

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

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Inspired Impressions: Inculcating Imperial Ideas making Engineer Efficiency Extraordinary

TRAINING MINING MEN FOR WAR

By J. C. Murray

So foreign was the idea of military service to most of the members of the Canadian Mining Institute, that during the first stages of the war many joined units that gave them no opportunity whatever of putting to use their previous experience. Partly for the purpose of correcting this waste, the Engineers Training Depot, St. Johns, P.Q., was organized. It has now been in existence for about two years. The difficulties to be overcome in creating a military and technical training organization in the most exigent of circumstances will be touched upon in a succeeding article. Suffice it to say that they were by no means light.

It is the intention here merely to outline the writer's impressions of the Depot (sadly mishandled word!), after a few weeks of training. No doubt some of these impressions are wrong, and all will be modified by the future. Yet it is hoped that they will enlighten the civilian darkness of those members of the Institute who will have the good fortune to follow us here.

The newly-arrived subaltern, though welcomed (discreetly or otherwise) by his fellows, remains for the first few days a dismal derelict, a military maverick. He is painfully conscious of being neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. This engenders a temporary loss of self-respect. Also, however, it brings an ardent resolution to make oneself like unto

other men. Of course much of this suffering is due to causes purely subjective. The neophyte is his harshest critic. And, painful though this may be, these preliminary pangs are necessary. They presage the birth of the spirit of military discipline, and, also, the development of hitherto unsuspected muscles. Both processes, the process spiritual and the process physical, are of inestimable value.

The change wrought by a fortnight's training is not merely visible—it is startling. Re-adjustment to strange conditions may be rapid or slow. This is primarily a function of temperament and, possibly, of age. But it is inevitable. This does not imply that there is a levelling or standardizing of the human units. It means, simply, that all must acquire a certain proficiency in things military, and must also conform, in matters of usage and etiquette, to certain irrefragable rules.

Mining men need be told nothing of the ethics of the game. Loyalty to one's official superiors, telling no tales out of school, helping a friend or acquaintance, or a friend's friend, and avoiding that habit of speech to which the name of a natural pastoral fertilizer has been applied, are cardinal ethical principles in mining as much as in the Army.

Military engineering methods may be described fairly as field expedients. The engineer is taught how to tie knots and lashings, how to devise and erect bridges, derricks, trestles, etc., etc.; how best to utilize available material; how

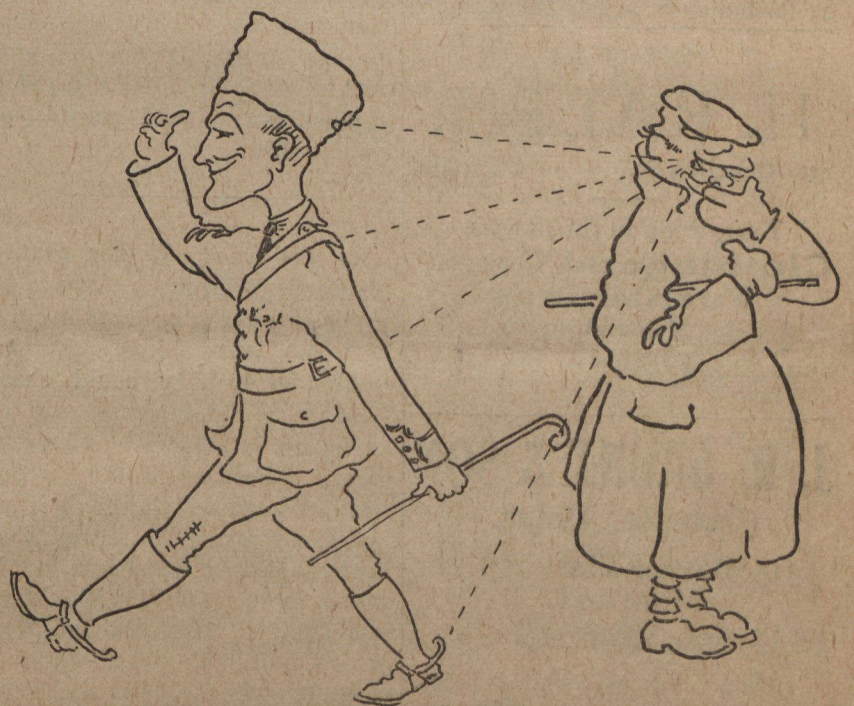
to construct trenches, and how to do a thousand and one other things necessary in the field. The need of speed is impressed on him from first to last. Military engineering has its own peculiar terminology, sometimes extremely confusing to the lay mind. In general the methods chosen are the shortest and most effective means to the desired end. In addition to engineering, the course includes sufficient doses of infantry training, physical training, military law, musketry, equitation (the standard joke is to call this class 'aviation'), and other miscellaneous subjects.

During the winter months the

morning parade comes on at 8.30 a.m. From then on the day is a continuous round of varied work.

Since the training is preponderatingly practical, and since it overlaps and often duplicates actual experience in the remoter mining regions, it seems particularly appropriate that the Canadian Engineers should be the branch of the service chosen by the majority of mining men. Both in the ranks and amongst the commissioned officers there are at St. John's mining men from every quarter of the globe.

Indeed the cosmopolitan character of the officers' classes is



- E. Carol Jackson - 1918 -

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phenomenal. A small draft of officers sent to England for instance included mining engineers from Burma, Siberia, Cobalt, and British Columbia. Similarly the classes at present in training are made up in part of men who have come here from the remotest corners of the earth. The Scotch burr, the murderous Cockney, the soft Welsh speech, the harsh Yorkshire, the Ontario twang—these and many other dialects are heard.

Amongst the rank and file an even more marked heterogeneity is observable. Men of education and refinement are to be found in every company. And, be it noted, these men look upon themselves as neither heroes nor martyrs. Posing and squealing are not encouraged in the Engineers.

In effect, the "raison d'être" of the Depot is the speediest possible conversion of civilians into efficient military men. So to balance drill, practical training, and lectures, as not to neglect either the purely military or the technical sides of the course, is a problem of exceeding difficulty. However, that balance has apparently been achieved and is being maintained. Not that the course is perfect. Many a usbaltern in training could proffer suggestion after suggestion. Luckily, he is restrained by a right and proper fear of God, early instilled in the bosoms of all of us.

That the course established at the Depot makes a strong and peculiar appeal to mining men, goes without saying. The work, alike for private and for officer, has a singular attraction. It is creative and direct. Resourcefulness and expedition count enormously. A high premium is placed upon initiation and efficiency. The man who has followed the 'bush', or has prospected, or has done general work about the mine, makes a much desired and much appreciated recruit.

Is this true? It is a soldier's privilege to grouse. Two Engineers were recently bewailing their hard lot, and saying who they would be if they could choose. "I'd be a Sgt.-Major," said one enviously. "Why?" asked the other. "Because he ain't got no work to do and all day to do it in," was the reply. The second Engineer snorted contemptuously, "I'd rather be the O.C." "Would you woffer?" "Well, the Sgt.-Major has nothing to do and all day to do it in, but the O.C. has nothing to do, all day to do it in, and umpteen officers to help him."

LASHINGS

STREET MENACES.

When the canny Scot entered the bar, rubbing his hands and said—"Well boys! what are we going to have—snow or rain?" some were disappointed.

There are some of us in St. Johns however who are anticipating trouble and are not going to be disappointed. We refer to the overhanging icicles and snow on the streets.

In a city of the size of St. Johns there should be bylaws to control this evil. The new mayor and council promised to clean the city up when they were elected. We noticed some pipes laid this year in a most unworkmanlike manner—trenches not tamped, and huge ridges of mud. Is this their method of cleaning up? What is the City Engineer doing?

Some person is going to be killed or injured by these icicles or snow. Woe betide the city governors if it happens to be a soldier from the barracks.

LATE PASSES.

This paragraph is directed particularly to our new arrivals.

The boys at the Depot here in St. Johns ever since the Depot was established, have held a reputation which we don't want to lose. The townspeople have shown us the usual courtesies, and we have in the past behaved ourselves as becomes soldiers.

We would remind our new arrivals that we have established friendships in the town that we don't intend to have broken. We have established a reputation we don't intend to have besmirched, and furthermore we have privileges—such as late passes—which we don't intend to lose.

"Knots and Lashings" takes this opportunity to call the attention of the recruit, be he Engineer, Forester or Special Railway to the fact that this down-town "rough stuff" won't go.

We've noticed quite a number of good fellows among the new arrivals—our advice is not for them.

The Eternal Feminine.

Bab—What are you laughing at?

Claud—I'm afraid it's a man's joke.

Bab—Then I want to hear it.—
 Judge.

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“MIXED”

A Soldier of the C. E. F. was lying out in France
 And as he lay, he cast around a wild and wandering look,
 And then in great bewilderment, he scratched his muddy head,
 And softly muttered to himself, and this is what he said;
 When first I joined the Canadians 'twas in Sam Hughes' Own
 Ten hundred gallant fighting men: a regiment full blown.
 We had a brass and pipers band: and buglers twenty-three.
 The finest bunch of fighting men that ever crossed the sea.
 'Twas thus the General spoke to us and promised us a chance
 To go over as a unit to the sunny land of France.
 But no sooner had we heard his words and at his humour laughed
 Than came the word: "five hundred will go forward as a draft."
 I came across the ocean on the great "Olympian",
 And scarcely had I stepped ashore than other shifts began,
 They sent me to the Pioneers and then the 53rd
 And promised each to go to France upon their sacred word.
 But each in turn was broken up amidst the Colonel's tears,
 And so I joined the 51st and then the Grenadiers.
 My father was a Frenchman, my mother was a Mick,
 So later when I joined the kilts they nearly made me sick.
 I scarcely was a Highlander the matter of a day
 When they took me and attached me to the blooming C.F.A.
 The Pioneers, the Engineers, and the C.E.C.A.
 I scarcely know what I am or where I ought to be.
 Now I've been here for near a year, an expert with a bomb.
 For the Hun that gets my number, he will sure be going some,
 But if the thing should happen it would make the fellows laugh
 To read upon tombstone this poetic epitaph.
 Here lies at rest the body of our poor friend, John Canuck,
 A Trooper, Sapper, Private, a poor devil out of luck,
 Of the Pioneers, the Engineers, and the C.E.C.A.V.C.
 And a dozen other letters but he doesn't care a "D".
 Sent in by Spr. J. Hislop.

CORRESPONDENCE

Open Confession.

Dear Mr. Editor:—
 On the eve of my departure overseas, I think I should, at least try to explain to those readers of "Knots and Lashings" left behind, why you accuse me of hair pins being found around the blacksmith's shop door, also the splinter of wood with hair on it, and a spot of blood near by.
 One, at first sight, reading over that mysterious disappearance, woman unknown, in last weeks' "Knots and Lashings", would naturally think something had happened around the door; but Mr. Editor, allow me to tell you I think too much of the fair sex to use them in a rough manner, and have had a good deal more experience in this line than you have had.
 The hair pins you speak of were fibres which fell out of our broom while sweeping around the door, and the hair and spot of blood, found on the door was left there by a horse going through the door.
 As for the lady's disappearance, I know nothing about her, but expect to find the real article when

I get back again to 'Bonnie Scotland'.

It took me some time to convince the Colonel that the fibres were not hairpins, but I believe his sight is failing him, anyhow according to last week's "Knots and Lashings" his stomach is alright.

(Sgd.) Sgt. Barr.

We are glad to get this explanation from the dear old Sergeant before he went overseas. He has, by his unnecessarily lucid explanation cleared an otherwise perfectly clear atmosphere.

We will admit though, that we don't know whether Barr really took us seriously or not. If he did, well, that's his choice not ours. If he did not, we can shake hands on it and thank him heartily for providing a little fun.

We may feel inclined to accept his statement as to the hair pins but when he tells us more than we know about the wisp of hair, then we draw swords. The piece of wood was supplied by the Q. M. Stores, the red ink stain by the orderly room and the wisp of hair was cut of the tail of E. 160.—None of these articles to be returned.—Ed.

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The Coldstream Guards! The Black Watch! The Princess Pats! The Gordons! The Buffs! What do these mean?

There is a thrill in every one of these titles. They stand for achievement, for history, tradition and all that is noble and brave. There is, moreover, an individuality attached to each one. The men of these regiments, so famous, are proud of them, proud of the distinctive uniform, and historic badges they wear and proud of the legend on the drum of the regiment which tells of engagements and glory won the world over. These regiments have "esprit de corps".

We could name many more British regiments in the same category—these are selected at random, not as representing to any extent a "select few". British regiments as a whole have esprit de corps and the Royal Engineers are not to be forgotten by any means.

Traditions of Engineers.

Canadian Engineers, as a unit have, in this war, received their baptism of action; and we are proud, as members of this corps to say that we have honour and glory to our credit. A spirit of "esprit de corps" has been born amongst us, and we feel a thrill when we think of the splendid work, and the faithful devotion to duty, which have earned for the members of our corps distinctions, and decorations; and for the corps as a whole glory and renown.

Regimental pride, esprit de corps, call it what you will. It makes for individuality, pride of organisation and greater efficiency.

Names, slogans, badges, banners, help build up this pride. Man has a conscious pride in belonging to a regiment or corps that has borne the brunt of battle with glory and honour. He feels a sort of responsibility.

Territorial Enlistment.

The territorial system of enlistment in the "Old Country" regiments has catered to a large extent to this regimental traditional pride. In Canada, unfortunately, with a few exceptions the battalions have had no territorial or limited distinctive individuality. Recruiting can be better carried on, and men will join a regiment with a tradition when they would hesitate to form part of a conglomerate mass which has no forerunner in the war's history.

Let us honour the traditions of our corps. We have a great deal to be proud of in the achievements of the Field Companies in France and Flanders. Let there be a spirit of esprit de corps.

Civilian Esprit de Corps.

The problem of inculcating into the industrial relations of Capital and Labour, some of the esprit de corps of the relations between men and their commanders in military service, is one that has occupied the minds of many during the last two years.

The question is asked. Why do men work with pride and with a real love of their 'boss' in the Army, and cannot be induced to do the same thing in the factory? The Socialistic finds the explanation entirely in the elimination of competition and private profit; others see, as we see, that the peace machine, (the factory and the workshop) lacks the tradition, the honour of service and the willing self sacrifice of the worker.

The employer, too, must realise that he has to inspire his men with loyalty, to make them feel that they are more than servants of the firm—rather partners.

HAIL, CAESAR!

It was a morning when the world was young. The cold dews dripped from the laurels and the osage orange; the chilly wind from the river shook the maples and birches which, even now, were scattered here and there among their companions of an older and warmer age.

It was the Springtime. The dreariest winter in the memory of the cave-man had passed; the remnant of the tribe huddled and shivered together over their open fires. Withal, it was a lucky remnant—had they not much to be thankful for! No huge cave-bear dared encroach or molest, no hyena howl, or sabre-toothed tiger prowl, near the precincts of their city. Had not their Great Chief Butterfang vanquished them and driven them forth! He, the great Scout, the mighty hunter, the man learned among men (and still seeking knowledge), the benefactor of mankind, their Alpha and Omega, their Great Chief, Butterfang of the Corps of Guides, had done this thing.

And today, even today, he would be among them!

Under his guidance, the mighty men of the clan had wandered wide; they had touched the home of the musk-ox, the huge elk and the mastodon in the tundra-land of the North; they had returned, bearing the carefully tended embers, kindled by the Mighty One from the breath of the Island of Fire in the lone North Sea. "Fire" was his great gift to his people and they guarded it from all mankind. Other tribes, in the changing times then coming o'er the earth, had disappeared as completely as had the coal-forests and their lofty ferns. Only one survived—the clan that knew fire and had for its chief, the mighty student of Camps, "Billets and Cooking", that juggler of unintelligible engineering formulae, the great Butterfang of the Corps of Guides.

The day was one of bustle and great preparation for joy and feasting. Great cuts of cave-bear and haunches of five-toed-horse sizzled to the brown ready for his

coming. At last he comes! A noble Guide, a great Chieftain, he steps majestically into the sacred circle of the Council fire. His rabbit-skin blanket ("crocheted, not woven") drapes his figure and is secured in front with the "cow-hitch". The flaming insignia of the Corps hangs gracefully from the shoulder. None can look upon him! The dusky shapely maidens, shading their eyes, gaze from the cave-mouths beyond the fires. Their eyes are like so many stars in the darkness—they long but they do not dare to hope. The chief of the council fire await his pleasure in silence.

With folded arms, he gazes majestically around the circle and commands,—"Ho Children, around me double! This magic book, this 'Otter's Guide', I commend to ye when I am gone. It is only one of the many that I have mastered and I leave it with ye. Before two suns have risen and two suns have set, make its contents thine own, My Children! Herein fail not and ye shalt reach to great happiness! 'K. R. and O.', I also leave with ye shall reach to great happiness! to thine hearts! 'Captain Fellow's Lectures', I dare not leave. His formulae, properly applied, can 'raise ye to great heights', or give ye passage, 'over many obstacles'! 'Mr. Knight's Lectures' neither can ye have. His 'Donts' and 'Golden Rules' are not for savage minds! All these I carry with me; these, and my other great magic, 'Easy Steps to Forming Fours and Sloping Arms by Numbers', are my daily joy and my constant reference. With these, I go, Dear Children, to another Age, to lay the 'dogs of war' and to lead into captivity a great 'Hyena' that stalks abroad in those fair lands. With my magic, I shall do it!"

So, the Great Chief, Butterfang of the Corps of Guides, embraced them, shapely maidens and all, and they wept full sore together when he assured them that they would see his face no more for ever. Small comfort it was when his parting words assured them that he would ever and always be at heart "a cave-man".

Lg.

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That stands to wait the new recruit,
should dirty button, unclean
boot,

Unshaven face, or other sign that
from the rules laid down right
here,

He is inclined at times to veer, or
should the thought of Alcohol
His manly heart and mind enthrall,

then it is pointed out to him
In language plain, tho' full of Vim
that he is booked at once for
"Clink"

And there also he's time to think
that being a soldier after all
Demands obedience to the law laid
down by Military men

And then methinks the wisest man
can but admire the wholesome
plan

To teach that discipline is good for
each of us:—

I think we should at all times give
to each Non Com or Officer
That gives us "Shon", a willing
quick obedience that they may
get

The Inference that we are helping,
every man, to carry out "The
Depot Plan".

Yours, etc.

B 2.

We welcome this, the first con-
tribution of our Forestry friends.—
Come again, Foresters—join with
us and make "Knots and Lash-
ings" bright for you as for us.—
Ed.

Sergt. Henson, Please Cut and File

As all Soldiers should know
something of the Noble Art of
Cooking, the following Recipes are
published for the Benefit of those
shortly proceeding to the Trenches:
We trust they will prove of use.

Trench Trifle (Very special.—
When unobserved take 2½ tins of
Bully Beef from the Sergeant-
Major's Dug-Out (and anything
else you take a fancy to) put the
Bully Beef into a Sand Bag, spray
gently with vermin sprayer until
the whole turns Green; to this add
slowly six noodles taken from
Newly Laid Ducks Eggs. Let the
mixture rest, but not sleep. After
two hours add a small quantity of
Grated Sand and pour into an old
boot (Issue Pattern). Simmer
gently over a fire and serve on
newspaper or old letters.

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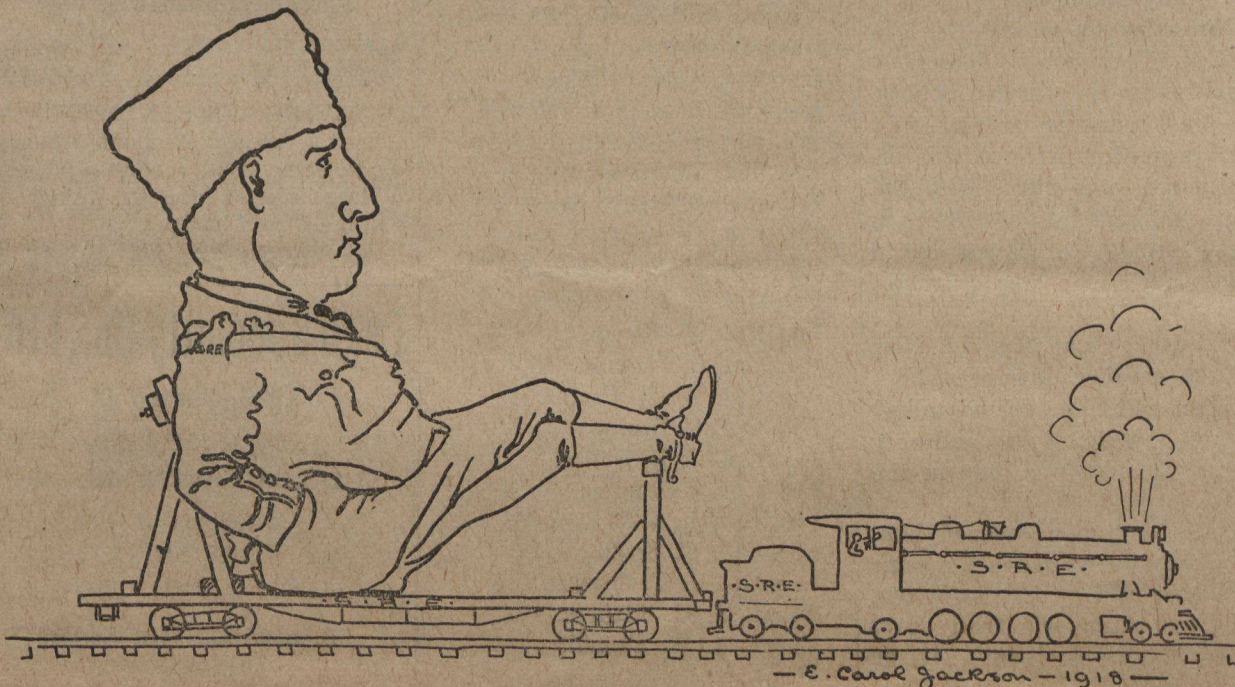
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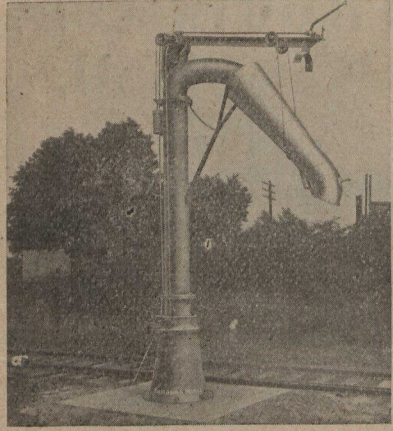
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Time there was when we could sit snug on our soap box, poke the fire and let the M.S.S. come tripping gaily in. We had poets to burn so to speak and never had to worry over the prospect of being galleys short at bed time.

Now, alas, the editor sends us out through a cheerless depot, keeps us busy clipping jokes from five year old papers, and has even sent us after senior N.C.O.'s twice in one day in hopes of copy. Poor old Editor, he might have known better.

In desperation we have resorted to our last line of offense—the interview—and this is the result.

Interviewer assumes attitude of utmost deference, and knocks.

"Come in."

"Ah, good evening;—Mr. Butterfat of the Gore of Kides, I believe? Ah, that is good of you,—just two fingers, thank you, I am from Gyns and Holdfasts, Mr. Butterfat, and would welcome, for the benefit of our readers your opinion as to the duration of the war, your observations on the St. Johns weather' and finally some study hints to beginners." — "Heres how!"

"To be sure," said he, having carefully placed his glass 2.76" to the west side of the N.E. corner of his dressing table,— "but before I take up those trivial points, may I direct your attention to the fact that there is in Australia today a huge surplus of rabbits; now I have a—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Butterfat," our interviewer respectfully interjected, "but we have heard you on that before, now as to the war?"

"Oh, my dear good man, blow the war, it's a mere detail compared to my rabbit—"

"Come now sir, surely—"

"Well, if you insist, does your journal realise the war can only be won by reducing illness—not actual casualties in the field, illnesses which play havoc with the effective strength of ones forces, is totally eliminated—Sickness due to exposure and cold. Now my rabbit skin—"

"Well let it go at that, sir. Now as to the weather down here?"

At this point our friend talked in a most refreshing way and only stopped when he was blue in the face.

"Yes," our man assured him, "we all say pretty much the same thing so that's really not news, besides our editor, who really loves the place would "can" it on sight."

"Perhaps that is so," said Mr. B, settling down amongst his beloved books, "but, as a matter of fact, we could be very comfortable here if only my rabbit—"

"Dear me, surely you wont say it again!—Come now, compose yourself—will you give our journal some study hints for the benefit of your colleagues?"

"Indeed," he replied, "I shall be glad to. First of all, specialise and systematise. Make one subject your, er—forgive the expression "long suit". For instance, see that drawer? Full of correspondence all on one subject which I have scientifically and systematically assimilated—my scheme for rabbit.—"

The interviewer firmly pushed him back into his chair.

"Yes sir, tell your readers generally and the class in particular to be good at most things if they will, but be absolutely without peer in one particular department.

"Now, at present I devote forty two minutes to K. R. & O., twenty three to Military Law, fourteen minutes, twelve and three fifth seconds to my friend Otter—used to be one of the Corps you know—and divide thirty seven point five four minutes to field sketching and phosphorescent musketry. This leaves me one hour, forty four minutes twelve and two fifth seconds for research work in connection with my life work, yes sir, time well occupied in propagating, what will one day be to my everlasting credit.

"Sir,—don't go yet!—when my rabbit—listen here!—skin — the door's locked!—blanket—put that stick down!! — crocheted, not woven—made in strips—"

But our man at the expense of a few cuts, got out by the window.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to—

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Lee. Cpl. J. O'Brien.
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SEA BREEZES FROM HALIFAX

Sunday, Feb. 3rd. — Correctly started in full military order. The boys are here within a few feet of the place where I am sitting, and they are all as happy as can be. They embarked at St. John, N.S., and arrived here this morning.

When my orderly brought word that the boat had docked and that the boys of the E. T. D. were on the first boat I commenced to think that our luck was coming back and that some power would see that we, the ones that should have gone over, and were entitled to it, would be on the boat before it left.

As I came around the end of the pier I heard my name called and there were the boys waiting for a look of any one or thing that came from the E. T. D., even a lone dog looked good to them, and I was called upon to answer a thousand and one questions. No, I am not referring to myself.

Their message to St. John was "we are sorry to leave St. John, Not. God——— bless it."

Mr. Young was grinning all over, and was as happy as could be now that he was going. Mr. Blackadder was seemingly very busy, and Mr. Corbett was as happy as a clam.

By the by, some have greatness thrust upon them. Damn the luck. This 27th Draft I think will put the fear of the Lord in Willie's heart.

Smith, A 1 was happy as could be and damned glad to get away from St. John. Fletcher in good humor too. Strang sends sympathy, try it on your piano.

Sapper Moore seemed a rather pale and forlorn lover, he did not seem quite as happy. Is the ferry running to Iberville yet?

Sammy Hill! Well Sammy was running around the deck! Just as we have seen the little dog chasing around, and I understand that Sammy misses the dog so much that this is the only way he can console himself. Sammy was just as happy as though he had his right mind. He had a lot on his mind. Did you ever notice how thick his hair is?

Grande Finale:—When in Hell are we going over?

Spr. E. F. Westcott.

Accent on the Up.

P. T. Instructor:—"Now I am going to count till three. When I say "One!" you bend your knees; at "Two!" you jump as high as you can; but be d—n sure I don't catch any o' you guys go down before I say "Three!"

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27 EN ROUTE.

Sunday, 3 Feb.

After a very pleasant journey on the train we arrived at St. John expectant and happy. Nothing eventful took place on the train excepting perhaps a vigorous argument between Burns and the nigger porter over a small matter of money. Needless to say the "orator" won out.

We enjoyed the cigarettes and lunches which the good ladies of St. Johns very graciously provided us with.

Our stay in St. John lasted overnight, we left there at five Saturday morning arriving Halifax midday Sunday.

We may boast of our engineering skill but as sailors, we are, I'm afraid, failures. Even Sgt. Hill seemed to lose his usual vigour and thoughtfulness, even denying himself the use of the cuspidors provided on the boat for purposes of mal de mer, preferring to use the boots of his cabin mate.

We are looking forward to a very pleasant voyage. A recreation committee composed of Cpls. Mildon, Rylands, Johnston, Webster, and myself has been formed, and has arranged, to date, a boxing tournament and a number of concerts, also sports. Prizes to be given.

We met the remainder of the fellows at Halifax. Spr. Westcott distributed quite a number of magazines which were greatly appreciated. The boys wish to thank Mrs. B. McCurdy, president of the Red Cross, for these.

Spr. Harrison and the other fellows seem to be doing great work but not enough to knock off the smile that won't come off.

Cpl. Wm. Jones.

A New Hand But On The Job.

A new recruit in a Canadian Battalion which was in camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake, was on Quarter-guard. It was, of course, his first guard, but he thought he knew his duties pretty well.

He had been on for an hour and a half, ninety long minutes of weary loneliness, and was wondering why his relief was so long in coming, when through the darkness he saw a dark object moving.

"Halt! who goes there!" he cried.

No answer. The object moved silently on.

Twice more he challenged with the same result, so raising his rifle to his shoulder he took aim and pulled the trigger "Click".

"Consider yourself shot," he said, "and report to the Orderly Room in the morning."

The Wor-r-m Has Turned.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Many thanks for the free ad. you were good enough to give me in last week's "Knots and Lashings".

It was fine, and I am glad to be told that—although I have fallen—I once occupied a position from which it was possible to come down.

I appreciate your remarks about myself, but I think, if you will allow me to say so, it might be well to cut out the "Billingsgate".

The speech you are good enough to invent for me is hardly in the best taste.

I make no doubt that you as well as I perfectly understand the language; but there are others in the depot, decent fellows, who have not been educated down to our level and in the interests of "Knots and Lashings" it might be advisable not to go too low.

He Who Fell.

"YES, TELL ME NOT!"

(This parody is dedicated, with apologies, to "Sam"—the composer of the poem which appeared in "Knots and Lashings", January 26, 1918, under the title:)

Tell me not in mournful jingles
Married life's an empty theme!
For the girl is wise that's single
And the men—not what they seem.

Men are fickle, vain and futile,
And to flirt their only aim—
After marriage—change their
habits
Everything—except their name.

Trust no male however pleasant
Marching through this world of
strife—

For you'll find his motto's always
"Variety—the spice of life".

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the flirting match of life—
"Opportunity's" before HIM
Who can say this of a wife?

Lives of maiden girls remind us
We can live our lives the same—
And departing, leave behind us
No reflections on our name.

Let us all be up and doing—
Bearing each the brunt of Fate—
And if some man comes awooing—
Keep him guessing—let him wait!
VIOLENT.

HOW MUCH?

If four sergeants-major can (and they did) make a feast off 1 tin of sardines and half a dozen soda biscuits, how much should it cost to run the depot?



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

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