildly,
As I moaned and groaned and cursed.

An' I heard me heart beat oddly
Like a Ford what's on the bum!—
And I thought old Death was comin'—
An' I wished as he would come!—
When through all the battle fury,
And the roarin' and the din,
Came the voice of our lieutenant
Bright an' cheery, brave as sin:—

"Courage, Corky! I'm a-comin'!"
(Man, I could ha' yelled in glee,
When I heard the name they give me
In the depot cross the sea)—
"Courage, lad!" 'e whispered gently,
As 'e bathed me burnin' brow
With the water from 'is bottle—
And 'e dressed me wounds somehow!—

And 'e raised me on 'is shoulder—
Stumbled blindly through the gloom—
An' 'e kept a-sayin, "Courage, lad!—
We'll make the trenches soon!"
But the wounds they hurt me cruel,
And me head grew strange and queer,
An' I bin and went an' fainted—
Just when hope and home seemed
near!

But they told me, back in Blighty,
(When me wits once more was mine)
How they found us both a-huddled
In a shell-hole near the line:—
How his own men cried like women
When they heered their dreadful loss—
How they cheered a widow mother
With his Military Cross.

—Spr. E. C. JACKSON

CORRESPONDENCE.

We'll Ask Them.

To the Editor

"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

We would like to know what the
Ladies of St. Johns are going to
do with their cakes and fruit, now
that patients of Isolation Hospital
have been denied that privilege of
receiving them.

Perhaps the C.A.M.C. will thank
them for WHAT THEY HAVE
ALREADY RECEIVED.

Yours truly,

MAC.

WHAT OUR LEADERS SAY FROM THE BATTLE FIELDS OF FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

On the eve of an election which will decide whether Canada is to continue her war effort at full pressure or gradually quit, loyal Canadians will give heed to this cry for help from the firing line. From the generals who command our glorious troops these messages come like a trumpet call to duty.

GEN. SIR ARTHUR CURRIE,
D.S.O., COMMANDER OF
THE CANADIAN ARMY.

"I hope that, appreciating what we do in the field through uniting all our effort, they will do their utmost to remain united in Canada. News from there does not make pleasant reading to men in the field here. ORANGE-MEN AND CATHOLIC, ANGLO-SAXON AND FRENCH-CANADIAN, WHIG AND TORY, FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE, AND, DYING, ARE LAID SIDE BY SIDE IN THE SAME GRAVE, FULLY SATISFIED TO GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE CAUSE THEY KNOW TO BE JUST.

"They have given their blood freely to maintain their nation's honor and NOW CONFIDENTLY EXPECT THAT THE FULL FRUITS OF THEIR SACRIFICE WILL NOT BE PREJUDICED. IT IS AN IMPERATIVE AND URGENT NECESSITY THAT STEPS BE IMMEDIATELY TAKEN TO ENSURE THAT SUFFICIENT DRAFTS OF OFFICERS AND MEN ARE SENT FROM CANADA TO KEEP THE CORPS AT ITS FULL STRENGTH.

"My personal conviction is that THE ONLY SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF CANADIAN RECRUITING IS CONSCRIPTION. My experiences in France have shown me, not as a politician, but as a soldier, the necessity of conscription, if we desire to maintain at full strength our fighting divisions to the end."

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR RICHARD
TURNER, V.C.

"I wish as a soldier it was permitted to express fully my views on the present Canadian crisis. Do people in Canada think 250,000 of their best blood fighting this world war in defence of their country will tamely submit to any part of Canada saying, 'We will not support you to our fullest extent in your efforts to beat the recreant Hun to his knees? Have the Canadian troops since the war started, ever stopped to consider, or been daunted by any numbers up against them?' The answer is given on many bloody battlefields in Belgium and France. CANADIANS ALL MUST PLAY THE GAME AND BE TRUE TO THEIR SALT."

MAJOR-GEN. H. BURSTAIL.

"We can only carry on the war to the basis of a final peace by having our battalions maintained to full strength.

For this we entirely rely on Canada. WE ARE CONVINCED THAT CANADIANS WILL NEVER PERMIT THEIR BATTALIONS AT THE FRONT TO BECOME WORN OUT THROUGH LACK OF REINFORCEMENTS, BUT WILL FACE THE SITUATION AND TAKE THE NECESSARY STEPS TO PROVIDE THEM. For us all our thoughts are of Canada, and after every victory the one idea in all our minds is that Canada will again have reason to be proud of her sons at the front in upholding her honor and liberty. So we have absolute faith that Canada will respond with the reinforcements necessary to sustain us."

MAJOR-GEN. DAVID WATSON.

"I state with positive certainty that a splendid state of determination and resolution exists in a greater degree than ever among every unit of the Canadian force today. This resolve and belief is the ever growing result of intimate knowledge that this terrible struggle into which we have entered has ever been and is now equally as important for the maintenance and development of our Dominion as it is for the vital protection and safeguarding of our interests and liberties. WILLINGLY MAKING ALL SACRIFICES REQUIRED IN CONSUMMATION OF THESE OBJECTS, MAY WE NOT SECURELY RELY ON THE UNITY AND THE PRACTICAL ASSISTANCE OF OUR FRIENDS IN CANADA."

MAJOR-GEN. L. J. LIPSETT.

"On the battered ramparts of Ypres, on the rolling hills which border the Somme, on the historic battlefield of Vimy, are scattered hundreds of wooden crosses which mark the resting places of Canadians who only three years ago were peaceful civilians. When war was forced upon us these men came forward, for they felt their manhood demanded it as a duty that they should pass on the honor of our nation unsullied and her liberties secure. There is no grander monument erected by man than these simple crosses, for they show that Canada has the greatest asset any nation can possess, namely, sons ready to lay down their lives for what they think is right. BUT THESE SIMPLE CROSSES ALSO REMIND CANADA OF THE TRUST BEQUEATHED BY THOSE WHOSE RESTING PLACE THEY MARK, NAMELY, THE CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY DIED."

MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor

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The big store—everything
you can wish.

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SEE

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For Your

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Also

Civilian Clothes.

Larocque & Moreau, Modern Photographic Studio.

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—PORTRAITS—

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

MONDAY MORNING.

(With most sincere apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"To turn you out, to turn you out", the Sergeant-Major said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"I'm dreading what we're goin' through", the Sergeant-Major said.
"For you've got to stand immovable for hours, don't you see,
And you mustn't scratch your nose or move your head or bend
your knee

While the Colonel and his staff are giving you the third degree,
On O.C. Parade inspection Monday morning."

"What makes that rear rank shiver so?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold", the Sergeant-Major said.
"What makes that front rank man fall down?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"His feet are froze, his feet are froze", the Sergeant-Major said.
"For it's twenty less than zero, and the wind is blowing strong;
But no matter if you slowly freeze (the waiting time is long),
You mustn't try to warm yourself, it's very, very wrong,
For you've got to 'stand and freeze' on Monday morning."

"What makes the Colonel frown at me?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"You haven't shaved, you haven't shaved", the Sergeant-Major said.
"What's that the Major's staring at?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"Your muddy boots, your muddy boots", the Sergeant-Major said.
"For you've got to pass the Colonel, and the Major too, you bet,
Adjutant, Captain, R.S.M., and mind you don't forget
What one of 'em may overlook some other one will get,
So you'd better polish up for Monday morning!"

"What's that you're writing in your book?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"I've got your name, I've got your name", the Sergeant-Major said.
"Why do you take my name, my name?" said Sapper-on-Parade,
"For Sunday mess, for Sunday mess", the Sergeant-Major said.
"For you need a shave and hair-cut, and your rifle is a sight,
And your buttons and your badges ain't even half-way bright,
And you've hung your kit on backwards, not one piece of it is
right—
So report for kitchen duty Sunday morning!"

YE GODS! WHAT A TIME!

Editor "Knots and Lashings",
Dear Mr. Editor:—

Having been for many years a regular subscriber to your family journal; and having heretofore found its advice sound and indeed unvaluable on matters of courtship, mess etiquette and the raising of bull pups, I esteem it my duty to point out to you what I consider a dereliction of duty on your part.

It happened thuswise:—

I believe I betray no state secret when I say that the Mtd. Dept. has been busy recently in an effort to stay a certain epidemic. Their efforts are meeting with success, but some of the more energetic and discriminating of the "creatures" chose to associate with me for a brief period. Noticing this, I immediately repaired to our M.O. who after certain formalities said, "Yep, you've got em," and then laughed.

Personally I don't hold a very exalted opinion of his sense of humour. However I'm not discussing that now. Says he, "A bath three times a day, followed by application of this lotion, Get out!"

"Where shall I go," I implored.
"Go!", says he, "Go home! Go to —! Go anywhere but GET OUT OF BARRACKS!!" I went!

Arriving home I sought solace in "Knots and Lashings". The remedy for Scabiae caught my eye. Thinks I to myself, a good scheme! I'll try the salt cure. So, saying not a word to anybody, that night (a beautiful moonlight night) I left my house by the back way, crossed the G. T. tracks, thence across the fields to the river just above the barracks.

Here I commenced to follow the direction given, having previously used the salt. I undressed as suggested and placed my clothes as advised. What happened thereafter is my cause for complaint.

Having concealed myself behind a snowdrift I noticed THEM one by one leaving my personal apparel and making towards the river. Did they drink? I should say not! The reason for this was not far to seek, for lo! and behold! the river was frozen over. Mad-dened, no doubt, by their thirst they commenced a most weird war dance, a cross between "on the toes raise" and "off the ground double".

Something I noticed at first with amusement, then fascination, and finally with icy fingers of fear clutching at my heart,—was their rapid growth! The ice seemed to act upon them as an elixir, for they quickly became the size of a baseball, and still grew until they were as large as a bull dog! (but not nearly so prepossessing in appearance.)

Every detail of feature is indelibly stamped on my memory. They had nineteen legs on each side, each leg was triple-jointed, and each section was fitted with a kind of universal joint. They were supplied with seven rows of teeth and were fitted with a weapon of defense and offense at the rear, with these spikes held upover the back when fighting.

Their antics soon developed into a fight which ceased only when five of their number were left, and it is doubtful whether I should be penning these lines at all had this battle not taken place.

At this stage, feeling somewhat chilly, I faithfully made an effort to follow your advice. I attempted to retrieve my clothes and "beat it". Not so, however. At my first movement the five made for me and I was forced to take to the fields with them in hot pursuit.

My state of exhaustion and fear soon compelled me to stop and I gained the shelter of a newly erected post and awaited their onslaught. What was my surprise when they halted five yards away and took up attitudes of humility, emitting a soft crooning lullaby. Looking around for a cause for this change I happened to glance up, and there on the post was a tablet. I got up and read

PRESENTED
TO THE
O.C. AND MEN
OF THE
MOUNTED SECTION
BY THEIR
PATRON SAINT
THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

I soon realized that I was in sanctuary and soon fell asleep only to be awakened by the Iberville fire alarm, and just in time to see my erstwhile captors making for the stables, and to hear the familiar cry of "STIBLES, SHUN!"

The foregoing is a faithful account of my experiences, and my faith in your ability as an adviser has been severely shaken.

Kindly cancel my subscription immediately.

(Signed) Roderic Dhu.

(Ed.*Note:—We do not regret losing the subscription, but would be glad to know the brand of booze".—Ed.)

"C" Co'y says:—

This week this page is the property of "C" Company, but we do not intend to take advantage of this privilege to bore you with tedious statements of what we have done or of what we are going to do. The main thing is what we are doing now, and to this feature this page is devoted. As a matter of fact, "C" Company needs no introduction to the Depot. We have tried to make our portion of this issue interesting, and we hope that our readers will find it so. If they do, our end will have been attained and we shall be content.

THINGS "C" COMPANY WANTS TO KNOW.

Why drafts don't increase velocity locally.

Would a "Horse" be the best definition for a Sapper who is alleged to have said one pay night: "All that I want is straw."

Would a regular "draught" help "C" Company to go on the water wagon.

Why "Dame Rumour" can't pick on some other Barracks for a while.

Why our "wee" Corporal "Red" hasn't been awarded that other stripe.

Who is the C.S.M. with the lady's voice.

Can a cure be recommended for the morning after payday.

What the government is doing with all the envelopes.—Should we approach the Canteen Committee?

Has anybody here seen "Liz-zie"?

Was our "C.O." seen wandering somewhere in the vicinity of the Stables recently.

Where did he go for his vacation.

Who is the Lance-jack whose mailorder house mistook him for a Lieut.-Colonel: ask "Heb".

Why our blonde-headed P.T. instructor is so grouchy now-a-days.

Are we to conclude that Montreal disagrees with Sappers and Instructors.

Does "Matt" really know what kind of a monkey he fought ten rounds with.

PAY NIGHT.

(In one scene and several reels.)

(Scene: Room of Section 1, "C" Coy. Time: 10 p.m. on pay night. The "drys" have retired to their bunks and are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the "wets" from town. "Wully" is pestering his melodeon and "Wireless Abe" has just disconnected his wireless outfit for the night. Crawford is trying to decide what particular disease he will go sick with the next morning. Heavy footsteps are heard outside. Enter Chicago Billy. Feverish activity on the part of the other occupants of the room to hide their water-bottles.)

Chicago Billy (in a melodious tenor): "I'm strong for Chi-caw-go—"

Mauger and Mallory: "Is THAT so?"

Billy (aggressively): "Yes, that IS so." (Starts on a hunt for the speakers. Mauger and Mallory hastily conceal themselves in Parsonson's overshoes. More heavy footsteps outside. Enter the Pride of Pittsburgh.)

The Pride of Pittsburgh (taking his stand in the center of the room and assuming an aggressive attitude): "I'm from Pittsburgh, and I can lick any twenty men in the barracks. If they're from Vancouver I can lick forty-seven of them. Anybody going to step out? (Nobody steps out. The Pride of Pittsburgh navigates to his bunk, removes his coat and tunic, rolls up his sleeves, returns to the center of the floor and repeats his offer. Still no takers.)

Deep Bass Voice (from far corner, uncertainly):

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
And a bottle of rum! Yo ho!"

General Chorus: "Yo ho! Yo ho!"

Chicago Billy (suddenly): "Say, who stole my pie? Bought that pie special, I did, for Horsbrugh. Fine fellow, Horsbrugh—finest in the barracks."

Twelve Voices: "Is THAT so?"

Billy (very aggressively): "Yes, that IS so!" (Starts another unsuccessful hunt for the speakers. Enter Johnny the Red.)

Johnny the Red (oratorically): "I'm little Johnny, the finest little lad that ever stepped into the ring at eight stone ten—"

Mysterious Voice: "How about the Syracuse monkeys, Johnny?"

Chicago Billy (in the center of the room): "The man that stole that pie step out here—come on! Bought that pie for Horsbrugh, I did—fine fellow, Horsbrugh!"

Eighteen Voices: "Is THAT so?"

Billy: "Yes, that IS so!" (Starts another unsuccessful hunt.)

Corporal (opening door and inserting his head, with manifest disgust): "Beastly, uncouth lot of creatures in here. I wouldn't associate with one of them in civil life." (Withdraws head hastily as "Lights Out" is sounded. Darkness falls upon the scene and silence reigns, except for the voice of Chicago Billy, still plaintively inquiring at intervals as to the whereabouts of his pie.)

Why "C" Coy's beloved creator and onetime booster, Sgt. Boyd, is losing popularity.

Who mistook the Downtown Officers Quarters for a new Hotel—was it Billy or Mae?

Is it wise to allow these wayward ones, to wander downtown unaccompanied.

Why the musical comedy of Saturday night ended with the demolition of it's backbone.

If the Canteen funds will provide Billy with another Hand-organ.

Owing to the scarcity of fig-leaves and the high cost of coal, ought we feel pleased that the clothing board has come to the rescue.

POOR BROWN.

This may happen when C-1 gets to the front:—

Officer:—"It's all right, Brown; you can take off your mask now; the gas has passed.

Wully Brown:—"Beg pardon, sir; I ain't got no mask on!"

Answer to Correspondents.

Bell:—No, we do not think you could possibly consume all the liquor manufactured in the Dominion. The best you could hope to

(See next page)

**Theatre Royal
Great Show Every night
Matinee, Sunday only.**

Saturday and Sunday, December 8th and 9th.—Norma Talmadge in "The Secret of the Storm Country", feature in six reels.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 10th, 11th and 12th.—Feature in six parts, "War As It Really Is", very sensational.

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H. FORTIER COMPANY,
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ST. JOHNS, Que.**

N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND
PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REASONABLE RATES

do would be to make the distilleries put on a night shift.

Parsonson:—There is no cure for the disease you mention except amputation. However, we know of one man, who was similarly afflicted, who turned his misfortune to good account by renting out the soles of his feet to a bill-posting concern for advertising purposes.

Kelso:—We cannot recommend any method of making the hair grow quickly. A very good way to save it when you do get it is to keep away from Finniston.

McCue:—To avoid falling down at drill and P.T.'s report sick in the morning and get "excused duty".

"BY THE WAY"

We are the boys of Company "C"—

And we're grouchers, we'll admit:—

But when the real dope comes along,

We'll be their to do "our" bit.

"C" stands for "three" in the Alphabet,

And as "thirds" we're a willing class.

But when to France we go, boys,

We'll be "firsts" as long as we last.

As Soldiers pass, we're not the best,

So far as appearance goes;

But the real true British soldiers heart—

Is hidden 'neath these clothes.

So keep up your waning pecker, boys,

You who hail from the Great Northwest—

'Tis comrades we'll be in the trench some day,

Till we've chosen where "Bill" shall rest.

"C" COY. WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why the several sergeants-major no longer permit "C" Coy. to lead the procession to the mess hall now and then?

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

A prospective Sergeant—Cheap at any price—Apply "C" Company.

Will exchange for a good Lance-jack or a quiet Jackass. If not sold will be drowned.

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

HERE'S A HEAD: HIT IT!

After purchasing our ticket and duly attending the fight last week, we have come to the conclusion that no matter what criticism may be made of the pictures and the bouts themselves, it was worth the price of admission just to watch an N.C.O. get his nose punched.

Discouraged Sapper of "C" Company (polishing up diligently, but without hope, for guard duty the next day): "Why in 'ell don't they give Logan a stripe, and let the rest of us 'ave a chance at the stick?"

In his short talk on "discipline in town" at the supper parade recently, the R.S.M. said: "You've all been issued with gloves, but there is no objection to your wearing decent ones in town." Of course we appreciate the privilege, but was it tactful to knock the Army issue quite so hard?

The semi-toothless members of "C" Company are anxiously inquiring when they will be issued with the balance of the teeth due them. The champion optimist of the Company recently informed us that "he only had two teeth left in his head, but thank God, they hit."

The weird howls which emanated from Room 77, at an early hour on Thursday, the 29th, and which gave rise to the rumors that there were wolves in this vicinity, turned out to be nothing more than Sapper Bierwort suffering from an overdose of mince pie.

Speaking of our Chess Club:

Friend:—"But when you got so far north that the nights were six months long, how on earth did you manage to pass the time?"

Arctic Explorer:—"Why, we devoted the evening to a game of chess!"

We understand that "C" Coy. contemplates the erection of a monument at the N. W. corner of the parade ground, to mark the only spot where either McCue or Ferguson have not fallen down at drill at least once the past week.

Recently Sapper Parsonson reported the loss of his overshoes, and the next day we read an item in the paper to the effect that two canal boats had been sighted, drifting down the Richelieu River. However, we presume of course that there could be no possible connection between these two reports.

C. Coy. may not be able to boast of triplets, nor can we produce a representative born on an Indian reservation, but we do lay claim to the following championships, and are prepared to defend our titles against any Company in the depot:

Snoring: Finniston.

Falling down: McCue.

Eating: Finniston.

Oratory: Bell.

Lead-swinging: Brown.

Getting off parades: Logan.

Reporting sick: Crawford.

Closest hair-cut: Kelso.

"What's the smallest thing you have in shoes here?" inquired a diminutive sapper, walking into the Q.M. stores recently.

"Doig, in C. Company, I believe," was the absent-minded reply.

C. Coy. would like to know—

Whether it is necessary for a sapper, when he enters a room, to call it to attention, particularly if there is an officer already in the room at the time. Geordie Bain seems to think that it is, but a number of us differ with him. Who is right?

Officer (detailing 'left wheel'): "The left hand man of the leading section of fours will step around the circumference of a circle with a diameter of four feet radius."

The men of "C" Coy would deem it a favor if it could be arranged to reserve seats and rations for six men near the cook-house door for Sappers Finniston and Stewart, and that it be made an order for all partially empty dishes and tea pitchers to be deposited in front of our pair by all N.C.O.'s and men leaving the cook-house after meals.

RECEPTION AND DANCE.

The reception and dance on the occasion of their bi-weekly "at home", given by Section 1 of "C" Company, on Saturday evening, December 1st, was the most successful social event of the season. The orchestra, led by Conductor Wully Brown, rendered several soul-stirring and painful selections, despite the regrettable absence of its former leader, "Ukulele" Nickerson. The best society of the barracks was represented, and the dresses worn by some of the ladies were gorgeous in the extreme. The reception was unusually honored by the presence of the Very Rev. George Finniston, rector of Bordeaux Church, who has recently returned to our midst after a short but unavoidable absence.

Mr. George Duff, one of the

officers (non-commissioned) of the Company, led off the Grand March with Miss Jiminetta Kelso, followed by Miss Georgianna Bain with the Very Rev. Finniston: they made indeed a charming couple. Mr. Mayes and Miss Wilhelmina Bell then rendered an excellent performance of the latest Paris Apache dance. A charming quartette, consisting of Misses Kelso and Sweeney, the Very Rev. Finniston and Mr. Stewart, delighted the audience with their rendering of that touching ballad "Farewell, thou dear departed spirit." In view of their recent bereavement the aptness of the selection chosen for a moment dampened the glad-some spirit of the festivities.

Miss Wilhelmina Bell next rendered a highly French-flavored performance of the Highland Fling, but at its height, during the execution of an unusually difficult step, she unfortunately kicked the orchestra to the end of the room, thereby terminating the dance, and incidentally the orchestra as well.

Mr. Brown, the late leader, then made a stirring speech on the subject of the war, and gave a very forcible description of the latest German atrocity. Following the applause which this speech evoked, the party broke up until next pay night.

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Special attention given to "The men in Khaki."

BARRACK ROOM RAMBLINGS.

Before I became a sapper I used to think Oxford was the only place on earth. I must admit I was then better acquainted with St. Johns College, Cambridge, than with St. Johns P.Q.—though knowing little of Cambridge at that. Tenderfoot that I was I used to wander round the London Clubs in a maze of sons with the same callous indifference with the same callous indifference that I now eat fried sausage of doubtful parentage and mysterious origin at the "Dog" on Richelieu Street.

Those were for me halcyon days indeed, much fraught with frills, fried oysters and fromage au gratin;—but indifferent, indeed ignorant of the fact that my culinary education had been sadly neglected and that my knowledge of affairs culinary was a minus quantity, only dragged into light by the supreme chances of war and my sudden introduction to mens mess and that gastronomical genius the major domo of the same. How are the mighty fallen: For easily you can tell by my writing that I am an ex-fellow of Christ Church (concealment were vain attempt at such a hollow subterfuge) and if at times my spelling is sufficiently spavined to attract the attention of my old friend John of the sick lines, you can lay the blame at Balfour's door. It is a far cry from Sapper to Secretary of State—but Balfour is certainly to blame; he never could spell and would never let me learn (we were so much alike at college!)

But you see, he has got others to do his spelling for him whereas I have got to do the job myself and get on the best way I can without it. There can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man but that spelling is a fundamental mistake, introduced by unscrupulous politicians for their own selfish ends rather than for the public weal. I prefer, always have preferred, and always shall prefer writing in a language where spelling is unnecessary, and thereby dis-

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comfiting those bald headed and unpatriotic statesmen ("et hoc genus omni") who have hitherto befooled a patient public by their nebulous verbosity and vain prattlings. Let me say once and for all spelling is an entirely unnecessary extravagance besides being a fraud, a delusion and a snare, for by dispensing with its use you immediately avoid words, thereby effecting a great saving in pens, ink, paper, type, etc., the time lost in reading and writing as well as the time spent on learning to read and write and other incidental extravagances unmentioned, besides that of rent paid for premises on which these caligraphic atrocities are perpetrated. Indeed in these war times I feel it my duty to sound a grave note of warning concerning spelling and I trust that I have made myself clear that in these times of economic stress there is a crying necessity that spelling should instantly cease—thereby effecting a great national saving, an epoch making economic reform and the abolition of the censor (happy thought).

I don't want to talk about tense moods but about the barracks and things that puzzle the barracks and me, which brings me somewhat abruptly (excuse my precipitation) to the point where I was cozily seated in the mens mess after supper according to invitation extended by the card on the walls thereof in company with a Peel cigar carefully and diplomatically extracted from the pocket of an M.P. when he was looking the other way and who had been rude enough to interrupt my view of the parade ground in the initial stages preceeding that grand repast vulgarly called supper. Indeed he stood there like unto a dead person when a little man with a big voice and even bigger feet ordered him to right turn, upon which he suddenly came to life. All my former efforts to procure a cigar in a similar manner have failed because of the lack of interest displayed in the commands emanating from the voice and feet formerly referred to.

Now, before proceeding further I should like to interject a remark concerning depot manners, for this is by no means the first more or less mechanical figure of towering height and elephantine proportions which has interfered with my view in this uncouth manner and although I have repeatedly lodged verbal complaints in proper quarters I have received no redress whatever, and being a man of very moderate stature I fail to see how I can any longer suffer without complaint, and it is to be hoped that

(B. Coy)

OUR C.S.M.

When first we met our C.S.M.—
'Twas on a summer's day!
We didn't like his looks at all,
Too much "a-skeered" to say.
He wore a hat of golden straw,
His shirt-sleeves were upturned,—
We all agreed and plainly saw
No love within him burned.

'Twas a crime to ask for passes,
So he would have us think;
And for ignorance he'd class us
With "A" Comp'ny—watch him wink!
At one, an N.C.O. (or nearly)—
Who was his right hand man,
Explaining things so clearly
That our dull minds span.

We feel we did not know him then,
And were much too quick to judge,
For now he treats us all like men
And no one bears a grudge.
We'll dubbin boots, clean up our brass,
Look right, look left, dress up our line
And for inspection look first class—
For our C.S.M. sublime.

—"Peter the Pugilist!"

in a moment of preoccupation the Colonel may seize "Knots and Lashings" and casting his eagle eye upon this page, may gauge the depth of my misery. Come down on meal parade. I can assure my reader that he will be rewarded by seeing one fine soldier a guard regular fire or black according to the tastes and idiosyncracies of the diagnostic.

OXONIAN.

McKANE FOR THE DEFENCE.

An Irishman having sustained a slight injury through falling off a ladder that had a defective rung, employed a lawyer to obtain compensation for him. He won his case in court, but, to his surprise, the legal fees came to two-thirds of the amount awarded, which made Micky scratch his head and say to his lawyer, "I'm just wonderin'." "Wondering what?" the lawyer asked. "Whether it was you or me that fell off the ladder!" replied Micky.

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Our lines are sold in your Canteen

38 to 42 CLIFFORD STREET,
TORONTO.**SHOES AND SHIPS AND
SEALING WAX.**If our worthy editor cannot use
his influence to better advantage
an early demise is surely threaten-
ing this column. I don't hear any
groans, and the mumbling is what
our auctioneer calls the noise of
the "East bound train".Had it not been for the Mounted
Section we would indeed be in
Wonderland this week. Our mount-
ed boys, however, came to the
rescue with some verse. It listens
thusly:—

Stop, Luke, listen!

What's this that I hear?—

A voice from the depths,
As I opened my door,
"Stand to your horses;
Carry on!"I wondered and wondered
Where I'd heard it before.As I looked at the clock
I wondered no more.In view of the crime the author
pleads in extenuation that he was
"driving" at this. It was only our
C.S.M. giving orders for Stables
at four—and further goes on to
explain that he lives in Iberville.
He asks us to agree with him in
his expression "Some voice, Eh?"Yes, we'll agree with him but
why didn't he tell us so. Try
again, Johnnie.Another perpetration by the
drivers. It runs thus (or rather
should run;—if it walked it would
fall over!)—

A sapper! A sapper!

Now let me see.

Of course we all know

What he's supposed to be
But just wait a minute I will tell
thee.

When this name I first heard

It was quite humorous to me

And here in my answer

You sure will agree.

Now when the laundryman

Fails to appear

With the very last hankie you
had for your nose
etc., etc., etc. (ad lib.)**ST. JOHNS.**

There's a desolate isolated place I'd like to mention:—

Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease; Slope arms: quick march,
Attention!"

It's miles away from anywhere, By Gad, it is a rum one!

A man lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman!

It used to be a blade of grass, a farmhouse, and a cow,—

A little pond with seven ducks, a pigsty and a sow:—

To walk around the village it isn't very far—

You simply turn around three times and stay just where you are!

There're only two lamps in the place, so tell it to your mother—

(The policeman carries one and the postman has the other!)

There is a lot of little huts they threw up in a hurry,

And now they call it "Dear St. Johns":—but there—oh we
should worry!

There's a lot of little wooden huts a-dotted here and there:

(For those who have to live inside I've offered many a prayer.)

Inside the huts there's rats as big as any nanny goat—

One night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat!

At breakfast every morning it's like Old Mother Hubbard—

You double 'round the hut three times and jump up at the cupboard,

Sometimes they give you bacon but when they give you cheese

It "Forms Platoon" upon your plate; "Orders arms", and

"Stands at Ease"!

Week in, week out; from morn till night; with full pack and a rifle—

Like Jack and Jill you climb a hill; of course that's just a trifle!

"Order arms"; "Fix Bay'nets", then "Present!"—they fairly
drive you through it,And when you stagger to your room the sergeant shouts "Jump
To It."

There's another kind of drill especially for the lazy;—

(I think they call it Swedish, for it nearly drives you crazy!)

"Heads Backward Bend"; "Arms Upward Stretch!"; and then
it's "Ranks Change Places!"Later on they'll make you try and put your kneecap where your
face is!

The Swedish drill, it does one good; it puts you in fine fettle;—

You curl yourself up like a snake and crawl inside a kettle!

It's nothing else but Swedish drill from eight o'clock till 'leven:—

And when we die its Ten-to-One we'll hear "Hands Down" from
Heaven!

—Driver C. EATON.

That's enough, we think; espe-
cially as the rest is worse, if possi-
ble. We have to commend the
author however on the delightful
freedom of style and careless
regard for continuity of theme.
He's a born poet, no doubt.Again the mounted gentlemen
burst forth, this time into matters
of serious import. Here is a
sample:—**What is a Driver?**A driver is a man who must be
quite swell and know how to play
cards exceptionally well, especially
500.We marvel at this. We had our
doubts as to the first statement;
as to the second we have been in-
formed that one of the specie
gained one hundred and fortypounds in three months. Of course
we know and always appreciated
that the bandoliered boys could
play their cards well.This same driver gives us a
puzzle. We are rather poor at
solving puzzles and would like the
solution. (Our experience with
Sgt. Davis has made us careful.
Ask the sergeant—the joke's on
him "and it is a "big one").There is no need to be in wonder-
land over the election, boys.**WERE YOU THERE?**A week or so back the junior
N.C.O.'s of this depot were asking
for a "Corporals' Mess".

They got it last Saturday night!

"C" Company's stuff will be
found on pages 11 and 12.**James O'Cain Agency,**

H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.

SAFETY FIRST.Insure with us in an old line British
Company.Agents--**Lackawanna Coal.**

("C" Coy.)

PRESENTATION CEREMONY.

The room of Section 1, "C" Coy, was the scene of an impressive presentation ceremony the other evening, when Sapper Horsbrugh was presented with a fine pie, the task of making the presentation speech being ably handled by Sapper Bell (as Chairman of the Presentation Committee), whose oratorical prowess, particularly on pay nights, is well known throughout the barracks. Sapper Horsbrugh, although taken entirely by surprise, responded in a few well-chosen words, expressing his gratitude at being made the recipient of such a handsome gift. This was the third attempt to make the presentation to Sapper Horsbrugh, it having unfortunately been found necessary to abandon the first two attempts, through circumstances over which Sapper Bell had absolutely no control.

"Where in H— is Brown?"

C.S.M. Lear (on parade):—"Have all the men of Section 1 fallen in now, Corporal Rice?"

Corporal Rice:—"I haven't called the roll yet, but I think they must have, Sergeant-Major, because Brown just fell in!"

PSALM 23.

(With apologies to David.)

P.T. and B.F. is what I do not want;
 It maketh me to go sick to evade it;
 It maketh me sore;
 It causeth me to love Men's Mess for its name's sake;
 (Yea, I would rather pearl dive or sling hash);
 It fills me with evil;
 My thoughts, and my back, they trouble me;
 I enter after a spell into the barracks together with my brethren;
 I anoint my sore limbs with Dubbin; my rage runneth over;
 Surely to goodness and mercy, if this fatigue shall follow me much longer
 I will dwell in the bug-house for ever.

—S. A. MALLETT.

AN IDYLL OF THE NIGHT.

It was midnight, and the silence of death hung like a pall over the barracks — a silence suddenly broken by a terrific crashing, rending noise, which shook the buildings of St. Johns to their

foundations and even rattled the windows in Iberville. Instantly all was confusion. The guard hastily turned out and remained under arms. The orderly officer, disturbed at his nightly task of awakening the sentries, rushed back to his office.

In the town the officers, rudely disturbed at their various diversions, were making anxious inquiries as well as they could for the thunderous noise. Had a German submarine penetrated this far, and was it even now bombarding the sleeping town? Had a German spy placed dynamite under the barracks? Was the river in flood, and preparing to sweep all in its path to inevitable destruction? Was it already too late to save the women and children?

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, the noise ceased. The Colonel finally succeeded in getting the orderly room on the telephone, in response to his frantic appeals for information.

"Yes, sir", the orderly officer replied, his voice still shaking from the recent shock, "it's all right, sir. Finniston was lying on his back, but we've turned him over and he's stopped snoring now, sir."

And again silence descended

upon the scene, as the guard dismissed and the sentries resumed their interrupted naps.

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Merchant Tailor @ Haberdasher,

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Khaki Shirts, Ties and Handkerchiefs
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 Photo supplies, printing and developing for amateurs.

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MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, OTTAWA, VANCOUVER.

("C" Coy.)

"RAMBLINGS" FROM SECTION No. 2.

In Two Reels.

Reel No. 1

A "Batten" for a building "Bracegirdle" Was found down "Adrain" one day.

It was used by a City "Burgess" As part of a "Baird" where he giffawed (Gifford) and lay. But his "Cunning(ton)" was a "(Vale)" less.

When he met the "Wiley" old "Scott"

Whose "Doig" (dog) caught a "Stagg" in the "Fernland" (Ferland)

Where the "Bowme" (burm) met the stream near the bay.

Reel No. 2

The "Parrott" resembled the "Weatherhead"

That adorned the Church on the Hill.

But she flew to a "Hillier" country

Where "Gardner's" were scarcer than H—l.

"Imeson" of a gun but it's true lads

That "Mac" of the Robert E. "Lee".

Had a "chave" with the piece of a "Rivett"

That a "Turner" threw out in the Sea.

LOTS OF SYMPATHY.

The Editor

"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

The Mounted Section wish to thank the Editor for the many expressions of kind sympathy expressed to them through "Knots and Lashings", and trust the Depot organ will not overlook certain Sappers who have KITCHED it. The Q.M. will we feel sure be pleased to supply Files and Sandpaper as required. Try broken glass or some of the broken 14" sewer pipe which we brought in for Sergt. Caddy last week.

We would strongly recommend

For Refreshments, Candy and Fruits, do not forget

St. Johns Ice Cream Parlor,
THE SOLDIERS HOME

A GAVARIS, Prop.

Phone 377 100 Richelieu St.

some other Sappers to have another look.

We have lots of sympathy,
Yours truly,
M. S., E.T.D.

TIPS FROM MEDICAL DEPT.

(1) Tell us how you feel. We'll tell you what you've got.

(2) Watch that cold. The cemetery is full of men who "thought it didn't matter".

(3) While there's life there's soap.

(4) Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Get next!

(5) Why pay a dollar down town when you get the same article, without the flossy label, in the Medical Room, free, gratis and for nothing.

(6) Don't treat yourself—even to beer. Let the other fellow do it.

(7) Absence makes the heart grow fonder. (— please note!)

(8) Safety First—and AFTERWARDS!

"SEND IT TO THE BOYS AT ST. JOHNS!!"

"Lydia Pinkhams Vegetable Compound! Works While You Sleep!"

After many appearances on the 7.30 sick parade and failing to get the slightest relief,—or even sympathy—from the M.O., I had about given up in despair. The M.O. prescribed plenty of nourishing food, with rest and complete quiet, but the Sgt. Major took an entirely different view of my strange and baffling ailment. It remained for a common driver to save me to my friends. One day this noble fellow shewed me a newspaper with a photograph of a young lady who had been cured of ingrowing toenails after taking only 17 bottles of your wonderful cure and buying a larger pair of shoes. Her charming reply to my enquiries decided me to try the cure. I may add that her father was related to an R.S.M. who got me a position as an M.P. and the circulation of my feet is now entirely restored.

(Ed. Note:—We sincerely believe that regardless of facts and everything else advertised, the above remedy will give absolute relief to all suffering Sappers who are so unfortunatè as to have to report sick on morning of O.C. Parades.)

"C" Company's stuff will be found on pages 11 and 12.



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

"STAG"

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

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

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE A CORKER! SEND IT HOME.

Out next Saturday, December 15, the Christmas Number of "Knots and Lashings" will be a winner! It will contain sixteen pages of bright, interesting reading matter; daily happenings at the Depot; plenty of smiles, chuckles and haw-haws; a grouch or two, to add spice; some virile verse; and some worth while advertisements of firms we all should patronize.

Surrounding all these good things will be a dandy cover, all dolled up in Christmas style. You'll like this number: our best yet.

It will be on sale next Saturday at the Canteen. You'll pay a little more for it than for ordinary numbers:—but it will be worth the money. The folks at home will surely appreciate a copy or two, coming in their Christmas mail. Don't disappoint the home-folks!

GET READY TO BUY SEVERAL COPIES To SEND HOME as SOUVENIRS

WHEN IN MONTREAL be sure to call at 190 Peel Street, above St. Catherine and Windsor streets,
Chapman's Bookstore
We make a specialty of Mail Orders. Write us.