

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. 52.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

The Invention of the Stokes Gun.

The Stokes gun, which has proved such a valuable weapon throughout the war, especially during the period of so-called stalemate, was invented by Sir Wilfrid Stokes, K.B.E.

By profession a peaceful gentleman it seems strange that such a deadly weapon should emanate from him, but as he explains, it was the result of a convincing talk he had with a friend of his returned from the front.

This friend in his conversation made the point clear that the war was a battle of wits and that the side which could produce the most effective death-dealing weapons would win.

'I had never tried to invent anything in my life but my friend's words inspired me with ambition,' says Sir Wilfrid, and he set to work on experiments which ultimately resulted in the production of the gun named after him.

One of the war correspondents described the gun as one which 'sends up into the air a flight of bombs which sail down to their objective with deadly accuracy and a terrific explosive effect.'

The first gun, a primitive one, was made at Messrs. Ransomes and

Rapier's factory at Ipswich, England, out of a piece of drawn tube with shells made out of pieces of bar steel. The results of the first experiments far exceeded expectations and much to everyone's surprise the first shot landed very close to a cottage.

Week-ends were devoted to the improvement of the gun in order to develop something acceptable to the authorities. Long and arduous experiments were made, sometimes successful sometimes not, but steady 'plugging' brought about a gun, the equal of which, for its particular purpose has never been found.

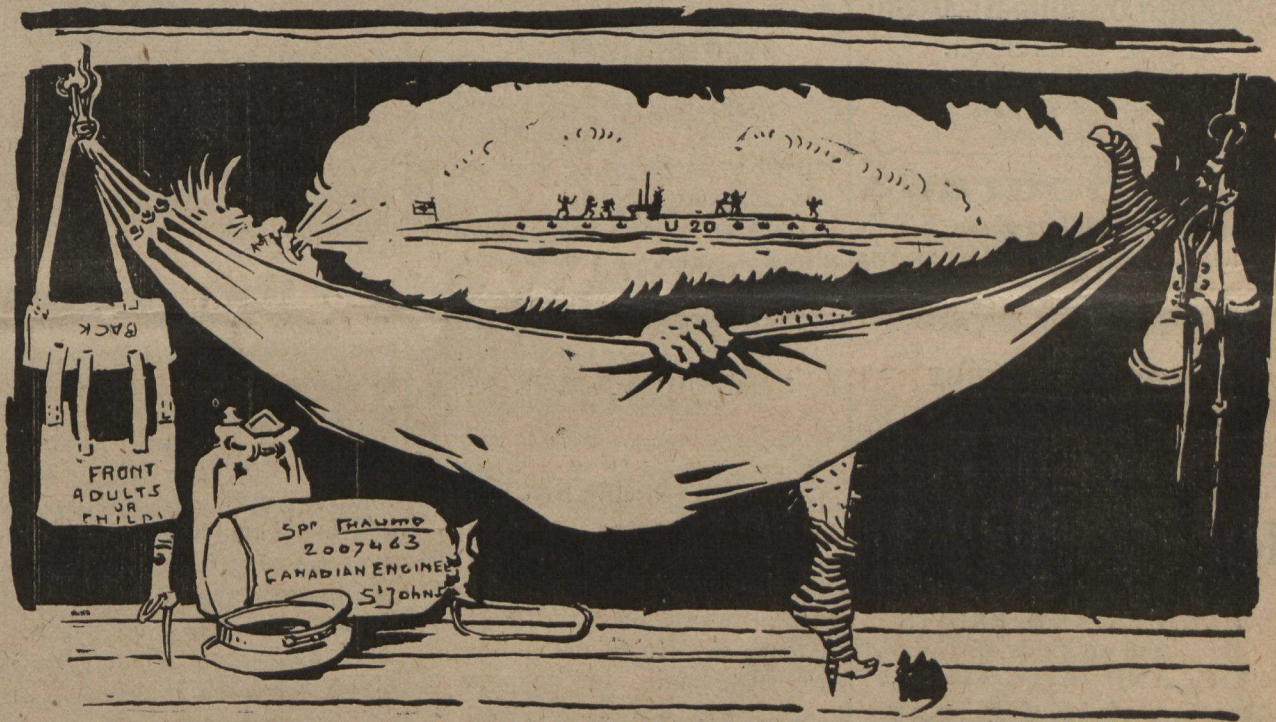
The original idea was that the

propellant should be placed in a central cavity in the base of the shell, and that it should blow out the end of the cartridge past a striker having a pointed end. This however involved periodically clearing the gun so that a square ended striker with a cartridge chamber in the shell was tried with the result that a solid steel shell split open and almost burst the barrel. This taught caution and before further experiments were made certain calculations were made.

Changeable weather increased the difficulty of arriving at a conclusion. Trials made on a fine sunny day with success would

prove failures on chilly days. Such uneven results were discouraging but did no more than delay progress, and finally the gun was ready for service capable of firing forty-three rounds of eleven pound shell per minute, the shell containing nearly three times the amount of explosive as that contained in an eighteen pound artillery shell.

A range of about four hundred and thirty yards was at first considered sufficient but under war conditions it became advisable to increase the range, and this has been done by adding extra charges made up in the form of rings. These nearly double the range though the



Dreamland on a Troopship.

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GEO. KOSTAS, Proprietor.

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

shell is fired from the same gun.

It must indeed be gratifying to
the inventor to know that his
weapon has been of such immense
value at the front. The Allies
adopted it, and it would seem that
this simple device has come to stay.

Just what the Huns think about
it would not be fit to publish even
did we know sufficient of their
language to reproduce but Tommy
Atkins certainly owes a deal to Sir
Wilfrid Stokes and from what we
have heard is perfectly willing to
give him credit for having pro-
duced the now-famous Stokes gun.

THIRD TIME LUCKY?

Delilah in the Limelight Again.

Oh faithless maid would'st take
advantage mean

And profit by a military order
or ukase?

Whilst one you loved and listened
to has been

Barred entry to your palace.
That is base.

We marvel that thy choice this time
should be

In rank an equal of thy previous
beau

Maybe the difference of his calling
or degree

Has tickled thy fair fancy. We
don't know.

No need remind thee of thy former
history

Where Sapper, Knight-on horse-
back failed to win

The faculty of medicine is hid in
mystery

So ware Delilah, lest the Captain
take you in.

Indeed so circumspect were we in
former reference

To thy prospects then at issue at
the time

We told the world with all due
deference

We'd not believe until we heard
the CHURCH bells Chime.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are in receipt of a letter from
2014— Sapper 'Grouse'; and we
wish to inform the writer that the
columns of "Knots and Lashings"
are not intended for purposes of
that nature.

If he thinks he has legitimate
grounds for complaint he has a
means to air his views provided for
by K. R. and O. Any barrack-room
lawyer will advise him as to his
mode of procedure.—(Ed.)

SLASHINGS.

We want very much to know
whether the 'flu' has anything in
common with the expression 'up
the spout'.

We haven't seen anything from
the postal department in defence
of their service. We doubt very
much that they have any tangible
excuse to offer or any reasons to
give why our mail should be in
such poor shape. The sooner we
get back to an engineers' service
the better for all concerned, and
really it puzzles us to know why
the Engineers can't be trusted to
run the military postal arrange-
ments in Canada seeing that they
have that duty to perform in
France.

The last time a Victory Loan was
floated in Canada the boys at the
Depot took up scrip to the tune
of many thousands. Don't let us
go back on this record.

Remember that anyway you are,
by taking a bond, providing the
Government with funds to pay you
twice a month.

Some of those aliens who have
been pulling down their 'Five
Bucks' a day will now have a
chance to invest their savings.

Nice to think they are your em-
ployers in that light. Eh?

The chances of getting a suffi-
cient supply of coal for the winter
in St. Johns are, we understand
good, although we had feared that
the outlook was rather Black.

There was a rumour that Phil
was to be editor of "Knots and
Lashings" on the retirement of the
present functionary. Don't be
alarmed. There's no truth in the
statement.

Doc. Simpson was responsible
for several 'hectic flushes' on coun-
tenances in the officer's mess when
he started to tell a story in the
presence of one of our chaplains.

When the boys lined up for
Church parade last Sunday week
and found no chaplain there, they
were marched back and dismissed.
While they missed such guiding
influence as the clergy have to
offer we have to admit that they
didn't miss MUCH.

Congratulations to the 81st and
131st Manitoba Boys (the Bugs)
who will have a chance to make the
acquaintance of the inhabitants of
St. Johns now their quarantine is
lifted.

—AT—

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and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

The name of the officer who, not content with the acid character of his surroundings at the Vinegar Barracks, has lately become addicted to the use of lime juice as a beverage. Is he not afraid that so much sourness may affect his naturally sweet disposition? Be careful, Bob. Remember the motto of Canadian Headquarters at Argyll House, London, and the Pay Office in Millbank, "Safety First", and don't take too many chances, old top.

When is the good ship "Bucyrus" going to get under way again? Doesn't she realize that a craft of her weight leaves a great blank among the Poor Prunes when not anchored in their midst? Why not "trim ship", Fred, and we will present you with a new pin, beautifully enamelled in flesh colour.

Who is the blue-eyed Captain, somewhat short of hirsute adornment, who was recently assured by the C.O. that "we should worry" as "you can shave in any direction without going wrong."

When he was overseas did he ever attend a revue in London called "Tonight's the night", in which occurs the song "Naughty naughty one Gerrard"? Tut, tut, Mr. President!

Why is Big Chief "Almighty Voice" so quiet and subdued lately? Is it perchance due to the influence of his "better half", or is he afraid that, if he opens his mouth too frequently, some wandering "flu" germ (looking for "a better 'ole") may enter therein?

And, finally, is it true that the Laird of the Stables has composed the following battle-cry for his legions at the Vinegar Barracks,—

We are, we are,
We are the Vinegar,
We'll pick, we'll pick,
We'll pickle any team,
That dares, that dares,
That dares to cross our path
Ye ken, ye ken,
Ye ken that verra weel.
Inquisitor.

CORRECTION.

Owing to an official error Private C. E. Johnson 2130626 was reported dead in last week's Obituary Column. We congratulate Pte. Johnson that it was not true and hope he may live long.

RESULT OF ORDERLY ROOM WALKING MATCH.

The walking match which had been the cause of heated arguments in the Orderly Room for the past two weeks, was successfully pulled off last Sunday morning, and resulted in the team composed of Sappers J. M. Graham and MacFarlane defeating the contesting team made up by Corpl. MacPherson and Sapper Baird. The walk was from the Post Office to the top of Mount Johnson, the prize being a dinner to the winning team paid for by the losers.

However there were a number of bets on the side, as to who would be the first man to reach the top, and in these Corpl. MacPherson worthily upheld the prestige of the "Discharge" dept., by being the first man to reach the summit, his time being 1 hour 18 minutes.

"The Canny" Graham, head of the C. L. of A. team, was second being 6 minutes behind the leader. Rumor says that Graham lost heavily as he had stacked quite a few chips on his ability to beat the field of contestants and received quite a shock when Mac showed him the way to the "little ole top".

Besides the two teams, Sappers Couch and Murphy also "homed" into the race, and bet on themselves to give the teammates lessons in walking. They did—lessons in walking in the rear, Couch coming in fifth and "Irish" Murphy an easy last.

The distance from the Post Office to the foot of Mount Johnson is estimated about 7 miles, and the height of the mountain about 800 feet.

The time for the contestants follows:—

- Cpl. MacPherson . . . 1 hr. 18 mins.
- Spr. J. M. Graham . . . 1 hr. 24 mins.
- Spr. MacFarlane . . . 1 hr. 29 mins.
- Spr. Couch 1 hr. 36 mins.
- Spr. Baird 1 hr. 41 mins.
- Spr. Murphy 1 hr. 45 mins.

Winning team:—Sprs. J. M. Graham and MacFarlane.

Watch out for next week's "Knots and Lashings". We want every man in the Depot to do his best to make it a success. There will be special pictures, special articles about the Depot, and other attractive features. We hope to run into a 16 page issue, full to the brim with interest. Send in your copy early. Make it something to "write home about".

Clean, Bright, Witty. Price as per usual, 5c a copy. On sale Saturday, November 2nd.

Last week's issue ran into 1,400 and sold out.

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Vol. 1. No. 52.

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"Pat"

MANAGER:—A/Sgt. E. Carol Jackson.

'WASHING DIRTY LINEN'.

Society in the divorce and law courts has been known to 'wash its dirty linen' before the public gaze and what that part of the community has gained from this despicable practice has been the disrespect of those who do not figure in such proceedings.

In Canada today we have our society in spite of our democratic tendencies and occasionally have the spectacle of divorce court revelations placed before us; but it would appear that even the vivid descriptions of such cases before the judge are out-distanced and out-shadowed by the sparrings of our representatives on the Municipal Councils and Boards of our leading cities.

The disgusting rhetoric employed by some of our so-called leading men, prominent by the fact that they are elected by an apathetic public and are before the public eye, is to say the least of it in bad taste. One has only to read the leaders in the Montreal and Toronto papers to see what different shades of politics have to say of these representatives. The opposition editor makes his salary by lambasting his pet aversion and the public is apt to formulate its impressions from such stuff as is forced upon it under the guise of literature.

Healthy criticism is good for progress and proper administration, but such policy as adopted by the newspapers of today does not come under that head, but rather leads to an exposure of the rottenness of the people's choice.

It is a moot question whether, after all the people have any choice at all, seeing that the state of affairs brought about mainly by the press reports of 'fireworks' as the heated arguments of councillors are termed, precludes any self respecting citizen from offering himself for municipal office to be brought into close association with such undesirables.

This policy of washing dirty linen is one that should be changed. Until then we shall have the same class of man predominating on our Municipal Councils.

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER.

Next week we shall celebrate the first Anniversary of our Depot paper. It is the wish of the staff of "Knots and Lashings" to make this edition particularly attractive and to this end we ask that as much copy be handed in as can be.

Now Boys! Let us have your help!

Let us make our Depot paper your paper!

"DERE MABLE"

Being Another Letter From An Interesting Book With That Title, By E. Streeter.

Mon Cherry Mable

Thats the way the French begin there love letters. Its perfectly proper. I would have rote sooner but me and my fountain pens been froze a week. Its got us out of drill for a couple of days. Thats something I guess Id rather freze than drill. Its awful when they make

you do both though. Two of my men has gone home on furlos. Me bein corperal I took all there blankets. The men didnt like it but I got a squad of men to look after and my first duty is to keep fit. Duty first thats me all over Mable. I got so many blankets now to look after that I got to put a book mark in the place I got in at night or Id never find it again. They say a fello tried to take a shower the other day. before he could get out it froze round him Like that fello in the bible who turned into a pillo of salt they had to break the whole thing offen the pipe with him inside it and stand it in front of the stove. When he melted he finished his shower and said he felt fine thats how hard we get Mable. I'm studyin Camouflage now. thats not a new kind of a cheese Mable. Its a military term Camouflage is French for cauliflower which is a cabbage disguised Its the same thing as puttin powder on your face instead of washin it you deceive Germans with it for instance you paint a horse black and white stripes and a German comes along he thinks its a picket fence and goes right by. Or you paint yourself like a tree and the Germans come and drink beer all round you and tell military secrets.

Dont send me nothin for Xmas Mable I bought somethin for you but I'm not goin to tell you cause its a surprize. All that I can say is that it cost me four eighty seven (\$4.87) which is more than I can afford and its worth a whole lot more. but you know how I am with money a regular spend drift So dont send me anythin please although I need an electric flash light some sigeretts candy and one of them sox you wear on your head. Ill spend my last sent on anyone I like but I dont want to be under no obligations. Independent. thats me all over. You might read this part to your mother I dont want nothin from her either. Rite soon and plain Mable cause I dont get much chance to study.

Yours till the South is warm

Bill

Your mothers present cost me three seventy seven (3.77).

THE PICTURES.

The City Hall continues to attract its two crowds nightly. The pictures shown are always first class, (Charlie Chaplin in "The Pawnshop" this Saturday), and the concerts on Friday evenings have lost none of their popularity. The display of talent would be hard to beat. It must be gratifying

to the hard working promoters (Captain Mutch and his assistants) to witness such a happy bunch of men who would otherwise have no place to spend an evening during this period of Quarantine. It's up to you fellows to keep the hall full. Absolutely free. No charge to soldiers.

THE BEST OF A BAD LOT.

It is the rats that first desert a sinking ship. The Turk is not an object of great admiration, but in comparison with the Bulgarians he at least deserves credit for standing to his post without a whimper, and taking what came to him—and a good deal more punishment came to him than to Bulgaria. With all his faults the Turk is, in some ways, the least contemptible of the whole enemy combination. He has made no hypocritical pretences that he was fighting a defensive war: and he did not desert his pals when he foresaw that he might have to share with them the wages of their joint crimes.

WORKING AT MY TRADE.

I went to join the Army,
An Engineer to be,
But I've been a common farmer,
Since I came to the E. T. D.

I went into the Mess-Hall,
To get something to eat,
They handed me some leather,
And said "This is your meat."

I called upon the Doctor,
To cure this cough of mine,
He said "Put this poor nut to bed,
Give him a number nine."

I went into the Q. M. Stores,
To get myself a suit,
The clothes they fit me where they touch,
With inches more to boot.

I went to see the Paymaster,
To get myself a check,
He said "Next Monday's pay-day,
So please pull in your neck."

I called upon the Adjutant,
To get a little leave,
He said "A Draft is going next week,
You're on it I believe."

Spr. G. M. Young.

Up to the time of going to press the Mounted Section have not handed in thier contribution. So we expect an extra bunch of "Twinklins" for our anniversary number next week.

"SIBERIAN LASHINGS".

What did we do to the Depot—Bottled 'em up. Poor old Depot—you've got to beat Vinegar before you can challenge us. Yorky could have played half your old team himself.

Well, we managed to get by that Board alright—away we go with the best o' luck.

Oh! Mr. Creighton, aren't you the dissipated young thing. By the way, you must keep out of that Chink laundry, or that big M.P. will get you.

Oh, you swizzle party, Mac. I told you in last week's "Knots"—Cocktails are not to be gargled.

We're going to run our own paper when we get away from here. Come along, fellers, send in your orders—we're going to have a try to beat old "Knots and Lashings".

Had a very good dinner at the Vinegar Mess, last Sunday. They do you well, up there. And you don't have to get a Doctor's certificate if you want an extra cup of tea, upstairs.

If Sainthill and Graves don't get a hair out soon, we're going to buy 'em some hairpins. Got to keep in with Sainthill—his charming sister sends parcels to lonely soldiers. O' Fudge.

The doctors were simply amazed at Sergt. Johnson's physical development—one of them suggested that Johnny's muscle reminded him of a bee's knee.

Say, Harry—don't you think it's time that quarantine was lifted? We won't be able to have a parting one before I go. Will write and tell you what vodka tastes like.

We shall weep—oh, so much—when we leave here,—NOT. If peace is declared when we're up West—we're all going to beat it. You dear old St. Johns, you'll never see us again.

Look out, the story of Joek Ewing's life is to be published in "Siberian Lashings", after we leave here.

Will Sergt. Hesford kindly tell us in next week's "Knots" exactly what time he has been leaving the lady, during the past week. And what are your intentions, Bill?

Some of our fellows have got a great story on Mr. Creighton—

something about a funeral party—I believe the drill was both weird and wonderful. Dope it out, fellers, we'll see what we can do with it.

Sergt. Golding is wondering what sort of animals Bodge will bring home next. He says he doesn't mind pigeons and rabbits, being quartered on him—nor even a big dog,—but he's going to draw the line at pigs. He says if Badge is going to take that pig as a Siberian mascot—he'll have to find another home for it.

Tom Murty is the Siberian Company's strong man—he breaks spoons and forks with his fingers. He says he can balance a quart in each hand, without spilling the milk. Did you mean milk, Tom, or hops?

Will Alex. Watling please communicate his views on "glass cutting" to the Editor.

If Jim Urquhart takes that Chanter with him, when the draft goes away—he's going to be a casualty.

Pop Lewis left my old room to find peace and quietness—he hasn't found it yet. He says Fryer and Hesford keep him guessing what time they are coming home at night.

HAM AND EGGS.

Sure Rory O'More was a broth of a boy,
An' as swift as a deer on his legs
He could eat like a horse an' it filled him with joy
When they fed him on ham, sure, an' eggs.

It was just chiming midnight when Rory stepped in
To the cook house and woke up the cook,
An' shouted, now fellow don't stand there an' grin
Take down that pan from the hook.
An' fry me some eggs and fry me some ham
Now don't stand there glued to the floor
Wake up an' step out, or your nose I will slam,
Ham an' eggs, sir, for Rory O'More.

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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duplicate of their lens before
going overseas.
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Fur Repairs:—A Specialty.
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Jeweler.

Everything the Boys need will be
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(Opposite Windsor Hotel)

Military Tailor

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Soldiers.

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Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Coun-
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Soap, Candied peel, etc.

MARKET SQUARE, St. Johns.

A. D. GIRARD, KC.

ADVOCATE

41 ST. JAMES STREET
St. Johns, Que.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The number of contributions re-
ceived last week was indeed grati-
fying, and we regret not being able
to include all the good things in
that issue. Much that was held
over will be seen this week. We
trust it has lost nothing in the
keeping. Don't send in lengthy
poems or articles. Boil your stuff
down. Be bright, brief, and to the
point.

T. L. B. of K Coy. writes an
appreciation of the good times we
are having at "the pictures",
especially mentioning the orches-
tra. He gives some hard hits about
M.P.'s being out of a job whilst
the boys are enjoying themselves
in the City Hall.

Sap. S. Thomson wants to know
why some of our cute little drivers
don't volunteer for Siberia and
imagines it must be because they
fear a scarcity of girls over there.

A Reader thanks the girls of
the Beaver Club for their kind-
ness during the recent sickness in
Camp. He also wishes "Our young
Corporal would make himself less
conspicuous in his attention to the
ladies." All young corporals please
note.

Driver (?) P. Hall says he will
be glad to go into an ice cream
parlor after Quarantine, so that
the M.P.'s wont chase him out.

J. A. P. issues a challenge to all
comers up to "117 lbs of age". He
must be one of the chalengineers,
although he does not say if it is to
fight, to eat, or to peel spuds.

A Driver wants to know when
he is going to Siberia. Ask R.S.M.
Sims and he will probably consign
you to a warmer climate.

Another Driver wants to know
how far it is from St. Johns to
Siberia, and if he will stop at Hono-
lulu. We have handed the first
question on to Sgt. Maj. Cady with
a request that he will measure the
distance so as to supply a correct
answer. Answer to the second
question all depends upon your
ability to play the ukelele.

Macduff (Vinegar Barracks)
sends in a lengthy "Gowff" story
dealing with the ancient game as
played by Moses and Aaron. A
good story but too lengthy to be
included at present, perhaps at
some future date, Macduff, we will
use it.

Sapper Badger (D Coy), com-
ments upon the lack of respect
shown by the average civilian at
military funerals which have un-
fortunately been very frequent of
late. He certainly has some
grounds for complaint, for we have
noticed people in this district who
seem to regard such a solemn pro-

cession as something to engage their
idle curiosity, instead of demanding
their respect.

White and Wilson must excuse
us for omitting their report last
week, due to the fact that every-
thing had to be sent to Montreal
by Wednesday afternoon, but we
hope to hear from them again in
the near future.

Mounted Section sent in quite a
bunch of copy, but unfortunately
much of it could not be used be-
cause no name had been put to it.
Name is not for publication, but as
a guarantee of good faith.

H. P. Mc. Thanks for your con-
tribution, very good indeed. Hope
to use it next week in our anni-
versary number.

Pen' (Records). Your article too
lengthy. Many thanks to Bands-
man Bennett, who is the hardest
worker for "Knots and Lashings"
we've got.

THE LARKS ARE SINGING OVER THERE.

While war is rightly regarded as
stern and full of horrors there are
still little pleasant phases of it
that escape attention. Phillip
Gibbs in a recent article in "The
New York Times" describes the
fields of France, the rich pastures
with tall grass tangled with
daisies, the streams, "where resting
soldiers, who are Izaac Waltons,
tempt the trout, others wander
along the reedy banks, where birds
sing in bushes near by and at night
bullfrogs croak bass music to the
nightingales lyric."

The fields of Flanders have been
described by the late Lieutenant
Colonel John McCrae in his ex-
quisite poem "In Flanders fields"
as a place where poppies grow.

"—and in the sky the larks, still
bravely singing, fly."

Until the very face of nature
has been ground into dust these
feathered creatures come and go
about their own affairs. Men hear
them warbling and twittering,
utterly indifferent to the world
tragedy which is being enacted
amid their nesting places.

There is no reason why we should
expect birds to have knowledge of
matters beyond their ken. But it
is a pleasant realization, neverthe-
less, to think that brave men have
the occasional consolation of hear-
ing a bird sing. Particularly does
this hold good in the case of our
own boys. Thousands of miles
from home and amid strange sur-
roundings. Country raised, most
of them, and familiar with outdoor
life the common sounds of nature
are a reminder that the Great

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in
Montreal you DINE at the

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

TRY OUR

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Canteen
Requirements
Supplied.

Now you can get
Philip Morris
Cigarettes
in the Canteen

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

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

GET IT AT

H. RALPH,

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

Suits Made to Order at the lowest
prices.

AT YOUR
SERVICE

Toilet Laundry

Heart that governs the seasons change still pulses. Back home the country lad reflects, the day is dawning, or ending. The cows are coming down the lane, with a wrench of pain almost he visualizes the whole scene to him so familiar. Back home the city man knows the parks are green and smiling and all outdoors invites.

Home sick? Of course,—still it is something to know that Hell is not prevailing back home at least and the stern work at hand is to keep it from extending its dominion—to kill it at its source.

Yes, the larks are singing. It is a happy augury.

Come what may, we know that over the shell torn face of France, at a time not now long distant, nature will pass her healing hand, and restore to loveliness that which has been so long disfigured. To help at home in a cause to which the strength of this nation is dedicated is something. To invite the supreme sacrifice at the front is everything.

We wish we could convey to our brothers now in the foremost lines something of the pride and appreciation we feel toward them. That they will return as they went is our earnest prayer. No matter what befall. Fate will look into their clear eyes and find them men, upstanding, viril, unafraid.

ANNEX ANNOTATIONS.

(1) Was any report turned in on the night raid, pulled off at the Annex, just before daylight on the 3rd inst.? If not, it is suggested that Captain Bill and Wilkie get busy.

(2) Seriously and without jest, Captain Bill's fondness for howling dogs is remarkable. Isn't it, Captain?

(3) Some Cooks Tour.

(4) Singing! Well, there's singing and singing. But, telling stories at 2 a.m., around the wards! Remanded to the O.C.

(5) Question: Why were the other jealous of Smith and Wilkie?

(6) Campbell's Soups are good, we all know, but, oh, his cough mixture.

(7) Bird seed ceased to be a ration, as from 1/10/18, Authority Captain Bill.

(8) All together now! What's the matter with Sister Seath? She's alright. Who says so? The convalescents.

(9) What's the matter with Sister Peach? She's alright. Who says so? I say so. Who is I? "Miteh".

(10) The M.O.'s have nothing on Sergt. Wagg. But joking aside,

Wagg earned our eternal thanks and gratitude.

(11) Where did a certain Cadet Officer learn to "sport his oak"? Rather doubtful form, with so many other unfortunates in the same boat.

(12) "Mike" had a really wonderful time during his internment.

(13) It is reported that the Kaiser has recalled all submarines. It's a lucky thing that the epidemic is over.

(14) Kenny fell very hard for the Peach.

(15) Roy, they say, is still falling.

(16) Wilkie got away alright, but, his rhapsodical froth was too much for her. A word to the wise, Wilkie.

(17) Griff says, (and we're inclined to believe him,) that it's a mighty good thing, that he wasn't in hospital.

(18) Faint whistle (for an exact reproduction, see M. O. Chown). Orderly! Bring on the Navy!!

(19) The Sisters' tea parties were some institution? For further information, ask the A.P.M.

(20) Will some M. O. kindly tell us, if sulphur gets after the "flu" bug, as it does some others.

(21) It is reported that the Major is doing well, and is in no hurry to leave.

(22) "As sound as a Bell". M.O. noticing a slight crack remarked, "Had you been a drinking man it would have gone hard with you."

Birdseed.

RECOLLECTIONS

There's memories for you.
Of the river Richelieu,
And the City of St. Johns.
There's the people so sedate
And churches up to date
In the City of St. Johns.

Here's where you form foure
After the rain downpours
Yes, you would remeber,
If there in December
The City of St. Johns.

You won't forget the mud
Nor the measly little spud
Nor the Leapfrogin P. T.
Which we got in E. T. D.
But there's Sergeant Major York
With his cherry smile and talk
For the good of Company "K"
Brings us nearer to the day,
When we leave the city of St. Johns.

L. C. 2011150 rises to enquire if anyone around here has seen any of the "Old Guard"?

Some of our best sappers now

know that any article which cannot be handed out of the shop windows or doors is "Out of Sounds".

What's the big idea Spr. Weatherby? Why spend every evening at the Hall?

After hearing several confidential rumors we have decided "K" Coy. either leaves soon or else it doesn't.

Gor Blime, I'm a regular Don Quixote!

A sapper seeing the P. T. instructors approaching, shook his head sadly, saying—"See the Joy-killers' parade arriving."

Spr. H. was much excited recently over his ration—why get "het up" old timer over such a small thing?

Spr. R. is wondering. Recently two young ladies stopped at the end of his beat. Arriving at the post he stood expectantly, meanwhile gathering in a big eyeful their young endearing charms. After a pause, one of the young ladies said: "About turn, quick march". Spr. R. is still wondering.

And there is our sergeant major, he swung his trusty Faber—and lo. the gloom: Machinists I have plenty, Carpenter a few; Carpetweavers we can use, to make for us some nice snowshoes. Siberia, Siberia... its dinned into his ears, till now the atmosphere is charged, when the Major he appears.

The Siberians are in high spirits these days. There's rumors aplenty and all point to quick get-away.

Sprs. N. S. C. and W. have it figured out it will be 1 year and 365 days from date 'ere they wear the good conduct stripe.

PICKS FROM THE PICKLE EMPORIUM

Or Heinz With His 57 Varieties Has Nothing On Us.

Did you ever watch Barbwire Mac gargle? He has a hard job to keep it from slipping.

Overheard on Champlain Street: "Voulez vous promenad Mlle?" Voice sounded something like Frank Estey but we wont say for sure. (?) Comprenez Frank?

Hear Mac take this dollar and go and buy some ice cream cones. (?)

Lance Corpl. Sparrow was conducting the Orderly Officer

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of

John MacNaughton

Advocate, Barrister and Commissioner

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Hudson Bay Co.'s

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is the place to buy your

FURNITURE

The big store—everything you can wish.

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

MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

through the barracks the other day. "L——y Shun!" chirped the Lance Jack. Of course it was obeyed but under difficulties.

Did you ever hear about how Jack Henesy fed the multitude on two meat sandwiches and a dill pickle? Ask Jack.

Somebody left the window open and Influenza.

Think I'll take the measles and break out.

The ball team of the Vinegar barracks will be buried without ceremony. No flowers.

Never mind boys we've got a football team. We are going to play the Depot baseball next 24th May.

Visitor in St. Johns A.D. 1970. "Who is that venerable looking old gentleman with the long white hair and beard."

"He is the last of the original Siberian Draft and is quite jubilant today as he heard that a draft is leaving soon."

Lieuts. Smith and Rogers have started a golf club. They call the game golf, or, cow pasture pool.

We have got to hand it to Lieut. Tubman for the way he makes things lively in sport for us down here. He is right there with the goods.

C.S.M. McLaren is breaking his back trying to grow a moustache. It is a nice bright red. He is trying to show Jock Ewing up. Jock's measures 13 inches from tip to tip.

Pickledilly.

"HOW K COMPANY BOTTLED THE PICKLES."

An interesting football contest was played on Wednesday afternoon by the teams of the Vinegar and College Barracks. The College team scored right off the reel which immediately soured the Pickles. The "Snowballs" then gave them a goal to encourage the play for the second half. It was then interesting to hear the strong betting in favor of the Pickles. A certain S.M. from the Vinegar Barracks put up his last two bucks on his Pickles. It was a shame to take his money.

At the beginning of the second half the Pickles were sweet and fresh but it wasn't long before their laughter was turned to tears. The poor Pickles tried hard to ketchup but the K's were too much for them. The "Siberian Snowballs" totalled up three more goals

to their credit which soured the Pickles for good. It was an interesting sight to see the Vinegar aggregation slink home to their quarters. The next time they wish to play K Company we will lend them Kesson, Lewis and about nine others of our team.

White and Wilson,
K Company.

"VINEGAR PICKLES"

Since being a soldier in this here dominion

I've endeavoured to get the men's opinion

Of the N.C.O.'s in Company B Who reside at the Vinegar factory.

We'll start with Sergeant Major Estey

With a round red face and a trifle chesty

Always looking around to give someone a job

And believe me he's the son of a gun to dodge

Not much judgment used when parade ground is wet

And he'd have us on drill with mud to our necks

With his coveted chevrons we all will admit

He was on the job early and doing his bit

We would have been there I think you'll agree

If we were all in the same position as he.

S.M. Stephens comes next and we all like him well

He'll listen to a joke, and can tell one as well

He's not at all stuck up and works with the men

The consequence is he gets more out of them.

A balling out we get when our drill it is rotten

But when we're dismissed the whole thing's forgotten.

Sergeant Ewing the gentleman with a moustache

Fond of his mulligan and also his hash

He's a pretty good scout don't give us much time to joke

Works us hard for a while and gives a chance for a smoke.

Wake up wake up you can hear Cooley call

On the Right form section Roxborough will bawl

Sergeant Parr's not so noisery he works them by kindness

And of all the Sections No. 1 is the finest.

Of the Corporals and Lance Jacks there is not much to say,

And to Company A, I will now have to stray,

For there's a bird over there they call him a sparrow

And the stunts he pulls off, galls us all to the marrow.

Then there's Barb Wire Mack who we all think o.k.

He can be found in the "Barracks" most any old day,

He is quite an old stagee and has plenty of pep,

Here's the language he uses to keep us in step.

Quit picking your nose, hold up your chin,

And from your face take off that grin,

I'll put one on the other side, You're worse than an old woman with the hives,

You bunch of plowmen pick up your step,

I'll jump on you and break your neck

You walk along like some old maids

You'll all be late to fill your graves.

And so it goes from day to day, We all wish we was far away,

Fix up that draft and let us go, Where we can be in the great big show.

Poor "Knots and Lashings" will look sick,

If all the poems all as bad as this, But with the Editor's good grace, We hope that he will find a place.

VINEGAR BARRACKS, E.T.D.

Sing O for the life in the E.T.D., That is the life, boys, the life for me.

When the 'Flu is about and the rain it pours,

We can just square things by forming fours.

But the Spanish 'Flu is now on the run,

Which the doctors and nurses (God bless 'em) have done.

Then there's fun to last till the crack of doom

In the cosy (?) and bright (?) recreation (?) room,

With its games and music and cheerful store.

Why, the thoughts of the boys never homeward rove.

There's the mess, with a chef

whose ideas range The world culinary. (So it seems very strange

That we get beef every day for a change)

We've the gentle and upright well mannered M. P's.

Who never touch whiskey and always say please.

There's the Paymaster's staff and Quartermaster's stores,

Who never treat privates as terrible bores.

See us rush each night up the golden stairs

To the longed for roll call, gargle and prayers

And to top the whole lot, this old war was made

For each Engineer to work at his trade.

Private S. Valentine, B. Co'y.

Note.—This is the voice of the cheery optimist better than the doleful dirge of the other fellow.

—Editor.

MARTIAL MAXIMS.

A profitier is not without honor, save in his own country.

All the world loves a Hoover.

Take care of the tents and the towns will take care of themselves.

The wages of war is debt.

The course of true hate never runs smooth.

Cast thy bread across the waters.

Censored communications corrupt good manners.

It's a wise captain that blows his own "Vaterland."

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Corner Champlain and St. James
Corner St. Charles and Richelieu

A Favorite Laundry of the Soldiers.

The Soldier's Friend Restaurant

166 St. James Street.

Specially attractive for Soldiers.

FRESH PASTRY, SOFT DRINKS, &c.

To be opened Shortly.

MARTIAL MAXIMS.
(Continued)

Water levels all cramps.
 The more haste the less need.
 Ye cannot serve war and Mammon.
 In a multitude of Americans there is safety.
 One touch for war funds makes the whole world kin.
 To fight is human, and to win, divine.
 Seize time by the war-lock.
 Love laughs at gunsmiths.
 He must have a long spoon, who would eat with the Kaiser.
 Money makes the Hun go.
 A sword in the Kaiser is worth two in the Boche.
 The proof of the spudding is in the eating.
 He shoots best who shoots last.
 A word to the wise is "Efficient."
 Hohenzollerns never hear any good of themselves.
 He who fights away, may live to see another day.
 The war is coming nearer home, at least so privates — ? and — ? thought when they jumped the parapets in the face of the enemies fire last Monday.
 Just what were you doing anyway, Olivier?
 They say we're going some place and its got down to one of three places. The hospital boys have their two places, and any one of the five places, is better than this damned place of all places.
 At anyrate take us out of here before we, freeze, drown, starve or stick in the mud.
 We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

CARRY ON, MY SON, CARRY ON.

By Lyn, B. Co'y. No. 1 Platoon.
 When you say good-bye to your little wife
 And you put on Khaki or Blue,
 You'll wish you were back in civil life
 The very first day or two,
 But don't worry my lad,
 You'll find it's not bad,
 When you can shoulder a gun,
 You'll feel like a man,
 And you won't give a damn,
 After you bayonette a Hun,
 So, carry on, my son,
 Carry on.
 The first time you answer the meal parade
 And line up for Mulligan stew,
 Maybe you'll find your stomach's afraid,
 And your teeth refuse to chew,
 But don't worry my lad,
 You'll find it's not bad,
 After you've done Squad drill,
 With a little P. T.
 You can drink lots of tea,
 Then you won't need a No. 9 pill,
 So, carry on, my son,
 Carry on.
 The first night in your bunk,
 You'll feel pretty punk,
 And you'll wish you were back in your bed,
 The air will be sweet
 With the perfume of "feet"
 And maybe you'll wish you were dead,
 But don't worry my lad,
 That bunk's not so bad.
 Wait 'till you get overseas,
 You'll sleep in the stench of a rat-ridden trench
 In the company of "Kooties and fleas"
 So, carry on, my son,
 Carry on.
 When you think of the home you've left behind
 The kids and the missus as well,
 Consolation is hard to find
 And a soldier's life seems hell,
 But don't worry my lad
 You'll find its not bad
 Get busy and have lots of fun,
 This world will be free
 And a hero you'll be,
 After the war is won,
 So, carry on, my son,
 Carry on.
 Do not preach too much; none preaches better than the ant, and it does not speak.

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

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 For a Good Meal.

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 Soft Drinks, Candy, Ice Cream,
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 Reserve & Undivided Profits \$14,000,000 Total Assets \$300,000,000
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 Business Accounts Carried Upon Favorable Terms.
 Savings Department at all Branches.
 St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraire, Manager.

THE REGIMENTAL GENIUS.

The O.C. sometimes smiles on me,
 in fact I think he likes me.
 And often lets me have, my way, in
 anything that strikes me.
 I make the officers sit up, behave
 themselves at Mess.
 And see that each is neat and clean,
 clothed in his proper dress.
 I think that soon, I will cut out
 that horrid beef and pork.
 And feed the boys on cream and
 rice, good stuff for their work.
 I have reduced the size of cups, a
 fact of which I'm proud.
 Big unaesthetic table ware, should
 never be allowed.
 I feel too, very proud of my, hard
 working office staff.
 When I think of the work they do,
 and how its done, I laugh.
 Of course the credit comes to me,
 for I have all the brain.
 It takes an intellectual man like
 me, to stand the strain.
 Then I am no mean Architect, I
 plan, I draw, I build.
 At fire-places and chimney breasts,
 to no-body I yield.
 And tell it not in Gath, my bricks
 were very, very, cheap.
 I got them all as samples, by Gad
 Sir, I am deep.
 Then in my scant spare time I run
 my famous picture show.
 I need not dwell on this, because
 its beauties you all know.
 I boss the Canteen and I sell most
 excellent ice cream.
 My sundaes and my ice cool drinks,
 oh! really they're a dream.
 But Sir, I think I've said enough,
 I only wished to tell.
 The E. T. D. that what I do, is
 always done right well.
 And if you feel inclined to praise
 me dont think that I mind.
 But please, oh please let your ap-
 plause be gentle, and refined.
 Lizzie.

John Donaghy,

Customs House Broker
and Shipper.
Dealer in

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

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Second Hand Store

29 CHAMPLAIN STREET
(At Market Square)

We buy your civilian clothes and
pay highest prices.
We also outfit discharged men
and guarantee satisfaction to all.

SOME FRAGMENTS FOUND
IN THE E. T. D.

Chapter 9.

In which Anon visits the sta-
bles and the barracks.

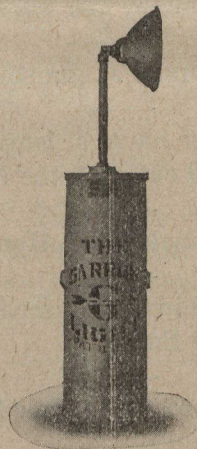
1. And the spirit of injustice moved Anon the son of Hoo and he did write,
2. When in the camp of the artificers he dwelt in the time of the Great War.
3. Between the upcoming and the downgoing of the sun I wandered beside the forbidden road.
4. And I did see a great building with many wings;
5. And the height of it was many cubits, also the length and the width of it;
6. And it was finely placed together and the roof of it did not leak.
7. The walls thereof also were of good thickness and they were coated in colors.
8. Moreover the floor was as a stone, smooth and firm.
9. In the building were many stalls and much room, and there dwelt within many horses.

10. And the horses looked exceeding well conditioned for their food was good and their comfort great.
11. And they had also clean straw each night for their beds.
12. So therefore I wondered much and admired their comfort and loud was my praise of the powers that be.
13. When it had come even I repaired into the habitations of men, even of those made in the likeness of God.
14. And behold there were great rooms and in those rooms were many, yea very many, three tier bunks.
15. And the space between was few hand breadths and the men could scarce pass each other in the passages.
16. The men were packed even as the sardine fish, yea, even as the law does not allow Chinamen to be in the cities of the land.
17. And the air it was even like unto access pit and the building was old and dirty.
18. Then me thought of the comfort of the stables and the

- comparison did stink in my nostrils.
19. And I said to myself, How long, O Lord, will such things be?
 20. Why should Thy people be treated even as their beasts are not!
 21. And I wept exceedingly.

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DEAD MOUSE IN TOBACCO.

The Editor of "Knots and Lashings" has requested a more complete report of the Court of Inquiry, held last Saturday afternoon in the Orderly Room, and we will endeavor to oblige him. Owing to the fact that no notes were taken at the hearing, this report is made from memory, but the facts are substantially correct. About 1 p.m. on this afternoon, when the employees of the Orderly Room were sitting round, quietly digesting their elegant dinner of "Mulligan" of which they had just partaken, their quietude was rudely disturbed by the loud outcries of O. R. C. Samuels.

"It's a dirty trick, whoever did it. A joke's alright, but this is carrying the thing too far," and other similar remarks were hurled by the speaker, at nobody in particular and everybody in general. When somebody asked the cause of all the commotion, Samuels brought to light, a red painted tin box, containing some kind of a substance, which looked like tobacco, on top of which laid a poor little innocent mouse, sleeping the sleep that knows no awakening. Loudly did Samuels bewail the loss of about one-sixteenth of an ounce of tobacco, but little cared he, for the tragic death of the poor little mouse. His vociferous lamentations brought to memory the scene in the Merchant of Venice, where Shylock after discovering the loss of his daughter Jessica, who had also taken some of his money, paraded the streets, crying "My ducats, my ducats." In like manner, Samuels, walked in feverish haste from room to room, holding the tobacco box in his hand, and mournfully muttering "my tobacco, my tobacco." Seeing that the terrible crime had touched Samuels at his most tender point, it was decided to hold a Court of Inquiry, to ascertain if possible the perpetrator of the dastardly deed. Sgt. "Joe" Williams was elected the Presiding Judge. The first witness called to the bar of Justice was Corporal McPherson. The tobacco, box and the dead mouse were offered by Samuels in evidence.

"Did you see anybody put that mouse in Samuels tobacco box," asked the Judge.

"No. I did not see anybody put that mouse in Samuels tobacco box," was the answer of the witness.

"No more questions, you're excused," said the Judge.

The balance of the members of the Orderly room, were all asked the same question, and all gave the same answer, that they had not witnessed the commission of the crime.

At this juncture, Samuels remonstrated to the Judge, that there appeared to be a collusion among the witnesses, and intimated that they were not all telling the truth, but the Judge refused to entertain his plea, and roundly censured the complainant for questioning the veracity of the witnesses.

After due deliberation, Judge Williams handed his decision down, which was to the effect, that as nobody had seen anybody place the mouse in the tobacco box—either it had been placed there by some unknown person—or, the lid having been left off the box, the poor deceased little animal had climbed into the box, become overpowered by the pungent odor, emanating from the rank tobacco, which the complainant inflicts upon the members of the Orderly Room, and after several useless attempts to escape from the poisonous fumes, had curled up his tail and toes, and gone "West."

Samuels did not seem to be very well pleased with the verdict of the learned jurist, and we are informed intends in the near future to take an appeal to a higher court.

The same night, a member of the gang, who nightly cleans the Orderly Room was somewhat surprised, when Samuels presented him with a nice red tobacco can, with the words, "Want some good tobacco, I've got plenty more." The recipient of this unaccustomed outburst of generosity, after sniffing the contents was heard to remark to a companion "Blime me, it smells like h—l, but its a long time till pay day, I'll take a chance." The next morning he reported to the M. O., and the following day the epidemic of the "flu" broke out, but we would not venture to say, that these two occurrences had anything to do with the unsolved mystery of the mouse and the tobacco box.

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CHAPTER FOUR.

Wherein is explained a difference and the reason thereof.

1. Why do the Privates rage and the Sappers imagine a vain thing?

2. Surely there is found no cause to complain nor to raise the voice in protest!

3. There dwelt in the fourth year of the Great War in the land of Us a man.

4. And he did work diligently day by day and provided bountifully for his home.

5. And behold, one day it raineth exceeding hard and the man became wet.

6. But when he turneth homeward, weary and wet, his wife beheld him when he was yet a long way off.

7. And she did stir up the fire, and she did place his slippers before it.

8. And she also did lay out for him dry socks, and his smoking jacket she made ready, and also for him she did wheel out the great arm-chair.

9. And when he had come into the house he found all things ready and his supper, too, prepared hot and savoury.

10. And as his good wife feared because of the wet that he had gotten a chill she prepared also for him a hot drink.

11. So the man retired warm and comfortable.

12. Now the next morning he did feel as though there had been no cold nor wet nor tiredness.

13. Wherefore is the lot of this man different from that of most men in the land of Us?

14. But it came to pass not many weeks thereafter that this man departed out of his home and joined himself to the armed forces of his country.

15. And he was sent to a camp in the city of that apostle whom Jesus loved.

16. There he dwelt in a canvas house in the midst of the plain.

17. Not many days thereafter it raineth while he was yet drilling and his clothing became wet and cold;

18. And when he did come to his tent behold it had leaked and his bedding also had become wet.

19. So that night he did pass uncomfortably.

20. The next day it rained also and he did become less dry;

21. And the mud waxed exceedingly and also the tent did leak still more.

22. And the rain did not cease but continued for many days and the plight of this man became pitiful.

23. For he had no where to go to become dry nor also had he dry clothing for to put on.

24. And he looked with longing eyes at the many dry buildings which surrounded him and he did think of those days which had been.

25. After five days he did feel rotten and he did go to the M.O.

26. And the M.O. did take his temperature and behold it was 104.

27. Then the M.O. did murmur, Influenza, and this our man was taken to the hospital.

28. And not many days after there was a funeral in the land of Us.

29. But such things win the Great War and inspire the hosts of the Huns with fear!

30. Wherefore, then, do the Sappers rage and the Privates imagine a vain thing?

CANNOT GO AND FIGHT.

Will some kind friend please tell me why

I cannot go and fight?

I'm dreaming of it all the day,
And sometimes half the night.

I'd like to take a whack at "Bill",
Before it is too late,

A certain fact, we soon shall know,

The war is "out of date."

Please tell me what I best can do,

To get across the foam,
I'd like to take a whack at Bill,
Before I get sent home.

B. W. W., D. Co.

Cut out the dreaming during the day.—Editor.

SERGEANT LITTLE HAT.

The Sergeant had a little hat
He laid it down one day,

And when he went to take a walk
The hat had gone away.

He searched for it all round about

It was a pretty sight,
The language flew, the air was blue,

But the hat came not to Light.
Billy Bee.



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