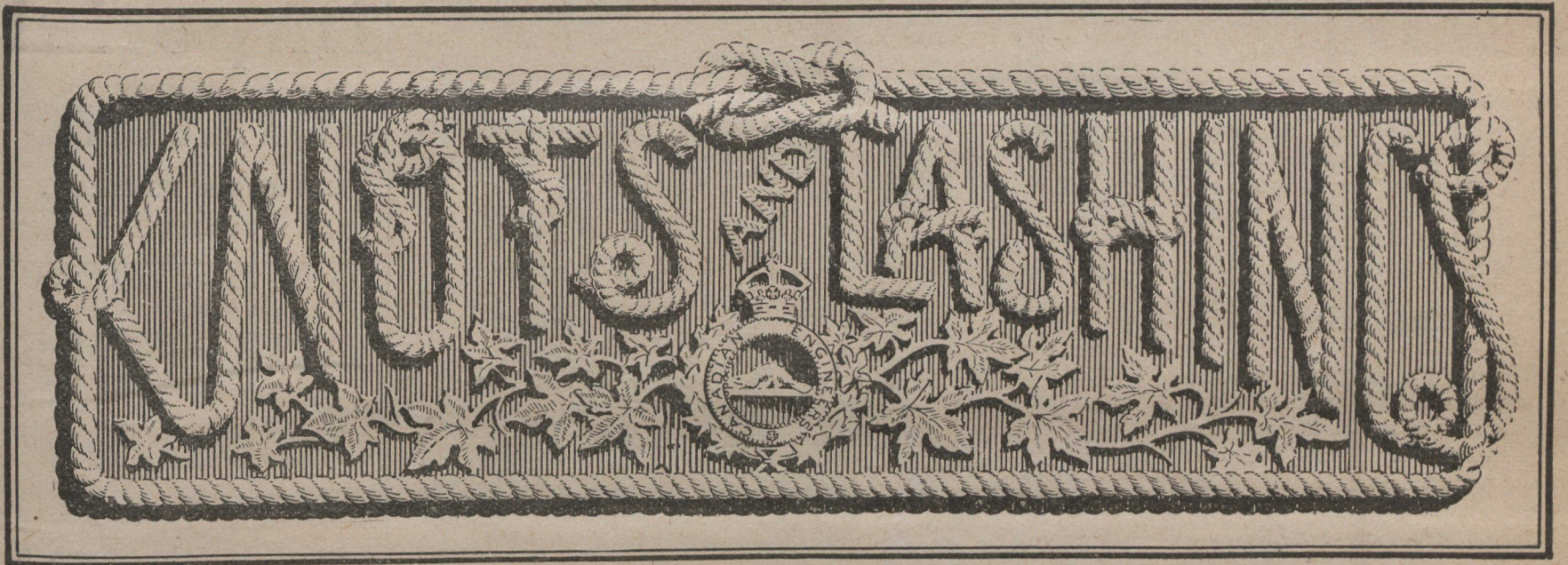


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A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

Vol. 1. No. 29.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

## The Use of Models in Military Training.

By Lt. E. T. Adney, C.E.

### Education Through The Senses.

Anyone at all familiar with the subject, knows that there has gradually developed during the past twenty five years, a principle in education known as “visual instruction”, or “visual training”. We acquire our education through the medium of our senses. A certain and important part is through touch, by which we acquire manual dexterity, balance in walking, etc., in which material assistance is given by the eye. Hearing occupies a relatively much less important place. That this is true, has been shown lately by experiments conducted with the object of discovering how strong our senses are, as means of recording new impressions. It has been found that in, say, ten new impressions received through the eye, seven are remembered, and three forgotten, while after the same period of time, of those received through the ear, seven are forgotten and only three remembered. The general truth here shown, is evident to the majority of normal persons, but the defect in educational systems has resulted from a failure to re-

cognize the principle, and employ it as fully as we ought to.

### Old Educational Methods.

An example of the importance of the eye, is given by words themselves. Words were spoken and heard, long before they were made visible by means of symbols, and it is probable that words expressive of the strong emotions, will always have more power when uttered than when read. But all ideas, arranged to form thoughts upon which we reflect calmly, are more easily remembered in written than in spoken form; for not only does the eye retain more readily, but it may return again and again to the word or sentence. The spoken word has been strengthened from time immemorial, we can imagine, by the adjunct of rude drawings and pictures. Contemplating the extreme antiquity of picture writings among savage and extinct races, one can easily imagine them as old as spoken language itself, apart from the sounds that express primal emotions. The Greek philosopher sketched the diagram “pons asinorum” on the dust of the streets

of Athens, as he explained by words the mathematical proposition. But, obviously, when it came to recording the sum of human knowledge, the bulk of it was put into written form, and it is well that it was so; for, being compact and concise, it has survived when other forms of records would not have done so. When only a few sought learning, and these could spend their lives in study of books and listening to the words as they fell from the lips of learned teachers, this no doubt served very well. But the needs of the common man were never considered at all. Learning was highly aristocratic. It is only in comparatively modern times, that any thought has been given to improving upon the older methods of education. But now, with the growth of democracy, we recognize the need for educating every person in the State, and the importance of economy in time, and in effort, so as to impart the maximum quantity in the minimum period of time. The principle of “visual instruction” is the latest development in this direction, and it is now accomplished chiefly through pictures and models.

### Models.

But “why models? why not the full sized reality?” persons may ask. Models, so called, may be of full size, but full size reality will often be so large, that it cannot, as a whole, be taken in by the eye. Take, as example, a geological



Sloppy Joe (home on leave):—Look, Pop, I'm a soldier now.  
“Pop” (eyeing his son critically):—“Like H— you are!”

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



relief map of a Province, or of an extensive series of entrenchments. A principle or a theory, concerning anything whatever which may be visualized in material form and which is of considerable magnitude, can be shown far better on small scale model than in any other way. It can be seen as a whole, and, if well carried out as regards details, each detail falls into its proper place and may be examined minutely. One can see, almost at a glance, what it would take months of study to understand, when presented by others methods.

#### Military Models.

The navy, as compared with the army, has always made a much greater use of models for purposes of instruction. There has ever been a fascination in fashioning miniatures of water craft. In England, there are beautiful models of vessels, the series reaching back almost to the beginning of the national navy. So it is but natural that for a long time, training by the use of models has been considered indispensable in England and in the United States. From perfect working models of ships, fifteen or twenty feet long, naval cadets and apprentices would learn both the construction and the working of a full rigged ship. These models were complete to the last block and seizing. For the same purpose, modern battleships are also reproduced, and the drill of dropping and raising anchor is carried on by the aid of models. Even working of guns and turrets is illustrated by means of models. The best types of hulls for battleships and torpedo craft, are ascertained by the use of models, drawn at varying and definite rates of speed through long tanks. In such cases, the value of models from the point of view of economy, is inestimable.

Following the example set by the navy, the army is also now making much greater use of models for instructional purposes.

#### Artillery Models.

At the War Department, in Washington, D.C., is a wonderful series of working models of all types of guns built for use by the army, each model being constructed on a scale of an inch to the foot. These models range from the eighteen pounder field gun, drawn by a team of six mules, and complete to the last buckle on the harness, to the great twelve inch coast defense gun, in concrete emplacement on disappearing carriage. I remember looking in astonishment at a model of the latter

"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN."



—“Evening Post”, N.Y.

type of gun, complete in all the detail of its intricate mechanism. The model gun was four feet long, and of one inch bore, and I was assured by the attendant that it would actually fire and perform the functions of the larger gun of which it was a representation. But what astonished me most, was a tool chest, four inches long, filled with miniature tools of all kinds. There were screwdrivers, oil cans, wrenches an inch long as perfect in finish as if made for a scarf pin, and yet, I was informed, the gun could be taken apart, completely dismantled, and put together again by the use of no other tools than those in that miniature tool chest. This was a model indeed.

(Concluded next week)

#### 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.

#### THOSE ARISTOCRATIC “DRIVERS”.

The Drivers had just gotten out of Quarantine and were once more “dining out”, with the genial Cook Sergeant. Over the “cigars and coffee”, a common Sapper ventured to enquire deferentially of one of the Drivers,—

“Hello, and what’s been the matter with you?”

Whereupon the ‘superior one’ loftily replied:—“Oh! we’ve merely been suffering from EN-U-I, old chap.”

#### QUEBEC DETACHMENT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Whether Corpl. Wood’s hobos really came up to Canada on the freight; and whether his friends approve of all the advertising they get free, gratis for nothing.

Where the ambulance really took that nigger to.

Whether Sergt. McAllister likes his new job of Acting Dietitian.

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**"BATTALION" 39,—SHUN!**

During the past ten months, it has been our privilege and our pleasure, to welcome to the Engineer's Training Depot at St. Johns, a number of Officer Classes. As regards the newest arrivals, we hesitate to call them a Class,—they are almost a battalion.

Class 34, twenty-two strong, made their debut on January 15th, 1918, with proper diffidence and a becoming sense of their d— ignorance of military matters. And at that, there were among them, 9 men who had won their stripes as Corporals and Sergeants in the E. T. D. And stripes came hard in those days.

Subsequently they took their bumps in the Tan Bark Emporium, and, what they regretted very much more, grieved the sensitive and yearning soul of the "Laird of Bridoon" and also the non-sensitive and non-yearning soul of his accomplice. We are in a position to make this statement quite unreservedly—because they both **told us so**. Several times. Moreover, the members of Class 34, sorely tried the lofty estheticism of Mr. Philipps, by the reckless manner in which they burned out tungsten lamps as they studied far into the long winter nights.

But quite apart from the ability which they developed in the pursuit of their purely military duties, they also found time for other diversions. They established indoor Base-Ball at the Depot on an organized basis, and played a number of matches; they put a hockey team on the ice, and as a result of the sensational matches with the N.C.O.'s of the Depot, copped the title of Depot Champions. (They also tendered the N.C.O.'s a delightful oyster supper, although that's quite another story). They organized a dance which is still discussed,—by those who weren't there.

And they **worked** for, and loyally supported, "**Knots and Lashings**".

Already practically all the men of Class 34 have been assigned responsible duties either in Quebec or on overseas service.

Of Classes 35, 36 and 37 we have already spoken in previous issues. And besides, most of them are still here to speak for themselves.

But Class 39,—by far the largest Class that has ever come to the Depot,—have before them a clean sheet. They represent the great Universities of Canada, and by them, as representatives, will their respective Alma Maters be judged.

Indeed, the new Class has everything in their favor to help them make for themselves, and to leave

behind, a name that will be remembered at the Depot. Naturally, military studies and work should come first. But there are other things, hardly less important. Among these, Athletics probably stands first. We hope, and expect, that the new men will not only do their part in organizing baseball and foot-ball, but that they will get into the game and play it for all they are worth. The season for aquatic sports will soon be here. Let them prepare for that.

The men now coming to the Depot, should have but one ambition. That ambition should be to equal,—for they can never surpass,—the record established by the famous battalions of the First Contingent.

Officers and men of the First Contingent, who placed the "hall mark" on Canada's military effort, earned their reputation simply by "playing the game". It was their motto just as it must be yours. They lived it on the Parade Ground, in the Barracks and among themselves. As a consequence, their record has never been surpassed.

"Playing the game" is the only sure way to success in any calling in life. It is the only way to honor and success in the army. By "playing the game" you change tedium to pleasure, and work to play. There are many features of army life which appear uninteresting and monotonous. You can make them bright and pleasurable by simply "playing the game".

And finally let the new Officers remember that "Knots and Lashings" is the official newspaper of the Depot, managed and supported by the men of the Garrison. We are well aware that in the pages of "Knots and Lashings", room for improvement exists, and we are satisfied that, with the aid of the new Class, our paper will continue to grow and improve.

So send us your contributions in "poetry" or in prose, sense or nonsense. Remember that "Social doin's", "Heard on the Parade Ground", and "Hoof marks from the Riding School" are among our many specialities.

To the following officers of Class 39, we extend a cordial greeting. To them, individually and collectively, we simply say—**"GET INTO THE GAME,—AND PLAY IT."**

- Lieut. G. H. Warren
- Lieut. C. B. Atkins
- Lieut. A. Leger
- Lieut. R. W. Dow
- Lieut. G. Spragge
- Lieut. P. A. Fetterly
- Lieut. R. A. V. Nicholson
- Lieut. F. R. Archibald

- Lieut. J. H. N. de Tilly
- Lieut. E. K. Adamson
- Lieut. J. L. Alexander
- Lieut. R. G. Bangs
- Lieut. N. T. Binks
- Lieut. W. J. Boddy
- Lieut. J. P. Boyce
- Lieut. H. C. Brown
- Lieut. H. O. Brown
- Lieut. C. W. Buckle
- Lieut. C. S. Cameron
- Lieut. E. W. Camp
- Lieut. F. L. Cann
- Lieut. G. F. Carroll
- Lieut. E. A. Charlton
- Lieut. A. W. G. Clark
- Lieut. J. L. Clarke
- Lieut. L. H. Derrer
- Lieut. G. J. Doane
- Lieut. W. Doran
- Lieut. G. R. Edwards
- Lieut. T. J. Edwards
- Lieut. G. H. Ferguson
- Lieut. R. H. Findlay
- Lieut. R. L. Flagg
- Lieut. W. L. Fraser
- Lieut. N. E. Greene
- Lieut. A. W. G. Green
- Lieut. J. B. Holland
- Lieut. A. K. Hay
- Lieut. T. F. Harrison
- Lieut. L. J. Jordan
- Lieut. G. J. Jackson
- Lieut. J. R. Jago
- Lieut. W. H. Kelly
- Lieut. A. J. Lawrence
- Lieut. H. A. Lynch
- Lieut. A. B. Manson
- Lieut. W. McL. Moore
- Lieut. A. M. Mackenzie
- Lieut. N. W. McCutcheon
- Lieut. N. B. MacRostie
- Lieut. C. S. Macdonald
- Lieut. W. A. McInnes
- Lieut. S. A. Neilson
- Lieut. R. C. Philips
- Lieut. A. J. Purse
- Lieut. H. B. Pelletier
- Lieut. C. A. Parke
- Lieut. A. B. Rogers
- Lieut. L. de B. Roy
- Lieut. R. McC. Ryan
- Lieut. A. Roxborough
- Lieut. H. M. Roscoe
- Lieut. W. R. Sandison
- Lieut. J. J. Sinclair
- Lieut. D. M. Sutherland
- Lieut. R. A. Strong
- Lieut. R. Snodgrass
- Lieut. A. H. Taylor
- Lieut. J. R. Timmins
- Lieut. W. G. Tyler
- Lieut. W. R. Way
- Lieut. A. G. Wilkins
- Lieut. T. H. Wilkinson
- Lieut. A. E. Woollam

**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.

**CONGRATULATIONS TO,—**

- Q.M.S. E. S. Woolley
- Pay Sgt. H. D. Hunter
- Pay Sgt. W. Bell
- A/Sergt. A. Watling
- A/Sergt. F. G. Wagg
- A/Sergt. J. McAllister
- A/Sergt. A. Lock
- A/Corpl. U. Provencher
- Corp. J. H. Jones
- Corp. Hickman
- Lce. Corp. T. B. Ballantine
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- Lce. Corp. W. Riddell
- Lce. Corp. W. P. Cahill
- Lce. Corp. J. H. Marshall
- Lce. Corp. C. E. Leborgne

**BOYS!**

Remember the girl  
Who sends the boxes,—  
Remember the girl  
Who knits the socks,—  
Remember the girl at home.

(We regret that it has been found impossible to publish the really clever sketch, submitted by Driver Wyndham along with the above verses.)



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		Lieut. B. Geldzaeler.	

MANAGER:—Lieut. C. A. Davidson

FROM THE BARRACK WINDOW.

In the Great Crusade in which we are now engaged,—the redemption of Civilization,—it is not strange to find every member and every unit of society, contributing in some manner toward the achievement of the desired end. Due appreciation has been, and is being, given to our Canadian troops. Do we always render fitting recognition, to those others who are also "doing their bit"? Do we fully appreciate the heavy burden that is being cheerfully borne by the civilians of this country? Looking out this barrack windows, we feel constrained to comment on the nobility of spirit, the consistent perseverance of the womanhood of Canada.

Songs have been sung and orations have been delivered, eulogizing the sacrifices which the motherhood and the daughters of our land, have been called upon to make. For not only have they given the lives of their dearest one; they have toiled with their hands early and late, that clothing and all possible comforts may be sent to those at the front, to keep bodies strong and minds cheerful. Their invaluable work in our hospitals, the organization of benefit and patriotic campaigns, and their many other war activities, have been a truly inspiring demonstration of earnestness and zeal. To defend such faithful devotion, such personal sacrifice, our boys at the front are both proud and happy.

As never before, statesmen and legislatures have striven to cope with conditions and problems imposed by the war. To stand upright in the halls of Parliament, and in the courts of law, implies today, both courage and endurance.

Never before has Labor risen to a higher plane of co-operative service. Long established traditions, have yielded to the purging influence of new conditions. Every fibre is strained, every nerve is alive; for never before has the intensity of industrial activity been so great. Truly, there are good soldiers in the ranks of business and industry as well as in the army.

Realizing the noble part that is being played by our civilian brothers and sisters, we should buckle down, with even greater confidence, to our routine and duties, and with a will strengthened to do our bit, as they are doing theirs. It is together that we shall win.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

At the various Sunday services, held by the St. Johns Garrison on Sunday last, a special collection in aid of the Patriotic Fund was taken up. Officers and men of the E. T. D. responded with their usual

enthusiasm, and it is most gratifying to be able to state that at least \$170 was added to the funds of this most worthy cause. No wonder it has become quite the usual thing to hear the expression,—"Leave it to the Engineers!"

CLASS 38 MAKES ITS BOW IN ST. JOHNS SOCIETY.

Successful Dance on Event of the Local Season.

And old St. Johns, ba' gosh, had gathered in,  
"There was a sound of revelry by night,  
Its beauty and its chivalry,  
And bright the lights shone o'er fair women and Brave Men!"

It is seldom indeed, that the above inspiring lines have been more truly applicable than when used in connection with the dance given on Friday evening by the members of Engineer Officer's Class No. 38. For during last evening, and the wee sma' hours of this morning, the members of Class 38 officially made their maiden bow, in the social whirl of St. Johns, P.Q.

The dance was held in the spacious and stately Hall of the Odd Fellows on the Avenue Jacques Cartier, the Hall being handsomely and effectively decorated for the occasion. Ambuscades, entanglements and dug-outs had been cleverly arranged by a prodigal use of smilax, palms and flowering plants, and these served admirably as cosy corners for those who desired a respite from the more strenuous work on the polished floor. We can but hope that the members of Class 38 will show the same ingenious efficiency in devising and in constructing first line defences, later on.

About the time that the "night life" of the City was commencing, limousines and taxis began to roll up to the porte cochère, and one caught fleeting glimpses of beauty, as the 'dear girls', accompanied by their chaperons; and under strong guards of Sam Browns, tripped lightly up through the broad and brilliantly lighted entrance. Prior to the dance, a number of dinner parties had been arranged at the Chateau Poutré, the Windsor, the National and the Chagnon.

We cannot hope, nor do we propose to attempt, to say much concerning the dance itself. Invitations, to the number of upwards of two hundred, had been issued, and the response must have been most gratifying to the stalwart hosts. Dancing commencing at 9 a.m., stopped,—well, when the programme and a generous allowance of extras, had been played through. At midnight a dainty supper was served in the Palm Court. Incidentally, it is a pleasure to state that the proceedings were entirely free from untoward disturbance of any kind.

During the past few years, a number of successful dances, have been arranged by members of the various Officer Classes in training at the E. T. D. It is, however, safe to say that none have proved more successful than that of last evening.

The music was of an unusually high order, and was furnished by an orchestra of six pieces under the able leadership of Bandmaster Cook.



"VAT DO YOU MEAN BY BEING SO LIDDLE?"

—"Eagle", Brooklyn.



**ANOTHER FROM THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE.**

As our many readers will remember, the Rip Van Winkles of the popular and rotund Paymaster's Office, in last week's issue of "Knots and Lashings" emerged from their strategic silence, and conjointly forwarded to our Head Office a package containing an alleged joke,—of the Vintage of '14. By way of helpful encouragement, this maiden effort was featured in our "Puzzle" colyume, a mark of veneration and respect which has apparently spurred on the mute inglorious miltons to even greater effort.

For a whole week the door of the 'Bureau de Pay' has been kept tightly closed. But one could hear a great scratching of pens going on inside. Nor were we disappointed. Just as we were going to press, a representative rushed in, halts and breathless, and with a modest blush upon his guileless countenance, proudly handed us the following (alleged) original verse:

Its a long way to Tipperary,  
Its a long way to go,  
Its a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Good bye Piccadilly, good-bye  
Leister Square,  
Its a long long way to Tipperary.  
But I'll soon be there!

(Although there is something familiar about the above verse, it has apparently appealed to the Paymaster Group as something bright, new, and original. Cheerio, Old Top! Try again!)

**A "BIOGRAPHOLOGICAL" NOTE.**

Oh, he was an Englishman by birth, but his ideas on many things were strongly tinged with a sentiment that could only have been acquired through association with our good allies to the South of the Line. Also he had travelled in South Africa, had made his mark as a Training Engineer and had swung a transit in sunny California. Incidentally he was a graduate of an American University. Then one day he heard about the war and then came quick action. After an interview with a number of the British Recruiting Mission he got a ticket for Vancouver and joined up as a full Sapper. His transfer to God's Country and St. Johns soon followed and in due course the erstwhile Sapper attained to the magnificence of a Sam Brown. Before leaving us he had attained to



TIRED OF GIVING? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE TIRED.  
—"Tribune", New York.

the rank of General,—General Debility,—this last promotion being earned as the result of hard campaigning under the "dour Laird".

You remember his sunny smile, half hidden behind a prominent proboscis, and his "mode" of hair dressing was also unique. Was some one required to complete a table at poker? He was right there. Or at bridge? "Why yes." Or a cruise to the Windsor? "I dont mind." "Play something?" and his old guitar was working overtime.

Then one day Capt. Powell's fighting blood was up. Something to hit was required. And 'Schaffe' said "Sure". And before the assembled garrison he took what was coming and gave some back. What if he did take away a black eye as a "decoration".

A true sport, as becomes a member of the fast disappearing Class 35, was Schaffer, and we all wish him only the best!

**CANADIAN ENGINEERS AT QUEBEC.**

(During the past week, we have received a letter from an officer who had spent many months in Quebec but who is not attached to the Canadian Engineers. It is a pleasure to quote from this letter, certain references to our own boys, who are now on duty at the Rock City.)

" . . . Men of the Canadian Engineers under Major Keefer ar-

rived here some time ago. While it was not generally known at the time, why they came to Quebec, we do know that they arrived in time to assist our sister corps, during the rioting in the lower town section. We all know that there is no more disagreeable duty to perform than assisting civil authorities to maintain order, but the Canadian Engineers performed that duty with great fortitude. The nervous strain was at times so great, that, after seeing for oneself, it was hard to believe that young soldiers, many of whom had never soldiered before, stood up to the test like veterans. . . .

"The Canadian Engineers now with us in Quebec are a busy unit, and in addition to their daily drills, etc., a large number are employed on Engineer Services, and I can assure you that their work is all that can be desired. You have probably heard of the Garrison church parade, held in Quebec in April, in honor of the second battle of St. Julien and in which about 3000 troop took part. The parade was formed up on Drill Hall Square, looking north, and was inspected by Gen. Landry, C.B. After an address given to the officers by the G.O.C., the troops marched off, headed by the R.C.A. Band. Here again the young soldier of the Canadian Engineers, by his smart and soldierlike appearance, showed beyond a doubt, that the training imparted by the C.E. Officers, is based on sound discipline and common sense. . . ."

**Theatre Royal**

Saturday and Sunday  
CHARLEY CHAPLIN in  
"His New Job"

We beg to state, that on Saturday evening, Mrs. John Donaghy has kindly consented to sing at both performances.

Monday—Feature in 5 parts.

Red Ace series every Tuesday and Wednesday of each week.

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

10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

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

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The Guarantee of Quality is in the name.  
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CHOCOLATES and BON BONS  
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Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our products, is unequalled for PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR



# ATHLETICS

## SENSATIONAL BASE-BALL AT THE E. T. D.

### Sappers Defeat Officers by Narrow Margin in Fast Game.

Lovers of the great American pastime, were surely given a treat on Saturday afternoon, when the Sappers of Base Company, defeated the Officers of Class 38, by the score of 16—15 in a Marathon-like game of baseball. The game, which ran ten innings and lasted three hours, was remarkable for the surprises which were being constantly "sprung" upon the largest crowd of the season. There was "something doing every minute". Either a runner was stealing a base, getting a free pass to first, or an error was being made. Each side attempted to excel the other,—and both succeeded.

The Sappers went first at bat, and drew first tally when McAdams, who had been passed by King, romped home from second on Murray's two-bagger. The Officers had their revenge in their half, when eight men faced McKee. Two men scored, but three men were left on bases when Buck, the last man up, fell a victim to McKee's wiles.

In the second inning, the Sappers succeeded in tying the score, but the Officers came back with five runs, resulting in the derricking of McKee, Johnston of the Mounted Section doing the hurling, with McCarthy on the receiving end.

In the last half of the third, Umpire McClary found that the sun's rays were seriously interfering with his glasses. He was succeeded by Casemore, who rendered his decisions with mathematical precision, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Gibson relieved King in the sixth inning, and had the Sappers eating out of his hand until the eighth when they found him for six runs, thus tying the score. To Johnston and Murray, go the credit for two home runs in this inning.

In the first of the tenth, the Sappers pushed another tally across the plate, giving them the lead for the first time. Unfortunately the Officers could not hit Johnson safely in their half, and a great game was ended without further scoring.

The following is a summary of the play:—

#### Officers.

	R.	H.
Shepley, s.s. . . . .	3	3
Washington, r.f. . . . .	2	2
King, p. . . . .	1	1
Gibson, 1b. . . . .	3	4
Williamson, l.f. . . . .	2	2
McAndrews, c.f. . . . .	0	1
Milligan, c. . . . .	1	5
Buck, 2b. . . . .	0	1
Anderson, 3b. . . . .	3	3

Gibson relieved King beginning of sixth inning.

Strike-outs—By King, 6; by Gibson, 7.

Extra base hits—Three-baggers, Milligan 2, Gibson, Anderson; two-baggers, Williamson 2, Shepley 1; home run, Milligan.

Bases on balls—King, 6; Gibson, 5.

#### Sappers.

	R.	H.
McAdams, 3b. . . . .	3	
Wallace, 2b. . . . .	2	2
Murray, c. . . . .	1	2
McKee, p. . . . .	1	2
Minash, s.s. . . . .	2	2
Kohl, 1b. . . . .	3	2
O'Brien, l.f. . . . .	2	3
Simpson, c.f. . . . .		
Collins, r.f. . . . .	1	
*McCarty, c. . . . .	1	2
xJohnston, p. . . . .	1	2

\*Relieves Murray in the third—Murray relieves Collins.

xRelieves McKee in the third—McKee relieves Simpson.

Strike-outs—By McKee, 2; by Johnston, 9.

Home runs—Murray, Johnston.

Two-baggers—Wallace, Murray, Kohl, O'Brien, McKee.

Base on balls—McKee, 4; Johnston, 3.

#### Liners.

King had the old hidden ball trick worked on him in the eighth.

Milligan was "touched" of a home run when, the coacher touched him as he was rounding third in the fourth.

We were delighted to see Messrs. Lockhart, Mills, Chandee—and others—at the game. Hope that more will be able to follow your example at the next game.

"Category E" was the observation Manager Baker made when a Sapper stopped a foul tip from Shepley's bat.

A vote of thanks is due Umpire Casemore, for the able way in which he handled the game.

Errors and wild base running cost the Officers Saturday's game.

The "quality of mercy" forbids us charging the errors to those who made them; we leave it to their conscience.

## BASE BALL AND FOOT BALL STARS IN BITTER BATTLES AT PICKLE FACTORY STADIUM.

### Sensational Premiere of 1918 Season.

During the past week, Athletics at the E. T. D. Annex have gotten away to a good start for the season now opening up, and the facilities available, were utilized to the utmost, in a series of Base-Ball and Foot-Ball practice games.

A challenge foot-ball match between N.C.O.'s and men of "A" Coy., probably attracted the most attention. More than forty players reported for action and the following teams faced the referee when the whistle blew.

Team No. 1		Team No. 2
Smith	Goal	Evans
O'Donald	R.B.	Agnew
Jones	L.B.	Hampton
Powell	R.H.	Small
Speedie	C.	Knight
Provan	L.H.	Webster
Steil	O.R.	Taylor
Fern	I.R.	Kirkland
Harrocks	C.F.	Sweet
Provan	I.L.	Allen
Mundell	O.R.	Edwards

The teams were evenly matched and the game which was run off in two twenty minute periods, was

witnessed by a large crowd. Nor were those who saw the game disappointed, for both as regards team work and individual play, both teams played stellar ball. Referee Sapper J. M. Muirhead, of the National Referee Assn. U.S.A., officiated with the whistle and gave entire satisfaction. The final score of 1—0 gives some idea of the closeness of the match, No. 1 team nosing out by a narrow margin.

The star attraction of the afternoon, however, was the foot-ball match between the Toronto Boys and the Vancouver outfit. The keenest rivalry had existed between the two teams, and the crowd backed their respective favorites to the limit.

The game throughout was hard and fast. At one stage, after some really pretty team work, the Toronto Boys were pressing the Vancouver defence. On a hard drive from the outside left, the ball rebounded from the Vancouver right back. Speedie at once drove the ball beyond the goal tenders reach from over twenty yards out, drawing first blood for Toronto. Another foul, close to the goal mouth, did not help matters any, and Vancouver was lucky to clear the ball. At half time the score stood 1—0 for Toronto. In the second half, with the wind in their favor, the Vancouverites gave the Toronto defence a busy time, and by keeping up a strong attack, forced many corner kicks. But at critical moments the attackers failed to take advantage of these opportunities and the whistle blew out the score 1—0 in favor of Toronto.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Toronto Boys		Vancouver Boys
Smith	Goal	McGregor
O'Donnell	R.B.	Knight
Johns	L.B.	Mitchell
Agnew	R.H.	Sweet
Speedie	C.H.	Jones
Hawthorne	L.H.	Roberts
Stall	O.R.	Gemmell
Fern	I.R.	Seymour
Proven	C.F.	Edwards
Kirkland	I.L.	Trescowthick
Mundell	O.L.	Ullock

Referee, J. M. Muirhead; Linesman, Toronto, Small; Vancouver, Dean. Time of Halves thirty minutes. Goal scored by Speedie (Toronto).

(Reported by

Spr. R. C. Mundell,  
A. Coy., C.E.)

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.

## Military Watches

Mappin & Webb's Military Watches are of the highest grade of manufacture, guaranteed to give every satisfaction and therefore dependable.

We will forward, on approbation, care of the Canteen, for inspection, either of our Military Models which range in prices

\$13.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$23.00 and \$35.00.,  
With Luminous Dials.

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(Canada) Limited.

353 St. Catherine Street W.

MONTREAL.



SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

Quack! Quack!

Leave it to the boys to put on the finishing touches, and apply appropriate, or absurdly inappropriate, remarks, to things in general. As an instance of this peculiarity of the British soldier, the Engineers down at Quebec are now called the 'Ducks', and, when dismissed with rain soaked cloaks, a loud Quack! Quack! is the usual order of things.

Since the beginning of May, the weather has been anything but delightful; and the luck of the Q.D.C.E., has been just as certainly rotten, as the weather has been uncertain in its behaviour. The long tedium of quarantine was to have been relieved by a march up to the Plains of Abraham to play football and baseball last Sunday. The weather looked kind of unsettled, but a start was made with great-coats rolled. Just before we got to the Plains, 'she start the rain; bye an' bye she rain some more'. It rained all the way home too. And they say Quebec is dry. This is the fourth soaking in one week.

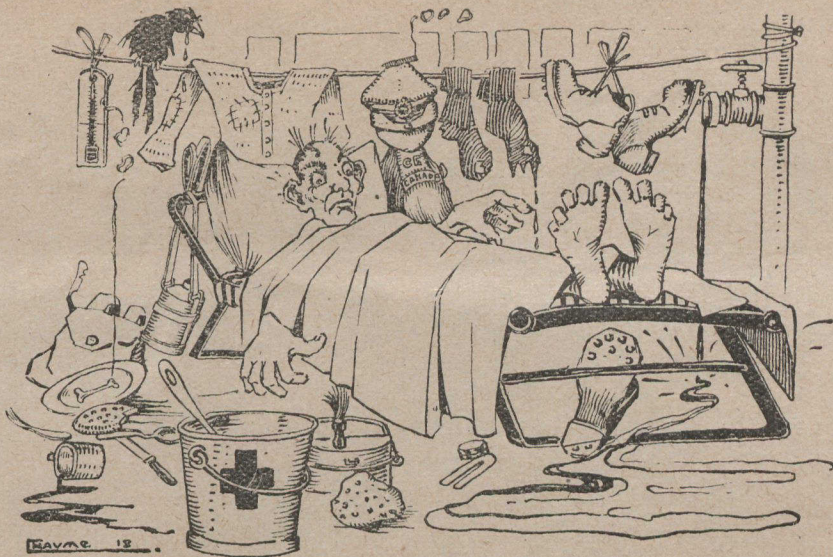
Back to St. Johns.

Our hopes have been somewhat buoyed up of late, by a statement of the O.C., that if no other case of infectious disease 'looms in the offing', the quarantine will be lifted on Tuesday of this week; and we are then to go back to St. Johns as soon as matters can be arranged.

Tommy Atkins always wants to go some place else. He's never satisfied to stay in one place long. Of course, we know there are some really nice girls we left behind in St. Johns, and that may account for the members of the Sergeants Mess being so anxious to get back. We are inclined to think, however, that the Quarantine boil is the one that is sorest and hardest to heal. We agree, too, it is a gol' darn rotten piece of luck. And let us get a peep at that nigger that thought he had mumps.

Tattoo.

We have a tattoo artist of some class with us in Quebec. He has tattooed even the Royal family of Honolulu, we understand. He stands a poor chance of getting his fee out of us. We are too anxious to keep ourselves unrecognisable. He is known to have quoted his highest figure to Sergt. Maj. Evans for a design on his feet—he charges by the superficial measurement. Anyway, we've always held the



VIEW OF A CANADIAN ENGINEER IN QUARANTINE AT QUEBEC. (Drawn from Life by our Special Artist at the Front, Spr. Chaume).

opinion that a good Reveille artist makes the best soldier; but we've never seen one of the best yet, and have always held a strong conviction that better success would be had if they—you know who 'they' is,—only blew Reveille a couple of hours later.

The Dandies.

Some cases of kits and personal belongings arrived at last from St. Johns. The C.S.M. was anxious to know whether the boys were getting all their stuff, so put the question to a few. The first said he'd got everything "ceptin' a tin of Talcum powder". The next was shy a tooth comb. The third and last wasn't quite sure but thought someone had used some of his hair oil. Do you blame him for quitting?

JOE SENDS HIS HOLLER STRAIGHT TO THE "MAN HIGHER UP".

Dear Coronell:—

Well! she is worse! I get out of the clinic and I say to the Sargent Major, I go to town to see my friend. He say like hell that I go enroute march. Then he tell him to me I am in the quarantine, and me just come from the clinic and have done nothing that makes the crime complaint.—I tell him I am sick of the business and he tell me to see the sacré docteur. I go to the docteur and ask her how many days I get in the quarantine as I just come from the clinic for twenty eight days and he tells me I get the Salts Epsom, I hate to tell you what happen because I go enroute march to Trois Riviere. She was the first enroute march that I make and the unit officer he lead us as the generale and some of the men she fall out but I could not stop. The quarantine is

bad and worse than she is the enroute march which dont do no good also. She rain then the clothes she dry then she rain again then we come back home to the immigrating building, I ask Surgent Boyed for my whiskey-blanc back which he steal before I get in the clinic and he start to sing about she is gone but not forgotten. Now Coronell I look up in the dictionary book what she means the immigrating building. The book she says it means to make the move from here.

Honourably yours,  
Joe. Paucette.

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.

HOW LONG, O LORD!

(The writer of the following is suffering from a common complaint, with which we are all more or less familiar. Apparently the only sure cure is a spell in the front line.)

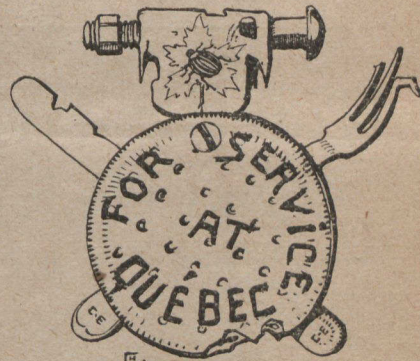
How long have we got to wait,  
For the stuff we left behind?  
And how long have we got to stand,  
For a canteen that robs us blind?

How long are we to be C.B.'d?  
When do we go from here?  
How long has it got to be before,  
We get a glass a beer?

How long must we stand in line,  
For meals that are so slim?  
For hard tack cheese and jam,  
And coffee so damn thin?

How long before we can go,  
Overseas to fight the Huns?  
How long must we stay in Quebec,  
Sidetracked like a bunch of bums?

Will someone answer my question  
I don't care, be who he may,  
Just step right up and let us know  
How long have we got to stay?



Service Medal, awarded by "The Dietitian", "For Valor", on the Near Eastern Front.

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SOFT DRINKS  
AND FRUITS.

**Everything Clean  
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W. H. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

Remember that

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is the place to buy your

# Furniture

The big store—everything  
you can wish.

Richelieu and St. James Streets  
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at highest current rate.



NEXT!

—"Telegram", New York.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor,  
"Knots and Lashings".

Sir,—  
With the rapid approach of warmer weather, our eyes turn naturally toward the river once more. Those of us who were at the Depot last summer, remember with pleasure many a pleasant half hour when, after a day's work on the road or the parade ground, the dust was washed away and fatigue banished by a dip in the Richelieu.

At the same time, it will be remembered that on more than one occasion serious accidents were narrowly averted, when men who had not learned to swim, inadvertently stepped into one of the numerous 'holes' in the bottom. Moreover, many men cut their feet as a result of stepping on tin cans, and fragments of glass bottles which had, during the past years, accumulated at certain points.

There appears to be a reasonable probability that, during the coming season, a considerable number of men will pass through the E. T. Depot. Most of these men will look forward to a dip after the day's work, and many of them will be unable to swim. The writer would therefore respectfully suggest that, if possible, steps be taken to guard against a repetition of such accidents.

Would it not be possible, with

the aid of a few soundings, to select some point conveniently situated as regards the Barracks, with a fairly uniform bottom, free from holes, glass and tin cans. The place or area selected, could then be marked off in some satisfactory manner, as with poles and ropes or woven wire fencing.

There is still time enough to take the necessary steps, but real summer weather will soon be here.

Thanking you for the use of your valuable space, I am,

Yours truly,  
"Enthusiast".

### OH! WHAT A WAR!

O.C. Bace Co.  
Engineers Barracks,

Sir,—  
I ask you for the honor of being transferred to the Mounted Section.

Please grant this request.

Spr. ———

(The above was received during the past week by the O.C., 'Bace' Company. Speaking as an attaché of said Company, we think that Spr. ——— should be carefully examined by Sgt. Cook or some other qualified alienist.)

### OBEDIENCE THAT IMPULSE!

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of our

## New Theatre

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FOX CO. Films with WM.  
FARNUM in

## "Lion Heart"

2 -- Shows Daily -- 2

At 6.30 and 8.15 p.m.

Admission

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Barber Shop and  
Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St.

St. Johns.



THE ST. JOHNS YACHT CLUB.

There are a number of things which impress the stranger arriving in St. Johns at the present time, after he has become somewhat accustomed to the bewildering glare from Sam Browns and new leggings. One of them, is the opportunity suggested by the beautiful Richelieu River. Moonlight evenings in pleasure canoes, strenuous hours in the war canoe, or refreshing dips after the day's work on the Parade Ground, are at once suggested, and one instinctively looks about for the Canoe Club.

And St. Johns has a canoe club, —and a yacht club, all in one. "After hours", pretty nearly everyone in the town becomes a sailor. The official headquarters of the fleet, is the St. Johns Yacht Club.

For the benefit of the many new Officers who have recently come to St. Johns, the management of the Club has made arrangements whereby, on payment of a small fee, non-residents may become Associate Members during the summer months. The payment of \$1.00 per month, or of \$4.00 for the season entitles one to all the privileges of the Club. The officials of the Club at the present time are,— President, P. D. Gordon; Vice-President, V. Longtin; Secretary-Treasurer, Robert Dodds. Any Officers, who may desire to take advantage of the above arrangement, should communicate with the Secy.-Treasurer at the National Hotel.

It may be added, that the management of the Yacht Club propose holding an opening dance early in June, at which all members and associate members will be welcome.

GIRLS OF ST. JOHNS!— SHUN!!

(The E. T. D. has no mere "Battalion of Death" on the official strength. There is now a whole "Column".

At the present time, Universities all over the country, are welcoming the "dear girls" to the various Faculties; Legislatures everywhere, are throwing open their doors to them. So there was "nothing to it" at all. The Management of "Knots and Lashings" simply had to throw up their hands and open their columns to them also.

From now on, we hope to print each week, a column in which the "hidden hand" will be able to air its views on questions of the day,— and evening. We trust that all concerned, will avail themselves of the "safety value" thus provided. Miss Menhennic is, we believe, the literary "ringleader" of the movement.)

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

On Saturday evening last, the St. Johns Yacht Club was the scene of a very delightful impromptue dance. Although the Club House has not been formally opened, the Secretary kindly granted permission to hold the dance, which turned out to be one of the most brilliant social events of a gay and busy week.

Many of the young ladies of St. Johns were present, as well as several of the married officers with their wives, and representatives from the officer's classes. The members of class thirty-eight have already won distinction as a dancing crowd, exhibiting unusual grace and an enthusiastic devotion to the Terpsichorean Art.

"The Mc Neil of Barra" was noticeably absent, but several others of "The Me's of the E. T. D." graced the assemblage with their presence. "The Tufford of Hamilton", although acting orderly officer and having two young, inexperienced "pups" under his tender care and guidance, still found it possible to be present for a little while. These illustrious "heroes" lend éclat to social functions, and it is indeed a delight and an honor when they can be persuaded to desert their duties occasionally, to indulge in frivolous pastimes.

Sounds of joy and gladness broke the stillness of the night, while the merry revellers tripped the light fantastic toe to the strains of the Victrola until a late hour, when began a Triumphal March toward home and Dreamland.

OHAY YEM.

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Puttees, Shorts, Etc.  
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Sam Browne Belts, etc., etc.  
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**John Davidson, Manager.**



VINEGAR FACTORY CELEBRITIES. No. 1.



**AGONIES OF 37.**

Mr. Picard:—I understand we are to have pier drill under Sgt. Bell, this afternoon.

Mr. Howden:—Don't you think pier drill should come at (K)night?

Equitation is like the old fashioned Barn dance, one, two, three and a kick;—only the horse does the kick. You go into the stable and choose a horse, and if he can, he also chews you. Of course, the horse has previously been fed, as you can see by the bit in his mouth. If he hasn't, just make an oat of it. The days you equitate, you never use your razor, as you're sure to have a close shave before the end of the period. A lump of loaf sugar will not have a tendency to make the horse loaf—give him granulated, and if he don't like it he can lump it.

Occasionally a horse makes a bolt for the door. Horses inclined this way, have an iron constitution and bolt their food and are technically known as 'carpenter' horses.

Mr. Mallett:—“When I say ‘Eyes Right’, I want every one to turn his head and eyes sharply to the right. Let me hear those eye balls come round with a click!”

Military commands should not be taken too literally. For instance, last week on hearing the command, ‘Fall out the officers’, one gentleman of Class 37 immediately prostrated himself in the mud before his section.

**WHITHER?**

Once more, following the approved period of secrasy, expectation, and orderly confusion, yet another draft of ‘Our Boys’ rolled out of the C.P.R. depot at 8.35 a.m. on Wednesday. High spirits and true military bearing were the outstanding features as the khaki column swung along down St. James St. For the most part, the men on the draft, had been in the Depot but a very short time. Even so, the consistent and efficient program of training which they had followed, had already gone far toward developing a smartness and true soldierly bearing. The E.T.D. will have no reason to be ashamed of Draft No. 27.

The departure of this Draft, which is, by the way, the second part of Draft 27, marks the inauguration of a new system at the E.T.D. When the W.O.R. took leave of us some time ago, they left vacant the Vinegar Factory Barracks,—a large, though somewhat

unbeautiful building, situated on the outskirts of the town. This building is now considered as an annex to the older E.T.D. Barracks, and is being used for the segregation of Draft Companies. In accordance with this plan, some 500 men were moved out to the new quarters on May 3rd. Incidentally it should be stated, that the acting O.C., Lieut. McVean, is deserving of great credit for the thorough and systematic manner in which all necessary arrangements were carried out. Perfect order prevailed, and in a very short space of time, rules for fire prevention and risk reduction were in force. When the alarm was sounded for fire drill, shortly after our arrival, the entire Barracks was emptied in less than 3 minutes. Moreover, we soon had our Canteen, Orderly Room, Q. M. Stores and Barber Shop in working order.

The boys of the Draft Company took to the new order of things, developing a pride in their company and in their respective sections. Foot-ball and base-ball teams were also formed and all joined in enthusiastically. Hard training and constant drilling was the order of the day, and the results were soon apparent.

Prior to the departure of the Draft, Lieut. O. G. Gallagher was placed in charge as O.C.,—an appointment which was thoroughly deserved and which met with the approval of every Sapper and Officer on the Draft.

The Officers attached were thoroughly typical of the earnest class of men who are being trained at the E.T.D. Lt. S. A. Wookey, an old Queens man, had for some time previous to enlisting, been manager of the Schumacher Mine at Poreupine. Lt. A. E. Cameron (McGill), Lt. R. H. Rice (Varsity) and Lt. J. Kingston (McGill), had all held highly responsible positions in the mining and civil engineering professions.

To one and all, ‘Knots and Lashings’ bids a sincere God-speed, the best of luck, and a safe return.

**THE MULLIGAN KING POUNDS ONE.**

The following query has been received from a mysterious ‘medium’ who writes over that simple, yet thrilling, ‘nom de guerre’,—‘The Mulligan King, Sec. 2 A. C.E.’

‘Why,’ he asks, ‘does a Lance Jack resemble the Ace of Spades in a game of ‘Seven up’?’

‘Because he is neither high nor low.’

(Deuced clevah chaps those Engineers.)



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Inglis made-to-measure uniforms are tailored from specially selected English cloths, which are particularly agreeable to officers of exacting taste.

Officers contemplating a new uniform will be interested in the splendid variety of cloths we show

Our tailoring facilities permit of turning out uniforms on short notice.

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

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MILITARY TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS  
Importers and Manufacturers of Military Equipment

138 Peel Street, - - MONTREAL

**James O'Cain Agency,**  
**H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.**

**SAFETY FIRST.**

Insure with us in an old line British Company.

Agents--**Lackawanna Coal.**

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**Chagnon's New Restaurant**  
For a Good Meal.

**WINDSOR HOTEL**

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**Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs**

Excellent Cuisine  
Spacious Dining Rooms  
Rates Moderate

**EAT**

**JAMES M. AIRD'S**  
**WAR LOAF**

GOOD TO THE LAST CRUMB

Phone Main 770.

Montreal



**OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE  
E. T. D.—SHUN!**

On Saturday afternoon (May 18th) between the hours of four and six o'clock, the members of King George's Chapter, I.O.D.E., will hold a tea and reception at the St. Johns Yacht Club.

The admission, which is but 25 cents, includes tea and light refreshments. No doubt dancing will follow in the wake of the tea.

To those who are familiar with I. O. D. E. entertainments, no advise is necessary. To those who are strangers in our midst, we would merely say—  
**DONT MISS IT!**

**THE STERN REALITIES OF  
WAR.**

(As Viewed from Room 28).

(We deeply deplore the fact that for a long time, there has been the most intense rivalry between the Paymaster's Office, Mr. Phillip's "Bureau de Commerce", and Room 28. And each was very Jealous of Base Coy's Orderly Room. This is the TRUTH.

Last week, as our many and gentle readers will recall, the Paymaster's Office got the jump on the others, and sprung a "joke" on our defenceless and unsuspecting Depot. We presume that they thought in this manner they would make a REP. and likewise put one over. But they didn't figure on the old Scout, S. M. Woolley,—the "Dreamy Eyed Poet" of Room 28.

Evidently the genial S.M. is deeply agitated about the troubles in the Balkans, and he has expressed his deepest feelings in Poetry, as it were. His is indeed a remarkable offering, showing how serious the conflict really is. We quote it in full.)

**FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS.**

I suppose you know that not long ago  
There started a great war between  
England and Germany,  
Also on the Balkan shore.

There was many a lad from  
Canada gone over to fight the  
foe  
Among them was a poet who died,  
his name was Mr. Poe.

In weather cold and very severe,  
lying in trenches deep,  
Always on the alert of the enemy  
and getting little sleep,  
While lying in a coat of skins, as  
they are fighting in the  
Balkans,

**AT THE TURNING OF THE WAYS.**



—"Tribune", N.Y.

These Balkan States, it seems to me, as near as I can understand,  
That they intend to help Germany on the sea and on the land,  
But we have the boys of the Maple Leaf and also of the States  
And it is my sound belief the Balkans will be in poor straits.

For the time is coming and we will see that for their own benefit they will agree  
To break away from Germany and fight for Old England,  
That will make them free when they make up their mind for to be.

For at present they seem to be on the fence, not knowing how to decide,  
But they will soon have to say in what manner they  
On the side of the fence will slide.  
As this is no ink-slinging game just now, for Britain will soon tell them how,  
And notify them what to do, for to do the job right,  
And fight with all their might, and stick with the old Red, White and Blue.

Now Mr. P., it's your move next.  
What you g'wine to do about it?

**YOUR CHANCE, MY BOYS.**

(Even the folks down in Quebec seem to have heard about this Kaiser chap. In the following verse, Pte. Hal. Crawford, B. Coy, 1st C.O.R., reaches an unusually lofty plane. Too bad Kaiser, old sock, you're in dutch with the whole bunch, I guess.)

In No Mans Land, on the Fields of France,  
Our boys are playing the game,  
And now your country gives you the chance,  
To show that you'r doing the same.

It may be fun to punish the Hun,  
But it takes a lot more than will,  
But it can't be done with a worn out gun,  
And an empty shell wont kill!

You'll never forget, and you'll regret,  
If this chance you let pass by,  
To help catch the Kaiser and his band,  
And bring them here, to Blighty Land.

(R. I. P.)

The said man from S. Dakota was boarded and said they marked him o.k.; but only examined him from the neck down.

**"DOWN ON THE FARM"**

I met her near St. Johns, P.Q.,  
As the sun was getting low;  
We walked along together,  
In the twilight after-glow.  
Patiently she waited,  
Till I lowered down the bars,—  
Her large eyes heamed upon me,  
As radiant as the stars.

She neither smiled nor thanked me,  
Because she knew not how,  
For I was but a Sapper,  
And she,—a Jersey Cow.  
Spr. R. S. STEDMAN.

**NOTICE TO CLASS 38.**

We desire to point out to Sgt. Thompson and the members of Class 38, that it has not been the custom, with previous classes at the E. T. D., to stimulate their efforts by the Sergeant Instructor's bribing them with bags of candy.

**JAMES BOY-ED ESQ.**

My name is Jimmie Boyd, Jimmie Boyd,  
My name is Jimmie Boyd, and I'm really overjoyed,  
To be back in old St. Johns darn you all!

My fame in old Quebec's unalloyed, unalloyed,  
My fame is unalloyed, and I really am some boid,  
And I fly along some pace darn you all!

You think I am annoyed, am annoyed,  
You think I am annoyed. I'm too busily employed,  
To bother with your thoughts darn you all!

My name is Jimmie Boyd, Jimmie Boyd,  
My name is Jimmie Boyd, and the girls with whom I've toyed,  
Will acquaint you of the fact darn you all!

A fellow may grow and a fellow may blow,  
And a fellow may talk all day,  
But he can't win a war, with his gas bag mouth,  
For wars ain't won that way.

**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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**MONTREAL**  
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**Philip Morris  
Cigarettes**  
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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!"

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Rooms, fine home, mo-  
dern conveniences, can be had  
at No. 6, St. John Street, St.  
Johns.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What a certain young Officer  
said when he finally discovered  
that he had been going about for  
a whole morning with only one spur  
on, and whether he thought it was  
"Right" for one to be "Left".  
Cheerio, Phil, old Top!

PTE. WALKER—"STILL  
GOING STRONG"!

(The following original verse has  
been submitted by a "sympathetic  
friend" and fellow sufferer. A  
number of clever sketches accom-  
panied the text, but as these were  
not drawn in india ink, they could  
not be reproduced as illustrations.)

I.

He ramps, and raves, and storms,  
about,  
With nothing much to get sore at.  
I know, full well if he keeps on,  
He'll be lonesome, as a pole-cat.

II.

His anger, of't at little things,  
Is stirred up, so very quickly,  
And then you know he gets balled  
up,  
His hot words, pour out, too  
thickly.

III.

For a long time, he's been so sick,  
That he, could not, do a drill,  
But now, whenever he starts to  
kick,  
He's cured with a Number 9 Pill.

IV.

When convalescing,—he helped the  
cook,  
Oh t'was an idea divine,  
For without a doubt, he knows his  
book,  
And he can cook, the porridge fine.

V.

His gift of gab, sad to relate,  
Got him, in dutch; with cookie,  
Kicked out of the kitchen was his  
fate  
And the cook says, that he's  
playing "hookey".

VI.

And now to gardening he's turned  
his hand,  
At that he surely is one dandy,  
He bosses "Dad" and all the band,  
With his tongue he sure is handy.

VII.

But enough of this, the tale is old,  
The patients here all know the  
talker.  
In a very few words it can be told.  
My hero's name is Private  
"Walker".

OPEN AIR SERVICE AT THE  
VINEGAR FACTORY.

On Sunday last, a special open  
air service was held at the Vinegar  
Factory. The unique hour for  
which the Parade was called,—to  
wit, 8.45 a.m.,—evoked the utmost  
enthusiasm among all ranks. Eh!  
wot?

Unde reommand of Capt. Powell,  
and headed by the magnificent  
brass band of the Canadian Engi-  
neers,—ably assisted by the Pipes,  
—Officer's classes and Sappers  
from the E. T. D., to the number  
of about 400, marched down thro  
the streets of St. Johns and formed  
up on the beautifully kept grounds  
of the sister barracks. The charm-  
ing surroundings, with the stately  
and historic pile towering in the  
background, formed a beautiful  
setting for the solemn and inspiring  
service.

Rev. (Major) A. H. Moore con-  
ducted the ceremonies, the singing  
being led by the Band.

At the conclusion, an offering  
was 'received' in aid of the  
Patriotic fund, a number of the  
younger Officers from Classes 37  
and 38 acting as scrutineers. It  
is rumored that some of the more  
optimistic, are still to be seen  
occasionally and surrepticiously  
shaking their caps in a peculiar  
manner.

CLASSES 38 AND 39—SHUN!

The office boy has handed the  
following in for publication:—

Will you please be good enough  
to see that in future, members of  
the new Classes learn that it is not  
considered "de bon goût" in St.  
Johns' circles, to "wedge" their  
way in on select gatherings at the  
local hosteleries, particularly when  
they are not very sure whether  
Senior Officers are present and are  
not acquainted with anyone in the  
assembled gathering. We are thank-  
ful that we have not had to call  
this to the attention of the previous  
classes, and we suppose this will be  
sufficient.

"NUFF SED".

(Unfortunately, we are not fami-  
liar with the circumstances sur-  
rounding the incident referred to  
by the person who writes over the  
mysterious 'nom de guerre'. "Nuff  
Sed". Still more do we regret, for  
personal and private reasons, that  
we had not the pleasure of being  
"among those present" at the 'mid-  
week Service' in question. How-  
ever, having given due publicity to  
the atrocious faux pas, we trust  
that the aggrieved will be duly  
mollified, and the others, should  
another such occasion arise, will  
"hunt another hole".

To Officers and Men,  
E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in  
Montreal you DINE at the

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for remittances to Europe.



**SUCH IS FAME.**

(The following "poem" was accompanied by a note which read in part, "Honored Sir,—Enclosed please find a poem which I have made. Please don't let me get hung for it.")

We would remind the writer that we have his "name and number".)

At St. Johns Barracks, P. of Q.,  
Some varied things will meet  
your view,  
The Staff, of course, is all O.K.,  
Tho' some will think another  
way.

The O.C., E. T. D. is there,  
A sportsman, upright, honest,  
fair.  
A Riding School, hot like a kiln,  
Is supervised by Major Milne.

The Chief Instructor, Captain P.  
Deserves four lines as you'll  
agree.  
All men enjoy his "witty" talks,  
He has an M.C. and can box.

The Major, Adjutant, C.E.,  
Talks Army Act and R. of P.  
A Fellow with a Roosevelt look,  
Lectures "Pups" out of a book.

The Rifle expert, Knight by name,  
Insists upon six o'clock aim,  
While Captain Wilkinson with  
ease,  
Distributes bugs to fight disease.

And Mr. Bartlett, tall and thin,  
Attempts to foster discipline,  
Tho' if you can't tell right from  
wrong,  
Drop in and ask Mr. Armstrong.

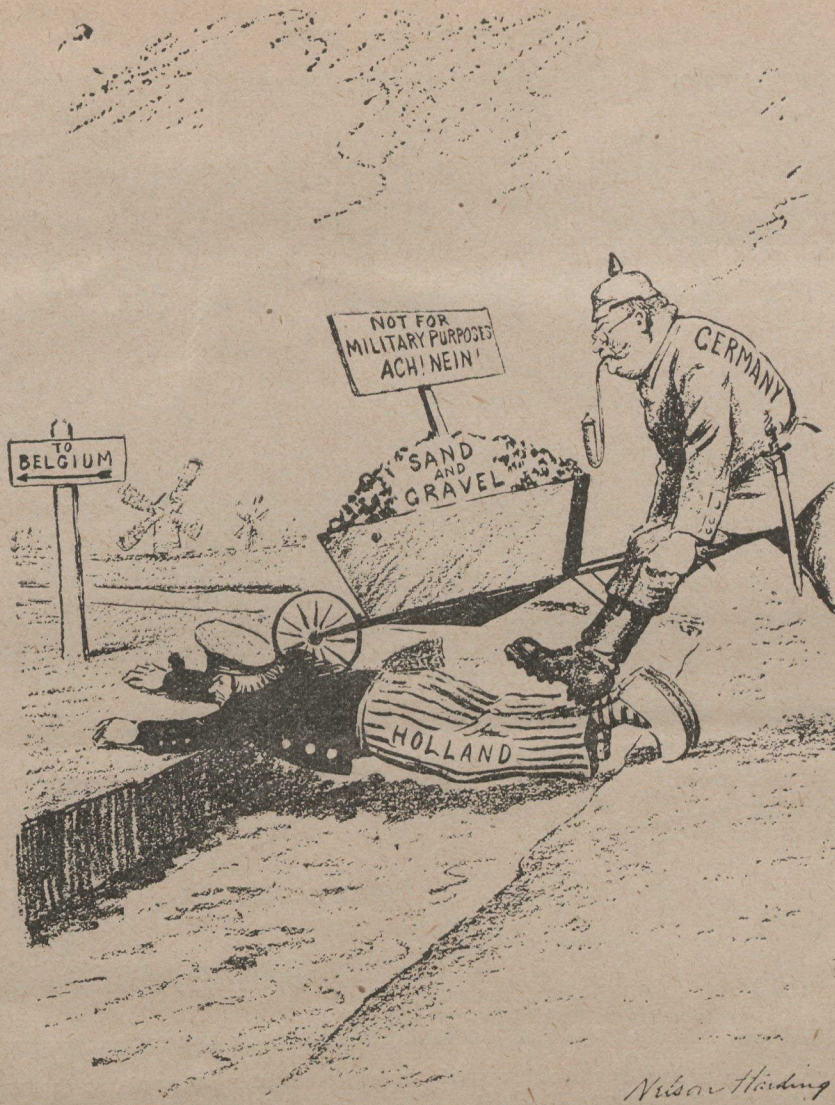
The Quarter Master, Captain  
Wright,  
I never met until tonight,  
The turkeys, wines and things we  
chew,  
Provided are by host Goodhugh.

If any time you're feeling blue,  
Because the P.M. won't come  
through,  
Go out and see Class 36,  
Attempt to do some P.T. tricks.

Then there are Non-Coms. Carson  
(scots),  
Employed to work off surplus  
pots.  
And Sims, whose voice is loud as  
Hell,  
Is not a bit like Sergt. Bell.

An Irish accent unalloyed,  
Is utilized by Sergt. Boyd.  
And Sgt. Barr gives Billy pills  
To demonstrate some horses ills

Some other time I'll tell you more,  
I'm just afraid this is a bore.  
"LEON".



"WE ARE NOW IN COMPLETE ACCORD"—BERLIN.  
—Brooklyn "Eagle".

**WELCOME TO LIEUT.  
J. TAYLOR, M.C.**

During the past few days, the staff of the Engineers Training Depot at St. Johns, has been augmented by another Officer who has 'done his bit' in France.

Lieut. J. Taylor, M.C., is a Newfoundland by birth, and in August 1914, was practicing his profession as a Civil Engineer. He promptly answered his Country's call, however, and in September 1914, enlisted as a Sapper with the 6th Field Company at Vancouver. Soon afterward he was transferred to Ottawa, and there attached to the 2nd Field Signal Coy. He quickly won promotion and, in 1915, went to France as a Sergeant. Subsequently, Sgt. Taylor reverted to the rank of Private in order to join the 6th Machine Gun Corps, and later, on the formation of the 14th M. G. Coy., was given a commission.

Lieut. Taylor served in France, from September 1915 until June 15 1917, or from the 3rd Battle of Ypres to Vimy. It was at Vimy Ridge that he won the M.C. for initiative and marked ability when called upon to reorganize machine gun batteries while under heavy fire.

Soon after Vimy, Lt. Taylor contracted trench feet and was subsequently invalided back to Canada. In addition to his coveted ribbon, Lt. Taylor wears two gold stripes.

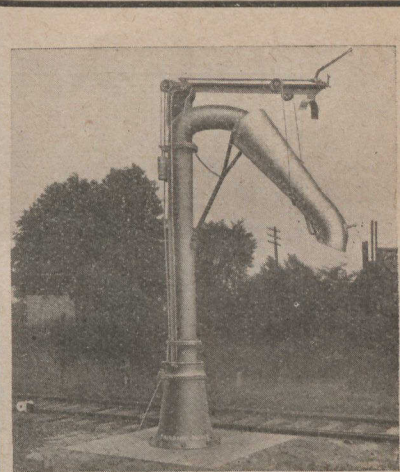
Four brothers of Lt. Taylor have also seen service during the present war, two with Newfoundland units and two with the Canadians. Of these, one was killed in action, and one has been invalided home.

It is indeed a privilege to welcome Lt. Taylor to the Depot, and on behalf of Officers and men, "Knots and Lashings" extends to him a most cordial welcome.

**CONGRATULATIONS TO  
"DICK" ESCOT, W.O.**

In a recent letter from Lt. Shaffer, written from an Atlantic Seaport, we learn with genuine pleasure that our old friend, "Dick" Escott, now enjoys the rank of 1st Class Warrant Officer. The fact that some of "Our Boys" will cross on the same boat with the Sgt. Major, assures for them the best that's going.

While at St. Johns, Sgt. Major Escott was equally popular on and off the Parade Ground. On behalf of his many friends at the Depot and in St. Johns, "Knots and Lashings" extends hearty congratulations.



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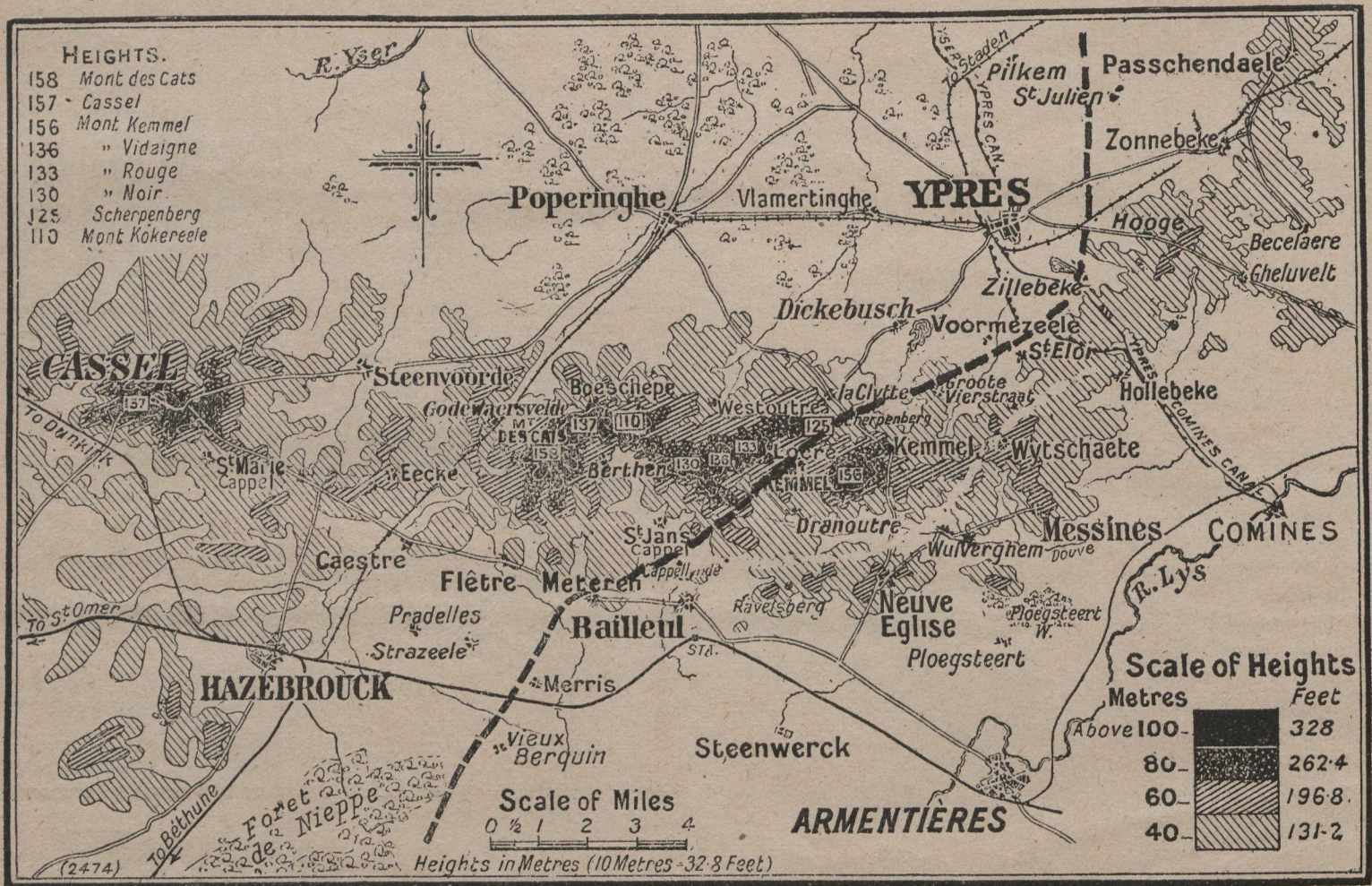
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THE YPRES SALIENT.



The above map shows the present position of the Ypres salient and the continuation northwards of the present fighting line from the northern limits of the map on the front page. The shaded portion shows the hills and ridges. It shows how the Germans having taken the Passchendaele and Messines Ridges have forced the British down into the lowland and gives an idea of how the present German position dominates the British position. It also shows well the position of Loere in the valley between Mount Kemmel, Mount Rouge and Mount Noir, which the French are valiantly holding against the repeated attack from Mount Kemmel. From there southward it will be seen that the line is more favorably situated for the British, they holding the highland and the forest of Nieppe, which give them decided advantage over the Germans in these regions.

WERE YOU NOT THERE.

R. Stanley Weir.

We heard our Mother calling afar:  
 "Come over, O my children, of the war,"

And, home again, wear proudly every scar.

For we were there,  
 Yes, we were there,  
 Battling the Huns by land and sea and air.

It was a fight of fury, West and East,  
 The Kaiser clawed brave Belgium like a beast,  
 We choked him off. We tore him from his feast.

For we were there,  
 Yes, we were there.  
 Did you not help us drive him to his lair?

Sea-dragons too, we hunted night and day,  
 We kept the murderers of babes at bay;

All Hell we fought in that long, madd'ning fray.  
 Were you not there?

Were you not there?  
 In that great struggle,—speak,—had you no share?

Don't you remember, those who fought and fell,  
 At Mons, the Marne, Langemarek or Neuve Chapelle?

Have you no story of the fight to tell?

Were you not there?  
 Were you not there?  
 You do not answer! You but stand and stare!

Did you not see at Stamboul or Suez.

The German helmets or the Turkish fez?

Surely that chap is lying when he says:

You were not there,  
 You were not there,  
 Stand up and say he's lying, if you dare!

The war is over. Battle-flags are furled.

The Great Betrayer from his throne is hurled.

It was the fight of Ages for the world

And we were there,  
 Yes, we were there,  
 But you—go hang yourself—you didn't care!

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

PERSONALS.

Miss Donaghy entertained at tea on Saturday afternoon, for Miss Bailey, of Montreal, who was a week-end guest at her home.

Miss D. Black entertained at the tea hour on Sunday afternoon. All but one of the invited guests arrived safely, and that "one" after standing on the veranda for ten minutes, waiting to be admitted, turned and fled.

OVERHEARD NEAR THE GUARD ROOM THE OTHER NIGHT.

(At the Pickle Works.)

Sapper Bawden (on sentry go):—"Halt: Who goes there?"

A Voice in the dark:—"Orderly Officer."

Sapper Bawden:—"Orderly Officer come forth."

Orderly Officer (returning from Guard Room):—"Sentry, what are your duties?"

Sapper Bawden:—"My beat extends from Reveille to Tattoo. I have forgotten the rest. I'll know that when you come tonight."

A PAGE FROM "REMINISCENCES OF THE WORLD WAR"

By Lt. Col. Yuill

(Published March 1958)

Yes, it was my good fortune to be associated with Gen. Sir Chas. Daubney from earliest childhood, and it is often a matter of interest to me, to note how a remarkable trait, noticeable from childhood, was instrumental in winning the war. Of course, it is a matter of universal knowledge, now, how by his unerring sixth sense, he instinctively discovered the soft spot in the German defences and smashed through it; then by a brilliant encircling movement, entirely cut off the armies of the Crown Prince and Prince Henry of Prussia, leaving the road to Berlin wide open and making our early victory, and the freedom of humanity, certain. But what is not so well known, and what I fortunately am able to tell the world, is how this movement was not merely a brilliant stroke of genius, but was the culmination of a series of developments of a peculiar instinct for



finding soft spots. In his earliest childhood he used to amaze his fond parents by frequently wandering from their well trimmed lawn into the well tilled and much softer borders reserved for flowering plants. In later years, when he had graduated from McGill University, his facility for finding soft jobs was a matter of envy to his less fortunate classmates.

It was not, however, until the spring of 1918 that his remarkable gift began to be recognized as such. About this time we both received our commissions in the famous Canadian Engineers, which unit, as is well known, made history during the world war. Lieut. Daubney, as he then was, immediately sprang into fame among his fellow officers, for the unerring accuracy with which he discovered soft spots in the riding school, whenever it became necessary for him to dismount hastily and unconventionally. In vain did Major Milne, that unapproachable autocrat of the riding school, endeavour by ingenious camouflage, to disguise the less rigid areas of the ground. Nothing could baffle the mysterious sixth sense of Lieut. Daubney, and it is on record that, on one occasion, he alighted softly on a pile of sawdust, despite the fact that it was disguised as paving

stone, causing the villainous Sergt. Major Sims such disappointment, that he sobbed bitterly in full view of the assembly. This incident earned for our hero the nickname, now a household word, of "Soft Spot Charlie".

CLASS 38,—PLEASE NOTE.

A little strand of wire,  
To ward off all complaint,  
Makes the common soft cap,  
Look like what it aint.

Territorial (on Sentry duty for first time?—"Halt! who goes there?"

"Friend".

Sentry:—"Advance friend and give the countersign "Waterloo"; pass friend and all's well."

"I never saw a woman so crazy over shopping as she is."

"Is she really?"

"Why, the other day she went to a prominent surgeon and priced a number of his operations."

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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CHEWING GUM  
BLACK  
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IS SUPPLIED TO THE CANTEEN BY  
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A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND  
PERMANENT GUESTS.

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REASONABLE RATES

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Reserve and Undivided Profits, 14,324,000  
Total Assets - - - 300,000,000

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365 Branches in Canada and Newfoundland.  
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Business Accounts Carried Upon Favorable Terms.  
Savings Department at all Branches.  
St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraire, Manager.



IRELAND:—IT'S NOT MY AFFAIR.  
—"Post-Dispatch", St. Louis.



## "NUTS AND RATIONS."

Events move with such rapidity at the Depot, that it is hard to keep track of a particular "pal" for any length of time.

We enlist together; probably after a short while, he is placed in a different category, and although we may yet be "pals", we only see each other occasionally. Eventually one or the other of us goes away with "the draft". Then,—well we find another "pal".

Of pals I've had a plenty,

Anywhere from ten to twenty,

And we're "bunked", and "messed", and got along alright;

But the "Board" has turned me down from going over,  
(And I wanted so, to see the Cliffs of Dover),

But compared with France, I'm over here "in clover".

How I wish they'd keep their promise and write!

Following on the account of the historic associations of the City of St. Johns, given in a recent issue of "Knots and Lashings", by the Rev. Major Moore, M.A., we would like to draw the attention of our readers to the loyalty which underlies the character of most of its residents. Some of you, coming from towns and cities far removed from this historic spot, are already biased against the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec. It has been the writer's good fortune and privilege to make the acquaintance of many families in this town, who are represented at the front by one or more of their kith and kin. We have been prompted to investigate to find the number who have gone. Although the list is of too great a length for publication, we have collected over 300 names. Nearly every store upon Richelieu St., has sent someone,—in some instances the only son has gone. We regret to add that many have made the supreme sacrifice, and this, be it remembered, long before most of us thought about getting into khaki. So that it is up to you to pay that respect to the residents of St. Johns and Iberville, which is their just due.

Many a fellow who thinks he is a whale turns out to be a sucker.

Last Tuesday, the day dawned, as per usual, but to some of the more permanent residents of the E. T. D., it was entered upon with a large note on interrogation. "The Day" dreamed of in our early youth, hoped for in our young manhood, but none the less dreaded, was to mark their entrance upon a mission which is world wide in its influence. Stories of the terrible trials which awaited the chosen few, had been rampant for some time past. They were told to take a solemn leave of their family and friends, for men had been known to turn that corner and never be seen again. During "the day" their spirits quailed at the thoughts of the terrible ordeal. Everything centered upon the one point and the haggard look worn by them, told its own story of mental torture.

Remember there are two ways of killing a cat,—to muss him all up with a club, or to bluff him into believing that chloroform is good for fleas. Don't worry, they are always gentle with their kittens.

There was a record attendance to witness their entry into the brotherhood, which was done in fear and trembling,—(with accent upon the trembling). The ceremony was performed in the usual dignified manner, by those well qualified to undertake so stupendous a task, and it was pleasing to witness the change, as the note of interrogation passed into a mark of exclamation. The progress of our friends upon their journey, so voluntarily undertaken by them, will be watched with keen interest by not a few who wish them every success.

—PAT.

### OPENING FOR YOUNG MAN IN REAL ESTATE.

The young Sapper had been doing some pretty wild work with his "baynit", for he was new at the game. The Major apprehensively observed his tactics for a

little and finally said,—“Young man, are you learning to be a soldier or are you going into the real-estate business? By the way you handle that bayonet, you will soon handle about six feet of real estate,—and you will be under it. Carry on.”



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### SOME CRISIS! ✓

It was at the O.C.s Inspection, Tuesday morning. Section Officers and Sappers, glued in their trocks, had listened spell bound while OUR BAND did their bit. On the conclusion of the first number, silence fell broken only by the squeleh, squeleh, of the Inspecting

Officer's boots. And then as Piper D. Cooper stepped forward, Band Master Cook was heard to announce quite audibly "The Crisis". We afterward learned, however, that nothing of a personal nature was intended, as the Sergeant was merely notifying his Bandsmen of the name of their next selection.

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