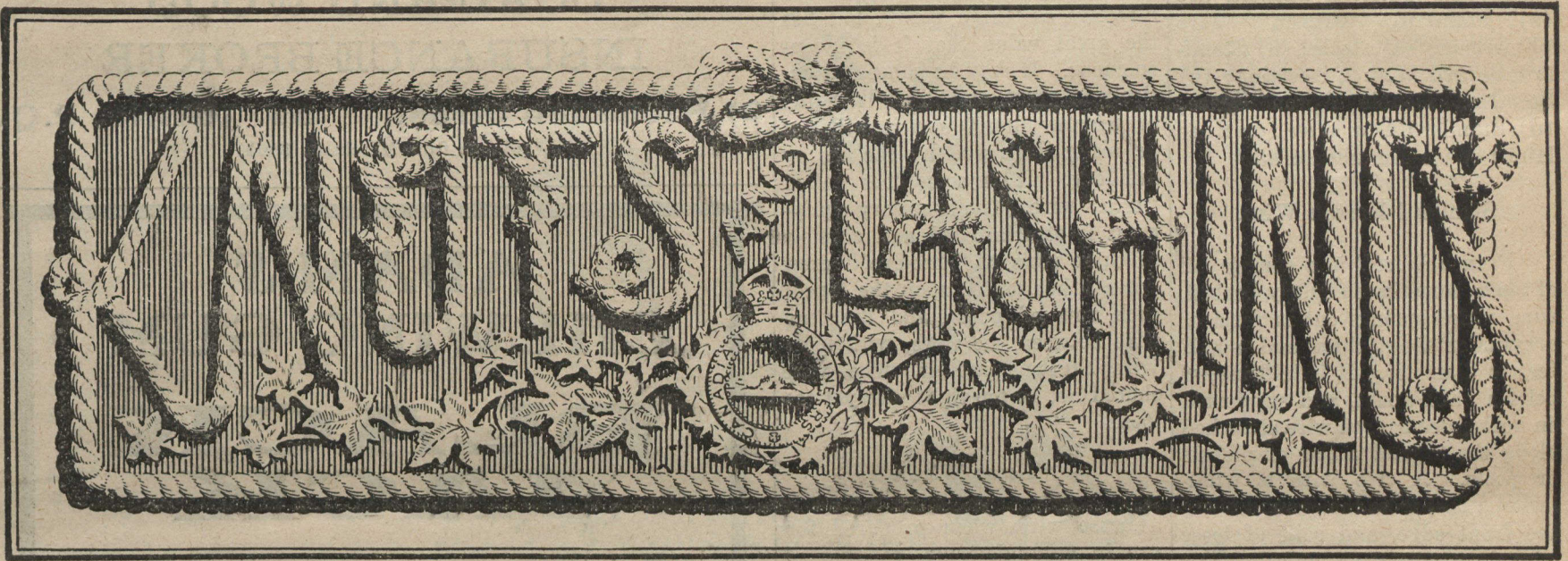


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A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

Vol. 1. No. 27.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

# Development of use of Obstacle in modern warfare

## OBSTACLES.

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

(Continued from last week)

### “Gooseberries”.

Another portable type, known as a “gooseberry”, is made of barbed wire. The relative positions of the individual coils, are similar to those of parallels of longitude on a globe, the coils being secured together at the “poles”. A stick, extending several inches outside, may be added, by means of which the “gooseberry” may be thrown some distance out in front.

Another form consists of wire wound on a frame of three crossed sticks. Each of the obstacles referred to, are from two and a half to three feet in diameter. They may be thrown over the parapet, or used to block the passage ways through a belt of fixed wire entanglement.

### Fixed Obstacles.

Whenever it is possible, a belt of fixed entanglement is placed well out in front of the fire trench, along the front of support and other rearward trenches, and on both sides of communication trenches that may, at some future time, be the objective of a flank attack. All are of wire fixed upon stakes, are generally known as

“high” and “low” wire entanglements, and may be arranged in a variety of ways. Originally, for high entanglements the posts used were of wood, standing four to five feet above the ground. Later on, metal came into use, a common form consisting of “angle iron” with pointed top, notches slashed on the sides, and a screw base. The metal stake now in very general use is, however, a half inch round rod of iron, turned upon itself to form “eyes” every foot, and with a corkscrew base. The Germans use such stakes of two to five “eyes” and a picket of a single “eye”. The British of course have been using many of these German stakes, captured with other engineer material from time to time. At the present, however, the usual practice is to use posts with four “eyes”, a low post with two “eyes”, and a picket with one “eye”. Wooden posts, of course, had to be driven in with mauls, a procedure which even when undertaken at night generally drew enemy fire. The screw type of post may be silently screwed into place, and, by using a windlassing stick through the lowest eye, the work may be done while lying close to the ground.

### High Wire Entanglements.

At one time, a common form consisted of two to five rows of posts, say six feet apart, the posts being

“staggered”, and at about an equal distance apart. A vertical fence might be carried along the outer line of posts, but the interior construction would be, in general, that of carrying the wires, “tent-wise”, from top of one stake to bottom of those adjacent. It might also have an “apron” in front and also at back, consisting of three or four horizontal strands carried by stay wires, sloping from top of stake to a ground picket. The Germans regularly employed wide belts of wire, erected in somewhat this general way. General von Arnim in instructions to the Fourth Army, facing the British in Flanders, gave orders to erect three belts, each 33 feet wide, with 15 to 29 feet between, the outermost edge being 65 yards from the fire trench. Ordinarily 35 to 49 yards is considered beyond effective bombing distance of the fire trench.

### Passage Ways.

It is necessary, of course, for patrols and troops generally, to be able to get through one’s own entanglements. Passage ways are therefore left, running slash wise, or S-shaped. The posts on the inner side, may be painted white on the near side, so as to be plainly visible in the darkness. Again, belts may overlap in such a way as to leave a passage between. Such openings are not visible from the front.

### “Standard” Wire Entanglements.

The British have found it necessary to definitely “standardize” the construction of obstacles. There were too many types, and too many “drills” for erecting them. A recruit in England would learn one drill, a different one altogether at the Base in France, and on reaching his company or battalion might be told to forget both of these and to adopt the Divisional standard pattern. Accordingly four patterns were selected, and units



Orderly Officer:—“Sentry, hand over your Orders.”  
Sentry:—“Sure, Sir, an’ if you want ‘em, Sir, you’ll find ‘em all pinned up in the sentry box, Sir!”

were forbidden by orders of the General Staff (see "Instructions on Wiring", issued by the General Staff, August, 1917) to use any others without previous sanction. These four patterns adopted are (a) Standard "French" Wire (Emergency) Obstacle; (b) Standard Barbed Wire Concertina; (c) Standard Double Apron Fence; (d) Standard Low Wire (or Knee High) Wire Entanglement.

**Standard French Wire.**

"French Wire" is a spring coil of plain, sometimes slightly barbed, wire, which springs out in form of a cylinder about three and a half feet in diameter. It is laid in two belts a yard apart, and supported on horizontal barbed wire stretched along the tops of a row of pickets or posts. A trip wire is windlassed a foot from the ground along the front edge, and coils of loose wire thrown between the belts. This wire can be erected most rapidly, is only used in emergency, and should be replaced by other and better wire, as soon as practicable.

**Standard Concertina Wire.**

About one hundred yards of barbed wire, wound spirally around nine vertical stakes set in a circle, is bound together by wire, so that, when removed from the form and pulled out, it resembles a cylindrical fish net. It is also set up in two belts, secured to a horizontal stretched above a similar row of posts. The wire is made up at the rear, takes some time to prepare, but forms a good obstacle.

**Standard Double Apron Fence.**

This is sometimes called "South African Fence". As now standardized, the posts are set nine feet apart, and carry four rows of vertical wire. The apron stay wires, instead of being carried from post top to ground picket singly, are carried diagonally and continuously. Each apron carries three horizontal strands, and the whole belt is twelve feet wide. Wider belts are made of several rows, and loose coiled wire, or gooseberries, are thrown in between to make it more effective. The new drill directs that the horizontal wires shall be tied to the apron stays by pieces of binding wire. But this has the disadvantage that the man carrying the binding wire, may be lost in the dark. It is therefore desirable to also learn the method of securing, by taking a bight in the running wire and bringing under and up around the apron wire. This requires a little more wire, and is slower, but it

ensures that the fence will be built as fast as the wire is paid out.

**Standard Low Wire.**

This type is not considered so effective as "high wire", but has the great value that it is inconspicuous. It may be concealed entirely in grass, and in shallow pits or borrow pits, where it will not be easily destroyed by the enemy artillery. It is sometimes called "trip" wire. The necessary equipment is standardized and consists of three rows of "two-eye" screw posts, a horizontal upon the top of each row of posts, and diagonal wire between the rows, with loose wire thrown into it. The wire should not be too tight, nor yet too loose.

**"Loose Wire"**

Loose wire, when prepared for use in entanglements, consists of barbed wire wound in a flat oval three feet one way, by eighteen inches the other. It is prepared on a frame of four stakes, set into the ground. Loose wire is valuable for filling in the spaces of fixed entanglements. When held in place by low stakes, it is useful to fill shell craters, ditches, or other places that an enemy might occupy, close to one's own defenses.

The Germans have another form of obstacle, a wide coarse net of barbed wire, carried in a roll. This is unrolled on the ground, and at the same time men crawl under, setting up short iron shears for it to rest upon. It is known as the "Lochmann Rapid Wire" entanglement. It is 13 feet wide.

The moral effect of having a good obstacle up in front of one in the front line trench, or out farther, in a solitary outpost, is great. Without anything, and knowing the enemy to be only a few yards away, the nerves of soldiers will be strained to the point that they will require relief every twenty four hours. On the other hand, even a slight obstacle gives a feeling of security against a surprise, against an unknown danger waiting and ready to leap upon one without the slightest warning.

Extract from Daily Orders, Part I:—A Court of Inquiry will meet at a time and place to be decided on by the President to inquire into the illness of Spr. Green. The President, Lt. McCaul, respectfully suggests "that little room" at the Windsor.

Musketry.—Sapper, sighting for triangle of error:—"To the left a little! Up a hair! Down a hair." Instructor:—"Same hair?"

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**AFTER TALKING MATTERS OVER WITH THE LOCAL SKY PILOT, "ALI BABA" SHOWS A "CHANGE OF HEART".**

St. Johns, P.D.Q.

Dear Steve

42 Tremont Row  
Boston, U.S.A.

We will be here a long time yet Steve, because Cap. Mess got orders to leave at once.

We packed all the frate cars and cant do anythin but drill cause everything is in 3 frate cars, but we will unpack them soon when Q.M.S. Male gets rested up.

I am glad you like the nots and lashings Steve, but now after this please send a nickle, and dont do like the fellows here, buy just one copy and let every body read it, which I say is pretty ruff when it is only 5c each.

You asked me what was all this talk about hard feeling between us m gunners and the engineers. Steve, if you see the one what told you that, you tell him he is a liar, because it aint true. We feel just like two ball teams which both want to win, but only one can win, but every body is sports, and can stand to lose if they put up a good try.

What you herd is about a few bums what we have who dont no how to drink, and are no good anyway. If you listen I will tell you Steve.

We have some men and the engineers have sum too, which go to toun and get 1/2 stewed and say they will fite each other, and try and raise a rufhouse. The ones of them which are Machinery Gunners say they can lick the ingineers and the ones of the ingineers say they can lick the Machinery Gunners, and they talk loud and say what they will do to each other, bht nobody does anything but talk. You no the kind of guys they are, Steve, you no like the bums what hang eround Fieshs poolroom, and couldnt fite a good dinner, but wear their caps on the side and look tuff but aint. Before they joined the army there only means of support was a telephone pole or a corner of a bilding. So if you hear any talk about hard feeling between the M. G. and ingineers you will no it is a lie and only just a few drunks what talk like that.

I will tell you joke about Kernel Melville of the ingineers—he is scotch—that aint the joke, Steve, but here it is. The kernel was walking with Capt. Mess who is bashful, and the wind was blowing awful hard and a girl was standing on the corner, and the wind was blowing. Capt. Mess said "I think she shows extremely bad taste, sir"



"More Liberation" Of Small Nations.

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

and the Kernel said "Dash it all, I think she is showing extremely good form"—thats pretty good for a skotchman, eh, Steve.

Well so long  
From your old side kick  
Low.

**MACHINE GUN NOTES.**

Sgt. Davis jumped into the river, Tuesday, and rescued a civilian from drowning. Sgt. Davis looks much younger since the experience.

Lee. Cpl. Ayrhart, of No. 1 Section, is thanking fate, that the accident that happened to him while on the route march, Wednesday, did not occur while he was visiting Miss \_\_\_\_\_.

Cpl. Pickett has suffered a relapse. He is again bucking "Buck and Baldy".

Lt. Fleming arises to ask, "Why the Machine Gunners, who were sent to assist in restoring order in Quebec, should receive the Cross of St. Johns."

What makes the Cat love Perry so?

The eager soldiers cry,  
Cause Blaekie loves the cat you know,  
The Corporal makes reply.

Duncan, of No. 2, has been extra

quiet for the last week, but he made up for it Tuesday night.

Oh Bandolin! sweet Bandolin!  
You seemed to know how dry I'd been,  
And brought me in a crock of gin,  
Please come again, sweet Bandolin.

Who calls August Bandolin "My Soldier Anggy"?

What makes Daly so industrious?

Dempsey, of No. 2, has started a little business. Cpl. Lake is his financial adviser.

Come one,—come all,—and see Red Kerby—the "Ice Cream Cone Fiend".

Cpl. A. J. Wilson and Lee. Cpl. Ayrhart, promised to do their bit for "Knots nad Lashings" this week. They haven't done it. Slackers!

Has anybody here seen Kelly?

No. 1 Section now admit they cannot sing.

Overheard in the Quarantined Section:

1st Gaurd:—"What's your orders?"

2nd Gaurd:—"I'm not quite sure, but I think everybody is allowed out but the guard."

**Brains.**

Who was the guard who wanted a pass from the man who was going to the Wash Room?

Lee. Cpl. Shanks says he was the Champion of the American Navy. He didn't state what championship he referred to, but,—we can guess.

"Blackie" Perry is now going to bed at 6 p.m. and eating army issue meals. This is a sure sign of a panic.

Mr. Kay, Mr. Kay, where have you been?

"I've been on the river with one little queen."

Mr. Kay, Mr. Kay, what did you there?

"I didn't do anything." (Fall in two men.)

(See also page 6)

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Vol. 1. No. 27.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, May 4th, 1918.

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MANAGER:—Lieut. C. A. Davidson

## A VERY SHORT STORY,—WITH A MORAL.

One of the men had been classed B-2 by the Medical Board and was to be transferred to the infantry. In speaking to a comrade, of his coming transfer, he said: "I am certainly sorry to leave. I never met a finer bunch of fellows in my life: full of life and pep. and willing to stand back of a pal. I hate to go but I guess I'll have to. I wonder what the fellows in my new outfit will be like." The friend replied: "Oh! you'll find them about the same as those you are leaving."

Another man was transferring for the same reason. He remarked to the same friend: "Gee, I'm glad to get out of this outfit. Of all the rotten crepe-hangers, this bunch is the rottenest. There's not a good sport amongst them; every man has a grouch, and airs it all the time. I'm glad to see the last of them. I wonder what the fellows in my new outfit will be like." The friend replied: "Oh, you'll find them about the same as those you are leaving."

These fellows will find the same conditions wherever they go. Their own dispositions are reflected in their opinions of their comrades. You can make your army life what you will. Be a sport and you are in an outfit of sports. Be a grouch, and you are in an outfit of grouches.

Many of you men of the St. Johns Garrison, are at the beginning of your military careers. Many of you will doubtless be connected with various units before you lay aside the khaki. To you we would simply say:

"Get wise."

## GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

During the past week, we reluctantly, — very reluctantly, — said "au revoir", to our friends of the Machine Gun Corps, Western Ontario Regiment and Central Ontario Regiment. These words are not perfunctory; they are sincere.

During the short stay of the above Corps in St. Johns, officers, non-commissioned officers and men made their presence felt in a manner that was appreciated by all with whom they came in contact. Especially in the matter of

Athletics, was the presence of the visitors noticeable, and the joint boxing bouts, pulled off by the various units of the St. Johns Garrison, will long be remembered. Baseball and football also got away to a good start, and there was every indication of an enthusiastic and successful season.

Well, the M.G.C., W.O.R., and C.O.R., are gone. And what are the Engineers going to do about it?

We are of the opinion, that there is just as much sporting blood, just as much pep and enthusiasm,

among the Engineers as among any Corps in Canada. So let's get busy. Let's get the teams organized, the matches arranged, the committees appointed. Let's all "get into the game", whether it's baseball, soccer, boxing or anything else. In a few weeks, aquatic events will be possible on the river. Meanwhile, let's make the most of the Parade Ground and the Playing Field.

Capt. Powell will be glad to assist in every way possible, in promoting and facilitating the organizing and 'running off' of athletic events.

## DAILY ORDERS. PART 2.

April 29, 1918.

"No. 3. Permission to marry; Lieut. R. H. Rice, has been granted permission to marry. (Authority M. D. 4, 11-P-209)."

On Monday, April 29th, the above succinct "personal" appeared in that delightfully newsy compendium of "social doin's" at the E.T.D., known as "Daily Orders". Of recent months, these charming pages of local gossip about "people we know", have come to enjoy a wide vogue among many who had heretofore affected indifference toward its spicely paragraphs. Had the heading, "Cosey Corner", been permissible, we have no doubt that the A/Adjt. would have made use of it. Under the circumstances, he did the next best thing and ran it in among "Attachments", "Strength Increase" and "Transfers to Command".

For a very considerable period of time we have watched with interest,—and no small pardonable pride,—the rapid rise of Mr. Rice in the military world, as represented at the Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns, P.Q. Beginning his career as a brave young Sapper almost a year ago, by his spectacular work on the thumb and granny, he soon graduated from the ranks of the proud "Lancers", and was gazetted a full Lance Jack. But he did not stop there. Almost before the furose caused by his promotion had subsided, it was whispered about in Military Circles, that he was about to be raised to the elevation of Second Corporal. In his new rank and with his now broad sphere of influence, the "Little Corporal", as he was affectionately called, at once made himself felt. With what dash he marched his company, right or left incline, across the Parade Ground! with what élan he called the roll! with what verve he 'dressed' and

'shunned' the troops!!

When Red became a "Sergint", folks said "I told you so." But the Great General Staff thought otherwise. And so one bright young morning, the military world awoke to the fact that the late Sgt. Rice had, by Act of Parliament, become "an officer and a gentleman"!

After that there was nothing to it at all, at all. As the terrible "Sorrel Topped Centaur", Lieut. Rice at once made his mark,—several marks in fact,—in the tank ring. Soon after, at the twin battles of St. Roch and The Frontenac, he won his spurs and took his place as a "strategist" along side our old friend "Jimmy" Wolfe. His work at Quebec was subsequently and fittingly recognized, by one of the highest military decorations available at the time.

And now, the greatest achievement of all, is referred to in current Daily Orders. To our 'late' comrade, and his new O.C. and 'best half', we take pleasure in extending our heartiest congratulations and good wishes.

## THE REASON.

I've puzzled for the longest time, I've done my best to try and find The reason we're so lonesome in this little barracks town. It shouldn't be so lonely here, Because there's booze, and ale, and beer, And tho it's pretty rotten, you forget it when it's down.

We have the whole Machine Gun Corps, The Engineers and C.O.R. We have the "Knots & Lashings", and a band with music too. But still there's something wanting, Your heart it keeps a haunting, And altho you won't admit it, you're always feeling blue.

Tho it isn't regimental To admit you're sentimental, Still if you think it over, this answer you will find, The thing that's been a missing Is the loving and the kissing, And the little girl, so pretty, you had to leave behind.

"ALI BABA".

## 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.

**SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.**

Close proximity to an infected person, has placed the writer of this column on the quarantined list, much to his distress and sorrow, of course. He, and his brother engineer officers, are sharing the effects of medical discipline; and it is as well that no one is allowed closer to them than the best man among them can throw any article of furniture. We therefore feel it our duty to transfer our efforts to this column, in fear that the character of our Family Journal may be damaged were it left to the usual source of inspiration.

Captain Wilkinson advises us that he takes 'Maud' with him on his inspection trips through the quarantine wards, although he vows he has, up to the present, had no occasion to swing her around.

No sooner was the bunch "put away" than eight more of the "best" were on their journey down here, reporting to the Adjutant, (in his bed), on Saturday morning, thereby breaking into the "Wolloper's" beauty sleep. No time was lost, however, in furnishing information as to quarters, and "Sunny Jim" was dispatched to the third box car from the end for accommodation for his party. Undaunted, the "brave boys" ordered their hacks down to the car, but nothing could persuade the door of C.P.R. 2006709 to open. This, of course, was annoying to Lt. McNicoll.

At last some of the party glanced up to see the Wolloper in his pyjamas, and the Adjutant lathering his face looking on with much enjoyment.

No amount of persuasive eloquence could get the party to stick around for breakfast,—they just dumped their baggage, and beat it for 'The Chateau' arriving later on, looking kind of,—well, you know the look a man has when he's been hoaxed.

**SOCIETY NOTES FROM QUEBEC.**

Lieut. A. L. Baldwin, C.E., is visiting in the City and renewing old acquaintances. His time being limited on account of pressing business engagements, he regrets to say that he will be compelled to cancel some of his appointments already made with his male friends.

Lieut. C. W. Knighton, C.E., has left for his home in D. D., and asks us to explain to his many lady friends, that he is not the man that's got it. He hopes to return

very shortly to his former haunts, and in the meantime asks his acquaintances to beware of the new bunch of Engineer officers lately arrived.

Lieut. C. P. R. McNicoll, is in the City, investigating the rumour that troops had been seen asleep in the Station. He refuses to give out anything for publication, but we understand that his findings will be a revelation, and some very dirty work at the cross roads may be looked for.

**BOYD'S HOPES BUOYED UP.**

(Some Boid, this Boyd!)

Kit all packed, hair properly greased, puttees looking like a well turned chair leg, our esteemed Jimmy was off all last Saturday afternoon, saying his good-byes. Painful, tearful, sorrowful ladies promised to write often, and the partings were, indeed, sad.

What Boyd wasn't going to do on the Richelieu River on Sunday in the Sergeants' boat, is not worth telling. Poor Jimmy is here yet and still smiling.

The out-of-town editor was the recipient of a handsome gift, in the shape of a cannon ball, this week. Just how this ball was procured, is still a mystery, but suspicions rest somewhat on the Doc. Wolloper, who was seen to be taking massage treatment next morning. The ball, weighing approximately 20 pounds, has been christened Phyllis and is properly housed with Maud.

**CAPTAIN WILKINSON'S COUGH CURE!**

Sick parade:—"What's the matter this morning, sonny?"—"I've a bad cold in the chest, sir!"—"Come up! Let me see it!" Patient bares his chest and coughs. "I don't see anything wrong and your story sounds just the least bit fishy to me. Do you want to get out of the army?" Then to the Sergeant: "Give him a little 'acid'. (Epsom Salts). Carry on!"

**THE SWIMMING SEASON OPENS AT QUEBEC.**

Lt. Trow, (looking out over the St. Lawrence):—"I don't see many buoys in the river down here."

Lt. Donaldson, (eager to bite at anything):—"You damn fool, the water's too blame cold!"



**THE SAPPERS LAMENT...**

Pause, Colonel, Pause, as on your way you go,  
And list a moment to my tale of woe.

Oft sir, have I and often have my friends,  
Seeking that state sublime,—so near to God.—

The state of cleanliness, to reach our ends  
Turned on the fawcet and, all filled with hope,

Towel in one hand, in the other soap,  
Long hours have waited, while the crystal jet,

Cold as Icelandic snows, and colder yet  
Has fallen, fallen, fallen in a stream

Without the very faintest sign of steam.  
Behold above, a sapper wrapt in prayer,

Driven insane by vigil's tiring strain,  
Pleads but one gush of water, cleansing, warm,

That he may wash, and washing, live again.  
Baths fresh and cold, invigorate and brace

Man's frame to fight contagion and disease,  
But do not cleanse, so cannot take the place

Of hot ones, so we ask you give us these.  
E. Carol Jackson, Cpl.

**CLASSES 36 AND 37.**

The silence of the above classes is about equal to their work; lets hope they will soon get busy, so that we may get some of their "Fragments from St. Johns".

**Thuotoscope City Hall,**

Saturday

**"The Flaming Omen"**

in 5-parts.

Sunday

**The Men from the Desert**

in 5-parts.

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Travellers' Cheques issued, which will be found a most convenient way of carrying money when travelling.

Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders for remittances to Europe.

### TO THE CANADIAN ENGINEERS.

You made us welcome when first we came,  
And ever since you have played the game.  
Sharing your barracks, sharing your clink,  
Sharing your canteen, your smokes and drink.  
Sharing the mess hall, in which you dine,  
Sharing the speeches about "pigs and swine".  
Sharing your gloves, your bats and your ball,  
Sharing your mumps, and measles, and all.  
You shared with us what belonged to you,  
You showed you were sports, and sports clean thru.  
So we want to tell you and tell you straight,  
Whenever we're sent by relentless fate,  
Wherever we go, or whatever we do,  
The Machine Gun Corps are all for you.

From the  
M. G. C.  
(Aii Baba Lake.)

### SGT. MAJOR EVANS COMES BACK STRONG.

Sgt. Major Evans tiptoed into the Quarantined Section of the Machine Gun Corps on Wednesday evening, and was greeted with the strains of "Sweet Adeline", from the rear of the "Hall". This seemed to arouse his ire, for some reason, and he shouted, "To your room,—to your room."

A private who was not sure he had heard aright asked, "Sir, are we not allowed in the hall?"

Sgt. Maj. Evans replied as follows:—"Don't talk to me like that. Stand to attention. If you want to ask questions be paraded to the Orderly Room in the morning. Get out."

Quarantined Private:—"But, Sir, if we are quarantined, how can we go to the Orderly Room?"

S. M. Evans:—"None of your business."

Q. Pte.:—"Thank you, Sir."

### SERGEANT DAVIS RESCUES DROWNING MAN FROM ICY WATERS OR RICHELIEU!

Tuesday afternoon a soldier dashed into the Sergeants Quarters, flushed and breathless. He gasped out the news that a civilian

was drowning in the river nearby.

Without a moment's hesitation, Sgt. Davis rushed to the scene, and without waiting to remove a single article of clothing, dove headfirst into the stream. With long powerful strokes, he rapidly came to the already unconscious man, and grasped him beneath the arms. He battled his way back to the shore against the strong current, where eager hands lifted him and his burden to the bank. Both men have recovered from the experience, but the Sergeant's teeth are still chattering from the cold.

A. L.

### DAILY ORDERS—PART, 1

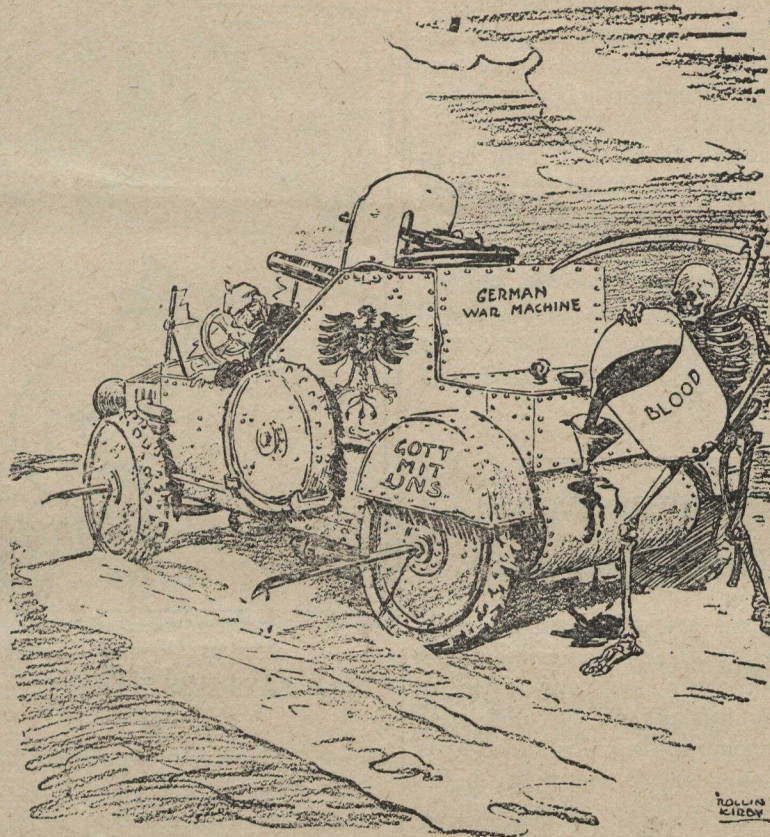
#### No. 4. Supper Parade:—

"The Supper Parades from this date are as follows—

4.30 p.m. 1st Sitting.

5.15 p.m. 22nd Sitting."

(We had a suspicion that the popularity of the Mens Mess had enormously increased during the last few weeks. However, we had no idea that its popularity had increased to the extent implied by the above extract from Daily Orders. Sgt. Henson and his fellow conspirators, will no doubt feel greatly elated over this signal proof of the success with which their efforts have been crowned. Cheerio, Sergeant.)



The "Joyrider"!

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

### TO THE MEN OF THE ENGINEER TRAINING DEPOT, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

The challenges sent out by the Machine Gun Corps to the Engineers were being rapidly accepted, when the news came that the Machine Gun Corps were to leave St. Johns this week.

No one is sorrier to go than the undersigned, as we had been banking on having a summer of real competitive sport between the two units. The rivalry existing at present is decidedly keen, and of the right spirit. Both units are filled with Athletes of a high standard, good sportsman, used to "playing the game", and who would do their utmost to bring victory to their respective outfits.

I want to say to the Engineers that the way they jumped at our challenges in last week's issue of the "Knots and Lashings", knocks in the head any idea that they are "laggards", and although I wont admit they are our equal in sporting competition, I will say I believe they would make us work every minute to win.

Good luck to you, Engineers. Remember that the Machine Gun Corps will back you against any unit in Canada, and we are honestly sorry to leave. Thanks for taking up our challenges.

Cpl. A. LAKE.

## Theatre Royal

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 3rd, 4th and 5th.—The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, 7 parts. There will be shown all he has done since the beginning of the war, his ferocity and the unspeakable crimes he has committed, his destruction of historic monuments which people were keeping from generation to generation. Canada was also a victim of that monster.

Sunday and Monday, May 5th and 6th.—Bessie Barriscale in "Within the Cup", 7 parts.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7th and 8th.—Jesse L. Lasky presents Sessue Hayakawa in "Hidden Pearls", 5 parts.

Thursday, 9th.—Feature in 5 parts. Saturday and Sunday, May 4th and 5th.—Charlie Chaplin in "A Jitney Elopement", 2 parts.

10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday at 2.30; evenings at 6.30 and 8.30.

With  
Compliments of  
*Lymburner,*  
Limited,  
360 St. Paul St. East,  
Montreal.

## H. Bernard & Son

52 Richelieu Street,

Dealers in **Military Supplies**  
OF ALL KINDS.

Cards, Pennants, Cushions, Magazines, Military Brooches, Stationery, Fountain Pens, Searchlights, Hockey, Skates, Sporting Goods, etc.

"French at a Glance" the best book to learn to speak French.

"KNOTS AND LASHINGS"  
ON SALE SATURDAY NOON.

## Kuyler's Candies

The value is in the Candy.

The Guarantee of Quality is in the name.

The box is incidental.

*Kuyler's*

Unsurpassed

CHOCOLATES and BON BONS

222 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our products, is unequalled for PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

MUSKETRY TRAINING.

The object of Musketry training is to train the soldier to ignore his enemy until he is within striking distance, and then use the bayonet. In its elemental stage, the soldier is taught how to pronounce such words as 'consummate', 'Cholmondley', 'Hurstmonceaux', and the latin equivalents of the "combination-bolt-stop-and-charger-guide sight-base", which, for the benefit of the reader, is 'nil nihil nuts'.

When sufficient retrogression is noticed in the recruit, he is introduced to the 'Bull' and is told that this same bovine wears a wrist-watch on his dial, or a dial on his face, whereon will be found, unless obliterated by the presence of a second hand and figures, a figure six. This 'six o'clock aim', as it is termed, is next explained, and the recruit is urged that this is the best time to do his shooting. His imagination is now drawn upon, in order to approximate a centre of the peep sight. It is essential at this stage to impress upon the soldier, that the best view of the enemy is to be obtained through this little hole; and if he should wish to maintain an uninterrupted view, he should not let the foresight get in the way.

Before any further measures are taken, the recruit should now be sent to the bandmaster to borrow the triangle. It is at this stage that the system known as triangle of error, is introduced. By this system the instructor will be able to find out whether boils on the neck are hereditary or merely Providential; and if a buttercup is placed in the butt trap,—opened for the occasion,—it is a sure indication whether the recruit is fond of butter or not.

Having satisfied himself that the recruit knows how to spell 'idiosyncrasy', he is, with others less fortunate perhaps, taken to a secluded and draughty spot, and taught to stand, kneel, and, unless previously qualified, to lie also.

He is now almost ready to fire his first shot; and in order to give him confidence, a well holed target should be used with five holes through the 'bull', and the recruit issued with five rounds of blank. A horse whip lashed across his flanks at each shot, will produce the sensation caused by the kick of real live stuff.

Further target practice will only be a waste of good ammunition, so the recruit is taught how to extend himself two four, and six paces.—Ordnance should be indented upon for "Rope, Hemp, two inch, 100 feet, one"; "Blocks three sheave



The Old, Old Spirit!

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

two"; "Holdfasts two"; "Lashings four". At this stage the recruit should be properly fastened and trussed up, until the necessary extensions have been made.

The use of cover is next taught.—Some soldiers never realise how important it is to get in out of the rain. Indication of targets is also explained, and the recruit is placed close to the target pointing to it, while the remainder of his class do their best to hit it. Judging distance is probably the least interesting part of the course. In this department, the recruit usually finds himself at a loss unless he adopts the regulation squint.

The recruit is now ready for transportation to the firing line, having completed his course in musketry training. He is therefore taken over to the men's mess and given the furnace to look after.

STARTLING REVELATION.

Quebec Citadel Now In Hands Of French.

I wonder if the history books

Were fooling,—at least it looks, As if they might have been.

Don't I remember well Of how they tell,

The Citadel Was captured by the British.

Go to yon frowning arch today, And ask the sentry if you may,

Within the walls a short while stray,

You'll say the History's skittish!

ON PARADE

(At Quebec)

Officer, (to Sapper):—"What's the reason you didn't shave this morning?"

Sapper:—"Well, Sir, I had to wait two hours for breakfast, and after I eat, I wasn't strong enough to hold the razor, Sir!"

Officer (to Sapper):—"You didn't polish your shoes this morning!"

Sapper:—"No Sir."

Officer:—"Nor shine your badges and buttons!"

Sapper:—"No, Sir."

Officer:—"Nor shave!"

Sapper:—"No, Sir, and I didn't wash my face either, Sir!"

When Sapper Mickie Dawson, late of St. Johns, P.Q., was being examined by the Doctor, a coughing spell got the better of him.

"You've got a bad cough, my lad," remarked the Doc.

"Yes, Sir," replied Mickie, "and there's many a dead man would be glad to have it."

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.

ON SUNDAY.

I

When you cannot find your tunic,  
And your cap is flattened out.  
When you've lost your button  
polish,  
And your razor's up the spout.  
When your puttee's wont stay  
fastened,  
Tho you've coaxed and cried and  
prayed,  
You can bet your bottom dollar  
That you're bound for Church  
Parade.

II

Gee! but this was a good one.  
But the Censor said—  
"NO"!!!

III

In a stiff backed pew they place  
you,  
There you fidget, doze and fret,  
And you wake up disappointed,  
For the parson's going yet.  
When at last the sermon's over,  
And the final hymn is played,  
You have lost all the religion,  
That you brought on Church  
Parade.

IV

They would make you fit for  
Heaven,  
So it's surely strange to tell,  
Getting ready for the journey,  
Makes you nearly fit for H—.  
Your heart is hot and angry,  
When it should be mild and staid,  
Sure, you're just a bloomin'  
heathen,  
When you're out on Church  
Parade.

V

When you stop your German  
bullet,  
And your soul trips blithely  
"West",  
When you're pushing up the  
daisies  
Way "Out There" 'mong all the  
rest.

When the angel, cross your record  
Writes, that all your sins are paid,  
I wonder if he'll add a note  
"Excused from Church Parade".

"ALI BABA".

Wanted, — Spare parts for  
wooden legs.

Apply to:

Sgt. Smart,  
M. G. Corps.



Sections 1—6 (incl.) Base Coy. Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns.



Sections 7—12 (incl.) Base Coy. Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns.



Sections 13—15 (incl.) Base Coy. Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns.

Photographs of Base Company, Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns, are reproduced in this number. At the time the photographs were taken, this Company mustered 937 men of all ranks. In view of the fact that Base Company merely gives men their preliminary training, before they are drafted into other Companies, the photographs furnish some idea of the extent of the work now being carried on at the St. Johns Depot.

( = 937 men - S.C. Ellis - A/O.C. )

**NEW MEN OF THE GARRISON  
AND  
OLD MEN OF THE GARRISON;  
SHUN!!**

On October 7th, 1917, "Knots and Lashings", in the form of an eight page periodical, made its bow on the Parade Ground of the Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns. And the occasion was indeed a memorable one. On that date, at the hour of noon, every officer and man of the Depot assembled on the Parade Ground, and the first fifteen copies of the new publication,—each one autographed by Col. W. W. Melville, O.C., were

auctioned off amid great enthusiasm. The first of these autographed copies was sold for \$15 to the men of old "A" Company; the remainder went to individuals, at prices ranging down to \$3. At that time there were upwards of 1000 men at the Depot, and practically every man secured his copy each week. Realizing that "Knots and Lashings" was their own publication, every man did what he could, and the pages overflowed with "local events", "social doings" and original verse. During last January, three overseas drafts nearly emptied the Depot of the "old guard", but the newer men, who at once began to

come in, loyally supported their Garrison paper. But newspapers are like individuals in one respect; they must either go ahead or go back. Since the first issue of "Knots and Lashings", those responsible for its publication have endeavored to ensure a steady growth and improvement, though none realize better than they, its many shortcomings. In pursuance of the above policy, "Knots and Lashings", in its current issue, attains for the first time the dignity of a 16 page publication. In addition, we also propose, if possible, to publish each week, a number of the leading cartoons of the day. These cartoons are repro-

duced through the courtesy of the World Wide Magazine of Montreal. As many of our readers are aware, the World Wide comprises a weekly selection of the ablest articles from leading journals and reviews, reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres, and the cordial cooperation of this well known publication is deeply appreciated. In conclusion we would ask the new comers attached to the St. Johns Garrison, to consider "Knots and Lashings" as **your own paper**. Send us your contributions, in prose or in verse, sense or nonsense, on any subject. Confide in us your affairs of the heart, or tell us how you like the mulligan.



Send in your "social notes" and "society gossip". REMEMBER "Knots and Lashings" is YOUR OWN PAPER. See that it is worthy of you and of the Canadian Engineers!

AGONIES OF 37.

Heard in the Riding School:  
Sergt. Major Sims:—"Reins over!"

Mr. Picard (sotto voce):—"I'm certainly very glad to hear it, as I had forgotten my waterproof this afternoon. Awfully jolly fellow, this Simms chap!"

S.M. S.:—"Strip your saddles!"

Chorus in 37:—"Oh, fie! shame! and several ladies in the gallery too!"

But can you imagine "Bara" whistling, "Where do we go from here boys", or "I may be gone for a long, long time", as he gracefully (?) tries to soar from the east end to the west end of the riding school, by the "shortest possible route".

"She works in the 5 and 10 cent store, but she's woolworth, every cent of it," quoth "Theda the Vampire"!

Brinkman, Webster, McMab and Peacock, the human roundhouses and local "Tank Battalion", are seriously contemplating joining "Bill Watson's Beef Trust". Can you imagine Brinkman in silk tights, or Webster doing the ostrich glide! McMab says Billy Sunday has nothing on him, when it comes to "hiting the sawdust trail".

McMeil says that because a Scotchman wears the kilt, is no reason why he should be "kilt".

How's this for P.T.

Sergt. Inst.:—"On the command one, raise the right knee as high as possible; on the command two, place the left foot beside the right, and don't let me see a blighter move until I give the word three."

Openshaw says he is very fond of Goldsmith's poem, the "Deserted Village". Particularly the lines: "And still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

Also:  
"Altho vanquished he could argue still."

"Knots and Lashings" is printed by the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ("The News and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.



The Family Skeleton.

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

A WORD OF APPRECIATION. MAYBE, OLD SON, AND AGAIN MAYBE NOT.

The management of "Knots and Lashings", desires to thank the following men of the Depot, who assisted so materially in the sale of the regimental newspaper last Saturday:—

- Bandsman Eberle
- " Wesley
- " Cox
- " J. B. Orr
- " J. I. Orr
- " Erickson

A few weeks ago, an edition of only 500 papers was usually not sold out. Last week an edition of 1250 papers was sold completely before 3 p.m. The reason is obvious. The men of the Depot are interested in their own paper, and only require adequate selling facilities, to show their interest by buying copies. To the cordial cooperation of the above mentioned men, Saturday's success was in no small measure due.

We understand that a prominent member of Class 37, received the other day a letter from a fond and doting parent, which read, in part, as follows:—

"I hope, my dear son, that you will be fortunate in selecting a gentle and docile horse for your riding lessons. You must always remember to be kind and affectionate to him and he will inturn repay your affection."

(It is interesting to note that the recipient of the above beautiful thought, bit the tanbark twice within an hour of receiving the above. Whoop la, Sgt. Major! 'At a boy!!)

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.

Smoke  
Hudson Bay Co.'s  
Imperial  
Mixture

CANADA'S FOREMOST  
TOBACCO.

EVERYTHING THAT YOU  
NEED IN A  
DRUG STORE

You'll find it at

Sabourin's

Corner Richelieu (Main) and  
St. James Street.  
Special attention given to  
"The men in Khaki."

J. L. PINSONNAULT

PHOTOGRAPHER,

79 Richelieu St. St. Johns

Photo supplies, printing and developing for amateurs.

John Donaghy,

Customs House Broker  
and Shipper.

Dealer in

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

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GET IT AT

H. RALPH,

136 Richelieu St., St. Johns

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

Suits Made to Order at the lowest prices.

J. R. GAUNT & SON

(Canada Co.) Limited.

315 Beaver Hall Hill,  
Montreal.

Military Equipments:—

Badge, Buttons, Shoulder Titles,  
Caps, Spurs, Puttees, Shirts, etc.  
Souvenir Hat Pins, Brooches,  
Belt Buckles, Ash Trays, etc.

## ANIMAL MATTER.

A number of Class 37 wants to know what it is that:—

Gets his goat, makes him feel like an ass, act like a monkey, look like a whipped dog; shake like a jelly fish, hug like a bear, sweat like a horse and takes all the bull out of him.

(Three guesses to this riddle allowed with every copy of "Knots and Lashings". Sgt. Major Simms not allowed to compete.)

## THE PESSIMIST OF CLASS 38.

At least one member of that aggregation of coming strategists known officially as Class 38, has,—well, a peculiarly grim sense of humor. Recently, on observing Lieut. Foley, late of the R. F. C. and now temporarily a member of the Crutch Corps, he inquired apprehensively, "And is Lieut. Foley a member of the Equitation Class?"

## HOOT, MON, HOOT!

THE McNeil had looped the loops, bumped the bumps, done the over and under,—yes, several times. Finally, climbing back via the charger's tail, he adjusted himself, more or less, amidships. And then one of the 'gallery' rose to remark: "What a mercy the Lairds in the Canadian Service don't wear kilts when equitating."

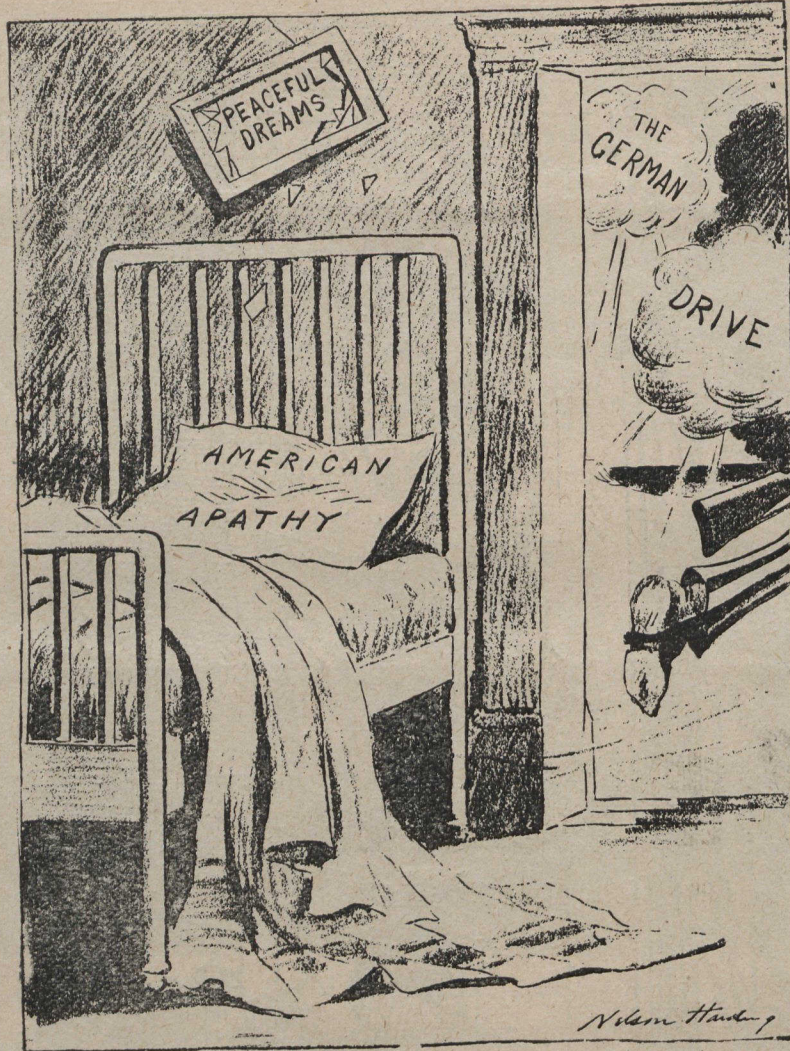
MORE OF THE SAME.  
ENGINEERS AND MACHINE  
GUNNERS—SHUN!!

When the 2nd C.O.R. Detachment arrived in St. Johns, they met with a volley of challenges to meet the Engineers or Machine Gunners in contests of Skill or Brawn. Immediately, the 2nd C.O.R., with that sportsmanship for which they are noted, took up the challenge, and through the columns of "Knots and Lashings", accepted some of the defis.

Now, we tell it to the world, and particularly to the C.E.'s and M.G.'s, that we still have the chip on our shoulder, and all we ask is someone to try and knock it off.

We are open to all comers in Baseball, Football, Bowling, Pool, (straight, Boston, or any game you think you can play,) Roller Skating, Foot Racing, and Boxing (145 lbs).

We are not Laggards or Henchmen, and if your time is so valuable that you cannot spend it for the



America Awakes!

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

sake of the Sport, why, a side bet can be arranged. How about it? Phone, write or call on Sgt. Black, 2nd C.O.R., College Barracks.

(Speaking quite impersonally, of course, we think it about time we got some action. Mere words are getting a bit wearisome. Capt. Powell, or the Editor of "Knots and Lashings", will be delighted to act as "intermediary", and make any necessary arrangements which may result in a show down by all concerned. This long distance stuff begins to pall.)

## NEW OFFICERS, SHUN!!

It has been our pleasure and our privilege, during the past three months, to welcome many new officers to the Engineers Training Depot, at St. Johns. Class 34, the first to be attached to the Depot since the spring of 1917, established an all round record, of which they need not be ashamed. Quite apart from the ability which they developed in the pursuit of their purely military duties, they also found time for other diversions. They established Indoor Baseball at the Depot on an organized basis, and played a number of matches; they

put a hockey team on the ice, and, as the result of the sensational matches with the N.C.O.'s of the Depot, copped the title of Depot Champions. They organized a dance which is still a topic of conversation. And they worked for, and supported loyally, "Knots and Lashings". Already, practically all of the men of Class 34, have been assigned responsible work as subalterns.

Of Classes 35, 36 and 37 we have already spoken in former issues. The majority of them are still here to speak for themselves.

But Class 38 has a clean sheet, and every thing in their favor to help them make for themselves a name that will be remembered at the Depot. Naturally, military studies and work should come first. But there are other things hardly less important. Among them, Athletics probably stands first. We hope the new men will not only organize baseball and football, but that they will get into the game themselves, and play it for all they are worth. The season for aquatic sports will soon be here. Let them prepare for that.

And let them remember that "Knots and Lashings" is the official newspaper of the Depot, managed and supported by the men of the E. T. D. We are well aware

that in the pages of "Knots and Lashings", room for improvement exists, and are satisfied that, with the aid of the newer men, our paper will continue to grow and improve. Send us your contributions in prose or verse, and remember that "social doin's", "Hoof marks from the Riding School" and "Heard on the Parade Ground" are among our specialities.

To the following officers of Class 38, we extend a cordial greeting. To them, individually and collectively, we simply say,— "Get into the game;—and play it."

A. C. Anderson  
M. D. Boyd  
C. N. Candee  
R. G. Matthews  
R. G. McAndrew  
B. A. McCrodon  
W. L. McFaul  
W. E. Milligan  
F. L. Mills  
W. B. Riddell  
C. A. Robbins  
H. A. Washington  
J. A. Tapley  
A. R. Whittier  
N. J. Goebel  
S. A. Cummiford  
W. K. Greatrex  
G. A. Tobias  
J. L. Kingston  
E. A. Lockhart  
A. J. Legault  
F. R. Brooks  
E. D. Quantz  
G. C. Gibson  
E. L. Cavana  
W. B. Dunbar  
R. C. Mitchell  
J. G. Shepley  
F. C. Snowdon  
W. L. Sagar  
F. S. Williamson  
G. A. Macdonal  
J. J. Keon  
C. A. Buck  
H. A. Hawley  
G. C. Monture  
A. S. Poe  
J. H. Bradley  
J. E. O'Brien  
J. H. Lea  
T. E. Guest  
M. C. Allin  
W. L. McKenzie  
W. F. M. Bryce  
H. R. Welch  
I. F. Kinnard  
J. M. Bishop  
G. Lynch  
N. G. Keefer  
W. W. King  
W. A. Smelser  
B. Geldzaeler  
G. S. Wrong  
A. G. Bennett  
M. J. C. Baker  
B. R. Hooper  
W. C. Miller  
T. J. C. Heeney  
L. J. Smith

## THAT CRYPTIC "LAIRD".

One of the 'Phenoms' of Class 37 had been studying the weather. Feeling the need of an authoritative opinion on the subject, he respectfully asked of the "dour Laird",—"What do you think about the weather, Sir?"

To which the said Laird replied in a ruminating fashion, and not unkindly:—"Reins over".

CONGRATULATIONS TO:—

- A/C.S.M. W. S. Gibson
- Sergt. C. Stevens
- Sergt. H. M. Davidson
- Sergt. H. K. Hosford
- Sergt. A. McDougall
- Corpl. E. C. Jackson
- Corpl. C. Webb
- 2nd Corpl. S. Bowers
- 2nd Corpl. H. Sutcliffe
- 2nd Corpl. J. McAllister
- 2nd Corpl. F. A. George
- 2nd Corpl. H. W. Cairns
- 2nd Corpl. J. P. Wood
- 2nd Corpl. L. Bound
- 2nd Corpl. D. Jones
- 2nd Corpl. W. E. Henderson
- 2nd Corpl. J. J. Henesy
- Lce. Corpl. R. N. McLeod
- Lce. Corpl. W. Lee
- Lce. Corpl. W. F. Upton
- Lce. Corpl. P. Davidson
- Lce. Corpl. E. J. Williams
- Lce. Corpl. J. McGeady
- Lce. Corpl. G. Salter
- Lce. Corpl. A. E. Simon
- Lce. Corpl. W. R. Canavan
- Lce. Corpl. S. Potter
- Lce. Corpl. J. Edward
- Lce. Corpl. E. A. Knight
- Lce. Corpl. A. Pellow
- Lce. Corpl. W. F. Lennox
- Lce. Corpl. A. W. Forrest
- Lce. Corpl. J. H. Mallison
- Lce. Corpl. S. H. Ridgeway
- Lce. Corpl. N. Malitch

Quebec Detachment.

- Lce. Corpl. U. Provencher
- Lce. Corpl. W. B. Woolcock
- Lce. Corpl. P. Wilson
- Lce. Corpl. J. Devlin
- Lce. Corpl. P. B. Joselin
- Lce. Corpl. P. H. Russell
- Lce. Corpl. P. P. Gill
- Lce. Corpl. P. Bawden
- Lce. Corpl. W. P. Banks
- Lce. Corpl. P. C. Lewis
- Lce. Corpl. A. H. Hubbard
- Lce. Corpl. A. Armour
- Lce. Corpl. B. W. Davies
- Lce. Corpl. N. B. Humphry
- Lce. Corpl. F. W. Parr
- Lce. Corpl. H. Barr
- Lce. Corpl. J. A. D. McPherson

LET HIM LIVE.

(The management of "Knots and Lashings" has been the recipient of many original suggestions as to what should be done with the Kaiser,—when the time comes. Speaking frankly, we must confess that, for the present, we feel disposed to reserve our decision in the matter,—for adequate reasons. Meanwhile, the various suggestions are being preserved from time to time, in the most enduring manner possible,—namely, in the columns of our Great Family Journal. The following "thoughtful suggestion", the most recent to be added to our files, has been submitted by Pte. J. Folster, W.O.R.)

As long as flowers their perfume give,  
So long I'd let the Kaiser live—  
Live and live for a million years,  
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears;  
With nothing to quench his awful thirst  
But the salty brine and a Belgian's curse.



The Cloud That WAS No Bigger Than A Hand.

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

I would let him live on a dinner  
each day  
Served from silver on a golden  
tray,  
Served with things both dainty and  
sweet—  
Served with all but things to eat.  
And I'd make him a bed of silken  
sheen,  
With costly linens to lie between,  
With covers of down and fillets of  
lace,  
And downy pillows piled in place;  
Yet when to it's comfort he would  
yield,  
It would stink with rot of the  
battle field  
And blood and brains and bones of  
men,  
Should cover him, smother him—  
and then—  
His pillows should cling with a  
rotten clay—  
Clay from the grave of a soldier  
boy,  
And while God's stars their vigils  
keep,  
And while the waves the white  
sands sweep,  
He should never, never, never  
sleep.  
And through all the days and all  
the years,  
There should be an anthem in his  
ears;  
Ringing and singing and never  
done,  
From the edge of light to the set  
of sun,  
Moaning, and moaning and moan-  
ing wild—  
A ravaged French girl's bastard  
child.

And I would build him a castle by  
the sea,  
As lovely a castle as e'er could be,  
And I'd show him a ship from o'er  
the sea,  
As fine a ship as e'er could be,  
Laden with water cool and sweet,  
Laden with everything good to  
eat;  
Yet scarce does she touch the  
silvered sands;  
Scarce may he reach his eager  
hands  
Than a hot and hellish molton  
shell,  
Should change his heaven into  
hell;  
And though he'd watch on the  
wave swept shore,  
Our Lusitania would rise no more.  
In No Mans Land where the Allies  
fell,  
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;  
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas,  
In every wound I'd pour ground  
glass;  
I'd march him out where the brave  
boys died—  
Out past the boys they crucified.  
In the fearful gloom of his living  
tomb,  
He'd shiver and suffer for time to  
come—  
It would be only a taste of what  
hellish Huns,  
Have already done to Canadian  
sons.

I hate to use a folding bed  
Because I've oft been told,  
That many little lambkins have  
Been gathered in the fold.

SOME SEEM TO THINK THE  
M.G.C. ARE GIVEN TO  
TALK.

In the last issue of "Knots and Lashings", I read a taunting repetition of, and enlargement on, the very general and all-embracing defi, issued the previous week by various and sundry worthy, though somewhat conceited, members of our rival unit, the M.G.C.

In the line of sports, I have no comment to offer, not having any ability myself, and as to singing and dancing, excuse me, and I lost twenty-seven cents playing poker nine years ago, and "open for a dime" or "shoot it all" gives me a palpitation ever since. But, "ye jack-knife" makes my blood tingle with the lure of open contest, or in this case, maybe I should say conquest.

I challenge you one and all, each and every, singly and collectively to a game of "ye jack-knife". There are several games to be played, and as the above mentioned taunt winds up "Challenge us and watch us eat 'em up," permit me to set forth the rules of a contest with "ye jack-knife", in which I am very proficient. I have never yet been beaten and in the present instance I will agree to go one better than the best of you.

The game consists of carving any number of curious articles out of wood and the rules are that the carving must be done from one single solid piece of wood, no splicing allowed, and no tool used but "ye jack-knife" or pen-knife, as the case may be, and the stick to be three-eighths of an inch or less, square, and six inches or less in length. Jump in, boys, and get your feet wet. Everybody is welcome, but the members of M.G.C. are especially invited to bend some of their well advertised talent of undefeatable ability to the task of figuring out how many separate and individual articles can be made from this amount of timber, and then get out your old knife and spit on your whet-rock and communicate with Sgt. Major Harry Edwards at W.O.R. Barracks.

Sapper "Jack-Knife".

SOME NOISE.

During the dinner hour at the Sergeants' Mess (C.O.R.), the other day, the question was asked of B.S.M. Graham, "Which Sergeant makes the most noise?" Without a moment's hesitation, he replied: "On parade, Sgt. Elliott; off parade, Sgt. Black; at the table, Sgt. Hurst; and the greatest of all these, is the latter."

## C.O.R. CONCERT.

A very successful concert was held in Victoria Hall on Thursday evening, April 25th, by the N.C.O.'s and Men of the C.O.R.

C.S.M. Thompson performed the duties of Chairman in his usual efficient manner.

Pte. Walter Honer opened the concert with a piao solo.

The C.O.R. "Peerless Four", Messrs. Q.S.M. Issard, Pte. Pickford, Pte. Lindsay, Pte. Cowan, delighted the audience with a very fine rendition of that old favorite: "Tenting tonight".

Pte. P. J. (Mary) Pickford, with his "South of the Mason and Dixon Line accent", made a decided hit with his song "Back to the Carolina you love".

Next, Pte. Cowan sang, "A Perfect Day". The audience liked it so well they demanded more, and Pte. Cowan obliged.

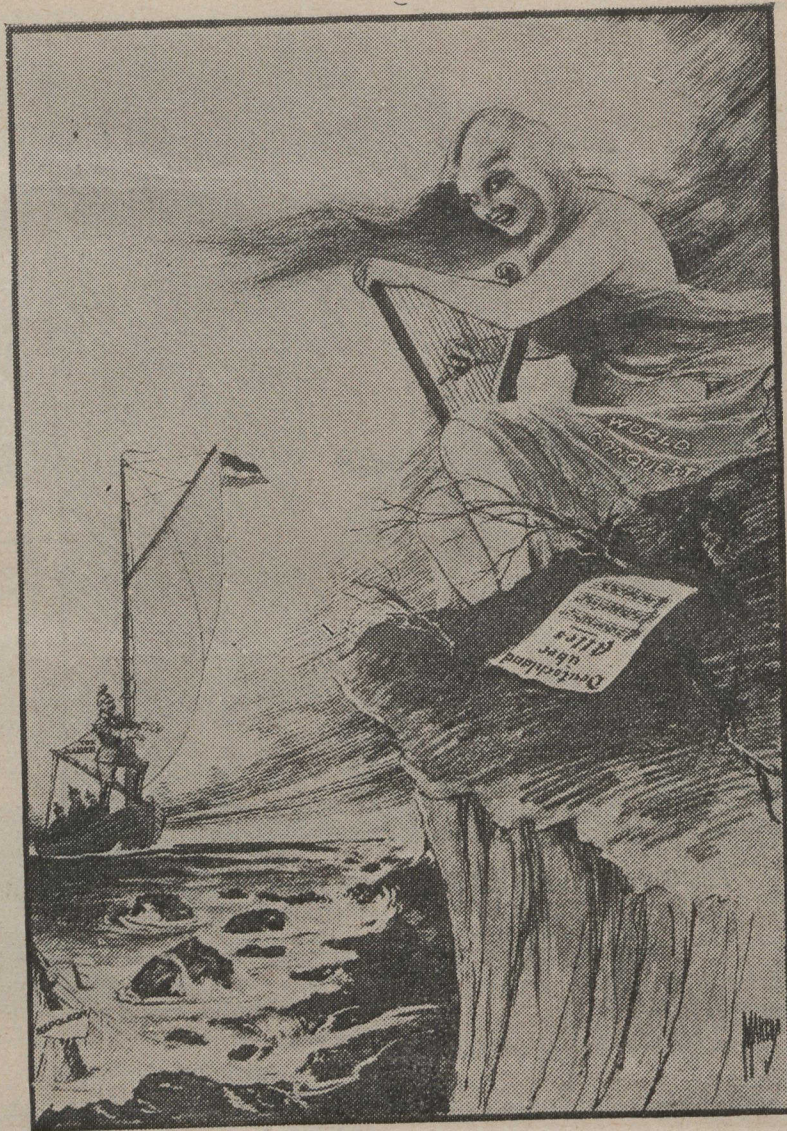
The Chairman then introduced Miss Howd, who sang "Ireland must be Heaven". It was impossible for the Chairman to go on with the concert, until Miss Howd responded to the demand for an encore. This artist seems equally at home in comic or sentimental songs. Her rendition of "Three letters from Home", reaching the hearts of all the boys. Her song, "My wife's gone to the 1000 Isles", appealed particularly to the Benedicts, of whom we have quite a few.

Mr. Eckstein, of Montreal, gave several violin selections, which were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Campbell with a vocal solo, Spr. Bridle, C.E., with a concertina offering, and Pte. Burden, with a mandolin solo, greatly helped to round out the night's programme. We must not forget to pay tribute to Mrs. Sutherland, whose duet with Mr. Eckstein, (piano and violin) was greatly appreciated.

Ptes. Lesky and Scissors, put on their inimitable musical sketch. If Marcus Loew happens to hear this pair, the Army will be short two men, A. W. L.

Perhaps the feature that appealed the most to some of those present, was the appearance of the "Lunch Fatigue", who served a bounteous lunch of home made cake and coffee. Before the conclusion of the concert, it was found that the boys were unable to eat all the cakes provided by the ladies. Consequently, Sgt. Major Thomson undertook the duties of an auctioneer. Record prices were obtained, and in one case an angel cake sold for more than one day's pay. We see a bright future for C.S.M. Thomson as an auctioneer,



Ulysses And The Siren.

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

if he ever gives up his "yob" with the C.O.R.

Great credit is due to Corporal F. D. Baker, who organised the entertainment and carried on the duties of stage manager.

The very sincere thanks of the boys of the C.O.R. are extended to the Rev. Mr. Hughes, and the ladies and gentlemen of the 1st Methodist Church. Their untiring efforts and help, made our first concert a huge success, and provided a most pleasant evening's entertainment. The Rev. Mr. Hughes is certainly one man who has a warm spot in his heart for the Soldiers.

Three Cheers,—and a Tiger for Mr. Hughes!

### HIGH LIGHTS FROM THE C.O.R.

We would like to remark for the benefit of Capt. Gibson, M.G.C., that it is not considered "de bon goût" to endeavor to hold the hand of a lady when you are left in her company for a few minutes. It is "not done" in St. Johns, and besides, the other guy might just happen to see you.

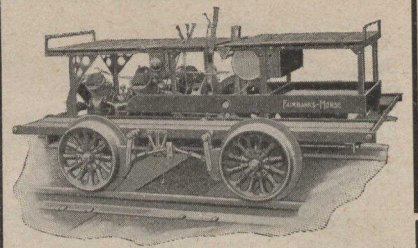
Sergt. Hurst has been spending his evenings lately, scouting around town, endeavoring to locate the local Ladies Sewing Circle. So far he has apparently been unsuccessful, as he is still wearing his fatigue trousers. He has firmly made up his mind, when he is issued with a new pair of serges, that he will not sit down except at meals.

We wonder why Alice does not get out her needle and thread, some evening. It's darn embarrassing, don't you know.

Major J. Hyde Bennett, O.C. No. 1 Coy. of the detachment, returned on Saturday last to resume command of his Company at 2nd C. O. R. headquarters, Hamilton. We were all sorry to have the Major leave us, especially as there is now no one left at the officers table to speak French (?) for us.

It is sincerely hoped that he is now thoroughly enjoying the regular category conferences with the Colonel, which take place daily. The Major is a native of the "Ould Sod." Nuff Ced'.

Lieut. Church, our genial adjutant, and Lieut. Baldwin, are



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and Cement.  
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now fully convinced that when people go looking for trouble, they generally find it. They are both of the opinion that the boys over at the Windsor are using a trained deck.

Would the Editor in Chief of "Knots and Lashings" be good enough to kindly inform us why the report of the baseball match between the Engineers and C.O.R. Officers, which was played on Saturday, April 6th, never saw the light of day.

On Tuesday evening, Lee. Corpl. Dunn was noticed parading down the towpath with a charming young lady. About half an hour later, the lady in question was seen returning with Corp. Vaughan. Lee. Corpl. Dunn followed, about 100 yards in the rear, absolutely alone. The boys are wondering how and why the transfer was effected.

LOST somewhere between M. D. 2 and M. D. 6,—an overseas draft of 400 officers and men. Will the finder please forward same to West Sandling Camp,—Kent,—England.

The above advertisement will soon be found appearing in the leading dailies of Ontario and Quebec, for apparently we are lost and badly so. Last week we were advised that our movement Eastward, which was to have taken place on Monday the 29th, had been cancelled, and up to the present no further orders have been received.

Our friends at the Vinegar Barracks have returned to the W.O.R. headquarters in London, and the Machine Gun Corps are all ready packed up, and will probably be back in Toronto before this appears in print, and still we "carry on". It is some undertaking to endeavor to carry on with training without rifles or other equipment, except what we are taking overseas, believe me.

Some of these days, an order will likely be received to be ready to entrain in an hour. We will be ready, you bet, and with about 44 minutes to spare. If this order does not soon come to hand, yea, verily we will be lost indeed.

Sgt. Elliott is a firm believer in going direct to headquarters for any thing you want to know. He wanted to know French, so he picked out a school teacher. Between parades he may be heard muttering to himself:—"Je vous aime, je vous adore, ma chérie! — Je voudrais vous manger! — Bâtêche! — Je me meurs d'amour pour vous! — Sacré nom d'une pipe! — Saperlipopette!!!"



A Goose There Was.  
(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

A LETTER FROM YOUR MOTHER.

By Edgar Guest, Windsor, Ont.

He was on the line in Flanders,  
Doing service for the Flag,  
He was telephone and wireless,  
With that little bit of rag.  
At the farthest point of safety,  
He was standing at his post,  
Picking up the information,  
That the O.C. needed most;  
When a flash behind the trenches,  
Caught his ever watchful eye,  
And he stood and read the message,  
That was dancing thru the sky.  
He wondered what was coming  
From his fellow signal man,  
Wondering what would be the  
ordering,  
When the lettering began.  
He had done his tour of duty,  
He had been there thru the day,  
He was tired, yes, and hungry,  
And he wished to get away,  
But he read the rapid waving,  
'Twas the news he wanted most:  
"There's a letter from your  
mother,  
Waiting for you at the post."  
Over miles of dreary trenches,  
Over friendly guns and foe,  
Came each cheerful flashing letter,  
Of news he wished to know,  
Thru the heat and hate of battle,  
And the smoke filled atmosphere,  
Came a little touch of kindness,  
And a loving note of cheer.  
Not a stern command of duty,  
But a word of which to boast,  
"There's a letter from your  
mother,  
Waiting for you at the post"

That went dancing thru the shell  
fire,  
To that lonely signal boy.  
Oh, I don't know how to say it,  
But somehow it seems to me,  
In the hearts so fine as these,  
Lie the seeds of victory,  
Hate and lust can never triumph,  
Over boys who "flag" each other,  
In the heat and clash of battle,  
"There's a letter from your  
mother".

LIGHT COMEDY—A MYSTERY

(Incidental music by the Long Boy.)

Scene,—Cliff Dwellers dugouts at the "C.O.R. Apartments" after "lights out".

Loud Voice,—Talking to Corporal regarding matters in general.

Applause,—(From rear of bunk house):—"Shut up."

Loud Voice,—Continues as before.

Applause,— "Put that pull through back in the gun."

Loud Voice,— "Steady, men!" (Curtain.)

MY MOTHER!

If all my friends from Adam's race,  
Were all united in one place,  
I'd leave them all without a tear,  
And follow thee, my dearest dear!  
The happiest time in all my life,  
Was spent in the arms of another  
man's wife,  
My mother!

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

## THE HIELAN' DIVISION.

(Note.—On general principles "Knots and Lashings" does not publish anonymous verse. It is however, useless to deny that legitimate reference (in the abstract) to "parritch, haggis and whuskey" finds the weak spot in our editorial armor. The following anonymous poem has been handed in during the week, though whether it originated among the men of the E.T.D. we are not in a position to state. It is herewith reproduced entirely on general principles.)

When war was declarit, the chief  
of the Huns  
Thocht he'd march across France  
wi' his men and his guns;  
But he made in his plans an un-  
lucky omission,  
He didna' tak count o' the Hielan'  
Division.

Men frae the Tweed up to Johnnie  
o' Groats,  
Trained upon parritch an' haggis  
an' oats;  
Ah Willie, wee mon, 'twas a  
mournful omission,  
Ye didna' tak count o' the Hielan'  
Division.

Beaumont Hamel, Festubert,  
Wipers, an' Roeux,  
When they're owre the bags,  
they're a cert to get through;  
And they mop the Blue Line wi'  
unco precision—  
The bonny bold lads o' the Hielan'  
Division.

Laddies frae Johnnie o' Groats to  
the Tweed,  
Brought up on whusky, an' a'  
hairy-kneed;  
They mop up the trenches wi'  
awfu' precision—  
The bonnetted lads o' the Hielan'  
Division.

If the Jocks are wa' back for a bit  
o' a rest,  
Then the Army wi'oot them is  
waefully pressed;  
An' wee Duggie Haig mak's a  
sudden decision  
To send up the lads o' the Hielan'  
Division.

Frae the braes o' the Somme to the  
banks o' auld Wipers,  
The Army is cheered by the sound  
o' their pipers;  
They're glad Duggie Haig made  
the sudden decision  
To send up the lads o' the Hielan'  
Division.

You can cut doon our bully, and  
dock us our jam,  
Gie the cheese to the corbies—we  
don't care a damn;

## An English Poet on Canada and War



R. E. VERNEDE AT FRENCH RIVER, ONT.

SIX years ago an English writer, R. E. Vernède by name, spent a summer in Canada and wrote under the title of "The Fair Dominion" one of the happiest descriptions of this country, from the Old Country point of view, that has yet seen the light. Vernède had married a Canadian girl and had a sympathy for things Canadian, which led him to appreciate rather than criticize the New World which he found stretching between Atlantic and Pacific. Although by no means of fighting temperament, he enlisted in the Public School Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers on the outbreak of the war, gaining a commission in the Rifle Brigade early in 1915. A number of poems from his pen attracted much attention in the columns of the "London Times" and other publications—one of which, entitled "To Canada," was widely quoted on this side.

"Canada, Canada, is not thy face most fair?  
Is there a land men know fairer than thee?  
Where is heaven half so vast? Where blows a lovelier air?  
What are thy sons doing here o'er the sea?"

So runs the first of six beautiful verses. Wounded in 1916 he went back to the trenches only to fall mortally wounded in an attack on Havincourt Wood in April, 1917. Like Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger, and the young Canadian poet, Bernard Freeman Trotter, R. E. Vernède reached his highest powers of expression under the intense emotion of "The Great Adventure," and his verses were eagerly read by lovers of fine poetry. Edmund Gosse, the great English critic, volunteered to edit a collection of these "War Poems," a Canadian edition of which has been issued in Toronto. They contain some truly inspired lines, notably the opening dedication to his wife:—

"What shall I bring to you, wife of mine,  
When I come back from the war?  
A ribbon your dear brown hair to twine?  
A shawl from a Berlin store?  
Say, shall I choose you some Prussian hack  
When the Uhlans we o'erwhelm?  
Shall I bring you a Potsdam goblet back  
And the crest from a Prince's helm?  
  
Little you'd care what I laid at your feet,  
Ribbon or crest or shawl—  
What if I bring you nothing, sweet,  
Nor maybe come home at all?  
Ah, but you'll know, Brave Heart, you'll know  
Two things I'll have kept to send;  
Mine honour for which you bade me go  
And my love—my love to the end, "

But there's aye thing to mind when  
ye're makin' provision—

A ration o' rum for the Hielan'  
Division.

If you're gunner, or sapper, or  
follow the drum,

Ye're a' o' ye better o' a guid tot  
o' rum;

So look to it, mon, ye'll be makin'  
provision

For a bon tot o' rum for the  
Hielan' Division.

When the fechtin' is done, an' we  
gang awa' hame,

Even Mr. Beech Thomas will hear  
o' oor fame;

And then, if the Army should need  
some revision,

They'll tak for their model the  
Hielan' Division.

Men from the Tweed up to auld  
John o' Groats,

Brought up on whusky, an' par-  
ritch, an' oats,

Ye ken ye were wise when ye made  
ye're decision

To throw in ye'r lot wi' the Hielan'  
Division.

## THE MODERN VERSION.

The following Ten Commandments for Soldiers, were written by Private Peat, who went with the First Canadian Contingent and returned after serving with the colours for two years. He has one lung left and his right arm hangs useless. He is at present addressing M. S. gatherings, seeking new recruits for the British forces.

1.

When on guard, thou wilt chal-  
lenge all parties approaching thee.

2.

Thou shalt not send any en-  
gravings, nor likeness of any air-  
ship, in heaven above, or any post-  
card of the earth beneath, nor of  
any drawing of any submarine  
under the sea, for I, the Censor,  
am a jealous Censor, visiting the  
iniquities of offenders with three  
months C.B., but showing mercy  
unto thousands, by letting their  
letters go free, who keep my com-  
mandments.

3.

Thou shalt not use profane lan-  
guage except under extraordinary  
circumstances, such as seeing your  
comrade shot, or getting coal oil  
in your tea.

4.

Remember a soldier's week con-  
sists of seven days. Six days shall  
thou labor, and do all thy work,  
and the seventh do all thy odd  
jobs.

5.

Honor your King and country,  
keep your rifle oiled and shoot  
straight, that thy days may be long  
on the land which the enemy giveth  
thee.

6.

Thou shalt not steal thy com-  
rades kit.

7.

Thou shalt not kill—time.

8.

Thou shalt not adulterate thy  
mess tin by using it as a shaving  
mug.

9.

Thou shalt not bear false witness  
against thy comrade but bear strict  
neutrality on his out goings and  
in comings.

10.

Thou shalt not covet thy ser-  
geant's post, nor the corporal's,  
nor staff major's, but do thy duty,  
and by dint of perseverance, rise  
to the high position of major  
general.

**THE TERRIBLE BARRAGE.**

The Junior Officers of the Famous C.O.R. were setting about, after the day's arduous work, in the usual way,—and throwing the usual line. But as Lieut. Baldwin, his golden badge of honor gleaming on his left sleeve, began to speak, an audible hush settled down through the soft blue haze. "Ah, yes," he began, in a wistful reminiscent tone: "it was at the Somme, that the misfortune occurred which, for many months, was to reprove the Higher Command of my military services. You all recall the general situation, the preliminary bombardment,—gas and H. E.,—that established a record even in this war of bombardments. And then the creeping barrage. Finally the barrage was halted just behind our front line, and it was then I made the error that was to have such unfortunate results. Worn out by the unremitting tension, I had relaxed sufficiently to lean,—though only for a moment,—against their barrage, when suddenly it lifted. Taken by surprise, I lost my balance, falling headlong into a nearby communication trench. You already know the rest,—the twisted ankle,—the months in 'Blighty'. But even the Hun gunners could hardly have hoped that their thoughtless handling of that barrage would ultimately land me in St. Johns, P.Q."

**"THE MEN WE ARE PROUD OF"**

'Way back in 'Old 'fourteen',  
When the whole world was happy  
and bright,  
When Peace which lasted fourteen  
years,  
Was broken; and one horrid  
night,  
At eight, on the fourth of August,  
In the Parliament house, 'Over  
there',  
A bill was passed, and in a short  
time,  
Posters were up everywhere,  
Calling for men for the colours,  
Young men, old men, and all,  
And in less time than you can say  
it,  
Ten thousand men answered the  
call.  
From a mansion here, and a cot-  
tage there,  
Came a volunteer. A hero for  
the flag.  
To keep up the old reputation,  
Tho' it's only an old coloured  
rag.  
With a scanty soldier's training,  
But a short time in the game,

They were sent to France, to de-  
fend our laws,  
Where most of them lie,—buried  
in fame.—  
Some of them are still at the Front,  
And cannot keep out of the  
'fun',  
They are fighting with others from  
all o'er the earth,  
To conquer the barbarous Hun.  
The call reached here, the call  
reached there,  
To Canada's shores it came,  
To Australia's cities, and India's  
hills,  
Crying for men to get into the  
game.  
They answered it nobly, and now  
you can see,  
In every place you go,  
A soldier—or a hero's picture,  
That family's share to show.  
New allies joined us one by one,  
More volunteers answered the  
plea,  
Our ships left Port, to cruise the  
foam,  
And guard our flag on the sea.  
Do all of us think of the ships that  
sail,  
On the ocean, day and night,  
Of the men in the boats that guard  
their loads,  
On the stormy billows—foaming  
white—  
With raging tempests to face all  
the while,  
And their eye ever watchful  
keep,  
On the Hun submarines which  
threaten to sink,  
Every vessel that sails on the  
deep.  
Do we think of the duty that these  
men perform,  
Do we think of the battles they  
fight,  
Do we know the conditions they're  
under out there,  
For Liberty and the right?  
A name is a thing we all cry for,  
A fame spread all over the earth,  
But the men in the blue and the  
khaki,  
Bore a famous name right from  
their birth.  
That name was "a son of old  
England",  
They're grit and real courage to  
the core,  
Which they brought to the top—  
and enlisted—  
—And still they are going to get  
more.—  
For Willie now claims he can beat  
us,  
But General Haig—It seems to  
me—  
Is going to bring once again to the  
world,  
Lasting PEACE and LIBERTY!  
E. R. Darwin,  
R.C.H.A.

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Toilet Laundry

## CLASS 35.

(We do not know whether it is the alleged spring weather, or the St. Johns water, or something more potent, but the 'open season' for writing poetry certainly seems to be on. This is the only explanation we can offer for the following frenzied outburst from our old friend and trusty comrade, Hans A.)

Our G.O.C. is Mr. Smith,  
(Whose amorous lapse was timely myth)  
He got some tips from 34,  
But Heaven knows he needs some more.

If Smiths away Toe Cameron,  
Puffs out his chest and carries on.  
The sang froid of the O.T.C.  
Is valiantly upheld by he.

McNicoll of the C.P.R.  
Has, I believe, a nice guitar.  
(By luck, it has a broken wire,  
So Mae now cannot strike the lyre.)

Anderson of the A.S.C.  
Arrived here with a busted knee,  
He never rides, so does not fall  
But later on he'll get it all.

The greatest little man I know,  
Is five feet nix from head to toe  
But Baldy picks a horse thats fiery  
To show tho' short, he's tough and wiry.

Wagner, (he never wrote a song)  
Prefers his hair a trifle long.  
Of course he has a famous name,  
Baseball, not music, gave him fame.

Schaffer, a wise man from the West,  
(The East producing all the rest)  
Plays billiards, poker, music too,  
In fact there's nothing he can't do.

Hardstone is just a little fat,  
But when he gets a baseball bat,  
He sure can make the ball vamouse.  
(He's very funny in the mews.)

A dashing youth is Robinson,  
He dashes off and dashes on,  
Horses seem to be elastic  
Causing somersaults gymnastic.

Troop upon a horse is fearless  
(Sitting there as in a Peerless)  
Old riding breeches might not show  
Some gum arabic, dont you know.

Yuill, he tired of Barrack life  
So last week-end he took a wife,

I'm sure you'll all agree with me  
He is a val-i-ent C.E.

One fellow has a shoulder strap  
(I guess he is a lucky chap)  
Daubney, when ask'd "Are these things sold?"  
Blushed a bright crimson, I am told.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

April 8th, 1918.

To the Editor,  
"Knots and Lashings".

Sir,—  
The following may interest you. If possible, please print it.  
A bounteous supper was served on the eve of April 7th, at 11 p.m., by the Proprietors of the "Knots and Lashings" lunch room, to the Prevost Sergeant, C.E.; and his stalwart assistants. The boys dug in into their customary efficiency and soon disposed of all the good things placed before them. Our old side-kick, Spr. Ford, was greatly missed. Hearty thanks were tendered by the Serg't, on behalf of his M.P.'s, and all concerned came home in good warching order. They felt like new men, ready to wallop any unruly individual who might happen to "cut up" in the "Knots and Lashings" lunch room at any future time.

(Signed) "Onlooker".

(The above letter was overlooked among our contributions of last week. We regret the delay in printing it.)

## "A." PLAYS "B." AT QUEBEV

We marched on to Wolfe's monument, piled arms, laid out the corner posts, put up a couple of goals, and the whistle blew for the gladiators to line up.

To describe the teams would be impossible, and to locate any real star would be difficult, but the game was just as fast and furious, or slow and dubious, as the wind of the day and the water of the night before would allow.

Sapper boots, sapper pants, and sapper shirts, are not the best rig to play footer in, and the ground reminded us of the parable of the sower by its stony nature. Still, the boys had a real battle. A. Coy. winning by the narrow margin of 3 to 1.

From the lines, we heard the old time comment, and one Yorkshireman was quite picturesque in his description of the shortcomings of his mates.



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remarkably good!—but,  
er, they're so dashing-  
ly smart, y' know!"

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