

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. 25.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

When History was in the Making at St. Johns!

WHEN ST. JOHNS, QUE., WAS "THE KEY TO CANADA"

Some Interesting Historical Notes
By Major the Rev. A. H. Moore,
Rector of St. James' Church
(Anglican), St. Johns.

The visitor who spends a short time in St. Johns might, if unacquainted with the details of Canada's history, never realize that he is actually treading historic ground. The whole length of the Richelieu River, from Sorel at the mouth to Fort Lennox, on Isle aux Noix, near the American border, has been the scene of many stirring and historic incidents. Conan Doyle has given a vivid picture of

conditions in this district during the French Regime in "The Refugees": All writers on Canadian history have had to follow closely the course of events in the historic Richelieu valley.

The placid waters of the Richelieu made it the great highway for the canoes of the red men, and when in 1690 Capt. John Schuyler made his raid into Canada, Chambly and Laprairie being his objectives, he left his canoes near St. Johns, which was as yet unoccupied. Chambly was a strong French outpost then and a stone fort was built there about 1726. It is twelve miles down the river from St. Johns and well worth a visit. Writing of the situation of 1745,

Parkman speaks of "the portals of Canada guarded by Fort St. Jean." But the French defensive works here were never of a strong or permanent character. At Isle aux Noix, some twelve miles further up the river, De Bourlemaque had erected in 1759 a number of strong works which, in General Amherst's opinion rendered it "by all accounts impregnable". In spite of this the French abandoned it the following year. The present cut stone barracks and extensive defenses there were erected in 1823. Like Chambly it is most interesting and one cannot but regret the decay with which it is threatened. To specify the developments and incidents at St. Johns in detail is

forbidden by the iron exigencies of space. We come at once to the period represented by the accompanying illustration which I am able to give here through the kindness of Dr. Doughty, Chief Archivist at Ottawa. In May, 1775, that vigorous Vermonter, Ethan Allen, having captured Ticonderoga by subtlety and Crown Point by superior numbers, sailed down the Richelieu, captured an armed sloop at St. Johns with the dozen unsuspecting soldiers who guarded the fort, and returned. It was now seen to be imperative that St. Johns should be strengthened. One old barracks building constituted the "fort". Sir Guy Carleton sent
(Continued on page 11)



A View of St. John's upon the River Sorell, in Canada, with the Redoubts, Works, &c.
Taken in the Year 1776 during the late War in America.

Published as the Acts direct, Jan. 1st, 1789, by William Lane, Leadenhall Street, London.

SPOTS AND SPLASHINGS

From the Vinegar Factory.

After careful enquiry, we are in a position to state that Capt. Atkinson has definitely decided to refuse the very advantageous offer recently made him, of the position of Assistant Director of Dancing to the proposed Canadian W. A. A. C.

Lieuts. Chenney and Gudgin gave up any attempt to compete with the Captain, though they put up a very spectacular show.

Fishing seems to have great attractions for one of our senior officers. We wonder why! There are several theories.

The cleaning up party at the Chateau de Vinaigre, has been quite a popular amusement with some officers. The R.S.M. says he doesn't see any necessity for a sanitary fatigue when the officers supply it themselves. We are thinking of getting some of the newly initiated brethren of the Sam Browne Belt, up from the C.E.T.D. for instructional purposes. Courses in roadmaking, ditching, and clearing encumbered ground, are being prepared.

Did the Orderly Room Staff use that unadulterated Formaldehyde on the Orderly Officer's bedroom wilfully and of malice aforethought?

We are all glad to hear that Lieut. McLachlin, who went to hospital four days after reaching here, is now beginning to rally. He has shown the same fighting spirit in facing pneumonia that he had when hammering Heinie. Here's hoping we see him back with us and fit before the Great Campaign is over.

The battle of Vinegar Ridge appears to be at a standstill.

WAKE UP, ENGINEERS!!

TO THE ENGINEERS, W.O.R. AND C.O.R.

The challenges the Machine Gun Corps had in last week's "Knots and Lashings" brought little response. Can it be that these brave talking outfits are buffaloeed?

Again we hurl our challenges in your teeth. Are you a bunch of laggards and henchmen; or are ye full enough of "ye pep" to at least try?

We have thrown down the gauntlet. Let any amongst you, who dare, take it up. This week, if none of our challenges are ac-

cepted, we will challenge you to a bout at Archery, or may hap a game of "ye jackknife" or perhaps a contest with the knitting needles.

Or,—challenge us and see how fast we eat 'em up.

If you care to accept any or all of our defis, you can make arrangements by seeing Corpl. Lake (Ali Baba), No. 2 Section, M.G.C.

AND NOW IT'S CLASS 37!

We had scarcely finished penning our congratulations to Class 36, when the martial tread of another Officer Contingent resounded through the halls of the Officers Mess, and Class 37 inundated the local defences. After we had righted their spurs, fixed up their Sam Browns and buttoned them up generally, they made a decidedly favorable impression on the veterans of 35 and 36. However, we reserve our final decision in the matter, until after their 'premiere' in the Tan Bark Emporium. Meanwhile, we congratulate, and commend to the courtly if efficient kindness of the Laird, the following:—

H. McNab
R. L. McNeil of Barral
T. C. Hoshal
A. B. Darbyson
W. C. Miller
F. L. Brinkman
W. S. Pickard
S. A. Wallett
E. O. Ewing
J. E. Openshaw
A. H. Milne
W. R. Peacock
R. P. Hastey
A. L. Howden
W. T. Webster.

MORE MURMURS FROM THE "MACHINISTS".

GONE—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN KELLY—PEARSALL—LYONS

The men of No. 2 Section who are quarantined for mumps, do not miss their nightly trip to town, because when Duncan and Irviry get into their daily argument, there is "Scotch" enough for all, and hot stuff too.

We wish to enquire of Corpl. Pickett the meaning of "Buck and Baldy".

Dempsey and Wilson challenge the Engineers to a frog race. These men have two trained frogs which they assert can outstrip any frog in the Army in a ten yard race. The frogs' names are "Saint" and "Jean".

Thirty-seven men of the M.G.C.

were on a fatigue party, Tuesday, loading wagons with dirt. They worked all day and only one man had a blister on his hands—which speaks well for our hands—or can it be only one man worked?

AT THE NATIONAL HOTEL
(Officers Quarters)

A maid with a duster once made a great bluster.

A-dusting a bust in the hall.

And when it was dusted, the bust it was busted,
And the bust now is dust, that is all.

(It has ben said that Mr. Baldwin was up in the hall. Of course, we are not infering anything, but—)

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

In St. Johns, Quebec, we're stuck,
Alas!

And here we're like to stay,
But as for girls the time to pass,
Just hear what I've to say.

The Village girls,

Who think they're pearls,
Have sworn a blessed vow,

Upon the book,

That they won't look,

When us chaps say "Bow-wow".

So what's the use of going out,
And strolling round at night,
Throwing your glad eyes about,
When bits of fluff don't bite,
To chance to tease,

No waist to squeeze,

No lips to kiss for miles,

The girls all bunk, and so they funk,

From Tommie's wicked wiles.

The toughest ones, they wear a badge,

A sort of Iron Cross,

To show a fellow mus'nt eadge,

A kiss, Ugh! what a loss,

So pack your grip,

We'll take a trip,

And leave this joint, by heck,

New quarters find, and leave behind,

The girls of St. Johns, Quebec.

By Sgt. Darwin, M.G.C.
(Alias "Buck").

LATE COPY.

We regret that, owing to the late hour at which certain copy was received, it has been found impossible to include it in this week's edition. All such copy will, however, be found in our next issue.

We would urge that, if at all possible, all copy be in the hands of Lieut. S. C. Ells, Base Coy., E. T. D., not later than Wednesday noon.

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

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JOTTINGS FROM QUEBEC.

The excitement in Quebec has now died completely down, and the Quebec Detachment of Canadian Engineer, is carrying on routine training. C.B. has been lifted for 50 per cent of the unit, so that things now have taken an ordinary turn. Quebec City has, in its Citadel, Ramparts and old buildings certain charms for the visitor, and the boys one and all are now enjoying their new surroundings.

Trips to St. Anne de Beaupre, the new Quebec Bridge and Montmorency falls are quite the usual thing A. D. Saturday and Sunday.

Church parades were held, the Roman Catholic to St. Patrieks, the Anglican to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity and the Presbyterians and others to St. Andrews. The last two parades marched off behind the excellent band of the R. C. G. A.

THE SAMSON SENTRY.

Orderly Officer to Sentry, after hearing a repetition of his duties:—
“And what would you do if an armed party marched by your post?”

Sentry (quite perplexed for a while, answered at last in an uncertain manner:—“I’d—disarm—them,—I think,—Sir!”

SMOKING CONCERT AT QUEBEC.

On the 9th instant a concert was arranged by the Engineers, to while away the hours of C.B. The hours were certainly whiled away alright. The talent was mostly from the Engineers themselves. Talent, did I say?—Well, let it go, can’t alter it now.

Spr. J. Joselin broke the ice punctually at seven by tickling the ivories with some popular airs. Sappers Reede and Lynch followed with vocal selections. Corpl. Sutcliffe brought down the house with a ‘comic’, followed by songs by Sprs. Broughton and Chaume, the latter sang in French,—Real Parisian French, too,—about a trip across the ocean in a transport,—at least that’s what the Chairman said it was. Spr. Rutledge, in his characteristic nonchalant ‘out-at-pocket’ manner, gave a comic song, followed by vocal selections by Sappers Holden, Overend and Howarth. Sapper Overend certainly ‘starred’ for the programme and we hope to hear him again frequently. Spr. B. C. Davis sang ‘Shot and Shell’ though we only recognized the chorus. Sprs. Hamp-

son and Brown did a little singing too.

Pte. F. J. Graham, of the C.O.R., gave two recitations in first class style, and we rather think it was Sapper Thessel that sang Sleep Baby Sleep. Better luck next time Spr. T. Sapper McDonald’s Scotch song was a sort of mystery—very few knew it.

The burden, in the main, lay with the pianists, Spr. McCoig having to come to the rescue at times. Really the changes of key, which these devoted performers had to go through, were to say the least of it, vastly numerous.

Canteen funds provided smokes and apples, and under the able chairmanship of Lt. R. R. Knight, a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Two motion pictures by the Y. M. C. A. concluded the programme, then to bed after God Save the King.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

The change in style due to the change of writer to this column, will be quite evident. The present subscriber who writes under this all-hallowed title, cannot hope to emulate that freedom of style which is natural to the pen of that doughty Scot whom we’ve later called the ‘Big Svede’. Poor fellow, he has to write letters, and it’s up to the Quebec outfit to shoot something along to keep the editorial staff at St. Johns from throwing a fit.

We’ve had to provide an escort for Captain Wilkinson lately.—Why?—Well, just listen. On the night of the big fight, which will go down in History as the ‘Third Battle of Quebec’, the ‘Wolloper’ was very much ‘en évidence’, and keen to get into the fray with Maude, his trusty weapon previously referred to. He was, however, very much outclassed by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who, besides being mounted, carried pick handles with which to flay the rioters. Chagrined at this he planned a swift revenge, and forthwith passed the word that the ‘Pick-Handle Hussars’ were in the fight. Now you understand why the escort is needed.

Mystery seems to surround the affaires de coeur of our genial Q.M.S. A lady with voice of enchanting texture, whose name shall be for ever a secret with us, called up on the ‘phone and made a date. Sergt. Major Lear was ‘exclusive’ until the day after, when he con-

(Continued on page 7)

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EDITOR:—Lieut. Ray R. Knight

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| "PAT"—(an unknown genius) | | D. B. A. A. Brasfort, | Poetry. |
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| Sgt. E. P. Lowman, | Sales Mgr. | Lieut. F. J. Schenk, C.O.R. | |
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| | | Corp. A. J. Lake, M.G.C. | |

MANAGER:—Lieut. C. A. Davidson

YOUR NEW JOB. ✓

You men who are now stationed at the St. Johns' Depot, joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force with the sole object of helping to win the war. In so doing you joined the greatest Crusade that has ever claimed the allegiance of men. In so doing you became members of the greatest brotherhood the world has ever seen.

Among you who are now stationed at the St. Johns' Depot, are to be found representatives from nearly every profession and nearly every trade. In joining the C. E. F. nearly all of you have made very real sacrifices, both as regards comforts and financial gain. But at the same time you have also assumed a no less real responsibility to your Country.

It is true that, in joining the C. E. F., you have willingly accepted an entirely new set of conditions as regards your daily life. You have also exchanged the axe or the saw, the drill or the lathe, for the rifle and the machine gun. But, after all, you have merely taken up a new set of tools. The ambitions and the desire to excell and attain proficiency which formerly governed and directed your daily life, should still, to an even greater extent, govern and direct your efforts. For, in spite of the exchange of tools, you are merely following a new trade or profession,—the noblest profession in the world today,—the Profession of Arms!

There are good, bad, and indifferent soldiers just as there are good, bad and indifferent tradesmen. But, if you formerly took a pride in your efficiency, and in the condition of the implements of your old trade, why should you not still continue to do so under the new conditions? Why should you not continue to take a pride in your new accoutrements, your new equipment, your new work, and in all those little details which, when taken together, combine to make the efficient soldier.

When the war is over and you return to civil life, you will doubtless again put your best effort into your former avocation, whatever it may have been. Meanwhile, it should equally be your aim to put your best effort into the work in which you are now engaged.

But not only on the parade ground should your bearing be that of a soldier. On the street and in public assembles, the reputation of your Corps will be, to a large extent, in your keeping. It should therefore be your first duty to see that at all times, your actions are such as to reflect only credit on your uniform, and on the unit to which you belong.

You took a pride in yourself and in your work before you donned the khaki. Show that same pride in your work in the C. E. F.

FURTHER CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES ON THE GREAT WAR.

By Ali Baba (Lake).

St. Johns, P.D.Q.

Dear Steve,
42 Tremont Row,
Boston, U.S.A.

Steve, I'm fed up with these here Engineers, which 1/2 of them aint even Brakemen. They take a girl away from a fella, aint don't even tell you what they is going to do. The girl whose name is Jean, but is French Kandian, but speaks english as good as me Steve, aint so much, but girls is scarce here Steve.

The officers calls them Engineers rank an file and when they says rank they says a mouthfull.

What I say Steve, is why should they be called Engineers and us only Machinery. Believe me, we should be called Engineer Gunners an them stiffs Machiners.

On the level Steve, this dunp is worse than St. Louis an thats going some. One of our fellas which I wrote about onct got the mumps, and as punishment we got a decease called quarantine which Capt. Black gave us. When you got quarantine Steve, you feel just the same only everybody says you aint healthy, so they lock you in a room and put a guard on the door, but leave 4 windows so you can get out.

You aint supposed to go out unless you are a cook or a typewriter when you go out to go to work, but come in at night and go out the window.

The engineers are going to play us a game of basebal Sat. You should be here pal, to see what we will do to them. Say I bet they will wish they never even seen us when we get thru with them Sat.

We are going to use Morgan at s. stop which you know, pal, he once played in the Geo. Alabamba Lege, and McQuade which you know played in the Pateifik Coats Lge is going to play 3rd and me which I played in Tri-State Lge will play 2nd, and Pickett who can liek any man fiteing is 1st and we got some others.

Steve they make us work haulin dirt and ashes, and if I was only not so good natured I wouldnt stand for it and somebody would get a punch in the nose.

But I aint sore at my Army, Steve, only at the Engineers, but the Army is o.k.

Hoping you are the same, I am
Your old side kick,
Low.

PROBABLY THERE WAS.

Sgt. Boyd (to one of his pets):—
"Have you taken a bath?"
Private (trembling):—"No, is there one missing?"

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

One of the Corporals sent in the following conundrum:—

Lieut. Schenck stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet, and smokes continuously. If smoking stunts your growth how tall would Mr. Schenck be if he did not smoke.

(You will have to read the answer in the stars.—F. J. S.)

STRATEGY FROM CLASS 36.

It is said that there is no possibility of Lieut. Trefford losing his life in the present war. He carries so much brass about with him that Hindenburg will surely see that he be captured alive.

SQUIBS FROM QUEBEC.

Overheard on St. John Street, Monday night (female voice):—
"Oh! Mr. Boyd!" — "I didn't know you."

Has the telephone girl got Mr. Davidson's number yet?

Sappers with white sheets on their beds.

Officers using Sergeant's cleaning gear in these hard times. (On active service?)

Sergeant, now Lieutenant, Mallett with the dietitian on his arm.

Members of the Quebec Glee Club ought to be able to answer all questions appertaining to corn-troubles, after holding their concert in the men's sleeping quarters.

"A Study in Black and White" at Quebec—Nigger in the sheets.

Who went up for three lots of mush.

The beaver is certainly a good emblem for the Engineers, with so many "Dams" about.

Vimy Ridge has nothing on Mountain Hill.

Popular Pastime:—The Midnight Patrol or "Onward Christian Soldiers".



Machine Gun Corps, C.O.R.

(Photo by Pinsonnault.)

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY GREAT MEN.

"I told you ten thousand, five hundred times."—Lt. Fleming.
 "Buck and Baldy."—Cpl. Picott.
 "Shoot a nickle."—Cpl. Lake.
 "Shoot the lot."—Pte. Maracus.
 "French ladies."—Capt. Gibson.
 "Hogs, swine, pigs, unclean."—Sgt. Mjr. Evans (C.E.)
 "I can ride a bicycle in the dark, better than I can in the daylight."—Lt. Warren.
 "Let's get something on him."—Sgt. Simons (M.P.)
 "Have a cigar, Corporal."—Pte. Duncan.
 "Please, Corporal, can I be 'bunk' house fatigue."—Pte. Bandolen.

MRS. HARRY FLEMMING BLOWS INTO TOWN.

During the past week, there was a decided stir in local "Society Circles" when Mrs. Harry Fleming, O.C. and best half of that well known and popular "Machinist" of the same name, favored our burg by dropping off the "St. Johns Limited" at the Grand Central Station. On behalf of the Depot, "Knots and Lashings" extends to Mrs. Fleming a cordial welcome.

WE GIVE IT UP.

Argument between Sgt. Cullis and Sgt. Hugill (A.R.):—
 Sgt. Hugill:—"I don't see why they don't conscript the Shepherds. Any women can fill that position."
 Sgt. Cullis:—"I don't believe they can, what about Bo-Peep?"

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.

VINEGAR FROM THE FACTORY.

By Lance Private.

Corporal Kelly is the "Chimmie Fadden" of this outfit. See him peddle the "Knots and Lashings" among the boys.

The opportunity of good fishing in St. Johns has certainly developed some splendid liars in the W.O.R.

Not everyone knows that Sergt. Major Edwards is a minister of the gospel. He was known in the States as the "Rough Neck Preacher" among other kindly meant nick names. The boys were certainly out in force at the evening meetings at the Methodist Church the past two Sundays. The boys know him, and what is more, he knows the boys. You should have seen the tough bunch in the front seat last Sunday; but some of those guys are giving the devil a lot of concern these days. Not all of them belong to him, not by a jugful.

Sergt. Tripp is developing a skating rink for flies, and he asserts that you cannot have brains and hair too. "'Ear! 'Ear!!"

Those were two fine suckers that he caught 'tothe rday, but then what would you expect, he is a stock broker in civil life.

A couple of "quit cold" jelly fishes tried to beat it out of town on a freight this week. It wasn't any of the W.O.R. either. We did hear another bunch here boasting that they were real good on the slope.

When some of the boys have been in the game for two or three years at \$1.10 a day, and kept a wife and kiddies and perhaps a mother out of that, they will not

be sending for fifty dollars at a clip and boast that they blow in ten of them every night down town. That gink will repent in the near future.

When a certain other bunch were with us in the Vinegar Factory, we had to put a sentry on in the ablution room to tell them which trough to wash in. We took him off that duty when the boys went to College.

There was a genuine look of alarm depicted on the faces of the Battalion Orderly Room Staff of the W.O.R. last Wednesday when the B.S.M. rushed in and asked that it be put in Part 1. that the men must not cut off their ears as they were doing. Visions of self-mutilation among the "best yet" troops appeared in our imagination, and it was a great relief when the B.S.M. explained that it was the ears on their Winter Caps that he had reference to.

No need for the other troops to get sore because the W.O.R. have the cleanest quarters in the district. They can't help it, because it is in the make-up of the W.O.R. to be clean of habits as well as of tounge.

It has been worth all the trouble and worry and hard work of coming away on the run from London to St. Johns, if it is only that the old telegram gag: "Grandmother sick; come home" absolutely failed to work for a week-end pass.

The W.O.R. had their pictures taken last Monday. It was not a moving picture either. Len Bowen scared any man who dared to move.

All of No. 2 platoon of the W.O.R. have unanimously voted themselves to be the smartest on parade. Well, they are certainly smart, but then they would not be

W.O.R. if they wer'nt.

One of the boys who had been down town bending his elbow, was coming up street with his head held high,—so that he wouldn't spill it, we guess,—when an M.P. asked him if he belonged to the pickle factory. "Hie, don't I look like it?" hiccoughed the souse, as he zigzagged home to answer tattoo.

Corporal Benny Dunn has a smile on parade that will not come off. He found a young lady in St. Johns that could and would speak English.

The W.O.R. are to have a Canteen. The men are very anxious to know if it is to be a "wet" canteen, and we take great pleasure in publishing herein that it will be
 (Continued on next page.)

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a "wet" one,—when the roof leaks.

Sergt. Major Edwards is much worried these days about his hair. He can't decide if he shall have a hair-cut or buy some hair pins.

Sergt. Herb Poultney is one of the quietest boys you would meet in a month of Sundays, but when he says something he means it, and so we serve notice on the soused guy who tried to tell Herb that he was not entitled to wear those lapels. There are other returned men in St. Johns besides the "big mouths" and don't you forget it.

Please cancel that indent for ink for the W.O.R. The Orderly Room Staff washed its feet on Tuesday night.

The photo bloke wot took the picters, was very nearly arrested for malingering. Fancy asking the N.C.O.'s to break a smile for 45 minutes.

Our quarter-bloke got real mad because the train would not stop on the crossing to take him to Montreal. Funniest thing about it was that the train was going the other way.

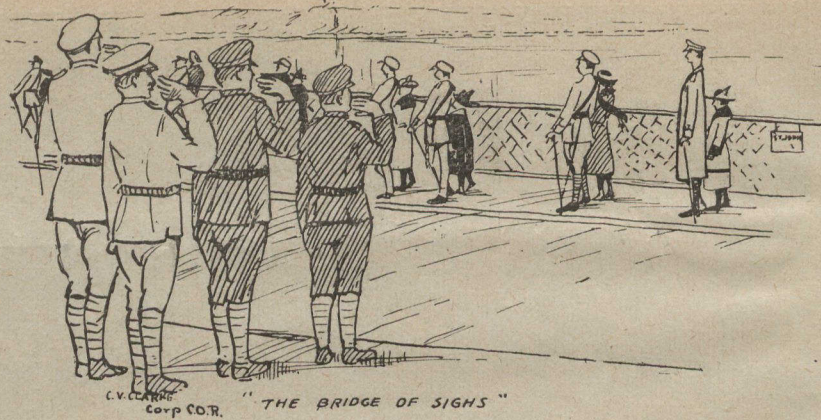
We were ordering some supplies for the canteen, and the merchant asked if we needed some "all day suckers". He made a mistake, thinking it was the CO..R.

He was to have married last Friday and expected to get away to do the deed. He had to send a night letter and postpone the execution—pardon us—ceremony. He is now singing: "Can't get away, to marry you to-day, C.O. won't let me."

Who were the N.C.O.'s who went to Montreal to get the rifles and equipment from the hospital belonging to men of the W.O.R. and returned without—the rifles. They could not find the hospital, so took the next nearest which happened to be hotels. Naughty Charlie, Subtle Georgie.

Yes, sir, those "big four" kittens are coming on fine. The Q.M. is going to show them on the ration state.

One of our officers took an extra blanket or two or three, on a cool evening last week. The peculiar thing about it is, however, that he took them off the pile that had to be fumigated. He is certainly "up-to-scratch" ever since.



"OH PRUNES"

On Sunday afternoon last, a spick and span livery outfit drove up to the Hotel National (Officers headquarters). A few minutes later Lt. Stovel and Lt. Marshall, all togged out in their best bib and tucker, were seen driving off. They left no address in the orderly room as to where they could be located in case of necessity, but rumor has it that they finally landed at the Ladies College at Grand Ligne.

We have no report of their trip as both of these officers have been as mum as the proverbial oyster.

That night however Mr. Marshall was doing considerable talking in his sleep, but the only intelligible remark heard was: "Mr. Stovel, will you please pass the prunes."

Come, boys, loosen up and tell us all about it.

OVERHEARD IN SERGEANTS QUARTERS.

"I know d—n well when I went to bed last night, I took my leg off. When I woke up this morning, it was on. So one of you blighters must have put it on."

(Apparently something is always being "pulled off" in the Sergeants Mess and it seems that this is but one more of the "Deeds of Darkness". On the Parade Ground and in the Riding School they all seem such "nice" chaps too. The whole situation is quite discouraging.)

Surely This Cannot Refer to Class 36.

How many (No.) 9's go into 36?

Mistress—"So your matrimonial life was very unhappy. What was the trouble? December wedded to May?"

Chloe Johnson—"Lan' sake, no, mam! It was Labor Day wedded to de Day ob Rest."

FAVORITE SAYINGS.

Major McGowan:—"In case of fire, jump out the first window and turn to the right."

Major Bennett:—"I wonder if she is Irish."

Major Stanley:—"Travelling on high."

Lieut. Baldwin:—"You and your silly smile."

Lieut. Crawford:—"You know I'm a married man."

Lieut. Church:—"How about a little game."

Lieut. Marshall:—"I love the ladies!"

Capt. F. Pullen, Quartermaster of the C.O.R. has been recalled to Hamilton. Lieut Marshall has been appointed to act as Quartermaster until the detachment leaves for overseas.

A WEEK END AT THE NATIONAL.

Hotel Clerk:—"Do you want a room with a bath?"

Lieut. S:—"Well, no. I don't think I'll be here Saturday night."

Why has Sgt. Pargeton been so downhearted since he arrived in St. Johns? Is it because his operations as a lady-killer have failed? Perhaps the girls in St. Johns do not like the brilliant color of his hair.

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.

Many a man looking for sympathy really needs two swift kicks properly placed.

Who was the N.C.O. who said Whoa! after dressing a company on meal parade one morning last week.



Garrow Acetylene Light 8,000 Candle Power

Strong, Safe and Efficient, Puts the light at the right place in the right amount.

FAIRBANKS MORSE

Railway and Contractors Supplies are complete.

—A tool for every purpose—and are reliable.

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Canteen Requirements Supplied.

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116 Richelieu Street, St. Johns HOME COOKING. REASONABLE PRICES.

Established in 1876. Tel. 65

C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants, and Cement. Wholesale and Retail.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

(Continued)

fided to his bosom friends,—we'll call them the 'lady killers',—that he had failed to locate the dame. His seventh heaven however was reached when the lady (apparently the same) made another date outside the Auditorium, and went so far as to describe her dress. She was to be dressed in a persuasive chintz coat with delicatessen skirt of prune shade, high heeled boots with target ankle pads and silk stockings of strawberry pink. The hat was to be a creation resembling a Butchers store with garnishings of tomatoes and cherries. What more could a man desire? Moreover the invitation included a male friend.

Of course, C.S.M. Estey was selected. The twain arrived before time at the appointed hour, and were frequently met by Sergt. J. Boyd who asked them what they were doing. They naturally could not give any satisfactory explanation of their presence and after waiting three quarters of an hour, Estey decided to go. Lear is to be asked to repeat the dose, while we go to print; meanwhile Estey and Boyd are enjoying the joke.

If you want to hear the Q.M.S. in good form, ask him who the lady is, with a Scotch name.

(The following advertisement was clipped from an imaginary Quebec daily.)

WANTED.

30 First Class Carpenters to carry planks. Those with less than three years experience need not apply.

ROOM-MATES AT QUEBEC WANT TO KNOW—

Why some are so selfish as to come in at all hours between Tattoo and Reveille, and hold loud debates and waken their comrades. Even lumber jacks in the wood camps are never allowed to exercise such selfish conduct.

(Ed.—Your answer, boys, is—The N.C.O.'s in the room should put a stop to it at once.)

Sergeant Major Wooley visited the front line this week end. His journey on a freight train, coupled with his experiences under fire, prevented him from prolonging his stay with us. We may say, however, that the reliable Orderly Room Sergt. Major bore himself with fortitude and under all circumstances 'carried on' as if peace and quiet were in the atmosphere.

SURELY, SURELY, THIS IS A CASE FOR THE S.P.C.A.

It was on the last lap of the classic "Tan-Bark" Handicap. And "Diamond Jubilee" alias Number 47 E.T.D., with jockey Peg Legg up, led by a head. Human endurance had, however, reached its ultimate limit, and, as he passed the flag, old Peg bit the dust. Yes indeed! he hit the tan-bark and he hit it hard. The Laird was visably,—indeed quite audibly,—annoyed; he even went so far as to say as much, "An' d'ye think," he concluded, "as he might be damaged a wee bit, Sergeant Major?"

"I don't think so, Sir; leashtwys, he aint groanin' no more."

STILL ANOTHER C.O.R. MYSTERY.

Hello! is that Long Distance, Say, let us have a chat. There wasn't much resistance, Mr. Schenck was the chap.

He was the Orderly Officer, And he talked far in the night. He told her of the great war, And how HE was going to fight.

Then came the great morning. Of war she has had her fill, She told Mr. Church while yawning Now he wants to know the frill.

SASSIETY KOLEM.

Mr. Schenk spent the week-end in tS. Johns, stopping at the National Hotel.

Mr. Fleming and Mr. Holtzman, two ppoular young club men of Hamilton, Ont., spent Sunday at the Yacht Club, St. Johns.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Church has at last succeeded in making telephone connections.

Mr. Baldwin was seen exercising his trotting mare on Sunday.

Mr. Rice, the Victor of St. Roch, is expected to deliver an illustrated and expurgated talk on the "Battle of Quebec" in the near future.

Can Major Bennett tell us just how long it takes to walk to the Military Hospital.

Why does Capt. Black look so blue. When did the jitney come to St. Johns? When Baldy took a hack at the "Lone Pine Tree".

Sapper, reading note he has received in a pair of socks: "May God keep you in the trenches." "Go' blime! May He keep me out of 'em."

Office Tel. 385. Res. Tel. 62. P. O. Box 477.

PETER J. O'CAIN,
COAL AND WOOD
INSURANCE BROKER

31 Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, P.Q.
3rd door from Merchants Bank.

ADAM'S
CHEWING GUM
BLACK
JACK

5c. Per Package 5c.

For Sale at Canteen and Everywhere

THE BEST
ICE CREAM IN CANADA
IS SUPPLIED TO THE CANTEEN BY
THE MONTREAL DAIRY CO. LIMITED.

NATIONAL HOTEL
ST. JOHNS, Que.
N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REASONABLE RATES

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
INCORPORATED 1869.

Capital Authorized	- - -	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid Up	- - -	12,911,700
Reserve and Undivided Profits,	- - -	14,324,000
Total Assets	- - -	300,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
365 Branches in Canada and Newfoundland.
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LONDON ENGLAND Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.	NEW YORK CITY Cor. William and Cedar Sts.
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Business Accounts Carried Upon Favorable Terms.
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St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraire, Manager.

"JUST LIKE PERCY"

We extend the ungloved mit to the all star cast in the now famous three act comedy, as played in the Baldwin Opera House on Tuesday night, and have no hesitation in declaring it a real success. "So say all of us." There was a little delay in getting things going, but this was quite excusable when one knows why. We thought it might be caused by some of the Church of England members of the audience being on time à la Sunday morning, but we understand that the Prima donna insisted in rehearsing the last spasm in the final act, and we don't blame her one bit, do we girls?

However, Sergt. Cook's orchestra looked after the most of the spare time, and delighted the audience by some choice bits of music.

When the curtain did go up, here we were in a room of an old mansion of the Louis de Quintze period (now a boarding house). Here several dear friends of the widows had foregathered, and gossip was rife,—regular 5 p.m. stuff,—which let us in the run of things, as those who were there know. The synopsis of the comedy was the double event style, a widow and a widower both of uncertain years of experience. The widow (the Prima donna) just as keen on having the widower as he was on having her; Percy, the property of the widower and Ethel, a niece of the widows, together with Christopher, who might have had some show if he had fallen for Hannah. Chris evidently qualified in a local school for love, and we strongly recommend him attending some evening classes. (Quote "Knots and Lashings" in applying for addresses).

Unfortunately we lost our notes on the way home, so are unable to describe as well as we would like, the dresses worn in the various acts. The widow, we recollect, had black stockings and shoes on in the first act, and our readers may take it for granted that anything else she had on was in keeping. Though we haven't yet discovered why she kept loose change in her stockings, a quarter in the heel of one's shoe is most uncomfortable. We have had experience with our shirt stud, but not so far down. We admired the widows taste in dresses, but liked her best in that 1918 nightie, of page rose with devil blue fittings. Her final appearance in a gorgeous creation of American Beauty would have made many a widower come to terms. The Prima donna

was in great form, and played her part true to life, we feel sure.

The widower, a gay old dog, was in his usual style. His free and easy manner gets him through, even with a widow in hand. Wet or dry he was good (we liked the Gordon Gin part of the fishing kit). Even a widow may get dry and we wonder if she had said anything about being dry after she fell out of the boat. The widow, we noticed, had been in furthest, only hers was unshrinkable and he wasn't taking any chances.

Percy you want some more 'pep'. Ethel had plenty—and they both did well. Ethel got off the top step after Percy cleaned the situation, and she became real fond of him, even if she was somewhat inclined to kick when Percy forgot where the chalk line was, and got too close. We consulted Class 36 upon what the proper distance apart on a sofa was, and Cameron says: 2 hands and he knows.

Hannah played her part to life, that of a faithful servant some years younger than her mistress in the ways of life, and full of disapproval of her somewhat up-to-date "carryings on". Her acting throughout was fine.

The final surrender of the front line trenches by the widow in the last phase, was an undoubted triumph.

If the constellation feel as pleased with their efforts as the audience does, then come again.

(Might we just suggest before the next show that the caretaker of the hall would replace the sitting parts of some of the chairs and run over others with a claw hammer.)

REWARD OF \$1000 IN GOLD AND A ROUND TRIP TICKET TO IBERVILLE.

Some days ago, a line neatly pencilled on a fascinating bit of stationery, was brought to the Head office of "Knots and Lashings" with an urgent request that we endeavor to identify the handwriting. The mysterious message,—cryptic in its very brevity,—read "Come to Room 46 immediately after tea." At once our entire expert staff calligraphists, phrenologists and chiropedists were assigned to the task, but up to the time of going to press, the mysterious message has baffled their best efforts. In order, therefore, to clear up the haunting mystery, the above reward is offered to anyone who can identify the handwriting, which may be seen at any hour of the day or night at the head office of "Knots and Lashings".

THINGS THE M.G.C. WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Where did Lieut. Warren learn to play checkers?

Why were the Engineer Officers in the background on the tow path on Sunday afternoon? Could they see more there than could be seen from the front? We have an idea they could!

How many of the Officers went to Church on Sunday night, and why?

LITERARY JOTTINGS BY THE SCRIBE OF CLASS 35.

- 1.—"The Milne of God grinds slowly but it grinds exceedingly fine." (Sims.)
- 2.—"A Fellow a fellow for a that." ("Demolitions", a new edition of Burns.)
- 3.—"Smith has gone to Melville Castel." (Salut d'Amour.)
- 4.—"Dogs delight to Bartlett and bite." (Shakespeare.)
- 5.—"Safety first." (C.P.R.)
- 6.—"Yuill remember me." (The Blessed Damozel.)
- 7.—"Theres many a Man in the Cameron clan." (But only one from Alberta!)
- 8.—"Anderson's Fairy Tales." (Edited by Legg.)
- 9.—"The Smith, a mighty man was he." (Baldwin.)
- 10.—"Knight and the shadows falling." (At 6 o'clock.)
- 11.—"I loves you Ma-honey, yes I do." (Schaffer.)

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.

HARD LUCK 'WAG' OLD TOP!

An anxious engineer wishes to know why Mr. Wagner resembles a locomotive. That's easy. Because he has a tender behind.

Sgt. Hurst, the Humorist of the Sergeants' Quarters, asked Sgt. Major Ferrier the following pun:—"Why is your nose in the middle of your face?"

Sgt. Major Ferrier:—"I don't know."

Sgt. Hurst:—"Because it is the scent-er."

We wonder why the Engineers never told us anything about the "At Home" they pulled off a few weeks ago.

Smoke Hudson Bay Co.'s Imperial Mixture

CANADA'S FOREMOST TOBACCO.

EVERYTHING THAT YOU NEED IN A

DRUG STORE

You'll find it at

Sabourin's

Corner Richelieu (Main) and St. James Street.

Special attention given to "The men in Khaki."

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PHOTOGRAPHER,

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Photo supplies, printing and developing for amateurs.

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Customs House Broker and Shipper.

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Hard and Soft Coal, Hard and Soft Wood, Kindling, &c.

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GET IT AT

H. RALPH,

136 Richelieu St., St. Johns

Everything in the line of **Clothing and Gents' Furnishings** For Men and Boys.

Suits Made to Order at the lowest prices.

J. R. GAUNT & SON

(Canada Co.) Limited.

315 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

Military Equipments:—

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



(From London Punch)

THE TWO IDEALS.

In August, 1915, the above masterpiece from the pen of Bernard Partridge, appeared in London Punch. In this remarkable cartoon, the artist portrays with intense realism, what may be summarized as "The Two Ideals".

During the last twenty centuries, two ideals have striven continuously for supremacy. One has but to

turn the pages of history, to learn with what bitterness and at what appalling cost, the struggle has been waged.

Today, on the war torn fields of France and of Flanders, the culminating struggle of all these centuries is being fought out. In the tragic shadow of this conflict, all other controversies, however important they may have appeared, sink for the time being, into utter insignificance.

On the one hand, and at appalling cost, the Allies are straining every resource to establish the ideals for which they stand, and to save to the world the teachings of Christianity. On the other hand, the Hun is making a last desperate effort to establish the sinister principle that 'might is right.' In ruthless ruin of thousands of innocent lives, in the desecration of all that we most truly venerate, in the unspeakable violation of the woman-

hood of the conquered territories, he has written in letters of blood the creed for which he contends.

No greater honor can ever come to any man than to have a part in this struggle which will inevitably mark the turning point in the history of the human race. In preparation for their part in this struggle, the men are training at the St. Johns Depot.

A duel is on, and it is to the death. The world is to be German ruled or freedom ruled. The rival Ideals of life and civilization cannot exist. The world is to be all slave or all free. The war, as it is the greatest in the mobilization of men, is the purest in human history.

At times the great issues at stake may appear clouded. At times we may shudder at the terrible cost that is being paid. But through the rifts in the smoke of battle, our Ideal still stands revealed,—a steadfast beacon to the armies of the Allies.

THE KAISER'S PRAYER.

(The following poem has been submitted to "Knots and Lashings" by an anonymous writer from the W.O.R. We regret that the inventor did not append his "nom de guerre" as we entirely sympathize with him in the sentiments he so ably expresses.)

Mine Gott, will you be mine partner?
 Vat! you don't know who I am?
 I am the German Kaiser,
 The Emperor, Will-i-yam.
 You know, I whipped them Belgians,
 Und mitt bullets filled Russia full,
 Und I will whip France and Italy
 Und blow up Johnny Bull.
 Now for all dem udder Nations,
 I don't gif a damn,
 If you chust be mine partner
 Und whip, dot Uncle Sam.
 You know I got them submarines
 All Europe knows dot well,
 But dot Edison got a patent now,
 Vot blows dem all to hell.
 Now Gott, if you will do this,
 Den you I will always love,
 Und I will be Emperor of de earth
 Und you be Emperor above.
 But Gott, if you refuse me dis,
 Tomorrow night at leven,
 I'll call mine zeppilins out
 Und declare war on Heaven.
 I wouldn't ask dis from you,
 But it can be plainly seen
 Dot ven Edison push dot button,
 I got no submarine.

"Her mouth is like a rosebud."
 "And like a rosebud, it's bound to open."

FACTS CONCERNING GREAT BRITAIN'S OUTPUT OF MUNITIONS.

In these days of stress and of herculean effort, we have almost lost our perspective as regards the magnitude of the accomplishment of the Allies. What, before the war, would have been regarded as verging on the impossible, has now come to be looked upon as an every day matter and to be accepted, almost without comment. The following summary of what Great Britain has actually accomplished since the fateful 4th day of August 1914, must however impress even the most casual reader with the magnitude of the task.

In June, 1915, the Ministry of Munitions was formed. Taking 100 as the figure of manufacture of munitions by weight at that time, the figures at various periods were:—

August, 1914	12
December, 1914	16
June, 1915	100
December, 1915	200
June, 1916	920
December, 1916	1,540
June, 1917	2,800
Steel Output of United Kingdom.	
1914	7,000,000 tons
1917	10,000,000 "
1918 (estimated)	12,000,000 "

Of the steel produced, 24 per cent. is devoted to shell-making; 21 per cent. is devoted to Admiralty work.

Ammunition Output (Comparative).

	1st year	2nd year	3rd year
For light guns	1	5	19
For medium guns	1	5	25
For heavy guns	1	6	70
For very heavy guns	1	21	220

Gun Output.

	1st year	2nd year	3rd year
Heavy guns and howitzers	1	5	27
Very heavy ditto	1	5	13

The Expenditure of Ammunition per week is now 65 times greater than the average weekly expenditure during the first ten months of the war.

Machine Guns.—The output has increased 39 times.

Railways.—2,000 miles of track, 1,000 locomotives, and many tens of thousands of wagons have been shipped abroad.

The Ministry of Munitions handles 50,000,000 articles per week, and sends abroad 60,000 consignments per week.

Labour.—In October, 1917, about 2,000,000 men and about 700,000 women were engaged on munition work proper.

In July, 1917, the number of

women employed in Government work of all kinds stood at 1,065,000. According to the Board of Trade "Labour Gazette" of November 16th, 1917, the number had risen to 1,302,000 before the latter date. Women do 60-70 per cent. of all the machine work on shells, fuses, and trench-warfare supplies, and have contributed 1450 trained mechanics to the Royal Flying Corps.

TROUBLES OF A CLOVER KICKER.

By J. A. Wilson, M.G.C.

An experienced city salesman, with the gift of the gab, full of pep, there with the goods, in short, the sort of a man who would try and make you believe that a jack-rabbit was a rattle-snakes sister, finds to his regret, that his "side-kick" whom he has enticed away from home does not deliver the goods! At the outset the usual promises had been made, — he would be shewn how to make a "good and profitable living", have an easy time, see all the sights which nature has provided on our American sawdust and all in return for doing nothing except "sell a little cutlery each day and get big results".

The victim belonging to a country-fied town, carrying with him, as much brains, personality, and appearance, as some of the fellows, see loitering around the Parade Ground, imagining they are soldiers of all ranks) falls for the stuff he has been handed. Well the two start out, over the road, from east to west, and they reach that grand western town of Sacramento, Cal. There is a little ill-feeling aroused between two, on account of the inexperienced man being inefficient in his adopted profession, and consequently having real difficulty in keeping himself in collar buttons, shoe strings, and other things a fellow needs at certain intervals.

Well, to make a long story short, the regular salesman decides that he had better dissolve partnership with his country friend. So one day, while they were conversing with each other, seated in the hotel lobby, the real salesman was heard to speak in sympathetic tones, as follows:—

"Say, Josh, me and you have been good friends for quite a while, but why don't you go back home, yes go back home, to that little angel faced girl, whom you promised to marry,—you know the one I mean,—the one you left in your small town in New York state, the one you have loved all

your life, until I butted in, and separated you both; and as for the remark you made, about her, saying, 'that every time she sipped he rsoup, she made a noise live as if someone was raking cinders,' has nothing at all to do with the principal of the girl, so just you take heed and go right back to the one who is waiting so patiently for you."

The rube, all amazed, with eyes as big as saucers, rising from his chair, just as if he had been struck with a pin, from behind, excitingly exclaimed with arms frontwardly stretched:—

"Jack, I appreciate those few kind words; they have reached my heart, and as for your advise, am very much obliged, but, it shall be tonight I start on my way to that small town, and I will count the days, hours, minutes, and I will even count the miles, and when that train reaches that small town, where my sweetheart has been so long waiting for me, I shall jump off that train, dash over to the girl's home, ring the front door bell, and as soon as she opens the door, I shall throw my arms forward and say, 'Dolly, Dolly, my sweet Dolly! Do you want to buy a noiseless soup spoon.'"

ST. GEORGE CARRIES ON.

During the past week, a copy of the "Official Magazine of the Canadian Engineers" has been received from the C. E. T. D. at Seaford, England. This periodical is known as the "Canadian Sapper", and, as might be expected, is a credit in every way to the men of the Canadian Engineers who are responsible for its publication.

The "Canadian Sapper" is a pretentious publication of quarto size and its thirty pages are replete with information, wise and otherwise, concerning a wide range of subjects. The "Poets Corner" als ocontains a number of original and exceptionally clever contributions in verse. A grim touch, suggestive of the stern realities with which the Canadian Engineers at St. Johns are not as yet familiar, is added by such captions as "Roll of Honor" and "Honours List".

Throughout the many bright pages of the "Sapper" is seen that irrepressible and indomitable spirit which goes a long long way toward successfully overcoming the discomforts and hardships inseparable from training camps under actual war conditions. "Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to all concerned in the publication of the "Canadian Sapper".

Windsor Hotel

IBERVILLE.

L. C. LABERGE, Proprietor.
Best Accomodations.

**Keep out of the Cold
Just like Home at
Richelieu
Ice Cream Parlour**

Come in and spend your spare time at all times. You are welcome.

ICE CREAM,
SOFT DRINKS and
HOT DRINKS.

Pianola playing all the time.
Geo. Kostos, Mgr.

**Remember that
O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY
is the place to buy your**

Furniture

The big store—everything you can wish.

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

Meet your friends at

SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

**Hotel Poutré
Market Place,
St. Johns, Que.**

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

**MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS**

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

**WHEN ST. JOHNS, QUE., WAS
"THE KEY TO CANADA"**

(Continued from page 1)

Major Preston hither early in June with instruction to build two Redoubts, one about the barracks, the other about Hazen's house. The two were linked up by a communication trench, while an inlet between them provided shelter for an armed vessel, The Royal Savage. Haste was the watchword and the little force worked in four hour shifts, reinforced by a pint of rum allowed by order of the anxious Governor, Sir Guy Carleton.

The diary of Major Preston, covering this period is full of good yarns, friction between the militia and marine authorities over trivialities, records of a court martial in which an ensign is charged with having threatened to shove a captain's pipe down his throat and afterwards "bleeding his nose." But we must hurry on. So rapidly did the works proceed that in September, Major Preston was holding St. Johns with 567 troops of all ranks, from the 7th and 26th regiments, a few Canadian volunteers, mostly French gentlemen, and some artillerymen. On September 18th St. John was invested by General Montgomery, commanding a force vastly superior to the defenders, but Major Preston at once put his forces on the defensive. The attackers reached the creek about a mile south of the Fort, still known as "Montgomery Creek", but were held in check. The rapidity of Montgomery's approach enabled him to cut the communication of St. Johns with Montreal before provisions and equipment that was expected could arrive. The defenders had only about twenty blankets for the whole garrison and were on short rations from the beginning of the siege. But they held on with true British tenacity hoping for relief from Chambly. The daily diary of the siege reveals the constant tension. On one occasion there was a midnight alarm, a general opening of fire after a sentry had shot at a moving object outside the redoubt, and in the morning a dead horse lay beyond the ramparts! A large batteau with 3 or 4 barrels of pork and as many of flour drifted down the river from the enemy's flotilla, having been released by the wind, and was a welcome addition to stores. Gradually the rations and ammunition became depleted and the men were exhausted by continuous duty in the October rains and cold. Hope of relief finally died out, only three days rations remained, and on November 3d, 1818, the Fort was surrendered

and the garrison marched out with all the honours of war. Notwithstanding the close range of the enemy the total casualties were only about 60 killed and wounded.

But we cannot leave the story of this heroic and desperate defence without referring to an incident when the articles of capitulation were being arranged. The draft sent to Major Preston by Montgomery contained a reference to the heroic stand of the garrison under his command and concluded, "I wish they had been exerted in a better cause." To this Major Preston hotly retorted that these words "be entirely erased, the Garrison being determined rather to die with their arms in their Hands, than submit to the Indignity of such a Reflection." They were erased!

Before surrendering Major Preston learned that Major Stopford, who commanded at Chambly, had surrendered that Fort. Stopford never put up a fight but opened the doors to the enemy without having fired a shot or even destroying his ammunition and supplies. Instead of being court martialed and shot for this cowardice he returned to England, and as he was the son of a British peer he was elected to the House of Commons. The siege of St. Johns in 1775 is a story full of stubborn endurance and resourceful defence worthy of the traditions of the British army.

After the collapse of Montgomery's invasion of Canada which beat out its strength on the rocks at Quebec where Montgomery lost his life, St. Johns was again occupied. I have ascertained from the Dominion Archives at Ottawa that between 1778 and 1784 upwards of £24,000 were spent in fortifications here. I also found an Engineer's report, dated 1804, saying that of these works "only vestiges remained." From that time improvements were made and considerable dock yards and defenses were built in 1814. Isle aux Noix now became a considerable naval base for those days! The present barracks were built in 1839 at a cost of upwards of £18,000. They were designed to accommodate 3 field officers, 27 officers and 800 men and a hospital for 86 patients. There have been many additions since that time. The old hospital is now the Sergeants' quarters, and the present Hospital and Guard House as well as the stables are recent additions.

As I write there is lying before me an original document which recalls the troubled days of 1837 and the Papineau rebellion. It is a letter to the Collector of H. M.

Customs here to arrest certain men, Demary and Davignon who had been rescued from the authorities by rebels near Longueuil Ferry. The defiance of authority by the rescuers of Demary and Davignon marked the outbreak of the misguided rebellion that for a time raged in the lower Richelieu valley. Battles were fought between the forces and the rebels at St. Eustache, St. Ours and St. Denis, in the autumn of 1837 and finally the outbreak was quelled and the instigator, Louis Papineau beat an ignominious retreat to the United States. The point that links this melancholy chapter of our history up with St. Johns is the activity of Demary and Davignon here as among the first fomenters of trouble.

In this way St. Johns has passed through and been identified with much of military activity both against foes from within as well as from without Canada. And when the call sounded in August 1914, the squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons which was conducting the Royal School of Cavalry here, volunteered to a man and went over with the first contingent. The famous 22d French Canadian Regiment was mobilized and trained here. After them came the Remount Depot, 500 stalwart men mainly from the West. Then the 87th Grenadier Guards came here in the autumn of 1915 and trained for six months. They were followed by the 117th Battalion which was mobilized here and proceeded to Valcartier. In October 1916 the Engineer Training Depot was stationed here under the command of Lieut. Col. W. W. Melville, who returned to take over this important command after crossing with the first contingent and doing his bit at the front. Last winter we had the privilege of seeing thousands of Polish troops assemble here on their way to the front, and now we hear the tramp of the men from Central and Western Ontario Regiments, and the rattle of machine guns as the units at present in the town are trained to take their place and sustain the standards which Major Preston upheld here in 1775. All these are right welcome. Let them remember that the ground beneath their feet is historic, some of it has been consecrated by heroes' outpoured blood, and its associations, if known, cannot but stir the heart of every patriot to stand valiantly for the right, and to pass on to succeeding ages the heritage for which our predecessors here fought and bled and died,—that noble heritage which is the greatest boon that we can confer upon posterity,

if it be handed on unsullied and intact.

Theatre Royal

Sunday and Monday, April 21st and 22nd.—Warren Kerigan, in "Turn of Card", 7 reels.

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23rd and 24th.—Madame Pelousy in "Pauline Frederic", 5 parts.

Thursday, April 25th.—Monroe Salisbury and Ruth Clifford in "The Red Heart", 5 parts.

The series go on as follow:—Tuesday and Wednesday, "Red Ace"; Thursday and Friday, "Bull's Eye". Every week.

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CONGRATULATIONS —

(C.O.R. Promotions)

Corporal James Foley.
Provost Corporal Robt. Semple.
Sergeant K. Mackenzie.
Corporal Brinkley.
Corporal Vaughn.
L/Corp. Thomas Hull.
L/Corp. Benedict Quick.
L/Corp. H. J. Price.
L/Corp. Wm. Anderson.
L/Corp. Geo. Lyons.
Q. M. Sgt. E. O. Issard.
Corp. J. D. Giebner.

M.G.C. APPOINTMENTS.

The following men appointed Acting Lance Corporals from April 3rd, 1918.

230449 Benson, C.
2380206 Robertson, P. P.
2537494 Lake, A.
2105222 Kelly, T. D.
2393146 Pearson, A. G.
3232772 Valliers, W. F.
2393414 Newton, T. H.
285189 Sellars, A. H.

The following men appointed Lance Corporals from April 16th, 1918.

2507399 Wilson, A. J.
2336374 Pink, S. B.
2335455 Grant, H.
3232367 Shanks, W. S.
2110078 Cox, L. S.
3053170 Eccles, H.

LIEUT. MARSHALL'S (QUARMASTER C.O.R.) PRAYER.

“O’ Lord!
Thou knowest
That if this German Kaiser
His war lords and officers
Shall be slain to-morrow
We shall rejoice
And Thou wilt not be sorry.”
(We were all very much surprised to know that Mr. Marshall was of a religious strain. The C.O.R. may have a chaplain soon.)

HE KNOWS NOW.

Corporal Giebner was strolling along the banks of the Richelieu with a charming young lady, last Sunday afternoon, and seeing a youthful disciple of Isaac Walton (about seven years old), he thought he would like to know the French for “fishing”. So casually strolling up to the young angler, he asked, “What are you doing, lad?” The youngster looked the Corporal over very carefully and replied in tones that bore no French accent: “Fishing, you damn fool.”

COFFEE AND SANDWICH, PLEASE.

One of the Officers of the C.O.R. walked through the train coming from Hamilton and said we would get coffee at Cobourg. One of the men thinking he could not wait that long pulled the communication-cord. The trainman came up to find out what was the matter, and the man told him he would like a sandwich and a cup of coffee as Cobourg was a H— of a long way off.



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