



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. 19.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

Thanks for the Tanks! says: "Tommy Atkins"

TANKS AND THEIR USES

In October 1915 picked men from the Derby recruits were constituted the Heavy Armoured Section of the Motor Machine Gun Service. At this time the Tank was a myth and the formation of this section further mystified the public.—There were no signs of cars, armoured or unarmoured, and the only training given the men was foot drill and machine gun practice.

However after some time spent in this training the Officer Commanding, after commending his troops for the excellent spirit they had shown, bade them be of good heart, as a wonderful new car, which would astonish them all, was shortly to be issued for service.

A camp was selected, fully screened from onlookers and guarded by sentries posted at intervals of 100 yards. Here the tanks were stationed and the men introduced to them fulfilling all expectations as to surprise.

To Destroy Machine Guns.

At the close of 1914, when the contending armies had settled down to trench warfare, it became necessary to provide some means of defeating the machine gun of the enemy if our infantry were to carry out assaults with success. The idea of a self-propelled armoured car was given birth to and such an engine, recalling the turreted mobilis of Livy was created. The caterpillar tractor was the basis of the new weapon.

The War Office, urged by the Commander in Chief, in France, ordered investigation into the prospects of such a car and laid down certain conditions that had to be fulfilled. It should be able to climb a five feet parapet and cross a ten feet ditch. In weight and width it had to conform to the War Office standards also to railway transportation requirements. It must not be too high for reasons of visibility to the enemy. It must be protected against close range rifle fire and must be able to destroy machine gun emplacements.

Admiralty Experiments.

A year was spent in experiments before a satisfactory machine was produced, the result of which we are most

of us familiar with. Well do we remember the first photographs published of the "tank"—how we questioned whether the whole thing was a hoax.

It was not until July 1916 that the first consignment of "tanks" arrived at the camp. There were machines of two different designs. One called the male, was armed with two Hotchkiss quick firing guns with machine guns for dealing, at close quarters with emplacements for machine guns. The other type, called the female, was armed with machine guns only for dealing with machine gun crews and riflemen.

Crews Had Lots To Learn.

The members of the Heavy Section had, after arriving at the camp, a good deal of work in front of them before they could take their tanks on active service. They had to learn how to steer them, to repair them and to fire from them and even how to live at all inside them.

The cabin some nine or ten feet wide, thirteen feet long and four feet high, with a 100 horse power engine, two guns, three or four machine guns, provisions for three days, ammunition and equipment inside, provided but little accommodation for the crew. The noise of the engine made it impossible to hear an order so that signs had to be learnt and used. The rolling motion together with the heat and smell brought on symptoms not unlike those experienced by those not accustomed to sea voyages.

Fifty Sent To France.

Training however proceeded and by the end of July 1916 a trial combat was staged on ground prepared to represent conditions at the front. This and later trials proved that the tanks answered the purposes for which they were designed. At the end of August fifty tanks were sent off to France in perfect secrecy.

They were painted on a basis of

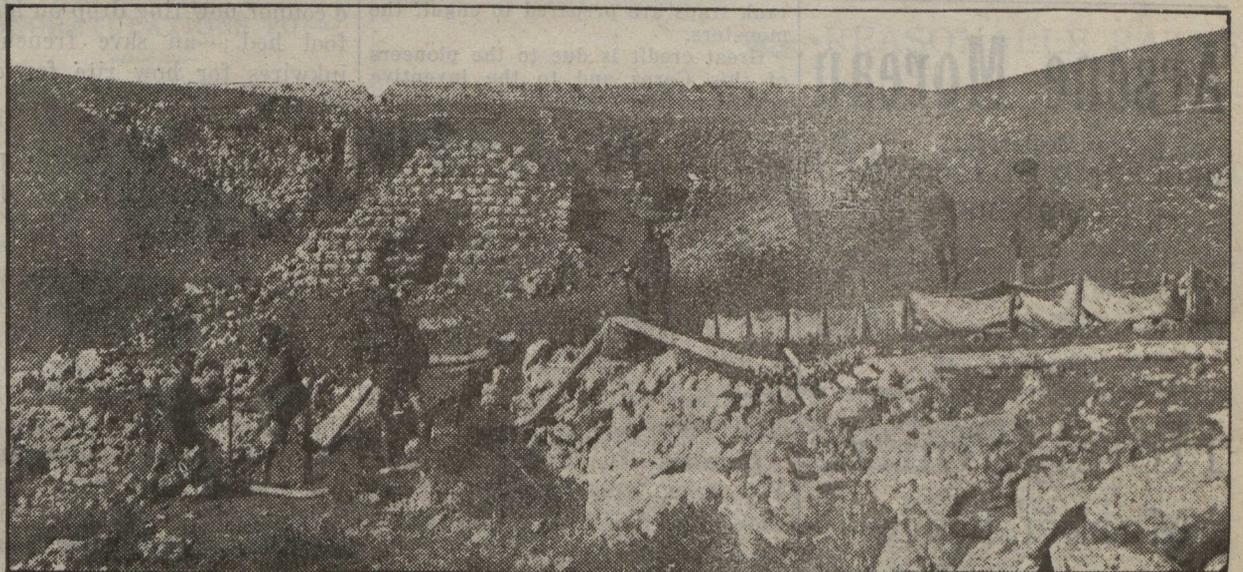
camouflage and were given fancy names by the men, amongst which may be mentioned:—His Majesty's Landships Cyclops, Chaos, Café au Lait, Creme de Menthe, Daredevil and Deadwood Dick.

First Tanks in Battle.

On September 15 an offensive was started (a continuation of the Battle of the Somme) to drive the Hun out of high ground near Thiepval. The Germans were strongly entrenched and were well supported by machine guns in concrete emplacements, and it was the task of the tanks to put these out of action.

The mist of early morning covered the movements of these monsters and when the mist cleared the British soldier was no more surprised than the Germans were dumfounded. The Hun, in desperation directed all available rifle and machine gun fire against the tanks but the bullets fell from their sides harmlessly. We re-

THE BRITISH IN JERUSALEM



The Spring at Solomon's Pool.

—Photo by courtesy of O. F. R.

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member well enough reading how these tanks advanced upon buildings, nosed into them, and through showers of bricks, mortar and timber, made their way onwards; how trees, obstructing their path were broken off and crawled over, how wide trenches were spanned and their progress unimpeded.

Many amusing incidents can be recalled, but it must not be imagined that the proceedings of the tanks were quite so amusing to those inside, as they appeared to the British infantry and the war correspondent.

Conditions Inside.

The cramped quarters, the head-splitting noise and the difficulty of ascertaining what was going on outside made the lives of the tank crew anything but a picnic. The periscope was perhaps shot away, the steering gear, never easy, became maybe almost unmanageable. The mere manual labour of moving the levers governing the mechanism was an enormous task.

The crew had difficulty in communicating with the outside world and had to rely chiefly on two carrier pigeons—communication from the outside was even harder.

If a tank was put out of action the crew generally managed to escape and reports say the casualties were small compared with the number of tanks put out of action.

Improvements.

Once having proved their value, the tanks came to stay. Later in the year tanks were sent to Egypt and were in action at Gaza. In November they were used again in France. Meanwhile new tanks on improved lines were being constructed, new crews trained, and the organisation changed its title to that of the Tank Corps under the command of a Director General.

The new tanks are larger than those at first used and the trailer wheels attached to those of early design have been done away with. The success of the tanks in the Cambrai drive has proved the tremendous value of the tanks, and it is no surprise to us to learn that the Hun has instituted countermeasures against them.

Enemy's Countermeasures.

The Germans have established special observers and airplanes to watch for tanks and signal their appearance, and guns, both in the rear and in the trenches are directed against them. Armour-piercing bullets are served out to the riflemen and machine gunners for use at close quarters, and elaborately concealed tank traps are prepared to engulf the monsters.

Great credit is due to the pioneers of this Corps and to the inventive genius of the creators of the tank. It is not often the British lead in matters of this kind but this war has shown that the Britisher has 'the goods' and moreover it can be said of the tanks, that they do not in any way transgress any of the hitherto accepted conventions of war.

Clarice's Fear.

Clarice—Sniff, sniff! Ch—Ch—Charlie has gone to France.

Florence—Don't worry, dear. You know, a soldier has but one chance in five hundred of losing his life in the trenches.

Clarice—Yes, I know that, boo, hoo! But it's those French girls. They say they are pretty, the minxes!—Judge.

EMBLEME OF DAT KITCH.

The field kitchen we have in the Depot was presented by the ladies of Ottawa and a suitable metal plate bearing a legend to that effect was attached. This plate however became detached as will be seen in the following correspondence:—

Valecartier 21 octobre 1916

Gentelmanns:

i by the serap on the campe all the old dish i fine, i fine the ting you call the embleme of one presentt an my wife hesay that shes no blong to me, an sure i send theting to do coronel melville shes gif to me something for that maybe money perhaps a nice cote for the littel boi shes fiv yere ole. ise now shes work for de cap mBane the brudder of de coronel mBane hees giff me yure rewardd for the embleme ofMrs O Connor you send dat to him for me an ise get it sure.

fortunat sansfaco n

at cap m cBane vale artier.

St Johns, P. Que.

25 Octobre 1916.

Gentellman's

Use only one freshmens whose pas himself on Ingineers an is axed by de curnel melville for tank for sure dat bull trust ouse pass on valecartier for be so kind sir as pas de embleme misses o connor what was spose be fix on dat kitch with what be draw buy fire team all same fire horse de curnal she say she ave six meby seve hor ate leatel boy an small girl on top his house an need all rewar dfor by cote an boot herself

An he say shedoan want dat da membleme for put on her kitch " She bAKE dE been all right just de same ting dat embleme knot on top de kiteH shes honest men daf sansfacoan what pie hup dat embleme butt is bet ter misses o connor now ting drop on his dam fool hed.—an save french men inkwires for how rite for curnel melville.

buy,

P.Q. Saint Jean

you knot like dis y mak de cap bain rite herself.

Nectar Salad.

Take one pair of cow's horns, chop same into fine powder and mix with 4 oz of best dubbin. To this add one pint of red ink and indent for 6 lbs of ice (if this cannot be obtained, you will have to do without your salad) and serve in powdered ice garnished with horse-radish and the breast of two water melons.

Thutoscope City Hall,

SATURDAY, 9th

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in

AN ALABASTER BOX

in 5 parts.

SUNDAY, 10th

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TUESDAY, 12th

4th Episode

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Reserve Fund \$13,500,000

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GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Interesting Ceremony Held In St. Johns Behind Closed Doors.

We begin by enquiring why an accredited representative of this journal was not accorded the privileges of the press on this occasion. To have to record by stealth such an epoch-making event in the city's history, reflects none too happily on the organiser of the cyclonic events of last Saturday night's Caledonian rally at the Windsor.

Mere chance—or was it fate?—brought us within the portals of that house, and with true journalistic sense, we 'smelt a rat' immediately on arrival. From within was heard many strange noises; predominant among which was the skirl of the pipes. Approaching within the 'danger zone', we traced the disturbance to a well known room on the ground floor, and assisted by a friendly keyhole saw a strange sight.

No less a personage than the redoubtable 'Barb-wire'—the undefeated champion of the Ypres front, and formerly the uncrowned king of the 'Scourinburn o' Dundee'—was holding a reception, assisted by such stalwarts as McIntyre—the demon tunneller,—the redoubtable Barr, a gentleman from the nervous corps, and by the second edition of the star performer of Hamelin town in Brunswick. The last named—be it known to all men—having refused any liquid refreshment, was strutting back and forth the limited confines of the room putting his very soul into the '72nd's Farewell to Gibraltar'.

The chairman—at any rate the man who had most glasses beside him—his eyes protruding from their sockets and riveted on the piper, for the moment forgot the horrors of war; and unashamed drew from his pocket a handkerchief, wiping away a sympathetic tear.

Events moved fast after this. Several of the less conspicuous members, anxious to show their appreciation of such hospitality demanded a strathspey; and McIntyre, who was occupying the chair until his friend got over his emotional 'jag' unburdened himself thus.—'Misther piper! we will now be havin' chust one more chune, and tat will pe—'Ta tiel among ta Tailor's!'

The piper gave a vigorous punch to his pipes, and having gone through the usual painful preliminaries, planted himself in one corner and motioned for the offensive to proceed.

Space does not permit the details

of what followed. A wonderful mix-up ensued and the 'Hoochin' could be heard for miles. The piper, who had exhibited such wonderful staying powers, at last sagged floorwards, his trusty pipes concluding the orgy fittingly by a series of spasmodic grunts; whereupon the two Maes drained a dipper and a half of Dewar's Special and became, once more, the perfect Scottish gentleman.

Scourinburn o' Dundee.

Editor's Note:—Our reporter arrived too late to find Sergt. Boyd in the gathering. Later reports however bring this to light. In the words of the Irishman himself, 'I couldn't stand it any longer' he expressed his state of being.

THE PHILISTINES BE UPON THEE SAMSON.

With maiden's charms, Delilah, in her prime

Bound in love's chains the Samson of our time.

In voice a power, but physically unfit

This sapper was declared. He had to quit.

With heartstrings strain'd, the parting came at last

Time winged its way, a week or so had passed;

When 'Knight-on' horseback wooed and won the maid;

And now her heart 'manharnessed' is, 'tis said.

WELCOME TO:—

- Lieut. R. G. L. Harstone
- Lieut. H. M. Wagner
- Lieut. H. Schaffer
- Lieut. A. E. Cameron

WELCOME BACK TO:—

- A. Sergt. S. A. Mallet
- A. Sergt. R. A. Semple
- A. Sergt. H. W. Wilson

CONGRATULATIONS TO:—

- A. Sergt. H. McGowan
- Lce. Corpl. C. Buck
- Lce. Corpl. F. G. McInnis
- Lce. Corpl. A. Williams
- 2nd. Cpl. C. Stevens
- 2nd. Cpl. J. Stanley
- 2nd. Cpl. W. H. York.
- Lce. Corpl. G. B. Carpenter
- Lce. Corpl. H. M. Davidson
- Lce. Corpl. G. Winkle
- Lce. Corpl. P. W. Worsley
- Lce. Corpl. W. G. Muir
- Lce. Corpl. H. Lamb
- Lce. Corpl. R. J. Murdock.

The Concert announced in last week's issue to be held in Victoria Hall on March 14th, has been cancelled.

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— Associates —

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THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.

When one realises that three quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water, and that on the “command of the sea” rests our very existence at this critical stage of our lives, some idea of the immensity of the problem that the British Navy, assisted by the smaller navies of our Allies, has to deal with, can be formed.

The majority of us can be classed as landsmen; even the Englishman—despite the fact that he cannot leave his country without taking a sea voyage—comes under that category; and it is with difficulty that we fully appreciate what the “Command of the Sea” really means and involves.

If it were stated that the British Army commanded a whole continent we could very fairly appreciate the situation—such a statement comes within the average man's conception, but if we added that the security of this army depended upon sea power, we are, at once confronted with a statement that we often take for granted, but if asked for explanation we could not furnish it.

In this failure ashore to appreciate the work of the Navy, we find absence of imagination and such material that imagination feeds on. We speak of the “Command of the Sea” but we have no aids to enable us to realise what it means.—No convenient charts, no correspondent's narratives nor reports from officers commanding, afloat.

The impression prevails that somewhere on the high seas the Grand Fleet stands sentinel, keeping at bay the main fleet of the enemy; and that a great number of patrol ships are employed. The matter ends there; and how are we to know or understand the character and extent of the work of the Navy since the silence is seldom, if ever broken?

It is true that losses have been sustained, that raiders have broken through and bombarded some English coast towns but apart from the U-boat nothing of any importance to the enemy has happened, and our maritime communications have remained uninterrupted.

The U-boat represents our one limitation to the command of the sea, but even this difficult problem is being controlled, but just how we do not know.

This silent “carrying on” of our Naval duties is the secret of its success. We do not, for one moment, imagine that the German Admiralty is in the dark to the same extent as the average landsman; but there are many features which lead to our blissful ignorance of things naval on account of no public utterances of our Admiralty department, that the enemy would like to know. We enjoy, however, a confidence in our Navy at all times; and results have shown that that confidence is not in the least misplaced.

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See 'em Bump the Bumps.

* * * * *

The only Simms, specially imported from Ireland at Fabulous Expense. He eats Coal and spits Fire. Hear the Crack of his whip and the Lash of his tongue!

* * * * *

Senor Langeo, late of Hee-Haw, Chile. The only Peg Leg Chilean Demon Bareback Equestrian. See him bust the bleedin'; browbeaten, bronchos of the West.

* * * * *

Monsewer Rice, the Sorel tapped centaur. Eats 'em alive, alive!

* * * * *

Bullman the Open-Faced Blonde. Throws 'em in his sleep! See him in his fascinating revue “Off again, on again”!

* * * * *

Also Buttercup, the dainty Boy Scout!

* * * * *

Herr Donaldson, the Iron-Face! See him canter and take the lead. He comes up to breathe!

* * * * *

Wookey, the Iron Man, alias the Cobalt Nugget! See him sparkle in spots!

* * * * *

Also Gallagher, the Bi-Valve Kid! The only one in captivity.—Eats 'em whole!!

* * * * *

Horse-Fly Tregillus, the Demon of the Plains.

* * * * *

The one and only Brewster, the Orange Ade Kid!!

* * * * *

Over and Under Fairbanks. See his death defying Loop the Loop on the end of his horse's narrative!

* * * * *

See Strong-Heart Kerr, the Clinging Vine!

also

Rose Bud Chave, the Artful Dodger.

* * * * *

Performances daily, rain or shine, hail or snow, at 1.15 p.m.

Come early and avoid the rush at the Box Office!

Special rates for rafter seats!!

Hear the opening chorus, softly sung by the hidden choir, “I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way”.

The magement respectfully requests that spectators do not throw peanuts to the performers. They are,—at times,—easily annoyed.

* * * * *

Acting under instructions received from the St. Johns Board

of Censors, the management begs to state that children under 15 years of age cannot be admitted to any of the performances in which the Laird of Bridoon is featured.

Hear him! Hear him!! Hear him!!!

* * * * *

God Save the King.

—o—

SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL AT

ST. JOHNS.

(Extract from Local Paper.)

Had war actually broken out in our very midst, or was it worse? Mothers gathered in their children, while men of military age barred the doors. Special correspondents for the world's famous papers, “Knots and Lashings”, “The Daily Mail” and “The News” were on the scene, but nothing could be learned. “Central” said she knew nothing, but admitted having heard it. Something was wrong, war, murder, or worse. The Police Force (one was on duty the other had gone to supper) was ordered to be ready on an hour's notice. The Fire Brigade had the same instructions, so immediately bought a horse and sent to the scene of the last fire for the fire engine. The Fire brigade cleaned his buttons and ‘stood by’.

At 7 o'clock the Police charged he mob (on enquiring this morning at the hospital it was learned he would recover. Doctors please note). Things were getting pretty bad, when a side door of the Royal Residence was thrown open. It was captured though far from dead, screaming and kicking, a soldier had it under his arm, trying to stop it; using both his hands and his teeth; but of no avail. Some four other soldiers of powerful build came close behind, and the crowd fell back as they came on. All of a sudden the sound ceased, and the Chief, a man of over 7 feet, raised his hand and said, “Citizens! be this a warning. For three and a half years a bloody war has been waged agin the Hun, an' wi' a few exceptions ye are all still here. Take ye notice, for by an ither moon ten such as this will be here. Conscription, scared ye, but nae lawyer nor judge can save ye frae the gods of war when we start. Lead on McDuff.” And the quorum, to the tune of ‘The Barren Road of Aden’ faded from sight and sound. Doors were opened, heads peeped through slightly drawn blinds, and the civil populace breathed freely once again.

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, March 8th and 9th.—Warren Kerrigan in "Manxman", in 7 parts.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, March 10th, 11th and 12th.—Madge Kennedy in "Nearly Married", in 6 parts.

Saturday and Sunday, March 9th and 10th.—Charly Chaplin in "By the Sea", in 2 parts.

The "Red Ace" series (2nd episode this week), every Tuesday and Wednesday of each week.

The "Bull's Eye" series (1st episode this week), every Thursday and Friday of each week.

Those two series include each 16 episodes.

10 and 15 cents. No War Tax.

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"French at a Glance" the best book to learn to speak French. "KNOTS AND LASHINGS" ON SALE SATURDAY NOON.

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Unsurpassed CHOCOLATES and BON BONS

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

THINGS THAT STRIKE ONE

Dear Mr. Editor, I crave a little space

That I might now enumerate all in good time and place. To point out to the 'powers that be',

The wrongs that need a remedy

Please bear with me a little, while I go on apace.

As is well known, the depot has its own ice skating rink,

Where certain nights our depot band with music lends a helping hand.

With pleasing waltz or stirring strain they help uphold the depot name efficiency e'er to attain.

Thus far so good, but I am told that blowing in a band doth cause,

The bandsmen to bemoan, that they have hungry grown.

Their 'little Marys' start to ask, questions, re a slight repast.

The B. M. who is thoughtful for the welfare of his band,

Was kind enough, on his own, to find the food, altho' I'll own.

I'm much afraid he'd weary grown of throwing certain potent hints to various men for food and drinks.

Now is this hardly on the square to our B. M.? or is it fair?

Point number two concerns the hats we wear around the depot.

Blow east, blow west—the same old type of 'chapeaux'

But strange to say the caps we wear are only for the summer fair.

Fur hats, alas, are handed in (if they possessed them) by the men before they started for St. Johns.

Here then begins point number two of wrongs.

I know of men this week or two whose ears have nigh been frozen through

In temperature thirteen below in biting wind and driving snow

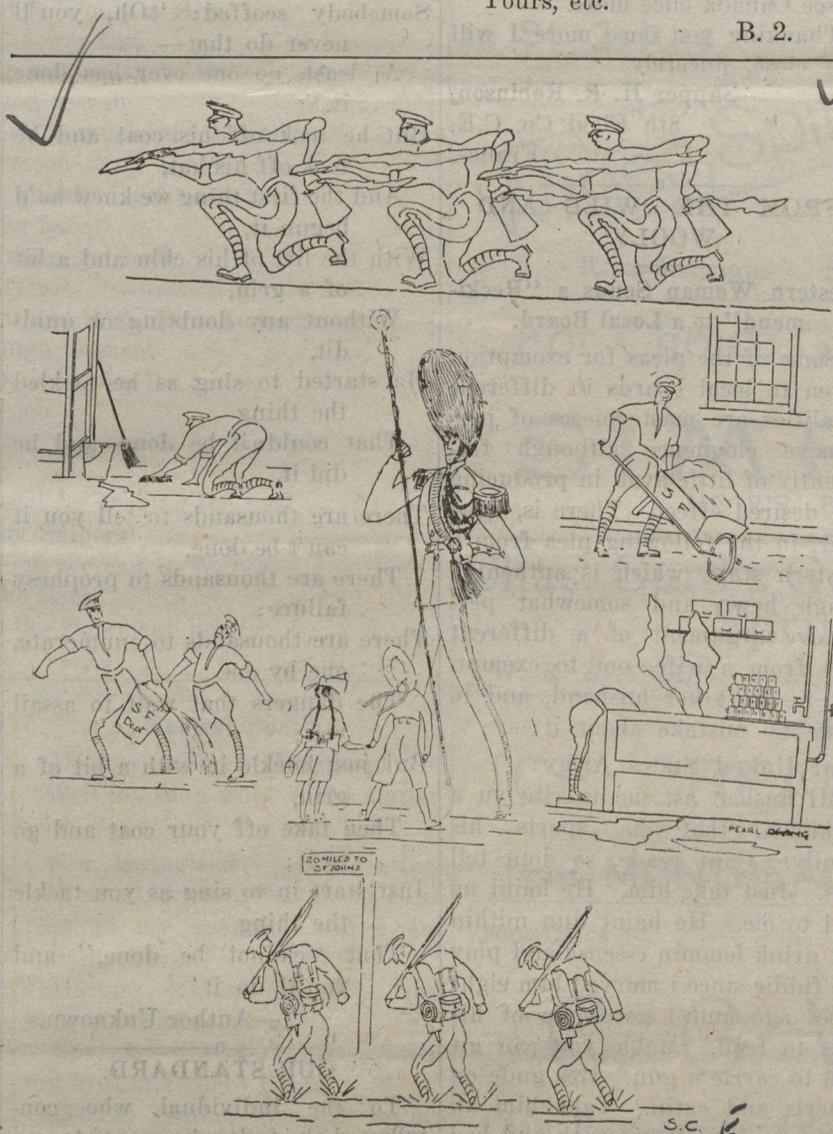
Who suffered agonies because, such were the Military laws.

Alas they asked, but asked in vain for winter hats to ease their pain.

Is this quite square to our good men? or is it helpful anywhen?

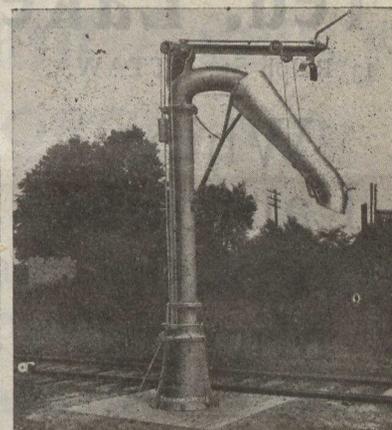
Yours, etc.

B. 2.



Our Idea of a Soldier.—Then, and Now—

'For the love of Mike,' you Sappers that have recently arrived, Let's hear from YOU. This is YOUR paper.



Standpipes

The most nearly automatic and least troublesome are the ones you want.

Specify

FAIRBANKS MORSE

Standpipes, and you will have the best obtainable. They are widely used by all leading railways. 100 of these are already on the way to France.

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Polish,
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Start a Savings Account with us.
We welcome small accounts of well
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best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager

DEPOT XMAS GIFTS TO C. E.'s IN FRANCE

Acknowledgements.

Can. Lt. Rly. Const. Coy.

Can. Engrs.

13-2-18.

Officer Commanding

C. E. T. D.,

St. John's, P.Q.

Sir:—

Many thanks for the Christmas
greetings and the cigarettes.

The "Players" were very much
appreciated by the men.

Wishing you all good fortune
during the coming year.

Sincerely yours,

C. W. West, Lieut.

for O. C.

France, Feb. 9th, 1918.

C. E. T. D.,

St. John's, P.Q.

O.C., Officers and Men:—

It is with much pleasure that I
am writing to thank you for the
Christmas remembrance of twenty-
five cigarettes sent to the boys in
the field. It is a great treat to get
smokes from Canada as they seem
to be of a better quality than what
one gets out here.

Everything is going along well
out here but we will all be pleased
to see Canada once more.

Thanking you once more I will
now close, sincerely,

Sapper H. R. Robinson,

8th Field Co. C.E.

France.

FROM THE 'WILD AND WOOLY'

Western Woman Sends a "Reck-
mend" to a Local Board.

Some of the pleas for exemption
given to local boards in different
localities are masterpieces of per-
suasive eloquence although fre-
quently of little avail in producing
the desired effect. There is, how-
ever, in the following plea from a
western state, which is authentic,
rough hewn and somewhat per-
suasive argument of a different
sort from a wife, not to exempt,
but to draft her husband, and to
make no mistake about it:

Dear United States Army:

Mi husban ast me to rite yu a
reckimen that he sports his
family. Cant reade, so dont tell
him. Just take him. He haint no
gud to me. He haint dun nuthin
but drink lemmin essence and play
the fiddle since i maryed him eight
yeres ago and i got sevin of his
kids to fead. Mabie you can git
him to carrie a gun. Hes gude on
squerls and eatin. Take him an
weleum. I head his grub and bed
for his kids. dont tell him this
just take him.

Mary Jane Jones.

READ IT! READ IT!! READ IT!!!

"BEHIND THE VEIL"

or

"The Mystery of the Haunted
Chamber"

(Sequel to that Gripping Romance
"You're Next"!)

By that Powerful Triumvirate
of Writers:

Elinor Glynn

Capt. Powell

Lieut. Phillips

Get in on it Girls!

Everybody's doin' it!!

This is positively the

Season's Best Seller.

IT CAN BE DONE

Somebody said it couldn't be done,

But he with a chuckle replied

That "maybe it couldn't," but he
would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd
tried.

So he buckled right in, with a trace
of a grin

On his face. If he worried he
hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done, and he
did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll
never do that—

At least, no one ever has done
it."

But he took off his coat and he
took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd
begun it,

With the lift of his chin and a bit
of a grin,

Without any doubting or quid-
dit,

He started to sing as he tackled
the thing

That couldn't be done, and he
did it.

There are thousands to tell you it
can't be done,

There are thousands to prophesy
failure;

There are thousands to enumerate,
one by one

The dangers that wait to assail
you;

But just buckle in with a bit of a
grin,

Then take off your coat and go
to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle
the thing

That "cannot be done," and
you'll do it!

—Author Unknown.

OUR STANDARD.

To the individual who con-
tributed the 'advertisement' to our
news box, we would say, that his
mind needs cleansing. No wonder
he didn't sign his name to it.

Smoke

Hudson Bay Co.'s

Imperial Mixture

CANADA'S FOREMOST
TOBACCO.

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Military Equipments:—

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

TOMMY'S ALPHABET

"A" is for "Argyll" that fine Highland Clan
who voted for rum right down to a man.
"B" is "Biscuit" we get in the trench,
it's cursed at in English, German and French.
"C" is the "Censor" who must know ere this
a cross is a cross and a kiss is a kiss.
"D" is the "Dugout" that gives us the habit
of dodging about like a paralysed rabbit.
"E" is an "Easter Egg" laid by a louse
now there's a family, my shirts their house.
"F" is for "Flanders" according to wags
it used to be here but now its in bags.
"G" are the "Gumboots" that seem very neat
till your head comes down "whack" and up go your feet.
"H" is for "Huns" who are devils to roam
and till Belgium is "Hunless" we'll never get home.
"I" was an "Idiot"—thought he'd be brave
stood on the parapet, he's now in his grave.
"J" is the "Jam" we all have to grapple
God knows we are fed up with Damson and Apple.
"K" is an army composed of the best
we're glad they've come out to give us a rest.
"L" is the place — well you know where I mean
where defaulters etc. are oft to be seen.
"M" is the "Medico" whom I personally hate
He gave me a "9" instead of an "8".
"N" is the "noise" that is made by a shell
it goes up to Heaven and brings us down hell.
"O" is the "Offensive" we are starting on now
its even worse than "unearthing" a cow.
"P" is the "Piper" who pipes just for fun
and makes the Bosche glad he's only a Hun.
"Q" is the "Question" you might answer fast
How long is this blooming war going to last.
"R" is the "Rum" that is dished out to you
if you cannot stand one well you cannot "Stand To".
"S" is a Star-shell bound for the moon
as it quietly goes up, you quietly "get doon".
"T" is the drink we are now getting here
its rotten to know the Germans get beer.
"U" are the person the sniper is after
its "Odds on" he'll get you and then theres no laughter.
"V" is the backsight you look through to shoot
the Hun he knows it, and snipes you, the brute.
"W" is for "Wiring" a very fine job
till you get on the shins what was meant for the stob.
"X" as letters are no bally good
lets pretend they are charcoal for cooking the food.
"Y" is for "Ypres" surrounded by Snipers
pronounce it as you like but, we call it Wypers.
"Z" are the "Zeppelins" seen in the skies
they never come near us, the statement lies.

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H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.**

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Insure with us in an old line British
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Agents--Lackawanna Coal.

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Cuisine

Rates Moderate

Spacious Dining Rooms

For Choice Groceries and Fruit

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MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

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For Personal Use, or for Gifts,
I have a splendid assortment of
low and medium-priced articles.

COME AND LOOK
OVER MY STOCK. WE
ARE FRIENDLY HERE.

E. MESSIER,

83 Richelieu Street, - ST. JOHNS
(Next to Pinsonnault the photographer)

Medical Board.

Doctor (to Spr. Swinglead):—
"Well my man what is the matter
with you?"

Spr. Swinglead:—"I don't feel
well at all, doctor, everything I eat
flies to my stomach, and I am
spitting wind."

Doctor:—"How did you find
yourself this morning?"

Spr. S.:—"Well I just opened
my eyes and there I was."

Doctor (rather puzzled to or-
derly):—"Give him a Number 9."

Orderly:—"We have none, Sir."

Doctor (impatiently):—"Well
give him a couple of fours and owe
him one."

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

When spring does come she had better not make her approach too sudden, otherwise she might get drowned.

We listened to a discussion between two Sappers the other evening at Supper, in the Mens Mess, and would here like to register our opinion, that if our friends from the Otherside consider it good enough to come from the States to join the Canadian Engineers, it is certainly up to them to remember that their allegiance is now sworn to King George.

They have taken the Oath, and we would ask them to remember that, during discussion, it is not always pleasing to sit still and listen to adverse criticism upon our ways and means. We, being Soldiers of the Greatest Empire the world has ever seen, resent these attacks which tend to create friction.

We extend a hearty welcome to our friends as Brothers and Comrades but would ask them to remember the oft quoted saying about doing in Rome as the Romans do. The particular Sapper we refer to stated that he only came in because he was tired of all this fighting and wanted to get over to France and finish the whole bally affair up and done with. Big talk! we admire the spirit. "I come from Mass'," was a favourite remark of his. Personally we are afraid he used the first letter as a sort of camouflage.

There was great rejoicing amongst some of the Depôt over the acquisition, by the Engineers, of a Piper. If one may judge by the remarks in last week's "Knots and Lashings"). Piper be D— blowed. It was our fortune to be present at a "Burns celebration" in Montreal last January, and we confess it was the piper who spoiled an otherwise enjoyable evening. Doctor Johnson used to say the pipes sound well at a distance,—the greater the distance the better.

An opinion endorsed by

PAT.

GRAND CONCERT IN SERGEANTS MESS. PROGRAMME

- Comic Song—Oh! Where is my beer tonight? C.S.M. Evans
- Recitation—Barrels, beers, and vessels (with action) . . Sgt. J. F. Bell
- Comic Song—I go to church each Sunday like a soldier
and a man Sgt. J. Boyd
- Song—The Forester's farewell (with liquid accom-
paniment) Sgt. McLaren
- Impersonation—Cohen on the telephone Sgt. Henson
- Comic Song—The bloomin' barf's a leakin' an' the
water pipes is bust Sgt. Caddy
- Song—Don't go down in the mine dad! Sgt. McIntyre
- Comic Song—"Fifty-fifty" (New York's latest hit) . . Sgt. Lowman
- Comic Song—I'm all alone Sgt. Ayres
- Comic Song—When I come back I shall return . . . Staff Sgt. Barr
- Comic Song—Any Rags, any bones, any bottles
today? R.Q.M.S. Beauchamp
- Song—My own dear Lizzie (with violin accompaniment) C.S.M. Lear
- Song—He's handsome as the flowers in May C.S.M. Estey

Editor's Note:—We have no information when this Concert is coming off—we'd like to be there though.—We don't understand why Sgt. Thompson is not singing his old favourite "Left! right! Left! right! Right in the thick of the fight," and it surprises us to know that the R.S.M. is not on the program with "The Prisoner's farewell".

There was a young man so be-
nighted
He didn't know when he was
slighted;
He'd go to a party,
And eat just as hearty
As though he'd been really invited.

"Here's twenty millions,
Sir," they said
To Reggie Rochabilter Phelps.
"Ah thanks, just lay it on the
bed;"
Yawned Reggie, "every little
helps!"



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

"STAG"

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

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

OF COURSE YOU'LL WANT WALKING-OUT BOOTS

— Slater's Best usually cost \$8.00, but we are satisfied to sell them for **\$7.00**
Some class to 'em, too! SHE will think so, also!

SURE-CURE - HOSPITAL Soft Shoes and Slippers
FOR OLD SHOES. To Wear in Barracks
Bring yours in, and we'll Good Trunks and Valises
fix 'em while you wait. Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

144 Richelieu St., Below the bridge
Come in and say "Hello". We are good folks, and think you are, too!

Now you can get

Philip Morris Cigarettes

in the Canteen

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

Virginia Ovals, 15c
Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

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