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Hindenburg's Huns Hindered by Prepared Positions

AN ARMY IN RETREAT

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

Introduction.

The critical posture of affairs, at the moment of going to press, and the tension of the minds of all of us as to what is taking place now in France has tempted me to go somewhat beyond the technical duties of Engineers and endeavor to explain the significance of the present movements of the armies on the battle front in France. Or, it would be better to say, to explain, in theory, what we believe should be taking place in accord with the theory of war at this time. To do this we must omit, for the present, any detailed consideration of the elements which go to make up the system of field positions, such as was intended. And at the outset I shall acknowledge indebtedness for much herein to Lt. Col. Azan, of the French Army, author of a recent text book, entitled, "The War of Positions".

Defensive Scheme.

First, briefly as to the defensive scheme. Along the continuous fronts of the two opposing armies, all places are not equally important. From a strategic standpoint certain localities are of highest importance: Such, for instance, Ypres on the road to Calais, whereas from a tactical standpoint, certain places lend themselves more readily to defence.

Where the artillery dominates, the whole infantry zone of defence is arranged for the defence of the artillery and its direct observation points. The frame work of the infantry defence is made up of machine gun positions with well protected deep dugout entrances, "Trenches" to give concealed access to the rear, from side to side, and to form a defensive outpost system around the clusters of machine guns, with "outposts" which serve the purpose of preventing surprise attack and holding the enemy so that the main force can engage it in on ground most favorable to the defenders. These outposts are meant to give way, after accomplishing their purpose, thus the enemy will be engaged under particular concentrated artillery fire and under machine guns flanking fire. Obstacles such as wire and trenches are sited with this object. With an army behind a single trench, the outposts will be small groups up ahead, but in present warfare, the front trench becomes outpost for the forces behind. The whole front system may become outpost for other forces in

rear. Thus the giving up of a whole front line system will, in a well disciplined army, mean only that it has accomplished its purpose of engaging the enemy in such manner as to inflict a maximum, while receiving a minimum of loss. Outpost positions are now always "tenderly", not stubbornly held without regard to losses, falling back upon the real resistance in rear, organized in similar manner. The spots most capable of defence are those which offer concealment from enemy observation, and are known as "centers of resistance".

'Positions'

The infantry defence line, then, instead of being continuous trenches is really a great number of scattered spots within supporting distance of each other, and these in turn may be composed of one or a number of lesser centers, or "supporting points", such as a wood, a village, a quarry, a height, all in one "center of resistance". One or more centers of resistance make a "position", which is generally called by a local geographical term, perhaps of a village, as Langemarck.

In any position, the size of the garrison depends upon its importance, not its area. The term "sector" is properly the frontage occupied by a military unit, as a division or a brigade. In an important position, sectors will be narrow, along unimportant portions of the front, "sectors" will of course be wider. It is important to keep in mind that it is from the fire of resistance centers both large and small, if rightly organized, that the enemy meets his greatest losses, also from the flank. So, too, when the enemy is able to break through a part of the line, which he can hold, he is able by enfilade to make untenable the field works on each side. And thus there will be, as the tide of battle surges back and forth, constant rectifications in the line so that it may be kept safe from the enfilade fire of the enemy. This is true even in case of a successful advance, the elements going too far ahead must fall back into line.

Retreat in Defence.

We may assume then, in the defensive line, the closest cooperation between the infantry, machine guns and artillery. I shall pass over the enemy's bombardment, the assault, the methods employed to meet it. This is all perhaps well enough known. The enemy, however, gains a foothold, from which the counter attack fails to dislodge him. The advantage is followed up by masses of men, they

too, working with infantry, machine guns, and artillery in closest possible cooperation. Stubborn fighting has taken place in the interior of the position. The enemy are overwhelming at that point, and retreat is ordered. Retreat will become necessary from a reverse in the position itself, or in an adjacent position. It is performed in an orderly way to positions already prepared behind—sited, organized, so as to DRIVE THE ENEMY BACK FROM THE GROUND HE HAS TAKEN.

Realignment.

"Realignment of the front" is the term used to describe voluntary withdrawals from a small or larger part of the front. It means withdrawal of both men and war materiel.

Realignment is as much as possible done at night, keeping the enemy ignorant. The greatest difficulty is in withdrawing the artillery. If removed gradually the enemy notices the slackening fire, and may decide upon a sudden attack, the infantry without sufficient support is crushed. If not removed until the last moment, there results congestion along the roads, and there follows a critical moment when attack by an alert enemy will mean loss of the guns and the infantry must run for it.

But the falling back permits of traps being laid. The comest of these is to leave in the evacuated position a thin line of infantry and engineers, who seek to divert the enemy. As soon as attack begins, the infantry retire, the artillery massed behind and ready delivers its carefully prepared fire, while the engineers explode prepared mines and fougades. The enemy may thus pay highly for his advance and the defenders lose only slightly.

Orderly retreat is only the retirement for the purpose of continuing in a new position a resistance which for the time being is impossible in the old.

Premature Retreat Dangerous.

The General in Command is the sole judge of circumstances and time. No unit leader must abandon on his own initiative the terrain he is holding, he fights to the last, unless he gets the orders. Sometimes such sacrifice has become necessary to save larger bodies, for the premature retreat of one element may endanger all.

In the violent fighting, communication becomes very difficult. Telephone wires are cut, messengers killed or wounded, signalling impossible. Considering all this, the Command determines the time and the conditions of

the retreat in such a way that the advanced elements can be notified. Acknowledgements of orders are carefully verified. The Command is now working with perfect order and method.

Orderly Retreat.

In every case the units receive definite orders when and where to march. "The lines of march are chosen to avoid crossing, crowding, and delays. The roads are chiefly reserved, in principle at least, for artillery and material. Such is a well ordered retreat.

The evacuation of the artillery is most difficult, as it is of the greatest use up to the very last. The heavy guns are started back first, the field pieces follow. Very much now depends upon the coolness and judgment of the commanders. The retreat of the various troops, including first line artillery is carried out under protection of rear batteries that remain in position, keeping up a barrage fire on positions the enemy would have to cross. Machine guns and automatic rifles are kept ready for instant action.

Delaying pursuit.

All sorts of obstacles are used to hamper pursuit. The communication routes, roads, railway lines, etc., are destroyed as completely as possible. Counter attacks at the right moment when the enemy pursuit is weakening, are now most effective in stopping pursuit.

The retirement may be to a new line of positions and trenches, a short way behind the first. But a remoter line will offer better advantage. It is held as being often the much better plan not to contest to the utmost step by step, but to make a sudden and rapid retreat, holding the enemy back by artillery fire, and at night by a curtain of troops; "and then", in the words of Col. Azan, "to reorganize in a position against which he will hurl himself in vain, suffering losses which will be greater in proportion as he fancies himself certain to succeed."

The Present Battle.

We may be sure that the heroic British army is giving ground reluctantly, but yet in order, to well known, prepared positions.

The return offensive will follow, we may be sure, when the enemy has reached the length of his lunge, while imperfectly organized, while his communications are yet much broken and imperfect.

Some correspondents are writing that we have reached "open warfare" again. Not at all. Not yet.

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OUR CHAPLAIN'S EASTER MESSAGE.

I gladly respond to the request of the Editor for a brief Easter Message to the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the Engineer Training Depot. This week, during which almost all Christians are remembering the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows in Gethsemane and on Calvary's Cross, has been a very real Gethsemane and Calvary to many of your gallant comrades overseas. To countless thousands of homes will come a message of sorrow and unutterable loss. The intensity of anxiety and suspense has been almost unbearable. The dominant note of the hour is suffering. How shall we endure the agony?

Let us turn to Him Who teaches the one necessary lesson for all such times. We read that "For the joy that was set before Him He endured the Cross." For the joy of victory, for what suffering should produce, for the triumph of true manhood. He died fighting evil rather than yield to it. So must we. There can be no victory without battle, no triumph without struggle, no glorified character without the pain of discipline, no abiding joy without its admixture of sorrow. During such a time as this, as during a right observance of Good Friday and Easter Day, we stand face to face with naked and stern realities. Such a time strips off the false conventions and superficialities of ordinary life and reveals manly, self-controlled, character as the one thing with eternity stamped upon it. That alone abides.

Easter means a rising to newness of life and effort and ambition after a death to selfishness, self-indulgence, sin. It is the Open Door to all the joys of free, uncharted, immortal life. It is the promise of triumph over evil, the exemplified fulfilment of the truest instincts, ambitions, hopes and longings of the human heart. In spite of the sorrow, Easter flowers still bloom and the chimes still ring out triumphantly in God's far-off City of Rest. May your Easter Day be joyous indeed, full of the glad refrain of victory over all that is unworthy of Christian men, a fresh start towards the fulness of joy that awaits all who live by the power of an endless life!

Overheard recently:—

Voice of Sergeant-Major Evans:
"Orderly, bring me my boots."
Voice of Orderly: "Beg pardon, sir, but did you say boots or boats?"

Sapper St. George on Training at E.T.D. Seaford.

Seaford, Sussex,

Sun. 24th Feb.

Dear Mr. Knight:—

To date no mail of any kind has arrived from Canada. No copies of "Knots and Lashings" are yet to hand.

Mr. Elliott is here, but in what capacity I don't know. When we marched a mile or so the other day, for Dental examination, he hove on the scene with a grin a mile wide. We had to parade too soon for me to ask him any questions.

I believe I closed my story last week with a note or two about Seaford.

There are 2 camps in one here. We—that is, Engineers, Signallers, 3d Can. Command Depot Tunnelling Co., etc.—occupy the North Camp; while the 236th MacLean Highlanders and thousands of other infantry occupy the South Camp—which is over the hill and nearer the sea.

Draft 27 is certainly being rushed as to training. Although the normal time is 6 to 8 weeks on Infantry dope, and 8 to 10 weeks for Field Works—we are going ahead much quicker.

The "anti-gas" training is done in 2½ days. About one third of us finished yesterday. The first day is devoted to a lecture on gas, and then training in how to get the mask (Small Box Respirator) on in 6 seconds (from "Gas Alert" position) or 8 seconds (from "Slung" position). The N.C.O. in charge of each small squad devotes many appropriate remarks as to the use of gas, the gas attack, how to give the alarm, how to handle gassed men, etc.

Considerable practice is required to get your face into one of these masks, completely attached, but it is done.

On the 2d day, there was another lecture, more training, and then came one of the two standard tests. We had to keep that damned mask on for 2 solid hours. I died!

Gosh—what a week-long torture those 2 hours seemed! No difficulty in breathing, of course—but such a headache!

While the 2-hour test was on, we were taught how to clear gas out of a dugout (the gas symbolised by a smoke-bomb) by using flapper fans. One man "shovels" fresh air in at one entrance, others shovel from there towards the other door, where the last man shovels the gas out so that it dissipates quickly.

(Continued on next page)

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, March 29th
and 30th.—Mollie King in The Square
Girl, 5 parts.Sunday, March 31st.—Maé Marsh
in the Cinderella Man, 6 parts.Monday, April 1st.—Birth of a Na-
tion, in 10 parts. Matinee, 2.15; Night,
7.30. Matinee, 25 and 50 cts; Night,
25, 50, 75, \$1.00.Tuesday and Wednesday, April 2nd
and 3rd.—Francis Bushman and Bever-
ly Bayane in Red White Blue and
Blood, 5 parts.Tuesday, April 4th.—Frankline Farn-
ham in Anything On, 5 parts.Saturday and Sunday, March 30th
and 31st.—Charlie Chaplin in The
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Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2.30.
Every day two representations, first
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**SAPPER ST. GEORGE
ON TRAINING AT
E. T. D., SEAFORD
(Continued)**

We also went for a short march to help kill time. No one was angry when the order was given to "Smell For Gas — Take Off Masks"! All in my bunch passed the test.

On the 3d day (which was yesterday, and a half-day) we got the closing lecture, more training in speed putting on mask, and then the 2d standard test—getting the masks on in standard time. During the practice, gas shells (smoke-bombs) were dropped at surprise moments in front of the squads—and helped greatly to speed up the bunch!

A week of Musketry, and a short course in Bombing, are the two other courses.

My section has finished Gas work, and, I think, takes up Bombing next.

All this training should be finished, I think, before we go on leave March 6. After returning from leave the rest of the Infantry training is given, and then comes Field Works.

We, and about 300 others constitute "B" Company. When all our Infantry training is finished (normally 6 weeks) we are "paraded for acceptance" into "A" Coy, which hands us our Field stuff.

There has to be shown 170 hours of actually done Field Works on a man's card before he is available for France. This takes 8 to 10 weeks.

From what I hear sub rosa, however, this draft is apt to be deemed ready for France in about 60 days. It depends on the Spring offensive.

Still in quarantine, but due out on Tuesday. Still broke, and no hope of any pay until just before going on leave. Consequence is that nearly everyone is broke; smoking and chewing very scarce.

"Our own time", especially Sunday, is the favourite time for fatigues. Today we've been picking and spading all the ground around our huts—ready to grow spuds.

Clothing Board every 2 weeks. Very little red tape, and much liberality. As regards most articles, the soldier keeps the partly worn article. This helps—especially in the case of tunic and breeches. Better tell those who are inclined to wear very "motion-picture-y" tunics (form-fitting) and exaggerated "butterfly" peg on their breeches—that these things are properly looked on here with much

scorn and disfavor. In other words, "cut it out!"

There are several Canteens on the grounds, but the Roman Catholic Canteen is the favorite—mainly because of the variety in its bill-of-fare, and the low prices. Even then, chocolate (bar) arrives only once a week, and if one is not there exactly when the shipment arrives one loses out!

London newspapers are hawked through the Camp, as also are books of views, postcards, etc. There is a Movie in Camp, showing 8, 9 or ten reels for 2d, 4d, 6d—according to location of seat. The pictures are distinctly not very new.

We are still wearing winter caps—which seem, to the other men here, a worthwhile novelty. While in quarantine we wear a white band on our caps (across the front); and a white tab, about 2" x 3" on the right shoulder of both tunic and overcoat.

We've received (defective in some way) short Enfield rifles, the long bayonet, and our Mills Web Equipment. There are 14 parts to the Pack—but it's a dandy. For practise marches here they put the overcoat, 1 blanket, shaving outfit and mess tin in the pack, and use the ground cloth as at St. Johns. There is no leather used except rifle-sling.

Quite a ceremonial function, damn it, is the morning parade. (P.T.'s first 7.30 to 8.15—canvas shoes and sleeping cap.) We line up in half-companies, close column of sections—then there are 8 to 10 "Shuns" and "Stand-At-Ease's"—then so many "right dresses" at certain taps of the drum; then a manouver or two under the Assistant Adjutant; then a manouver or three under the Adjutant; then a manouver or four under the O.C. (Major Warde)—then some more "right dresses" by the Sergt-Major and the O.C.'s dog—and finally a "March Past"—and off to drill. Quite smart. Quite wary—like Hell!

We have paliasses and pillows—stuffed with straw, of course. The kit-bag we received at St. Johns for our blankets, is turned in. We lose the metal C.E.'s on arrival here, and put on those red shoulder tabs, with C.E. in blue, instead. ("Seattle" Jones of course had his on within an hour of arrival. He parades around very 'turkey-cockish', much to the mirth of the rest.)

Several of the boys are intending to transfer to the Tunnelling Coy, immediately after "leave"-time—with the hope of quicker service in France. Others are expecting transfers to the Signallers.

Hot water baths can be secured easily, but there's very poor accommodations for washing and drying clothes.

The list of calls are about as follows:

Reveille, 6 a.m. Breakfast, 7. P.T. 7.30 to 8.15. Parade, 8.45. Drill to 12. Dinner 12 to 1. Parade 1. Drill to 4. Supper 4.30. Retreat at about 5.30. Last Post 10 (and lights out.)

Saturday afternoon is officially a holiday, if you are lucky. Wednesday afternoon is, as far as drill is concerned, a half-holiday—but they are paraded to the athletic field to watch some football match or other game. If there's no game, carry on with drill or work.

Already our footballers, wrestlers, cross-country runners, etc., have been listed—and will probably get busy after returning from leave.

Leave is 6 days for England, 8 days for Scotland or Ireland. Railroad travel, going and returning, FREE. (Side-trips probably half fare, if R.T.O. voucher is used.) Leave in London is very much discouraged, owing to congestion and shortage of food—and there's no doubt but what a better time, for a stranger, could be secured in Scotland and Ireland.

By linking up with the Y. M. C. A. one can have a wonderful 5-days stay in London, and see all the big things, for only £2 1/8, including bed, board, theatres, etc., etc. Fine thing.

I can't write any of the small gossip, etc.—it's hardly my metier—but I've told others to get busy and shoot all such stuff to you as fast as it happened.

I've mailed you a copy of the Canadian Sapper—1st No. Feb. 1918. It doesn't please me greatly. "Knots and Lashings" is much better and is more enjoyed.

With best regards to yourself, and a "Hello" for those who know me, I am, as always,
ST. GEORGE.

Fred. Lake

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RE-EDUCATING THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

The usual manner of disposing of an injured workman, prior to the war, was to pension him off as provided for in the Workmen's Compensation Act as adopted in many of the Provinces of Canada. The war, however, has produced cripples on a scale which calls for different consideration of this problem; and though Pensions are provided for under Military Service, based upon physical disability which often has very little relation to industrial capacity, there is a natural feeling that the returned soldier can still be made a useful citizen as distinct from a pensioner by a proper system of re-education.

The New System.

The Military Hospitals Commission was organised to cope with this, among other phases of the returned soldier, and was empowered to offer courses of vocational re-education to soldiers so disabled that they could not resume work at their former trades. The results of the efforts of the Commission have been almost revolutionary. Hitherto the crippled worker was a dead weight on society, a producer converted into a pensioner. Under the new system the loss of an arm or leg or both eyes no longer relegates the man to the scrap heap, but gives him an opportunity to re-enter the industrial field and become a decent citizen.

An Asset Not To Be Lost.

Life in an 'old soldiers home' was considered an unworthy reward for the sacrifice made by the soldier, whose body had stood between freedom and tyranny. It was appreciated that a number of men who, under the old standard would have been condemned to eke out a lazy pensioned existence could be regained to industry. Each man is surveyed carefully with a view to ascertaining whether or not he is debarred by his injuries from returning to his former civil occupation. If he is so debarred the Commission undertakes to train him for some new means of earning his living.—He is an asset and not a liability.

Human Economy.

G. E. Barton in his book entitled 'Re-education' states 'There is no economy in using a whole man for work that a part of a man can do as well.' The public and the injured man have to be persuaded that it is hardly respectable for a whole man to do the work that can be done by a cripple. The disabled man can do profitable work if a comparatively small amount of money is spent on re-educating him. The fundamental question at present and for the near future is the restoration of the earning power of the disabled soldier. It is an economic problem and one that is vital to the future industrial success of a war worn country, and it is gratifying to know that the M. H. C. has met with initial success in its splendid work in this direction.

OFFICERS NOTES.

We understand our \$10,000.00 beauty, Hans Wagner, will shortly write an article entitled, "The Army Arm".

Mr. Yuill, the eminent herring-choker, reports a record catch on the Truro. In consequence all future separation allowance has been cancelled.

Our advice to Mr. Troop is to practise his French in No. 3 Stable.

A certain officer of Class 35 was discovered by the stable picquet administering oil to No. 2 horse. When asked his intentions he murmured something about recovering two tunic buttons.

We hear Class 34 is engaging Mr. Adney as instructor in Camouflage, with special reference to baseball schedule.

Has Mr. Anderson been mistaken for the Colonel by a number of N.C.O.'s.

Can C.S.M. Sims beat this? Mr. Schaffer touched tan bark on both sides of his mount, massaged his ears and regained his saddle.

Mr. Baldwyn of Showanville was welcomed home at 2.30 a.m. Friday by wife, family and the Reeve. Owing to the good offices of C.P.R. McNicoll the train was flagged.

CONGRATULATIONS TO—

Lie. Cpl. W. A. Combe
Lie. Cpl. T. R. Roberts
Lie. Cpl. L. Jessen.

A COMPANY NEXT WEEK,—
BASE COMPANY THE
WEEK AFTER.

Pages five and six of next week's issue are for the exclusive use of A Company. Now boys get together and fill up the box in the Recreation Room. Have your stuff in by Tuesday.

E. T. D. HONOR ROLL

2005707 J. A. White, gassed.
Lieut. C. Gorman, killed in action.

BAND CONCERT, APRIL 4th.

The members of the band are putting on a Concert at the City Hall. It will be well worth while—we can vouch for that. Admission 15c for soldiers, 50c and 25c for civilians. (Soldier's tickets at Canteen only. Other tickets at Canteen, Simpsons and Pinsonnaults).

Proceeds in aid of Military funds of King George Chapter I. O. D. E.

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The most recent manual on Military Training which has come to our notice bears the somewhat comprehensive title "How to be a Soldier". After carefully studying this manual we feel that we are completely justified in commending it to all Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the E. T. D.

The work bears every indication of having been prepared and edited by one who is thoroughly conversant with his subject.

The following excerpts, selected at random, will furnish some idea of the scope and style of this valuable treatise on Military Training.

FIRST AID FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES.

The following instructions have been carefully prepared by the eminent medical authority, **Doctor Howitt Tickles**.

STAGE FRIGHT

If the patient is **unconscious** hang him, **face up**, over a convenient fence. See if he is breathing through his **ears**. Take off his **shoes** and **throw them away**. If he is still unconscious **go through his pockets**. That will bring him to.

PARALYSIS

Search patient for bottle and test **quality** of contents. If bottle is **empty**, hold to ear and listen for **death rattle**. Rub patient's back beginning at the **front** and vice versa. Ask him **where** he got it, writing reply on back of your **collar**. Pull out patient's tongue a few inches, letting it **fly back**. Continue this operation till the **wagon** comes.

TOOTH ACHE

Wrap **blanket** around tooth and secure with **rubber cement** to roof of mouth. Lay your ear to **soles** of patient's **feet** and see if you can detect **heart beats**. If his **pump** is working ask him to count up to **ten** slowly, holding his **breath**. A fly-paper poultice in the back of his **knees** will help in severe cases.

HOME SICKNESS.

If patient is **unconscious**, wind his watch, returning it carefully to **your** pocket. See if there are indications of **rust marks** on the back teeth. When patient is able to take nourishment, feed him hot **goulash** through a straw.

FREEZING.

Hang up patient by his **heels**, telling him to stand "**at ease**". Rub frozen spot with **tomato sauce** and
(Continued on page 12)

MOUNTED SECTION'S DOPE

MOUNTED SECTION WANTS TO KNOW

Who is the acting N.C.O. who gets a commission on the day picquet.

Who is the driver who gets up at 12 p.m. (midnight) and goes to carry coal for the picquet.

Who is the N.C.O. in the Mounted Section that performs like a Hawaiian dancer.

Why the Mounted Section is so small when there are so many 'Rough Riders' in the Sappers.

How the driver felt when he made the speech to the R.S.M.

When our O.C. is going to try to grow a moustache again.

Why Staff Sergeant Barr doesn't come along and shoe 'Old Prince'.

Who had to borrow the price of a plug after spending all his money on sugar for No. 38.

Who that 'Lance Jack' is, in the Medical office who loves the drivers—and we might just as well ask all while we are about it—and who is loved—nix—by the drivers.

What is the Mounted Section 'March past' and why the band doesn't play it.

Why doesn't the L. C. in the Medical office apply for a commission.

Who the officer was who couldn't get E.5 into the riding school.—Try some sugar, Sir.

Why the tall officer should complain about strip saddle hurting him.—He should be able to run.

What has happened the musical ride. Is it going away with the snow.

Will someone lend the Acting L. C. in the Mounted Section a tunic or great-coat with a chevron on. Crossed shovels would do.

Who is Dopey Dick (alias Lonesome Luke).

Who gave the M.O. the tip to change the byword of the Medical office from 'Salts' to 'Lung tonic'.

Who the officer was that

couldn't keep his spurs out of his horse on the route march.

Why the piper doesn't wear kilts.

Whether the Railway Construction Co's mascot has gone to Jerusalem.

Who the punt is being built for. Will the seats be woolly.

Whether some of the Sappers insisted they were Drivers on the route march.

THE DRIVER'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep
All cuddled up in a little heap.
If I should die before I wake
Pray Lord, no Sapper my horse
shall take.

Ten-to-one.

'DIRTY OLD HUGHEY'

Come listen to a tale I'll tell you,
About a man named 'Mac',
Who, when he was our 'Feed-up',
The bales of hay did crack.
He left the Mounted Section
And joined the band, 'twas fine;
And when they went to Ottawa
He sure did cut some 'shine'.
We miss him in the stables
We miss his smile so gay.
The sunshine left our harness room
When Hughey went away.

SQUABS.

THE WRONG LINE.

Two telephone girls were having a chat over the wire on the all-important subject, dress. Both were going to a birthday party on the following Saturday and the discussion as to what to wear waxed at full speed.

Ten minutes elapsed, and the subject was far from exhausted, when at last attention was paid to an insistent masculine voice calling, 'Are you there Central?'—'Who's that speaking?'—'Who are—?'—'!!—??—!!'

'What line do you want?' sweetly enquired the 'Hello' girl.

'I want Two-double-seven-seven,' shouted the irate male, 'but judging from what I heard I guess I was on the clothes line.'

NOTHING WORSE.

Don't be alarmed Crosby when your medical friend accuses you of not being sick.

RHYME.

We mounted men will never starve,
Why should we give a damn?
If they should cut our rations down
We always have a Ham.

Or should our Gospel speelers quit
On religion we can feast
'Old Nick' can't put it over us
As long as we have a Priest.

We are never short of farriers
Men of both might and pith
But in this Mounted Section
We only have one Smith.

The most of us bereavements have
We may all lose our mothers
But orphans we can never be
As long as we have Fathers.

ATCHAELIZ.

There is a rumor around the Depot, that one of our Drivers is going to have a ducking unless he will be little more liberal with the elbow grease; in the future lets give him a chance boys as he is a good sort of a fellow and be means good. Water is cheap aid, there is no war tax, so beware drivers.

X. Y. Z.

OUR MENAGERIE

We're a mixed-up bunch in the gee-gees,
We come from east and west.
Some are poor as crows are black
While some with cash are blest.
Finnie is a rancher and so is Wallace too,
Johnston dotes on doggies and feeds the goosey-goo.
Corfe has got his Laddie, Fleming's nuts on cats.

Sloane just loves his pigeons and watches out for rats.
The gang up in the hayloft have other pets to keep
That keep them busy scratching when they should be asleep.

CHIRP.

THE MODERN GILPIN.

Two grooms, they went a-riding one January day
'Eighty' felt quite frolicsome, and so did the Major's bay.
They recked not of orders binding, but on the road they went
And came upon a sleigh trail and off they went 'Hell bent'
The snow was deep from drifting, Number 'eighty', she fell down
Mac, he took a header and fell upon his crown.

He raised himself and looked around but 'eighty' was out of sight.
The moral is don't disobey, and feed your horses right.

SUMAS.

THE CHARGERS' LAMENT.

They call me a horse, a plug, a mare
They swear at me, these officers too.

They ride me, they spur me, abuse me for fair.
So what can a poor old gee-gee do?

They bridle my head and bit my mouth
They put on the reins, the saddle too,
They ride me north when I'm going south,
If you were the horse, what would you do?

They feed me with hay and oats and bran
With sugar in handfuls too
They lead me into the school—if they can.
Were you in my place, what would you do?

They line up in Class, the C.S.M. shouts
Attention! Your horses 'stand to',
Prepare to mount—The horses have doubts
Under the circs—wouldn't you?

They climb on our backs with elegance—nix,
Gather reins, feel for stirrups too
They walk, trot, canter and do some queer tricks
Blame the horse, of course,—wouldn't you?

They bring out the soap in solution for use,
The syringe the forceps and nose halter too
They stand all around me, I suffer abuse
Some get drenched—but too few.
'Syringa' No. 5.

SHE MAY REMEMBER THIS

Your hands were made to hold, my dear,
Your hair to lure me on;
Your eyes were made to sparkle clear,
Your face to gaze upon.
Your cheeks were made to blush, my dear;
Your warm ears petite
Were made to catch the silver strains
Of music, soft and sweet.
Your lips were made to kiss, my dear,
Your arms were made to cling;
Your voice was made to speak, my dear,
Not to sing.

SLAP-DABBERS WOLLOP STIBLES AT INDOOR BASEBALL.

We asked C.S.M. Sims to report this game but unfortunately he was busy figgering how much sixty hogs weighing approximately 400 pounds each, would fetch at \$16.00 a hundred. All he would say for publication was 'Get to 'Ell out of 'ere. Didn't I tell you it was an 'ell of a game.'

The representatives of the stables have for quite a while taunted the white-wash gang with bets threats and challenges to a game of baseball, with no avail; but one of the drivers suggested they were off colour. This soft impeachment they could not admit so off things popped.

Sunday afternoon saw Drs. Loyer, Ham, McSweaney, Wallace, Budd, Wells, Irwin, Haskins and Corp. Postell lined up for the Slap-dabbers while the 'stibles' was represented by Drs. Wright, Crosby, Johnston, Wallace, McPherson, Boler, Ashby, Corpls. Priest and Finnie.

The 'Stibles' won the toss but could do nothing against the white wash pitcher. The artists however batted with the usual courage of their trade leaving many marks on the walls and roof of the Old Fort. After the first innings the 'curry combers' livened things up owing to some excellent advice from the side lines being acted upon.

The score at the close of a very exciting game was 16 to 10 in favour of the 'Brothers of the Brush'.

Stable Picquet.

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Start a Savings Account with us. We welcome small accounts of well as large ones. Interest allowed at best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager

SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery alone, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:—

"I wants to come in Cissie."
"But you tan't tum in Tom."
"But I wants to."

"Well, I'se in my nightie an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nighties."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly:

"You tan tum in now, Tom; I've tooked it off!"

E. T. D. Makes Largest Donation In List To Prisoners of War Fund.

Quoting from the report of the Prisoners of War Committee just issued we are proud to print the following:—

'Just at the last moment there has come a most wonderful contribution from the Engineers Training Depot, St. Johns, Que., for which the committee is grateful.'

The donation referred to was \$437.50 which was collected around the barracks during last fall.

A Sapper who eats three raw steaks on a Saturday afternoon is certainly a fit relic of barbarism. This is no Child's job.

That Troublesome H.

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down stairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," order the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry. "Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

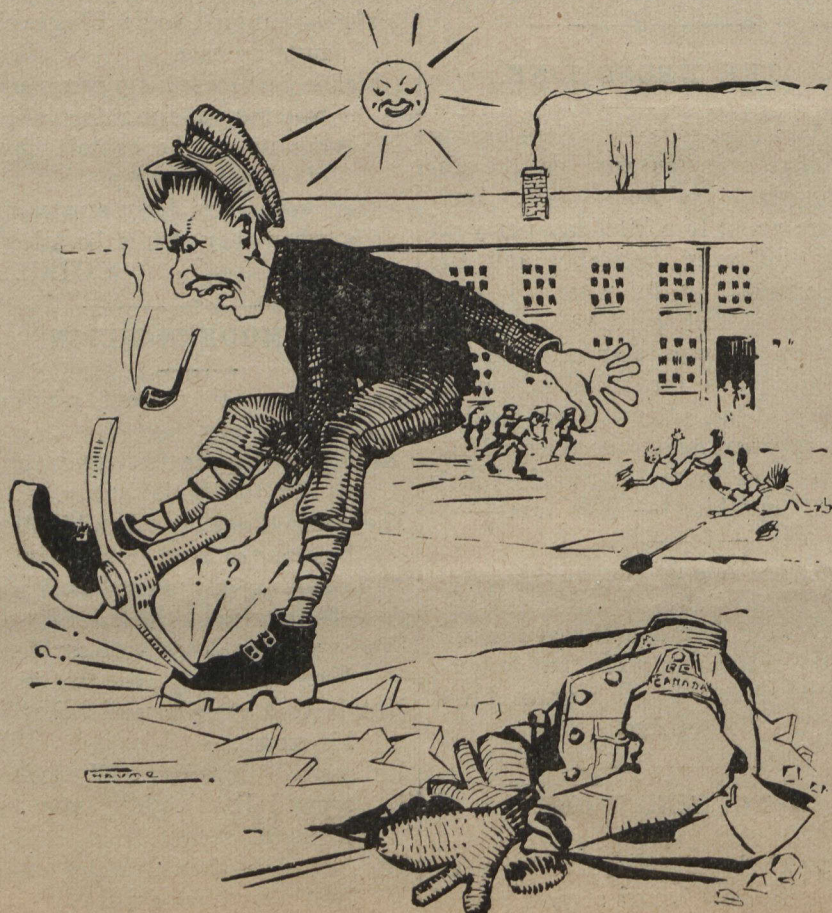
"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly. "I ate it cold."—Youth's Companion.

Dennis O'Brien had come into the job of his life. He had left the land of his birth to seek fame and fortune in the Golden West. This is what he wrote to his old home:

"Shure, this is great! All that I hev to do is to climb up and down a forty-bar ladder with bricks and mortar, and, bedad, the men on top do all the work."



Winter Fatigues in St. Johns.

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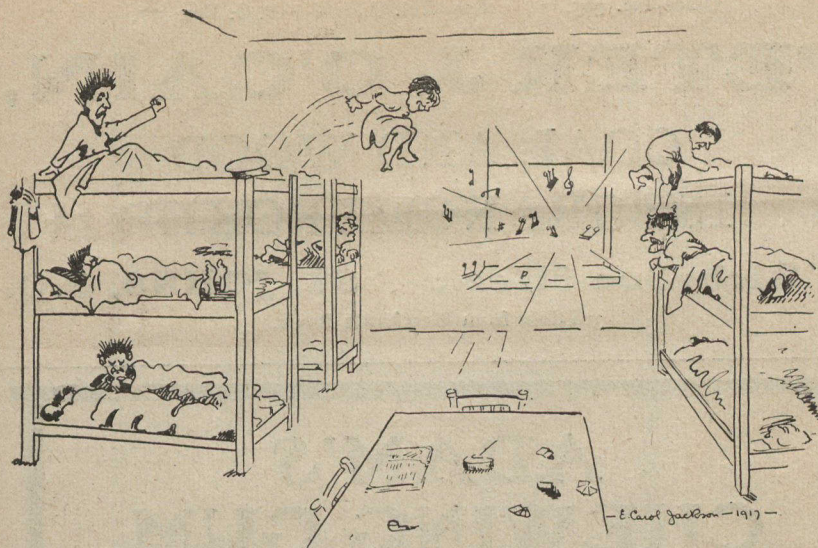
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Songs We Know:—"Oh! Its nice to get up in the morning!"

**SHOES AND SHIPS
AND SEALING WAX**

**Remarkable Cure On Depot
Physician.**

**Staff Sergt. Barr Discover
Elixir of Life.**

It was with sincere regret we learned, quite accidentally, by the way, that our much respected friend the Wolloper had to take to bed last week end. Knowing of the shortage of medical men at the time of his being stricken, we hurried up to his room in the hope of being able to at least administer to his personal comforts.

"Don't worry," said he, "thanks to Jimmy Barr, I am quite all right again, and, say, take it from me, he's some physician."

Such a statement, revealing our only Staff Sergeant in an entirely new light was surely worthy of following up, accordingly we called round at the veterinary department and found the redoubtable James busy among his test tubes and shoe nails.

We congratulated him on his wonderful cure and asked in a most deferential manner—a habit one acquires when over at the stables—for particulars.

"Sit ye doon, laddie, and I'll tell ye a' about it." — "Ye see, I got word that the doctor was no feelin' awfu' well and as the ither twa doctors werna available, I felt it ma duty as a fellow practeshoner to see the puir chiel ony-way. I wakened up my freen McIntyre, wha had just had the pipes play him tae sleep and says I, 'Im gaun tae pack my kit and see a patient.' 'Oh, arrre ye,' says he, 'and is it No. 25 thats feelin bad since last Thursday that ye're for fixin' up?' 'Don't you worry,' says I, drawin masel up to my full height,, 'I propose callin' in my professional capacity, on a human

bein.' Weel, sir, he juist stood up an' glowered at me, then said, 'Ma Goad Jimmy, I'm comin' wi' ye as evidence.'

"We baith went ower to my shop—I mean, my dispensary, and I pickit oot my best thermomoter, some calomel and linseed ile, a syringe and a when o' they pills ye see up in the corner there.

"I was for startin' off then but McIntyre said I'd better tak' the mouth speculum in case I had tae use the pills, and maybe it would be just as well tae tak' they nose things forbye.

"Weel, sir, seein' as he was my assistant and packin' the tools—I mean instruments—I let him have his ain wey and we finally got doon tae the patient.

"There he was, in bed and lookin' sair fairfochen at that. Says I, 'I have called, sir, as a matter of professional courtesy, one doctor tae anither, ye ken, and, beggin' your pardon, sir, I'll noo tak' yer temperature.'

"Eh man, it was the wrang kind o' thermomoter, but I say it wi' pride, wi' McIntyre's aid we got it a' richt. Oh, aye.

"'Tak' a look at his tongue,' says Mac; an' I was greatly shocked to hear my colleague in medicine demur. I got my assistant to produce the speculum though an' we didna have ony mair bother. Eh man, but his tongue was dry! 'I think ye've got a bad dose o' Thrush here,' says McIntyre, but I was of the opinion that it was a clear case o' Bots, Sir. I was real sorry for the doctor and went doon the road to the corner shop and says to Fred, wha maks up my prescriptions: 'Gie me eichteen ounces o' Essence o' Kil-marnock and be sure its got the red label on it.'

"'Noo, sir,' I said when I got back, 'here's ma remedy, and I want ye tae tak' a hauf a gless every three hours—ye can dilute it

in watter if ye like, an' I'll come an' see ye the morns mornin' if ye've no feenished the treatment.'

"Eh man, I lookit in on him the next day an' there he was, playin' a fancy game wi' a lot o' chips. He was lookin' fine and I knew I had made a graund job o' him.

"'Just a meenit, doc,' says he, 'and I'll be goin' to my room for the last dose o' your medicine.'

"I went up wi' him, an' just tae mak' sure that he had been followin' my instructions we sat doon thegither an' feenished the treatment."

Here our genial friend blew out his spirit lamp, and winking solemnly, said: "Eh man, I've been lang enough roon here tae ken fine what's guid for man an' beast, an' especially, in this case—man!"

WHIST DRIVES.

On or about Thursday April 11th it is hoped to recommence the whist drive series at Baldwyn Hall. These drives were a source of great amusement and pleasure to the boys last fall, and it is hoped that those now in the depot will join in and make the movement a success.

Admission 25c. Proceeds spent in Refreshments and Prizes—and we know what the ladies can do in the eats line.

Keep your conduct sheet clean and get in on the late passes for these drives!

CANADIAN SAPPER.

We have received a copy of No. 1 Vol. 1 of the official magazine of the Canadian Engineers at Seaford, England. Quite a bright sheet.—Congratulations—and good luck.

It was a windy Saturday that Spr. Middleton went away

To Montreal just over the way to spend the week end, so they say.

Now Spr. Howard warned his girl to join him in that merry whirl,

But on his return he felt quite blue and you'd agree with him if you knew.

How his shoes were screwed down to his bunk,

And to get them off he could not flunk.

For to bed you see he had to go for he had not been for a night or so.

But after to bed he had went he bowed his head in silent content,

And thanked the Lord he had not been more than a week end off the scene.

Practice Makes Perfect.

A young Burnley weaver, according to an English paper, was taking her little baby to church to be christened.

Its father had been in the trenches for three months, and it was impossible for him to get home for the ceremony.

The baby smiled up beautifully into the minister's face.

"Well, madam," said the minister, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened 2,000 babies, but I never christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely, and said:

"His grandad and me hev' bin practicin' wi' him fer a week wi' a bucket of water!" — Current Opinion.

My Tuesdays are meatless, my Wednesdays are wheatless, I'm getting more eatless each day;

My home, it is heatless; my bed, it is sheetless—

They're sent to the Y.M.C.A. The bar rooms are treatless, my coffee is sweetless,

Each day I grow poorer and wiser;

My stockings are feetless, my trousers are seatless,

My Gosh, but I do hate the Kaiser.

(Exchange.)

The premises were coming down, and for the last few weeks of their existence were being used as an auction room by certain keen-looking benefactors of humanity.

The auctioneer was endeavoring to dispose of a stock of beautifully labelled cigars, and he grew quite eloquent as he described their various virtues.

"In short, gentlemen," he wound up, "you can't get better. I don't care where you go, you can't get better—you can't get better!"

"No, you can't get better," broke in a bystander. "I smoked one last week and I haven't recovered yet."

**MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS**

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprieto

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the sapper in No. 4 Section A. Company who paid 98c duty on 40c worth of cigarettes.

SECTIONS 1, 2 AND 3, A COY TAKE NOTICE!!

No. 4 Section A Company was praised by Company O. C. for cleanest room.

AWARD—ADMONISHED

Officer, to Sergeant-Major,—(scene Orderly Room): "What makes you think this man was drunk?"

Sergeant-Major:—"Sir, on the night of the 25th, when I met the accused, 'e raised 'is 'at, accompanying the words with the motion, 'Good evenin Blue Beard!'"

Specially Endowed.

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestidy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of 'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat an' sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun and seems as well as any one, but he can't do any work at al."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't work?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Miss Carter, dat ain't no disease what yo' broth' got. Dat's a gif!"—Everybody's.

Probably It Was.

"Mars John," excitedly exclaimed Aunt Tildy as she rushed panting into a fire-engine house, "pleas, suh, phonograph to de car cleaners' semporium an' notify Dan'l to emergrate home diurgently, kaze Jeems Henry sho' done bin conjured! Doctor Cutter done already distracted two blood-vultures from his 'pendercitis, an' I lef him now prezaminatin' de chile's antebellum for de germans of de neuroplumonia, which if he's disinfected wid, dey gotter 'noculate him wid the icecoldlated quarantimes—but I b'lieves it's conjuration!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Doctor:—This is a very bad case! Very bad indeed. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone, completely gone.

Peck:—I'm not one bit surprised, doctor, she has been giving me a piece of it for the last fifteen years.

THAT ARMY RAZOR!

We have an army razor. To use it would be a sin. The handle is made of stove wood And the blade is made of tin.

IS DEY?

An old negro woman went in a grocery store to buy some eggs. A darkey cleark came up to wait on her and she pointed at the eggs and said:—"Is dese here aigs fresh?" He answered—"I aint say in dey aint." Then she said—"I aint axin you is dey aint, I'se axin you is dey is, Is dey."

Tommy was keen to make his mark as a base ball catcher. When he began to have trouble with his hands, and somebody suggested soaking them in salt water to harden the skin, he quickly followed the advice.

A few days later Tommy had a misfortune. A long hit sent the ball crashing through a neighbor's window. It was the third Tommy had broken since the season began.

His mother nearly wept in anger when Tommy broke the news.

"Yer father'll skin yer when 'e comes 'ome to-night," she said.

Poor Tommy, trembling, went outside to reflect. His thoughts traveled to the strap hanging in the kitchen, and he eyed his hands ruefully.

"Ah," he muttered, with a sigh. "I made a big mistake. I ought to 'ave sat in that salt and water."

Orderly Officer:—"Any complaints men?"

Spr. Grouse:—"Yes, Sir, smell this meat."

Orderly Officer:—"Well, upon my word I believe this meat is just on the TURN."

Spr. Grouse (ex-Jockey):—"On the turn, Sir. I think it is half way up the stretch."

It was a tumbledown hole of an inn, but the two "commercial" had no choice. They were stranded b ya snowdrift and must lodge there or nowhere.

Full of misgivings, they retired to the only bedroom available, and, after bewailing their hard luck, climbed into the bed.

Presently a curious odor permeated the atmosphere—in other words, they smelt a smell. Vigorous search led one of them to the gas-bracket.

"I say, Mac," he shouted, shaking his slumbering friend, "wake up. The gas si escaping!"

"Well," growled the other drowsily, "d'ye blame it?"

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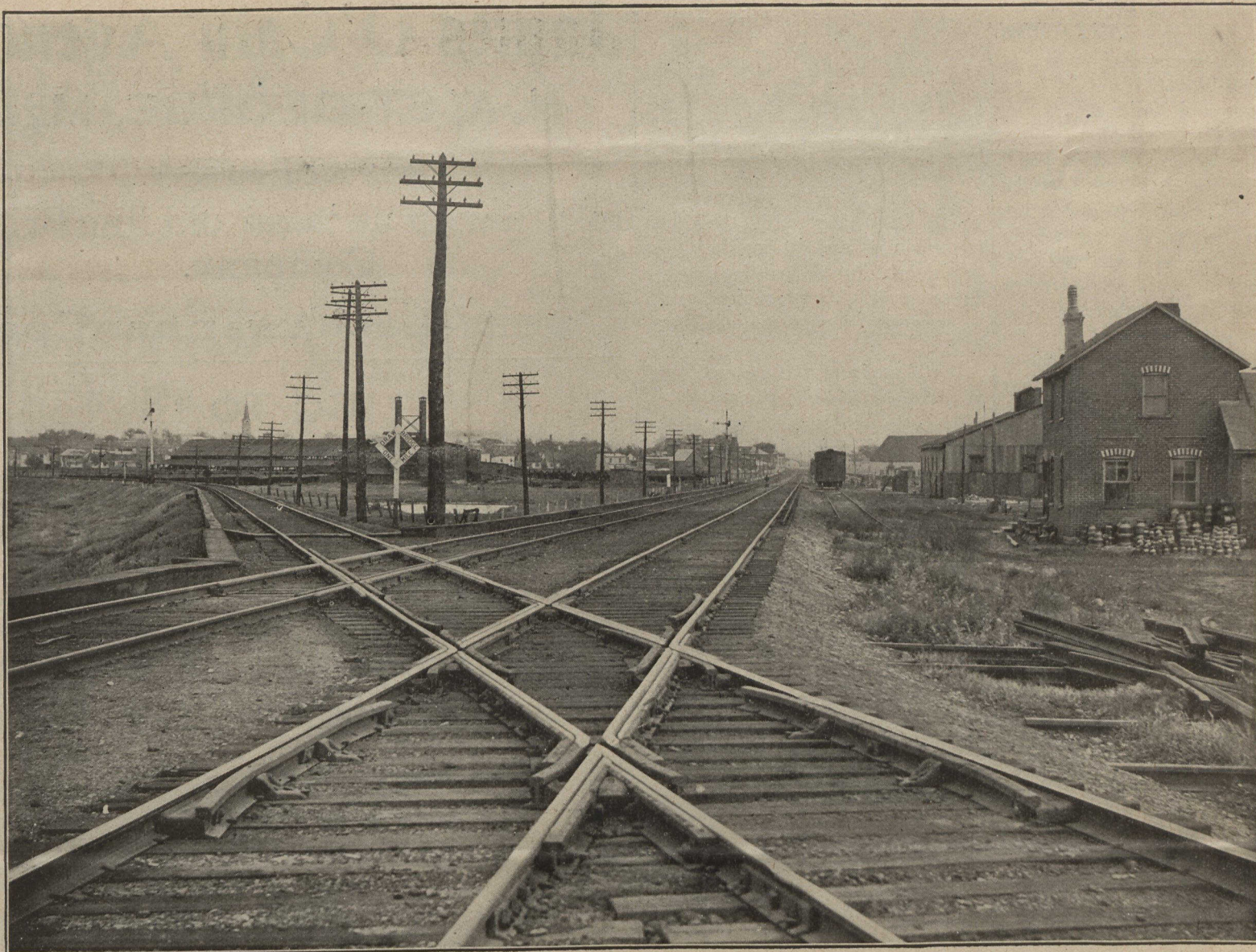
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✓ THE TERRIBLE WAR!

As a rule Colonels ought to be, and indeed usually are, objects to be regarded with awe and to be held in proper veneration. Of course there are Colonels and Colonels but our present reference has to do with the 22nd variety, refined in the furnace of the Western front. But in the last analysis, even Colonels are, after all, human; and it is usually recognized as a demonstrable fact that human beings are not infallible.

During the present war it has come to be a recognized fact that one of the privileges conceded to Colonels, and certain other exalted personages, is that of having some particular hobby. Usually they ride it pretty much for all it is worth. Thus special designs in dug-outs, trenches, train lines and hand grenades have from time to time emerged from mud and obscurity as a result of having awakened a more than passing interest in the 'Old Man'. But one there was, now recently returned to his native Canadian shores, to whom above all others the gas mask

was the one outstanding consideration of importance.

And so it happened that on a beautiful April morning this particular Colonel was out making his daily inspection. Bombing practice, bayonet fighting and trenches each failed to arouse his enthusiasm, when he remembered that there were such things as gas masks. Inspection of gas masks had always proved itself to be a prolific field.

But, in passing up to the front line, the Colonel suddenly remembered that his own gas-mask,—an article of equipment without which positively no one must move about,—had been left hanging on its accustomed peg, some three miles away. However there were plenty of others. The first soldier whom the Colonel encountered readily handed over his gas mask equipment. And the Colonel continued his progress with the newly acquired mask swinging on his arm.

It so happened that an unfortunate subaltern had been delayed on that particular April morning by one of those "unavoidable accidents" which happen to each and

every one of us every so often. In the subsequent hurry he had started down the trench sans gas mask. And it was then that he met the Colonel.

The Colonel's comment was brief but to the point. It was also most expressive. And a good deal may be conveyed in a very few words. To be caught without one's gas mask was the cardinal sin. The Colonel intimated as much in a manner not open to misinterpretation.

Finally as a last crushing inditement he further intimated that he really doubted whether the subaltern would know how to put on a gas mask even if he did have one. It was here that the Colonel made a tactical error, for, to demonstrate the truth of his statement, he handed him his own gas mask, or rather the one he had borrowed from the poor long-suffering private.

Now it appears that, with their admitted adaptability, Canadian privates have developed an unfortunate and altogether reprehensible habit of using their gas masks as a sort of compromise between a

general catch-all and a pack sack.

The subaltern took the gas mask and gave it the usual shake preliminary to donning it. And out of it, inter alia, there straightway fell a couple of pairs of very dirty socks, a greasy pack of playing cards and a profusion of obscene picture cards.

What the Colonel said in explanation of "his" gas mask, is not recorded. Possibly he considered that comment was superfluous. For as has already been remarked even Colonels are, after all, but human.

A War Horse

Taps—What kind of a horse do you call that?

Asyouwere—That is a war horse.

Taps—A war horse. What is a war horse?

Asyouwere—It is a horse that would sooner die than run.—Judge.

A fellow named Teddy Magee, Returning one day from a spree, Met the Parson, who said—
"Ah, drunk again, Ted!"
"So'm I, parson," gurgled Magee.

WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION

To the Editor of

"Knots and Lashings".

Sir:—

A glance at the attractive pages of your bright little sheet, which a friend has casually placed in my hands for perusal, assures me, in advance, of the interest I am persuaded will be yours when I draw your attention, as I do now, to a little device of which I am the original inventor and introducer, for lightening the labours of that overworked class of imperfectly appreciated geniuses, the editors of our newspapers. You are aware yourself, Mr. Editor, of the extreme difficulty, at times, of discovering sufficiently attractive and at the same time illuminating TITLES for items of popular interest as well as those of occasional instruction. The little device referred to is already in daily use by thousands of justly famous writers of fiction in their work of creating original plots and situations, without which the important business of catering to the ceaseless craving of the public for NOVELTY would come to an abrupt standstill. And what grander, or more glorious, use could be made of the divinely given inventive faculty than to devote oneself freely to the task of stoking the vital fires, thusly, of so large a number of huamnity? and what more appalling than to see the delicate machinery of the human brain at a rate of speed constantly accelerating without direction, with nothing to feed upon, approaching chaos with our sanitariums, both public and private, already filled with pacifists, militant suffragists and pro-German Secret Agents.

Mr. Editor, a great work lies before you. In brief, my device consists of a series of discs, revolving side by side, each bearing on its periphery words of a certain class, an adjective group, verbs, nouns, judiciously chosen, to the number of six or seven aforesaid discs. These are set revolving by the simple dropping of a weight into a slot provided for the purpose, much in the manner of those machines employed for making wagers that are often seen in the lobbies of our public hostleries. Only in this case when the discs reach a state of stable equilibrium there lies, before the eye of the operator, a line of printed words instead of the usual symbols of wagering. And quite as startling and at times disconcerting is the operation of this machine. Ideas result, even under the operation of a mere child, that no normal human brain

could ever otherwise invent. These suggest plots for stories, and I could give the names, Mr. Editor, of many popular but eminent writers of fiction who owe to me their just fame, but I am not permitted to overstep the sacred bounds of confidence.

By an ingenious arrangement words beginning with the same letter can be brought together, thus producing that alliterative head-rhyme so dear to our ancient poets, so necessary to the modern journalist.

Judging from the general tone of your occasional serious articles, your little sheet is the organ of the Brotherhood of Engineers in Canada, so that I append a few examples of what may be accomplished by my invention. Just as they would supply titles for articles already written, so on the other hand they suggest subjects upon which (if I may in all modesty say so) much might be written.

Should it appeal to you, a representative will be pleased to call and explain the machine in detail and be authorized to make very liberal terms, on a royalty basis, for its use at the Engineer Training Dugout.

Your seriously sincere servant,
(Sgd) **Abey C. Code**
Inventor.

Examples:—

Suspicious Sentry Scrutinizes Sapper. (About 10 p.m. after pay day).

Humorous Horse, Holding Head Horizontally, Shows Sad Subaltern Surprising Stunts. (Daily, 1.30 a.m.).

Proud Paymaster Passes Pluto-
cratic Pay-checks. (I don't think).

Sentimental Sapper's Serious Situation. (Breach of Promise?)

Effervescent Evangelist Exudes Elongated Effort.

Befuddled Booze Battler Betrays Bias. (I can't imagine what these last two might refer to).

A Cheering Thought.

"I dreamed last night that I had died and gone to Hell."

"Well, it might have been worse."

"Huh?"

"It might have been true."

A Famous American preacher Said, "The Hen is a wonderful creature!"

The Hen, upon that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the Hen-reward-
Beecher.

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SOFT DRINKS and
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FORKING DOLOMITE.

The following letter was written by Angus Kennedy to his better half and is vouched for by the Toronto Telegram:—

Sidney November five

Dear Betsy,—Am deent got home yesterday as you will seen by the head of him letter. Am wantin to see Norman MacGibreed, they're toldin me hims at georges River, forking dolomite, them tell me there its at North mountain, crushin him and there them toldin me hims at Boulins cove drivin a well, its not likely am coodnt got home this wick; but if caleb Magin-nus will come around with the kickin mair, told him if it will give \$five boot you will give it the stripper, for herill eaf the last week of April. Be sure and kept the twins in out of the ice, dont let them out at all with hees boots so them wont stop ashore. If youll see Maluchan what stole my jack-nife kept your i on him. Am have a good times camin down on the traine, there was 4 nor five fellows on am think theys from ottawa for thevr singin "the Shoulders of the King my lads."

your lovin husban
Angus Kennedy.

P.s.

we better kept the geeses til
erismas.

MAN.

Man comes into the world without his consent, and leaves against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of controversies and misunderstandings by the balance of his species. In his infancy he is an angel, in his boyhood he is a devil, in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up, in his duties he is a damn fool, if he raises a family he is a chump, if he raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil with him. If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense, if he is rich, he is dishonest but considered smart, if he is in politics you can't place him, he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church, he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show, if he does not he is stingy and tight wad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him, before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way and living to save funeral expenses. This life is a funny old highway but all like to travel it just the same.

It's the egotist's I's that give him such a distorted view of life.

CONTRIBUTION TO LACK OF BRITISH HUMOR

(C. E. B. in the London Evening News.)

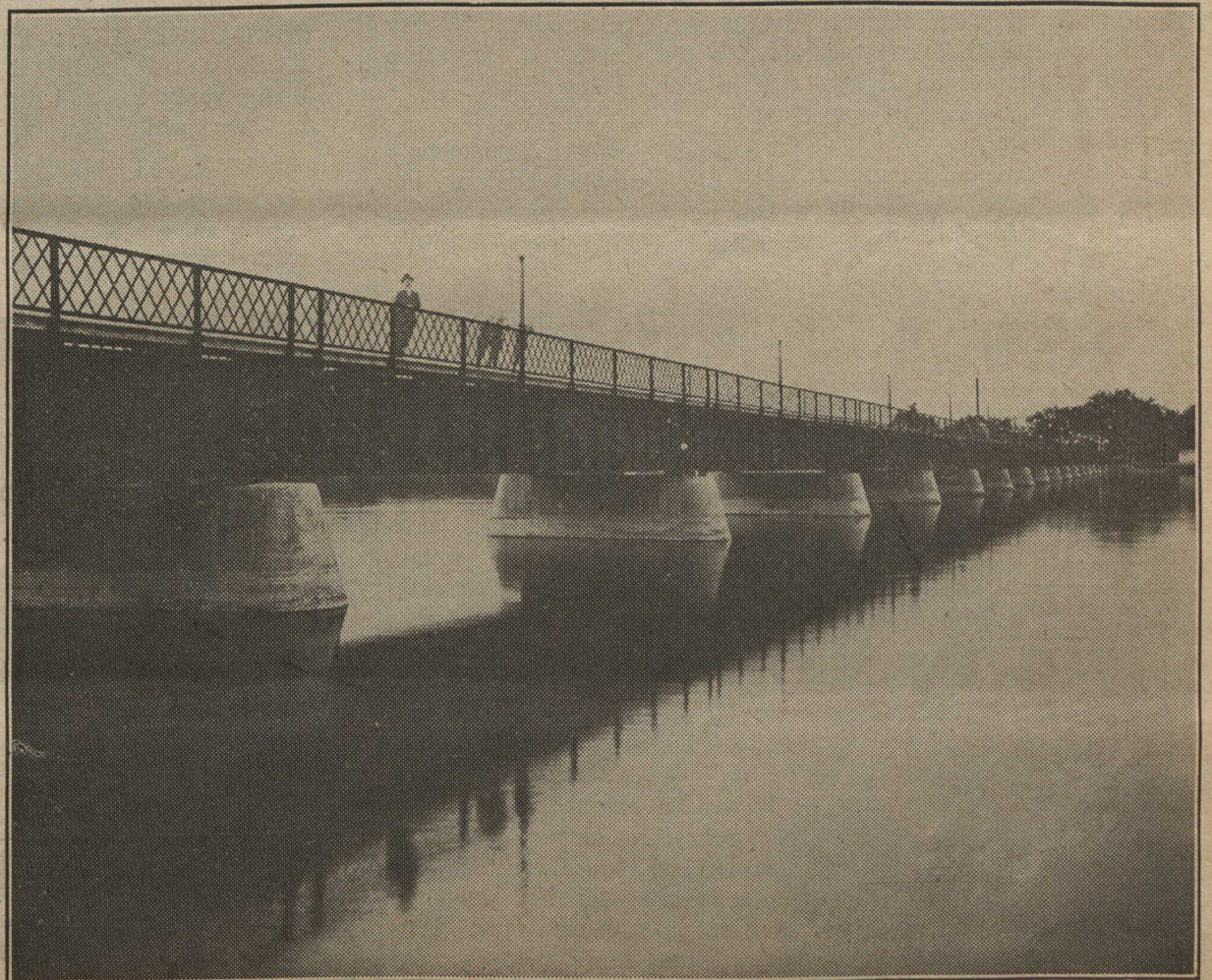
The Menin road is bonnie,
Where big shells fa' like dew,
And it's there my Army lorry
Went hopelessly askew,
Went hoeplessly askew,
And tried to climb a tree,
And my bonnie Army lorry
She laid her down to dee!

She a'ways sulked at startin',
Her brakes were nearly gone,
Her seat it was the hardest
That e'er a man sat on,
That e'er a man sat on,
In a' the A. S. C.,
And I'm glad my Army lorry
Has laid her down to dee!

Colonel (to M.P. who has arrested a man on a charge of drunkenness):—And are you quite sure Corpl. . . . the prisoner was drunk.

M.P.:—Well, I am not certain, Sir, but when I found him in Trafalgar Square, he was throwing his Swagger Stick into one of the fountains and trying to induce one of the stone lions to go in and fetch it for him.

The personification of a painful silence is a talkative woman in a dentist's chair with a rubber ram in her mouth.



Iberville Bridge, St. Johns, P.Q.

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

These are days when the dreary pessimist does a thriving business.

When he sees in the recent retreat nothing but defeat for our arms, and he serves us up some of his morbid vaporings. There were times in the lives of each of us when success in a particular sphere seemed utterly beyond us, and it would have remained for ever beyond us had we lost heart. "Nil desperandum".

When we know and remember the glorious traditions of our Empire, when we know and realize the indomitable spirit and pluck of our men, Defeat is a word unknown.

We have no room for the pessimist. We are today more in need of the man who says "They shall not pass", than the man who says "I told you so".

We would like to call the attention of all in the Depôt to the announcement of our Band Concert on April 4th. They are to give this show entirely off their own bat; we have sampled their talent and can speak from a long experience in musical matters. They can put up a good concert. And the proceeds are for a worthy cause.

PAT.

NO SOLDIER'S KIT COMPLETE WITHOUT IT!

(Continued from page 4)

open dampers half-way. If patient is still cold it may be necessary to prime him. Use primer carefully remembering federal tax.

SNAKE BITE

If patient has been bitten below the belt remove belt and place below bite. This is important. Remove patient's shirt and look for the snake. When found, mark "Exhibit A" and replace carefully. Blow in both of the patient's ears at the same time.

As many of our men expect shortly to leave for overseas service the following extracts taken from the exhaustive chapter on Equipment will no doubt prove of very great practical value.

While the government furnishes the essentials of military life, experience has taught that the following articles contribute to one's personal comfort:

- One paper hangers outfit
- One case of dominoes
- One four-inch hawser
- Two typewriters
- One nice work bench
- One Chicago directory
- One kitchen range
- One slot machine
- One manicure set
- One morris chair
- Four doz. pair of suspenders
- Four good Persian rugs
- One tooth brush with Evinrude motor attached
- One 24-foot ladder
- One bass viol
- One vanity box
- One fly-rifle
- One mahogany bar
- One brassiere
- One 1906 Ford
- One chiffonier
- One saw horse
- One chafing dish
- One clothes dryer
- Two clothes pins.

On reaching Camp go directly to headquarters and introduce yourself to the Commanding Officer. Be cordial and friendly. Make some

jocular remark like "Well, here I am, old sock! How's tricks?" He may appear embarrassed but do not notice that. Clap him familiarly on the shoulder. Make him see that you are his friend.

Strive constantly to improve on the army manual. Some day when an officer passes, salute him with both hands. This will be a distinct novelty to him and no doubt he will commend you heartily.

Whenever you are given an order for which you can see no reason, in a courteous manner but very firmly ask the officer for further details and explanations. It may develop that there was no reason for the order being given.

Endeavor to relieve the monotony of parades by little witticisms and humorous comments on the various commands. When your Company Commander says "Right face" reply that it is your right face but you can't help it. He will be charmed by your quick wit and probably will mention it to the entire company.

When on sentry duty, if someone approaches your post, rise, thrust your rifle into the ground, muzzle first and say pleasantly "Who is it?" If the visitor has no visiting card and you think that he is endeavouring to deceive you, speak to him sharply. Show him that you are not to be trifled with.

If you are absent without leave, and your Company Commander speaks to you about it, tell him that you are taking your next furlough on the installment plan. This business-like reply will greatly please him. In all probability he will give you a permanent vacation.



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have made this famous chewing tobacco a prime favorite all over Canada.

It satisfies because the natural flavor of the tobacco is in it.

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Some class to 'em, too! SHE will think so, also!

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FOR OLD SHOES. To Wear in Barracks
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Cigarettes
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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 dashingly smart, y' know!"

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