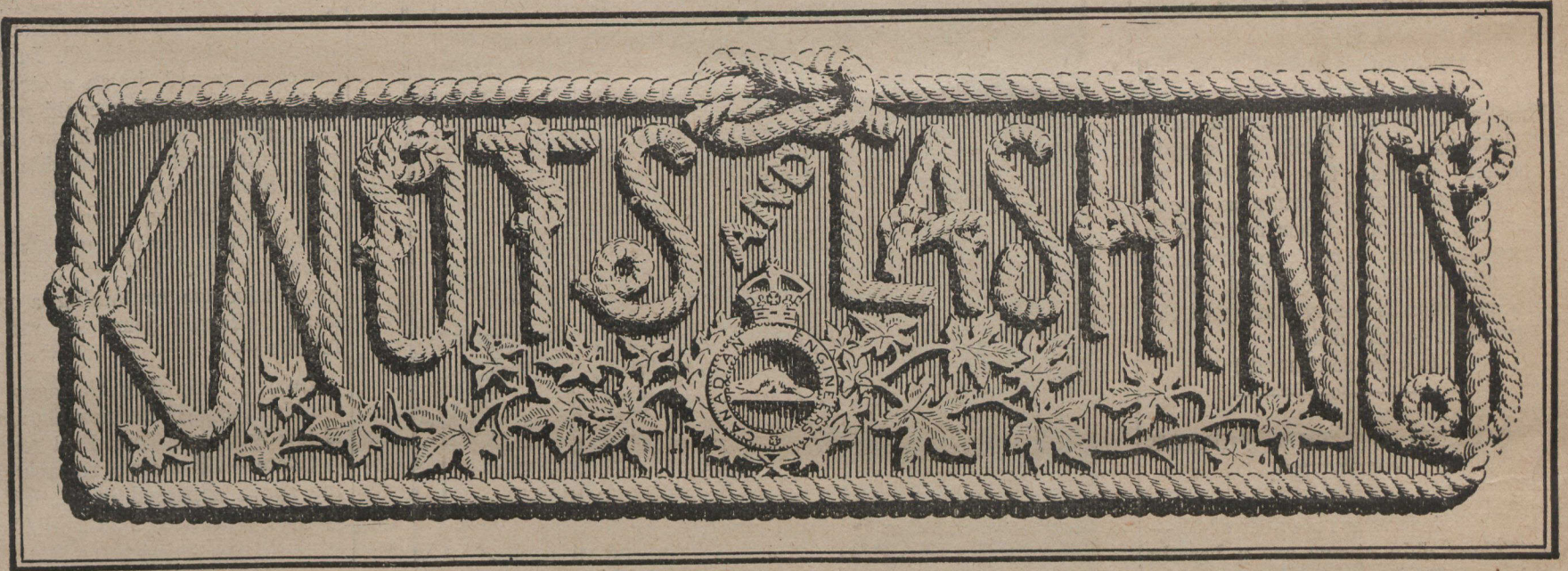


“Enormously the largest circulation of any Daily or Weekly Military Paper published in Canada!”



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. 28.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

Notes on Principles of Trench Construction

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

(Continued from a previous issue.)

In the following article, I will discuss certain problems and conditions already outlined in Case No. 3.

Having become familiar with the distribution of troops on such a front, it will readily be seen that problems concerning materials for construction, labor, and drainage, are of primary importance. Actual designs, which will best insure efficiency and conservation of materials and labor, will be discussed later.

It will be readily appreciated, that in a quiet front, such as we are now considering, there is probably a more or less standardized arrangement or lay out of trenches, obstacles, redoubts, machine gun emplacements, etc. Until this is fully understood, it will be impossible to appreciate the various forms of construction adopted for various trenches or works, since each is designed and constructed according to the comparative location and exposure to fire.

To discuss this general layout, we will consider that part of a front known as a Brigade Area, and which has a frontage of about 1500 yards. Such a front, would normally be held by a Brigade,

usually equivalent to four Battalions of Infantry.

The disposition of these Battalions is such, that each half sector is allotted to one Battalion. A third Battalion is held under cover, at a distance of one to one and a half miles in rear of their centre, in what is termed Brigade or Mobile Reserve. This Battalion is always in readiness to assist No. 1 or No. 2 Battalion should they require reinforcements. The 4th, or remaining Battalion, as a general rule, is stationed from 5 to 7 miles in rear of the front line. Theoretically, it is at rest in Divisional Reserve, but in reality, it merely has the above additional distance to travel in reaching its work. It is true, however, that the men of this Reserve, will usually return to a good dry bed at night, and that, realizing themselves to be in a comparatively safe area, they can enjoy a relaxation from the nervous tension and reap the benefit of sleep. Moreover, they will enjoy the advantage of a permanently established cook-house and will be well fed.

To refer briefly to the trenches themselves,—and quite apart from their actual design,—it may be stated, that the point of primary importance, as regards the ultimate trench, is not usually given great consideration. I refer to the question of “siting”. For it must be

(Continued on next page)



(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

“Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.”—(King John.)
—(“Passing Show”, London).

NOTES ON PRINCIPLES OF TRENCH CONSTRUCTION.

(Continued)

remembered, that the choice of a point or points at which Infantry "dig in", is not left entirely to their discretion. It may, however, be confidently stated, that by shifting such a trench 50 yards forward at certain points, and withdrawing it 50 yards at certain other points, the problem of drainage would become so much easier, that both labor required in maintenance and construction, would be reduced four-fold. Such a condition is surely worthy of the greatest consideration.

(To be continued.)

"HEARD ON THE PARADE GROUND".

Very loquacious member of 37,— "These chin straps are a beastly bore. They so restrict one's flow of language."

The other Mac., amid chorus of approval,— "Why don't you wear one all the time?"

With the continued influx of large officer's classes, we may shortly expect to see the orderly "pups" coming in regular litters.

"Bouncing Bill" Webster says that these orderly officers sure have the new dances down cold,— particularly the one known as "Walking the Dog".

Things We Would Like To Know—

If Milne wears corsets and a bussell.

When Brinkman is ever going to lose any weight.

If Mallett has the permission of the food controller to carry sugar to his "nag", and if he carries it to the stable in the regulation ration envelope.

If the Mayor of St. Johns has no bridle teeth.

To the movie star list of Class 37 (Arbuckle, Brinkman, and Theda Barra), has now been added Little Mary Pick-hard.

Ewing (strolling with a fair friend):—"This is the Officers Mess."

Fair One:—"Oh, Ernest, what makes you say that. It looks very clean and neat to me."

A story is told concerning a recently promoted lance-corporal, who, shortly after his "raise", re-

THE GERMAN MOTHER HUBBARD.



Drawn by Wilton Williams.

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

"The quantity of wheat seized was insignificant, and to obtain it the German soldiers have created among the Ukrainian people, an undying hatred of Germany."—Daily Press.)

Old Kaiser Cain
Went to Ukraine
To get his starved people some corn;
But when he got there
The Ukraine was bare—
And the Huns wish they'd never been born.

ceived a letter of mingled congratulations and advice from his doting mother. She ended thus,— "And remember, John, whatever else befall, always be kind and good to your men."

Orderly Officer:—"Any complaints?"

Kitchen Orderly (carrying steaming kettle):—"Taste this, sir."

Orderly Officer (tasting it):—"As excellent soup as I've ever tasted!"

Kitchen Fatigue:—"So I thought, sir. But the cook wishes to call it tea, sir."

Sentry:—"Who goes there?"

Voice:—"McNeill of Barra."

Sentry:—"Advance, McNeill. Leave your barrow outside."

If you get "down in the mouth" don't worry; Jonah was further down than you will ever be, and he got out all right.

A DARK SUSPICION CONFIRMED.

The staff of the genial Paymasters Office, have not been noted for their literary contributions to the Depot 'Compendium'. Indeed, we often mused, in an abstracted fashion, on how they could put in their time. For we knew there were quite a lot of 'em inside, and they always kept the door shut tight. Yesterday, however, the mystery was cleared up when a "sous-L/Corp." left with us a very large envelope containing a very small (alleged) joke. It ran as follows:—

In what way does Germany resemble Holland? Because Germany is low lying and damed all round!

(Note.—We merely remark that the above appeared in "Life" in August 1914. Try again, old Top.)

AT THE VINEGAR FACTORY.

Congratulations are in order from the Vancouver Boys to Spr. Kinch, on his appointment as Permanent Room Orderly to the No. 1 Section,—the Crack Section of the Pickle,— beg pardon, Vinegar works. If Spr. Kinch and his business continue to improve as in the past, he should soon be in direct line for promotion to a position of responsibility and trust with the Sanitary Guard.

BASE-BALL MATCH.

On Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock sharp, weather permitting, Class 38 will try conclusions with Base Company in a nine innings challenge base-ball match. A fast game is assured as both nines have been practicing for some time.

Let every Officer, N.C.O., and Sapper in the Garrison, turn out and root for your own team.

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.

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL
SHERBROOKE ST. WEST, MONTREAL.
TARIFF
Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.
Double Room and Bath from \$5.00 up.
CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL. Frank S. Quick, Manager

CLAN MACNEIL EMIGRATION TO AMERICA

by

Lieut. The Macneil of Barra, C.E.
45th Chief of the Clan.

Highland emigration to America, played a very important part in the history of not only nearly all the Clans of Scotland, but also of the Colonies themselves.

Upon war with France in North America being declared, Roderick "The Resolute", son of the Macneil of Barra, 39th, with several clansmen, went to America. He was a lieutenant in Fraser's Highlanders, and met his death at the glorious battle of the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, in 1759.

Roderick the Resolute's son, Roderick the Gentle, 40th, went to America in 1776, leading a number of his clansmen, and fought in several battles of the war of the American Revolution.

From this time on, the imagination of the clansmen was aroused by reports of most wonderful conditions in America. In 1785, the members of the disbanded 82nd Regiment, were given grants of land in Nova Scotia. They included several Barramen, i.e., Macneils from Barra. One of them appears to have revisited the Isle of Barra a few years later, and to have related to his admiring kinsmen the splendid opportunities which awaited them across the Atlantic. The clansmen could not, of course, realize the hardships of the pioneer, nor the vastly different conditions of life in the new country.

But the spirit of emigration had entered into the hearts of the clansmen, with the result, as hereinafter told by Mr. Macqueen, Minister of the Parish of Barra:

" . . . upwards of 200 left this country within the last two years (about 1794); some emigrated to the island of St. John's, (Prince Edward Island) and Nova Scotia, in North America, being invigled thither by a Mr. F., upon promises of the undisturbed profession of their religion, (being all Roman Catholics), and of free property for themselves, and their offspring for ever; but as soon as they were landed, he left them to their shifts, and returned back to his native country.

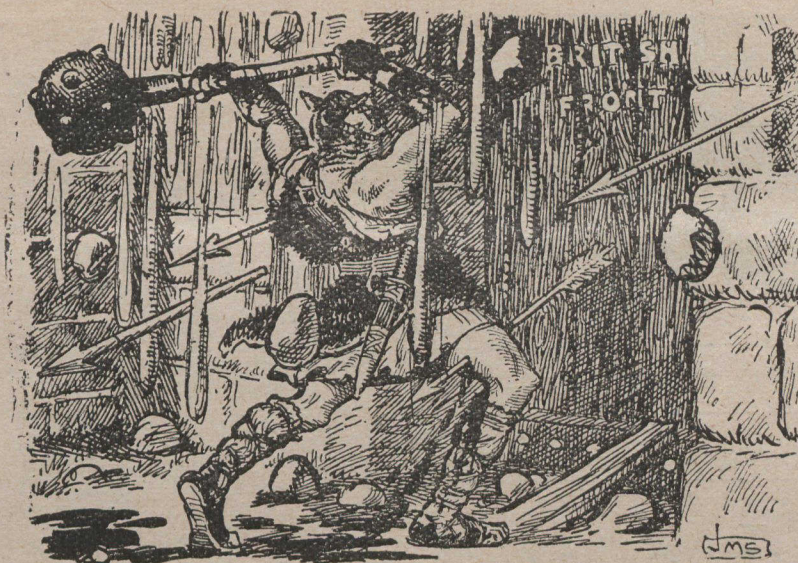
"These poor people were left in the most deplorable situation. If the inhabitants of the different places in which they landed had not exerted themselves for their relief, many of them must have perished, for want of the common necessaries of life. They became sensible of their folly when it was

too late; others went to Glasgow, being invited thither by Mr. David Dale, to work in his cotton manufactory; but Mr. Dale's terms not coming up to their expectations, some of them returned home; and many of them, from a change of diet and occupation, contracted distempers, of which they died; many more prepared themselves for emigration, but repented in time enough to avoid the snare into which their friends have been inconsiderately led, by going to America; they also sold their effects; and spent the money arising from the conversion, so that they would have been destitute in their native country; but the Macneil, the proprietor, not only gave them, and such as returned from Glasgow, lands, but likewise money enough to purchase a new stock of cattle, and all the other necessary implements of husbandry. The spirit for emigration is now happily and totally suppressed."

The Minister, however, was quite mistaken in reference to the cessation of emigration; in fact, it had just commenced.

James and Hector, sons of Hector Og Macneil of Barra, and Roderick, son of Roderick Macneil of Brevaign, had become acquainted with a gentleman named Hugh Dunoon. He had previously emigrated to Halifax, Nova Scotia, later on, removing to Pictou. He prospered greatly, became quite prominent, and was soon appointed a Crown emigration agent.

BRITISH OAK.



(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

A song to the oak—the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong.

There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
H. F. Chorley, "The Brave Old Oak".

HINDENBERG:—"Shall I ever break through?"
—"News of the World", London).

James had become owner of a small sailing-ship, the Pigeon, and upon meeting Dunoon, and entering into negotiation, he and the above Roderick were commissioned to secure the greatest number of emigrants possible, from their native island.

This they did in the early summer of 1801, meeting with great opposition by the Chief of the Clan. James was the first to sail and the first to arrive at Pictou. Dunoon followed in a larger ship, the Sarah, with 700 souls. He left the Isle of Barra in June, and reached Pictou in September, some thirteen weeks later. During the passage, they were boarded by a man-of-war, which pressed twenty-five men, but upon representations being made by Dunoon in his capacity as Crown emigration agent, they were released. James returned to the Isle of Barra early in 1802, but was soon afterwards drowned.

Hector, above mentioned, had also become owner of a large trading vessel. As the spirit of emigration was at its height, he decided, in the summer of 1802, also to go to America.

In June he fitted out his ship and, with 370 Barramen on board, sailed for Pictou, reaching there in August. Governor Wentworth located most of them on Pictou Island for a while, when they began to scatter along the shore toward the east, to Antigonish and later

(Continued on page 11)

Thuotoscope
City Hall,

Saturday
ALICE JOYCE in

'The Fettered Woman'

in 5-parts.

Sunday

SPECIAL PROGRAMME

Luke and Big V

Comedies.

Tuesday, May 14th, will be the last show at the City Hall.

Grand Opening of our new Theatre on Richelieu St. will take place on

Saturday, May 18th.

Usual prices.

Doors opens at 7 o'clock p m.

A. Patenaude

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Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St.

St. Johns.

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Philip Morris
Cigarettes

in the Canteen

Virginia Ovals, 15c
Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

"—not only the flavour,
old chap!—tho that is
remarkably good!—but,
er, they're so dashingly
smart, y' know!"

Special Rate to Soldiers
on Watch Repairing.

For Personal Use, or for Gifts,
I have a splendid assortment of
low and medium-priced articles.

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

E. MESSIER,

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



Vol. 1. No. 28.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, May 11th, 1918.

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Founded Oct. 1917

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CONCERNING ATHLETICS.

The pages of History teach us that at all times, whether consciously or unconsciously, the status of athletics has been the index, and indeed the very basis, of a nation's welfare, spiritual and physical.

When the spirit of man first began to breath the independence of nature,—when he first became aware that he was a man,—it was then that man began to master the animal side of his make up. Almost unconsciously, he strove to develop his physical being, and, after his primitive manner, hurled javelins and wrestled with the animals of the field. To the hurlers of the discobulus, to the runners of the marathon, the founding and subsequent security of the Hellenic states was largely due. The civilization of Rome held sway, until the ideal of physical endurance among her sons, began to grow dim. History, indeed, teaches that man must ever strive for physical perfection, if his social institutions are to remain permanent, healthy and virile.

It has been said that the battles of the British Army, were won upon the playing fields of British Universities. In the present conflict, the men who have proved themselves as gallant and illustrious soldiers, have been those who had already developed the instincts of the true athlete and the good sportsman. What other nation in the world, would have dared to launch an attack, under most difficult conditions, by kicking forward a foot-ball across No Man's Land.

Indeed there is nothing which will so well repay us as individuals, as soldiers and as a Depot, than a thorough appreciation of the fact that our future success will depend largely on health of mind and health of body.

The season for Soccer and for Base-ball has already begun. Naturally, Soccer will attract the more hardy among us, but scarcely a man in the Garrison can find an honest excuse, for not taking his part at Base-ball. Turn out to the practices and play the game for all you are worth. If you cannot play in the matches, turn out and root for your team.

The Athletic season has begun. What part are YOU going to have in it?

SOME CAMOUFLAGE.

In the "Emporium", the tan bark had been freshly raked over. And it certainly looked soft,—al-

most inviting. Good old 'Blink' hit it once, then he hit it again. Finally, looking at it very suspiciously, he was heard to mutter, "Some camouflage".

THAT GLARE!



Anti-glare device submitted for Sgt. Thompson's consideration when drilling the latest "Corps d'Elite". (Patents applied for.)

"HOOF MARKS FROM TAN BARK EPORIUM".

" 'Ere you, shyke your bleedin' 'ead, an' see if there's any brains in it!"

"Don't put yer harms around yer 'osses neck; 'e don't like it! Hif yer wants to do some lovin', there's lydies aplenty in the taown."

"If yer 'oss starts a kickin', put his tyle down, and mike 'im feel ashamed. Then 'e can't kick you."

"Stand up,—eels together; dont get lazy now. Hi supposes next thing you'll be wantin' to ride 'ome in the ambulance. Well, we keeps two of 'em 'ere, quite nice and 'andy, in case your 'oss kicks you."

"Wen I says one! you tikes a step forward with yer right foot. In case you aint never bin in the harmy afore, yer right foot is the one nearest to the off side of the 'orse."

S.M. Sims says,—"It aint the 'igh 'edges as 'urts the 'orses 'oofs; hits poundin' on the 'ard 'igh-ways."

Apropos of the above the following has been submitted,—

There came two Lieutenants from Kingston, Who recently took their degree, Got themselves in a state far from noble, By going on a big jambouree.

We learn from authoritative sources through our social correspondent in the neighboring metropolis, that tie pins are very much in vogue among certain young

subalterns this spring. Lt. N. J. Goebel says there is nothing in Otters Guide concerning tie pins, so why worry?

Who are the two subalterns who attempted to plaster Montreal a deep rich vermilion color, and as a result, are sojourning in the R. V. H.?

FROM THE "PHENOMS" OF CLASS 37.

Mr. Cavana certainly has lofty ambitions. After taking a lecture on Knots from Sergt. Bell, he was heard to remark that he wouldn't be satisfied until he could climb up the flag pole backwards, and tie a clove hitch with the large toe of his left foot.

We wonder why Mr. Monture is advising everyone in 38, when they take their lectures in the stables, to stand back quite a bit.

An Engineer called Mr. Lynch, Said, "For me this foot drill is a cinch.

For I come don't you see From the C.O.T.C. Where we're all C.S.M's in a pinch.

A dainty young chap, Mr. Brooks, Takes P.T.; It's improving his looks.

And when "leap frog" is done, This man takes a long run. But,—Oh Pshaw! better issue him hooks.

Sergt. Instructor (to No. 1):—"Inform the Class that, as there will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow afternoon, there will be a lecture on this phenomenon on the parade ground. If the weather is unfavourable, the lecture will take place in the lecture hall."

No. 1 (an hour later):—"Class—Shun! By order of the Sergt. Instructor, there will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow afternoon on the parade ground. If the weather is unfavourable this phenomenon will take place in the lecture hall. Class—Dismiss!"

They say that, in the Engineers, a man always has two chances. For instance, he may pass his equitation or he may not. If he does he has two chances still. He may go overseas and he may not. If he goes overseas, he may get to the front or he may not. If he gets to the front he has two chances, he may be wounded or he may not. If he is wounded he has his same two chances, he may recover or he may acquire a wooden overcoat. In the latter event he still has his two chances. Yep! It all goes by twos.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

(Postscript Edition)

The axe has fallen! On Friday night we received solemn morning, that we were all quarantined and at the same time, our cup of bitterness brimmed over. We had endured the 50 per cent C. B. order with reasonable good grace, but when the new order arrived, and its full significance impressed on us by a considerably agitated M.O., there was only one thing for us to do, and most of us did it. That's why S. & S. & S. W. is written on Tuesday instead of on Saturday.

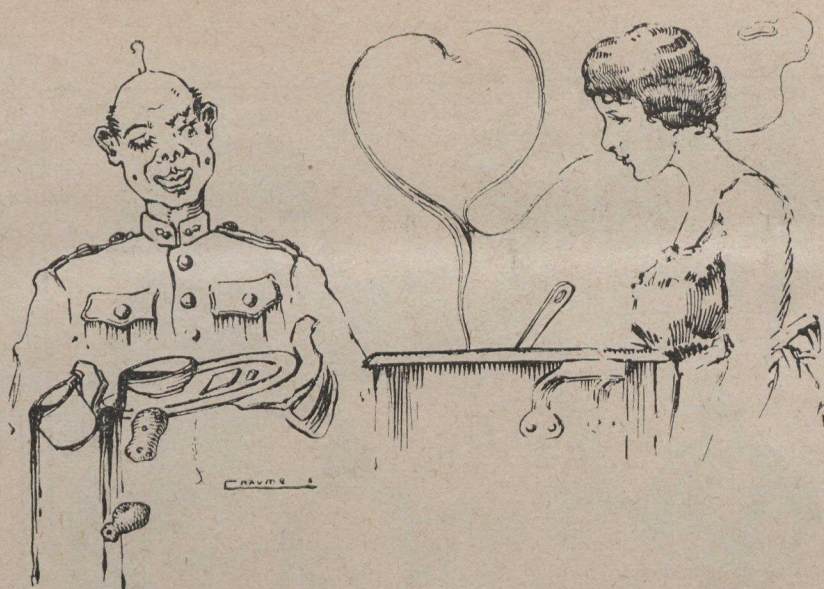
Quarantine is a new experience for most of us, and it has certainly shattered many a fond hope, broken up many a heart, home and dinner party, besides very efficiently reminding us that war is Hell!

We are allowed out for exercise, via the fire escape, and are permitted to walk the dock. On Saturday, one energetic soul proposed a fishing party, and backed his proposition by producing a reel of thread and some fish hooks. The idea appealed to another member, who laid aside his noonday beefsteak for purposes of bait. Let me hasten to add that this did not represent any great sacrifice. As we were only about 40 yards from the water, there was a representative turn out of six rods, hastily collected from a lumber pile. We sat down by the dock and fished for two hours, Bulman registering two bites, the remainder nil. The claimant for honours withdrew his statement, however, on the arrival of the oldest inhabitant,—who is generally introduced into all yarns, for the purpose of taking the joy out of life. He took his pipe out of his mouth and said to us, in reasonably good English: "What you do here, hey? fish?" "No," responded Knighton, "we are taking the juice out of Davidson's beefsteak." Whereupon our genial habitant solemnly assured us that we were just seven weeks too soon on the job, as no fish came up till then. So that after two hours of thrills, the weary waltonians went back to their poker game.

We unsuccessfully indented for a piano, a gramophone, a telephone, and a case of Dewars. The relieving officers have got our girls. It rained all day yesterday; there isn't even a garden to eat worms in, and,—ochone aree,—Quebec does dry tomorrow! We'll lie here and rot.

WELCOME TO:—

Lieut. J. Turner.



Mesmerism is a potent force in the "salle à manger" at Quebec.

SMOKING CONCERT AT QUEBEC.

On Friday evening, the 3rd inst., a programme arranged by Corpl. Wood, was enjoyed under the chairmanship of Mr. Knight.

To say the least of it, the general results were quite up to the standard of amateur concerts, some of the operators professing that they could not sing prior to starting out and proving their assertion to be correct. Others, not so modest, were allowed breathing space to gather their thoughts together and to remember the next line. In one instance, three false starts had to be made before the artist got on the right track. Spr. Howarth had to be led from the stage on account of the excessive applause, also thereby covering the confusion of the chairman.

The programme ran as follows:

Spr. J. Sawey, (Song)—Marguerite.

Spr. Howarth, (Comic Song),—Not very selected.

Spr. Granier, (Mandolin Solo),—Pickonnany string.

Spr. Hart, (Song),—Fearful and pathetic.

Spr. Yuill, (Song),—Just a wearyin' for you.

Pte. Dan McCoy,—American selections.

Spr. D. C. Davies, (Song),—I've forgotten what.

M. Gunner Kimball, (Song),—When I lost you.

Spr. Lyall, (Scotch Song),—We have his word for it.

Spr. Garrett, (Song),—Where the swallows build their nests.

Spr. Tough, (Song),—Thora.

Lie. Corpl. Develin, (Scotch Song),—It's nice to get up in the morning'.

Spr. Musk, (Recitation),—In the Trenches.

Spr. Davis, (Piano Solo),—Selected.

Spr. Webster, (Song),—One touch of nature.

Spr. Chaume, (French Song),—Decolleté Fifi.

Cpl. Wood, (Song),—Brotherhood of Bos.

Spr. Davis and Pte. McCoy officiated at the piano, and when one realises that the majority of the singers were unfurnished with music,—we mean the printed matter,—it is really wonderful that the show got by the Board of Censors.

Anyhow, the boys had a good evening to break the monotony of quarantine, and voted to a man for a repetition.

FOOTBALL AT QUEBEC.

A Company, Nos. 1 and 2 Sections, played Nos. 3 and 4 Sections;—result a tie,—no goals scored.

B Company, Nos. 1 and 2 Sections, put it all over Nos. 3 and 4 Sections, to the tune of 3 to nil.

These half hour games were played on the Plains of Abraham.

QUEBEC DET. WANTS TO KNOW—

Who invented 'Hard tack'.

Who is looking after the girls while we're in Quarantine.

Who is going to catch measles next.

Whether No. 9's are the cure for measles.

Who the lady was who said 'Hello!' so sweetly to the C.S.M. on the route march the oteer day.

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.

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

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, May 10th and 11th.—Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot", in 5 parts.

Sunday and Monday, May 12th and 13th.—Enid Bennett in "The Keys of the Rich", in 5 parts.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14th and 15th.—Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, in "The Voice of Conscience", in 5 parts.

Red Ace series every Tuesday and Wednesday of each week.

Bul's Eye series every Thursday and Friday of each week.

10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday at 2.30; evenings at 6.30 and 8.30.

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book to learn to speak French.
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ON SALE SATURDAY NOON.

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Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our
products, is unequalled for
PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

A VISIT THROUGH THE BARRACKS.

(During the past few months, much has been heard regarding the absence of an 'entente cordiale' between the men of the St. Johns Garrison and the townfolk of St. Johns, and on every possible occasion, the old familiar bogey has been trotted out.

So far as St. Johns is concerned, and whatever may be the conditions which exist in other parts of the Province of Quebec, we have always been at a loss to quite understand how such an impression may have originated.

Recently, in looking through the local French Canadian newspaper, —the Canada Français—, the writer came across the following article. Under the circumstances, it is a pleasure to reproduce, in part, the article referred to.

May we express the hope that the notable example afforded by the men of the St. Johns Garrison and their cordial relations with the French-Canadians of St. Johns, may serve as an example which should go far toward pointing the way to a truly harmonious and lasting friendship between the two great branches of the Canadian People).

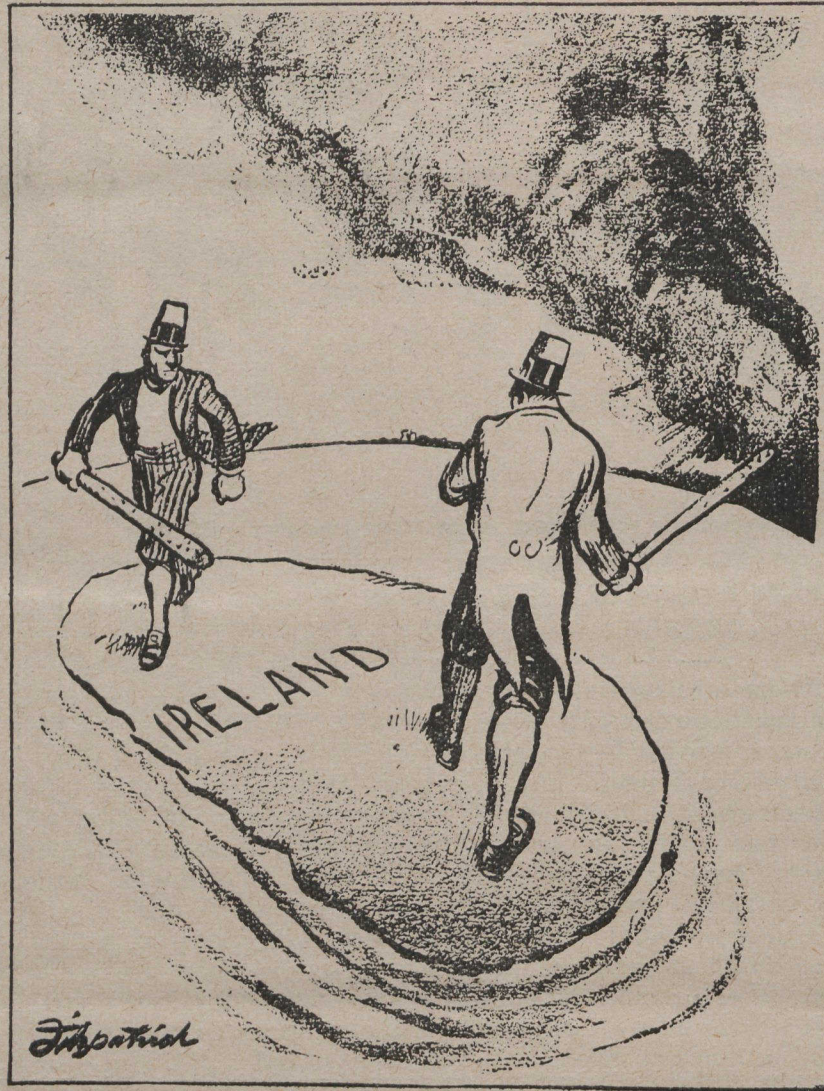
We are indebted to the courtesy of Col. W. W. Melville, O.C. Engineer Training Depot, of this City, for the privilege of visiting the Military Barracks of St. Johns.

We were cordially received by the Colonel himself and all Officers in charge were ready to help make our visit easy and agreeable.

It would be impossible, owing to lack of space, to give a complete description of the Engineers Training Depot, but we will surely be permitted to say that we have seen one of the best kept and most orderly Military establishments in Canada. Cleanliness is most strictly adhered to in all departments and all that seemed to be in ruins before Col. Melville arrived here has been put in order and appears as though new. Moreover, we visited two newly constructed buildings which were necessary and as they were built by members of the military force the cost of same was greatly reduced.

The Military Establishment at St. Johns constitutes practically a small City. The organization is so complete, one may see besides the numerous offices required for an Administration of such importance, an office for the examination of the new conscripts, a Medical Office, a Pharmacy, a general Store (where will be found uniforms, arms, saddles, harness, picks, shovels, ropes and tools for all

LET THE BIG FIGHT WAIT!



trades), a Bakery shop, Butcher shop, an immense kitchen well fitted and properly kept, a Dining room, that actually receives three times per day not less than 1600 men.

At the side of the men's quarters will be found a Stable which is remarkable for its cleanliness, a fodder house, a hospital for sick horses and a department for the necessary medical treatment. One Veterinary and two helpers are in charge of the hospital.

In one of the buildings near the entrance to the Barracks, another Hospital is to be seen. This one is for the soldiers of the garrison and generally cases of slight importance are treated here, although several operations for appendicitis have been performed successfully. There is a Doctor in charge with one Nurse and two expert helpers, and the few patients who occupied the rooms declared that they were perfectly treated in every way.

Since the beginning of the War there has passed through the Barracks at St. Johns more than 10,000 men and of this number there has never been returned a single man as physically unfit nor a single Officer returned as being Military incapable. This alone is a very strong note for the Commandant

and it is easy to see with what care he directs the institution confided to him. Of a Military career and having served in France up to the autumn of 1916, Col. Melville is thoroughly conversant with practical military life and directs the same in a practicable fashion. This year he is training men with the knowledge of field life and in order to give them an occasion to do proper work he has in cultivation 15 arpents which are not in use around the barrack buildings. The sides of these buildings will be covered with flowers and a hot bed for young vegetable plants has also been made. We said that the Depot constituted a small town; with the above complimentary details it suddenly becomes a pretty little country where the soldiers are the spoiled children of the Commandant, outside the hours of rigid discipline.

The Colonel assures us that he regrets the errors made by some of the soldiers in the town, and that he severely punishes any of the guilty ones that are brought to his attention. He also assures us that he uses every effort to assure good conduct by all his men in the City as well as in barracks. Anyhow any trouble that happened was caused by strange Units, who

were simply passing through here. If by any chance any of his soldiers should cause a disturbance, Col. Melville prays all citizens to immediately bring the matter to his knowledge and he will see that justice is promptly dealt out and the guilty punished as he cares not only for the good name of his soldiers but the tranquility of the citizens.

Fred. Lake

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Mirrors,**

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Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders for remittances to Europe.

QUARANTINE.

Have you ever been,
In Quarantine?
Have you ever seen,
With your own een,
Anything so mean,
As Quarantine?

If you have, I ween,
You'll not be keen,
To put a bean,
Let alone fourteen,
Out of your jean
On Quarantine.

You libertine!
Both fat and lean,
From Aberdeen,
Are not so mean,
As you have been,
You—Quarantine!

SAPPERS,—SHUN!

STOP! LOOK! And LOOK AGAIN!

The attention of any Sappers who may be planning a pilgrimage to the Metropolis in the near future, is respectfully directed to the sensational robbery during the week, whereby a Montreal gentleman was touched for twelve \$1000 bills on Lagachetiere St. E. As a safeguard, we would suggest that no bills of a high denomination than \$500 be carried.

WELCOME TO SGT. MAJOR McCLEMENTS, W.O.

During the past week, the Instructional Staff of the Engineers Training Depot has gained a valuable acquisition in Sgt. Major McClements, W.O. The new instructor comes to the Depot, with a long and enviable record as a soldier.

Joining the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards as a Private in 1893, Sgt. Major McClements served for a period of two and a half years during the South African war, winning the King's medal and three bars, (Wittenbrugen, Cape Colony and Transvaal) and the Queen's medal with two bars (1901 and 1902), On the conclusion of the war in 1912, the Sgt. Major spent two years with the Reserves, thus completing his twelve years service. In 1908 he came to Canada, and spent five years as Instructor in the Westmount schools. In 1914, he re-entered the Canadian service, and after reorganizing the Westmount Rifles, became attached to the Headquarters Instructional Cadre. In his capacity as Instructor he was posted to the 2nd Battalion, 5th Royal Highlanders, then to the McGill

C.O.T.C., and finally to the 73rd Royal Highlanders, with which unit he went to England in 1915. He served in France and in Flanders from the 2nd Battle of Ypres to Messines Ridge, being finally invalidated back to England and thence being transferred to Canada.

Sgt. Major McClements has already become one of the prominent features on the Parade Ground. On behalf of the Depot, "Knots and Lashings" extends to him a cordial welcome.

PASSING THE BUCK.

(During the past week, the following anonymous verse has been received. We are therefore unfortunately unable to state whether or not the conclusions arrived at, originated in the fertile brain of one of our brave young Sappers. The philosophy of the "System" is however so completely summarized, that we feel certain the lines will find a sympathetic echo in the heart of all and sundry at the Depot.)

The Colonel tells the Major
When he wants something done,
And the Major tells the Captain
And gets him on the run.

The Captain thinks it over,
And to be sure and suit,
Passes the buck and baggage
To some shave-tail Second
"Lieut".

The said Lieutenant ponders
And strokes his downy jaws
And calls his trusty Sergeant,
And to him lays down the law.

The Sergeant calls a Corporal,
To see what he can see,
So the Corporal gets a Private
And the poor damned Privat's
me.

So you see I run the business
Of this here Regiment,
I work, "n" sweat, "n" strain
until
My blooming back is bent.

But I don't care, it's all a scheme
To fool old Kaiser Bill,
So I'll gladly bust this back of
mine
And work 'n sweat until—

We're in Berlin, and the war is
won,
And we've 'et our belly's fill,
Of meat, 'n butter, 'n lollypops,
And the treat'll be on Bill.

Then I'll come home, an' see my
gal
An' mabbe she wont care,
If I was a first class Private—
Away off over there.



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Spacious Dining Rooms

Rates Moderate

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JAMES M. AIRD'S

WAR LOAF

GOOD TO THE LAST CRUMB

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Montreal

"THE" BAND.

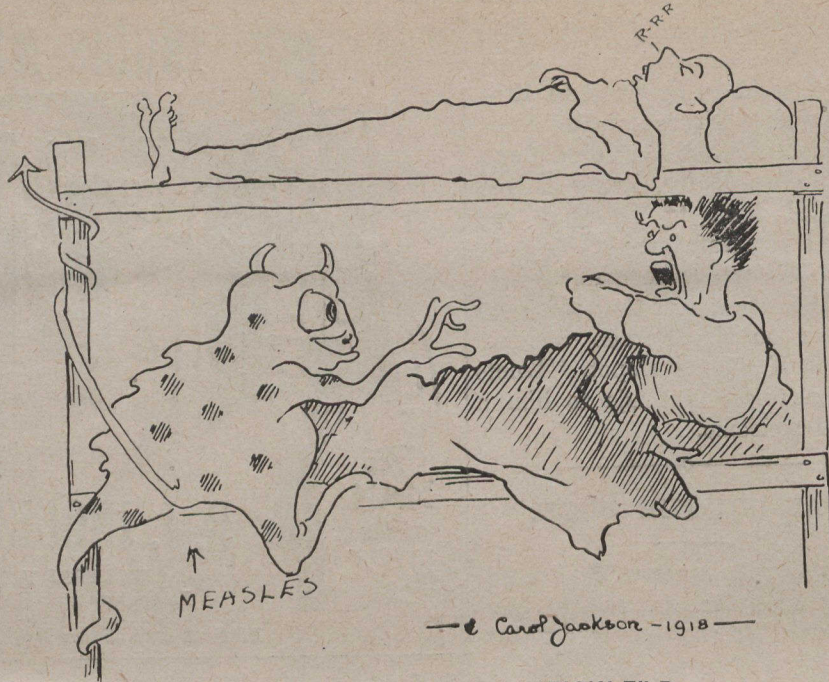
It is doubtful whether there has ever been a time, when the influence of music has been so dominant as during the past three years. And it is but natural that this should be so. Its healing and soul inspiring influence, has power to ease the overburdened mind and to bring light during darkest moments; before its universal and compelling language, monotony flees away, and the menacing shadows of war are banished. By the power of music, men are strengthened to meet the grim realities of war, and deeds of greatest heroism have been accomplished under its influence.

Music, in one of its many forms, is an absolute necessity, both in times of peace and of war, and few ceremonies are complete without it. It is possible that, to the soldier, more than to any other section of the community, music has its appeal, and, during the many months that the Engineer Training Depot was without a band, the want was keenly felt. It is true that the Bugle Band was all that a Bugle Band should be, but,—well, it was not the real thing. It might also be noted that, while at Valcartier, an attempt had been made to organize a fife and drum band, but it proved a rather dry and thirsty affair.

When the E. T. D. was transferred to St. Johns, the necessity of a real band became more and more apparent. Drafts of men came, and drafts of men went, but they came without the welcoming music of the band; and when their troop train pulled out for the seaboard, no strains of 'Auld Lang Syne' rang in their ears.

Finally authority to form a Band was applied for, and granted. The Canteen Fund,—that friend in time of need,—'came through' nobly, instruments were secured, practices started, and today we claim to have just about the finest 22 instrument Band in America,—bar none. It is, of course, superfluous to remark, that Band Sergeant Cook and his organization have already been acclaimed by the leading musicians of Canada,—and St. Johns, and,—to quote the C. O.,—Sousa and the Grenadiers quit when they saw they were beaten at their own game. It is also to interest to note that, on five several and distinct occasions, German Bands have been utterly silenced.

Today, that difficult moment when troop trains pull out is cheered by the lively strains of "The Girl I left behind me", while, on Thursday nights, both



A Common Nightmare Among the "PICKLE" Boys.

men and officers enjoy a musical program of no mean order, embracing a wide range of selections from negro melodies to Faust, with martial music and Love Dreams of Fawns and Nymphs as a general background.

Has the average Sapper ever observed the effect that music has upon such men as,—say, Generals or General Staff Officers? If not, we can assure them, on positive authority, that many a tragedy has been avoided, many an extra fatigue escaped, through the mollifying influences of the 'incidental' music during inspections. Indeed, inspections have now come to be regarded almost as a pleasure, though some of us can remember when this was not the case.

That King of Showmen, P. T. Barnum, asserted that he trained all his wild animals while they were under the influence of music. Jerico fell to the blast of brazen instruments. Of course, it took a lot of blowing,—but it blew. Darghi was taken during the Chitral Campaign to the tune of "The Barren Rocks of Adore". Lucknow was relieved, and the Indian mutiny quelled, by troops marching behind the Pipes. And in the matter of victories, our own Band has done notable work. It blew the C.O.R.'s out of town and then the redoubtable Machine Gunners. On Monday last, the W.O.R.'s met the same fate. Even "Rags" has been known to join in at times, and has a leaning toward Hughie's high note.

Now that summer has shown indications of staying with us for a bit, we are looking forward to plenty of music, if not in the City Park, at all events at the Barracks. Although, until now, our bandsmen are not "Overseas" men, they are at least "C" men. During the

'evacuation' of the Barracks, some weeks ago, by upwards of 1400 men, the Band 'downed' instruments, and, joining Corpl. Vaughan's General Fatigue Brigade, proved themselves no mean workers. Moreover, as has been previously stated in our columns, the bandsmen again came to the rescue of the Mounted Section during their recent "troubles". It may be prejudice on our part, but we consider that the services of the Band, in selling 1700 copies of "Knots and Lashings" last Saturday, earned for them no little fame.

Recently, while trying out the horses of the Mounted Section in a Musical Ride, Sgt. Cook remarked that he fully believed the horses recognized "Keel Row" and even a few bars of "Bonnie Dundee". We soon hope to see them doing the 'cross over' and 'down the centre' to the 'British Grenadiers' or to that delightful adaptation dedicated to Classes 36 and 37 known as "The Boys I Left Behind Me".

We are justly proud of our Band. The famous Royal Engineers Band has its place in Britain. The Canadian Engineers Band is fast making its place in Canada. And that's going some!

"CARRY ON".

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why did not the band, at the O.C.'s parade, play,—“Where did you get that Hat”?

Who was the gentleman, who, on hearing that a horse drank 1 3/4 gallons at a time, said,—“Oh! to be a horse!”

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SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM
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JAEGER AGENCIES throughout the Dominion.

**To Officers and Men,
E.T.D.**

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Reserve Funds, . . . \$7,421,292

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J. A. PREZEAU, Manager

EQUITATION NOTES.

The following quotations from that well known classic Animal Management will be of interest to many in our midst, who are about to make their debut on the Sawdust trail.

(Approaching the horse when no cover is available).—Creep up as quietly as possible to the rear of the stall occupied by the animal you have chosen to ride, and deftly toss the saddle blanket into position about a foot or so behind the point of the shoulder. If the unwary brute should show a disposition to kick, stand your ground and let him or her (as the case may be) see who is master. The habit of speaking to a horse when approaching the stall is severely condemned, as in the case of a vicious animal it merely warns him of your approach and you will be lucky to escape with a few broken ribs. Next arrange the blanket in puckers so as to form as many air pockets as possible—obviously a smooth blanket will soon cause a sore back, while a properly puckered one will, by reason of the above mentioned airpockets, be a great comfort to the dumb brute.

Next take your saddle and raising it about 18 inches to two feet above the horse, jam it firmly into place. In buckling the girth, it may be noticed that the horse is endeavoring to increase his chest measurement, by a trick known as inhalation. This can generally be attributed to vanity on his part, and should be checked immediately. A simple method of overcoming this foolish habit, is to give the horse a sudden blow in the abdomen, about two hand breadths back of the girth with the knee, foot, or manure fork. It is seldom necessary to repeat this "aid" more than once. When the saddle is fitted to your complete satisfaction, remove the halter and toss to the rear, where it will be readily available. In placing the bridle in position, first fit the upper portion around the horse's ears, lashing the throat latch securely into place. The bit will now be found to be hanging immediately below the throat latch. By a gentle but firm pressure, force it forward until it springs into place beneath the tongue. Care should be taken that the bit lies under, and not over, the tongue,—a common mistake with many young riders.

Now turn your horse around in the stall. A well broken horse will do this without being told, but if any trouble is experienced, pull on the off rein, and shove on the nigh flank, standing the while immediately in rear of the animal.

EXPENSIVE REAL ESTATE.



(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

In connection with the above it is hardly necessary to state that the nigh side is the side on which one climbs up, and the off side where we "get off". Some riders affect the method of dismounting by the front or rear, but this is not considered good form in military riding.

The horse is now saddled and bridled, and ready to be led forth to the Riding School. A number of aids which the young rider will find of great help will be given in our next week's issue.

(Editor's Note:—Many of our readers will remember the tragic death of the author of the above notes, only a few short days after they had been written. This was generally attributed to foul play. The mangled remains were found thrown into No. 1. Stable of the E. T. D., while nearby stood his coal black charger,—faithful unto the end.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TANKS.

People have pondered, ponder, and ever will ponder about the capabilities of the Tanks, but the following little skit will relieve some of their worries:

The tanks run along the ground at a much faster rate than any aeroplane ever travelled. As they move they slash their tails, clearing away howitzers, trees, houses and anything else in the vicinity. They climb trees, and engage

snipers with their massive guns. They have an adoption of a pointing machine. As they charge, they throw out a thousand spikes, and carry an opponent off on each, no man being any too proud for his position. They bundle them in dozens, every thirteenth men being thrown a little farther than the rest. They turn over on their backs and catch live shells in their caterpillar feet, and throw them back at the enemy. They travel forward, backward, and sideways, not only with equal speed but at the same time. They dig a hole, bury themselves, and come up 10 miles farther away in half an hour. They can easily be disguised as submarines. In fact, most of them crossed the channel in this guise.

In fact, if there is anything that can't be done, the tanks can do it.
Reproduced by "Buck".

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.

Overheard at the National.

Lt. A:—"Tried any of this new beer?"
Lt. B:—"No, what kind is it?"
Lt. A:—"Volunteer" beer."
Lt. B:—"Is it any good?"
Lt. A:—"Sure, much better than the "draft" stuff."



Garrow Acetylene Light

8,000 Candle Power
Strong, Safe and Efficient,
Puts the light at the right place in the right amount.

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—A tool for every purpose— and are reliable.

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Wholesale Tobacconists.

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HOME COOKING.
REASONABLE PRICES.

Established in 1876. Tel. 65
C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants,
and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail,

ADVISE TO YOUNG OFFICERS.

Be careful where you buy your kit. We have been informed by an Officer of Class 37, that 95c expended with care at Woolworths, works marvels.

He also informs us that razor strops are entirely unnecessary. The Sam Browne, providing you are an expert in the art, does the trick quite as well.

The members of the new class, are very keen to learn the customs and mode of proper procedure.

Should they follow the example so ably set them, and be escorted to the barracks gate at 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.?

I appeal to our readers. Does Class 38 appear sanctimonious? Yet Lieuts. Milligan and Bradley have both been accused of being in Holy Orders.

Lieut. Milligan's accuser was a member of the fair sex.

My advice to the worthy pair is,—Don't let St. Johns know you in your true colours.

Saturday afternoon we will admit was beautiful, and absolutely compelled one to be out of doors.

Iberville Sale of Home-Made Cookery, did a roaring business amongst the officers and men of the E. T. D. I wonder if the tea and cake, so daintily served, were really the cause of their patronage?

WHEN TO WORRY.

(A scribe from the Mounted Section, announces the following schedule for the benefit of all and sundry. The writer is evidently a man of Discernment.)

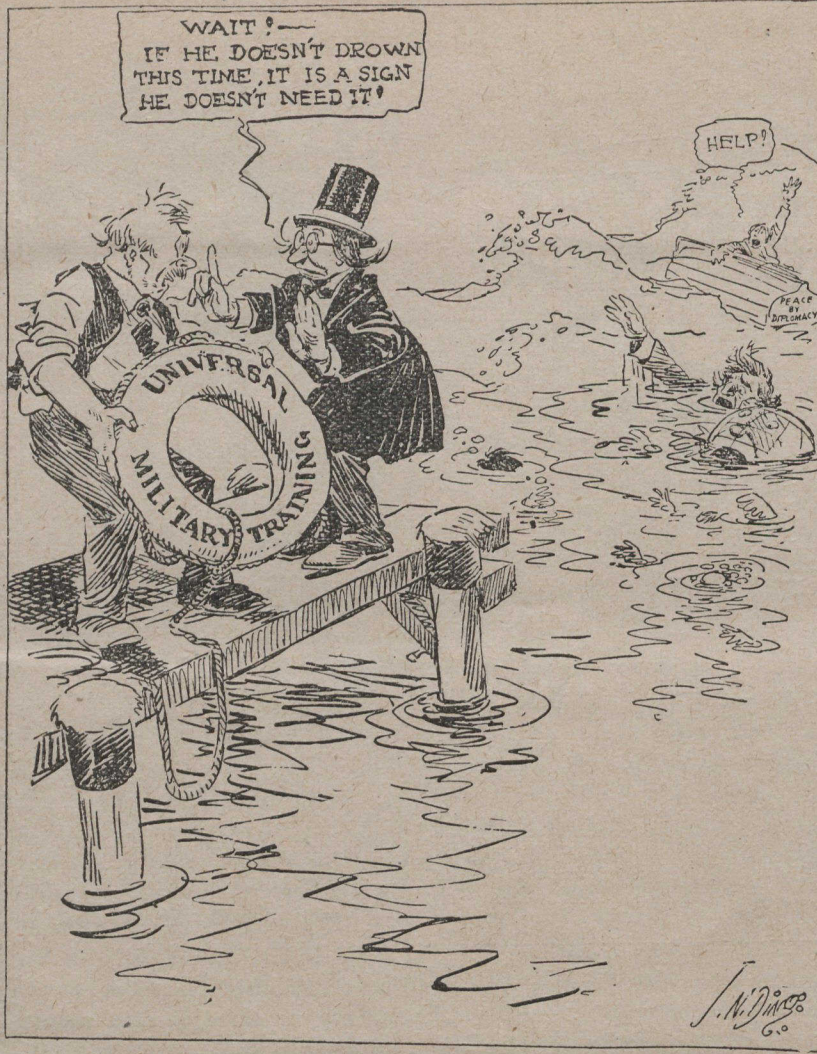
- When the Barracks goes C.B.
- When St. Johns goes dry.
- When you're up for Orderly Room.
- When you shave in cold water every morning.
- When you spend your last nickel.
- When you're warned for Guard and you have a date.

WHEN "KNOTS AND LASHINGS" ARE ALL SOLD.

- When you get to your bunk, and there's a poker game on in it.
- When you come in drunk and you sleep in the top bunk.

The men of the Mounted Section, certainly look as though they had plenty of grit in them. But then, as the men say, "so would you if you had to eat war bread all the time."

(Note.—For our own part we consider that the men are lucky to get the war bread or any other kind of bread.—In Quebec, they sharpen their grinders on hard-tack three times every day.)



ROUTE MARCH TO QUEBEC BRIDGE.

Canadians, one and all,
 With pride of feeling can recall,
 St. Julien, Ypres, St. Eloi, Vimy Ridge.
 But listen while we tell,
 Of all the hardships that befell
 On the route march to the famous Quebec Bridge.

With waterbottles full,
 For a timely quenching pull,
 Mess tins in haversack with sandwiches inside.
 For lunch when we arrive,
 (Provided we're alive),
 At the Bridge that spans St. Lawrence, side to side.

The bridge at last in sight,
 The rain came down just right,
 And kept on coming steady, then it teemed.
 It really seemed to most,
 The bridge was but a ghost,
 The more we marched, the further off it seemed.

Wet to the very skin,
 The gallant boys march'd in,
 The sun came out and dried up all the rain.
 A hasty lunch we had,
 Swarmed o'er the bridge like mad,
 Hitched up our junk, prepared for home again.

Within a mile of home,
 Down again 'she come',
 Twice in one day we're soaked to the skin.
 But in spite of all,
 The boys one and all,
 Were game as fighting cockerels marching in.

P. T. O.

RICE-KIRBY.

The marriage of Miss Alice Ferrol, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kirby, to Lieut. R. H. Rice, took place at 7 p.m., Wednesday, May 1st, in the High Park Methodist Church, the Rev. J. J. Ferguson officiating. The bride, who was escorted by her father, wore white Georgette crepe and real lace, with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies. Miss Ethelyne Latimer was bridesmaid and Mr. Ernest Rice, recently returned from overseas, was best man. A reception to the immediate relatives was held by Mr. and Mrs. Kirby at their home on Kenneth Ave. We may add that Lieut. (the same old sorrel topped centaur) Rice, and his new commander in chief, dropped off the St. Johns Flyer at the Grand Central yesterday morning. To both, on behalf of the St. Johns Garrison, "Knots and Lashings" extends a most cordial welcome.

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 Best Accomodations.

Richelieu Ice Cream Parlour

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The place to get your
 CHOCOLATES,
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 AND FRUITS.

Everything Clean and Up-to-date.

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Remember that

O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY

is the place to buy your

Furniture

The big store—everything you can wish.

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

Meet your friends at

SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

Hotel Poutré
 Market Place,
 St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor,

CLAN MACNEIL EMIGRATION TO AMERICA

(Continued from page 3)

to Cape Breton Island; also across the strait to Prince Edward Island.

The first Barramen to settle at the Grand Narrows, at the conjunction of the Great and the Little Bras d'Or lakes, in Cape Breton Island, were John and Donald Macneil, and the latter's son Roderick. They landed on the north side of the Narrows in 1804, and started in at the arduous task of clearing the forest land. Several other Barra families soon arrived and settled on both sides of the Narrows and the strait was named Barra Strait.

They soon erected a log chapel, and a house for the accomodation of any priest who might chance to visit them. Rev. Mr. MacEachern, of Prince Edward Island, Rev. Ale. Macdonald, of Arisaig, and a French priest from Quebec, who spoke Gaelic, are, according to the record in the Catholic chapel at Christmas Island, the only priests who were visitors prior to 1821, after which date there was a succession of resident clergymen. The chapel, by the way, at Christmas Island, which is a few miles from Barra Strait, is dedicated to Saint Barr, the clan's patron saint.

There were other settlements in 1811, 1817 and 1822 composed wholly of Barramen, with still a later one in 1833. With this generous start, the colony, having both agriculture and fishing at its disposal, grew steadily, until now there are nearly as many clansmen as on the Isle of Barra, where they number about 3000.

Those of the clansmen who crossed over to Prince Edward Island from Pictou, settled at Wood Island, Vernon River and Richmond Bay. Clansmen from Kintyre, Scotland, settled at West River, Carlton Point and Rustico Harbour, having come out in the sailing ship Spencer in 1806. They all entered heartily into the life and development of that province and their descendants have taken a prominent part in the later activities of the Province and the Dominion.

A great many of the Kintyre clansmen made extensive settlements in North and South Carolina and Georgia, mainly following agricultural pursuits.

Though the failure of the kelp industry, there was great destitution on the Isle of Barra from 1846 to 1850 and during these years a great many emigrated. In 1848 over two hundred clansmen left on one ship for Quebec. These poor

people without funds and nearly all of them speaking only Gaelic, were left to their own resources. Fortunately the authorities took the matter in hand and most of them settled in Ontario, near London, where, as time went on, they eventually prospered.

It is pleasing to know that highland hospitality, love of clan tradition, and a just pride of Old Scotia, are met with everywhere amongst the clansmen of America, whether under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes.

WHO IN HELL MADE THE KAISER?

(The following anonymous 'gem' has been received from an Officer of the Garrison. Although we cannot vouch for its originality, we feel that the outspoken and popular sentiment, warrants its publication.)

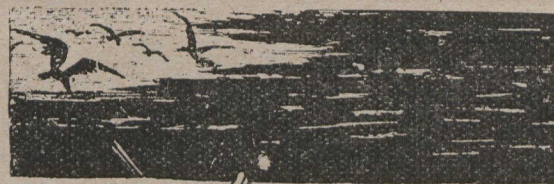
Some folks were made to be soldiers.
The Irish were made to be cops.

Sourkraut was made for the Germans
And spaghetti was made for the wops.
Fish were made to drink water,
And drunks were made to drink booze,
Banks were made for the money,
And money was made for the Jews.
Most everything was made for something,
Almost everything except a miser,
God made Wilson for President,
But who in Hell made the Kaiser?

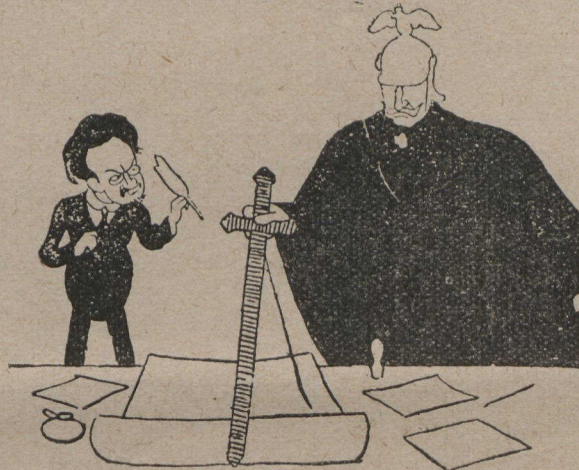
WHAT OTHERS THINK OF TROTZKY'S PEACE.



A FRENCH VIEW.
The Signature of Peace. [L'orain in La Victoire, Paris.]



A SPANISH VIEW.
Peace in Russia! [Esquella, Barcelona.]



A SWEDISH VIEW.
"No, dear Trotsky, Peace will be signed with this pen."
[Svondags Nisse, Stockholm.]



A SWISS VIEW.
The Suicide. [Nebelspalter, Zurich.]



A GERMAN VIEW.
Trotsky learns to write! [Jugend, Munich.]

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

Let those who are inclined to think that the war should be brought to an end by some arrangement with Germany look well at these pictures showing how Germany's peace with Russia is viewed in France, in Switzerland, in Sweden, in Spain, and even in Germany itself. It was supposed to be a peace in which Russia has been kicked, manacled, starved, cheated and robbed. Would we like such a "peace"?

CONGRATULATIONS TO:—

- A/Sergt. M. Pascal (recruiting)
- A/Sergt. F. Lang
- A/Sergt. E. S. Vienne
- A/Sergt. E. C. Jackson
- Sergt. E. W. Starling
- Sergt. W. Carpenter
- Sergt. W. H. Hesford
- Sergt. A. A. McDougall
- Corpl. W. E. Henderson
- 2nd Corpl. J. L. Sampson
- 2nd Corpl. J. W. Forrest
- 2nd Corpl. J. Urquhart
- 2nd Corpl. S. Appleton
- 2nd Corpl. J. Bonner
- 2nd Corpl. G. P. Laing
- 2nd Corpl. J. A. Cunningham
- 2nd Corpl. G. Martin
- 2nd Corpl. A. Patterson
- 2nd Corpl. A. E. Simons
- 2nd Corpl. A. Motherwell
- 2nd Corpl. D. Horrocks
- 2nd Corpl. G. H. Nicholson
- 2nd Corpl. W. A. Jewhurst
- 2nd Corpl. G. Salter
- 2nd Corpl. G. H. Mallison
- Lce. Corpl. H. Elvidge
- Lce. Corpl. C. L. Elliott
- Lce. Corpl. T. Batty
- Lce. Corpl. D. Snoddy
- Lce. Corpl. H. N. Firth
- Lce. Corpl. G. V. F. Johnson
- Lce. Corpl. J. Arnold
- Lce. Corpl. A. G. Spillet
- Lce. Corpl. P. C. Mundell
- Lce. Corpl. S. L. Evans
- Lce. Corpl. J. J. Small
- Lce. Corpl. B. Donahue
- Lce. Corpl. F. McKeegan
- Lce. Corpl. G. Devine
- Lce. Corpl. L. Yeuson
- Lce. Corpl. J. Lyon

Quebec Detachment.

- Corpl. J. McAllister
- Corpl. S. Bower
- Corpl. H. G. Sutcliffe
- Corpl. F. A. George
- Corpl. J. R. Woods
- Corpl. L. Bound

N. C. O. CLASS. ✓

In pursuance of the progressive policy, which has been responsible to such an extent for the efficiency at the E. T. D., a class for N.C.O.'s was inaugurated during the past week. This Class will fill a long felt want in assisting to provide efficient N.C.O.'s for the large numbers of recruits now passing through the Depot. Among the men taking the course are,—J. W. Ray, J. Johnson, J. J. Timmon, J. H. Pinder, J. De. Hart, A. Finnie, B. L. Berg, J. T. McGuire, C. E. Baker, H. C. Simpson, J. S. Sallans, G. R. Harkley, G. O. Park, J. Atkins, J. Field, G. Ventura, G. Robinson, A. T. Bradridge, J. Boyd, E. S. Simpson, E. Kohl, J. A. Pinard, J. A. McCleary, F. T. Plimmer, M. Boyd, V. J. Bartlett, E. T. Newton, A. M. Beale, W. H. Parker, E. Frappier, F. V. Skinner.

Sgt. Major McClements, W.O., is in charge of the new class.

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.

THE NEW CHUM.



(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

Uncle Sam:—"Tommy, make room for your Uncle!"
—"John Bull")."

To the Tune of "Sing Me to Sleep"

(The following has been received from our 'Special' in the Rock City. Evidently he suffers from the Pip. We would suggest that the D. W. hand him a No. 9.)

(1)

Sing me to sleep where the bullets fall,
Let me forget the War and all;
Damp is my dugout, and cold are my feet,
Nothing but "Bully", and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode,
And shrapnel shells are "à la mode";
Over the sand-bags helmets you'll find,
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Chorus.

Far, far from Ypres, I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot at me.
Think of one crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for the Sergeant to call "Next Relief".

(2)

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
Where some old nag has laid her head;
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the rain drops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep where camp-fires glow,
Full of French bread and "Café à beau".

Dreaming tonight of home in the West,
Somebody's overseas boots on my chest.

Chorus.

Far, far from Plug Street I long to be,
Sights of dear old Quebec I want to see.
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for Whiz-Bangs to put me to sleep.

GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK. ✓

On Saturday morning last, our 'old' friends, the "Machinery" Gunners, pulled out for Toronto, and on Monday the men of the C.O.R. left over the C.P.R. for "An Atlantic Port". On each occasion, the Engineer Band played them down to the train, and on their way.

It is needless to say that the departure of the men of these units has left a bit of a void, both at the Barracks and at the Officers Mess. During their stay in St. Johns, officers and men had made themselves deservedly popular, and it was with regret that we saw them go. However, at the rate at which new men are now flocking to the Depot, it will not be long before our accommodation is again taxed to provide for the new arrivals.

NEW TITLE FOR SHOES, SHIPS, ETC.

Two influential officers at Quebec have reason to think that the title for this column should in future read "Hacks and Smashings".

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EVERYTHING THAT YOU NEED IN A

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Special attention given to "The men in Khaki."

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Photo supplies, printing and developing for amateurs.

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For Men and Boys.

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Military Equipments:—

Badge, Buttons, Shoulder Titles, Caps, Spurs, Puttees, Shirts, etc. Souvenir Hat Pins, Brooches, Belt Buckles, Ash Trays, etc.

**TO THOSE WHO GOT THEIR
BLIGHTY IN ST. ROCHS.**

(May be sung to the air "Mother
Machree".)

(The following poem from the inspired pen of Miss Margaret Amaron, has been received with other despatches from our Forces on the Eastern Front. It is evident that the Canadian Engineers, now 'visiting' in the Rock City, continue to maintain with the fair sex, the reputation which they formerly enjoyed with the 'dear girls' of St. Johns.)

There's a call from the East for
the men of our land
There's a place at the front where
the bravest may stand,
They are calling to us for the stal-
wert and true,
And the answer's been given,
Canadians, by you.

Sure you'll fight for your country,
your nation and King,
You'll uphold what is righteous,
and help peace to bring,
You'll uplift the oppressed, and the
tyrant dethroned,
And bring honor to Canada, brave
men of our own.

When you sail from our shores, we
will watch o'er you still,
We will think of you, pray for you,
our part fulfil;
You'll be true to our trust, you'll
be valiant and strong,
To uphold what is right and to
crush what is wrong.

For you'll fight for your country,
your King and your land,
For all that is noble you firmly
will stand;
Your courage and worth have been
put to the test,
And you proved that you're worthy
a place with the best.

When Quebec sent an S. O. S. call
for your aid,
Did we have long to wait; was the
answer delayed?
Did you say you preferred Flan-
ders' Field to St. Roch's?
And that shrapnel was better than
ice, bricks and blocks.

No, you fought for our safety, our
peace and our home,
And we say from our Hearts,
"Thank you boys, 'twas well
done",

What you did in Quebec, you will
yet do again,
For your fight was for justice, and
we're proud of you men.

(Quebec, April 1918.)

TRY THIS ONE.

To those among our Sappers, who find P.T., squad drill and the open air, too powerful a tonic we would draw attention to the following extract from the Tallische Rundschaw, in which attention is drawn to a newly invented drug,—

"To bear hunger, without at the same time suffering from headache or other indisposition, is very difficult for most people. The new drug, however, while not forming a substitute for the minimum daily subsistence, is an excellent preparation for stilling premature hunger, and enables one to hold out until the next meal time."

Perhaps the Canteen might arrange to get a supply.

**THE BAND STILL "GOING
STRONG".**

Once more, the Management of "Knots and Lashings", desires to express their appreciation of the invaluable assistance given by the following members of the Band, in connection with the sale of the Depot newspaper on Saturday last.

- Bandsman E. Matthews
- " A. Erickson
- " J. B. Orr
- " J. J. Orr
- " H. Eberle
- " Wesley.

Last Saturday's edition reached slightly more than 1700 copies, all of which were disposed of. This gratifying result was due, in no small measure, to the efforts of the above Bandsmen.

TO THE O.C. CLASS 38.

We know you're always thoughtful of your comrades and your friends,

We know you do your very best to please;

But please don't let the minor things pass quickly from your mind,

And put Class 38, once more "at ease"!

Those chevrons that were wont to rest upon your manly arm,
The emblems of the rank you held so dear,

Have faded, likewise others, then less fortunate than you,

Have risen upward from their "private" sphere.

"GRAT."

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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Business Accounts Carried Upon Favorable Terms.
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RED TAPE AND RAT TRAPS.

(The following article has been submitted by an anonymous contributor. Although there is something familiar about it, yet we feel justified in reproducing it for the benefit of the Q. M. Staff at the Depot.)

Once upon a time there was a clothing store, and in order to prevent damage to the clothing, the store keeper was authorized to keep a cat. A subsistence allowance of three pence per diem was granted.

Profound peace reigned in Europe, and a staff Officer devoted his leisure to a close enquiry into the care of clothing. The result of his labors was an announcement in "Changes in War Materials", which stated that the cat was declared obsolete, and would be replaced by "Traps, rat, wire, Mark I", and that traps would be issued in the proportion of one trap, rat, to ten suits of clothing.

The Officer i/c of the Clothing Store, having 573 suits of clothing, accordingly indented for 58 rat traps. This was objected to and only 57 rat traps were allowed. The Officer i/c of the Clothing store, respectfully pointed out that under these circumstances, the remaining suits of clothing would be at the mercy of the rats. After a prolonged correspondence, which involved several War Officer Departments, the extra trap was authorized.

The War Office then issued a pamphlet, with detailed instructions on way-laying rats, and an Army form was introduced, which was to be rendered monthly in quadruplicate, showing the amount of rats caught, and the proportion of rats caught to traps set. Mice were to be entered in the column of remarks. In order that the Officer i/c of the Clothing store might not take credit for mice as rats, the measurement of each rat caught was to be entered on the Form.

The Officer i/c of the Clothing store then indented for a carpenters' rule. He was then met with the reply that "Rules, carpenters'", were only sanctioned for stations where carpenter shops were authorized. This involved more lengthy correspondence, and a somewhat acrimonious passage at arms with the financial branch of the War Office, but, so jealous is the War Office of the efficiency of the British Army, that the Carpenters' shop was authorized and the Officer i/c of the Clothing Store was thereby provided with a carpenters' rule.

Some months meanwhile passed

away, and the returns had been faithfully rendered as ordered, but,—in blank,—not a sign of a rat. The War Office, determined to see the matter through, took expert advice on rat traps, and a new trap, rat, was devised, which was published in "Changes in War Materials", and was called "Traps, rat, galvanized, Mark 1", and a system of drill was elaborated, which commenced with "Set Traps" and ended with "Release Springs", and a warrant Officer was sent down to expound it. A course of instruction was to be started, and those who obtained a high standard of efficiency, were to wear crossed rat tails on their left sleeve in gold. But in spite of these provisions, the returns were still returned blank.

The War Office was temporarily dismayed, but recovering quickly its presence of mind, the staff sent and enquired of the Officer i/c of the Clothing Store, what bait was being used. The Officer i/c of the Clothing Store replied that, as no allowance for bait had been granted, no bait was being used.

An extraordinary meeting of the Army Council was then assembled. It was decided to write the Officer i/c of the Clothing store to write traps, rat, off his ledger. The cat was then reinstated with a subsistence allowance of 2½d per day, instead of three pence, and orders were given for a reversion to the former system.

The Staff Officer responsible for these brilliant manouvers, then sank back into his chair with a sigh of relief, and a pardonable sense of satisfaction for duty nobly performed, and so, incidently did the Officer i/c of the Clothing Store.

HEARD ON RICHELIEU ST.

1st Young Sub.—"Hello, Jack, back so soon?"

2nd Young Sub.—"Oh D——!" she said, "me no speak English very good", so how could I "carry on" with her?"

It is suggested that Officers quartered at the Mess Annex, endeavour to cultivate a liking for winter bathing.

Following the kindly suggestion of our trusty mentor, the Sgt. Major, many of the members of Class 38 are making the acquaintance of lady barbers in St. Johns.

The Terrible Laird, (addressing, in his usual kindly and sympathetic manner, the young neophyte who has just taken a "nose dive" from his horse):—"Well, dash it

all, didn't I tell you to look around and find the soft spots?"

Nose Diver:—"Yes, sir, but you didn't tell the horse to choose the soft spots."

Inspecting Officer:—"Did you shave this morning?"

New Sapper:—"Yes, Sir."

I. O. (sarcastically):—"What did you use,—your jack-knife?"

N. S. (seriously):—"No, Sir, I used my issue razor; my jack-knife was broken."

'ON and OFF'

(No, It Isn't Equitation)

By way of introducing this column to the readers of "Knots and Lashings", fair warning is hereby given that, insofar as possible, nothing of Social, Athletic or Ecclesiastic importance, in relation to the life of the St. Johns Garrison, is to be overlooked. It has been said that "forewarned is forearmed".

A cheerful community spirit depends, more than anything else, upon a keen perception of and participation in, the various forms of social activity. That is to say, if a suggestion is made regarding some proposed form of desirable diversion, it should be taken up and promoted. We propose that "promotion work" shall be the function of this column.

Dances, athletics, and other forms of organized pastime, frequently require featuring and advertising. Therefore, submit your "Big Idea" to "On and Off". "On and Off" will keep our readers informed of all events that "Good Time" holds in store for his children. We have reason to believe that "Godd Time" has some few ardent devotees in and about the E. T. D.

Whatever it may be, game, dance or dinner, it should not pass without at least a pertinent,—or otherwise,—note concerning important features and personalities.

As for personalities, they must shine, scintillate and vanish in thin smoke. No event is of interest if it is bereft of fascinating humanity, with all its rigid consistencies and amusing inconsistencies.

So bring to "On and Off" your personalities! The Editor feels safe because "Knots and Lashings" is equipped with a safety value known as the "Correspondence Column", through which outraged dignity may vent its pent up energy.

Every Company, Section and Class of the E. T. D. is urged to cooperate with the Editor of this

column, in making "On and Off" a real factor in the social life of the Garrison. Committees are invited to avail themselves of "On and Off" in making known their plans. Clubs and Churches are especially invited to use this column.

Nothing makes a man feel more at home, than to eat home-made cookery. Trinity Church in Iberville, last Saturday afternoon, won many of us,—heart and stomach. Sappers and Officers sat grouped around daintily decorated tables in a school room, invitingly draped with the colors. It was well that the table of cakes, sandwiches, etc., was high above our heads, and well removed from our clutches. Little maids brought us tea and ample supplies of what might be termed "achievements in gastronomical satisfaction". The ladies were as good and inviting as their cooking.

A standing challenge to a game of base-ball has been made by the Officers' classes to the men of the Depot. Before this appears, the challenge will probably have been accepted, and the result of the tussle will be awaited with feverish interest. Practices by both men and officers, are being held nearly every night. It is up to you to come along and help out. When the game comes off, make it a point to be there and cheer your side on to victory. There is no reason why it shouldn't be just as good a game as one by professionals.

Officers' Class 38, appears to be the happy promoters of a dance that is to be held in the near future. The fifty-eight men of Class 38, together with those of the other classes and the staff officers, should form the nucleus of a record turn out. The question arises, "Where are the hundred ladies coming from?" We pay homage to feminine resourcefulness, and we can only hope that it will measure up to this rather large demand. The dance promises to be of the largest yet held in the Depot.

What will we do with them? It is rumored that an additional

Arsene Moreau

Dealer in

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Telephone: 46

hundred officers will reinforce the St. Johns' Garrison, on or about May 15th. Many of us know some of them. It will be a friendly act, much appreciated by them, if we can secure quarters for them temporarily. Just recall your first bewilderment in reaching this large community and try to alleviate matters for your friends. Make it a point to meet them, if possible. Take them around. Tell them not to carry their sticks to the Barracks. Take the rank badges off their trench coats. Above all, show them the Colonel's picture at once.

In the near future, the members of Class 38 are looking forward to their first session in the riding school, and that schooner of ale afterwards. For some, it may mean an alcoholic bath.

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.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

Once again an outsider has to take up the pen, and keep this column alive while the originator and perpetrator, straightens out his domestic troubles.

Modesty, and a wish to avoid the usual shower of bricks, make us anxious to disclose our identity; but we feel that something must be done to help fill the columns of our beloved weekly, so that, with or without apology,—take it as you will,—we are making an attempt to produce a scenario cum grano salis out of the nothingness of despair and the tragedy of an unbroken heart.

Let it be said that this column is now, and has been for the past month, written in Quebec. We hear groans and expressions of those more able writers at St. Johns for stealing some of the credit they were jealously taking unto themselves. It is a cold fact, however, and it should have been perfectly obscure in its clarity to any person with an unusual amount of unsophisticated gall sea-

soned with a percentage of human intelligence.

The battle royal of Quebec is over, and in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. Even the canine specie are sufferers too in this respect. This last remark has nothing to do with the revelation we are about to make, but it had something to do with a temporary state of disorderliness on a route march the other day.

Our old friends who wear many chevrons, and one adorned with a distinctive badge in his hat, are still framing things up. This time the "biter is bit", though, and if anyone mentions a telephone call to C.S.M. Estey, there is liable to be trouble, preceded by a blush. We also hear the C.S.M. has given out his intention to refuse all further invitations to dances.

WHO?

Who was the member of Class 38 who exclaimed "Hells Judge," to the Colonel, and then sprang sharply to attention to salute,—the batman?

A young soldier from New Brunswick coming before his C. O. for a minor offence was given 7 days "C. B.". Leaving the Orderly Room he said to the escort "What's C. B.," where are they going to send me. The escort explained that 7 days C. B. meant confinement to barracks for that period. "Oh," the young soldier said, "I was afraid they were going to send me to Cape Breton. I was there once and nearly starved to death."

Orderly Clerk to Sapper filling out form of will:—"Any Real Estate?"

Sapper:—"You mean land?"

O. C.:—"Yes!"

Sapper:—"Yes, I've lots of it,—do you want to buy any? Four doll—"

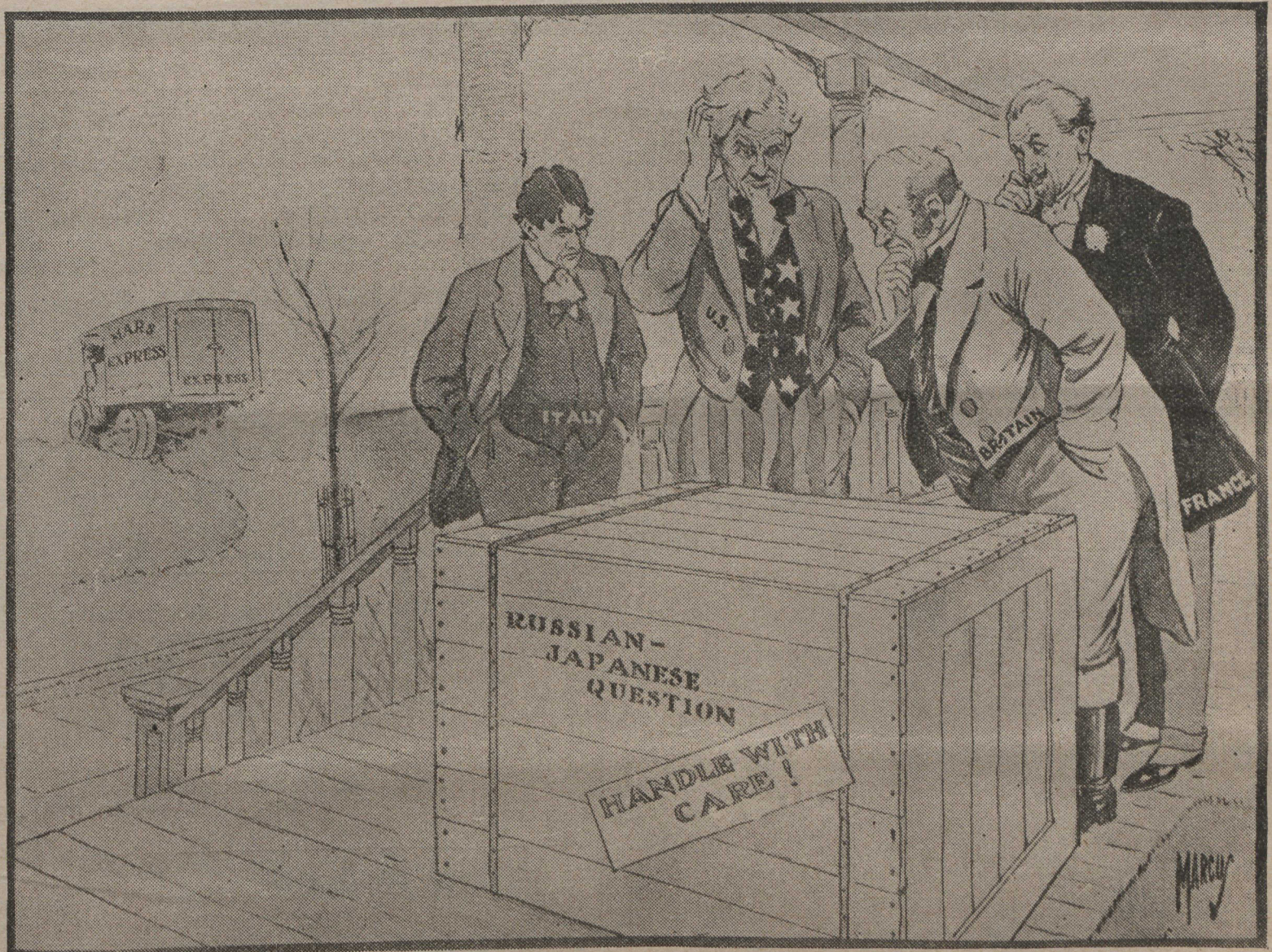
Heard on the Parade Ground at the O.C.'s Inspection.

Officer to recruit:—"Did you shave this morning?"

Recruit:—"No."

Officer:—"No what?"

Recruit:—"No Razor."



"OH, SEE WHAT THE EXPRESSMAN LEFT!"

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Tomorrow (the second Sunday in May) is known as "Mothers Day".
Do you know what that means? It just means that you have got to write to her. "Obey that impulse" and get started at once.

Death stood near the hour she bore you,
Agony was hers to know,
Yet she bravely faced it for you,
Smiling in her time of woe;
Down the years how oft you've tried her,
Often selfish, heedless, blind,
Yet with love alone to guide her
She was never once unkind.
Tender, patient, brave, devoted,
This is always mother's way.
Could her weight in gold be quoted
As you think of her today?
(Quoted from Edgar Guest's—"Mother".)

You can (and may) have a dozen sweethearts,
You may (if you are foolish) have two or more wives,
You may (if you are fortunate) have several sisters,
But you only had one mother. So write home to her.

Our fair correspondent, Miss Felicia Charming has recently sent us a letter, asking what has become of our kind and courteous Editor, as she has not had the pleasure of seeing him during the past few weeks. Coupled with this query, was a request for the identity of the authors of the "Alice in Wonderland" section, and the "Nuts and Rations" column.

We regret that it is impossible to print the letter in its entirety, owing to the fact that it contains certain flattering remarks about various members of the staff, which, if published, would result in their becoming so puffed up with pride, that they would immediately demand an advance in salary.

However, in answer to our charming Felicia,—(pardon me) Felicia Charming,—we would like to say, that our Editor is taking a vacation (which he has undoubtedly earned), in that old and picturesque city of Quebec, where he has been,—according to well authenticated reports,—enjoying a reputation for good humor and gentleness equal, (if not surpassed), by that which he enjoyed here.

In respect to the identity of our co-conspirator, who so worthily contributes to the Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax department, it was our privilege and pleasure to meet him recently upon his return from an interview with the Bolsheviki of another part of this province, where he had distinguished himself by conspicuous bravery. (We had nearly written extinguished). He was looking remarkably well, and as youthful and debonair as ever,—full to the brim with wonderful experience and adventure, and eager to seek fresh fields and pastures new, wherein to add more laurels to his fame. He was then enroute for ——— (deleted by Censor), where we have no doubt he will maintain that high standard of chivalry, which is characteristic of him.

When you're feeling blue and downcast,
'Cause the home folk didn't write,
And you're wondering all the day time,
And you dream o' them at night;
Just remember this old saying,
And your hopes will soon survive,
"Bad news always travels quickest,"
So be sure they're all alive.

When your best girl doesn't answer,
'Cause you've had a little tiff;
If she only knew your heart ache,
(Ah! that mischief making "if")
She'd be sure to make you happy,
And her constancy to prove,
But take heart and this remember,—
"True love never did run smooth."



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.

OF COURSE YOU'LL WANT WALKING-OUT BOOTS

— Slater's Best usually cost \$8.00, **\$7.00**
but we are satisfied to sell them for
Some class to 'em, too! SHE will think so, also!

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| SURE-CURE - HOSPITAL | Soft Shoes and Slippers |
| FOR OLD SHOES. | To Wear in Barracks |
| Bring yours in, and we'll | Good Trunks and Valises |
| fix 'em while you wait. | Fine Shoe Polish and Paste |

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Come in and say "Hello". We are good folks, and think you are, too!

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Agent for Chas. Gurd's Goods and Laurentian Spring Water.

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When your room mates start a boasting,
Of the things that they can do,
And you know they're only trying,
Just to "shoot the bull" at you.
Let 'em shoot off all their hot air,
And remember if you can,
That "the least said soonest mended",
Is by far the wisest plan.

—PAT.

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We make a specialty of Mail Orders. Write us.