

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. 20.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

The Tunnelled underworld in the War Zone

LATER DEVELOPMENTS OF POSITION WARFARE.

By E. T. Adney.

Many years ago, the artist, George Catlin, whose Indian portraits are to be seen at the United States National Museum, was returning from the country of the Mandans on the Missouri River. With him was an Indian chief who was going to see something of the white men. Having been told they were a numerous tribe, he prepared a stick and on this stick he cut a notch for every white man's cabin he came to, so as to tell the story truthfully when he returned to his people. On the thousand mile drift down the muddy Missouri, the stick began to fill more and more rapidly; and when they came at length to St. Louis, then a respectable outpost, the Indian gave one long sorrowful look, then pitched the stick overboard. He was later received by the Great Father at Washington, and then went back to his people,—poor fellow, he was shot by his own people. A specially charmed bullet had to be used, for the trouble was not that his tale of the wonders he saw was "all lies", but that no mortal unless positively in league with the devil could possibly INVENT THEM. I suppose that we who shall be fortunate enough to get over to the "other side" where millions of men are at this moment engaged in activities incredibly vast in extent and variety, will find ourselves in much the state of mind of that poor Mandan.

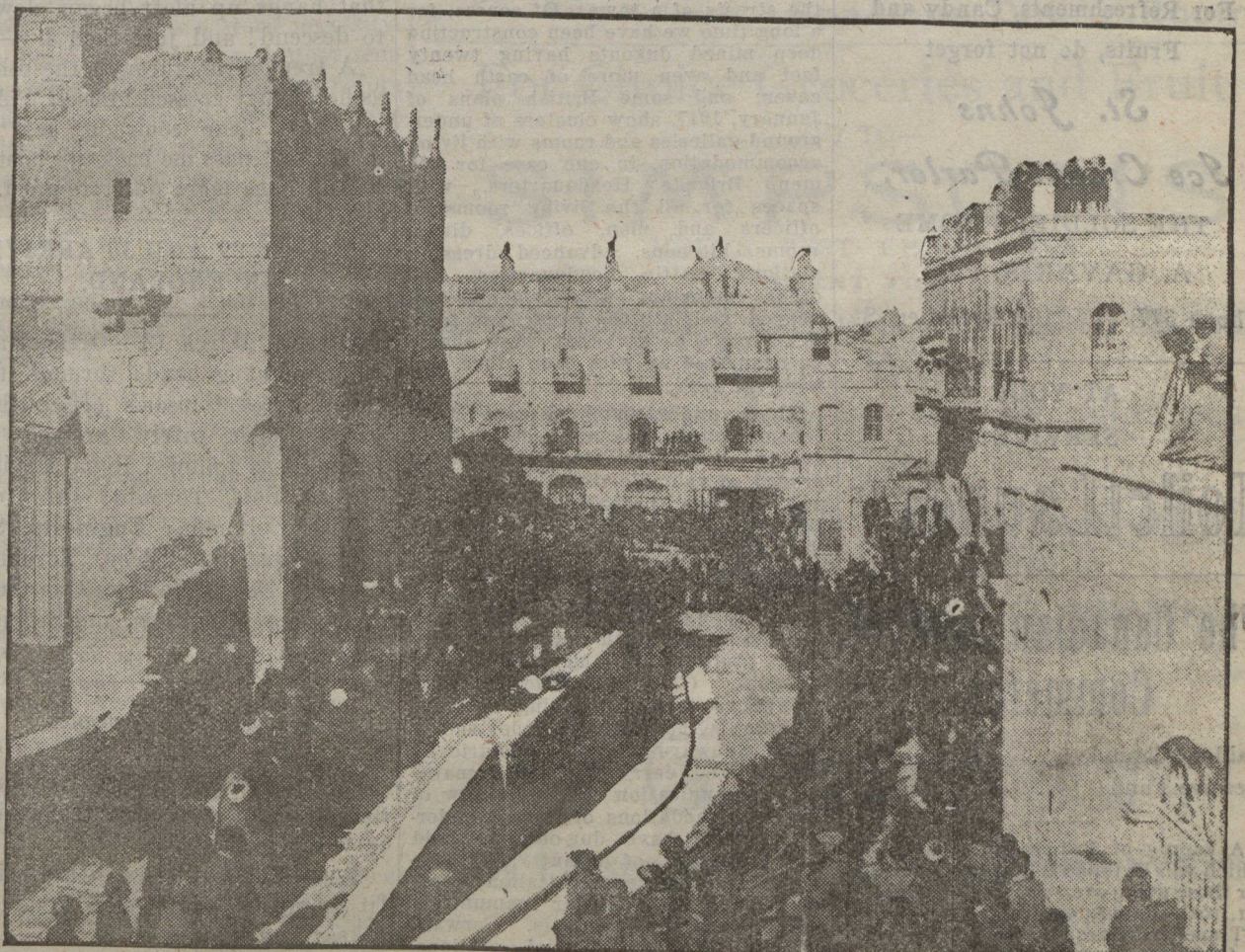
Nor is it needful that we have actually started on our voyage, to perceive the haze of bewilderment rising like a mist before our understanding. We have formed a tolerably clear idea of a "trench", and then next we become able, perhaps, to sort them out into their different sorts, according to their uses—fire trenches, communication trenches, etc., when the next thing we learn that a trench is very often not a trench at all, but may be just a path running along any old way like a cow path across a pasture. We suppose of course that a "dug out" must be something dug (into the ground, of necessity), and are prepared to put the 'gloves on' with anyone who would dispute such a self evident fact. The next moment we are a bit disconcerted to find that

"dug outs" are often constructed entirely above ground. Presently some fellow comes along—some chap with a pallid, anaemic look who wears glasses, and asserts, with a show of much learning that we are all wrong talking about 'trench warfare'—we should say 'position warfare'; that if it wasnt for the convenience (admittedly quite worth considering occasionally) of getting about from one place to another concealed as far as possible from the watchful eyes of prying and not too friendly neighbors on the other side of fence, we should

not need trenches very much. Always supposing we have lots of machine guns, etc., well placed, with some coils of barbed wire judiciously arranged and so forth.

Of course, I am assuming that the object of all this is to beat a man who has declared himself to be your mortal enemy and is going to have your blood. If he wont give in, you are to try to pulverize him, and it is only reasonable to assume that he is animated by the same spirit toward you. He employs a variety of lethal instruments diabolically conceived

with that sole end in view—to pulverize you, to keep from being pulverized by you while he is doing it. He employs machines that violently and completely alter the aspect of natural features of the earth's surface and some distance below. He fills the air more or less compactly, at times, with streams of leaden pellets, outbursts of noxious chemicals of various kinds, but all deadly and in mass that shrivels up all life both animal and vegetable. Both the sight and sound of it are terrifying and drive to madness. With all the inventions of the



Reading the proclamation from the steps at the base of the Tower of David, which was standing when Christ was in Jerusalem.

—Photo by courtesy of U. P. R.

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that. There are three methods of getting nearer to the enemy without undue exposure. One is by driving forward a mine gallery (one or more), planting huge charges of explosives under his positions, blowing him skyward, then consolidating the mine crater into our own system by a trench around the forward or the rear 'lip'. Another way, is by sapping out ahead, deep enough for fairly heavy timbered cover—a 'Russian sap' so called. But a better way is to blast a trench right across the front to be attacked.

All these "jumping off" trenches, to be of use, must be opened up quickly at the last moment. In blasting a trench, charges of ammonal are placed in holes bored at intervals, which when exploded leave a row of craters 16 to 18 feet in diameter and 7 feet deep, which can rapidly be connected up. Again, a line of shell holes will be selected, and pipes of ammonal laid along the spaces between, and presto! A deep fine trench results.

At one time communication trenches were needed at certain important places. A series of holes were bored by Calyx borers across 'No Man's Land' and charged with high explosive. Only two of these were actually needed, so only two were exploded. The two resulting trenches were of the following dimensions: 68 yards long, 25 feet wide at top, 14 feet deep; 58 yards long, 25 feet at surface, 15 feet deep. I suppose this trench blowing apparatus is something like an artesian well borer, working horizontally instead of straight down. It is sure some improvement on pick and shovel.

But most wonderful of all are the underground routes from the rear to the forward area. Subways they are termed. Of the details of their construction, it is enough to say that they are deep down, beyond the effect of the heaviest shell fire. I heard a general officer last year, returned from France, speaking of the underground work he had seen, declare "There aren't any more trenches; everything is under ground." He could compare them to nothing else than the streets of a town. Of course, for a long time we have been constructing deep mined dugouts having twenty feet and even more of earth head cover; and some British plans of January, 1917, show clusters of underground galleries and rooms with living accommodation, in one case for 600 men, Brigade Headquarters, with spaces for all the living rooms of officers and men, offices, dining rooms, kitchens, advanced dressing stations, battle headquarters, and other important arrangements, advanced well into the front shell zone. What more natural that these should be connected up with each other, and with the rear.

These underground passage ways become routes of communication used during bombardments. They have proved so valuable that they are now part of the preparations for the advance. Exits lead out, of course, at the successive trench lines under which they pass, including the front line itself, and are even pushed out into 'No Man's Land'. From these exits the troops can quickly take up their positions in the jumping off trenches, (the connections being opened up at night) taking up their positions without coming under enemy fire. Subways may be electrically lighted, and carry the water mains and communication cables. A few of the accommodations of these wonderful "towns" have dug-outs to hold large numbers of infantry, Brigade Battle Headquarters, Battalion Headquarters, Trench Mortar ammunition stores, and emplacements. Forward dressing stations, Signal stations, Water filling points, Cookhouses, Latrines, Tramways for carrying ammunition and stores, Electric light and power stations.

It would not be surprising next to hear of double tubes, one for the express trains to the firing line, the other stopping at the way stations for local traffic.

THANK GOD IT WAS ONLY A
DREAM!!

Lights out had long since sounded. Downstairs the fascinating, yet elusive, chips no longer gave forth their subdued music, as the fickle goddess shifted them about the green cloth. That throbbing music emitted by the trained quartette, painful in its haunting mystery, had at last died away. Throughout the mess darkness and quiet reigned, broken only by the sounds of weary-war worn warriors of the Fighting 34th sunk in heavy slumber. A lonely clandestine 17/8 c.p. lamp alone faintly illumined the gloom.

Suddenly in one of the "steam-heated apartments" a piercing cry rang through the midnight stillness. The cry was promptly hushed by a comrade from an adjoining "twin bed" laying a soothing hand on the troubled brow of the dreamer,—via a well directed boot.

Mutual explanations followed. "I dreamed," said the awakened victim of the night mare, "that we were leading into the Riding School; and ah! it was all so natural. There stood the terrible Laird and there also our dear, dear, Sergeant Major. Yes! yes! They both had their whips. And just as we passed the barrier, the fence that hangs up aloft began slowly to descend! and just then I—"

A tremor ran through the other as he piously crossed himself. "Ah, my poor dear comrade, say no more. Just pass me back my boot."

And once more quiet reigned.

DRAFTS 29 AND 30 ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.

Ottawa, March 12.—Official announcement is made through the Chief Press Censor's office that troops have safely arrived in England as follows: Royal Flying Corps Pilots, Toronto; Infantry, British Columbia; Engineers, St. Johns, Que.; Artillery, Toronto; Forestry Drafts Railway Construction troops, Hamilton; and Serbian troops.

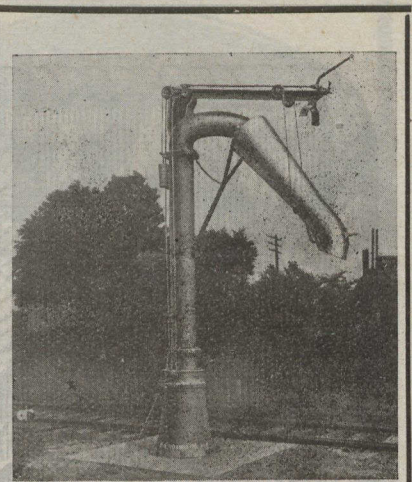
Conscientious Scruples.

Draft official—On what ground do you claim exemption from military service?

Rastus, Esq.—Dis wah am bein' fit to mek de worl' safe fo' dem-oeekasy, am it not?

Draft official—Yes; sure.

Rastus, Esq.—Wal, Ise a 'pub-lican.—Judge.



Standpipes

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

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"JUST FOR FUN"

We know an engineer named Mahoney,
Who though slender, is really not boney,
As a dancer he's so graceful,
And though it may sound disgraceful,
He can put it all over Salome.

There is a brave man named Knighton,
Whom even riding can't frighten,
With both his rib and his knee,
As sore as can be,
In the light of one smile he will brighten.

And now there is young Mr. Trow,
So popular where'er he may go,
With his musical talent,
And manner nonchalant,
He is ever a charming young beau.

That brilliant young man named Ells,
Always makes a great hit with the "gells",
Do you think it's his hair,
So beautifully fair,
That aids him in casting his spells?

There's a small creature called Wrong,
Who has been so for ever so long,
He'll never be right,
Though he strives day and night,
Alas, must he always be Wrong?

There's a Scotch Major named Milne,
Whose language would fair make you thrill,
His vocab's of such length,
And his words of such strength,
That men tremblingly bow to his will.

The Colonel with spirits so gay,
Loves among the ladies to stray,
He just radiates joy,
Like any other boy,
When he hears the bright things that they say.

That worthy editor, Knight,
Will censor these lines that I write,
If he passes them by,
When they come to his eye,
I'll be sure that he deemed them all right.

OKAY YEM.

SIM-PLY GREAT.

There was a young man from Toronto
Who could ride both slick and pronto
When astride his black mare
She'd leap in the air
And stay there so long as he'd wanto.

THE RUM RATION

This question, which seems to exercise the mind of the rabid teetotaler was raised by the Rev. B. H. Spence at the meeting of the Dominion Alliance at the American Presbyterian Church Montreal. Among other things he stated that, as a result of the law, the evils of the wet canteen and the 'rum ration' to our men overseas would be reduced when the advantages of prohibition were further known.

Douglas Hains of the 24th Battalion writes:—

Inasmuch as I have been overseas, wounded three times and returned, I feel that I know what I am talking about. It is quite apparent, however, that the Rev. Mr. Spence has not the faintest idea of conditions at the front nor has he any idea how necessary the ration of rum is to the welfare and health of the men out there. Rum is never issued indiscriminately and in my experience I have never seen it issued when the weather has been good and conditions fairly comfortable. Furthermore the quantity of rum issued is not sufficient to cause the least feeling of inebriation. Its only effect in my experience has been a vigorous reaction and I can assure Mr. Spence most heartily that when one has been on duty all night in the pouring rain, with mud up to his hips and does not know whether he will live till morning, this ration of rum is a stern necessity.

The "W.C.T.U." and other temperance bodies have agitated before this to prohibit the issue of rum to the men in the trenches, and I assure you that they resent most heartily any attempt of this nature. I don't feel that I can do any better than quote some poetry I heard, made up in an old German dugout in the front line in Belgium:

Sky Pilots over in Canada,
Often rave about Kingdom Come.
They're not pleased with our ability.
They're trying to stop our rum.

Water, they say would be better,
Water! Great Scott! Out here.
We're up to our hips in water.
Do they think we're standing in Beer.

It's easy enough to talk Temperance,
When you sit in a cushioned pew.
But try six days in the trenches,
And see what the Water will do.

They haven't the heart to say
"Thank you,"
For fighting in their behalf.
Perhaps they object to smoking.
Perhaps it's a fault to laugh.

Some of these coffee-faced Blighters,
I think must be German bred.
It's time they called in the Doctor.
For it's Water they have in the head.

A lie seldom dies from inactivity.

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

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Vol. 1. No. 20.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, March 16, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy
\$2.60 By The Year

Founded Oct. 1917

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PRESS DECEPTIONS.

At the present time it is apparent that an atmosphere of gloom pervades throughout the British Empire on account of the war outlook.

We meet a friend, and after the usual formulae as to the weather have been properly gone through and disposed of, the friend, or if he is a wee bit slow, you say, "Gee! This is an awful war! Things certainly look black now," and so on, ad lib. Your friend agrees with you, unless, perhaps, you are unwise enough to predict the date—there or thereabouts—of the termination of the war. On this point he will take issue with you; and in spite of his gloomy attitude, and yours too, he will look forward to a satisfactory settlement of this strife.

It is only the British stoicism, bull-doggedness—call it what you will—that really saves the country from collapse at this stage of the game. The determination to see a job through is born in us; we've started to lick the Hun, and we're going to do it. But why this gloomy state of being?—Have we come to our last man or last pound?—A negative is the answer to these and all such questions.

This state of gloominess is just a temporary state of being which really has no bearing upon the ultimate result, and which has been created for us by the press. For the past two years we've been told in glaring headlines, in bold type of the Allied supremacy in men, guns and aircraft; of the dejected and forlorn condition of the German troops; of the starvation and riots, attended with mailed fist rule in German towns; and a score of other soul-comforting items. The net result of all this is now coming home to us. True, the editor of a newspaper has to 'feature' his 'stuff' in order to sell his paper and he, poor devil, could not foresee the Russian debacle nor could he from his cramped viewpoint, controlled as he is, do anything but what he has done. It is not him we blame for leading us astray, for buoying up our hopes, but rather the system of newspaper display in vogue today.

One can almost read the news by scanning the headlines, is an expression often made use of, and in many instances it is quite a correct assertion; but if we go a little more carefully into things we will often find that the headline is not always designed to condense the news but rather to 'catch the eye', to pander to popular sentiment. Look a little more deeply and you will sometimes find that the headline represents, in boldest type, the most insignificant part of a despatch so featured to produce the feeling of security and satisfaction of the public.

Such a system is all right so long as nothing happens of any grave nature. When, however, the 'bottom falls out of things' it is too late to recover; and the headliner is 'up against a stiff proposition'. His bluff is called.

We are in that state today. We've been nurtured on startling, misleading 'heads' until the 'bubble has burst'. The headliner has fallen down completely and has at last, had to feature the worst. This wonderful 'back kick' of the Russian that he has been setting up in captions for months past is a myth, and we now face the grave situation as a genuinely fooled public.

Our press has become Americanised, it is true, in the respect of headlines and features and front page stuff. That's all right enough but there is no real reason why we should mislead our public by our headlines.

The Britisher is never better than with his back to the wall. Let him know the worst at all times. Give him a newspaper with the news dispatch and if headlining has come to stay, let us have a truthful caption, representing as nearly as possible the general trend of the dispatch. We don't, as a public, mind how you refer to a murder case or the actions of a city council; but when you give us war news let us have it right.

ATTEMPT TO BESMIRCH OUR CHARACTER.

"Knots and Lashings" has no need to come out as champion of the soldier against a clergyman 'run wild'. Others have done this for us, and in the public statements of the Rev. A. H. Moore, Mayor Black, and the chief of police in St. Johns, Mr. Hughes has his answer.

The character of the officers and men of the E. T. D. has had an indirect attack made upon it. We are jealous of our reputation and feel that in spite of this dastardly attack our good name has not suffered as the statements are admittedly false.

If Mr. Hughes made the statements as reported, his only way out is by a public apology. Is he man enough?

GRAND CONCERT IN
SERGEANTS' MESS

As announced in last week's issue, the "Grand Concert" in the Sergeants' Mess was held on Tuesday, March 12th, before a large and fashionable audience including representatives from the Elite of St. Johns.

R.S.M. Johnstone presided and after a few well chosen remarks, the concert proceeded. The numbers given were all good but special mention must be made of several.

The first number—a "comic" song by C.S.M. Evans—was well rendered, this gentleman knowing whereof he sang, his song brought tears to the eyes of the audience—his own being noticeably "frothy".

Sgt. Boyd was unfortunate in his first selection. His song, "I go to Church on Sunday like a soldier and a man" not having been properly rehearsed. This popular melody should always be sung and acted by one familiar with the theme. His second selection, "They go wild, simply wild, over me" was more suitable to his style and brought deserved applause.

The fifth number, "Cohen on the telephone" by Sgt. Henson, was changed at the last minute due to this gentleman's indisposition. However his cousin Pte. Dlott (who happened to be present) saved the day by taking his place. This gentleman gave a splendid interpretation of this little drama.

C.S.M. Estey's selection was beautifully rendered. His powerful "Base" voice and disposition being well suited to the piece.

REPORTER.

RIGHT DRESS!

To you dear Editor
I pen my tale of woe,
I'm greatly in distress,
It worries me, and though
It's nothing more nor less
Than a simple thing like Dress,
It seems a bally mess,
Don't cher know

We're dressing in the morning,
We're dressing on the square,
There's dressing on our roast beef,
Though I admit it's rare.
We learn to 'dress the officers,
And how to 'dress our mail.
I've puzzled now for hours,
Alas to no avail

It's "Right dress", then "Left dress",
Or "Dress up by the flank".
"Throw out your chest like all the rest",
"Dress up the rear rank",
It's "Form fours", then dress again,

Now here's my simple quest—
What do you think would happen if
The army wasn't dressed.

Poet Lowrate.

Real heroes act as their own press agents.

Theatre Royal

Saturday and Sunday, March 16-17.—
Clara Kimball Young and her own
company present The Marionnettes—
5 parts.

Monday and Tuesday, March 18-19.—
The Auction Block, in 8 parts; the
life drama of a million girls of the
large cities and the small town.

Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-
21.—Ethel Claton in The Woman Be-
neath, in 5 parts.

First show at 6.30 p.m. Second
show at 8.30 p.m. daily.

Matinees every Saturday and Sun-
day at 2.30 p.m.

10 and 15 cents. No War Tax.

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CHOCOLATES and BON BONS

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PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

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and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

THE WAR WILL END.

Absolute knowledge I have none
But my aunt's washwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese Coolie in Timbuck-
too
Who said the Niggers in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
What got it straight from a Circus
Clown
That a man in the Klondike heard
this news
From a gang of South American
jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard a man who claimed to
know
Of a swell society dame (no fake)
Whose mother-in-law will under-
take
To prove that her seventh hus-
band's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she had a son who had a
friend
Who knows when the war is going
to end.

ATHLETICS.

It is proposed to hold a Boxing
Tournament about the end of this
month.

Prizes will be awarded to the
winners of the contests.

Entries should be handed in to
Capt. Powell—Instruction office
at the earliest possible date so that
the necessary arrangements can be
made.

Entries for the following will be
received:—

Light weight
Welter weight
Middle weight
Heavy weight.

There will be a separate entry
list for officers.

Indoor Baseball seems to be dead.
The Old Fort is just the ideal for
the game but the ball is still in the
pitcher's box waiting for someone
to kick it.

Gee you new fellows are slow.
Have you no life or energy in you
at all? The N.C.O.'s of the dif-
ferent sections should get busy and
work up some enthusiasm.—Get up
inter-section contests—anything to
show a little life.

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—E. Carol Jackson— 1918 —

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



That blasted belt!

E. T. D. ROLL OF HONOUR.

Lieut. G. D. Weaver (transferred to Royal Engineers, with British, Salonica Exp. Force), wounded leg and heel.

2005499 Driver P. E. Duborgal (Draft 25), wounded.

2005255 Spr. C. H. Soltau (Draft 23), ill.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:—

- Sergt. S. A. Mallett
- Sgt. H. W. Wilson
- Sergt. R. A. Semple
- Sergt. C. A. Perkins
- Sergt. H. M. Freeman
- Sergt. J. S. G. Laing
- Sergt. B. Kitson
- Sergt. J. W. Oliver
- Sergt. J. S. M. Wynn
- Corpl. M. J. Jourdin
- Corpl. P. W. Worsley
- Corpl. W. H. York
- Lie. Corpl. W. Hughes
- Lie. Corpl. C. J. Matthews
- Lie. Corpl. H. E. Robinson
- Lie. Corpl. G. E. McColl
- Lie. Corpl. R. S. Vienotte
- Lie. Corpl. F. Long.

WELCOME TO:—

Lieut. J. H. Anderson.

ESCOTT BECOMES ESCORT.

502815 C.S.M. R. Escott is transferred to the Transatlantic Service M.D. No. 5. Au revoir Sergeant Major, "Knots and Lashings" wishes you success in your new sphere.

In the game of life a good deal depends on a good deal.

DRAFT 27 EN ROUTE.

Excerpt From Letter.

On Board,
February 9th, 1918.

We left the train about noon Friday, February 1st, and went aboard this boat. She is a large boat belonging to the C.P.R. I was in charge of the sentries the first night, and about 5 a.m. we pulled out and spent most of Saturday coming round to another port, where we took on more soldiers and some civilians.

Sunday we laid alongside the wharf and Monday we pulled out into the harbor and anchored.

About noon Tuesday, February 5th, we started on our journey. Eleven ships and an American cruiser. First comes an armed auxiliary cruiser, and then another large boat, then our boat and the rest of the boats form up behind, followed by the U. S. warship.

Today another large two funnelled-boat has joined us, so we are now 13 ships all told. It is quite a sight to see us zigzagging about.

The auxiliary cruiser seems to be in command of the fleet and she puts up flags and signals with flashlights to the other boats telling them when to change their course.

We are going very slowly, not more than 10 knots per hour, and they must lose a lot of time zigzagging.

It is very dark at night as there is no moon and the ships carry no light, once in a while they flash to each other so that they can keep in position, but the decks are pitch dark and it is very hard to find the door to get back inside again.

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You know it as the CITY Hotel.

I feel safer at night than in the daytime.

It was cold and snowy for two days, then we had a day of mist and sleet and could only see two or three ships, but today is sunny and mild and we can see all around. It seems impossible to think that you are still frozen up.

We have about 400 naval men on board. They are passengers going home to England and some of them have come from as far as India. They have been on the Indian station three years and are going home on leave. They came across in the "Empress of Russia" to Vancouver. We are very fortunate to have them in this ship because they are assisting the crew, and there are 40 at a time on submarine lookout duty and two men all the time at the gun, as well as extra naval signallers on duty on the bridge.

It gives a feeling of security to have so many naval men on board, and if we are attacked and have to lower the boats these men will be very useful. I think there are about 1500 troops on board. We parade at Boat stations every morning at 9.30 a.m. and remain on deck till 11.30, which finishes our parade for the day. The rest of the time we either sleep or walk around, so you see we are having a very lazy time. Fawcett and myself are in one cabin, Hudson and Jameson, Davis and Roberts are in another, and Sammy Hill and Cram are in another.

They are first class cabins, and we have a table to ourselves in the first class saloon. All the Sergeants eat together, we eat before the civilian passengers (there are only about ten of them) and the Officers, but have the same menu, and we also have the use of the first class promenade deck, so we are very lucky. We certainly have got better quarters and food than any of us expected.

Every morning they publish a newspaper. It is very small and contains a few "marconigrams" and a little war news.

Thursday, Feb. 14th.

It looks as if we shall be at the end of our journey very soon, so am writing a few lines. Last Sunday we had a beautiful day, and I sat out on deck and tried to imagine what you were doing back there in the snow and ice.

In the afternoon they had a funeral on one of the ships, but we did not stop. All the ships flew flags at half mast and we could see the platform on the other ship ready for dropping the body overboard.

Sunday evening the auxiliary

cruiser, and one of the freighters left us. Monday was very windy, rough in the morning, and everybody was glad to see it, as the submarine cannot come up in a rough sea. However it did not last long and on Monday afternoon it rained and the sea went down. Since then it has been calm, mild and sunny.

On Tuesday (one week from Canada) the cruiser returned, without the other ship; so I suppose she has gone to another port than we are going to.

We got into the Danger Zone on Tuesday night and the extra naval men were put on lookout for submarines. The American battleship left early on Tuesday. It was an anxious time all yesterday. Early yesterday (Wednesday) the boats were lowered to the rail, ready for immediate action, and armed sentries (Engineers) were put on at each post to shoot anyone that started a panic if we had to leave the ship. I am in charge of the soldiers in our boat and there are 5 or 6 naval men and one old lady. There are also some of the ships company but I don't know how many. The sergeants in charge of the boats have got orders to take the rifle and ammunition from the sentries in case of emergency, and look after that part themselves.

There was another funeral on one of the ships yesterday. About 3 p.m. yesterday the destroyers picked us up, and everybody was very relieved to see them. No one said very much but everybody came out on deck and began to chatter and smile again, so it looks as if I were not the only one who had been feeling anxious. There are eight destroyers and they are all over the place at once. They go very quickly, and I don't think any submarine will show up. It is very dark at night as there are no lights showing except one small light at the stern, near the water, so that the boat behind can follow. Last night we had a port hole showing and the nearest destroyer signalled across and gave us a good bawling out for it. They evidently mean business. I shall like to see a copy of "Knots and Lashings", perhaps they might like to print some of this letter.

No one knows what port we are going to, but it looks as if we are going to either Avonmouth or Plymouth. It is wonderful to think such a large fleet as this should come through in spite of the threats of the Germans.

My respect for the British navy has gone up since the destroyers came along yesterday.

George H. Saunders.

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"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Huroo! the top o' the mornin' to ye bhoys.
 Some people used to say St. Patrick was born on the 8th day of March. There were others who contended it was the 9th before he was born. And, as the Irishman dearly loves an argument, the two parties were always seeking to tread on the tail of each others coats.

At length, the matter having reached such a pitch the case was taken before his reverence the parish priest, who, after a careful and diplomatic study of the situation arrived at the Solomon-like conclusion of combining the two dates, thus satisfying both parties. And so it was given out that as no one could have two birthdays except twins, hereafter the 17th day of March would be devoted to Ireland's patron Saint. A fact which no Irishman worthy the name ever forgets.

It was the writer's fortune, for a number of years, to receive a sprig of Shamrocks, grown on the Hill of Tara; (which is made famous by Thomas Moore in his poem "The Harp that once through Taras Hall) and which was proudly worn as being distinct from the sprig of clover so frequently sold to represent the real thing. We are reminded of an incident which proves the deep regard the Irish (or at least some of them) have for the dear little three leaf Shamrock. Until recently there was a sweet little lady living in a quiet part of Ontario. She was born in this country nearly 80 years ago, soon after the arrival of her parents, who came from Ireland, where they had left two of their sons. After the old people had settled and made a home for themselves, (after the fashion of the pioneers of those days). She corresponded with the brothers she had never seen. As a child she was filled with a love for the Old Country about which her parents had frequently told her. Once she wrote to her brothers requesting them to send out to her a clump of Shamrocks from the Hill of Tara (near which they lived). This they did, together with about a bushel of the native soil. This was carefully put in a reserved place, and the Shamrocks planted. Years passed all too quickly, and seven or eight years ago the writer, who is a son of one of the brothers, was due to pay his respects to his aunt who at that time was over 70. After expressing her delight that I should have "come all the way from Ireland" to see her, she hurried me off to the small patch of Shamrocks, still growing, as she fondly believed, in their native soil. They had been lovingly tended for over fifty years, and even after the old folk had built for themselves a larger and more convenient house, letting the loghouse gradually fall into decay, she regarded her "little bit of Ireland" as sacred, and had it fenced off.

The Homestead was called "Tara" and as the district gradually became settled it too eventually took the name of the famous Hill. It was 7 years ago since my first visit, meanwhile the old lady died, my second and last visit was made two years ago. "Tara" had changed hands, and the garden was no longer to be found. Plow, disc and cultivator having obliterated all trace of what was to her the dearest spot on earth.

From the "Standard" (Montreal) of last Saturday.—Writing from Toronto a correspondent states: "I have accumulated 3475 volumes . . . in less than 20 years and before I die I hope to make the number at least 1,000."

Here's a chance for the waste paper man.

PAT.

WE WANT TO KNOW

What chance the man fourth from the bar has of getting a drink. A local pastor says he's seen men four deep at the bar.

Why Lieut. (Dr.) Robert has adopted a disguise in the form of horn rimmed glasses.

Who wears the longest 'Sam Browne' in the Depot.—We knew for sure before the new Q. M. arrived.

Why some of you sappers and foresters don't write something for "Knots and Lashings". Yes! and we're not forgetting the drivers either.

The familiar command "Parade 'shun" would be more welcome some of the fine mornings we have been having recently if it were reversed and turned for the nonce into a standing order to "Shun parade".



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

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