

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. 14.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

“Blown up twice; sat on Dead Hun for 24 hours; plenty of shrapnel;-still Carrying On!”

A GOOD PICTURE OF LIFE AT THE FRONT

Bramshott, Hants.,
21/11/17.

Dear X—

Compliments of the season to you and yours.

You will have realized by now that I am a very excellent correspondent. I rarely bother anybody with letters,—it is a commendable quality which undoubtedly you fully appreciate. After all, dear old X—, there is so little to write about to you folks at home,—the incidents (personal) of a year in Flanders and France can be summed up in a few brief notes. My diary proves useful at this point. Here are the outstanding items:

Sept. 10th, 1916. Nearly went West. A Fritz sniped me with bullet through right ear and base of skull and out through top of shrapnel helmet, gave me seven week's rest at Bolougne hospital. I needed it. Had not been to bed for five days and nights, too busy wiring at night and building parapets, sort of endless occupation, building up for Fritz to knock down! This was in the Ypres salient, right at Dickiebush—Messines sector.

Nov. 1916 (no date, happened too often). Regina trench, right at Pys. Blown up twice this trip; seven bullet holes in tunic, sleeves and shoulders, one in helmet and four dents from shrapnel, quite exciting. Sat on dead Hun for twenty four hours, thought he constituted fire step but he began to prove his identity at end of second day. He smelt aloud! Rather dis-

gusting! Tried to give him decent burial. Went to get a shovel; returned to find his friends had wafted him away with shell. Trench here full of dead Huns,—frequently three deep.

Nov. 1916. Same place. Went out tonight into “No Man's Land” alone, wanted to find German wire. Imagined I had found a lone German on patrol. Saw dim figure of man at edge of shell hole, quite still. Figured if I crept up quite close on my stomach and then jumped for him I could get him with bayonet. I did and got almighty close and then took flying leap right on top of him driving bayonet clean home. He didn't utter a sound. He was dead. I felt horribly sold; had keyed myself up for a devil of a fight if I didn't stick him before he saw me. Found Fritz wire by walking into it. Beat a hasty and undignified retreat.

Nov. 1916. Second trip in. Same old story. Blown up again—stretcher party and two walking cases, nine men in all. One killed. Six wounded. Got help and all wounded out. Everybody gets blown up here at some time or other, but it is rather hard to get used to. Don't think I ever will! Feel rather sick and generally shaky, head rather queer this trip. Tired, I guess.

Christmas 1916. Vimy Ridge. In reserves here doing working parties. Fritz is great on celebrating. Gave us a warm hour just at midnight last night. Opened his whole box of tricks. It is his idea of humour. Think he has his “wind up” for he keeps the fire works going all night. Interesting sector.

Lens to our north, Arras south and west; usual quota of ruined villages. And so it runs on, all bringing back to me as I read it a thousand thoughts and crowded emotions. The notes themselves carry no interest to others, but to me they are the finger posts of an experience full of intense thought, of pathos and humour, of terrible tragedy, sacrifice, of love and inspiring memories of brave men's deeds, lives and companionship; but to you or any other far away from the scene of conflict what can such items have of interest.

I knew that you and many a man like you are in heart whole sympathy with us, would be with us long ago if you could, that you like to know what we are doing, and what we experience and think; but what we experience you find every day in the papers even more clearly than we would ever be allowed to write it. The horror, the filth, the tragedy and weariness of it all has become an accepted routine with us, the adventure and thrills have not altogether lost their charm but they are daily tasks, the nerves are a little more evident, the glory? well, there is no glamour about war!

But glory there is in the deeds of utter, unselfish valour and comradeship that animates the rank and file to “carry on” bravely, patiently, nobly, for their motherland. What does one think as he lives it all? More than I can ever tell you, but there have been times when I have watched our men, that I have felt and loved them beyond everything else in Creation, and felt a clearer conception of the

meaning of God and hope than I could ever have found in the humdrum life at home!

They never fail in noble deeds, they never fail in the time of need, they lay down their lives to save wounded comrades with smiles on their faces. They curse and grumble and growl at the little things of life but in the things that count they never fail. It is not what men say that counts, it is what they do, and these men by their acts have preached greater sermons in the beauty of honour, love, fidelity, and true virtue, than all the greatest preachers since the Church was.—“Nuf Sed.”

England! yes I have been here some time; it is a beautiful country. Its homes breathe homeliness and comfort, its beautiful landscape is full of charm and ever seems to call to one to linger here. Its people are very fine, a charming, rather exclusive folk, not so much from coldness as courtesy; a solid respect for individual privacy. They are solidly conservative yet far from insular, indeed they are very well informed as a rule on all things and points of interest connected with the outer world. Rather more so than on points affecting their own country and social life. I love England, but I am a Canadian; give me Canada first, last and all the time!

There, old comrade, is a bit of gossip. Now I must shut up, rather an inelegant way of putting it, yet expressive.

Again, a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to you and yours.

Sincerely, your friend,

(Sgd.) Y—

ATHLETICS.

There is no lack of entertainment for the Hockey fans these days, nearly every night being productive of a thrilling encounter with its attendant line up to the M. O. the morning after.

Continuing our record of games played, we draw your attention to the fact that "C" Coy deposited the tin hat on the Basemen by the substantial score of 8-6. This piling up affair took place Thursday 24th and no doubt, by this time the Base thirsteth for revenge. The game of course was very fast, and reasonably clean. Heslip played a wonderful game for the "C's", being responsible for six of the eight goals. The following was the gladiatorial aggregation:—

C.		Base
Rackner	Goal	Mildon
	Point	Ferrier
Christianson	Cover	McEwen
Rankin	Centre	Campbell
Heslip	Left	Carney
Blaze	Right	Gibson
Referee:—R.Q.M.S. Beauchamp.		

On Sunday afternoon, the chosen people of the Employed and Draft 27 made their pilgrimage rinkward and livened up the Sunday afternoon atmosphere considerably. The draft took all the chances and gave most of the hard knocks, two of their players being put on the fence and one on the ambulance.

Extra time was necessary to come to a decision, the draft just

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YOUR LAD AND MY LAD.

Down toward the deep blue water,
Marching to the throb of drum,
From city, street, and country lane
The lines of khaki come.

The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim appeal,
While rays of western sunshine flash back from the burnished steel.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame the serried ranks advance;
And your dear lad and my dear lad are on their way to France.
A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep by,
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great ships lie.

The batteries halt, the columns wheel, to clear toned bugle call.
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a khaki wall.
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in every glance;
For your dear lad and my dear lad are on their way to France.

The word rings out; a million feet tramp forward on the road,
Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers strode.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on smiling lips,
These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.
Nor even love may hold them back, or halt that stern advance,
As your dear lad and my dear lad go on their way to France.

scraping a win by 4-3 after extra time had been played.

The teams were as follows:—

Draft 27		Employed
Adrian	Goal	Woodrow
Cockle	Point	McCune
Christensen	Cover	Beauchamp
Hyslop	Centre	Gervais
McQuarrie	Right	Sellery
Lavery	Left	Ferrier
Referee:—Mr. Bourget.		

Thirdly and lastly there blew in on the 30th an outfit by name of Montreal All Stars who did not belie their modest name.

Mr. Art Ross, by whose courtesy we are indebted for a splendid exhibition game, brought down some very fine talent and they showed some beautiful stick handling. The final score was 10-6 in favour of the city men. While not able to stand up to such class, our boys played pluckily, Sellery and Ferrier excelling. For Montreal, McGee and Slater were the bright and shining lights.

The visitors who came down at their own expense were afterwards entertained at the Officers mess, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for a very interesting game. The teams were as follows:—

E.T.D.		Montreal
Woodrow	Goal	Ross
Lavery	Point	Dooner
McEwen	Cover	Art Ross
Dubernat	Centre	'Riley' Hern
Sellery	Right	McGee
Ferrier	Left	Slater
Referee:—Mr. Bourget.		

While on the subject of Hockey why not arrange a match with the Depot Battalions at Montreal?

We understand also that the boys around town have a team that wants to try out against our boys.

THE SOLDIERS' LITANY.

From the pay-day sauce—
Deliver us, Oh Lord!
From the fatigue of pearl-diving
and all the duties which appertain thereto—

Deliver us, Oh Lord!
From the orderly officer who spends a whole day looking under the bunks and through the cupboards in barracks for a nickel he lost last winter and who, because he does not find it, "turns in" a hundred or two names—

Deliver us, Oh Lord!
From the dressing which is served with the idea of improving the roast beef at Sunday dinner and which fails dismally at it's allotted task—

Deliver us, Oh Lord!
From the barrack-room lawyer whose library consists of a copy of K. R. & O.—

Deliver us, Oh Lord!
From the confidential sapper who explains to all and sundry that he drew down ten a day before enlisting, and then bums a cigarette—
Deliver us, Oh Lord!

THANKS.

The members of the King George Chapter, I.O.D.E., wish to thank most sincerely the gentleman who so kindly loaned the bread-cutter which was of great assistance to the ladies in preparing the sandwiches for the draft.

Miss S. Evans,
Regent I.O.D.E.

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Demolitions.

(Save this article: keep it in your notebook for future reference.)

EXPLOSIVES.

Definition.—By the term Explosive is meant a substance which, when heated or subjected to violent shock, decomposes violently with a large increase in bulk and usually a great development of heat.

Gunpowder.

Is the only low explosive used in the service. It is composed of a mixture of nitrate of soda or potash 75 per cent, charcoal 15 per cent and sulphur 10 per cent.

Gunpowder was first used by the Moors in 1300 and remained as the standard powder until about 1880. It is a relatively weak explosive increasing in bulk 275 to 1. It is safe against shock, has a heaving property and is used largely for demolitions and mines where moderate force suffices and smoke is not objectionable.

Guncotton.

Nitro Cellulose is made by nitrating cellulose (cotton or wood fibre). It is by far the most useful and important of the explosives used in the service for demolitions.

For field service, it is supplied in the form of slabs saturated with from 15 to 20 per cent of water (Mark I slabs weigh 15 oz and measure 6" x 3" x 1 3/8"). Guncotton was discovered in 1832 and developed for military use in 1863. It is a very powerful high explosive, increasing in bulk about 1000 to 1 and leaving no solid residue. When damp or wet it is perfectly safe against shock less than that of a very powerful detonator and can be cut by a saw with safety. It has a cutting effect owing to the extreme localisation of the force of explosion.

Cordite.

Is a modified form of blasting gelatin developed and introduced in 1886, consists of 37 per cent nitro glycerine, 58 per cent guncotton, and 5 per cent vaseline. It is manufactured in the form of threads, strings and tubes. Its explosive force is about 1050 to 1 and is remarkably smokeless but develops a very high temperature on explosion. When used for demolitions it is detonated and it is not essential to have it dry. It is safe to handle and will not detonate very readily.

Nitro Glycerine.

Was discovered in 1847 and developed as an explosive in 1860. Pure glycerine is treated with a strong mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids and is, for practical purposes, mixed with absorbents, themselves either explosive or inert.

It is a very powerful explosive, increasing in bulk about 1100 to 1 and leaves no solid residue. It is more sensitive than guncotton and cannot be handled wet, so that it is not so serviceable for military purposes. It will also freeze at about 45 degrees F.

Dynamite

Is the generic name of a vast number of nitro-glycerine explosives, which may be divided into two great classes, viz:—1. Dynamites with an inert base as an absorbent and—2. Dynamites with an active, explosive base. (Charcoal, gunpowder, guncotton, etc.).

Dynamite No. 1. Commercial dynamite made up into small cartridges

WE VOTE FOR VERSE THREE.

Said the shoe to the stocking,
"I'll put a hole in you."

Said the stocking to the shoe,
"I'll be darned if you."

Said the tree to the brook,
"I'll fall on you,"

Said the brook to the tree,
"I'll be damned if you do."

Said the lad to the lass,
"I'll put my arm around you,"

Said the lass to the lad,
"I'll be held if you do."

wrapped in parchment. Freezes at 40 degrees F. It is more sensitive to a blow than any other form of nitro-glycerine explosive, and has a force of explosion just less than that of gun-cotton.

Dynamite No. 2 is milder and slower than No. 1. Has a black colour and has the characteristics of gunpowder on explosion.

Blasting Gelatine is about 50 per cent stronger than dynamite, is very sensible to friction but is not affected by moisture or water. It is made up in cartridges similar to dynamite.

Nitro Toluol

Is made by nitrating toluol, the result being tri-nitro-toluol (commonly known as T.N.T.). It is a very powerful high explosive and is mainly used in shells. This explosive has been known for many years but has only recently been employed as a shell constituent.

Ammatol

Is a powder consisting of 80 per cent of Ammonium Nitrate and 20 per cent T. N. T. It is safe to handle but must be kept dry. It is largely used for mines and hand grenades.

Ammonal

This powder contains from 65 to 90 per cent of ammonium nitrate, 5 to 15 per cent of Aluminium and in most cases about 15 per cent of T. N. T. with a small amount of charcoal.

It is exceptionally safe to handle, but it has to be protected against moisture and is largely used for land mines and hand grenades.

Other Explosives

Monobel, Sabulite, Blasture and Fermite are manufactured and used in the service. They are all high explosives used for mines and grenades and in each case moisture has a deterrent effect.

FUZES.

In order that explosives may be detonated with safety to the firers some means by which the charge can be ignited from a distance are employed. Charges may be fired either electrically or by burning fuze.

For firing without electricity certain service fuzes are used.

Safety Fuze No. 9

Consists of flax spun and twisted into a cord with a column of fine gunpowder in the centre, the flax is covered with gutta-percha and has an exterior coating of tape and varnish. It burns at the rate of about four feet per minute and will burn under water at a depth of 90 feet after 24 hours immersion.

Instantaneous Fuze Mark III

Consists of a strand of quick-match enclosed in flax and several layers of waterproof tape with a linen thread snaked on the outside.

It burns at the rate of 30 yards per second (practically instantaneously) and will burn after 48 hours immersion in water. It is orange coloured.

Jointing

Joints between fuzes are made by cutting and splicing. Both fuzes should be cut so as to expose the quick-match or powder. These should then be spliced together with string and a little powder or guncotton placed between the surfaces so united. A piece of stick should be used as a splint. The joint can be made waterproof by being wrapped around with indiarubber tape.

For the purpose of joining several fuzes to one fuze the joints can be made on the square with diagonal lashing of string.

Junction Boxes

For firing several charges simultaneously, a junction box is provided with holes cut through the sides for the several fuzes to enter. The box is filled with powder in which the ends of all the fuzes are buried.

Portfires

For lighting fuzes portfires are supplied. These burn at the rate of one inch per minute and can be extinguished by knocking against the foot. Slow-matches and Fuzes are also used for lighting fuzes.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to:—

C.S.M. R. Fawcett.

Lance Corpl. A. J. Pugh.

Lance Corpl. C. F. Perley.

Corpl. W. Jones.

Corpl. G. N. Harris.

Corpl. E. Racknor.

Sergeant C. J. A. Cook.

Sergeant J. F. Leitch.

Sergeant A. Farr.

Sergeant P. D. Jamieson.

Sergeant G. H. Saunders.

Sergeant G. B. Cram.

"Does your son who is abroad with the troops understand French?" "Oh, yes; but he says the people he meets there don't seem to!"

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Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders or remittances to Europe.

—NOW BEWARE OF ALL BARRACK-ROOM LAWYERS

Last Friday evening who should I bang right into but my old pal O'Shure! He havin' just come back after a combined Xmas and New Year's leave, and according to the laws that be, was a' keepin' his end up by stayin' at home.

"O'Shure," ses I.

"Broke," ses 'e.

"So," ses I; "let's go to the recreation room."

There we found our ancient enemy, Mac Argue, a' pourin' out barrack law to a bunch of new recruits.

Here 'e was sayin' as 'e'ed refused four commishuns so's to be of assistance to those blighters as didn't know the legal and military ropes.

"Steady," ses I to O'Shure, as 'e picks up a chair. "Wait 'till yer gets a better chanct!"

Ses I; "O'Shure, did y'ever ear of turnips going rotten?"

"Yes," ses 'e.

"Well," ses I; "that's wot did it."

"Canker," ses I; "rank canker."

"That's what's played 'ell with the army of ter day. It played 'ell ever since Saline, wot raised the 1st Seribos Brigade, wot licked the stuffin out of Faro in the red sea campagne."

"W'ere was that," ses O'Shure.

"Early," ses I.

Fred. Lake

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38 to 42 Clifford Street,
TORONTO.

O'Shure, he's again up for his lance stripe much agin my advice, and is always thirstin' for his torikal events as 'e mite get in 'is exam.

"Well," ses I; "Law and Lawyers in the army ain't got no room, seem's K. R. and O., wasn't bad enuf, and K. R. and O., ain't been revised since I joined up—which is wearin' on to my Dymind Jubille, an' me boy," ses I, to O'Shure, ses I—

"—in that short time I've discussed K. R. and O and Military Law and six other editions which is out of print, with the O.C. every time I got promoted."

"How far?" ses O'Shure.

"Permanent grade!" ses I.

"Speakin' of promotion," ses I; "nothing to it. Mine for the majority. A Lance Jack 'as seven against 'im, and pro rata, per capita," as Cap. Pettygrue ses, on the 15th and 30th.

"But, me boy," ses I, "ignerants—blitherin' ignerants—is the soldier's best friend!"

"Wot's the use of a b— lawyer if you've done summat as is goin' to put yer on the mat?"

"Ain't Providents, K. R. and O., and the O.C., competent to provide fer yer wants?"

"Yer bet yer last fag on that, old chum."

"Lawyers—do yer know wot they does?"

"They just does to you wot Billy Bell's Boil did to him."

"Wot was that?" ses O'Shure.

"Agrivated the case, as the M.O. ses—they agrivate yer case—and the C.O.!"

"Let's go to the canteen; guess they'll be almost closin' by now—and if yer can raise a dime, maybe they'll let us ave some pies as they couldn't sell—

—but don't 'ave nuthin' to do with Barrack Room Lawyers, 'e's worse nor scabees."

"Comin', Corp'ral," ses O'Shure;—as 'e beats it to the guard room, muttering something about hell and deep snow.

—"Carry On".

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A HOME

The Ladies of St. James Church are arranging a social evening for Thursday, February 7th, in Baldwin Hall. There will be a short pleasing programme interspersed with games, music, etc., and refreshments will be served. Admission, 25 cents.

Don't forget the date, boys, and the ladies will try to give you a pleasant evening.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

I go to Church on Sunday
And hear the "Parson" there
A "spouting" in his able way
Of heaven bright and fair.

Of streets of gold and silver,
And gates of purest pearl.
On the temples (built of "Jasper")
The flags of God unfurl.

And God is "King of Glory";
Enthroned in realms of love.
So runneth the old story.
The tales he tells us of.

He says that we should worship God
His every wish obey.
And never question WHO He is
Or WHAT He is today.

I suppose we have a right to think—
Part of our brain is grey.
I think that they should tell us soon
Or ther'll be "Hell" to pay.

I wish they'd tell us WHAT God is—
These "Spielers" who talk so long;
Then we could get in touch with him,
Whom they say is so strong.

As far as I have got, it seems,
That God is a sort of power
And not the ancient "God of Dreams"
The "Clergy" quarrell o'er.

God is a force intangible,
That doth through man proceed,
To do good work upon the earth,
And patch up hearts that bleed.

And God is not a "He" or "She"
Or any other gender,
But a power kneading of the heart,
To make it beat more tender.

"Old" Heaven that was built of light,
Or any handy precious stone,
Is but a kingdom of the mind,
MAN sits upon the throne.

Man can retain this "Power of God"
If his heart is right;
And apply it to nature and sons of men,
To make the world more bright.

And "Hell" is also state of mind,
And not a mass of flame.
But preachers get their stuff from
books.
We'll not hold them to blame.

Think a little for yourself,
Your soul is safe tonight.
You'll have a quiet peaceful mind,
If you do what YOU think right.
—Cpl. MILDON.

WELCOME.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hand of welcome to the boys of the Forestry Depot stationed here and invites them to share with the sappers and drivers the privilege of the use of our columns.

THE PAYMASTER SAYS—

If a fish is home-sick he must be sea-sick. Yes, that's true, but what about the fresh water fish? Oh! says the paymaster, you can put him to bed.

SURELY.

We were asked the other day
"Into how many pieces a shrapnel shell bursts on explosion."

The reply to this question was
"At least two."

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"TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER."

From U. R. Furrey, C.S.M., C.E.

To
Mr. Ray R. Knight,
Lieut. C.E.
E.T.D.
re **Honourable Mention**

Sir:—

I have the honour to address you on the marginally noted subject.

Possibly no man within the confines of our Depôt has more conscientiously discharged his duty than I. I never give any information of value to my superiors,—few as they are, or to my inferiors. Never a letter comes to my hands but it lies off file for weeks, and altogether, I am a model of an orderly room chief, and yet, sir, I am as yet without my meed of praise in your journal. I suggest that the enclosed photograph be used, and I am also forwarding under separate cover some brief incidents of my life which you are at liberty to publish. I suggest you do this next week as I propose buying a copy of the paper then.

I have the honour
to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
U. R. Furrey, C.S.M.

W/E.C.J.
Enclosures

Sir,

By the way you've been featuring me in your paper lately one would think there was only one Sergt Major and that me, round the depot.

I am drawing your attention to some really fine fellows this week and hope you will see your way to divert some of your personal touches to them.

H. Eavins, C.S.M.

(Ed. Note): Dear H. E.—Really and truly now, the only particular object we had in view in mentioning you so frequently was to have the use of the dog. Not very well could we mention one without the other.

Dear Mr. Night,

I've just been thinkin' its high time somebody roon' here raised the strong voice o' protest about the wey the pollyteeshins are ruinin' the country by declarin' it dry.

As a temperate man wha likes a bit sniffer—just noo an' again, ye ken, I think its a positive disgrace to the sodgers to make them hiv tae resort to blind piggery so that they can hae their mornin'.

I dinna ken whit the country's comin' to and I'm beginnin' tae think she'll sune no be worth fechtin' for.

Barbwire Mac, C.S.M.

Sir:—

I take up my pen to write you about the dirty treatment I am receiving from the man who makes up the drafts.

In spite of my anxiety to go with the boys I am kept here, and have been here nearly two years.

I am single, Mr. Editor, and have not a care in the world and why should I not be allowed to do my bit?

Of course I may be indispensable round here, in fact I rather imagine that's why I am being kept here—to stop the yappin', but I would esteem it a favour if you would use your influence to get me put on the next lot going over.

Yours truly,
R. Weskot, C.S.M.

Dear Sir;

It's sure a bad day for your paper when you've forgot to apologise to me for nearly three weeks now. I'll have you

remember that I am mighty particular about these things and as I am so popular round here I hope you will see your way to give me a little more notice than you've been doing lately.

Jimmy O'Boyde, R.C.E.

Dear Editor,

Will you grant me space in your valuable columns to protest against the treatment I am receiving over at the Sergeants Mess?

An unkind fate ordained that I should share a room with that Caledonian reprobate Jimmy Barr, and I can honestly say that I'd rather be back in France again breaking Germans' ankles than to be suffering much longer the insults I am daily receiving from that venerable shoer of horses. He puts all his empty bottles between my blankets, uses my sox, steals my soap and calls me a mole. Please say if there is any chance of Barr getting into the old man's home along with Teddy Lowman as, if there is not I am going to get a sick furlough and won't come back till they move him.

Yours dejectedly,
Shorty.

Mr. Knight,
Dear Sir,

To think that here I am gey near sixty years auld and I canna get peace at nicht for bein' tormentit and abused by an orra like character wha imagines that jist because he shook hanns wi the King, that he can dae jist whit he likes in my room. Sir, I tell you solemnly that there will be murder done soon if they don't move that elotngated monstrosity that canna find ony better wey o' earnin' his livin' than by diggin' a hole in the ground in the middle o' winter.

If he does na stop his nonsense I'm thinkin he'd be better occupied diggin his ain hole in the ground because I'll hit him over the heid wi yin o' the bottles he's sae fond o' pittin between my blankets.

Yours, etc.
Jeems Baur.



New Recruit:—"Say, Sergeant, this suit don't fit me at all!"
Q. M. Sergt.:—"Well, what in Hell do you expect when it's been waiting three years for you?"



Vol. 1. No. 14.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, Feb. 2, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy
\$2.60 By The Year

Founded Oct. 1917

Advertising Rates
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OUR DUMB FRIENDS

No less real heroes than the men who died,
Are you, who helped the frenzied ranks to win;
Galloping heroes—silently, side by side,
Models of discipline.

There are still, in spite of motor and rail transport, many occasions when horses are called upon to take their share of the burden of war.

The motor and rail depots are usually beyond lighter field-gun range, and from these depots the horse and mule is requisitioned to carry up supplies, ammunition, etc.

The field artillery, the bridging train of the engineers, the ammunition wagons, the ambulance wagons are all drawn by horses or mules in the danger areas. The cavalry horse too has a part to play no less dangerous than that of his rider.

It is quite within the bounds of the least imaginative mind to picture the dumb animal's plight.

Oh, dear dumb friends! So patient of your yoke,
There's many a heart ye know not, aches for you.

To the cavalry officer, the trooper, the sapper driver, and the artillery man, one of the most awful horrors of war is the piteous agony of the war horses—the dying, the maimed, the exhausted; and no pen could ever adequately describe or bring home to the imagination, the terrible sufferings endured by these poor beasts, as they linger on the battlefield, or by the roadside, awaiting the hand which will give them either merciful despatch or aid for their wounds.

It is indeed gratifying to know that there is an active organisation which has, for its sole obligation, the care and treatment of dumb animals, which are employed in the work of war. The "Blue Cross" under the title of "Our dumb friends league" is the organisation which has this humane matter in hand, and many a poor beast has been mercifully put out of misery, or nursed back to useful life by this League of Mercy. This League has been in existence since 1912; and quoting from a report received from one of its hospitals at the front it is seen that splendid work has been accomplished in this war.

"The horses coming from the front (the Somme) having borne the hardships of battle and the misery attendant upon privation,

over-riding and over-driving arrive here (Blue Cross hospital) in a state of exhaustion pitiable to behold. Their state is indeed lamentable, but if they suffer without complaint, their resignation seems to call for the prompt attention which they need, and to which they have a right. They also seem happy to be sheltered in a warm and comfortable stable, with clean and plentiful straw; where they can rest and be fed, each in accordance with its needs; and receive regular treatment.

The period of their stay at the hospital is about three months, after which they are classified according to their abilities for return for the use of the army."

There are those who view with mixed feelings the practice of returning horses to the battlefield, thinking it more humane to kill all the wounded. The League is just as practical in this as it is in the rest of its work, and no animal is returned to duty unless it is thoroughly fit and sound.

To fully appreciate the great and merciful work this League is doing one would have to visit the hospitals; but it needs little exercise of one's imagination to contrast what is known to be done in the way of treating horses, etc., with the known facts of previous wars, of horses with gaping wounds lingering on the field of battle until overcome by exhaustion or death.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY

Last Sunday was the German Emperor's birthday. His chief birthday present was a strike and there is no evidence that the natal day of the modern Devil was commemorated by any special ceremony.

We wonder whether the Kaiser in some of his letters to his war mates mentioned anything about being in Paris by next Christmas, or cast any reflections upon the "contemptible little army". It is most probable that his basketful of promises has been nearly depleted and needs replenishing. Why doesn't he start Little Willie off again? He's the most promising of the War Lord's Generals (at least from our standpoint).

ACROSTIC

C—ease carping cavil complete Canadian compliment
A—ccentuate attempts at achieving attainment
N—ow! (not never) narcotic nerves need nourishment
A—lternative aims allocate appropriate banishment
D—enounce destroy dark deeds, dire some devilment
A—ltruistic acts always attain Albion's admiring agreement.
W. H. K.

A SAPPER'S DREAM

Old Anthony was in the clink
For treating Wolsey to a drink.
So Portia for mercy pleaded
And Captain Coeur de Lion he heeded.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, all,
Were playing whist in Baldwin Hall;
While Hamlet forming fours was found
With Cromwell, on the drilling ground.

While Romeo, "Attention!" cried
Some one said "King Lear has died!"
"Stop talking in the ranks", said John;
"You're all here to 'Carry on'."

And in the bunkhouse every night
Androcles comes in quite tight.
A crap game on the floor is played
By Shakespeare and the Pope so staid!

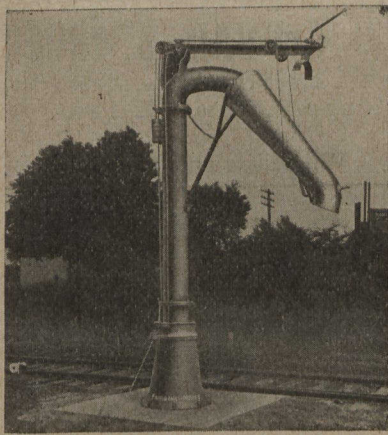
A Winter's Tale was being told
As Shylock chuckled o'er his gold.—
When I awake with an awful scream
Lo! 'twas a Midsummer Night's Dream!

SHOES AND SHIPS

AND SEALING WAX

We had hopefully looked forward to hearing from some of our N.C.O.'s who have a partiality to harp twanging, but we have to regretfully announce that the muse is non est. Consequently we will have to open this column once more without the Tagoric features.

I daresay most of you noticed that the report of last Friday's concert went to press before the event and that we credited the proceedings being livened up by two pipers. Such is the fate of the enterprising ones who take things for granted, and honestly, we ought to have known better than to expect two pipers to undertake a twenty seven mile journey on Burns' night, when they could blow their heids off to thousands of fanatical Scots without stirring out of their chair so to speak. Besides, who would trust a piper? Daresay some of you have sung, and most of you heard "Oh wisna he a Roguey the piper o' Dundee". That fairly well set the standard of trust we can put in the average manipulator of the piobh mhor, so comrades, forgive us in our zeal to



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credit such a jovial function with the unknown quantity.

We have pleasure in extending to Lieut. A. L. Fairbanks, our hearty welcome. We wonder also if our tenderfoot is any relative of Douglas of that ilk. If not, my friend, be of good cheer as the day draws nigh when our friend Sims over the way is due to give you the once or twice over. When that has been done and you yet live, you'll sure be qualified to take your namesakes place in the thrilling ride for life which generally climaxes the fifth reel.

There's lots of things we expect of the Scotch, such as putting a dollar in the bag of a Sunday morning, buying drinks for the house, and paying carfare for all and sundry on the slightest chance, but for real refreshing free handed generosity commend me to the Irish.

This opinion, which I have always been ready to defend, received a rude shock last Wednesday when I espied a certain sergeant of unmistakably Irish origin move by stealth over the snow embankment which constitutes the first line of defense of the hockey rink. From there he craftily walked round the board fence till, having found a place sufficiently low, he executed a free upward jump and landed in the arena where the big match was going on. It was then he discovered that the admission charge was—nix.

AWFULLY JOLLY BAI JOVE!

Another delightful little dance was given, Wednesday the 23rd inst., by the Takeiteazy Club as a farewell to some of their soldier friends.

There were upwards of fifty guests present and a most enjoyable time was had.

At midnight dainty refreshments were served, after which dancing was resumed until 1.30.

TALKING OF PIPERS.

Capt. Powell tells a story from billets behind the front line.

At a concert arranged by the Padre, one of the items on the program was a solo on the pipes.

The gentleman started squeezing out the wails and groans marching up and down in the accepted fashion, when one of the audience yells out, "Throw the 'blighter' out" ("blighter" substituted.)

The Padre called for silence and

stopped the show, demanding that the person who had done the yelling own up and be ejected. The Padre persisted in his demand in spite of the fact that the gent with the pipes made an attempt to proceed.

Things looked serious, a deadlock threatened when someone in the audience called out, "We don't want to know who called the piper a 'blighter'", we want to know who called the "blighter" a piper."

**For Phrases So Dark,
And Grammar So Vain—
This Filipino's Peculiar.**

Sir Captain
Military Information Division
Port Santiago.

Dear Sir:—

I have honorable to write you a letter telling my wishes to serve, which permit me to offer. I am idle, looking for unemployment of three weeks to work. Also I am give some large quantities of thorough attention to future life. Your business would be swiftest for making success of it.

Waiting on table board of Nevada Hotel is repulsive to Filipino young man when pass the third Grade examination for Civil Service Board that is hold on the last thirtieth of this month. I suppose I could passed because I never found any difficulties on it. I am not to join Constabulary for stand-up army of Filipino people. Thank you. I am education of Rizal Business college for three years to pursue. I have the Bookkeeping and also I have the stenography and typewriting to proceed with neatness and dispatch.

Exclamation of Prof.—, honorable gentleman, Rizal college, I am competent of vast experience in commercial life of stenography for steady employment. Therefore I ask you intelligent question to answer, Hon. Mr. Sir, if it is vacant at your office to my valuable services.

I ask to answer,
Obediently your respectfully
servant
Signed— Sig. D. L.
Clerk.

(Editor Note:—Maybe he could get a job in Room 28? or perhaps he would make a "Major"? Truly, Truth is stranger, or funnier, than Fiction!)

PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.

We are asked to acknowledge with thanks the sum of \$4.28 from the Meakins Brush Co. Ltd., of Montreal, for the above fund.

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You get your washing back.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Class 34 In Inquisitorial Vein.

If Sergeant Boyd shouldn't take a "course" along with us so that we would all feel the same at the same time and place.

(Sergeant Boyd, we hear, has his troubles coming soon. Don't worry.—Ed.)

If medals are given for Equitation.

(Yes, the "Order to get mounted" is frequently given.—Ed.)

Who wrote:—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

(We think Little Willie did.—Ed.)

If it shouldn't have been, "Uneasy sits the man who rides a horse."

(You clicked!—Ed.)

What equitation has to do with climbing trees.

(Something to do with the "fall".—Ed.)

If the equitation period couldn't be made longer.

(Wait until the "lead" canters and takes the "rear". It's a "long trail".—Ed.)

When are the dismounts going to join us again.

(Several pieces require mending yet.—Ed.)

Why do the blanket and strap get the name "numnah".

(The word numnah is pronounced limp and is derived from

the English word "numbner". See page 2 of "How to obtain a grip though fainting".—Ed.)

Who it was that told the Major that saddles were easier than blankets.

(We don't mention names but look for the party that limps.—Ed.)

If mother could only see us now. (No comment.—Ed.)

It it is bad to ride on an empty stomach.

(Yes! try bare back instead.—Ed.)

We no longer hold any doubt as to the identity of Sims. He's a perfectly charming fellow and we all hope—with the possible exception of the Idaho wild-catter—that he lives long to enjoy his state of wedded bliss.

Mr. Ells wants to know—What does an American family consist of?

One man, one wife, and one horse

—oh, beg pardon—as you were—davg. (Ed.)

And also:—Why Mr. Wookey always says, "Oh Lord of Zion, unto thee I commend myself" at precisely 1.40 p.m. daily.

MANAGER ST. GEORGE LEAVES US

It is with sincere regrets that the staff of "Knots and Lashings" relinquishes the services of Sapper E. W. P. St. George.

The practical knowledge and capability which he brought with him into the staff, have been the means of bringing "Knots and Lashings" to the high standard it has attained.

We, his associates in ink, wish him success and safe return. We shall indeed miss his—"can this"—"pan that"—"meat"—"fat"—"Hed to kum"—but we'll not forget how to "carry on" in the way he has so well shown us.

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

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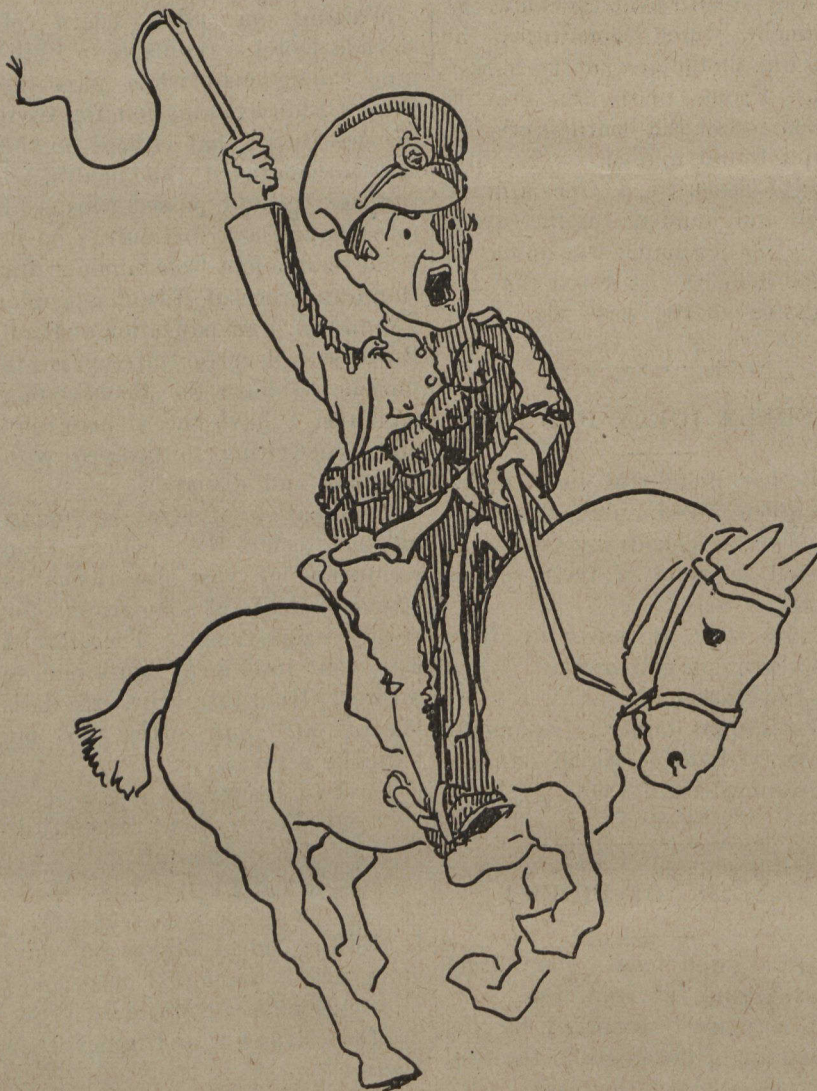
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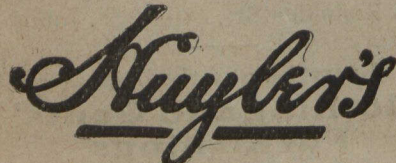
— E. Carol Jackson—1918 —

Songs We Know:—"The Bandoliers".

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A CHURCH PARADE IN FLANDERS.

Latrine Language.

“Perched on a table is the preacher. As he gingerly mounts his eminence, he very earnestly impresses on himself, ‘I must not move when I get warmed up.’ When Demosthenes said the art of the orator is action, action, action, he had not had practice as camp preacher.

“The Colonel’s command comes, ‘Parad, sit down.’ The men look at the preacher with interest; just as they think it would be good sport if the Adjutant ‘got a spill’ off his horse, without wishing him any harm! When the preacher begins: ‘You know that it is not my way to rail at you, but to-day I want to speak to you very plainly about bad language,’ there is a noticeable hush. The expert always likes to hear his pet subject handled!

“In the first place, there is nothing that makes me feel so sad about the narrowness of the minds of my fellow Australians, as to hear you swear. (An audible giggle.) Why, you only have about three words, and two of them stink. (Another appreciative giggle—statement fully admitted.) Look, suppose I put twenty men on the parade ground, each out of hearing of the rest. Put a phonograph by the side of each. Now give each a hit—make him angry—and let the phonograph record what he says. Then put the phonographs down together, and let them repeat it. Why, one phonograph would do for the lot. It’s the same thing over and over. When it comes to real abuse, you simply don’t know enough to express yourselves; you’re too ignorant. (The solemnity of the parade has vanished. But, good people, sticklers for dignity, ‘if the gigglers are becoming self-conscious, if the men will think, is not something gained?)

“I can give you a good proof what a degenerate set we are nowadays. In old English days, the language we speak was wonderfully rich in words of abuse—words that meant something, and good, solid, smashing words that hit like a hammer. And what has happened? We’ve forgotten them all! They’re dropped out of the language. Your Anglo-Saxon forefathers would blush with shame at you trying to be angry, spluttering out half a dozen words over and over again, and hardly a meaning in one of them. (Here the padre waxed rash.) If it comes to real abuse, I would undertake to beat you easily myself. Don’t get angry,

if you can help it; but anyhow, if you must talk, call a man a slip-gibbet scratchback, or a blabtale swill-pot, or something that means something. (Notebooks out in several places—especially some young officers. Note made to speak further with the padre. This vein worth working.)

“‘In India’ there is a curious habit. If I harm a man, he says: ‘Very well, I will come and starve myself to death on your doorstep—then you will be angry.’ Does not that look silly? But what do we Australians do? If I harm a man, he says, ‘Very well, now I will proceed to talk like a swine and an ape,’ and he does, and expects me to be impressed! The only repartee I would feel induced to make is, ‘Please use sand.’

“‘Truly we are a degenerate set. There used to be enchanters in old days who could turn men into filthy beasts. But they had to take all sorts of trouble to do it. Nowadays, all you have to do is to annoy a man, and he will turn himself into a talking beast before your eyes.

“Now, I repeat that challenge about a language parade. Only, there are two kinds of language we must rule out. First, we will make the rule that no man is to repeat himself. (An obvious groan occurred here; the audience evidently felt that that rule extinguished the competition.) Second rule: every word must have a meaning, and some kind of bearing on the situation. And as to kinds of language, we will have none of that which shows a degraded attitude towards the sex that God meant to inspire and ennoble us, nor the language of the latrine. And though a man has a right to his liberty of speech, yet I think his tent-mates have a right to stop merely filthy language as they would object if a man never had a wash. Clean the fellow’s teeth for him every time—that will stop him; or hang up a box, and agree to put in a penny a time, and we’ll take the money to buy footballs.

“Finally, we will rule out blasphemous language. Surely, gentlemen, it is not worthy of you, to use the name of the Saviour who died for you, as a mere oath, either in anger or in the mere good humored give and take of chaffing and banter. If you soldiers ask me whether it is wrong to swear, I am not prepared to answer. But if you ask me whether, knowing you to be the men you are, I think it worthy of you—for men of manliness and courage to talk like degraded beasts—I have my answer: No. You are too good for it.”

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St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraine, Manager.

HE WENT BACK TO THE TALL TIMBERS—AND SAT DOWN!

Dear Mr. Editor:—

"I reckon your random shaft goldarn near came to registering—when you said the word HOSPITAL should be substituted for NURSERY! Things started in with a helluva jerk, alright, from the day we struck the Deepo!

"I am a Forester of the Deforestation Department—that being a different department from the fruit-growing species. Military life never did form any part of my ambitious career—owing, perhaps, to my form being that which might be found on a retired Colonel of the Permanent Force: i.e., more for comfort than speed. Again, I have all my life been accustomed to being allowed to express my views—which I can on practically every known subject (outside K. R. & O., M.L., F.S.R., M. of M.E., and other guides).

"However, I hope by the time the next war is staged that I will have compiled a V. P. Edition of the whole lot in one.

"Mr. Editor; I have cogitated somewhat considerably and have read Conan Doyle's books, Gerard's Experiences, and several dozen volumes of Collier's, and several copies of your regimental paper, "Knots and Lashings"—which all leave me, as it were, still in the dark.

"Holy Mackerel!—I have found things here with full steam on, all breaks off, axles greased, and everyone looking to see if something couldn't be done to speed things up still faster, by heck.

"Speak of cutting timber! Hell's bells!—I guess they ARE cutting, alright, alright! The first knot was Class 34:—sort of bent the saw for a moment and the belt slipped!—but, Gosh Ding it!—before we knew we were part of the machinery (or, might I say, one of the planks!) we were sawn and under-way towards becoming the finished article.

"I use the word "finished", mark you. What we will be like when really finished the Statue of Liberty will never know.

"With your kind permission, may I just use several more minutes of your valuable time in expressing myself?

"I don't crave sympathy, or a kindly look or thought. My mission (may I call it so!) is to ask you, when I have finished, one question—and that is—

"WHY IN HELL WEREN'T WE IN BERLIN YEARS AGO?

"In case I don't ever become my natural self again, let me take you

into my confidence: it may be the last damned thing I'll ever ask you to do for me—but—

"TELL ANY FUTURE FORESTERS TO CLAIM EXEMPTION!

"The M.O. has allowed me to sit up on one side, but I'm told I'm not out of the woods yet (he meant Forestry.) No, sir-reee, by the green tips of the budding balsam, these hearts of Jack Pine and Scrub Elm take SOME killin', buhlieve muh!

"Ha! (I laugh one 'Ha' only, as that part of me is still on ice!) My last fight with Four-Ton Mike, the champion of the timber limit, left me fresh compared to what one old plug (15-2 hands in the clear; foaled in 1907, after 'Whirlwind') did to me in one 15-minute round in the riding school.

"I thought 243 pounds of solid flesh and mighty grit would be about her class, but, Gee whizz!—2 ton-4 is only harness to her!

"Niblick, my old mule, (which I rode from Cincinnati to Boston in the fall of the year of the Colorado Bettle) was reckoned to beat anything, on 4 legs, from coronet to poll and from crupper to muzzle—but she's a has-been compared to what I struck.

"Soap-and-water lectures for me! from now on!

"If I live to come thru this, and become the Grand Master of the Independent Order of Foresters, I'll consign 16 trainloads of sawdust to the Mounted Section, for free distribution—to be put on plenty good and thick!

"Oh, my blighted youth!—in 12 places!—each hurt a prayer, each prayer a hurt! Such hosiery—s-u-c-h h-o-s-i-ery! I count them o'er—each one apart—except when 6 or mebbe 7 run together, and 4 overlap.

"Buhlieve muh!—suicide for the hand of the Goddess of Liberty, to the tune of the Tar-handled Spanner would be cotton wadding to what I went thru in 15 minutes.

"Yep! By heck—I passed 100 per cent in 2 courses of P. T. and Bomb-throwing! 10 years of Astronomy and Colour-design (24 colours).

"I have difficulty in explaining my general appearance was not due to age or a railway accident. The infirmity has planted a winter-shod hoof upon my prospects—and all I ask is—

"DO YOU KNOW WHEN THE FORESTRY DRAFT IS LIKELY TO GO?

"—because I calculate this here war has about started!"

"Sir, I am

"Yours in bed,—

"FORESTRY."

FOR A LOVE EPISTLE THIS TAKES THE CAKE

(Sapper D also received this one)

Dearest:—

Just a lines to let you know that I received you most wery welcome letter and I was wery glad to Hard from you. Mow my Dear — you dont really gat mad beauisse I dont answered you so long time. Dear—Beacusse I tat to come to San John bot onli won train from Montreal to San John onli nite train, saw that wont doo form me to come a nite beacusse I ciant stey awer all day I haf move sow.

Dear you mast Exsus—me for that—now Dear I am wery sowry that you cian come to Montreal now—more and you wont see me more. sow I haf—to Join my Safl. now Dearest well Dear I hope you wery best luk to see me again. and thine of me Dear. I am wery sorry that I cian see you bia for you gow. Dearest, and I wish you good luk. Whaen you owey fromey bot dont wory dear my Hoort is wit you iwent. you owey fromey and think of me to Dear. x x x x x x Now Dear wit the best luk. and lowe from you lowing swithart

Anni x x x x x

x x x x

x x x

x x

and best Regards from my sister Maive and good luk whon you owey Dear.

GOOD EATS, GOOD FUN!

VICTORIA HALL, FEB. 5th.

Please do not forget that on February 5th, in Victoria Hall, there will be a sale of Home Made Cookery, commencing at 3 p.m. Supper will be served from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Price 25c.

MENU.

- Cold Stuffed Roast Pork.
- Apple Sauce.
- Cream Potatoes.
- Lemon Pie.
- Rolls and Coffee.

The programme for the Dramatic concert which takes place the same evening is as follows:—

"JUST FOR FUN"

- Mrs. FitzGerald Mandeville de Smythe
A would be society leader
Miss Ryder
- Miss Edith Martin,
Her niece, a Western Heiress
Miss F. Menhennick
- Miss Mabel West,
A friend of Miss Martin,
Miss S. Longtin
- Jane McCarthey,
An Irish Maid servant,
Mrs. F. Rollo
- Lord Chelsey,
An English nobleman,
Mr. Ryder
- Jack Earl,
His friend, a happy-go-lucky fellow
Mr. J. C. Don
- R. E. Elliott, Director.

The Canadian Engineers Orchestra has kindly consented to furnish the music for the evening—a treat which alone is worth the price of admission.

WHAT'S the use of worrying Cough no more CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP Does it. 50 cents.

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A BOMBING EXPEDITION

By **Sous-Lieutenant Raoul Lufbery**

The "Ace" Aviator of the Lafayette Escadrille.

In January, 1916, I was pilot of a 140-h. p. Voisin aeroplane, which formed a part of the bombing escadrille No. 102.

One fine day, at about 1 p.m., we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to depart on a bombing expedition. As is usual under the circumstances, our objective was not indicated. But judging by the amount of gasoline we were told to carry, and the direction of the wind, we concluded it was to be the Metz-Sablons station. Every available aeroplane was to participate in the raid. In all there were about forty machines, half of which belonged to my group, the balance to Group 101, under the command of the intrepid Commandant Roisin.

At the extreme end of the field the machines were drawn up in line, facing the wind. The mechanics gave a last look at their motors, the gunners tested their guns and laid in their stock of bombs. There were bombs of ten kilos each which, we were told, wrought as much havoc as the ordinary 155's. I took six; some of my comrades took eight, others nine, or even ten, the number varying according to the capacity of one's machine.

Waiting, In Readiness

We were all ready. We awaited our final orders. At length these came. Cards were distributed among us, indicating our itinerary. We regulated our watches according to that of our chief. Fifty minutes after the departure of the first aeroplane we were all to meet over Saint Nicholas du Port, at a maximum altitude of 2,000 meters. Then, according to the signals of our commandant, we were to go over the lines or return to the aviation camp. Defective grouping or bad weather might compel us to do the latter.

The throb of a motor sounded

Arsene Moreau

Dealer in

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at the left end of the line. An aeroplane rose, circled around for a few seconds, then climbed into the air. This was followed by a second, then a third. I was number seven. My turn was near. I turned to Sergeant Allard, my observer, and inquired if he was ready. On his reply in the affirmative I opened up my motor, circled around like my comrades, then began my ascent.

Signal to Depart

Before we started, Allard had told me that he would try to rest as I mounted, claiming that he would thus be better able to study the map on the other side of the lines. I saw no objection to his doing this as he could not help me to rise. As I mounted I turned several times to look at him. His eyes were closed. Was he really asleep, I wondered. Anyway, he did right to rest, for shortly he would need all his energy and sangfroid.

At 2.20 p.m. I was at my rendezvous with the majority of my comrades. Suddenly, from the signal aeroplane, distinguishable by the red pennons flying from its plane, I saw several rockets shoot out as a sign for us to depart.

Fired Upon By Shrapnel

As we passed the lines, the swifter machines executed several spirals in order to give the slower aeroplanes time to come up. When our group was complete, we continued to advance, here and there greeted by shrapnel. No one was affected by the fire. It was a matter of luck. For a shell fragment to be dangerous it must hit the pilot or a vital part of the machine. One or even several bullets through the canvas of the planes is of no importance.

I gazed at the landscape as it unfolded itself beneath me. To the right was the Seille River, barely recognizable at this time of the year. With its curves swollen by the rains, it looked like one long link of swamps. To the left lay the Moselle, with its canal, forming two narrow silvery lines, one of which extended to the north, where it lost itself in a veil of mist. That which, at a distance, I had taken for a dense fog, I found was the smoke from the factory chimneys of Metz.

Over Metz

As I drew nearer, I could distinguish, through the smoke, groups of houses, churches, long buildings covered with red tiles, probably

barracks, encircled by small, green, geometrically formed squares. These were the famous forts.

A few minutes later I found myself over the spacious station of Metz. This was our objective. The machine in front of me executed a semicircle in order to give the slower aeroplanes time to come up. Handicapped by my 140-h. p. I took no part in this maneuver, but flew straight to the point, where I was the first to arrive.

Our coming must have been announced, as several enemy machines came from every direction to meet us. One of them advanced toward me. Quickly, I turned my head to see if my observer was on his guard. His machine gun was pointed at the enemy, his finger on the trigger. At a distance of one hundred and fifty meters, the enemy machine made a brick movement to get beyond our range, turning to enable its gunner to fire at us. But this maneuver was useless, for the greater number of the biplane machines have two guns, one stationary, which fires from the front, the other mounted on a turret in the rear.

(Concluded next week)

Where They Stall the Asses May Be

The recent advent of a number of budding Haigs and Joffres in our midst is giving rise to numerous decidedly delicate situations. Indeed, the Officers' class, individually and collectively, might well take to heart, stick in the crowns of their respective caps, or take other suitable steps to remember, the tragic words "Méfiez-vous." "Taisez-vous." Les Oreilles ennemies vous écoutent."

Shudderingly do we picture the diabolical glee that would stir the black soul of Hindenburg could he have heard the following interchange of confidences that recently took place in the Officer's Mess.

Lieut. X— (who has already developed a decidedly abnormal and altogether creditable thirst for military lore, and who has been listening intently to a learned dissertation on the mysteries of mounting the guard:—

"Yes, yes; I understand all that, but where do they keep the horses before they are mounted?"

Bully for you N.C.O.'s, you came across fine didn't you? I.D.T.

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MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES
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Chas. Gurd's Goods, and Laurentian
Spring Water.
W. R. SIMPSON, Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

“NUTS AND RATIONS.”

Now the draft has left, we may have another visit from Dame Rumour.

Already her voice has been heard concerning the date of the 28th draft. But take a tip from an old timer. Wait! Watch the order board! Events will not move with any greater rapidity by talking about them.

Here is a little problem, easy of solution, to occupy your spare time. Take each of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, add them together in any combination you like. Use every figure once, and once only, and get a total of 100.

Scene Main gate: Time 10.30 p.m. Guard hearing knocking on the gate, gives the usual challenge. “Halt who goes there?” The reply comes back, “Two Sappers and 1 Johnny Dewar.” “Pass two Sappers, Halt Johnny Dewar.”

When a man is said to “laugh up his sleeve” we naturally suppose he is taking the direct route to his funny bone.

Here are a few proverbs served up in a slightly altered form:—

- A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposure.
- A miss is as good as her smile.
- People who live in glass houses should undress in the dark.
- Its never too late to spend.
- A bird on the plate is worth two in the bonnet.
- Man proposes, woman imposes.
- Faint heart never won fair lady, but a full purse can be relied upon to do the trick.
- A ride goeth before a fall.
- It's the first straw hat that shows which may the wind blows.
- The longest way round is the drunkards way home.
- Soap long deferred maketh the dirt stick.

The 27th Draft:—

And so they've gone to join our Comrades oversea.
Gone to uphold the cause that makes for Liberty.
To drive the foe from lands so long oppressed,
And see that Belgium has her wrongs redressed.

They went with all the nobleness of men,
Who,—seeing in a cause the need of them—
Think not of comforts they have left behind,
But realize a duty owing to mankind.

They were our Comrades in arms and Brothers in heart,
And we know they are sure to act nobly their part,
So we'll drink them this toast, without any noise,
“Here's luck to the Engineers, Luck to our boys.”

O God of our battles we leave them to Thee
Shield them from harm as they journey on sea.
Give them great courage when danger is nigh.
Help them live nobly. Teach them to die.

PAT.

LOVES LABOUR LOST.

Those of us who hail from the town of Chambly or within the district of Chambly Vercheres, will feel, to some extent disappointed to learn the probabilities are that the Union Candidate did not win out.

It will, we fear, cause some of us to move our quarters to sunnier climes.

WHAT GOD SAYS

TO HIS SOLDIERS

Reveille—“Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” Eph. 5, 14

The Roll Call—“I have called thee by thy name: thou art Mine.” Isaiah 43, 1

“And He calleth His own sheep by name.” John 10, 3

Attention!—“Look unto ME, and be ye saved.” Isaiah 45, 22

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