

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

Vol. 2. No. 5.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

5 Cents The Copy



S.P.R. S. VEALE

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FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

Despite the fact that eating is one of the most important functions in the lives of every man in the E. T. D. doubtless few are aware of the heavy burden which falls on the shoulders of the Quartermaster and his staff of non-coms who make the maligned mulligan, tea and similar items of the diet sheet a possibility.

Thinking that the readers of "Knots and Lashings" would be interested in some cold facts and figures emanating from the Q. M. department the scribe dropped in at the Mess Hall between acts the other day and, after threading his way through a small army of mop and broom wielders he sought out Sergeant-Major G. Henson who is responsible to Captain Manville, the genial Quartermaster, for the condition of the Mess not only at the Main Barracks but also at Vinegar and College Barracks.

According to the estimates given by the non commissioned officer it costs the government something like \$850 a day to provide provender for the 850 men at the Main Depot, the 600 at Vinegar and the 300 at College Barracks. This figure excludes the canteen fund which is utilized to provide the pudding which lately has become a regular and very much appreciated feature of the Mess. The pudding costs approximately \$300 per month for all the barracks.

Space will not permit a detailed account of the amount of food provided for the various Barracks but it will be interesting to see just what is consumed in a day in the Mess Hall at Main Barracks. The seating capacity of this big room is officially given at 850 though probably more have been seated at one time. No less than 750 pounds of bread are demolished by the hungry Sappers (1½ pounds per loaf). A similar amount of meat is eaten, 900 pounds of potatoes, 450 pounds of vegetables. In the big urns in the kitchen eleven pounds of tea are dumped for two meals, about 15 pounds of coffee being prepared for breakfast.

One hundred pounds of butter provide the daily ration served at two meals and 100 pounds of oatmeal are required to supply sufficient porridge for breakfast.

A staff of nine cooks are kept busy in the kitchen, some of them remaining on duty all through the night, preparing the warm meals to which the guard and all late duty workers are entitled. The day's dinner is 'begun' at about five o'clock in the morning and breakfast is started no later than

four a.m. The evening meal is the most simple to prepare since the food requires little preparation.

The E. T. D. draws rations daily from the Army Service Corps in Montreal, these coming by train to St. Johns and being hauled to the different barracks.

When one recalls the old adage that an army moves on its stomach one gets a clearer conception of the burden that is carried on the shoulders of the Quartermaster staff.

Sergeant J. W. Hickman has active charge of the Main Barracks Mess, Sergeant J. J. Hoyle at Vinegar, and Sergeant W. Riddell at College.

"D" COMPANY.

It was with genuine regret that the men and office staff of Company "D" said good bye to Lieut. R. M. Trow who has been granted indefinite leave of absence and who this week left for his home in Stratford, Ontario. Only recently he sustained a heavy loss in the death of his brother who succumbed to influenza. Lieut. Trow was attached to this Company for several months and for a time was Acting Captain.

Non-commissioned officers are getting scarce in this company. Lance Corporal Bridger left for his home in Minneapolis this week and his departure was quickly followed by two highly popular sergeants, Sergeant C. E. Phillips who left, temporarily for Montreal and Orderly Room Sergeant Frank McKeegan, who by now will be at his home town, Chicago. All of these men were given rousing send offs at the station by fellow non-coms and men, this attesting their popularity. Sergeant McKeegan who, it is whispered, was tendered a party on the eve of departure, is a returned man having gone over with the first Division being shell-shocked in Flanders and spending seven weeks in Woolwich Hospital, England, where for several weeks he was without the power of speech. On returning to Canada he re-enlisted with the Canadian Engineers.

Congratulations — Sappers Hogarth, Swann and Lucien Prairie were awarded their Lance-Jack "V's" this week.

Lance Corporal J. H. R. Ward is suffering from measles and is at the isolation hospital. In his hour of anguish he is not forgotten by his lady friends. How about the nurse's screeds, old man, do they cheer you up?

LIGHT DUTY



OFFICIALLY COMMENDED.

The following is an excerpt from Daily Orders of Saturday November 2nd:—

The Officer Commanding wishes to convey his appreciation of the good work of the men of the Vinegar Barracks who so ably fought the fire of the 21st instant. It is difficult to single out individual cases but the following deserve special mention:—

"A" Company

Sgt. Tommey
L/C McConney
Spr. T. Glenn
Spr. T. Mitchell

"B" Company

Sgt. Roxburgh
Cpl. Joyce
L/C Lee
L/C Kimber
Spr. Yeoman
Spr. Westlin
Spr. Peberdy
Spr. H. Fox
Spr. Hodgkinson

A Good View.

The slacker was doing his best to get exempted.

"It's my eyes, doctor," he moaned. "I can't see a thing unless it's put very close to me."

"Oh! that'll be all right," said the doctor cheerily. "We've got a special trench made for your sort—right up close to the Bosche; you'll get a splendid view."

MAJOR THE GUARDIAN OF THE E. T. D.

Speak up Major, you wise old dog,
For of your kind you're a
pedagogue.
Speak and tell us of your life,
For you wear scars of many a
strife.

Speak, for you must have been a
pup,
E'er Babylon was lifted up.
Of many a dog fight you've victor
been,
But where are your medals, old
canine.

You've won promotion, we all
know that,
In many a battle with dog or cat.
You're an officer of rank quite
high,
So why be silent? Tell us why.

You may have been a pup at
school,
When Rome was burned by that
Nero fool.
Or licked the wounds of Coeur-de-
Lion,
When he fought the Arabs in
Palestine.

Perchance you knew the wolf most
famous,
That suckled little Romulus and
Remus.
Or may'st have been the dog so
brave,
That saved the child from a watery
grave.

Knew you the cur to us no
stranger,
That kept the horse from the hay
in the manger?
But silent still, you learned brute?
Your right to silence we'll no more
dispute.

You mount guard each day, attend
each parade,
You are acting O.C. of the dogs'
brigade.
Every dog going in and out you
search,

You go out to P.T. also to church.
You inspect the canteen, the
kitchen and stores,
The stables and barracks and all
open doors,
Then to the guard room for rest
you retire,
There to lie down and dream by
the fire.

On the whole you're a very in-
telligent brute,
But strange as't may seem, you
pass the salute,
For a dog of your rank that is
certainly raw,
So wake up Major; touch your ear
with your paw.

D. Scribe.

A PROPER SPIRIT.

St. Johns, Que.,
November 26th, 1918.

Editor,
"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

I am going out back to the old
life and the wife and kiddies. In
going I want to thank all the boys
of the E. T. D. for the many kind-
nesses I have received at their
hands. In my duties I have had
dealings with a great many men of
all companies and I will say they
were all real men and regular
fellows. Knowing the boys as I
knew them I shall always feel
proud of having been a Canadian
Engineer because of the many good
fellows I met and good friends I
made and I wish for nothing more
than to meet and work with as
good comrades as I have had here.

The permanent men of my party
I wish particularly to thank for
the fair way in which they always
treated me. I shall always look
back on the time I spent with them
as time well spent. To them and
all I have been in touch with, I
take this opportunity of saying:
Goodbye, good luck, and God be
with you always.

Corporal T. C. Wyllie.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

The name of the man who kissed
the Quartermaster at the Cadets'
Party.

Beyond Doubt.

A soldier in the Dublin Fusiliers
went to the orderly-room and asked
for a few days leave. He was asked
why he wanted leave.

"Well, sorr, it's like this, sorr.
I've had a letter from me woife.
She says she's spring-cleaning and
wants to know if I can give her
some help."

The Sergeant said:

"That's a funny thing, Mike,
only last week I had a letter from
your wife, and she said by no
means give you leave, for you were
more trouble in the house than out
of it."

Michael looked rather staggered
and said:

"Then I suppose I cannot have
me lave?"
"No."

Michael was just marching out of
the door when he turned round:
"Might I spake to ye agin,
sorr?"

The sergeant inclined his head.
"Well, sorr, there's two liars in
this room, and I'm one of 'em, for
I'm not married!"

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Wines Spirits & Liqueurs

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N. Lord, Proprietor.

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Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.



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— STAFF —

EDITOR:—Capt. W. J. Gerrard

— Associates —

Assistant Editors:

Capt. J. H. Edgar

Capt. R. R. Knight

L/Cpl. D. C. Patterson

Corpl. Lucien Prairie,

Spr. G. Tetley,

Notes, Main Barracks

Corpl. R. L. Elliott,

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THE SOLDIER AND THE ALIENS.

Some time ago there appeared in our columns a very able article upon the Alien question and, lest in the general rejoicing over peace, and the bustle and confusion occasioned by the demobilization the question should be overlooked, we desire to draw your attention to the Alien question once again. Enemy and neutral aliens have been living here during the whole period of the war and as fast as our men went into training and overseas, their places were taken in the factory workshop and shipyard by aliens who have no interest in the country, and indeed in many instances openly rejoiced when the shadow of defeat seemed to rest upon our arms, who also boasted of the power of their armies and how they would eventually rule when they had defeated the Allies. They plotted and planned to overthrow the powers that be whilst eating our salt, even now those who are in internment camps are treated infinitely better than were any of our unfortunate comrades who fell into the hands of their countrymen, they are demanding loudly to be liberated.

Their peculiar mentality does not permit them to develop any gratitude to their benefactors, having been taught that "might is right". They carry that ideal into every walk in life and having had the run of our factories and workshops during the war, they have made good money not much of which has been invested in Victory Bonds.

But with the cessation of hostilities there is bound to be a slump in the labour market until the whole business world has time to readjust things. The boys who have been overseas will be returning. They have not been making big money but they have made history, and they will naturally look forward to resuming the old situations. With the coming of a surplus of labour it is quite on the cards that the cost of the hire of labour will decline; then these alien peoples who have done nothing for the country but live on it will turn round and with their 'Might is Right' tactics try to outbid on the labour market the men who have fought and bled in Flanders fields, for the principle of "Right is Might". A good many will doubtless endeavour to become naturalised citizens of Canada. What have they done to warrant the right to become Canadian Citizens? They carry with them wherever they go a spirit of unrest and they plot and plan for their own selfish end putting self-interest always before the best interests of the community and country.

Canada does not require citizens of this type. To admit them into our great family would be dishonouring our immortal dead who lie afar in Flanders and France. We don't want them. The country is better without them, and, as we have previously remarked it is likely they will offer to undersell our returned boys on the labour market. Let us appeal to all employers of labour to Merchants and Shippers to the Railways and the big Corporations to be patriotic and employ the returned men in preference to the alien. Be loyal to your country, and to the men who went overseas and made freedom possible to the democracy of the world by standing by those who fought for that freedom even to the death.

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST.

A good deal has been heard lately in the local French press about protection from the Military, suggesting that the soldiers went about like roaring lions, doing things without punishment being dealt out to them, and appealing to the civil authorities to mete out justice.

Let us give you two cases and then you can judge for yourselves who best protect our women, the civil, or the military authorities. A soldier wanders along the corridor of a certain St. Johns hotel and, seeing a lady go into a room he followed and rapped upon the door. Naturally, she called out, people came along and he was handed over to the Military authorities. He is brought before the C.O. and is given 28 days detention which means 28 days imprisonment and the loss of 28 days pay. All for rapping upon a door.

In the other case, the wife of one of our N.C.O.'s was going along the road to meet her husband. It was fairly lonely, by the railroad track. When she was seized by a civilian, she struggled and finally broke away, and ran to meet her husband. The husband and a fellow soldier went after the offender and caught him in the Railway Station. He was handed over to the Civil Authorities, brought before a judge here in St. Johns and fined \$10.00 and costs. This is a direct case of assault, remember.

As to who places the highest value upon our women's honour, we leave you to judge. We place the question before you without comment.

DEMobilIZATION PROCEEDING.

Farewells are beginning to be said now in the E. T. D. with the work of Demobilization getting into stride. At the present writing about 175 men have been returned to civil life, most of them being of low medical category, Railway men, of which there is an acute shortage, and students.

Lieutenant H. P. Rust has been put in charge of the work and with an energetic staff of non-coms has started the machinery in motion. Indications point to a speeding up of the work as the new duties become familiar to those in charge.

Instead of demobilizing one complete group of men as was the case when the procedure first began, those whose names appear each evening on Daily Orders are, on the following day, taken before a medical board where they are examined. On the following day the group goes to the Pay Office where clothing allowance is issued after which the men are paraded by a non-commissioned officer to St. Johns where civilian clothing

is secured. As soon as the khaki is doffed there comes the parade before the Quartermaster where all serge is turned in provided the soldier was not in service prior to July 1st. Outstanding accounts are next settled after which the men receive their back pay. Then comes the certificate of discharge issued in the Adjutant's office and finally transportation which is made out in Montreal at District Headquarters.

The regulations covering the disposition of uniforms came from headquarters and are not the result of any local decision.

The demobilization staff is composed of Lieut. Rust, Sèrgt. C. Webb, Lee, Corpls. G. D. Bell, J. E. Whiffen and A. Greenwood.

A Trifle.

Cadet (just leaving cadet school):—"Well, good-bye, sir. I am most grateful to you for the pains you have taken. You've taught me all I know."

Instructor:—"Oh! that's all right—there's no need to mention such a trifle."

THE MAILING LIST.

Those of you who desire to keep in touch with one another should not lose the present opportunity of putting your name on the mailing list. Subscription to "Knots and Lashings" should be brought in to Room 72, the price being \$2.60 per year or 1.30 for six months.

By subscribing to the E. T. D. weekly men now going back into Civil life will be enabled to read all the news of the Barracks and to keep alive the memories of the months of training undertaken for the World's greatest cause.

A Message from Canada's Dead Heroes

Reverently prepared for publication by Bernard Rose.

Comrades and fellow citizens:

We are no longer with you.

We have made, as we were prepared to, the "supreme" sacrifice.

Our lives we gladly gave for something infinitely more precious, liberty and honour.

Death suffered in a great cause has given us a historical immortality which future generations of our kinsmen will embody in poetry, song and monument.

We are now inhabitants of that vast City of the Dead, in which eternally dwell the most noble and self-sacrificing of mankind.

Mother Earth embraces us and took us to her bosom in order that the children of men remain free, rid of tyrants, autocrats, castes, and cliques that sought to enslave mankind.

We loved life as ye do.

We knew the joy of living.

In flesh we were grateful for kindness shown us.

We loved little children as Christ did.

We thought kindly and tolerantly of our fellow-men and wished them well.

It is for them that we took up the Cross and marched to Calvary and died as He did to save mankind from sin and suffering.

We are resigned to our fate and willing wearers of the martyrs crown.

Had we not given up the Ghost, civilization would have surely perished and the earth become a desert.

In acting as we did we followed in the footsteps of our heroic ancestors.

But we shall rest uneasily unless you do your whole duty to those we left behind.

In fulfilling ours, we gave our all.

You must do likewise, if you wish us to sleep restfully in the "peace that passeth understanding".

You know that we died to save the Empire.

That to us the flag and country was a holy symbol that we jealously guarded from alien and brutal Hun desecration.

With bayonet and bullet, and shot and shell, we fought and repelled the barbarous hordes that sought to ravish and destroy our glorious Empire as they raped and destroyed brave Belgium.

In the might of our righteousness, victory has crowned our efforts.

We sadly mourn the fate that does not permit us to share in your joy.

Yet, we hear the glad paeans of victory, that reach unto heaven.

The light in your eyes glints up to the very skies.

We wish you well, but lest you forget that for which we died as we entered the gates of Eternity: Remember! That you must keep Canada a British Dominion.

That you must strive to make it the land of happiness and hope.

That you must maintain, be the cost and sacrifice what it may, those institutions, liberties, traditions, and privileges for which we bartered our lives.

That you must guard, protect, help, and champion, the

wounded and the maimed, the gassed and gaunt heroes who returned to your shores.

Our dependents and children are your care.

Everything you possess is theirs.

They are our heirs.

See that you treat them generously, lest our wrath torture your conscience.

We demand that the greatest consideration and sympathy, social, moral, and material, be shown our brave comrades-in-arms who are still with the living.

Help those who helped us, when we sorely needed their aid.

Let there be no senseless bickering and barking, dissension and discouragement.

Stand together!

The fair land in which you dwell belongs to you and our children: We paid for it with our blood.

Do not permit yourselves to be exploited by those who deserted us when we urgently needed assistance.

You dare not forget and cannot forgive the cowards who were willing to let us die in vain.

We are the Chosen of the Lord!

We have the right to dictate to the governors and the governed: To the elected and those who elect.

To the first, our command is: Give place and preferment to those who went over the top and live to tell the tale.

They have earned it; they deserve it; they must get it.

Serve them as they served you and you will not repent.

Treat the dependents of those who are with us in the state of God, with the utmost generosity.

It is payment of the insurance due those who are left behind on the policy we took out when we went to do and die and the premiums on which are fully paid.

Trust the soldier and patriotic citizen of both sexes.

Make them a privileged class—their hearts beat in unison with ours.

They are, blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, spirit of our spirit.

They are true Britishers.

To their voices and counsels you must hearken in order to be saved.

They are the salt of the earth and to them the earth belongs.

To the second we say: Trust not those who would beguile and deceive with fair and false promises.

Beware of the procrastinating politician, who favoured fiddling while the Hun was burning Belgium.

Stand by and support with might and main, those who placed Empire and country before party; who would not bow the knee to political popes but answered our brave chief's call for reinforcements with a thunderous and united, Yes!

Do not weaken from your allegiance to British ideals.

We are an Imperial race.

We are the Saviours and guardians of the World's liberty.

Watch closely and impress upon those who govern that the loyal and patriotic population of Canada should for many generations hold the preponderance of power.

That is the legacy that we bequeathed them in the testament we wrote with our blood as our lives ebbed on the soil we have forever made sacred.

**OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s and MEN
of E. T. D.**

Wearing Glasses should have a duplicate of their lens before going overseas.

Come And See Us.

Arm. Bourgeois,

OPTICIAN

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Boys,

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Fur Repairs:—A Specialty.
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It is time to think of purchasing your

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41 ST. JAMES STREET

St. Johns, Que.

CADET'S FAREWELL PARTY.

The E.T.D. Cadets, whose course of intensive training was disrupted when the Demobilization began, joined in a big farewell party on Tuesday night at the Windsor Hotel the event being attended by Col. W. W. Melville and a number of officers attached to the Barracks.

Covers were laid for seventy, and at half past nine o'clock the guests were ushered in to the dining hall where a delicious repast was served, as the accompanying menu clearly indicates.

MENU

Cream of Tomato Soup
(à la Mulligan)

Queen Olives Celery
(I'll make you sweat)

Fried Doré Potato Chips
(Places Change)

Roast Stuffed Turkey
Cranberry Sauce

Mashed Potatoes Green Peas
(Dear Mother)

Steamed Plum Pudding
Brandy Sauce
(Full Knees Bend)

Vanilla Ice Cream

Tea Coffee

Cheese
(Bell's Knots)

Cigars Cigarettes

TOASTS

The King

The Engineers.

The Army and Navy.

Our Guests.

Cadet Marshall presided and when full justice had been done to the tempting viands toasts were drunk and speeches were in order. Col. W. W. Melville, the revered commanding officer of the Depot, in responding to the toast "The Engineers" spoke at length on the work accomplished here and included wholesome advice to the embryo officers denied a chance of taking their companies into battle but who will now go back to civil life better than ever equipped to fight the battles of life which lay before them. The theme of his speech, an exceptionally able one, was the memorable words of Harry Lauder—"Carry On".

Space does not permit an 'in extenso' report of the various addresses made as all were very timely. Major Keefer responded

to the toast "The Army and Navy"; his speech eliciting handsome applause. During the evening numerous impromptu talks were heard from the invited guests and one from Cadet Woodhouse which was peculiarly apt. Had his power of oratory been previously realised he would doubtless have been put down for a set speech.

Music from a string orchestra was rendered during the course of the evening and songs were contributed by Cadets Jamerson and Bultitude.

The dinner was tendered to the Cadet classes which included men, who have attended the different organizations which have been formed since last June. Among the guests were several officers who graduated at the E.T.D.

The list included:—

Col. Melville, Major Keefer, Major Powell, Major Milne, Captain Fellowes, Captain Manville and Captain Smith.

The following from the instructional staff were also present:—
Sergeant Major White, Sergeant

Major Sims, Sergeant Major Buckley, Sergeant Major MacClements, Sergeant Major Richie and Sergeant Collier.

**IN 1856 EMERSON WROTE
THIS OF ENGLAND.**

I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! Mother of nations, Mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require at the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous, who are born in the soil.



Pity the poor Blind!

ON LEAVE.

We walked upon the sunny hill,
My own dear lad and I;
We walked and talked, as dear
friends will,
Of many things—the deep blue
sky,
The blood-red maples on the hill,
The sunlight through the yellow
trees,
Its gold upon the woods did spill,
As if some Midas, passing through,
With magic touch had turned their
hue,
We flung the milkweed to the
breeze,
And laughed to see it sail afar;
We laughed and did not speak of
war.

And so we filled the pleasant day
With laughter, love and fancies
gay;
And then he went away.
I walk upon the sunny hill,
I walk and pray as women will.
Who can do naught but pray:

O, God, give Thou, my dear lad
strength
To nobly do his part
For justice, honor and for Thee;
Then pure in body and in heart,
If it shall be Thy will, at length,
O bring him back to me.

—M. C. Raby.

VICTORY LOAN

1918

Province of Quebec Headquarters

142 Notre Dame Street West
Montreal, Nov. 20th, 1918.

Dear Sir:—

A great Campaign will be held throughout the Province of Quebec during the next few days. The Campaign is a Thanksgiving Appeal for the Canadian sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. The work of the Canadian Red Cross Society, the Navy League, and the Canadian War Contingent Associations, through their marvellous organizations, call for no description by us.

Canadians who have not gone to the front have given generously throughout our wide Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and by means of this generous response all Canadian sick and wounded soldiers and sailors have been helped and comforted.

Our sister Provinces have responded to the appeal for funds during the present year—not only Ontario, but also Manitoba and Saskatchewan with their small and scattered populations (neither of them having a population equal to the City of Montreal) have given

most generously—Manitoba \$1,300,000—Saskatchewan \$1,200,000.

Now the call comes to the ancient Province of Quebec with its population of 2,300,000.

The response to the call should be as generous as our sister Provinces in the West so that it cannot be said that this great and wealthy Province has failed to bear its share in the great work of the Red Cross.

You have just finished a wonderful work in bringing the Victory Loan to such a triumphant conclusion, and it is to you who have been chosen as the leaders in your district that we appeal to undertake the present campaign.

If you will voluntarily give your services, we know you will be successful in your territory, and in the years to come you will have the great joy of having done this great work for your brothers who are ready to lay down their lives for Canada.

Will you not do your part in celebrating our great Victory by making "The Thanksgiving Appeal" a record which old Quebec may be proud of?

All subscriptions obtained should be sent in to A. D. Anderson, Honorary Treasurer, Canadian Red Cross Society, 403 Drummond Bldg., Montreal.

Yours very truly,
E. A. MacNutt
A. P. Frigon

A collection will be taken at the Church Parade on Sunday, December 1st. May we bespeak a generous response from the E. T. D. on behalf of the Red Cross Funds.
Editor.

Heard In Whitehall.

A young officer after undergoing a terrible time in France was at last rewarded by receiving ten days' leave. Having to attend to certain urgent domestic and financial matters he was anxious to secure a few days' extension, and made up his mind to tackle the War office.

He arrived there early in the morning, and after waiting for three solid hours he was eventually shown into the office of a dapper little captain, who had obviously never been out of England at all.

He put forward his case respectfully enough, but the staff captain only stared at him rudely and ejaculated:

"Don't you know there's a war on?"

"Really!" came the ready retort; "those damned Mexicans again, I suppose!"

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the soldier boys and like to
have them visit us.
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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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prices.

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SERVICE

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"THE GREAT FIRE AT THE VINEGAR BARRACKS".

Vinegar Barracks was the scene of a hard-fought battle last Thursday, the 21st of November, 1918, between the Vinegar Legions, under Commander-In-Chief Milne, and the "devouring element", which apparently had no leadership except its own uncontrollable deviltry.

This hive of Military Activity was engaged in its accustomed routine and the Supper Parade had just fallen in, when at 5:05 p.m. the fire alarm was sounded by Cpl. Joyce, and it was discovered that the enemy had reached our outposts and was endeavouring to capture the quarters of the Sanitary Fatigue. This simple but impressive specimen of Franco-Canadian Architecture was in flames, and Lieut. Shand, Acting Commander of Our Forces, realized that the situation was grave.

The Guard had turned out and with Fixed Bayonets repelled the onrushing enemy, ably assisted by the Vinegar Fire Picquet, the Vinegar Hose under Command of Cpl. Griffiths, and the Ropes and Fire-Buckets which were still in the safe of the Q. M. Stores at the Main Barracks. Acting Commander Shand despatched reinforcements to the aid of these Gallant Fighters and the efforts of the enemy to advance his line were repulsed everywhere with heavy loss.

At 5:20 p.m. Commander-in-Chief Milne took over the direction of affairs and made a skillful disposition of his troops preparatory to assuming the offensive. The Main Body, under the Second-in-Command, took up a position facing the line of advance of the enemy, its left and right flanks being protected by strong columns under the command respectively of Sgt. Tomney of "A" Company and Sgt. Roxburgh of "B" Company.

The arrival of strong reinforcements, consisting of the 18 City Firemen under the command of Capt. Whatsisname (who is also Chief of Police, Head of the Board of Health and Director of Public Safety), was the signal for the attack to be launched. The men of the Vinegar, furious at the threat to their well-loved home, rushed forward and, in spite of a heavy barrage of sparks, got to close quarters with the foe. In the darkness of the Winter Evening each man fought individually and with the weapon which came first to hand.

Rifles, axes, fire-hose, bayonets, fire-buckets and water were wielded with unstinted vigor, and

the enemy began to give ground. Emitting a furious volley of smoke he endeavoured to halt our advance, but the Pickle Stalwarts would not be denied, and at 7:20 p.m. the would-be invader of our Sacred Precincts sullenly retired, went out, quit, gave up the ghost and said "Good-by", while the bright star of Victory rested on the time-worn and odoriferous banners of the Vinegar Legions.

Our casualties were heavy, but, considering the magnitude of the forces engaged and the violence of the fighting, were not excessive, and show the able generalship and loyal cooperation with which the action was conducted. They were as follows:—

L/Cpl. Sparrow, severe wounds in the head (caused by worry over the possible loss of his kit, this being the moulting season).

Sapper Glenn—Overcome by Smoke.

Captain Whatsisname, feelings hurt (by remark of Spr. Westlin that "he didn't know enough to fire a cook-stove").

The following N.C.O.'s and men were mentioned in despatches for gallantry.

Sergt. Tomney—"A" Company.

Sergt. Roxburgh—"B" Company.

L/Cpl. Lee—"B" Company.

L/Cpl. McConney—"A" Company.

Spr. Smith, A. G., M.O. Orderly.

Spr. Glenn, T.—"A" Company.

Spr. Mitchell, T.—"A" Company.

Spr. Yeoman—"B" Company.
Spr. Westlin, F.—"B" Company.

Spr. Peberdy—"B" Company.
Spr. Fox, H.—"B" Company.

Cpl. Joyce—"B" Company—
Turning out the Guard—on duty.

L/Cpl. Kimber—"B" Company
—Posting his guard and directing traffic.

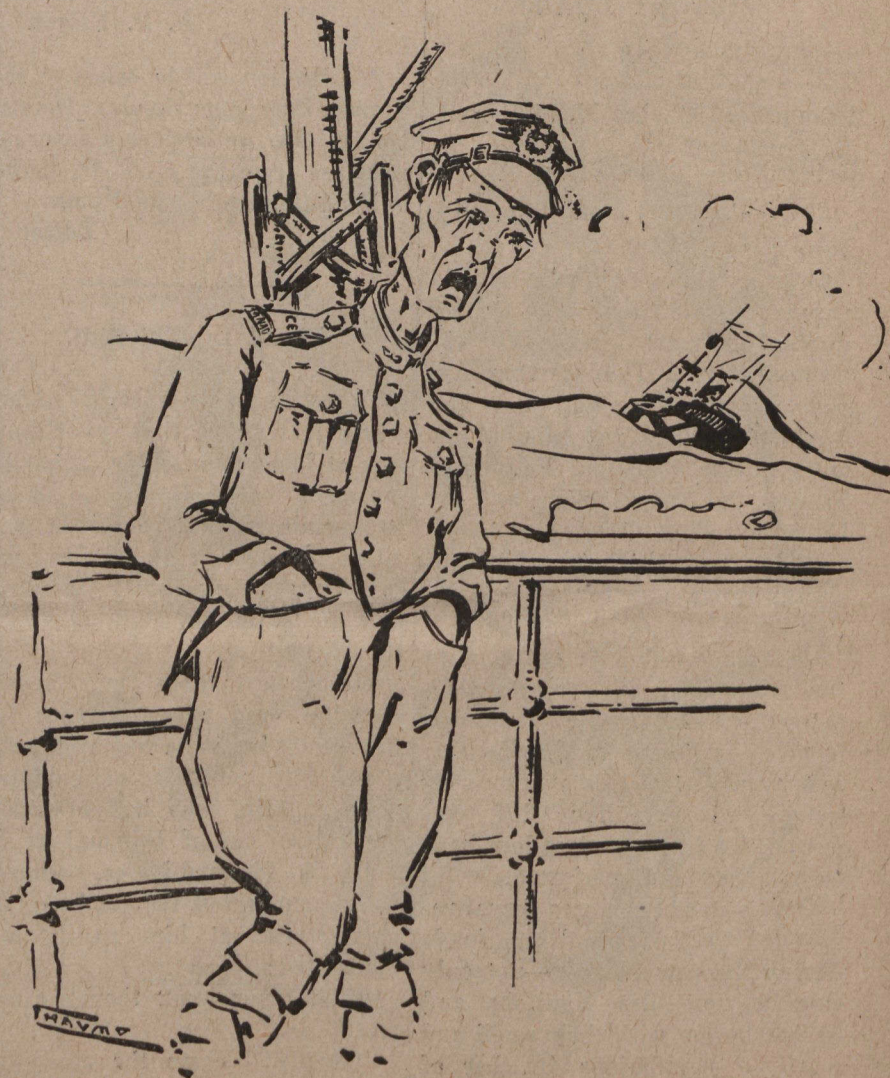
Spr. Hodgkinson—"B" Company
—No. 1 Post, Observing fire and giving alarm.

We understand that the Royal Vinegar Cross will be conferred on several of these soldiers, but nothing definite has been decided upon as the Right Honourable the Prime Minister is now in England.

Scrutator.

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.



Hell's Bells.

SOME PICKLES WITHOUT VINEGAR.

Some More Peace Terms.

Oh! recent happy days have seen,
The end of "Bill" and all his gang,
They're tearing from him all his sheen,
And raising Cain in dear Berlin.

It is with feeling we express,
Our grief for those that stay o'er there,
They won't be back to wave the flags,
And in our gladness justly share.

After all it is not mete,
That we should forget their wondrous feat,
But when the day of reckoning comes,
Put an end to all these bums.
So that at some future time,
Our children,
Will not have to 'toe the line'.

To "Pickle-dilly"

It was a dark and dreary night,
And Sergt. Johnson went to meet
A little Jane on Richelieu Street,
But alas! he had not thought,
Of other non-coms straight and taught,
With shining brass and sword belt slung,
That were 'hanging at his feet'.

It is strange that men of Johnson's mien,
Should so be put behind the screen,
In everything they try to do,
Why don't they try to 'tie the can'
To such an awful, rotten, plan.

These letters that appear in press,
Of rugged taste and tardy jest,
Are too blasé and rather chesty,
To make impression on C.S.M.
Est-y.

So we advise you to get wise,
And before you fall from grace,
Try to imitate that soldier,
"With the boyish face".

Rumours Heard At The Vinegar This Week.

"1500 Civie Suits are in the Q.M. Stores."
"They are going to send all the Vancouver men away first."
"A draft of A-2 men are going over-seas."
"The French draft will be turned into the Siberian outfit."
"I want a pass to the States to see my mother-in-law."
"I want a pass to see my Mother, I have not seen her for 22 years."
"I am going to report sick in the morning, can I be excused

guard?"
"We are going to get oyster stew and chicken when "Peace" is signed."

Sayings We Used To Hear In The Riding School, From The R.M.

"Sit up sit down and keep your blooming 'ands down."
"Who told you to dismount without orders."
"You could not ride in a cab with the door shut."
"Keep your arms in, do you think you are playing the bag-pipes?"
"Look at the Cavalry of the Line, arn't they beautiful!"

Heard At The Vinegar.

Sapper:—"What does the bunch think about L/Corp. Spar—w?"
Bunch:—"He's alright!"
Sapper:—"Well what does the gang say?"
Gang:—" ? ; x ' (-) / '."

Young lady on the telephone:—"I want to speak to that little Sergeant with a big knob on his stick."
(Exit Orderly Room Corporal.)
"Vinegar Scribe."

Dripping.

During the battle of Arras a 9.2 British battery was having a lively time. For days they had had no rest and it was as much as they could do to keep the guns in action. The telephone lines were being broken every few minutes, and telephonists were working themselves to skeletons in order to keep communications established.

One morning a message came from headquarters. The telephonists got the words "Report at once," when the line broke again. Linesmen went scurrying out to find the break. It took an hour to locate, and was in one of the buried sections, which meant a considerable amount of digging.

At last the operator in the battery got through to headquarters. "Can you hear me?" he yelled. "Yes."
"Repeat your message of 10.20 a.m."

The message came:
"Report at once amount of dripping you will have for collection to-morrow morning!"
And the battery had lived on bully beef and biscuits for the last ten days!

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SUGGESTIONS FOR INDUS- TRIAL REMOBILIZATION AND REORGANIZATION

Whilst the representatives of the Entente nations and Central powers will be discussing terms, the civil population of the Allied nations will be considerably exercised as to what steps should be taken to assure a continuance of employment to the millions who will be thrown upon their resources as a result of the stoppage of war industries.

There will be a huge demobilization of military and industrial manpower. The first will not be so difficult as the second. The knowledge acquired during the war will enable the military authorities to bring about a gradual demobilization while at no time relaxing discipline and depriving the men in the army and dependents of the support, pay, and allowances which they received and to which they are entitled until they are completely discharged.

In connection with the industrial demobilization, unless the majority of those who were employed in establishments devoted to the manufacture of munitions and other war material have put away a certain sum out of their large earnings for the proverbial rainy day, a great deal of hardship will ensue and much suffering undergone by workmen and workwomen who are dependent upon their toil for the means of a livelihood and must starve unless they imme-

diately obtain employment.

The demobilized army will expect, and is entitled to first consideration. After all, they were the ones who did and dared, suffered and died, while their fellow citizens engaged in peaceful pursuits enjoyed life as they would in normal times and were privileged to take advantage of labour conditions enabling them to obtain higher wages through the scarcity of labour.

The men from the trenches will not suffer themselves to be forgotten nor will they tolerate any but the best treatment which a grateful and generous country should and must accord them. They are worthy as labourers ready to die for the saving of liberty and civilization; they are deserving of their hire and this must be paid them in the full and freest measure.

On the part of a great many of these, there will be, owing to the conditions under which they lived for several years, a disinclination to revert to their former position in factory, workshop, store or warehouse and field. They will have to be re-educated to a mode of life and an employment to which they can adapt themselves without too much friction.

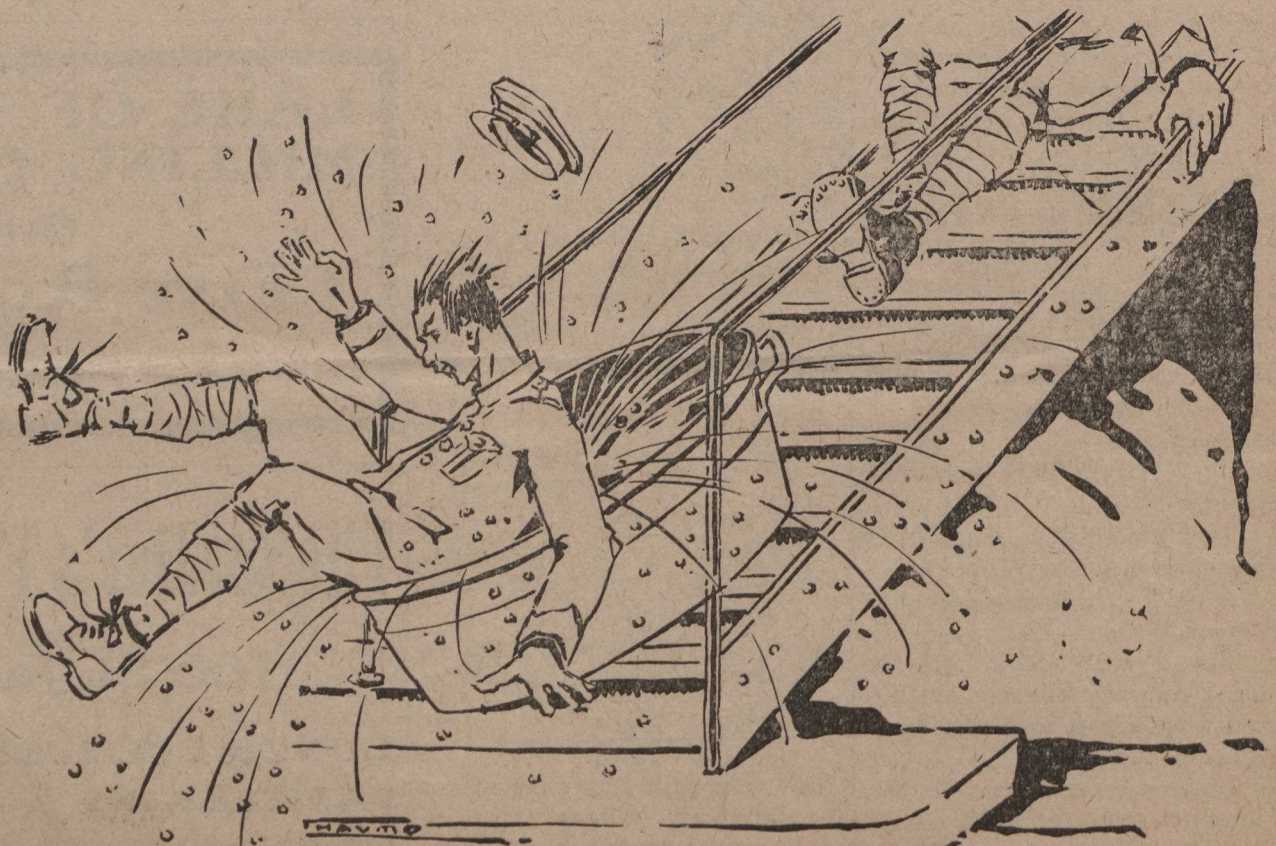
Whatever care we may necessarily give the demobilized soldier we shall not be under the same obligation to devote as much time and thought to his industrial brother and sister. Nevertheless, in order to avoid serious disturbance, both social, political and

industrial, it will be necessary for the Government of the time to devise ways and means to re-absorb into the several industrial spheres, those who are thrown out of employment but who must at the same time work in order to live.

We cannot afford a workless, underfed and discontented proletariat. The State is regarded as being a paternal provider and those who direct its political machinery will be very severely censured unless prompt steps be taken to remedy the situation that will arise.

The question that will have to be answered is this: what new industries or employments can be continued or established in order that they may furnish employment for the largest number of those who are accustomed to work in munition and other plants? Men and women who have developed a certain amount of mechanical ability will prefer being employed in an occupation or industry where this ability can be exercised for their own advantage. In other words permit them to earn decent wages.

It may be said by those who are not thoroughly conversant with industrial conditions and who understand the mentality of the working class that those who are thrown out of employment at the cessation of hostilities should work on farms, etc. That is, swell the agricultural population which will permit increased production which will be just as badly needed at the close of the war as it was during the war.



Troubles of a Rolling Sea.

Such advice is very easily given but very hard to follow by those to whom it is directed. Very few of those employed in industry will willingly take up farm work. It is not as paying and deprives them of those social pleasures and amusements which are within the reach of all who dwell in large cities.

The average wage earner will much prefer working for considerably less and even starving in the city to seeking work on the farm or in the rural districts.

Notwithstanding the fears that a contemplation of after war conditions may inspire, we in Canada are in a much superior and more fortunate position than any other of the Entente nations. Our population is not as war weary as those in the countries within the war zone and it is therefore more optimistic and virile than the unfortunate population in the countries closer to the actual conflict and which were devastated by the Hun.

We have an over-flowing abundance of raw materials in our mines, fisheries and fertile fields. These can be very easily, rapidly and profitably developed and if the right precautions are taken at the proper moment and a practical system of development adopted, all those who are out of employment can be given work.

Our roads must be extended and improved. Good roads are a country's most valuable assets. The building of such roads can be carried on by the men who were engaged in similar work in construction or railway battalions Overseas. Even the men in the trenches and those in the artillery can perform work of this nature which will be out in the open air, providing the proper machinery is furnished and that they will not be called upon for too great physical exertion.

There will also be as there is at present, a great scarcity of houses. This want must be likewise supplied without any delay. Thousands who are now in khaki were previously employed in the building trade. The construction of thousands of comfortable cottages can be undertaken by a private company subsidized by the Government or by the Department of Public Works.

Another industry which has been practically resurrected is that of the building of ships. Plants engaged in ship construction are multiplying very rapidly and have given employment to thousands at very high wages. The amount of shipping required immediately previous to the war and after it will be enormous. Even though every

available ship, ally, neutral and even enemy be utilized it will take a great many months before the soldiers in Europe can be transported back to their homes.

During all this time food will have to be sent over in the same way as it is today. There will, therefore, be every incentive to the Government and those interested in this industry to redouble their efforts and build a greater and constantly increasing number of ships. Thanks to the initiative of the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries who has the faculty of visualization in a large degree and is a very able business man, this industry, in spite of the handicaps of its youth, is making great strides.

The division of labour which is now the custom in all industries, permits the average intelligent workman to rapidly become proficient in some branch of ship-building. While he might not acquire technical knowledge and proficiency within a brief delay, he can do useful work, all of which helps to accelerate ship construction.

The workers in munition plants who will be out of employment, under proper supervision will be able to construct ship yards in which the necessary boats can be built. Evening and continuance schools can also be started whereby a knowledge of one or more branches can be obtained in a shorter time than would be the case if they were working in a yard.

Mines for the increased production of coal and other necessary minerals will have to be started and there is no doubt that if the wages paid are high a very large proportion of the demobilized military and industrial man power will be anxious to labour as mine employees. It is all a question of adaption and paying a wage sufficiently high to attract those who otherwise would not work at such trade or calling.

Owing to the great scarcity of many necessary commodities there will be an inducement for the capitalist and employer who has made money out of the war to embark in new enterprises. Notwithstanding the vast expenditure that the war has entailed there will still be a great amount of capital seeking profitable outlets. This will be another of the several means that will provide employment.

One most important factor which will require the exercise of great firmness on the part of the Government will be the machinery that will have to be put into operation for the distribution of labour. The

slightest tendency on the part of any group to segregate themselves in a particular city where the opportunities for employment are not large will destroy the equilibrium that must be maintained at all costs.

Whether this labour distribution takes place through Government labour offices or other channels matters not. In the same way as our soldiers were compelled to obey orders no matter what their inclinations might have been or where they were sent, must the members of the industrial proletariat in this country conform to the regulations that will be laid down by the authorities in order to avoid as far as human foresight and ingenuity can, the inevitable hardships that follow the ending of a great war.

Our fellow citizens, regardless of rank, station or wealth, must loyally cooperate with the Government in the settlement of the problem of after war employment. Sacrifices will have to be made. Liberty, no doubt, will continue to remain abridged. But so long as the average citizen will be able to obtain employment and purchase the necessaries of life there is no cause to grumble.

If the majority of the workers of this country will be engaged in productive employment although under onerous conditions, it will then be time when things have resumed their normal course to discuss the utility of the measures in operation and which were adopted in order to cope with a situation that had no parallel within the memory of living man.

Bernard Rose.

Montreal, Oct. 8th, 1918.

SLASHINGS.

Who was the N.C.O. who told the Officer that he made all recipes for cake? Why not give credit to them where credit is due.

Who was the man who wanted to put ginger in the sausage? He had better put it in the tea.

Who is the cook who makes the tea and puts too much water in it?

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The Sapper who, although notified, forgot to call for his Discharge Certificate.

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

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of
John MacNaughton

Advocate, Barrister and
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you can wish.

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City of St. Johns.

MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor

YES... WE... WILL.

When this old war is finished, and the hords of Boche is diminished,
 When the Kaiser and his roughnecks are but visions of the past,
 When underneath the Linden they halter-shank von Hinden.
 We'll all shed tears of sorrow that the fracas didn't last.

LISTEN

We'll all shed tears of sorrow, if we're ordered home tomorrow
 Yes, we will... YES... WE... WILL.
 When you see the bright lights shining of the town for which
 you're pining,
 When your Main street's just the same as ever t'was before,
 You'll say, "It's sure a pity to see this good old city,"
 And wonder why they couldn't have prolonged this awful war.

LISTEN

You'll wonder why it's over, why they make you live in clover,
 Yes, you will... YES... YOU... WILL.
 When you get the Boche retreating, after handing them a
 beating,
 We'll tell them, "We are sorry... forgive us, Oh, please do";
 For we really love the Kaiser, the crooked, sinful miser,
 We'll cheer for him in Berlin, when we go marching through.

LET ME TELL YOU

We'll hand him beaucoup money, and all kinds of milk and
 honey,
 Yes, we will... LIKE... HELL... WE... WILL.

(By the Son of an E.T.D. Corporal
 now in France.)

A SOLILOQUY.

Captain, Imperial tendencies, at present C.E.F. standing before mirror in 6 x 6 boudoir Officers Quarters. Plain paper on wall. Other furniture a chair, deal table unpainted, an iron army bedstead (single) and two clothes hooks. Doughty Captain buckling on article of stores known as "sam browne".

O Belt!
 My leather Belt!
 My Belt of goodly girth!
 My ancestral belt. W'ot? W'ot?
 (Pensively)—When to wear, when not to wear.

That is the Question.
 Whether it is better to endure the taunts, gentlemanly jeers, and mild remonstrances, don't you know, of my fellow man by dining with thee upon my handsome person thus fully clothed.

Or, undressing in public—W'ot? W'ot?—leaving thee

On a chair,
 Or the Cigar Lighter
 In the Ante Room
 That is the Question.

(Roused from tranquillity, and striking chest with right hand, weight supported on left leg, the other advanced slightly. Chin up. Fierce, exalted expression of countenance)—

No!
 Neither becomes an English Gentleman,
 Of the Old School,
 A Mandeville!

I will not dishonor thee by discarding thee

In Public.
 I will honour by wearing thee
 At Meals.

With an air of nonchalance
 An air of bonhomie,

In other words, my usual character.
 I will buy the Barbarian!
 W'ot? W'ot?

I will provide the fine Havanas
 The best the Club affords,
 Lavatorias.

Or the rich Wine of Oporto
 As trifling mark of my real
 Affection

For my fellow Messmates
 And respect for the Uniform—
 All of it
 Like a Soldier and a Gentleman!
 W'ot? W'ot?

THE STAR ON THE OFFICERS' GREAT COAT.

Twinkle twinkle little star
 How I wonder what you are.
 On the epaulette you sit,
 Like a starfish in a fit.

Treasured more than jewels or
 gold,
 By possessors young and old;
 But valued not by sappers bold.
 To them thou art as so much mould.

But weep not thou, for in thy
 night,
 Thou can'st command a sapper's
 sight.

He counts you with unerring eye,
 And waves his hand on passing by.

But hark! Thy might is on the
 wane,
 For thou wilt pass with spurs and
 cane;
 Unless dame fashion our word
 disputes,
 And thou art worn on "civie"
 suits.

D. Scribe.

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

SERGT. WAGG.

Oh here's to our friend, dear old
 Sergt. Wagg,
 Here's hoping his fighting spirit
 never will lag
 Wherever he may be
 A man of the E. T. D.
 Through him we began
 The Happy Hooligans
 The fun of the E. T. D.

Anonymous.

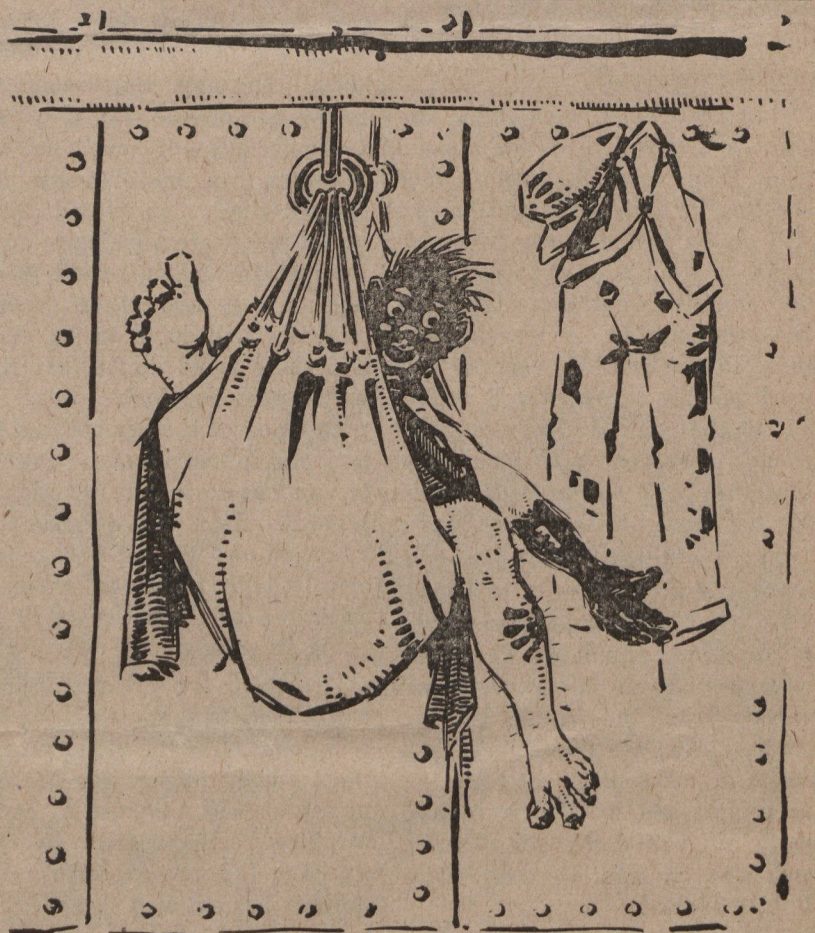
Passed by the senseless
 (censors).

Making Things Easier.

Jock was sick of operations.
 Four times they had opened his
 leg to search for the Hun bullet,
 and four times they had failed.
 Again the doctor came in, and
 looked at him sympathetically.

"Jock! my man, I am afraid we
 shall have to try again to remove
 that bullet."

"Aw, well," said Jock, "do what
 ye think best; but, mon, if ye no
 find the bullet dinna sew up the
 wound again—just put on a few
 wee buttons; it'll save ye a deal
 of trouble next time."



Ham-mucks.

A WIDOW'S WILES.

There was a widow,
A gay wild widow,
O fearfully gay was she.
And she was young, not old,
And yet her years if told
Might number forty three.
And she knew by heart
Without any chart
What the wiles of a widow should
be.

She came to a dance
By fortune's chance,
In a town where she wasn't known.
Men basked in her smiles
And fell for her wiles
As many another had done.
So she gurgled and gushed,
And flirted and blushed
With a wildness quite her own.

Now there was a major,
A shy young major,
Both fair and shy was he.
He was really old,
And yet his years all told
Were few more than twenty three.
And he lost his heart
At the very start
To the widow's wild gaiety.

Together they whirled
In a reeling world,
And danced till they couldn't see.
The map' might have been caught
If he hadn't been taught
By widows much older than she,
That their ways are wild,
Not the ways of a child,
And they love in the limelight to
be.

With sudden disgust
He left her to Rust,
For sick of all widows was he.
And he showed in his face
As he quit the mad race,
That from widows he longed to be
free.

He now knew by heart
What he'd learned in part
Of the widow's pedigree.

But the widow undaunted,
Her draperies flaunted,
And never a care cared she.
She cried, "In his frock
I can surely vamp Jock,
'Twill be easy as easy can be."
So through hazy smoke rings
She murmured sweet things
For his dear ears only to be.

Thus Captain Jock
Succumbed to the shock.
And the widow, much gayer grew
she.

She had known Jock long before
He went off to the war
To return alas, minus one knee.
And she felt in her heart
That she owned him in part,
And she hoped that with her he'd
agree.

The very next morn.,
Tired and worn,
And weary as widow could be,
She left on the train,
Though it gave her a pain,
To return to her native citee.
And she knew in her heart
Before e'er she did start,
That Jock would join her at tea.

In Montreal at a cabaret
Once again met they,
Jock and the widow you see.
As a magnet she drew him,
With one look she slew him,
No longer he felt himself free.
But in the light of her smiles,
And her gay widow's wiles,
He was happy as happy can be.

Oh there was a widow,
A gay wild widow,
The gayest you ever knew.
With Jock at her arm
She sparkled with charm,
A wild wild charm 'tis true.
But she knew by heart
Without any chart,
What the wiles of a widow could
do.

Observer.

Wagner.

There was nothing much doing
in a certain sector on the Western
front, and both sides were doing
their best to relieve the monotony.
Mouth organs were the order of
the day, and every evening a fine
impromptu concert was in pro-
gress, each side doing its best to
drown the other, for at that point
the Boshé trench was only sixty
yards from the British.

One evening after an hour's
silence there came from the Ger-
man trench the most awful noise
imaginable. It seemed as though
a dozen street organs were com-
bining to inflict torture upon some
one or other. After putting up
with the funeral march from
"Gottterdammerung" and the pro-
cession of the masters from "Die
Meistersinger", a Tommy yelled
out:

"What the blazes are you playing
over there?"

The music stopped.

"What you say?" came in a
guttural voice.

"What's that hellish noise
you're making?"

"It's Wagner!"

"Oh, is it?" snorted Tommy.

"Then I don't wonder that we're
fighting you about it."

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
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HAPPY HOOLIGANS' CLUB.

In response to the query in last week's "Knots and Lashings" as to who are the Happy Hooligans: This Fraternity is composed of the following officers—

I. M. Crazy (the white haired Boston Butler) President, Spr. Christie, U. R. A. Knutt (Harry Lauder Frae Glesga), Spr. Eaglesome, Vice-President, B. Funny (Rochester Tenor), Recording Secretary, Happy Hooligan (originator of the Hooligan Club, and English Comedian), Spr. Moore, Treasurer, Camouflage Mac (New York Politician) Asst., Spr. McKlusky.

This club was made possible through the generosity and kindness of Sergt. Wagg, who is greatly esteemed by the staff, and members of the club. And in recognition of his valuable aid and friendship the officers and members of the club, gave a party in his honour and made the Sergeant a presentation of a beautiful gold ring, bearing the emblem of the E.T.D. The ring was presented by Spr. McKlusky on behalf of the President, Officers and members of the club, wishing him prosperity and longevity in any branch of life, either military or civil. Following the presentation of ring, speeches were made by the President of the Club, expressing the goodwill and goodfellowship of the Club members towards Sergt. Wagg, who in response made a brilliant speech, complimenting the officers of the Club on the kindness and loyalty shown to the Sergeant during his membership. Then followed several songs by the following members of the Club.

The program being as follows:

Opening song from full members of the Club, "Oh he's a jolly good hooligan", followed by "Kind, Kind and Gentle is She", by Spr. Burns; Happy Hooligan followed by giving a comic song entitled, "The Good Ship Bread-poultice"; Harry Lauder next gave us that pathetic ballad entitled, "We parted on the shore".

Several other songs were rendered by the members of the Club, which are too numerous to mention, in all a jolly good time was had.

A full copy of the rules and bye-laws can be found in "Knots and Lashings" under the date of November 23rd, and can be purchased at the canteen.

After the reception given in honour of Sergt. Wagg, the officers and members of the Club

wished the Sergeant every good wish, and then disbanded after passing a very enjoyable evening.

Anonymous.

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Liberated by Canadians



Residents of Saudemont, France, are glad to be released by the Canadians, after living in the village with the Germans for four years.



French civilians released by Canadians leaving for a village far from German shells and kultur after living four years under German rule.

Ask The Horse.

At Exeter some R.F.A. cadets were doing riding practice in a field behind the barracks. One of the men had never been on a horse before in his life, and was in a state of extreme nervousness.

After about ten minutes of prancing, the horse, which was a

spirited animal, took the bit between his teeth and bolted.

Halfway across the field the major met the flying steed and its rider.

"Where are you going?" yelled the major.

"I don't know, sir," shouted the rider, "ask the horse."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The Hooligans give Hool the cheese.

The cheese served at a banquet in St. Johns, P.Q.

The first man enlisted the first to be discharged.

A report of a session at the Hooligan Club as they have had quite a number lately.

SMILES.

Precautions.

M.O.:—"Now, sergeant, I am very concerned as to the quality of the drinking water. What precautions do you take against infection?"

Sergeant:—"Well, sir, first we boil it—"

M.O.:—"Good!"

Sergeant:—"Then we filter it—"

M.O.:—"Excellent."

Sergeant:—"And then we drink beer."

The Sporting Chaplain.

The army chaplain had got to about the middle of a drum-head service when a fearful hubbub arose. He cast his eyes in the direction of the pandemonium and saw that the cause of the distraction was a dogfight. Vainly he appealed to the boys to pay attention to the service, but seeing that the scrap was a far greater attraction, he accepted the inevitable, remarking dryly:

"As your entire interests seem to have been transferred to the fight, we will postpone the service until the afternoon, but if anybody wants a bet I'm willing to give two to one in half-crowns on the black and tan."

Taking "Steps".

At Lydd a class of young officers were being lectured to by a very fussy staff officer. They were just about to be posted to batteries for service in France, and the lecturer was keen to impress on them the importance of their task.

"It is," he concluded, "most essential that no guns fall into the enemy's hands in a serviceable condition. We will take an example. Your battery is close up to the infantry. By a surprise attack, the enemy storms the trenches and breaks through. Your guns are in imminent danger of being cap-

tured. What would you do?"

He looked round the class but nobody ventured a solution. All of a sudden an officer at the back who had served abroad in the ranks laughed softly.

"Well, Mr. Turner," said the lecturer spitefully, "what steps would you take?"

Turner's reply was instantaneous:

"Damned long ones," he said emphatically.

Not To Be Bought.

A dapper cadet had selected a nice shady nook down a secluded lane where he could bid an affectionate farewell to his "girl". He had just begun to whisper "sweet nothings" when he noticed, to his disgust, a small boy loitering just behind him.

"Here's a penny," he said to the urchin, "go and get some sweets."

"I don't want any sweets," said the boy.

"Well, here's a shilling—run away."

"I don't want a shilling."

"Then here's a half-crown."

"I don't want a half-crown."

"Good heavens!" groaned the lover, "what on earth do you want?"

"I want to listen," said the boy sweetly.

The Horros Of War.

The Tommies were eating their midday meal in a dug-out when all of a sudden two huge rats ran from a corner, right across their knees. The younger boy—a very nervous youth—gave a little exclamation of terror, and at the same moment a 5.9 hit the place with a fearful crash.

It took twenty minutes to dig out the younger boy from the mass of earth that covered him. He came to view with shaking hands and staring eyes.

"Have they gone?" he asked.

"Have who gone?" queried the other.

"Why, those damned rats. You don't mean to say you didn't see them. Why, one was as long as my arm. Ugh, the ugly brutes!"

The Usual Type.

Two sapper officers were having a dispute about the classification of a certain tree. While one was certain that it was coniferous, the other was equally sure it was deciduous. Unable to agree upon the point they decided to ask Private Wills, who was considered an expert.

Will came up and was questioned.

He looked up and down the tree for a moment or two, and then took out a huge clasp knife and began to slash at the bark.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked one of the officers.

He made no reply but continued cutting away until a deep gash had been made. Then he looked at it and nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "It's a wooden one."

Lost Property.

The wounded soldier was wheeled from the operating-room, and placed in his bed. For a time he lay quite still, and then a stifled smile came over his face.

"Thank God that's all over!" he muttered.

"Don't be too sure," said one of his neighbors. "When I had my arm opened the surgeon left a little sponge inside it."

The latest victim shuddered.

"Yes," said the man on the other side of him; "and when I had my leg operated upon, a little pair of tweezers was left in the wound."

The listener gave a deeper shudder.

Then the surgeon came in and looked around the room.

"Has anyone seen my walking stick?" he asked.

The poor soldier promptly fainted.

Low Diet.

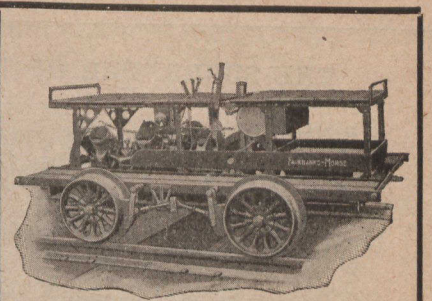
Corporal Harry Young came to hospital with a nasty head wound, but nastier still was the terrific thirst and appetite which possessed him. He had expected sumptuous repasts, but to his amazement his meal consisted of half a glass of milk and a biscuit. After a few days of this drastic treatment Young began to lose his equable temper.

"Look here, doctor," he said, "this is awful. You'll starve me to death if you don't give me a decent meal."

"Now don't get excited," said the doctor. "Nothing could be more injurious than over-eating. For some time yet you must be content to take everything in small quantities; that's the only way to make you fit again."

"Very well," grunted the sufferer. "Nurse, would you mind giving me a postage stamp; I want to read."

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THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

Ship after ship, and every one with a high-resounding name,
From the robber-nest of Heligoland the German war-fleet
came:

Not victory or death they sought, but a rendezvous of shame!

Sing out, sing out,
A joyful shout,
Ye lovers of the sea;
The "Kaiser" and the "Kaiserin",
The "Konig" and the "Prinz",
The potentates of piracy,
Are coming to surrender,
And the ocean shall be free.

They never dared the final fate of battle on the blue;
Their sea-wolves murdered merchantman and mocked the
drowning crew,
They stained the wave with martyr-blood, but—we sent our
transports through!

What flags are these that dumbly droop from the gaff o' the
mainmast tall?
The black of the Kaiser's iron cross, the red of the Empire's
fall?
Come down, come down, ye pirate flags—yes, strike your
colors all!

The Union Jack and the Tricolor and the Starry Flag o' the
West
Shall guard the fruit of Freedom's war and the victory
confest,
The flags of the brave and just and free shall rule on the
ocean's breast.

Sing out, sing out,
A mighty shout,
Ye lovers of the sea!
The "Kaiser" and the "Kaiserin",
The "Konig" and the "Prinz",
The robber lords of death and sin,
Have come to their surrender,
And the ocean shall be free!

Henry van Dyke, U. S. N.
(in New York Times).

"Some" Band.

Officer (to guest who is a little deaf):—"What do you think of our band?"

Guest:—"I beg your pardon."

Officer (much louder):—"I was asking your opinion of our band—the one that's playing now."

Guest:—"Sorry, do you mind repeating that?"

Officer:—"I was saying——"

Guest:—"It's no use; I can't hear a word you say for that damned band outside."

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

Say Nothing.

An officer who was rather unpopular with his men, coming to camp one evening, was almost drowned in a river swollen by recent heavy rains. He was rescued by a private in his own regiment. The officer, in order to show his gratitude, asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"But why?" asked the astonished officer.

"Because, sir," was the reply, "if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in."



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