

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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SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

# MOUNTAINEERING IN ST. JOHN'S ALPS

By Lieut. "X".

## CHAPTER II.

Chapter I which appeared in our issue of June 1st outlined the motives of this rash adventure and gave an outline of the various arrangements and precautions taken.

The staff of "Knots and Lashings" makes no apology for the hiatus in the publication of this the second chapter but reminds its readers that St. Johns is still in the wet belt. Further comment is unnecessary.

The magnificent brass band of the Canadian Engineers led the expedition with martial music as far as the Windsor Hotel. Here for personal and private reasons the instrumentalists piled instruments and mysteriously disappeared. After some search they were located and placed on their feet at the head of the parade.

Immediately behind the band came the Laird of Bridoon and his henchman both carrying the insignia of their offices, the one a copy of K. R. and O., the other an English Dictionary. Following were four and twenty drivers in fact divers drivers. Next came Q.M.S. Wooley, who at the last moment had been wrenched away from his court of haughty indifference, wearing his customary winsome smile together with a pair of brand new Jack spurs. Immediately behind this austere person-

age came a varied assortment of Sergeants Major, Sergeants, and Acting Sergeants including 'Rags'.

The various depot companies followed in order of seniority, the employed section with Staff Sergeant Barr disguised as a Sanitary Corporal in command, wearing his usual and altogether captivating demeanor, but with a distinct bulge at the hip. Accompanying the Staff Sergeant was our friend—not Barr's friend—Sgt. MacIntyre, of dug-out fame.

The mass formation of Base Coy. was a cause of wonderment to all. At their head they carried a large blackboard a keg of nails and large quantities of coloured pasteboard.

(Continued on next page.)

## Motion Pictures

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We were ready at last to start on our perilous journey. I therefore commanded the chief guide to arrange men and animals in single file at twelve feet distances, and to lash them all together. He at once put up a strong objection pointing out that the first five miles was over perfectly flat country; but if I were to be boss of this expedition I intended to be boss so put my foot down, and as it happened stepped on 'Rags', I insisted on my orders being carried out. Experience and study had taught me that many serious accidents had happened to St. John's alpinists through proper precautions not being taken.

The total length of the cortege was 3122 feet; every man but Baker and myself was on foot and we took up our position in rear so that if any danger was to be met we would surely meet it in time. I also took the precaution to have Baker and myself tied to five guides each. Our batmen carried our ice axes and alpenstocks while we were mounted on small donkeys, and it is here I made a miscalculation owing to the fact that the ears of these animals severely restricted our view of the front.

It was decided at the last moment to make the ascent in evening dress in honour of the many ladies who had ventured out to see our start.

At fifteen minutes past four I gave the signal to advance and promptly at 4.30 a start was made amidst resounding cheers from the throng at the Windsor. It remains in my memory the heart rending partings between the drivers and their lady friends and I did all in my power by keeping a magnificent saddle on my donkey to assure these dear creatures that the party was in good hands.

We watered the caravan at the Richelieu and presently left civilisation behind, and just beyond the Village named after the Mountain we were to ascend we camped on an inviting stretch of meadow, pitched our tents supped and established a strong guard for the night. It was at this stage that a special rider was sent back to St. Johns for a corkscrew.

After a sleepless night all was alive at two in the morning and a peep out into the starry heavens revealed the majestic peak of Mount Johnson towering above us, draped in a sable pall of clouds. The chief guide advised delaying our start as he feared rain but I felt that he was wrong and again stood my ground, this time knocking over the oil stove.

A hurried breakfast allowed us to start at nine. Our course led up

some terrific slopes thickly wooded and to add to our discomfiture we were continually meeting parties of tourists returning and being overtaken by parties unwisely making the ascent without sufficient precautions. It was with no avail that I entreated them to abandon the idea.

Things were going tolerably well when at 3.05 p.m. the seventeen guides called a halt and after consultation admitted we were lost, and to my utter amazement none of them had ever been on the Mountain before. It was here I made a momentous decision in spite of the ugly turn things had taken and against the advice of the guides.

As this is a chronicle of the happenings on this eventful trip a peep into the future is out of place. I ordered the lead of the string of paraphernalia and men to proceed in a circuitous spiral manner hoping that as we neared the top the rear of our line would be just in front of the lead at a point where the circumference would be exactly 3122 feet.

Long before my object had been attained night fell and the party disrobed and camped where they stood, food being passed along the line from hand to hand. The drivers in the lead complained that they received no sustenance, but I am inclined to believe they rather exaggerated things.

There were evident signs of dismay and despair throughout the party, but with an assurance from me in the shape of a bulletin passed along the line above my signature to the effect that 'nil desperandum' so why should they' their mutterings ceased.

(To be continued.)

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FROM THE SAD SEA WAVE.

Did you hear the tale of the sea-bird? Well, "Knots and Lashings" did and we will let the "eat out of the bag" for the amusement of our readers.

The sad sea bird was captured as he sat moping on the waters of the mighty Richelieu. Not one amongst us knew what kind of bird we had found. Then someone suggested, "Adney"! "Oh yes!" everybody called, "Adney! let us take it to Adney! He's the man who knows and who is always glad to tell what he knows. Hurrah for Adney!"

So off we went. Depositing the captive in the room of the learned man and locking the door, we raided the Model Trenches and brought our obliging friend along with us to solve the mystery. With palpitating expectancy, we trooped to the Officers' Club, climbed the stairs and reached the haunt of this man of wisdom and weighty words.

The door was flung open and a mighty and intangible smell of "something" reached out at us, and for a moment we wavered in our determination. It was the almost overpowering odor of a shell-covered, clammy sea-weed-laden ocean beach. It reminded us also of oil and of mayonnaise. Wavering a moment, we dashed forward into the haze of gas with the cry,—"What is it! Oh Adney, tell us what is it!"

"Gentlemen, don't you know," said he calmly, "that bird is a cormorant; it's habitat is—well, wait a minute, let us see! I'll show you what food it eats."

A de luxe volumn of Natural History was withdrawn from among many of its kind. With his knowing look, the great man opened the book at a highly colored plate representing a certain fish, a favorite food of the cormorant. Holding the page aloft, Mr. Adney said slowly and dramatically,—"There, gentlemen, is the food of the cormorant." And so it seemed! With a squack of joy the hungry bird flew at the representation of the fish, attacked it hammer and tongs and tore the work of art to shreds. The great Adney was right—it was a cormorant!

Was it this conclusive proof that made us feel so faint? Or, was it the heavy air stirred up about us? No! We could stand that, even the gas of the trenches; but not the "language" which then flowed from the lips of the great man of wisdom! And all hurled at a poor, sad sea bird! We felt faint; our knees began to sink. At last we fled!

We hope, later, to hear how the cormorant came through that awful scene.

"Dot and Carry One".

LITTLE JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

The Officers' Club wonders why a Pay master should object to a guinea fowl.

Why his strange lapse of memory when our genial friend was asked at mess if he were "Orderly Officer" or not earlier in the day!

"Breakfast is not a parade anyway." Someone suggests that our Paymaster thought it was a "five-o'clock-tea"!

Sapper (standing entranced watching our Cook flip the pancakes):—"My! but that must be hard work."

The Cook:—"Oh run along! It's only Child's play."

The large number of friends and relatives who have visited the Depot of late is quite noticeable. An interesting story can be told of a little girl of four years who enjoyed leaving Montreal and visiting the Depot in the company of her two aunts.

While here, they saw some of the men at mess and this amused the little girl most of all. Shortly afterwards, two cousins of hers, men of a Toronto draft to the Depot were on leave to Montreal and were having supper at her mother's place. The little one eyed the men in khaki in wonder for a long time.

"Mummy," said she, "can I be a soldier?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "of course you can be a soldier."

"Yes, but are you sure I can be a soldier?"

"Yes, dear, you can really be a soldier if you want to."

The little girl leaned over the table towards her soldier-friends and called, "Say, Mates! Shove along them dam pork and beans."

NOT AT ALL, AT ALL!

A sergeant of short stature went up to one of his men on parade who stood six feet six in his stockinged feet, and told him to lift his chin up and look straight to the front.

The tall gink took a pace forward, holding out his right hand. "What are you doing?" asked the Sergeant. The tall one answered: "I wanted to shake hands with you, Sergeant, for if I keep my head up I'll never see you again."

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Vol. 1. No. 36.

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Founded Oct. 1917

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## COMPETITIVE SMARTNESS.

There is no reason why the present day soldier, whether he be conscript or volunteer, should not take a pride in his regimental unit; and the conviction that he belongs to the smartest company in the depot should be the guiding factor in his military existence.

Such a pride is what gives to a unit the true soldierly aspect. It is essential for the well being and orderliness of an army unit, and is only consummated by the united efforts of the individual man.

A man, should be regarded by his fellow soldiers as a disgrace, who does not act the part of a soldier and who does not come on parade looking his best.

Let such a pride exist and the result will be enormously in favour of smartness and discipline.

## FILTHY LANGUAGE.

The soldier has the reputation of being gifted with the power of expressing his feelings in no uncertain manner, with a certain amount of garnishing not exactly presentable in the drawing room. Cursing and swearing is merely a bad habit with him but is to a large extent harmless provided the element of filth is not introduced.

Ladies have been present at the open air "movies" in the camp and it has been exceedingly painful to those who have self respect; and there are only a few, a very few in fact who have no self respect, to hear indecent and filthy remarks being passed. The mention of ladies is really only an excuse to bring this matter to the attention of the men at the barracks. The use of obscene language should not be tolerated amongst men themselves and any man who uses filthy language should be as welcome amongst his mates as a skunk would be in a drawing room.

## FRIGHTFULNESS AGAIN.

The sinking of the Llandoverly Castle, a hospital ship on its return voyage from Canada and the ruthless murder of many of her crew and staff, once again brings us to a sense of appreciation of the foe we are fighting. Many of us will have the opportunity to go overseas and participate in the struggle against this inhuman foe, and it is the feeling of revolt against such dastardly acts as these that makes the British soldier the unequalled fighter he is. His sense of right and justice fortifies him in his efforts—at least he feels he has not the stigma of cold blooded murder on his head.

The talk of peace, so welcome to a war weary country, is simply hypocrisy under these conditions. Better continue the war and destroy this frightfulness even though it cost us the best and dearest to us. Organised murder must be stamped out.

## "FORWARD THE MOUNTED SECTION!"

It gives "Knots and Lashings" great pleasure to devote a section of each week's issue to the different Companies and Sections of the Depot. This week we are especially glad to find that the famous old Mounted Section has come forward and claimed a section of our publication.

No men of the Depot have evidenced more interest in "Knots and Lashings" than has the Mounted Section. They were always enthusiastic over its success and are as keen as ever in their desire to aid the famous newspaper in its weekly appearance amongst us. They are proud of its success and dash. In future we hope to reserve a column, or several columns, for just such clever and interesting material as has been provided by the boys of the Mounted Section for this week's issue. Watch for this under "Twinkles (or Rumbings!) from the Mounted Section", or some such heading. It will make "good reading" for you and the "ones at home".

Let us remember that the Mounted Boys are with "Knots and Lashings" as they were in the good old days of Mounted Section, A, B, C, D, Base Company and Employed Section! They were our Mainstay then and are still alive and keen as of old.

The "good work" will go on! Rumor says that the Clearing Company will also be heard from. "Knots and Lashings" has her corner ready for all the boys of the Depot; especially, are we holding a very cosy corner for "good old Employed Section". Follow the example of the Mounted Boys and help along **your** paper! "Canada".

## IMPORTANT TO MOTION PICTURE LOVERS.

On the first page of this issue appears a notice in regard to the free motion pictures which our Canteen Fund has provided for the men of the Depot. Strange as it may seem, it is evident that some are still unaware of the existence of this excellent amusement, and that it is provided at no cost to those who attend. The high quality of the films featuring in these shows is evident to all. Among the world's most famous films are the Artercraft, Paramount, Goldwyn, Triangle, Paralta, Bluebird and the Fox productions. All of these are at our disposal and will be shown for our entertainment. The Motion Picture Machine is new and

is the best that it was possible to purchase. This statement is easily verified by anyone whose privilege it is to be present at these shows. "Daylight Saving" has provided us with perhaps a little too much daylight for our purpose, as early as 9 o'clock in the evening. In spite of this handicap, the pictures from first to last can be clearly seen and are keenly enjoyed.

Every effort has been made to provide blinders or light-screens to darken the screen during the early part of the exhibitions. The shortening of the day will soon have a very noticeable effect and will add, if possible, to the pleasure we derive from these high-class films. Due to the fact that we, as yet, own only one machine, stoppages are necessary while films are being changed. As this is understood by all, such short delays are borne with commendable patience. In closing it should be said that these shows are not meant to conflict with the excellent entertainment provided by the Motion Picture Theatres advertising in this paper; but that the time has been so chosen that we do not begin featuring our films until after the shows of the City are over—that is, so far as the vast majority of the soldiers is concerned.

## OVERHEARD IN SERGEANTS' MESS.

Jimmy B—d:—"Talk about service you old fish, why, when I was in the R.I.R.'s on the Curragh, the Shah of Persia reviewed us; he declared that we were the finest bunch of men he'd ever seen; and he says, "Look at them, they're only boys now, what will they be like when they're men."

Jock Ew—g:—"Blimy, that's nothing! When he inspected the R.E.'s at Chatham he wanted to buy the blank blank regiment."

## ESTEY UP IN OUR ESTEEM.

To C.S.M. York,—

Please arrange a party to go to the College and clean up about 25 men.

(Signed) A/R.S.M. Estey.

Ed:—We hope C.S.M. York sent sufficient men to do this job.

There don't seem to be many pressing invitations to go boating in the sergeant major's gasoline devourer; and we miss the splendid exhibition of drifting that was so familiar to us last season.

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**CORRESPONDENCE.**

Dere Koronel,

Why is it so that I dont catch to the drafte this time also as before. The doctaire she who not tell me to rub the sauce hind my ears for my head troubel, but she what sit on de board which I do not see any board at all as she sit on de chair. She tell me I two A's is it not so to my pride an' the surgent majer she not read out my name at de mustard parades an' send me to de Corporal of de stink deportment all time an' tell me my papers not dere at all.

Now dere Koronel I sign de papers sure an I tell my rosie I go seas over but still I am here an' my rosie has already sometimes before weep for my go seas over an' he tell me he won't shed de tear once twice again for me.

For me it is de puzzle dat I not go over but Surgent Boyed she tell me the Koronel want me here to look the place after for the proper observation of the deportment of dat corporal who sweep the floor an' push de dust from the room.

An' dere Koronel I have to tell you now as before I get the money not for my pay as the paymaster she tell me dere is no pay for to me as me in the clinic as she say in the daily orderings but dere Koronel I wash the dish in de kitch an' not stay in the condemnation so I should to receive the pay, is it not so I am right. I would be for buy my rosie the presentment for her day of de birth as she is that on de next week so wot can I do is it dere Koronel.

I sign my will on the disposition of my property an' I make mistake to leave me to my rosie as he is not my wife and kin so near as he is not to me marry. Can I make dis will once twice again is it not to my dead aunt that was alive to her. My rosie he is not marry me too as he say dere more nicer of the sappers as me.

Dere Koronel I wish you to be paraded to me to make straight dis crooked mess to me I am in at now.

Joe. Pacquette.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I see my name mentioned in your paper last week and I can tell you Staff Sergeant Barr came to me and told me if anyone asked me about winning that race, I was not to say anything but I'm going to tell you all now that he still insists that we arranged to go 'fuffy fuffy' on that race if I would run against him. Every time he sees me in the street he suggests a drink but I'm not that kind of a girl.

Tommy Howde.

**AN APPRECIATION.**

Without intruding upon the works of the Author of the Trip to Chambly en route to Montreal,—we would just like to thank those few boys who didn't go further than Chambly with us. They are, R.Q.M.S. Beauchamp and his Cooks, Corporal Finnie and his Drivers.

What delighted us more than anything was to learn on our arrival in the Pine Grove that the Mulligan was ready, and was to be served just as soon as the last boat arrived. Mulligan never tasted better than it did then! Some of us were pretty new to the game and had a vision of half-cooked potatoes and raw-meat, well smoked, as being a Field Kitchen dinner. All we have to say is,—“Come again with the Field Kitchen and the same Cooks and Drivers.” Driver Tom Wallace's water-wagon gave out first—but we had had all we wanted.

The R.Q.M.S., I may mention, was heard to comment upon the fine spirit shown by the boys in washing their own dishes and returning their spoons. A field-day usually means a hunt over anything up to 10 acres for spoons and dishes, but here everything was just as it should be. The Q.M.S. had only to say the word and the boys would have packed the dishes and loaded the wagons.

“Carry On”.

(Ed. Note:—This is the spirit. Whatever you do, do it thoroughly, no matter whether it is work or play. Both count!

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

A history professor at one of the leading universities recently met one of his old students while home on leave from the western front, and inquired from him if he had learned any particular lesson from the war.

“I have found,” replied the student, “that it is a great deal easier studying history than it is making it.”

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products, is unequalled for  
PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

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Get a copy of "Knots and  
Lashings" to send to the folks back  
home. You may be sure they will  
be glad to get it. The postage is  
one cent.

### "TWINKLES FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION."

The boys of the Mounted Section would like to meet and make the acquaintance of a certain person, one of the Cadets was leading around the other day. We like her because she's so small!

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

Now that the warm weather is here, a certain one of our N.C.O.'s is normal again. No more is he rubbing his poor little hands, or dancing in the Stables making all the faces a man can make. We hope the good old Sun will continue to shine!

Officer to Man:—"Did you shave this morning?"

Man:—"Yes, Sir."

Officer:—"Did you use the back of your razor?"

Man:—"No, Sir; I used an 'Ever Ready'!"

The Mounted Section would like to know when our worthy Corporal Bugler is going to marry his little St. John's girl; or shall we hand her a nice young tan-bark Boy!

Also, would like to know what "Dad" Weldon uses on his face that he gets so many smiles at the works of the Singer Sewing Machine Company! It seems as if several of our Western boys use the same stuff. Please let the rest of us in on this!

" 'Twas the lovely month of June,  
A youth and maiden fair:  
A stroll amid the fragrant fields—  
A little sun and air."

They fell in love and soon were wed,

This youth and maid so fair:  
Again the lovely month of June—  
A little son and heir.

Who is the Sergeant who thinks some one is trying to take his girl away from him? The Boys of the Mounted Section do not have to take Sergeants' girls. They have angels of their own!

This reminds us,—A sergeant called the clumsy recruit out of the ranks and asked,—"You! What was your job before you enlisted?"

"I was in a factory packing tin-soldiers in wooden boxes."

"And why did they fire you?"

"Oh, I just put in too many bloomin' sergeants!!"

"I groom the horse called 43,  
Who is very fond of ears;  
And every time he looks at me,  
My eyes fill up with tears.

To bring the bloom upon his coat,  
It's not so very hard;  
But when he reaches for your ribs,  
Be sure to back a yard.

Oh 43, I love not thee!  
Oh you, so fond of noses!  
Really, the man who handles you,  
Lives in no bed of roses."

A man of the Mounted Section writes:—"The following is a copy from 'Pearsons Weekly', except no reference is made to the E. T. D.

A soldier was brought before the O. C. for not returning at the expiration of his leave and in sentencing him to serve seven days C.B. said,—"You ought to be a Sport and play the game straight. Do you know your absence means other men being prevented from going on leave? Be a Sport, my man,—be a Sport!"

The soldier waited until he had finished and then quietly asked him:—

'Do you consider yourself a Sport, Sir?'

'Of course, of course.'

'Well then, Sir, I'll toss you whether it's 14 days or nothing!'"

"Our Mounted Men who every night,

Upon their beats do go;  
Every night they bring us home,  
A tale of dismal woe.

'We want two reins,' they always say,

'Our horses mouths as hard;  
And Charlie stretches out his neck,  
More than a bloomin' yard.'

'Our head-ropes too, have disappeared,

Oh, our poor hearts will crack!'

But cheer up, Wells and Boler,

We'll try and get them back."

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Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

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

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## THE JAMES ROBERTSON CO.

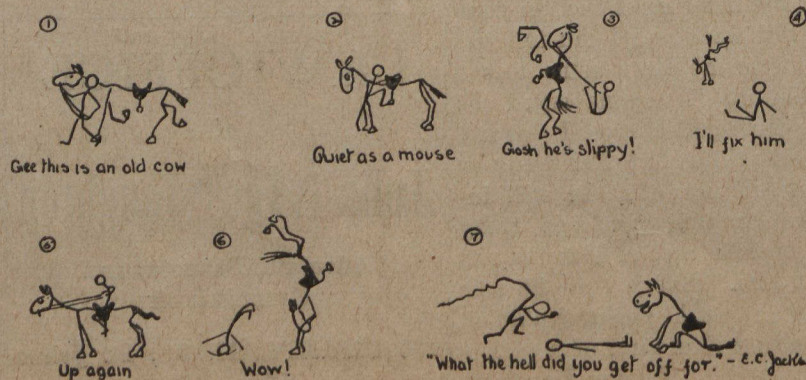
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SERVICE

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# Items from Draft 56, AMHERST, N. S.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to Lieut. Corpl. A. M. Warner promoted to Sergeant and village postmaster. Also to Sapper F. Victor Robin promoted to Lance Corporal on staff of Orderly Room.

## GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

We say Au Revoir to the following Officers who have left us. We wish them a safe return.

- Lieut. H. P. Moulton
- Lieut. R. A. V. Nicholson
- Lieut. J. L. Clarke
- Lieut. T. J. Edwards
- Lieut. A. A. Tufford
- Lieut. M. D. Williamson
- Lieut. A. E. Woollam
- Lieut. M. DeG. Boyd
- Lieut. C. L. Cavana
- Lieut. W. W. King
- Lieut. G. C. Monture
- Lieut. C. S. Parke
- Lieut. W. L. G. Sagar
- Lieut. H. A. Washington
- Lieut. A. C. Anderson
- Lieut. L. Stewart
- Lieut. D. D. Adams
- Lieut. W. G. Blakey
- Lieut. F. L. Brinkman
- Lieut. G. C. Hoashal
- Lieut. H. McNab
- Lieut. R. L. McNeil 'of Barra'
- Lieut. J. E. Openshaw
- Lieut. W. A. Smelser
- Lieut. C. N. C. Candee
- Lieut. R. G. Matthews
- Lieut. W. L. McFaul
- Lieut. W. B. Riddell
- Lieut. F. C. Snowden
- Lieut. W. E. Milligan
- Lieut. F. L. Mills
- Lieut. J. A. Tapley
- Lieut. W. L. MacKenzie
- Lieut. A. R. Whittier
- Lieut. A. B. Manson
- Lieut. C. W. Richardson
- Lieut. W. E. Rivers
- Lieut. N. B. MacRostie
- Lieut. H. O. Brown
- Lieut. J. L. Alexander
- Lieut. G. R. Edwards
- Lieut. W. F. McK. Brtyce
- Lieut. H. M. Roscoe
- Lieut. D. McL. Sutherland
- Lieut. L. J. Jordan
- Lieut. F. L. Cann
- Lieut. A. W. G. Green
- Lieut. E. L. Camp
- Lieut. A. McD. MacKenzie
- Lieut. John Murphy Bishop

## OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

## HAVE AT IT.

To: Sergeant Willis of "D" Company. We, as a body of real sports challenge "D" Company to anything from digging dugouts, to flying aeroplanes.

Hoping you accept the challenge and bring on your gladiators. We will endeavour to cut you down to our size, and then go for it?

Yours in Sport,  
Sergeants of "B" Company.  
"The Only Company".

## BASEBALL IN THE BLUE NOSE COUNTRY.

Engineers, 13—Amherst, 8.

The Engineers look revenge on the Amherst picked team, Saturday afternoon, in a game that was full of pep and snap all through and was featured with clean hitting by both clubs.

The Engineers were strengthened considerably by the presence of McDonald at short stop and Davie in left field, who starred both in the field and at bat; while the rest of the club played their usual steady game and kept adding a run now and then till the game was well on ice.

The Amherst club took the lead in the 4th inning with four runs, the first of the game, but the Engineers were not to be outdone and came right back with that old spirit that has won many a game, and before the smoke had blown away were leading 5 to 4 and were never overtaken.

Sapper Doak handled the indicator in big league style and gained the applause of the fans on many close decisions.

The two clubs will meet on the Academy Grounds for the deciding game at 6.15, Thursday the 4th, and, with both on their toes, it promises to be one of the best games witnessed at Amherst in years.

## PERMISSION GRANTED.

The Adjutant of Draft 5 had this one added to his troubles:—

"Dear Sir—May statement is that I am my Capporal wee work together and we done the beast that wee can, and I think in my power that I have donne my douty and wee work together. Wee geve to the gard avery one strickly ondereteanit hall. From the Sargeant Mager and I an may Caporal, wee take no responbelety. From non of the gard man and of the is any,

Canada's Leading Hotel

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# ADAM'S CHEWING GUM

# BLACK JACK

5c. Per Package 5c.

For Sale at Canteen and Everywhere

Missing, wee all not the blame and wee conteit the number 15 man and theas evening number 11 and Letter 13 and the Letter the mesonier go by thams self andy ramamber, avery relieve may Caporal told all the gard avery one to don averyting in the power and to dont strickly not let anybody go lang, theas man let 2 man go witch no releave and ran beg chans I will close by levin you juge the mater, truss you, and I hope and truss god that you will halp avery one is mieh is you can and you will excuse my ritin and I am alful tirre and slipar."

A conference was called in the Orderly Room, and it was decided that the permission be granted to this man.

### THE BOOK OF EXODUS OF DRAFT 56.

1.—And it came to pass in the fourth year of the great war, that there was assembled in the town of St. Johns, which is in the Province of Quebec, a mighty host of men which were called Engineers.

2.—In the fifth month, which is the month of May, the word of the great Moguls came unto Col. Melville the mighty man of valor, and unto Capt. Powell who was unto the Colonel like Joshua was unto Moses, that 1000 men were to move unto the Promised Land.

3.—And it came to pass that in the sixth month, even on the 10th day of the month that these 1000 men did leave the town of St. Johns, under the leadership of Lieut. Jago and did proceed easterly until by the word of the O. C. they disembarked at the great city of Amherst.

4.—Now Amherst is situated in the Province of Nova Scotia and aboundeth in red clay and much rain. Yea, the rain is much, but the city is exceedingly dry.

5.—Behold in the city of Amherst the 1000 men do dwell in a large building even like unto the tower of Babel, and the men do sleep upon soft bunks which are made of the softest wood.

6.—And the men do eat of the fruits of the land, but of drink they have none, and of shekels of the land they have none.

7.—Now it came to pass that when the call went forth through the land that the Hun must be driven from the face of the earth and the waters that are underneath that these 1000 men did offer themselves.

8.—In its mighty gratitude did the great government remunerate them with promise of one shekel and the tenth part thereof for each day's work.

9.—What availeth the promise if there is no fulfillment thereof! Yea! even for six weeks have some of the men not received their shekels and great is the roar thereof.

### Chapt. 2.

1.—Lo, amongst the 1000 men there are 65 men of great stature and arrayed in gorgeous raiment and when these men do pass by the remainder, they do raise their arms in greeting.

2.—And among the great 65 are numbered some of the Nobles of the Land. Yea, even the MacNeil of Barra, the McNabb of McNamara, the Boddy of Brantford, the Spragge of M'Shona, the Milligan of Umpah, the Williamson of Williamson, the Candee, of Gulta Percha and the Geldzaeler of Israel were also there.

3.—And at the hour of Sunset they do band together in secret conclave and do perform mysterious rites with certain pasteboards and colored disks.

4.—Throughout the ceremonies there is constant passing of the great "White Horse" which is held in great secrecy. And thus do they spend their days awaiting the coming of the great ships which will carry them safely unto the land of promise, a land which floweth with beer and sauer kraut.

### THE CHRYSALIS.

It generally takes about three weeks for the formation of the perfected butterfly to emerge complete from the chrysalis,—it is just three weeks since Draft 55 was formed, and it is developing brilliantly and will soon burst out into quite a well formed moth.

In spite of many trials and tribulations, quarantines and queer quandarys, the men have loyally and cheerfully withstood the discomforts, that they might the sooner get overseas to their real object in life.

What did it matter if they could not get a bath in the barracks in which they were quartered,—the remedy was to lie on a zinc slab and let their bunkie turn on a faucet, beg or borrow a piece of soap and scrub their poor dirty hides; they did it.

What did it matter if "cooties" began to hibernate, the remedy was to beg a bucket of hot water from the cook, boil their one shirt and unmentionables and spray themselves with a Bordeaux solution,—they took it.

What matter if their smiling countenances developed monstrosities like unto the howls of a lump jaw bovine, they passed into semi-

oblivion,—and to hospital with their troubles.

A thousand men with a thousand queries, a thousand troubles, a thousand complaints and a thousand hopes, dumped into an old disused factory in a Marsh, with fewer comforts than could be found in a survey or lumber camp, and yet they came through it all with a smile and a cheer, emerging bright and clean and willing, typical of the Canadian Engineer.

Who is responsible for such a state of things? The impartial bystander looks for the solution, and finds the explanation a simple one.

It is this,—in the draft of 66 Officers there happen to be a few who have handled either soldiers or large numbers of men before, and are used to carrying out their orders with a strict obedience and promptness, combined with a cheerfulness that endears the men to them.

These few dug into their pockets and bought their men baseball outfits, boxing gloves, etc., and marched their men into sequestered fields and between their drills, the quarantined strangers forgot their miseries and played themselves into a stage of tiredness, that they might forget the long hours of the night.

From some strange source an addition was made to their mess, small perhaps, but none the less appreciable, even the ubiquitous hog and the constitutional grumbler, sat up and took notice.

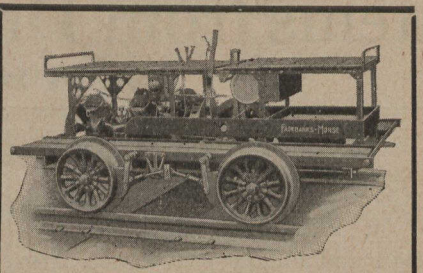
Today the chrysalis burst, quarantine is lifted, a Field Day is in progress on the banks of a lake some three miles from barracks, where a list of sports including the aquatic ones of swimming, diving and boating with prizes to the value of \$100.00 will be competed for.

The sports committee deserve unqualified praise for their efforts. This onlooker has seen the preparations of the motor transports to carry the refreshments and prices to the rendezvous.

Of the many drafts we see in passage, there is not one that has surmounted its difficulties so successfully as draft 56, and the writer would like to place on record the names of the Officers responsible for such results, but the exigencies of military service prohibit such publicity, he can only compliment the O. C. for his wisdom of choice, and praise the men for their forbearance in time of stress.

May the fledgling from the chrysalis soon loosen its wings and make its first flight in its life's work.

Tomkins,  
C. A. M. C.



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MR. DOOLEY UP THE RIVER.

"Hev yez iver been on th' River, Hennesy?"

"Faith thet Oi hev."

"But hev yez iver been up th' River in a mhoter boat?"

"Faith thet Oi hev not."

"Well Hennesy, me bhoy, ye hev missed th' bist of yez loife. Oi wint on Sunday afther mass."

"The Mhajor juist came there ahint the Club and sez to me, sez he, Dooley, me bhoy, do yez want to ixplore th' Risheloo in good company?"

"Faith," sez I, "Mhajor, I would be afther considerin it a ghrate plasure."

"But I didn't know it was in a mhoter lawneh. The Mhajor sez, I was to go wit' th' Ginerol. But th' Ginerol is a bhoat. Faith, he must hev called it thet because its water-proof."

"Well, Hennesy, Oi was at foirst dishappointed thet th' Ginerol was a bhoat and not a person, but not fer long, fer there, in th' offin'—th' offin' is what they call where yez would be Hennesy if I waz th' bhoat. There in th' offin' wuz Captin Pettygroo an' Captin Nite an those of th' most gorgeous lhadies, all sailing up th' sthream to us to cum abhoard."

"Well, Hennesy, Oi hild th' plank fer th' lhadies to walk on to th' Ginerol, an there we wuz, th' Mhajor, about where yez wuld be with th' injin, an me with th' two Captins an th' lhadies all toight and cosy loike, y'see, Hennesy, because th' Ginerol wuz juist built fer so many—an there Oi wuz lookin afther th' lhadies an thim afther th' hamper an hopin' all th' toime thet there wuz somethin in it as there ought to be on sich a voyage. Fur ye know Hennesy, won of th' lhadies moight get faint loike afther th' shinin of th' sun, an th' smoilin of th' two Captins an what not."

"So there we wuz, th' lot on us all cosy loike, an th' Mhajor tuk th' tiller—that's th' tail whut hangs overth' back of th' Ginerol an kapes her sthrait."

"Dooley, yez dhon't call a Ginerol 'her'."

"Now, Hennesy, whut wood a land lubber loike yerself know about sich things, th' Ginerol is a bhoat, an th' Mhajor called him "she" on several occashions."

"So there we wuz an th' Mhajor sez, sez he, "Mhake mutch o' yez horses," sez he. Faith! sez oi thet seems a funny sayin fur a mhajor to all th' high ranks as there we wuz, two Captins an meself, who wus wonce a Chorporal, an th' lhadies too. But so he sez, "Mhake mutch o' yer horses, sez he."

"Then he takes a little thing loike, on a wheel an turns it furusly loike, an sez sumthin I couldn't hear an then sumthin more loike won on those sthrange incantashun things thet Moike Larkin larned from th' Hindu in Mesuputamy. An suddin loike there wuz a shiver all over th' Ginerol, an th' lhadies smiled at th' Captins an the Captins smiled at thim, an th' Mhajor looked relaised loike an Oi looked whistfulloike at th' hamper."

"Thin th' Ginerol sez, sez she, phut! phut! phut! phut! juist loike that, an we sailed right up th' Ri-she-loo."

"Oi tell yez Hennesy, it wuz foine goin foreint th' shore where th' Barracks wuz, with all th' bhoys an th' Quarthermaster lookin on in admirashun."

"But th' Captins smiled too lhoud or sumthin fer presently th' Ginerol stopped sayin' phut! phut! phut! an settled down loike to her a poipe."

"Now, Dooley, ye shoold confoine yerself to th' thruth."

"Hennesy, if yez intherrupt so Oi will not be afther tellin yez."

"Well, th' Ginerol shmoked an th' Mhajor sed some more incantashuns, an th' lhadies smoiled louder an thin looked seryus loike at th' fat Captin an th' thin Captin loked at th' hamper, an there we wuz adhriftin in midsthream."

"Thin th' Mhajor looked at the off-side iv th' Ginerol an then thold th' fat Captin too neck rane her a little to th' nigh side. Oi couldn't maake out th' Mhajor nautical therms. But, Faith, th' Ginerol wuz quoite hot an th' Mhajor sez, sez he, "She's lost her sparkin plug."

"Now, Hennesy it wuz afther mass, an in the bhroad daylight an oi wuz won more, dhont ye see, that is afther th' Mhajor fixt th' injin an it made me feel uncomfatable loike to hear the Mhajor spakin in th' dhaylite on a Sunday about a spharkin plug."

"But the Captin Pettygroo, he seemed to understand so oi sed nothin, but looked at th' hamper bashful loike. An then the Mhajor sed more incantashuns but the Ginerol wouldn't phut! phut! any more loike. Indade he wouldn't even shmoke,

"So there we wuz, but afther a whoile th' Mhajor raycovered his spharkin plug an the lhadies seemed more plased."

"Then there wuz more incantashuns but th' Ginerol juist floated peaceful loike about th' Risheloo."

"Then th' thin Captin sujested humble loike that th' Ginerol moight be out in gasoleen—an so she wuz. So we opened th' hamper

to kape th' Mhajor frum spukin more about the spharkin plug."

"Then th' thin Captin partloike to hoide his disappointment an partloike to do his bit in th' presence o' th' lhadies took a bhoard an phaddled dhown th' strame to th' Barracks."

"Now, Hennesy, the ahrmee is a funny place an Oi dhont understand it at all, but it wuz a foine experyence. But when Oi saw the impty hamper an th' Mhajor aarm in aarm with th' lhadies an me lift behind with th' Ginerol, Oi sez to meself, sez Oi, "That's what cums in talkin abhaut maakin mutch of yer horses in a bhoat, an callin a Ginerol 'she'."

THE "DON'T WORRY" LITANY.

If a country is thinking of mobilizing, one of two things is certain, you are mobilized or you are not mobilized. If you are not mobilized there is no need to worry; but if you are mobilized one of two things is certain, you are at war or you are not at war. If you are not at war there is no need to worry; but if you are at war, one of two things is certain, you are either at home or at the Front. If you are at home, there is no need to worry; but if you are at the Front, one of two things is certain, you are either behind the lines or in the trenches. If you are behind the lines, there is no need to worry; but if you are in the trenches one of two things is certain, you are either in a place of safety or in a place of danger. If you are in a place of safety there is no need to worry; but if you are in a place of danger, one of two things is certain, you are either wounded or you are not wounded. If you are not wounded there is no need to worry; but if you are wounded, one of two things is certain, you are either wounded seriously or you are not wounded seriously. If you are not wounded seriously there is no need to worry; but if you are wounded seriously one of two things is certain, you will either recover or you will not recover. If you do recover there is no need to worry; but if you do not recover you'll go either one of two places. So why worry!

The prevailing question by Sappers around Barracks,—“Say, Sergeant, can you tell me where I belong. I am in Company —, and I can't find any trace of them.” “Sorry we can't enlighten you, old man; we are all in the same box; nobody loves us.”



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## INFANTRY IN NINE WEEKS.

Once it took at least a year to turn out a soldier fit for the fighting front. Then by forced methods the time of training was brought down to four months, and even less. But the Canadians have cut all records by a course which turns out efficient men in nine weeks.

The new Canadian method—it has only been in force a short time—is of special importance to the Allies just now, particularly for American troops. The Canadians found that there are many drawbacks in having soldiers trained near home. So it was resolved to establish big camps in England and to send the men straight over immediately after calling up.

A camp for ten thousand recruits has been established under Colonel Colquhoun in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots in England. Here, amid pine woods and on sandy soil, the Canadian recruits remain for 28 days. Most of them arrive absolutely green, raw material, barely knowing their right hand from their left.

They are not allowed to leave camp during this first month of training. They are housed in tents in groups of a thousand. They do no ordinary "fatigues". These are done for them by "B 2" men, old soldiers. It is their business to learn, not to clean up. They are worked hard and treated fairly. There is no bullying.

The mainstay of the system is the very careful selection of instructors, N.C.O.s who have seen active service and are skilled in handling men. Each of these is given charge of a platoon. He marches at the head of it on ceremonial parades. He is responsible for its well-being just as a company commander is responsible for the men under him.

The work is hard. The men are at it from 9 in the morning till 5.30 at night, with intervals at mid-day and for rest.

By the end of the first month the young soldier, living in the open, eating well, working hard, knows his drill, understands discipline, and has learned something of bombing and of musketry.

After the first month he moves on and mixes with older troops. Musketry, anti-gas work, open warfare now absorb his time. His work is supervised, inspected, and controlled at every turn. The officers over him are as much controlled as he is. There is a system to follow and they have to follow it. At the end of nine weeks the man is fit to take his place in the fighting line.

## FORSAKEN

By Joseph J. Martin

(Note.—The above is a contribution from Mr. Joseph J. Martin, formerly a Sapper in this Depot, and honorably discharged from the C. E. F. early in May. In writing, he expresses his continued interest in this Depot and in our own "Knots and Lashings".)

Do you think of the heart you have broken?

When another came into your life?  
How you have deceived and neglected,

A true and loving wife.

How could she look attractive?

When in plain common clothes she is dressed?

But still her heart that lies beneath,—

Is one of the very best.

What grief has been born in silence,

For these unhappy years.

While you gaily laughed with another,—

Her head was bowed in tears!

For one who should be her companion,

At any time or place,

Has only caused her a broken heart,

Misery and disgrace.

Have you forgotten the long, weary nights

As you lay so near death's dark door?

How she faithfully watched by your bedside,

Although she was weary and sore.

She willingly forgave you,—

For all you had caused her to bear.  
Her only thought was to plead with God

That He your life might spare.

But with health and strength restored to you,

With another start in life,

How soon you return to another

And forget a devoted wife.

Do you think the one you have chosen,

Will ever be honest or true?

In the hour of sickness and trouble,  
Will she remain by you?

While the one you have forsaken,  
Goes in prayer to God above,

Asking Him for strength and courage,

To bear the loss of a husband's love.

But in a little while 'twill all be o'er,

And perhaps sometime you may feel sad,

When you have lost forever,  
The best friend you ever had.



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**JOCK HAS ARRIVED.**

Well Jock! Welcome to the E. T. D. The last time I saw your old phiz you were in a much warmer clime than this, and I am sure all readers of our paper will extend the hand of friendship to such an estimable and distinguished soldier.

Your good old stories of your life in the army in all parts of the world are still fresh in my memory.

It is claimed on your behalf, Old Bird, that you held the rank of Deputy Assistant to a Lance Corporal's chum in the army of our old friend Pontius Pilate in his expedition to discover the source of the Nile.

When you first joined the Army is not clear even to our historians. Some go as far as to say that you helped to lay the keel of the Ark and that you were in charge of the Engineers' working party, when that vessel was being constructed, and here you are again, still smiling and as vigorous as ever, feeling young enough to take another crack at the enemies of your country.

By the way, Jock, have you still in your possession the button belonging to Noah's haversack?

And is it a fact, Jock, that you are the feller that engraved the Heiroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle?

Do you remember the time you came into Barracks at Chatham? It must have been shortly after the Crimean War, I think, and you were feeling pretty—thirsty, you picked up what you thought was a bowl of nut brown four-'arf, you downed the lot, and then you found you had swallowed old Nobby Clark's pipeclay.

Those were the days, Jock, when a soldier lived on Pipeclay and Bathbrick. I remember the time you were stationed in Sierra Leone. You were absent for a time there and when you turned up again the sentry on the gate chased you, you were dressed as a native and your body was all covered with burnt cork, if I remember correctly a fatigue party was detailed to restore you to your natural colour. What happened the day you chased the Colonel there? You once, I remember, almost married a Kaffir Princess when you were in South Africa.

I remember the time in the Tropics when you took religion and became an Evangelist, the time that Sierra Leone went dry, you were called in to officiate in your clerical capacity, at the death of some poor old nigger; you got badly mixed and commenced to chant the marriage service, it's a

wonder you came out of that trouble alive.

However, Jock Ewing, we hope to be further entertained with your good old stories. If only your old barrack room chums, Wellington, Pontius Pilate, Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Rameses I. could see you now, coming back into the game to show the young fellows how it is to be done, they would burst with pride as they did in the old times when you helped them out with your sage advice.

Keep the old mustaches flying, the war won't stop until you get there, and besides don't forget that you have an appointment on the other side with Bairnsfather, who will categorise you with "Old Bill" and 'Erbert.

Cheerio, old thing.

**TO JOCK.**

(The Curfew shall not ring tonight.)

Canada's Sun while grandly shining o'er the hills so far away,

Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad day.

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man so fresh and fair,

Who, with steps so slow and weary, stroked his very scanty hair; Dragging footsteps, sad and thoughtful, and with lips so cold and white,

Struggling to choke back the murmur, St. John's must not go dry tonight.

Poor old Jock's white lips faltered as he dragged his weary way, Thoughts of things like Prohibition, filled his young soul with dismay.

Sighing for the Tropic's gaiety, and the lively times he'd had, Soldiering with Pontius Pilate, from Chatham to Secunderabad.

Thoughts of one large beer or so Sir, or e'en a snort o' Black and White

Brought this passionate outburst from him, St. John's must not go dry tonight.

Reminisces of friendships, recollection of old times,

With the greatest of our soldiers, in this land and other climes, Filled old Jock with much foreboding, as the clock began to chime,

I have got to get a move on, or I shan't meet Boyd at nine,

And we've got to kill a couple, or he'll get an awful fright,

Can't we stop the clock, or something, St. John's must not go dry tonight.



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## GRAND FOOTBALL MATCH.

QUEBEC N.C.O.'s VS. DEPOT N.C.O.'s.

This interesting match was played June 30th on the Parade Field and was the outcome of a battle of words as to who possessed the most intelligent N.C.O.'s.

Sharp on football time, half an hour late, the combatants filed out on the battlefield in real drill order, (strugglers following up at two and three minute intervals). When the rival Captains had decided where to place the most handsome looking men, the referee signalled for hostilities to commence.

The line up was as follows:—

## Depot.

Sgt. Davidson

Spr. Fullerton Sgt. E. W. Johnson

Sgt. Claydon L/C Wilcox L/C Foster

Sgt. Mallison Cp. Motherwell Spr. Howe C.S.M. Watkin Sgt. Henesy

O

Spr. Kelly Spr. Brown Sgt. George C.S.M. Lear Spr. Thurtle

Sgt. Sutcliffe C.S.M. York Sgt. Jesson

Sgt. Lewis C.S.M. Dailly

Sgt. Roberts

## Quebec

Referee: Mr. W. G. Griffith.

With eyes ablaze and muscles twitching Sgt. George set the ball in motion. Quebec immediately pressed and bore down upon the Depot goal. But the goal-keeper who was but a boy proved equal to the occasion and made a grand save, the ball travelling to Sgt. Henesy who made a dashing run up the line, but discovered he had left the ball behind; Sgt. Jesson taking advantage of this fact nipped in and stole the ball while Jesson's back was turned. Quebec kept pressing and the spectators? (Spr. M. Ritchie) was loud in his applause at the Depot goal-keeper's prowess. It was then discovered that the Depot International goal-keeper whose identity had been kept dark was none other than our old friend Sgt. Davidson, who as a camouflage, had sacrificed his moustache.

First blood was drawn by Quebec. Sgt. Davidson was feeling his upper lip to test the effect of the razor when Sgt. George got his head to a centre and notched No. 1 for Quebec. Play waxed furious after this and the Depot right wing began teasing Sgt. Sutcliffe, but this old veteran showed his teeth and back went the ball. C.S.M. York at this time was making a name for himself, plugging in with all four feet and was the backbone of the Quebec defence. No. 2 came for Quebec, Spr. Brown deceiving Sgt. Davidson who had just saved a beauty from Kelly and while he was explaining to Sgt. Johnson how he did it, Brown kicked the ball through. Spurred by this further reverse the Depot insisted and just before half time Corp. Motherwell scored. Half time:— Quebec, 2; Depot, 1.

The second half was started at a hot pace. The Depot were determined to equalize which they did after 15 minutes play. Sgt. Jesson who thought the ball was travelling too fast caught hold of it with his front feet, but the eagle-eyed referee detected him and indirectly from this the Depot scored the equalizing goal. Sgt. M. Ritchie was highly pleased at the Depot success and many were the encouraging calls heard from his lips, hurled at his pets. C.S.M. Lear who had been playing all through the game for Quebec began to stir and tested the Depot "boy" goal-keeper, being successful after a while in giving Quebec the lead. Sgt. Roberts was discovered asleep in the Quebec goal and upon being awakened complained that he was not being worked sufficiently and it was at this time that Quebec were pressing despite Sgt. Davidson's repeated orders to move away, and Sgt. Fullerton thinking that Quebec had not had their just due, kindly put the ball through his own goal as a reward. This ended the scoring and just after this the referee blew for time as he wanted his tea. The result 4—2 for Quebec was a little flattering.

It would be unfair to individualize too much on the play of the participants. Sgt. M. Ritchie played a good game on the touch line and the Regimental Football Team should never be stuck for players, either for football or marbles. "Keep up the interest, boys!"

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