



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

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1918

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# THE ROMANCE OF AIR-FIGHTING

(Continued from last week.)

In addition to the big essential tasks, many minor duties fall to be performed by airmen on war service. Sometimes despatches have to be carried. Officers are very frequently taken from one point to another by air—by far the quickest mode of transport. It is a common practice, moreover, to deliver aeroplanes on the Continent by flying them over the sea. A fine example of air work was the conveyance of food to Kut, when that place was besieged by the Turks; between April 11th and 29th, 1916, aircraft supplied the British garrison with 18,800 lbs. of provisions together with various stores and even mill-stones.

In the Royal Naval Air Service, somewhat ticklish operations, not by any means to be classed among minor duties, have to be carried out at times in the forms of ascents from the deck of a battleship, and, what is more arduous still, landings in that very limited space. The possibility of such landings was first demonstrated, it will be remembered, on the United States cruiser "Pennsylvania", when it was a few miles off the coast of California. The late Eugene Ely, having started out from the shore on a Curtiss biplane, alighted on a platform on that vessel without the slightest mishap.

## Deeds Of Heroism.

Most wonderful aerial achievements have characterised this War day by day, but only a twentieth part of them are recorded. This is inevitable. In the first place, official etiquette forbids a de-

scription of the work of individuals, and the Royal Air Force and the Royal Naval Air Service object to the advertising of what they call "stunts". Fortunately for the British public which wants to hear about them, certain great deeds become known when King George confers honours upon those responsible for them.

Here are some examples picked out at random. The Distinguished Service Order was conferred in April, 1917, on a Flight-Commander for conspicuous bravery in the field in attacking hostile aircraft. Since February he had taken part in fourteen combats; on one occasion, he had brought down a machine in flames; on another occasion, after he had fired thirty rounds, the German machine went down spinning and side-slipping completely out of control. Another Flight-Commander, attacked by two machines, had his collar-bone fractured. Suffering considerably, he nevertheless managed to steer his aeroplane home, saving his observer's life and his own by sheer determination and pluck. From the most remote parts of Europe come stories of similar fine exploits. Distinguished Service Crosses were, for instance, given to a Flight-Commander and a Sub-Lieutenant for gallantry in a seaplane reconnaissance of Damascus; they crossed two ranges of mountains, where the lowest ridges are 4,000 feet high, and returned with valuable information.

Now let us take an achievement that was considered valorous enough to earn a Victoria Cross. The best description of the event was written by "T. N." in "Flying".

Two single-seaters went out on a bombing expedition—where, it doesn't much matter. When they were a long way from home, and a good stretch of sea between, No. 1 had engine trouble and had to land on a marshy plain. He did his best to start the "jigger", but it was no go, and, since the enemy

—a ragged lot of ruffians—were making for him at the double, and while they were yet about a mile away, he pulled out his automatic pistol and started to blow up his bombs, and with them the machine. That in itself was a devilish plucky action, for pistol range is fairly short, and he might easily have



Sapper:—"Please, Sir, I want to go to Siberia."

O.C.:—"Are you an M. S. A. man?"

Sapper:—"No, Sir, I'm a Draftee."

O.C.:—"How the devil can you be a Draftee and not a 'Military Service Act' man?"

Sapper:—"Oh please, Sir, I thought it meant 'Master of the Science of Agriculture'!"

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made cat's-meat of himself in the process. Meanwhile, the enemy was rapidly advancing, when at the sixth shot the 'plane went up in a cloud of splinters, scrap-iron and petrol. Just then No. 2 alighted alongside him, picked him up and flew off amid a shower of bullets and a perfect babel of unintelligible, and probably disgraceful language. It was No. 2 who got the V.C., and rightly so, because he ran a few separate and unpleasant risks. If he made a false landing, he might be made prisoner; if he deliberately smashed up his machine, he might have been shot; and to take a passenger on a single-seater was at least a dangerous proceeding. And, beyond all, he had a shrewd suspicion that he would make himself the set-piece of a 'Broek's-benefit' if No. 1's machine went up when he was just over it."

One of the heroes of the War was Lieutenant Harold Rosher, who died in an aeroplane smash at the age of twenty-two. In a vivid letter to his father, he described his experiences in one of the historic raids on Zeebrugge. His account of the event shows that the airman's life may any day provide the most wonderful of all adventures. The letter was written from Dover in 1915; it is well worth quoting in full, but a summary must suffice here.

"At 5.30 we were all up. I was one of the first off (in the dark). The weather was misty and cloudy, and very cold. Off Nieuport I was five miles out to sea, and four hundred feet up. Before I came abreast of it I saw flashes along the coast. A few seconds later, bang! bang! and the shrapnel burst a good deal short of me, but direction and height perfect. I turned out to sea and put another two miles between me and the coast. By now a regular cannonade was going on. All along the coast the guns were firing, nasty vicious flashes, and then a puff of smoke as the shrapnel burst. I steered a zig-zag course, and made steadily out to sea, climbing hard. The clouds now became very troublesome. Ostend was simply a mass of guns. After flying for three-quarters of an hour, I reached Zeebrugge. I had to come down to 5,500 feet because of the clouds. I streaked in through them, loosed my bombs, and then made off. I was hopelessly lost; I got clear, however, at 4,000 feet, heading straight out to sea and side-slipping, the earth appearing all sideways on. I then headed straight home and got back after one-and-a-half hours in the air."

In the Admiralty's official account of that raid, it is mentioned that "bombs were dropped on German mine-sweeping vessels at Zeebrugge, but the damage done is unknown." Nothing more!

These enterprises are not always successful, but they nearly always serve as material for alluring narratives. Here is the story, from the same pen, but much abbreviated, of a lively exploit that had an "unsatisfactory ending". Harold Rosher writes:

"Dinner was spoilt through a message from the Commander, which contained instructions for me to drop bombs on an airship shed at Gontrode, near Ghent. The moon rose soon after midnight, and at 1.30 a.m. I started off. When I arrived at the place there was a thick ground mist, and dawn was just breaking. I could not see the sheds at all, but two search-lights were going hard. I half circled round, when lo! and behold! I sighted a Zeppelin coming home over Zeebrugge. I turned off due east to avoid being seen, intending to wait until he came down and then catch him sitting. But my luck was out. One of the search-lights picked me up, and anti-aircraft guns immediately opened fire on me. Then a curious thing happened. The Zeppelin sighted me (I think the searchlights were signalling) and came for me. This was the tables turned with a vengeance, and the very last thing I ever dreamt of. It was a regular nightmare. I was only 6,000 feet up, and the Zepp., which was very fast, must have been 10,000. Without being able to get above it, I was, of course, helpless and entirely at the mercy of his maxim guns. I don't think I have been so disconcerted for a long time. We had "some" race! He tried to cut me off from Holland, but I got across his bows. He was a huge big thing, most imposing, and turned rapidly with the greatest of ease. I hung around, north of Ghent, climbing hard, and reached 8,500 feet, but the Zepp. wasn't having any. He wasn't coming down while I was there, and I, on the other hand, couldn't get up to him, as he had risen to some fabulous height. So, after a bit, I pushed off home, feeling very disconcerted at such an unsatisfactory ending. What else could I do? I wasn't going back, on the chance of spotting the sheds, with anti-aircraft guns waiting for me below and a Zepp. ready to pounce on me from above. I disposed of my bombs in the sea, and got back after three hours in the air; eventually got to bed at something after 6 a.m.

(Continued on page 11)

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THE TRIP TO ISLE-AUX-NOIX

By One Who Went.

When Corporal MacPherson passed quietly through the offices of the Regimental Orderly Room last Tuesday morning, telling various and sundry of the brilliant staff which daily prosecutes the war that they were to report at the wharf back of the hospital at 1.15 sharp for a trip up the Richelieu to Fort Lennox, no one pleaded a previous engagement. Being good soldiers, they obeyed promptly, and were there to the dot. And the party, which occupied two gasoline launches, had not been under way more than a few minutes when it was unanimously agreed that army life is, without fear of contradiction, the life.

The weather was of the made to order kind—a brilliant sun, a smooth river, and just enough breeze for coolness. And nothing occurred, from the time the boats were cast off till they were again at their moorings, to mar the perfect enjoyment of the trip.

Some excitement was furnished at the old fort by the discovery of a perfectly good skeleton. The original discoverer of this gruesome relic is a close connection of the late lamented Annanias; and he so far lived up to the reputation of his illustrious ancestor as to give out the report that it was nothing less than a human skeleton he had found.

The remains were cached at the bottom of the steep banks which fringe the moat around the barracks; and no sooner was this fiction promulgated than there was a rush and a roar, and the whole party swept down the bank bent on investigation. A good deal of poking and prodding, and much clearing away of undergrowth, with which the skeleton was covered, soon revealed the fact that these were no human bones. Those there were who insisted that the ribs had a familiar look; but the most cursory glance at the shape of the skull quite exploded the theory. Regretfully, therefore, it was finally decided that there was no evidence here of an Indian of former times having strangled his wife and thrown her into the moat, as was the habit of Indians at that time.

Some vandal has tripped the heavy copper sheeting from the doors of the old powder magazine: and one of the strap hinges—a solid piece of pure copper weighing probably fifty pounds, has also

been removed. Doubtless the prevailing price of copper has tempted some one to this almost sacriligious theft.

The old barracks, for the most part of massive stone,—the walls varying from two to four or five feet in thickness, are so replete with interest, both on account of its historical nature and also because of its present quaint-beauty, that an article might be written on this subject alone. In the present instance the demands upon space preclude the possibility of any adequate description at this time.

On the trip down, many expressions of pleasure and delight were heard from all members of the party, as point after point of beauty or interest was revealed by the turns of the river. In places the trees present a very stately appearance; and sudden splashes of brilliant red against a background of many shades of green served as reminders that fall is at hand, when the woods will be draped in their pre-mortem splendour.

Back to earth with a not unpleasant bump we come when someone mentions lunch. Whoever designed that lunch should have the V.C., and a permanent position in the mess hall—the two things being virtually synonymous. Tomatoes, fresh and ripe and red; sandwiches, any one of which was a meal, and cool, refreshing “softs”. Everyone ate all he could hold; and immediately thereafter a calm peace settled upon the party, such as comes only of a satisfied stomach.

It could not be ascertained who was responsible for this treat, nor what was the occasion of it. As a matter of fact, the really important thing was that it was accomplished, and everyone was too much taken up with the most thorough enjoyment of the trip to bother very greatly who or why. Though it was stated with emphasis and enthusiasm that whosoever conceived the scheme has the best thanks of those who benefitted by it. There was a strong rumour—such things have been noticed in camp on previous occasions—to the effect that on Wednesday afternoon the remainder of the staff would be similarly dealt with; but as this is written on Tuesday night, the writer respectfully declines to commit himself on this point.

Tuesday's party consisted of: Sgt. Wagg, Sgt. Hesford, Cpl. MacPherson, L/C Skidmore, and Sappers Behrens, Wheeler, Chubb, Graham (A. F.), White, Inman, Graham (J. M.), Macklin, Murphy, Raymond, Bayard, Best, and Keir.

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PEACE AFTER WAR.

The Empire wants peace, but it wants a settled peace, a peace that will ensure the world against being once again plunged into war at the will of a group of autocrats whose ambitions for world-power are the sole reason for their murderous designs.

The past four years have brought home to us what war really means. There is not a village that does not include grieving mothers and mourning wives. Some of our institutions which we imagined to be proof against all changes have been thrown into disorder and others have been cast into the melting pot of national necessity and emergency. We appreciate to some extent also the personal loss, the class upheaval and the tremendous national waste this war has brought about; but just because we are appalled by the tremendous losses and sufferings of war, and because we realise the wastage of life of our picked manhood, we are more resolved to go on until we have brought under our heel his menace to the world.

DEMOCRACY V. KAISERISM.

For the sake of the German people as well as ourselves and the world at large, we hope for the complete defeat of Kaiserism. Kaiserism means slavery, and Kaiserism and Democracy cannot mix. We are confident that one of the main causes influencing the Kaiser and his devils when they plunged the world into war, was the fear of the power of democracy which was fast gaining ground. This power will do its work in spite of the Kaiser and his gang of cut-throats. It will, by means of this war—a war for democracy—crush the life out of such autocratic government of the people.

THE COMING OF PEACE.

We must not overlook the fact that with the downfall of the Kaiser will come peace, and with peace immediate and urgent problems. The immense flow of government orders will cease, causing two to three million munition workers to be discharged almost simultaneously with the return of millions of soldiers; and unless plans are made well in advance there are likely to be hundreds of thousands of men without employment. Labour has been none too well behaved during the war, and we can expect very little better behaviour after the war is over. So that in looking into the future the governments must take into consideration the possibility of a labour upheaval which in its consequences may be terrible even as compared to the war itself.

What is the Government doing to protect its people against such a possibility?—Get busy. Now is the time: It will be too late after the war.

LEST WE FORGET.

London, August 18, 1918.—The first details have been officially published of gross outrages, perhaps unparalleled for fiendish cruelty, upon British prisoners and wounded men in March last. The facts are authenticated by sworn statements of Scottish soldiers who were of the party so treated. A private of the Royal — Highlanders tells how he and a number of comrades were surrounded and compelled to surrender near Monchy on March 28th. "Our rifles and equipment were taken from us. We consisted of one officer and fifteen men, ten of whom were wounded. We were lined up on the original front line trench and left without a guard for some time. Then a German officer and two men appeared on the edge of the trench. One man carried a container on his back and the other was armed with a rifle and short bayonet. The officer carried a revolver. The officer gave an order,

and the man with the container turned a stream of liquid fire straight down the trench in which we were standing. He could plainly see we were unarmed, but he continued to play on us for six or seven minutes."

The witness added that he and a few companions who were able to move scrambled down a communication trench and got over the top to the British lines.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor "Knots and Lashings".

Sir:—

"Knots and Lashings" is known to represent all ranks in the E.T.D. Consequently, I have no hesitation in asking the following question: What would happen to us Sappers if we acted in the same way as some of our senior N.C.O.'s in one of our City hotels?

Yours sincerely,

"Sapper".



Sketched from life

— C. Carol Jackson 1918 —

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## Twinkles from the Mounted Section

C.S.M. to Driver R. E. J.:—"I will never be able to make a soldier out of you."

Driver R. E. J.:—"Why, Sir?"

C.S.M.:—"Because your knees are standing at attention while your feet are standing at ease."

You've all heard of Cpl. Goudreau, by heck!

Right from the City Quebec;

If in the Sappers were he,

A Sergt. he'd be.

But today he's a piquet, by heck!

A Sapper was coming in at the gate Thursday night at 10.30. The guard halted him with, "Who goes there." He replied, "Lieut. Col. Melville." The guard, thinking him 'a wise one' gave him a black eye. Next morning the boys in the clink said, "Who decorated your headlight?" The Sapper replied, "The guard asked me 'Who goes there?' and I said, 'The O.C.' " "Why didn't you tell the truth?" asked one. "Oh, well, if he would do that to the O.C., what would he do to me," was the reply.

'Tis a sorrowful day for our bald-headed friend. He's been keeping his eye on the Daily Orders, and has at last noticed that Pap Weldon had been promoted instead of him. Big tears filled his eyes and more perspiration dotted his bald bean.

Extract from the "Chambly Daily Star".—Found floating on the River, a hat with an Engineer's badge, a few photos of girls, a P.P., all supposed to belong to either a Sapper or a Driver at the E.T.D., St. Johns. Owner may have same by applying at this office."

We congratulate the Mounted Section on their two new Corporals, Messrs. Ham and Weldon. We hope everything will go on as smoothly as ever. Some class to them! Wel-Don-Ham!

Why do the girls pick Drivers for sweethearts?

Because Drivers lead them into the right way and if the girls are in danger they know that they are safe with a pair of spurs and a Bandolier.

(Where does the Driver figure in it?—"Sapper").

What is the matter with Cpl. Johnson's upper lip? Does he forget to wash it? Or, is he trying to raise a soup drainer? Answers are requested for next week's issue. If Cpl. Johnson had an Exciting time

on his boat trip what happened to the C.S.M. when he went out with the Cook?

We advise the "Sulphur brigade" to be very careful.

Who is the poor Driver that returned from his harvest furlough? Did he run out of money or is there some attraction here in St. Johns? Is this not the same man who is always telling others how he would like to get away from here!

Yes, you're right, we are fond of fruit. We seem to get ALL the "peaches" anyhow. Our critics must have got a lemon.

A wise old bird,  
Sat in an oak;  
The more he heard,  
The less he spoke.  
The less he spoke,  
The more he heard;  
Let's imitate  
That wise old bird.

A. J. W.

"Say, Robinson, that's the quickest six weeks I ever saw."

"Oh, that's not strange—Everything goes quick in the Mounted."

First Driver:—"Say, how does Holbrough know when he is finished washing his face?"

Second Driver:—"He ties a tape round his forehead. All below the tape is face."

Lance Cpl. Ham:—"Hello, Weldon, some job, eh?"

Lance Cpl. Weldon:—"You bet. See any straw on my back?"

Weldon, Weldon, you're doing fine!

You'll get another in 1999, Remember you were once a Driver, so put on a smile  
And keep away from the straw-shed once in a while.

### Notice.

Owing to the change of affairs in the stables there will be a meeting of the team-drivers of No. 4 at a place and hour to be named by the President for the purpose of enquiring into the location of a new resting place. All members will be duly warned.

Eight little Drivers  
Going down for bricks  
Two of them got stripes  
That left six.

What is the use of writing lines

for "Knots and Lashings" if the Editor wont publish the same?

(Bring your "lines" up to the high quality demanded by the men of the Mounted Section and they will be published alright.—Editor.)

### Important Notice.

All not satisfied with conditions in the Mounted Section, report to riding school any time after 6.30 p.m. and see Sergt. Major Sims.

(Please bring your own stretcher bearers.)

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### WRINKLES FROM THE UNMOUNTED SECTION.

Down town on a corner, stood Barr,  
Smoking a black cigar;  
The smell of the smoke  
Made the drivers all choke,  
And horses dropped dead near and far.

Young lady to Sgt. Major Barr:—"Why do you have M.P.s guarding the stables?"

Sgt. Major Barr:—"To keep the drivers from taking the horses down town with them in the evening, my dear."

When Job died, he left D.S.M. Johnston his patience, and he needs it!

A young man, I think he was French,  
Asked us, if his thirst we could quench;

When we gave him a drink,  
He was fit for the clink,  
So we carried him there on a bench.

Wanted: a likely young man to take inoculations at the Medical Board. One armed men need not apply:

The D.S.M. would like to meet a man in the Depot, who is not an only support, has not any of his family sick, that is not sick himself, that is contented and willing to carry on, does not want a leave, discharge, C.L.A., spring mattress or a Military Medal.

### Impossible, Say We

The other night, I dreamed  
A common sapper had the nerve  
To walk on the new road at the stables.

A driver who was there objected,  
The common sapper insisted,  
The driver again objected,  
And used force.

The common sapper still insisted  
And used a half-nelson.  
Professor Cook of the band  
Composed some slow music  
For the Driver.

Then I woke up and  
Was glad it was a dream,  
For Drivers are scarce,  
That is good Drivers,  
And he was a good Driver.

Sentry:—"Halt, who goes there?"

Voice in the dark:—"Parlez-vous français, monsieur?"

Sentry:—"Pass friend and report to Sgt. Elliott of Casualty Co."

It is reported that Clearing Company is going to get a bloodhound

to keep track of the men who are members of their union.

At a concert a young fellow sang  
To the men under Lieut. Lang;  
But the Quarantine Camp  
Had to put on the clamp  
And he went off the stage with a bang.

Jack Eekstein, who plays the violin so well at the Concerts, is not a Driver; his pants are camouflage.

Cook Schmidt, he was feeling so fine  
That he went for a walk down the line;

Next morning he felt  
Rather strange 'neath the belt—  
Corporal Cummings gave him No. 9.

The Band went for a trip up the river last Sunday week; one fell overboard. If he had taken more water sooner, he would not have taken so much later.

And how is it there are so many dogs with the band in the morning.

Also it is readily moved and seconded that Professor Cook of the Band have his music transferred to Casualty Co.

A Sergeant was asked what he did in civil life; he answered, "steal" bridges. So look out for that one to Iberville, we need it for Church Parades.

This week's best laugh—  
"Farm Leaves".

Bartank.

### BY THE COURTESY OF THE PAY OFFICE.

I ain't receive no pay since my husband has gone from nowhere.

My husband has gone away at crystal palace. He got a few days furlo and has been away on the mind sweepers.

We have received your letter. I am his grandfather and grandmother. He was born and brot up in this house according to your letter.

I do not receive my husband's pay. I will be compelled to live an immortal life.

Please let me know if John has put in application for a wife and child.

You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best I ever had. Now you will have to help me or who in Hell is to if you don't.

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## Now you can get 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 dashing-ly smart, y'know!"

**WHIZ BANGS FROM No. 1  
DRAFT COMPANY.**

Say, girls, have you met him? Whom do you mean? Why, Sergt. Jack Badger. He has seven batmen, has his tent floor scrubbed out three times a day, once after each meal. It is rumored that he is going to get a suite of furniture from Montreal to decorate his reception room in Number 1 Draft Coy's lines where he entertains the sisters and lady friends of the Sappers.

Jack, you old bounder, you are a regular heart-breaker and one of these days the Sappers will be getting wise and you will probably draw a low category and miss the Siberian Draft.

It is reported that Jack Henesy is getting fed up on St. Johns. We know, Jack, that the lights are very bright; but why didn't you speak to "Blackie" last Sunday?

I have to get even with Jack Badger but have to be very careful as he comes back so darn strong. Say, Jack, where did you get that silk shirt? Is it an issue?

Our Sergeants are very obliging. The other day Grahame Harris 'volunteered' to walk up to the G. T. R. Station with a pretty "Blonde". How about it Grahame? You didn't make a very good job of stealing that chair from the ice cream parlor. (?)

Sergt. Trudeau, one of our handsome P.T. Instructors, caught a pike that beat Jimmy Boyd's. He said that when he pulled the pike out it left a big hole in the water.

Somebody said that Sergt. George was going to play "Inside Right" as he had no "Inside Left".

C.S.M. York threatened to use violence on our reporter when he tried to interview him, the other day. We saw him in the Park Sunday with Corpl. Courtenay and their lady friends.

We could tell lots more but you know that "discretion is the better part of valour."

When walking near the St. James Church the other night, we heard a sweet voice remark, "Do you still love me Billy?" Who is Billy? Three guesses.

Corpl. Courtenay is quite a golf player as well as a tennis champion. Do you remember the time that you got tangled up in your golf clubs, Corpl.? Corpl. Courtenay will be fine for Siberia as he

is a good "musher". On snowshoes, I mean.

Len Bound just returned off six days leave. He reports that the crops are "purty fair, By heck!" and also the "Chicken" are fine down in Quebec.

A certain C.S.M. of Clearing Company has a good chance now of showing his ability as a signaller as there will be a Signal Corps leaving for Siberia soon. "A'hum."

Corporal Cummings has handed over his work in the Medical Office and decided to go to Siberia. He will hand out No. 9's and also run the blubber counter.

**THE CRY OF THE EMPLOYED**

Hark to the jist of this sad lament,  
List to our trouble who will,  
Not to ourselves alone is it sent,  
Help us who can if you will.

Force us no longer to tarry here!  
Be we not worthy for, "Over There"?

May we not face in our privilege clear  
The hideous storm?

Must we be chained to our table or bench  
While others must suffer and toil?

May we not help in the flame-swept trench  
To shatter that tight gripped coil?

Must we remain when the call blares out  
From the Amur's ice-locked banks;

When the staggering Russians cease to doubt,  
May we not brace their ranks?

Oh, we are neither the best nor worst

But our yearning cry is, "Now",  
We want to be there from the very first,

We'll not be the last, we vow.  
We've given the best tht we had to give,

Laboured with hand and brain,  
But God! we claim our right to live  
And life has its need of pain.

Must we, on our virgin record book

That all the world may see,  
Write, so whoever will may look,  
"I was clerk at the E.T.D."

Ah! better by far a cairn of rock  
On the bleak and stormy plain,  
Or a rend from a bursting shrapnel's shock.

—"No toil makes little gain."  
J. H. F.

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A complete line of Active Service Equipment always carried in stock.

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GOOD TO THE LAST CRUMB.  
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Montreal you DINE at the

## Edinburgh Cafe

436 St. Catherine St., W.  
(Next door to Loew's Theatre.)

TRY OUR

50c Club Luncheon.

Dancing each evening, 10-12 p.m.

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We serve  
the Engineers with  
Meals, Lunches, Chop Suey  
and Oriental Dishes.

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Sandwiches.

Private dining rooms, absolute  
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Shoe Shine Parlor.  
Richelieu St. St. Johns

### ATHLETICS. 'SOCCER' EVENT

E. T. D. Vs. Canadian Vickers.

The weatherman was certainly  
very considerate on Saturday last  
in his selection of such a perfect  
football afternoon.

The teams lined up promptly at  
3.15 and soon lively play was to  
be witnessed. The visitors seemed  
to be ragged in their efforts to  
combine, and were soon hard  
pressed by the depot boys and be-  
fore half time our lads had notched  
two fire goals.

Improvement in the depot team  
was manifest from the first to last  
whistle. The visitors were never  
allowed to flag and our defence  
left no doubt as to its sterling  
qualities.

Mr. Griffiths has an aggregation  
that will be hard to beat and he  
can be assured of the hearty sup-  
port of the depot if he puts out a  
team so worthy of the Engineers.

The score was 2 to nil in our  
favour after a perfectly clean  
game.

#### Canadian Vickers Team

Riley	Charlesworth
French	Bindon
Fullerton	McLean
Streetley	George
Sellers	Milne
Worsley	

#### E. T. Depot Team

Kessen	Lawson	McGough
Thompson	Rodger	Lewis
Kelly	Hardy	Galbraith
Alexander	Griffith	

### CORRESPONDENCE.

(Editor's Note:—The following  
letter was handed us for publica-  
tion by a sobbing maiden and we  
would indeed be wanting in  
gallantry if we refused her plea.)

August 26th, 1918.

Dear Pat:—  
How could you serve me so, after  
all you have said to me,—to leave  
me waiting at our usual trysting  
place last Saturday and Sunday  
evenings. There was I, faithful  
unto the last, waiting hour after  
hour and anxiously peering into  
the darkness with the hope of  
seeing your manly and soldierly  
form approaching to embrace me.  
But no! You did not come and  
each evening found me wending  
my weary way home alone, singing  
sadly to myself:

"Oh where is my wandering boy  
tonight."

Today, the mystery was all ex-  
plained. I saw you, spent and

tired, leaving the Montreal train  
and making your way to Barracks.  
Did that lady friend in Montreal  
treat you better than I have always  
treated you? Did she give you  
fresh eggs for breakfast and a com-  
fortable bed—all to yourself? Did  
she throw her arms around you and  
caress you the same as I do? You  
know she couldn't! So please, dear  
Pat, don't go any more, but stay  
here, with,

Yours adoringly,  
Felicia Charming.

(Note:—The following was, in  
part, what the dear little lady said  
to us between her sobs: "Please,  
Mr. Editor, don't fail to put this  
in your valuable paper as I am so  
anxious not to lose my dear Pat.  
I do not know his full name and  
this is the only way I can find  
him.")

### JOTTINGS FROM THE QUARANTINE CAMP.

Yes, we now have a barber and  
he cuts hair! If he can get hold  
of some ether he'll shave every  
man in the Camp. Could not he  
also manufacture some sort of  
chair?—not that we are after com-  
fort, but it might be worth the  
price of someone's skin.

A young Sapper, attached to the  
Quarantine Camp, coming back  
from leave, was seen in Central  
Park polishing his buttons and  
other brass. What's the idea?

A wet shirt was found this  
morning just inside the confines  
of the Quarantine Camp. Would  
it be the property of the young  
Engineer from across the way who  
came enquiring if the storm, that  
had carried his tent away, had by  
any chance left it in Quarantine.  
"Bugs".

### Interesting Lecture.

Sgt. Vrooman will give a lecture  
and demonstration on the working  
parts of a bayonet at the Ice Cream  
Parlor on Richelieu Street. All  
are cordially invited. The Date  
will be announced later.

Sgt. Vrooman has given several  
lectures on the above mentioned  
implement of war and it is anti-  
cipated that the lecture will be in-  
teresting as well as beneficial.  
"Sundae".

### 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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The most nearly automatic and  
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(At Market Square)

We buy your civilian clothes and  
pay highest prices.

We also unfit discharged men  
and guarantee satisfaction to all.



**A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING  
AND NOT MUCH OF  
ANYTHING.**

A Sapper mistook Corporal "B" for Sergeant "A". The Corporal heard about it and said, "Well, if I look like him I'll go to the River and drown myself."

This was how it happened. Corporal "B" was stopped on the street last Sunday night by one of St. John's fair girls and the fair girl said: "Oh Sergeant 'A'! my, I never expected to see you to-night!" Say doesn't that Corporal wish that Sergeant "A" would leave town!

Who is the night orderly corporal of Clearing Company who put in for a harvest furlough when the only farm he ever saw was through a railway coach window? Some think he is better drilling for Oil or Gas than for farming.

We have positive information of a certain Sergeant who spends every night at a fair maiden's house near College Barracks, and of a French-speaking Sergeant who has apparently a monopoly on all the girls about town. There are others who want a chance!

"Who was the boy scout that put Nuts in the clink?"

**Futurist Poetry**

(Offered without apologies)

There was a boy scout named Mallison,  
That tried to play with a guy named Hoolison;  
He played such a joke, that he got his neck broke.  
Little boy scout Mallison.

There was a corporal named Khains,  
That used to suffer with pains Because of his varicose veins;  
If he attains the pains of those veins  
He will sure go to a place called Louvain.

"Say, Jack, they are taking blind men in the Canadian Navy."  
Surprised Mack: "How's that?"  
"Oh, they are taking them out to see (sea)."

Scene:—Sappers, N.C.O.'s and some Officers watching a football game and M.P.'s seeing that order is kept.

A Sapper was unable to see the game on account of an M.P. standing in front of him. The aforementioned Sapper, thinking to have a joke said:—"Say, M.P., do you play checkers?"  
M.P.:—"Yes."

Sapper:—"Wouldn't you mind taking a move?"

M.P.:—"When I move I usually take a man with me."

Cpl. H. Babbin.

Who is the Lance Corpl. who has spent \$900 on a refreshment room? And does he know why business is bad? Does he want a partner with a hundred dollars to invest?  
"Dough".

**"THAT'S A GRAND AND  
GLORIOUS FEELING"**

By Sapper H. J. Linney.

When the Kooties are biting  
And the trench rats you're fighting  
And the bullets are flying pell-mell;

When it's raining and snowing,  
And the North winds are blowing,  
You'll say, "Gee whiz! ain't this Hell!"

But when with your gun,  
You smash a big Hun,  
Who into your trench was a-stealing  
You'll shout like the devil,  
But say! on the level,  
That's a Grand and Glorious feeling.

When you go over the top,  
And you drop with a flop  
As a Whiz Bang bumps into your head;

In No Man's Land you lay  
A night and a day,  
Gee whiz! you'll wish you were dead.

Your brain is all flighty,  
And you're thinking of Blighty,  
And just as you're sure you are keeling,

You'll wake up with a curse,  
In the arms of a Nurse,  
That's a Grand and Glorious Feeling.

**THE LIMIT.**

"How is ——— ?" I asked a senior officer of a Territorial regiment, mentioning a friend of mine, who, at the age of forty-seven, took his commission just before the war, and had been out from the first.

"He's very well, and though not a young 'un has 'made good'. Coolest man under fire I ever saw. Never winces or ducks, whether it's H.E., shrapnel or 'whizz-bangs', and when a 'Minnie' comes over and nearly hits him, you might think it was a football for all the funk he shows, but he swore himself faint because the man who shares his dug-out snored."

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**Hotel Poutré**  
Market Place,  
St. Johns, Que.  
A. C. Poutré, Prop.  
You know it as the CITY Hotel.

**"WHEN ON LEAVE OBSERVE  
THE FOLLOWING RULES  
FOR THE ROAD."**

1. Upon discovering an approaching team the automobile must stop and the driver cover the machine with a blanket painted to correspond with the scenery.

2. The speed limit on country roads this year will be a secret, and the penalty for violation will be \$10. for every mile an offender is caught in access of it.

3. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead the automobilist must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, halt and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.

4. Automobiles must be seasonably painted—that is, they will merge with the pastoral ensemble, and not be startling. They must be green in spring, golden in summer, red in autumn, and white in winter.

5. Automobiles running on country roads at night must send up a red rocket each mile and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They then must proceed carefully, blowing their horns, and shooting Roman Candles.

6. All members of The Society will give up Sunday to chasing automobiles; shooting and shouting at them, making arrests and otherwise discouraging country touring on that day.

7. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

8. In case an automobile approaches a farm house when the roads are dusty, it will slow down to one mile an hour, and the chauffeur will lay the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler over the dashboard.

**THE LIMITED VOCABULARY.**

In a ward of an English military hospital the language of the men at times got rather "high"; so somebody introduced a swearing-box, wherein each man that swore placed one penny per swear-word used.

The proceeds were to be in aid of the Red Cross; and after a week or two there was quite a good collection of coppers for the fund. But it was noticed that one man—an old soldier too—had never contributed a penny; no one had ever heard him swear.

At times they would tease him about it, but he would only grunt

and suck away at his short, black, clay pipe.

That pipe was his bosom companion, and he bestowed more care on it than some mothers bestow upon their children. One morning he laid the pipe on a table in order that he might open a window. When he turned round, to his horror, his wonderful pipe was in atoms on the ground.

"Who done that?" he asked in a terrible voice.

"Sorry, Bill—" said a wounded warrior.

The unhappy man looked at him for a moment, hesitated, then walked over to the swearing-box and dropped into it ten pennies.

The whole ward gathered round to benefit from the choice epithets that were to come. The owner of the pipe stood in the centre of the crowd, screwed up his mouth and commenced:

"You—you—" he said, then suddenly dropped his hands in a state of despair.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head. "It's no use. There ain't no word for it—there simply ain't no word for it!"

**WHEN I ENLISTED**

By Lce. Corp. V. J. B.

(It appears from the following, that the "dreamy eyed poets" of the Pay Office, M.O.'s Office and Q.M. Stores, have a deadly rival in the field. We thought we had plumbed the depths in the matter of 'poems', but will have to reconsider our decision. However, the mysterious V. J. B. writes with a delightfully naiever directness which is very pleasing. He puts on no airs, makes no attempt at "fine writing", and is never obscure. He has his story to tell and tells it with the manly simplicity of the Old English Ballads. Better honest prose like this, chopped into cordwood lengths, than the meter mongering with which we are so often afflicted. Anyhow, the man who is responsible for the following is surely one to be reckoned with. Let the Kaiser beware. Here she goes. Look out below.)

It was on the 20th of April last,  
Long will I remember the day,  
When I discarded the civic class,  
And joined the bloody fray.

For two long weeks, I did try  
A uniform to get,  
But the Q.M.'s always say  
Nothing doing yet.

And so next day, I jumped the  
train,

In the corner sat alone,  
Thinking in my long night's ride,

Of my happy "home sweet  
home".

Then back I came to the station  
Called St. Johns Quebec,  
If that is called a city,  
What is a city, by heck?

I steered my way for the Depot,—  
The training camp of great  
fame,—

At the gate I was halted  
And asked "whence I came".

Once more, was paraded to Q. M.  
Store,

Once more they turned me down.  
"Can't fit you out with clothes to-  
day,

Tomorrow, you can come around.

The Q. M. S.'s has got some dope,  
On how to make excuses.  
But now I have them on the run  
Just with a pair of deuces.

But now I have my uniform,  
And uniform it fits,  
Then its go over to the Canteen,  
To buy a swagger stick, "price,  
two bits."

Its now I lie upon the boards,  
All in a desperate state.  
Awaiting for the M.O. to come  
So I can learn my fate.

No matter what's your sickness,  
No matter if sublime,  
The M.O. takes you in his office,  
And Cummins gives you a No. 9.

So farewell to the Q.M.S.'s,  
And all the M.O.P.'s,  
Pack up my troubles in my old kit  
bags,  
And join them overseas.

**ON SEEING THINGS.**

It was the most terribly cold day of all the terrible winter, and freezing hard. The sniping officer, going his rounds, came upon a Tommy on "observation" duty just under the parapet edging the highest point thereabouts, and overlooking a huge mine crater in No Man's Land. He had his eye glued to a periscope, and enfiladed as he was by the cutting winds, looked the most abjectly miserable creature on this earth. The officer went near to him, but the Tommy never looked up.

"See anything?" inquired the officer.

"See henythink!" Tommy repeated sarcastically, not knowing that he was speaking to an officer. "Wiv' your blinkin' eyes a-runnin', and yer blinkin' tin-hat a-tumblin' every few minutes over yer blinkin's nose, and the blighted periscope froze up wiv mud at the bloomin' peep-'ole—'ow the blazes is a blighter to see henythink?"

**Naylor's Candies**

The value is in the Candy.  
The Guarantee of Quality is in  
the name.

The box is incidental.

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Unsurpassed  
CHOCOLATES and BON BONS  
222 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada  
Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our  
products, is unequalled for  
PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

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CHOCOLATES,  
SOFT DRINKS  
AND FRUITS.

**Everything Clean  
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**Hudson Bay Co.'s**

**Imperial  
Mixture**

CANADA'S FOREMOST  
TOBACCO.

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BOTTLING  
WORKS**

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor

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**THE ROMANCE OF AIR-FIGHTING.**

(Continued from page 2)

**The Finest Air Story Of The War.**

In May, 191, a correspondent of the London "Times" described the most remarkable air battle that the War has produced. It happened on a day of great heat, when the haze was so thick that one could hardly see the ground from a height of 2,000 feet. At 5 p.m., five British aeroplanes were well over the enemy country, when they saw two enemy machines ahead, and tried to close with them. These two were decoys, bent on luring the British flotilla far from its base, and, as soon as they were chased, German air fleets came closing in in three formations of eight, eight, and nine machines, twenty-seven machines in all, counting the two decoys. The fight began at 11,000 feet, and afterwards ranged from 3,000 to 12,000 feet up and down the ladders of heaven. It lasted a full hour—an extraordinary time for five machines to "stick it out" against twenty-seven. In a few minutes, three of the German aeroplanes had gone down crashing or in flames. Then the British luck seemed to turn, and the engine of Lieutenant B. gave out. Another Lieutenant saw his crippled comrade slipping downwards and a German diving after him to finish him. Quick as a flash, he followed, and in another second the pursuing German turned clean over in the air and went down nose foremost. By a miracle, Lieutenant B's engine now caught its breath again, and he climbed up 8,000 feet to rejoin his formation, just in time to see some more Germans fall. One of the British machines then began to drop, with flames bursting from its reserve petrol-tank, but, fortunately, it made a "topping" landing, as the men on the ground said. Will it be believed that, before this extraordinary battle had ended, four more Germans came utterly to grief? Altogether eight German machines were absolutely destroyed, and yet only one British plane had been burned, and the other four British, still lords of the air, came home with bullet-holes in their aeroplanes and dents on their spars, but otherwise none the worse for their fight with the twenty-seven.

**The Airman's Life.**

Only part of the aviator's time has to be devoted to routine work and "stunts". He has his social

life, and a merry time it is, with a full dose of the 'joie de vivre'. "Bird-men" are the best company in the world; they are the cream of society, and yet modest; they love practical jokes and are always cheerful without being inane; they are well-informed, and do not indulge in a pedantic display of their information.

As regards the risks attendant upon ordinary flying, it may be interesting to quote from an article written in hospital by a British Lieutenant (Royal Air Force), after an accident caused by too sudden a descent. "A crash," he writes, "can always be explained; I could explain mine. If the laws of flight are obeyed, if engines work, if stress and strain are well calculated—and, it must be added, if the human element is dependable then flying is as safe as lying in a hammock." Apart from war work, the proportion of accidents to thousands of miles flown has been enormously reduced. We cannot make aviation as safe as golf or fishing, but it is certainly as safe as many of the pastimes of the sportsman. For instance, from the standpoint of control, the aeroplane is superior to the sailing boat or the balloon, and it beats the horse hollow.

Sportsmen have said that the finest sport in the world is galloping down lions. The definition must be revised. The finest sport to-day is to ascend to the upper atmosphere and assist there in the supreme task of defeating the world's tyrants.

**THE SECOND 'OUSE.**

An attack by the Boches being expected, some men of a London regiment had been kept in reserve for nearly twenty hours in an underground excavation, which more closely resembled a tunnel than a trench. It was almost dark, inches deep in water, and the men—cold and cramped by reason of the fact that it was absolutely impossible to stand up straight—were physically miserable, if mentally cheerful. They were relieved at night by men from another regiment, and as they were filing out of this "hole" one of the new arrivals inquired of an out-coming man:

"Who are you?" meaning, of course, which regiment? The questioned man was possibly a frequenter of entertainments where two performances are given nightly, for he replied sourly:

"'Oo are we? Can't you see? We're the second 'ouse a-comin' aht of the pit."

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"NUTS AND RATIONS."

This is the 1,500th day of the War, and it finds us as firm in our determination to fight to a finish, as during the first few weeks of the struggle.

Then, the Kaiser spoke of England's "contemptible little army" of 80,000 men. Now he must shiver,—as tradition says we all do if someone steps on our grave—when he reads that Great Britain alone has sent six and a quarter millions of men, and her Empire has sent two and a quarter millions more. Fancy that! Over 8 millions! or one hundred now for every one she had then.

There can be no doubt that the Russian people were betrayed by Lenine and Trotsky for a few pieces of German silver.

And we were told, only a short while ago that we were doing the Russian people a great injustice by not consenting to acknowledge the Bolshevik Government.

For over a year now the Germans have been holding up the peasants of Russia, and have seized their foodstuff and raw material. Whilst the Lenine Trotsky combination stood by and quietly submitted. To save them from themselves the Allies have decided upon a concerted action, which, from the part the Canadians are to take in it, will be watched with keen interest.

As it now seems to be a case of sink or swim with the Russians, we are not surprised to see they are trying to get Finns on their side. Lenine and Trotsky left early in order to avoid the Russ. (Perhaps they were afraid to face the Mujik.—Editor.)

We have often heard it said that the German Crown Prince was to be found at the head of the German army, leading his troops, a fact we are more willing to believe today than we were some time since. Safety first!

One of the terms mentioned in Von Hertlin's "conditions of peace" says "Recognition of Germany's integrity." A conjunction of words no one can possibly identify.

To have ideas and to be silent is wisdom.

Not to have ideas and to be silent is prudence.

To have ideas and not to be silent is egotism.

Not to have ideas and not to be silent is ignorance.

We were present at a little dinner recently, where one of the speakers made use of the following mixed metaphors:—"We have drawn the sword for freedom, and it must ever be our duty in our march across the sea of life, to strive to unfurl it on the highest pinnacle."

—PAT.

SPORTS NOTICE

Labour Day, Monday, September 2nd, being a Holiday, the following games of athletic sports will be arranged:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>9.00 to 10.30 a.m.—Base Ball Match.</p> <p>(Afternoon, 1.30 p.m.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Mounted Tug-of-War.</li> <li>2. Wrestling on Horse Back.</li> <li>3. Dismounted Tug-of-War.</li> <li>4. 100 Yards Dash.</li> <li>5. High Jump.</li> <li>6. 220 Yards Race.</li> <li>7. Broad Jump.</li> <li>8. ¼ Mile Race.</li> <li>9. Hop, Step and Jump.</li> <li>10. ½ Mile Race.</li> <li>11. Three-legged Race.</li> <li>12. 1 Mile Race.</li> <li>13. Relay Race (4 men 220 yds. each).</li> </ol> | <p>10.30 to 12.00 a.m.—Football Match.</p> <p>(Evening)</p> <p>Boxing:—</p> <p>Heavyweight (over 158 lbs.)</p> <p>Middleweight (158 lbs. and under)</p> <p>Welterweight (145 lbs. and under)</p> <p>Lightweight (135 lbs. and under)</p> <p>Featherweight (120 lbs. and under)</p> <p>Football, Baseball, Mounted Tug-of-War, Wrestling on Horse Back and Dismounted Tug-of-War Teams will be arranged.</p> |
|--|---|

Prizes will be offered for all events.



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