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## DUGOUTS AND MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENTS OF STRONG CONSTRUCTION

By Major Powell, C.E.

When a line of defence becomes of a more or less permanent nature it becomes advisable, if not a necessity, to provide dugouts, shelters, machine gun emplacements, etc., of a strong construction, to increase the safety of the garrison and minimise casualties, and if this fact is not given every attention, it is surprising how one, two, or three casualties, per battalion in the line, per day, will amount up when totalled.

If safe deep dugouts cannot be provided because of the difficulty of unwatering in any particular low lying country, it becomes necessary to give the greatest attention to the form of construction of such an abode built on the surface of the ground.

Such a large amount of accommodation is necessary, immediately, to provide merely protection from rain and small splinters that the original construction is nearly always of a most primitive nature. Then as time goes on, the occupants, not necessarily assisted by Engineers, perhaps not unwisely, try to do all in their power to better the strength of these shelters, as a general rule, by giving all their attention to increasing the thickness of the roofs and providing courses of stone, broken brick, steel rails, I beams, etc., which courses are most often laid simply course after course on top of the existing construction without any additional provision for the increased load on the original sub-structure. As a result, I have often seen a fairly small shell striking such a roof not penetrate but be the cause of

the total collapse of the shelter by the force of the explosion.

The theory of building a strong dugout is to build the exposed walls and the roof, as it were, of two shells, the outer one to provide a sufficiently stiff resistance on the nose of the shell to ensure its exploding immediately on impact before any penetration. Then between the two shells to have, first of all, if possible, an air space or cushion of soft material as a shock absorber, and below that again a mattress in the form of an arch not directly in contact or supported by the inside shell for the purpose of distributing the force of the explosion, so that its effect may not be felt on the inside core locally but distributed as evenly as possible over the whole, and if the inside form can be of an arch construction the whole will probably be as strong a design as possible, for a limited space, with particular reference to headroom. If you stop to consider, you will see that for the roof you probably require about 6' from inside to outside.

The question of a machine gun emplacement of a similarly strong character is interesting for the following reason. If it is intended to shoot through a loop-hole, it will be the elevation of the loop-hole that will determine the elevation of the emplacement.

The centre of the loop-hole in most cases would be about one foot above ground-level in order to clear away irregularities of the ground in the immediate front. The seat for the tripod of the gun should be not less than 18 inches below the line of fire and the line of fire should be not closer than 18 inches

THE 'RAGS' OF QUEBEC



We called him Rags  
He chewed kit bags  
And ate our scraps of meat  
When on parade a fuss he made  
But lifted high his feet.

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have. He also has some nice gold  
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badges. Stop in and look them  
over.

**E MESSIER,**

CANTEEN JEWELLER,  
83 RICHELIEU.

(Next to Pinsonnault the photographer)

to the ceiling, and here lies the  
interesting point, that is, that the  
ceiling of this emplacement must  
be 1 foot plus 18 inches or 2' 6"  
above ground-level, and therefore,  
for a strong roof which is 6 feet  
thick we have our crest 8' 6" above  
ground-level.

When you consider that an  
average permanent trench has the  
crest of the parapet about 3 feet  
above ground-level, how are you  
going to hide this lump that you  
have created at this point, and con-  
cealment is a large factor in its  
safety. In the case of a breast-  
work, which is a trench, the  
majority of which is built above  
the ground line and which will  
have an average of about five feet  
of material thrown up as a parapet,  
the problem is much easier.

In any case, unless your dimen-  
sions are very great and a great  
quantity of material is used, the  
emplacement will not accommodate  
a gun crew who are just as im-  
portant to protect as is the gun.  
And a second point is, that how-  
ever strong your construction may  
be, you cannot protect your loop-  
hole, which is always a vulnerable  
point, and if it should receive a  
direct hit the emplacement is prob-  
ably entirely out of action.

### ATTEMPTED SUSANSIDE.

"Knots and Lashings" need  
never lack copy while Staff Ser-  
geant Barr is around, but we regret  
to learn that he has made an at-  
tempt to defeat our ends in  
bringing about his own.

We threaten to expose his ten-  
dencies if he continues in these  
attempts, and will tell our readers  
how he chased a poor wee doggie  
with murder in his eye, a hypo-  
needle in his hand, and a sword  
bayonet between his teeth. How,  
after many miles of chasing and  
dodging, he made a jab and broke  
the needle in the doggie, pressed  
the squirt arrangement and found  
to his horror the stream of poison  
had landed on his arm—previously  
scratched in the scuffle.—All the  
available medical help was at once  
summoned, and in breathless haste  
headed by Rags arrived in time to  
advise the Staff Sergeant that he  
had a really good chance to live.  
He is still alive at the time of  
going to press and still able to sit  
up and take any nourishment any-  
one likes to pay for.

What hardy men these Scotch-  
men are.

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

### PICKLED NUTS.

We have it on reliable authority  
that the Pickle factory is to be  
opened up by the E. T. D. Pre-  
servation Section. Only those quali-  
fied in the art of self-preservation  
are to be appointed to the staff of  
which Jimmy Boyd is to be O.C.

The first vat is to commence  
operations as soon as the walnuts  
on Sergeant Locke's canteloupe  
plants are ripe. To Sergeant Boyd  
we are indebted for this informa-  
tion and also that the appointment  
of C.S.M. Evans to the post of O.C.  
Pickle factory was considered but  
met with disapproval owing to the  
fact that he is in vinegar most of  
the time anyway. Too many  
'pickled's' spoil the brew.

We saw C.S.M. McLaren in the  
vicinity of the orderly room too  
about the time the scheme was  
mooted, but probably for reasons  
as stated in the other connection  
he was Barr'd also.

### HEART THROBS.

In my dreams again I know  
St. Johns and all those cheery  
souls;

Who jested as the wine did flow,  
And pranced around like 'two  
year olds'.

And R—— who in those happy  
hours

Before the break of dawn  
Made merry with the blushing  
'flowers'  
And laughed the world to scorn.

Dear old T—— the cheery chap  
We saw so gaily saunter by  
Returning with a strained back  
We did not 'wonder why'.

And G—— the little man of fame  
With the curly head of hair  
He was not found to be so tame  
When he danced with the Y. C.  
'fair'.

And Pom-Pom, you who shared our  
joys

In fair weather and in foul  
A boy yourself you stuck to the  
boys

And ne'er let out a growl.

And all those others in the set  
Who know life and its worth;  
There is that which none of us  
forget

That brighten this old earth.

So here's so that again we meet,  
If not our parting was well made;  
And forever we will greet

Past memories, that ne'er can fade.  
"En Avant".

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

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**THE BARR MYSTERY SOLVED**

Owing to the fact that several of the higher grade N.C.O.'s are deeply involved in the plot to stigmatise Staff Sergeant Barr's chickens—not the down-town variety—we are not able to divulge the harrowing details of this heinous undertaking, which would go a long way to putting Phils mystery pictures way into the shade.

What we do know is that the chicken in question has worn a dejected attitude ever since the discovery of the hard-boiled egg in its nest; and has been watching the goose very closely. We understand the feelings of this unfortunate bird and she has our heartfelt sympathies. We admit Sergeant Barr is a lover of animals—birds and insects—we've often seen him scratching—but since his pact with Tommy Howde was broken he has acted in a queer way and we have come to the conclusion that if our friend Dodds did not put the egg in the nest then the boiling rage of the Staff Sergeant accounted for the cooking of that egg. If Barr is not satisfied let him ask C.S.M. Evans. His footprints were found near the chicken house by our sleuths and there is no mistaking those feet.

**"ANGEL FACE"**

'Angel Face'—we called him—he looked so much the part Of Angel—that it suited him—but Sir! a lion's heart Could not be braver nor more eager for the chase

Than was this lad's—to meet the foe and fight them face to face. Ah!—he was the right sort—Sir! that limp form lying there Pardon me, Sir!—my eyes do blink, must be that flashlights glare!

The report of what he did—Sir! Why, Sir, 'twas just like this. Our Company just an hour ago was in a pretty tight fix For as we came forward on the charge to take the hill-crest here

A machine-gun of the enemies was sweeping our lines with fire, Then—'Angel Face' that lad Sir!—unbidden saved the day, For all alone lying flat on the ground he crept till he reached the mound

Where the enemy's gun was flashing and belching death fast as they could fire And out of the smoke—and the flash—and the flame Out of this Hell!—he 'Angel Face' came.

And standing erect—a bomb he threw With a long free sweep of the arm —and his aim was true, For the enemy's gun was without its crew.

Then he bounded forward—like a hound in a race And turned the gun—till its muzzle did face

The enemy's ranks—and he swept their centre and swept their flanks,

Till the Huns retreated over the banks

Where they could fire on this hero by book and by chart

With a raking fire—till they reached his heart.

Ah—it's a story—I'll love to tell how this hero—brave 'Angel Face' fell

For—ere he sank under the unequal fight

His face did shine with the martyr's light

And his form was erect—as he turned around

To give us the Salute—ere he sank to the ground.

That's all, Sir! Oh, damn that flashlight's glare!

It's always a-seeming into my blooming old eyes to stare!

Sapper Edward J. Green

**IT WAS TOO BAD!**

Of all the glad things on this earth, I have had since the day of my birth,

'Twas out swimming with 'Dolly'; I was sure feeling jolly— But was stopped by our Corporal Firth.

"Bugs".

**CONGRATULATIONS.**

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## THE TURK.

No one who has studied the history of the Near East for the last five centuries will be surprised that the Allied Powers have declared their purpose to put an end to the rule of the Turk in Europe, and still less will he dissent from their determination to deliver the Christian population of what is called the Turkish Empire, whether in Asia or in Europe, from a Government which during those five centuries has done nothing but oppress them. These changes are indeed long overdue. They ought to have come more than a century ago, because it had then already become manifest that the Turk was hopelessly unfit to govern, with any approach to justice, subject races of a different religion. The Turk has never been of any use for any purpose except fighting. He cannot administer, though in his earlier days he had the sense to employ intelligent Christian administrators. He cannot secure justice. As a governing power, he has always shown himself incapable, corrupt and cruel. He has always destroyed; he has never created.

## A TRIBE OF FIGHTERS—A ROBBER BAND.

Those whom we call the Turks are not a nation at all in the proper sense of the word. The Ottoman Turks were a small conquering tribe from Central Asia, ruled during the first two centuries of their conquests by a succession of singularly able and unscrupulous Sultans, who subjugated the Christian populations of Asia Minor and South-Eastern Europe, compelling part of these populations to embrace Mohammedanism, and supporting their own power by seizing the children of the rest, forcibly converting them to Islam, and making out of them an efficient standing army, the Janizaries, by whose valour and discipline the Turkish wars of conquest were carried on from early in the fifteenth down into the nineteenth century. As a famous English historian wrote, the Turks are nothing but a robber band, encamped in the countries they have desolated. As Edmund Burke wrote, the Turks are savages, with whom no civilised Christian nation ought to form any alliance.

## TURKISH RULE SHOULD BE ENDED.

Turkish rule ought to be ended in Europe, because, even in that small part of it which the Sultan still holds, it is an alien power, which has in that region been, and is now, oppressing or massacring, slaughtering or driving from their homes, the Christian population of Greek or Bulgarian stock. It ought to be turned out of the western coast regions of Asia Minor for a like reason. The people there are largely, perhaps mostly, Greek-speaking Christians. So ought it to be turned out of Constantinople, a city of incomparable commercial and political importance, with the guardianship of which it is unfit to be trusted. So ought it to be turned out of Armenia and Cilicia, and Syria, where within the last two years it has been destroying its

Christian subjects, the most peaceful and industrious and intelligent part of the population.

## EUROPE TO BE FREE OF TURK.

If a Turkish Sultanate is to be left in being at all, it may, with least injury to the world, be suffered to exist in Central and Northern Asia Minor, where the population is mainly Mussulman, and there are comparatively few Christians—and those only in the cities—to suffer from its misgovernment. Even there one would be sorry for its subjects, Mussulman as well as Christian, but a weak Turkish State, such as it would then be, could not venture on the crimes of which it has been guilty when it was comparatively strong.

## YOUNG TURKISH GANG.

That the faults of Turkish government are incurable, has been most clearly shown by the fact that the Young Turkish gang who gained power when they had deposed Abd-ul-Hamid, have surpassed even that monster of cruelty in their slaughter of the unoffending Armenians. The "Committee of Union and Progress" began by promising equal rights to all races and faiths. This was "Union". It proceeded forthwith not only to expel the Greek-speaking inhabitants of Western Asia Minor, and to exterminate the Armenians, but to attempt to Turkify the Albanians (Muslims as well as Christians) and to proscribe their language. This is what "Union" has in fact meant. What "Progress" has meant in the hands of ruffians like Enver and Talaat, Prussianised Muslims worse than the old Turkish pashas, we have all seen within the last four years, and the Allied Powers would have been false to all the principles of Right and Humanity for which they are fighting if they had not proclaimed that no Turkish Government shall hereafter be permitted to tyrannize over subjects of another faith.

## LEST WE FORGET.

At Nimy in Belgium on their march to Mons the Germans ran amok. They plundered and massacred, and set the houses on fire. Eighty four houses were destroyed and seventeen of its inhabitants killed. The rest were driven forward as a screen. For the British holding Mons this pitiful crowd of civilians was the first indication that the Germans were within range.

"We waited for the advance of the Hun," states a British officer; "but could only discern a crowd of civilians—men, women and children—waving white handkerchiefs and being pushed down the road in front of troops. I saw them shoot women and children who refused to march."

This is how the Germans made their way through Mons.

Ed.:—This is the first of a series of short articles which are to appear under this title. Lest we forget for the moment what the beast we are fighting, and licking, has to account for.

OVERHEARD IN SERGENTS  
MESS.

1st. Sergt.:—"Say, Bill, have you volunteered for Siberia?"

2nd Sergt.:—"Yes—you bet I have."

1st Sergt.:—"So've I."

2nd Sergt.:—"That's fine, but what makes you want to go?"

1st Sergt.:—"Oh! you can get snowballs twenty four for a quarter over there."

it's all abaht. Talk abaht a sight! There was a lot of people all kneeling down on one side, and a bloke in overalls on the other. As soon as 'e sees me, he shouts over: 'Lord 'ave mercy upon us.' Then all the people they ses: 'Lord 'ave mercy upon us.' Then 'e ses again: 'Lord 'ave mercy upon us.' That made me wild. 'Lumme,' I ses, 'ain't none of you ever seen a blooming navy before?'"

## ENTERTAINMENT.

## A MISINTERPRETATION.

Jim of the Navvies' Brigade was in a fearful state of excitement. "See that there place yonder," he said, pointing to a church on the horizon. "Well, I was a-coming by there, when I 'ears a lot of moaning. I goes in to see what

A social will be held on the lawn of Victoria Hall, under the auspices of the Beaver Club, on Saturday, August 1th, from 4 to 9 p.m. Ice cream and cake will be served. Programme in the evening. All soldiers are made welcome. Tickets 15c.

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## Twinkles from the Mounted Section

"Little ponies trotting,  
At a pleasant gait,  
Makes those Cadets  
Look just what they ain't!"

A lady in the balcony of the  
Riding School was watching the  
Cadet Class, and while the men  
were riding "strip saddle", she  
remarked to a friend, "Oh! look  
at the horrible expression on that  
man's face!" Her friend laugh-  
ingly said, "Why that's your hus-  
band." She acidly replied, "Well,  
I should worry, here comes yours!"

The Boys in the "Mounted" are  
glad to get their bandoliers again.  
Now for the new Riding Breeches  
and we'll look fit.

### Kindly Take Notice.

All those passing the Stables to  
and from the Pictures are requested  
to wipe their feet before stepping  
upon our new road.

Those No. 3 men who cannot ride,  
On a 6 inch plank they sit astride;  
And thus they go from stall to  
stall,

Holding, with one hand, (so they  
cannot fall.)

For theirs,—it is a sorry plight!  
Their other hand holds a scraper  
bright,

The whitewash falls upon their  
eyes,

They're bitten and pestered by  
dirty flies.

Their faces look a pretty picture,  
And they say many things not in  
the Scripture.

But soon the scraping will be done,  
Then in the painters they will  
come.

(To be continued)

### Warning to Corporal Johnson.

A very large fish was seen in  
the Richelieu River. So, Beware,  
Corporal Johnson, when you cross  
the deep river on your way home;  
for he is fond of sweet-meats—such  
as Corporals.

"Dick".

When the Boys are on a Harvest  
furlough,

And Marshall's on the Boat;  
We'll be rather short of groomers...

(With the hay not shook at all!)

(Editor.—Can any other Driver  
handle Marshall's 14 jobs?)

We regret to have to report that  
owing to the very harsh criticisms  
to which he has been subjected, the  
Mounted Section Decorator is  
leaving for Siberia. **Perhaps!**

Good Luck to the Driver—artful  
lad!

We, of the Mounted Section, are  
wondering if when we get West on  
this famous harvesting excursion  
if we shall be expected to use the  
military style of riding when we  
mount the binders. And, if so, will  
our issue-spurs answer the pur-  
pose.

(Editor.—Yes! and bring back  
any likely Drivers.)

Who stole the two melons? They  
were between the Sergeants' Mess  
and the Stables. The Drivers  
didn't take them! Besides, we only  
go in for ripe fruit. "Peaches"  
is our line!!

"Tanbark".

### NAUGHTY SLASHINGS.

I wonder if a certain C.S.M. of  
the Draft Unit ever takes Sergt.  
Harris out to finish his education  
in the Art of giving Scotch Toasts  
or in the proper way to beat a  
drum. The aforesaid C.S.M. Nae  
doot, may need it when he gets to  
Scotland.

Doc.

If a Sergt. of the draft unit, who  
gets his picture taken every day  
would like to be up to date, why  
not get a movie-man to take them?  
He would then get more pictures  
per minute for his money.

A Money Saver.

Why has a certain N.C.O. Draft  
Coy. inflicted upon himself seven  
days C.B.? Was it his failure to  
cross a ditch, or close connection  
with a particular wood pile. He  
would be pleased to receive a recipe  
for "groveling rash".

"Welcome Home, Welcome  
Home!" was the cheery cry that  
welcomed home the wanderers on  
Sunday night. "What's the mat-  
ter with the fellows over there?"  
somebody said. Why, don't you  
know C.S.M. York and Corpl.  
Courtenay have just returned from  
their first sojourn to Montreal, and  
again we say, Wel-come Home!

Why did so many sweet looking  
young ladies keep wandering  
around at the Band Concert and  
Movie Show, last Friday. Who  
did they miss? Why, the dandies,  
C.S.M. and the Corpl.

We may expect to see some new  
lady visitors in the Camp, next  
Sunday. Society from Montreal  
to visit several N.C.O.'s recently  
returned from leave. Swords or  
pistols may be selected by the local  
beauties! Wanted seconds and  
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which will be found of great convenience  
for those going overseas. Denomination,  
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Travellers' Cheques issued, which will  
be found a most convenient way of car-  
rying money when travelling.

Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders  
for remittances to Europe.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

I leave me from de barrack St.  
Jean on (deleted by censor) lately  
with de drafte for oversea. She  
make me sore like hell to went from  
my rosie which look me off de  
station from where de rain no get  
him wet through and he have some  
sapper driver near to him laugh  
me in de eye when I get bye. I am  
not so seek as you were to think  
of me by my write you before I go  
as I am never on the sea yet by  
now but am at \_\_\_\_\_ and still  
some place where in Canada. I  
was so pickle as you call him when  
I leave St. Jean dat I see you dere  
Koronel an my rosie. The surgent  
like you so much as I know they  
were not cousins an I go shake my  
head to you but she will not shake.  
I say goodbye Koronel an de Sur-  
gent Majer Stoques she say come  
on de train an get out de wet so  
I go an sleep to dream of you dere  
Koronel na my rosie. The surgent  
majer she not let me sleeping but  
put me guarding car to keep de fly  
from come in she say an I don't  
get sleeping for long time. I think  
dis train is good place as there  
isn't no clinic and Mistaire State  
she know me when I work in de Ole  
Fort.

I am not so sorry now I not get  
into dat Cadet class no an I don't  
think I like to go to ride those horse  
of Surgent Majer Simms.

We land at \_\_\_\_\_ on de nex  
day after me sleep so I think I  
am in France without my gun but  
the Surgent Davidson she tell me  
I still safe am in Canada an I rite  
to you tell my rosie so that she not  
weep more than enough.

Dere Koronel please to tell to de  
Surgent Locke I steal one Mon-  
treal Melon but she not ripe an I  
am keep her to throw at de Hun  
like bombe.

I am not in de clinic by now an  
am feel sure finely.

Joe Pacquette.

### THAT CENSOR!

An officer in a well-known in-  
fantry regiment recently came  
home from the front on short leave.  
Whilst in "Blighty" he received  
a letter from a colleague whom he  
had left in the trenches. The letter  
ended thus: "I wish the blighters  
would come and relieve this mono-  
tony; we'd chase the whole lot to  
hell."

The last word had been deleted  
by the censor, who appended this  
foot note: "I understand that all  
references to future movements of  
enemy troops are strictly for-  
bidden."

### WAFTS FROM THE DRAFTS.

Jock:—"I was one of the four  
Sappers who mined the gates of  
Jericho. At that time I was a full  
Bombardier in Joshua's army, we  
were armed with catapults; every  
man carried a catapult under his  
left armpit."

Voice:—"Why, Jock?"

Jock:—"For to counterfact the  
centrifugal force, which is a  
thousand times the radius of the  
chain going around a curve. The  
primer used to detonate the fuse  
was the point of the bulrush that  
Moses sat on, it was presented to  
me by Rameses III.

"There being no V. C.'s in those  
days, I was presented with a star  
from the Arabian Nights. After  
getting my honorable discharge  
from Joshua's army, I transferred  
myself to Patagonia, where I was  
given a mission to proceed by sub-  
marine and sink Iberville. It being  
a foggy night, I bumped into the  
Rock of Ages. I'll tell you all  
about my life in the Mountains of  
the Moon next week.

"This is dry talking, any of you  
fellows got the price of an ice-  
cream cone?"

Say Sergeant C—:

"She's a lady of unlimited al-  
lurements.

"Proclivities for passion she dis-  
plays."

Outside that she's alright, but  
can her, for the love o' Mike, and  
go and draw some money out of  
the bank.

Has anybody seen Sergt.-Major  
York's new tunic? As soon as the  
tailor had finished the necessary  
alterations he beat it to the 'phone  
and ordered a bicycle so that he  
could get down town sooner to give  
the girls a treat.

By the way, according to the  
latest wireless he had some time on  
that leave to Montreal. Alright,  
Yorkey, we'll leave you alone next  
week unless you perpetrate some  
other thing.

Sapper to Sergeant:—"I want  
some Farm Leave, take me up to  
the Colonel."

Sergeant:—"Get out of here,  
you can't see the Colonel."

Sapper:—"Is that so, what's he  
here for anyway?"

O' where is my canoe,  
Said Jessen to old Sut,  
I know what I shall do  
If e'er I catch that mutt.

There's going to be a scene  
I'll smash his ruddy bean,  
For just when I'd a date  
He pinched my boat, the skate.

When is that ambitious young

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Underwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Blankets,  
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Start a Savings Account with us.  
We welcome small accounts of well  
as large ones. Interest allowed at  
best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

Corporal going to change that Money Order?

What was it that Sergt. Jessen saw under the bed whilst dressing last Tuesday evening.

O' you submarine party.

What in h—l's the matter with Jimmy Boyd's goose, these days.

Scene: Outside Sergeant's Mess.  
Sergt.-Major Evans: — "Now then you fellows who want to volunteer for the Siberian draft, hand in your names to the Sanitary Corporal."

Jimmy Boyd caught another fish last Saturday; each time you ask him about it, that damned fish gets bigger. He now says that he couldn't land it himself, he had to get a tow from one of those barges and tow it ashore, and after he got it landed the river went down two feet.

How is it that nobody wants to go sick in a certain Draft Company. Has it anything to do with Corpl. Marceau's pugilistic propensities?

**WHIZZ BANGS FROM No. 2 COMPANY—DRAFT UNIT.**

That was a strange remark Parr made the other day. It appears that he was accosted by a homely looking Jane the other evening; she asked him if he would take her to the band concert. Parr said:—"Beat it! I wouldn't spit in your eye if your soul was on fire."

I wonder if that cucumber is the cause of all those Sergeants being sick lately? Like h—l!

Those P.T. fellows have got a good story on Collier but I didn't get all the details yet. I shall have to let you know next week.

We shall have to stop Booth going to Montreal week-ends, he's getting so darned thin. He's thinking of having a washer put round his middle to save himself from falling through and hanging himself.

I notice those four Sergeants haven't put on that quartette at the Movies yet. They had a practice in my tent the other night and almost put the whole draft in quarantine.

I've got to get some dope on Ernie Johnston somehow, he has been snooping around all week for copy for "Knots and Lashings", and I guess he thinks I am getting paid so much per column for this junk.

Did you ever read that story of "The Elusive Pimpernel"? It's got nothing on our typewriter.

Our Corporal says he's going to carry it around with him when he goes down town, he can't keep tab on the darned thing.

Say, does anyone know any dope about Hesford's trip to Montreal? If so, come across with it and we'll have it in next week's "Knots".

Say, Mr. Editor, suppose a feller was promoted on the drill field to a full Colonel, or Major-General, or something, would he be allowed to walk in front of the stables?

Is it also a fact that a certain senior officer was seen taking ukulele lessons in one of those Honolulu huts in front of the stables? What's the idea, anyway?

Some of the birds in our company stay awake all night thinking of the questions they are going to ask me in the morning. A feller has got to be a dream book and Whittaker's Guide combined around here.

When is that big, little feller going to take a tumble to himself? He's going to discover one of these fine days that he can't pull off the stuff he pulled off the other morning.

I haven't heard that mandolin lately; what's up, feller, getting tired of it?

I believe that Corporal is just going over to change that money order, so I'll quit. See you next week.

**JOTTINGS.**

A Sapper returning from hospital reported to the Orderly tent to complain that he had lost a pair of army boots and a pair of puttees out of his kit bag. Corpl. Davis investigated, and reported that, "after carefully examining the kit bag he had found a hole in the bottom of it."

Kid Badger, the lightweight champion of the noble art of boxing, issues a challenge to anyone of his own weight, viz: 130 pounds. Opponents received day or night. Kid Badger weighs-in in his pyjamas.

"What is a slacker?"

"May be compared to a custard pie—yellow all through and without enough crust to go over the top."

Q.—"What is better than an eagle on a Colonel's shoulder?"

A.—"A chicken on a Sapper's knee."

"Sergt. Hesford, has the Old Guard been relieved?"

"No, Sir, they were doing the job so well I thought that I would let them stay."

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PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.  
REASONABLE RATES

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**  
INCORPORATED 1869.

Capital Authorized - - - \$ 25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up - - - 12,911,700  
Reserve and Undivided Profits, 14,324,000  
Total Assets - - - 300,000,000

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St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraine, Manager.

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Meals, Lunches, Chop Suey and Oriental Dishes.

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21 St. James St. St. Johns

## TENDERS FOR BROKEN STONE.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to and including the 6th of September for sixty thousand, (60,000) cubic yards of broken stone. Stone to be delivered in the City of St. Johns in lots as required between the 15th September and the 15th November, 1918.

Specifications may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of

Lieut. Colonel W. W. Melville,  
O.C. E. T. Depot,  
St. Johns, Que.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

## WE WANT TO KNOW:—

Why "Teddy" is in the Clink.

If we aren't to have any more N.C.O.'s meetings.

Why they grow 'forget-me-nots' about the men's mess door. Do they think we could forget!

If a certain N.C.O. would not like help in "paddling his own canoe".

Why Scotchmen have a pleasing (?) little habit of dragging their heels on an office floor.

If the N.C.O. with the shapely arms was really as lonesome as he looked at the movies, Friday evening. Or was he "mixed up" in "another Barr mystery".

Overheard on a M—— Street about ten-thirty, Saturday evening.

A popular C.S.M.:—"Say, old top, how's for 'mushing' towards home? This is too much for my nerves—the noise! the lights!!—the ladies!!!!"

Can you tell us why confetti was found scattered over the floor of the Record office?

## I BELIEVE

That the goal all men seek is Happiness.

That Happiness is synonymous with Success.

That the essential elements of Success are Fame, Love and Fortune.

That Fame, Love and Fortune are rewards given for Efficient Service.

That the quality and quantity of service one renders depends upon the quality and quantity of Physical and Mental Power.

That the elements which one may convert into Physical and Mental Power may be found in three fields:

- First—Work;
- Second—Society;
- Third—Books.

That the instruments required to convert these elements into Physical and Mental Power are:

- First—The Body;
- Second—The Mind.

That the quality and quantity of Physical and Mental Power developed from these elements depend upon the condition of Body and of Mind, and that the desirable conditions are:

- First—Cleanliness of Body;
- Second—Cleanliness of Mind.

That the Cleanliness of Body depends upon:

- First—Wholesome Food;

Second—Proper Exercise.  
That the Cleanliness of Mind depends upon:

- First—Wholesome Mental Food;
- Second—Proper Exercise of Mental Faculties.

That the results of Cleanliness of Body are:

- First—Right Seeing;
- Second—Right Hearing;
- Third—Right Smelling;
- Fourth—Right Touching;
- Fifth—Right Tasting.

That the results of Cleanliness of Mind are:

- First—Right Thinking;
- Second—Right Remembering;
- Third—Right Imagining;
- Fourth—Right Feeling;
- Fifth—Right Willing.

That upon the efficiency with which these Ten Things are done depends the efficiency of the individual.

That upon the Efficiency of the Individual depends his Value to Society.

That upon his Value to Society depends the Quality and Quantity of his reward in Fame, Love and Fortune.

That upon the Quality and Quantity of his reward in Fame, Love and Fortune depends the quality and quantity of his Success.

That upon the Quality and Quantity of his Success depends the Quality and Quantity of his Happiness.

That the goal all men seek is Happiness.

## A HUNNISH JOKE.

("The Listening Post")

The Berliner Tageblatt announced that every person in Berlin would be able to get an egg between January 10 and January 31.

1.—Now it so happened that January 10 was decreed among the Berliners as the Feast of the Hen Fruit, and there was great rejoicing, for the populace was fed up of potted dachshund.

2.—And in the house of Albrecht the piano-tuner (who was the son of Ludwig the sausageshaper) there was held a lavish beano.

3.—For, behold, an egg had slumbered on their kitchen-dresser for three hundred days and three hundred nights, and they called her Sesame.

4.—But, lo, when it came to cooking her there was an horrid discord, for Albrecht desired her boiled into an exceeding great hardness; Sophie, his wife, wished to see her of medium consistency; Fritz (his eldest son, who had been shot in the outer suburbs while

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SOFT DRINKS  
AND FRUITS.

Everything Clean and Up-to-date.

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We have a splendid ice cream parlour and serve lunch; also we sell fruit and candy. Everything is clean and neat, and we guarantee satisfaction to the soldier boys.

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(At Market Square)

We buy your civilian clothes and pay highest prices.

We also unfit discharged men and guarantee satisfaction to all.

# MONARCH

# BOTTLING

# WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

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beating a hurried retreat from Verdun) was anxious to see her of a softness comforting to his soul, and the younger children took sides according to their wont.

5.—And there was a great tumult, so that the neighbors beat on the wall and besought them to shut their heads.

6.—Therefore did Hans say, "Let us split the difference," and it was so, and Sesame was boiled for four minutes and thirty cubits (Fahrenheit).

7.—Then was there great pomp and ceremony, and the Egg was borne around the table three times, while all those present sang "The Hymn of Hate".

8.—And she was placed on a platter of earthenware before Albrecht and he tapped her thrice, and then cried in a loud voice: "Open, Sesame!"

9.—But, lo, she was very ripe, so that Fritz made a rush for his gas helmet which hung upon the wall, saying, "Verily have I suffered the explosions of many shells, but never one such as this. She is in truth a deed of frightfulness."

10.—And Sesame was taken away and cast into a dungeon for lese majeste, insofar as she had disputed the Emperor's claim to the title of "The Most High".

11.—But I say that there is little to choose between the German Emperor and the hen fruit of great antiquity, for both are thoroughly bad eggs.

12.—Which is what one might call a stale yoke.

(Note:—The "Listening Post" is published in the front line trenches. It seems to cause the Hun a special delight to strafe our famous little contemporary and this he does at every opportunity.)

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

"DRUNK AGAIN"

Did you ever wake, with an awful ache,

In your head, like it wants to bust?

You have, you may say, or you may say nay,

If you haven't you're lucky, just.

But wait just a while before you smile,

Have your slumbers been broke by a 'gink',

Call'd the Sergeant o' Guard, by whose boot you've been jarred?

Just to find yourself lock'd in the clink.

For hours twenty-four, you lie on the floor.

To get sobered sufficient to speak.

Then looking like hell, and feeling as well,

You are marched in, in front of the beak.

They take off your hat, you don't mind that,

You're lined up, your fate you'll soon learn

Than some Guy with a snort, shouts "Pris'n'er and Escort"

"Left turn, Quick march! Halt! Right turn!"

No ordin'ry court, not one of that sort,

The Colonel sits back of his table, He reads out your number, you go cold as a cucumber

And you listen as well as you're able.

He reads out your name, it sounds like the same

As the one you had some days ago,

Then he reads out the charge. It's all fine and large,

But that ain't the furthest he'll go.

For evidence curt, he asks Lance Corpor'l Burt,

Who says "Sir", and then coughs and begins,

To relate how he found, lying drunk on the ground,

The accused making all sorts of dins.

Others asked, say, in their own pretty way,

How you were paralysed drunk without doubt.

You get chance to speak, but your spine feels so weak,

That all you hear is "March Out!"

When outside you get, you feel better you bet,

But your troubles have only begun,

If you pay strict attention, you'll hear "Seven days detention".

You're in clink again Son-of-a-gun.

Giddy.

THE FIRING SQUAD.

I wonder how long we'll continue to be a health resort for spies, And other industrious gentlemen that the papers criticise.

The place for an agent of Kaiser Bill is six feet under the sod— I want to hear some Corporal yell, "Fall in, the Firing Squad.

Do we get cold feet at the thought of Blood, have we lost our old time grit:

If we haven't the nerve to kill a man, we'd better lie down and quit.

Do you think you can tame these animals by the methods of "spare the rod";

Forget it! Come on with the Corporal in command of a Firing Squad!

If we riddled a few incendiaries, the industry would decline;

If we plugged a couple of profiteers, the rest would stand in line;

And a lot of these devilish anarchists would get in and carry the hod,

If a few of their leaders went over the range to the tune of a Firing Squad.

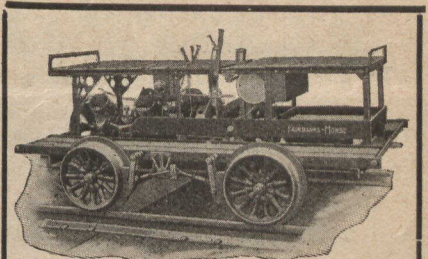
"Arrested", "interned" or "out on bail"—it's ever the same old song,

And we lay the paper aside to remark, "How long, O God, how long!"

We've seen enough devilment this past four years, to arouse the Wrath of God!

Then what is it we are waiting for? Come on with the Firing Squad!

Cpl. Jenkins.



RAILWAY MOTOR CARS

Put your trust only in cars recognized by every leading Railway as the most reliable.

FAIRBANKS MORSE

Railway Motor Cars have been adopted by the U. S. Government for use in France. The first Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps took Fairbanks-Morse Motor Cars with them.

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants, and Cement.

Wholesale and Retail,



## THE BATH-HOUSE.

In a village near here there's a bath-house  
Of which I've a sad tale to tell,  
The ysend soldiers there who want washing,  
And some who want scrubbing as well.  
They give you a bath of cold water,  
With which you wash off the dirt,  
And when you've dried yourself on an old towel  
They give you a sterilized shirt.  
They have shirts, shirts, all kinds of shirts,  
Shirts that are little and tall,  
Shirts of all patterns, both thin uns and fat uns,  
And shirts that are no shirts at all.  
Shirts made from blouses, and seats of old trousers,  
And shirts that are old women's skirts,  
Socks that have roughed it since Wellington snuffed it  
Are issued to soldiers as shirts.

They serve you out pants in this bath-house,  
Which shrivel when water comes nigh,  
(I once saw a pair of old trousers That shrank to an evening dress tie.)  
I've seen a man's pants start a-shrinking,  
Until he's been gasping for breath—  
Shrink from his knees to his wind-pipe,  
And shrink till they choked him to death.  
They have pants, pants, all kinds of pants,  
Don't judge a man by his pants,  
Some have no knees in 'em, all have got fleas in 'em,  
June bugs, and beetles, and ants,  
Pants trimmed with fretwork, moth-holes and network,  
Pants that would fit elephants,  
Pants used by waiters for straining potatoes,  
Are issued to soldiers as pants.

For vests, they give you shirts without uppers,  
The kind you buy by the peck,  
Vests you put on with a shoe horn,  
Or else stick your legs through the neck.  
That some vests should have old age pensions,  
You cannot deny is the truth,  
The one I have on is a nightcap,  
My grandfather wore in his youth.  
They have vests, vests, all kinds of vests,  
Vests cheap at four pence an ounce,  
Vests trimmed with fretwork, moth-holes and network,  
And vests with a tortoise shell flounce.

Vests from the trenches, and vests full of stench,  
Some have passed bullet proof tests,  
Steel helmets and gas are all lumped in a class  
And are issued to soldiers as vests.

## THE DIFFERENCE PETTI-COATS MAKE.

The Colonel entered his office at the Base. Upon his desk he found a cold cigaret butt, three burnt matches, a scatter of ashes and the tag of a plug of chewing.

Who had been guilty of this outrage?

Investigation established that one Lance-Corporal Binks had feloniously, and in direct defiance of 94 rules and 37 by-laws, committed this sacrilege.

Private Binks soon bore a stripeless sleeve, not to speak of a pack, a rifle, and sundry other love tokens from a provident Government.

And he went up the line.

A week later the Colonel again entered his office, and looked around for his W.A.A.C. office-girl. She was not to be seen, but on the surface of his desk were visible: a trace of powder, three hair pins, one safety ditto, a handkerchief, (perfumed), a key, puffs, powder, one; a small mirror, one car ticket (out of date); a recipe for hair wash, a crumpled glove, two artificial flowers, a snap-shot of Sir David Beatty, and a field post-card full of contrary statements, alleging that a person by the name of "William" was quite well, had been admitted to hospital, was sick and going on well, wounded and hoped to be discharged soon (no doubt of that), was being sent down to the base, had received a letter, telegrams and parcels, that a letter followed, that he had received no letter either lately or for a long time.

There was no investigation. The Colonel merely rang the electric bell, and when it was answered by Privatress Mabel Smith, asked her as a favor to refrain from using his desk as a boudoir.

That was all!

Moral: Be a W.A.A.C.

—The Listening Post.

(The "Listening Post" is published by the Boys on the front-line trenches—"when the Huns permit.")

## OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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COMMUNICATION.

St. Johns, July 1th, 1918.  
Editor,  
"Knots and Lashings".  
Sir:—

Please find enclosed a small contribution to your most valuable paper "Knots and Lashings".

This was composed by Spr. McLeod (of Sydney, C.B.) while making the trip across the Bay of Fundy on board the S. S. Empress, on our way here from Aldershot, N.S.

Trusting this will meet with your approval,

I remain,  
Your obedient servant,  
Spr. C. T. Brewer.

CAPE BRETON YACKIE MINERS.

(Tune Killan Kranky)

We're Canadian Engineers  
We left our homes with sighs and tears,  
But we're a bunch that knows no fears,  
For we're all yackie miners.

We left our camp, at Aldershot square,  
The sky was clear, the weather fair,  
We're going boys to, God knows where,  
This bunch of yackie miners.

We sailed across the Fundy Bay,  
We fed the fishes on our way,  
Brace up my lads be proud to say,  
That we're all yackie miners.

When we alighted from the deck,  
We jumped a train pulling for Quebec,  
We didn't 'een get a bottle of Pecks,  
To cheer us yackie miners.

But when to St. Johns we drew near,  
We spied a place where they sold beer,  
Line up my lads and drink with cheer,  
You dirty yackie miners.

But when we got into our camp,  
Our heads were big, our clothes were damp,  
Each one looked like a roaming tramp,  
The drunken yackie miners.

And when we sail across the sea,  
The folks at home content may be,  
That we're not going sights to see,  
But fight like yackie miners.

And when we strike old England's shore,  
And hear that judike's on the floor,

We'll cheer the boys from Big Bras D'or,  
For they're all yackie miners.

And when we get a glimpse of France,  
We'll drop our kits and have a dance,  
Until our braces leave our pants,  
To show we're yackie miners.

And when this cruel war is o'er,  
And we see again Cape Breton's shore,  
They'll come from Louisberg to Bras D'or,  
To greet us yackie miners.

Sapper J. D. McLeod.  
(Draft 74.)

A QUESTION OF SPEED.

A little fast soldier crept along the muddy, battered trench. He wasn't a bit afraid, but the sensation was new, and he was obviously a little nervy.

"What's the range of the enemy's trench?" he asked.

"You've been told once," said the Corporal. "Two hundred."

"Two hundred!" he muttered reflectively. "Two hundred."

There was a slight pause.

"And how far back is our next trench?"

"What's that to do with it?"

"Well how far anyway?"

"Oh! about a hundred yards."

"One hundred! One hundred!"

He polished up the foresight of his rifle with his finger, and smiled contentedly.

"That's all right," he muttered.

The Corporal looked at him curiously.

"What do you mean by 'that's all right'?"

"Oh, nothing! I was only thinking it would take a damn good German to give me fifty yards in the hundred and win!"

SOME PUZZLERS.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy  
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head, what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use, while slating the roof of his mouth

The nails on the ends of his toes?

Who plays on the drums of his ears;

And who tell the cut and style  
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,

If so what did it do?

And how does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'm hanged if I know—do you?

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### ADVENTURES OF CAP COOK AND HIS ADVENTURERS ON THE RICHELIEU.

"Cast off!" bawled the Cap from the bridge. "Aye, Aye, Sir," replied the deck-hand as he cast off the heavy hawsers. The propeller churned the water and the big ship slipped gracefully from her moorings. When in the stream the Cap called out, "Full speed ahead", "Course Sou' Sou' East." Soon the boat started to cut the water and she was headed up the Richelieu for parts unknown.

On board there were many notable characters; Cap Cook in command, Jimmy Boyd, Jimmy Barr, Alex Watling, R.S.M. Estey, C.S.M. Dailly, C.S.M. Lear and Jack Badger. The last mentioned acted as lookout on the fo'c'stle head. The first mentioned were gentlemen of leisure.

After travelling a few miles the lookout reported that he thought he saw a periscope on the Star-board bow. Volunteers were called to go and investigate and were promised \$1.00 for the deed. Without hesitation Alex Watling jumped overboard with full kit and swam around for a time and came back for the promised reward. Soon Badger and Dailly were overboard looking around for some more big pike to catch on Jimmy Boyd's line. None could be found as Jimmy caught the only big one.

When they arrived at Fort Lennox the party went ashore to look over the old fort. They stayed for a while and came back to the boat for the return journey. On the way Dailly accidentally fell over and the Cap rung the engine off. He was safely rescued. When the Cap tried to start the engine it refused to percolate and help was signalled for. Assistance finally came and the disabled boat was towed.

Nothing exciting happened on the way home outside of the engine breaking down excepting that Jimmy Boyd mistook the reflection of an arc light for a plank and when he tried to walk it he found that it wouldn't bear his weight. Luckily the water wasn't very deep. Another witness swears that it was "a moonbeam" that Jimmy tried to walk!

The trip was proclaimed a huge success by all on board. Some hard hearted individual suggested that Cap Cook's engine would make a fine anchor.

e. w. j.

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

### CANADIAN RAILWAY TROOPS CO.

Editor

"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir,—

Having run across the following in the press of the 15th inst. (Star) I forward same to you, believing it will prove of interest to the men in our Company, the C. R. T., and ask you to be kind enough to print same in our popular paper so all may know the important part played by the C. R. T. in this great war.

Respectfully,

Pte. Charles T. Curtis.

Following is the excerpt taken from the Star, August 15th, entitled "Work of Railway Troops".

"Our Railway Troops are largely composed of men from Canada who have been engaged in railway construction work. They are under the command of General Stewart, who is one of the best railway builders on this continent. Their record in railway building and operation is unique. I heard Sir Douglas Haig pay a most ungrudging tribute to the fine work of General Stewart and his railway troops. Exposed to danger from German fire, these men constructed and operated heavy and light railways right up to the firing line.

Three fourths of the railway construction troops on the British front are Canadians and Canada through her Railway Construction Corps is rendering a great and indispensable service to the forces of the Allies operating on the Western Front. At Cambrai, and again on the German offensive in March and April, some of our railway units dropped their tools and took their places in the line to help save a critical situation, and they are now all being trained for such emergencies."

### CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN TENT LINES.

Two of Scotia's Sons, practicing on their national instrument, without the Bag, and perspiring profusely.

Corpl. to Sergt.:—"You look kind'a worried this evening."

Sergt.:—"Kind'a worried! Blimey im near carizey."

Corpl.:—"That's their own music, and you should appreciate it."

Sergt.:—"Appreciate nothing, it's neither a screech nor a owl. Music not! Blooming orful nise. I 'ope their bally wind pipe bsusts."



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