

NOTES LASTING

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

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1919

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

The World's Greatest Naval Surrender.

The annals of naval warfare hold no parallel to the recent surrender of the German Fleet. Germany groveled in the sunny mist of the North Sea, cabled the New York World correspondent, when, "cringing like a dog with tail down, she surrendered her future on the water." With amazed contempt the personnel of the British Grand Fleet looked at the men they were compelled to meet, not in the glorious uncertainty of battle, but by appointment.

"You understand we are driven to this," said the German Admiral to Admiral Beatty. "There is no child-life left in Germany. All are dying of hunger. We ask you to accept the full crews instead of only half the personnel. We can not feed them, and we dread more trouble." This amazing request was refused by Admiral Beatty, whereupon the German commander produced a document for the British Admiral to sign, which stipulated that the German crews would not be ill-treated.

"Tell them they are coming to England; that will be enough," Beatty replied as he tore up the document. And then the bloodless Trafalgar began, ending in the German ships "being fast bound in misery and iron in British waters—the tragic semblance of a navy which lost its soul," as the New York Sun correspondent observed before giving the following description of the memorable events:

It was generally known that under the terms of the armistice the German ships were unarmed and manned only by navigating crews, but the Navy did not believe in taking chances. Treachery was not expected, but all was ready to blow the German ships out of the water should any trick be attempted.

On the preceding night the Grand Fleet lay at its moorings in the Firth of Forth. Above the bridge were the battle-ships, destroyers, and submarines. Conspicuous among them was the French armored cruiser Admiral Aube, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Grassel, which, with two destroyers, represented the French Navy in the final act of the great drama.

Below the bridge were battle-ships, battle-cruisers, and light cruisers.

Again a prominent place was taken by the ships of a partnership in the struggle. The New York, flag-ship of Admiral Rodman, with Admiral Sims and his staff aboard, and the Florida, Wyoming, and Arkansas.

Canada was above the bridge with the first battle squadron and Australia. New Zealand was below with the second battle-cruiser squadron. Throughout the night the flag-ship was in touch by wireless with the German Fleet, noting its progress to the place of rendezvous.

At two o'clock in the morning the fleet was reported seventy miles out. The German envoys who came from Konigsberg stated their fleet would be unable to steam more than twelve knots an hour, and that that would be speed enough for punctuality. A few minutes before four o'clock the first battle squadron, led by the Revenge, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Madden, began to move. The fog had lifted after five days and the lower air was clear. Clouds hid the moon and stars and made the night dark.

Silently in the darkness ship followed ship down to the open sea, an ominous and awe-inspiring procession, the black shapes of each indistinctly silhouetted against a sky canopied by a smudge of smoke. The Queen Elizabeth took her place at the rear end of the line. At daybreak the Grand Fleet was at sea, and in the gray morning mist the squadrons took their position in two columns, each a single line. The two lines moved toward the on-coming enemy. Half-past eight came, and with it a report that the German Fleet had been sighted by our destroyers.

An hour passed, and the rising sun began to tinge the sky with gold. Presently, four or five miles away on the starboard bow, there came into view a sausage balloon towed by the Cardiff. First there was a mere faint speck of gray mist with a slight smoke-trail stretching out below it. Then behind the Cardiff there emerged from the murk the first of the German ships.

At the three miles range they appeared to be little more than slowly moving silhouettes coming abreast. The British Fleet turned by squadrons sixteen points out-

ward, wheeling back on its own track and retaining positions on both sides of the Germans to escort them to the anchorage.

Between the lines came the Germans, led by the Cardiff and looking like a school of leviathans led by a minnow. Over them flew a British naval airship. First came the battle-cruisers headed by the Seydlitz, a ship which carries the scars of the Dogger Bank battle of January, 1915. The Moltke and Hindenburg followed and then the Derflinger, which also was badly battered in the Dogger Bank engagement, and finally the Von der Taan, which, according to report, suffered heavily in the naval air-raid at Cuxhaven.

The other heavy ships of the Grand Fleet had left the flag-ship well behind when the German and British destroyers came out of the mist. In ordered array flotilla after flotilla moved across the sea, the Germans completely encased by the British. So vast was the area they covered that both the head and rear of the columns stretched away into the haze and were lost to sight. The eye could not count them. They were themselves a tremendous armada.

All this time the great captive fleet, guarded by the fleet which encircled it, was moving slowly at an almost funeral pace, certainly not the twelve knots stipulated by Admiral Meurer, toward the anchorage appointed for the Germans off May Island, a rocky island which stands in the middle of the Firth of Forth and some miles to the eastward of the bridge. Presently, as the German ships came to rest, it was seen that on every side of them were their British warders. Then the main body of the Grand Fleet made its way back to the stations from which it had started early in the morning.

A description of the surrender will not convey to the mind any conception of the scene, but it must be placed on permanent record, for it indicates the disposition of hostile fleets such as never had been seen before and will in all likelihood never be seen again. Operations were perfect both in organization and execution. From a purely spectacular point of view the pageant was robbed of some of its splendor by the low mist which blurred all outlines and refused to yield to the cold brilliance of the sunshine, but the significance of the meeting and the procession was

more important than its appearance.

Men in uniform watching the German ships come into view vied with one another in identifying them one by one, sometimes with the aid of books and silhouettes, but underneath the momentary excitement of determining whether this ship was the Hindenburg or the Derflinger, there was deep satisfaction that the tedious task of the Navy had been fulfilled.

As the Queen Elizabeth steamed along the lines she was cheered again and again by the men who crowded the decks of the ships she led. The day came to a peculiarly fitting close. An hour before noon the Commander-in-Chief issued the following signal to the fleet. It was received beyond doubt by the Germans: "The German flag will be hauled down at sunset to-day. It will not be hoisted again without permission."

The German ships were flying the German naval flag at the main top. At four o'clock all hands on the Queen Elizabeth were piped aft. They had assembled and were waiting perhaps for a speech, when suddenly the bugle rang out, "Making sunset!" Instantly all turned to the flag and saluted. The next minute cheers for the Commander-in-Chief were called for and given with deafening heartiness. Admiral Beatty acknowledged the tribute with "Thank you," adding, "I always told you they would have to come out."

Then the ship's company went back to their duties. Meantime the Germans in seventy-one ships which lay out of sight in the mist had undergone the mortification of seeing their flag hauled down, perhaps never to be hoisted again.

—(Literary Digest).

CLEVER DIPLOMACY

The Bridegroom:—"Would you mind if I went into the smoking car, dear?"

The Bride:—"What, to smoke?"

The Bridegroom:—"Oh, dear, no! I want to experience the agony of being away from you so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

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THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Does the M.P. on the sleeve of our brother Hooligan mean "musical pirate"?

Has the Hooligan Club gone defunct? If so, we understand the meaning of the M.P. on the worthy Brother's sleeve to mean "Empty", no funds.

Why all the rush to obtain discharges, these days? "Whoa mare."

Who was it who mistook the leading St. Jean's Hotel Bus, to be a laundry wagon?

How much longer can "Lizzie's" indispensables last?

DEMOBILIZATION

A soldier "Somewhere in Germany", despairing of demobilization, has written the following parody on "Silver Threads Among the Gold":

"Darling, I am coming back, Silver threads among the black. As at last the peace talk nears I'll be home in seven years.

"I'll drop in on you some night, With my whiskers long and white. You can hear the censors curse, 'War is h——,' but peace is worse.

"When the next war comes around In the front ranks I'll be found. I'll rush in at once, pell mell, Yes, I will, like h——, like h——."

TO BE PROCRASTINATED.

"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly.

"You want to be what?" demanded the conductor.

"Don't lose your temper, I had to look in the dictionary myself before I found out that 'procrastinated' means 'put off'."

THE NOISY CHEWER.

"Is this good gum?" asked the customer, pointing to a certain brand of chewing gum.

"Yes, indeedy," replied the girl clerk. "That's the kind I'm chewing right now."

"Oh, is it? Well, haven't you any noiseless gum?"

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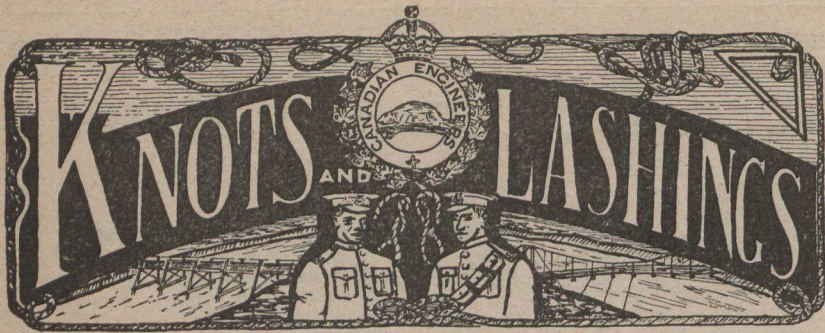
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THE RETURNED MAN AND EMPLOYMENT.

Perhaps one of the most difficult problems that awaits solution, is the adjustment of the returned soldier to his pre-war occupation, whilst he has been overseas, making safe his country's future, he naturally did not grow opulent with the pay he received, nor did he look for monetary reward for his services. He gave up position and place to serve his country, and having completed the work he set out to do, he is returning back home and looks forward to the day that he will be able to resume his old job. There are of course difficulties in the way. The incident that occurred at the Canadian Vickers in Montreal a few days ago is only an indication of what is bound to occur, in many cases. We cannot commend to highly the excellent example of patriotism of the Canadian Vickers Co. They have decided to employ as far as they possibly can returned soldiers, and with that object in view, opened a registration bureau for the returned men on their premises. Of course the employment of the returned men meant the displacement of some who had been there some time, and they objected to being displaced, nearly creating a riot. This does not deter or intimidate the Vickers people from carrying out their ideas, but what of the people who are objecting to them employing the returned men in preference to themselves, they have been safely drawing down good pay whilst the soldier was away making it possible for them to do so, and we are advised that the bulk of them are of alien origin. Surely the English Canadian and French Canadian soldiers who dared all at their country's call, desire first consideration when it comes to a question of employment. They ought to have the preference, and we appreciate the public spirited stand that the Vickers Company has taken, they have set a worthy example to other employers and will help considerably by their attitude towards the returned man, the various organisations that the Government has established to assist the returned soldier. We would respectfully suggest that the various committees and departments dealing with the problem could with profit to themselves, as well as to the soldier, get into communication with the employers and arrange for men to be sent direct to employment immediately upon discharge. This would save time and incidently would prevent the men having to wander from place to place seeking employment. This will undoubtedly press very hardly upon the alien population, because they have been making good money, but we must remember that charity begins at home, and our first care is the welfare of those who have given up position, place, and a few years of the best of their manhood for the country's sake, so it cannot be asking too much for the country to recognize that they are its first care. It will be very difficult at first

for the men to settle down, they have been undergoing a great mental and physical strain, so they need the sympathy and consideration of the employers. They will however soon pick up the broken thread where they left off, and we feel sure that they will do just as well in commerce and industry as they did on the fields of Flanders.

To all employers and the big corporations, let us say that the men who could so well sustain your country's honour and reputation, on the land and sea, by force of arms, these same men in the realms of industry and commerce can be relied upon to worthily sustain the good name and prestige of Canada. See to it that you give them every opportunity to prove their worth, they will easily make good.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A most enjoyable Dinner-Dance was held at the Officers' Club on New Year's Day, the Chaperones being Mesdames Bartlett, Semple and Orr. The toast to the King having been loyally honoured, that of the Ladies was proposed in his usual happy vein by Lieut.-Col. Melville, and was drunk in aqua pura enthusiastically.

The guests then adjourned to the Green Room where dancing was enjoyed by all, John being well to the fore. Music was furnished by the Misses Huot and Gobeil and Mr. Archdeacon, to whom our thanks are due. The old favourites were indulged in, including Sir Roger de Coverley and Paul Jones, and the function was unanimously voted one of the most successful ever held at St. Johns.

Our genial O.C. was conducted to the mistletoe by the Master of Ceremonies, Capt. Edgar, and received blushing the attentions of the ladies which he greatly appreciated.

A slight misunderstanding arose between Major Bob and Fred (on account of the former cutting out the latter with the lady he had escorted to the Club), which we are informed will have to be settled on the field of honour with 18th century sabres. These are to be purchased on Craig Street, Montreal, by one of the seconds, and the duel has been postponed until this has been done.

"Lap" displayed great agility in the Sir Roger, and was rather busy under the mistletoe.

"Honest John" was also on deck either in dancing or in other directions.

Capt. Bartlett, who was appropriately camouflaged as "Mutt", and good old Tappan tripped the light fantastic very gracefully.

Johnny Orr showed remarkable vim in Sir Roger, and proved the surprize of the evening.

In the immortal words of Jack

Turner, "a most enjoyable time was had by all."

The party dispersed after the National Anthem had been sung.

Madame La Marquise.

DIARY OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE 60th BATTALION.

(Continued)

May 15th.—Our unit returned to the line again and occupied trenches 52 to 57 at Maple Copse. Here we remained 16 days and had about sixty casualties. One night I had five men, one after another, brought in to me with bullet wounds in the head, and they gasped for a few minutes and then died. It was very depressing.

The medical officer of the battalion on our left lost his nerve and had to go out. Dr. Waterson was sent up to replace him and was killed the next day. In the dugout with him were two others, a stretcher-bearer and Ralph Gordon's batman. Both were frightfully smashed up, each having four compound fractures of both legs and several fractures of one arm. We had to chloroform them before we could do anything, and while we were attending one, the other was singing "God be with us till we meet again." I will never forget it. I don't know how I stood some of these things but I simply had to.

This was a long and a hard tour of 16 days, and we expected about two weeks' rest.

June 1st.—A night march of about 5 miles brought us back to dear old Camp A.

June 2nd.—The Battalion was ordered to return to the front, as, shortly after our departure, the Germans had literally smashed everything in Maple Copse and Sanctuary Wood by heavy and concentrated artillery bombard-

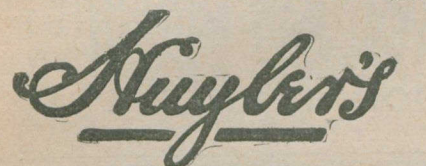
(Continued on page 8)

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THE RETURNED OFFICER

By H. F. Gadsby

(In Vancouver World)

The returned officer is also a problem. It's a safe guess that he will grouch more than the returned private, for the simple reason that he knows more to grouch about. The higher the officer the grouchier he will be because the higher he is the nearer he has been to the Argyll House.

It is no secret that Argyll House is not loved at the front, where its mistakes and iniquities are felt most. Consequently, when the real, pukka fighting officer returns, he will have two grouches—one overseas, Argyll House; and one here, his treatment by the government after he gets home.

The militia department and the headquarters staff at Ottawa did excellent work during the war, but the government is already feeling the pressure of returned officers, from generals down, to oust those stay-at-home red hats, and brass hats, and give their jobs to officers who have proved their quality on the field of battle. Their claims are so urgent, and, moreover, so reasonable, that some of the Ottawa red hats have expressed their willingness to resign, so as not to stand in the way of merit seeking its own reward. Yes, some have said they are ready to get out, but not many. The rest expect to stick until death do them part.

Their ranks are swelled by the homeguard colonels, who occupied the period of the war winning a job at Ottawa while the real heroes were winning the war at the front. "There's no place for me in the business I know best," a fighting brigadier complained bitterly; "so I guess I'll drop out and let the swivel-chair Napoleons have it."

If the returned officer happens to be one of the higher command, he will have a tale of woe as long as your arm. He will be inclined to raise hell with the government because the government's overseas proxy has probably raised hell with him. It has been his misfortune to have another fight on his hands besides the fight with the Huns—the fight with the London crowd who would insist on playing politics with his job. This meant, of course, that his difficulties were doubled—one eye on the Hun and one eye on Argyll House—and con-

sequently only half a chance to concentrate on his necessary work.

I have heard front line officers rage at great length and in picturesque detail of the gang of intriguers and wire-pullers in London, who butted in on the game and made their hard-working career insecure because they had pets of their own to place. "They give themselves C.M.G.'s and D.S.O.'s," said one general to me, "and the only risk they take is a bird too cold or a bottle too warm, or perhaps a dull show at the Gaiety."

The returned officer, I venture to say, will rage at greater length when he comes home than he did at the front. This he will do for several reasons—because the danger of free speech has disappeared, because discipline is removed, because nobody will be sitting on the lid, and because it is our good old Anglo-Saxon habit to put the shirt in the wash after we have dirtied it. Perhaps seven returned officers in every ten will have a hard luck story to tell and the essential wormwood of every one of their stories will be that success goes by favor in the army, and not by merit and service.

These stories may be treated in either of two ways. They may be taken with a grain of salt as the nervous reaction from the intolerable strain of war, in which case there will be a general disposition not to unearth scandals, or they may be taken at their face value, in which case a wholesale investigation of Argyll House politics will be necessary. It all depends, I have no doubt, on how safe we feel. If Bolshevism and bankruptcy threaten we may have to keep our mouths shut. If things look ship-shape and water-tight we can afford to rip the quarrel open. It's only a question of time. Sooner or later by the returned officer himself, or by the opposition in parliament, also the beans are bound to be spilled.

At the front the officer suffers from sternly repressed emotions, the danger of death, the sense of responsibility, the desperate work of fighting, and on top of it all the interference of politicians which prevents him giving a whole mind to his job. He has to hide all these cares and show an example to his men. Noblesse oblige. One may have an avalanche of personal grievances but one does not let it loose while the work of licking the Hun is in hand. It's a way they

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have in the army—bottle your wrath until the big job is done, then break the bottle on the heads that deserve it.

Now that the war is over we may expect those pent-up emotions, scandals and grouches to burst out like a spring spate and flood the land. What the returned officer could not breathe at the front he will speak freely at home and what he says will be full of local color and apposite incident and crimson anger and many other things that go to make up a moving story. Even now the wind is rising. Returned generals compress their lips in a thin red line and tell the reporters they have nothing to say. And the way they say it makes it a threat rather than a promise. What they mean is that they will give it to the newspapers if the fellows at the top don't come through. Fighting brigadiers sulk around Ottawa like spiked howitzers. One Major-General, who evidently doesn't give a damn, has already given his opinion of demobilization arrangements.

General Mewburn has spoken the word in season. He tells the people to treat the returned soldier tenderly until he gets his initiative back, until his jangled nerves are in tune again. He might well include the returned officer in this general order for clemency. The returned officer needs "stepping down" as much as the returned soldier. He probably needs it more for he carried a heavier current and his voltage was higher. How long it will take before he can get down to brass tacks again is a moot question—it may be four months and it may be forever. If peace doesn't give him peace of mind in that time—if he can't get the high explosive out of his system after shooting his grouch until most people are tired of it—if strafing the powers that be becomes an integral part of his constitution—then he is a problem case and must be handled as such. One hopes that Mr. Daly's Repatriation Committee has already cross-indexed and charted the returned soldier, particularly with a view to landing him a job that will not clash with his martial dignity.

The returned officer is as big a problem as Canada has. If the American Civil War can furnish statistics as to how he came out in the long run, those statistics we ought to have. The men with professions and businesses will, of

course, go back to them—but with reluctance, with considerable slackening of interest, and with great loss of impetus and customers. Those without professions or businesses will find it hard to settle down to the routine of peaceful industry. They commanded before—now they must obey. It's going to be damned hard—particularly if one's orders come from a home-keeping profiteer who has picked this war to the very bones.

I say nothing of the lieutenants and captains, but think of the best majors and colonels between the ages of twenty-three and thirty, who will come back to find that peace reverts them, so to speak, to the inconspicuous jobs their tender years and limited experience fits them for. Take a colonel, for instance, twenty-five years of age, with all sorts of medals and a veritable congestion of the alphabet after his name. He comes back, we will say, to his job, in the bank and the stay-at-home manager has occasion to say "Colonel Blank bring me number three ledger." A delicate situation—both parties to it as awkward as a Methodist right foot. And yet that will be an everyday occurrence. We are going to have more colonels and majors than Kentucky in its mint-julepest days, and the only way we can carry on is for the colonels and majors to realize that the war is over and that they are humdrum citizens again. Peace may not salute its superior officer but it does pay salaries.

—o—

A Lost Face.

A number of officers were crossing from Southampton to Havre, to rejoin their units. The boat was a very small one, and accommodation was limited. It was just before dinner, and half a dozen of them were washing at the row of small basins provided for the purpose. Numerous officers were waiting behind to take their turn, and the general result was a scramble.

Suddenly the air raid alarm was given, and every light was immediately turned out, for a moment there was a terrible mix-up, and then a voice cried out plaintively, "I say, you fellahs—are any of you by any chance washing a face that has a monocle and a rather short moustache?—dashed if I can find it."

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er, they're so dashing-
ly smart, y' know!"

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(With apologies to "Bobby Burns")

Should the Hooligan Club be forgot,
And never brought to min'
For in St. Jeans there's one dear spot
I'll bet they all ken fin'
The Club is still alive, my dear,
Tho' its days are drawing fine
So here's to it, an' all its men
For the days o' lang syne.

We cam' frae near, we cam' frae far,
As brae a bunch ye canna fin'
To this old awfu' weary spot
Leaving which ye dinna mind
The Club is still alive, etc.

An' now we're waiting patiently, awaiting our discharge
Before we leave this lonesome spot,
To roam the world at large.
The Club is still alive, etc.

The landscape here is verra fine,
Wi' me ye all agree
It really would'na be so bad
But for the scenery.
The Club is still alive, etc.

The weather too is verra fine
In summer or in fall,
But it tak's the winter and the
Spring to mak' it beat em all.
The Club is still alive, etc.

And here's a hand brae Hooligan
And gi'es a hand o' thine
Yes beat it while ye can my mon
Aye while the goings fine.
The Club is still alive, etc.

So fare thee well unto St. Jeans
As into the train ye drap
An may ye go to Halifax
Before ye ever may come back.
The Club is still alive, etc.

"Rotten By A. P. Knot."

**Two Minds With But A Single
Thought.**

The sentry outside the camp was
holding an altercation with a
major, who wanted to gain entry
but had forgotten the password.

"Let me pass," said the major;
"don't you know I am your com-
manding officer?"

"Can't 'elp it," said the sentry.
"Orders are, nobody is to pass
without the password."

"But I tell you I have forgotten
it."

"Orders is orders, sir."
"Stand aside, I am in a hurry."

The sentry, still persistent,
brought his rifle to the 'present'
position.

"Put that damned thing down,"
said the major. "It may go off."

The sentry shuddered.
"Yes, sir," he replied, "that is
what I am always afraid of."

Too Musical.

Private Binks, of the R.A.M.C.,
who was acting orderly for the
first time in hospital, was of a
decidedly musical turn of mind,
and boasted of his accomplishments
with many instruments. Dusting

round the M.O.'s desk he picked
up an instrument, hitherto un-
known to him. Turning to the cor-
poral he asked in a hesitating
manner:

"What d'you call this, cor-
p'ral?"

The corporal, with the superior-
ity of one long accustomed to these
things:

"That's a stethoscope, me lad."

Binks, after twisting and turn-
ing and applying it to his mouth:

"Well, I'm hanged if I can get
much of a tune out of it, anyway."

A Telegraphic Error.

A young officer who wrote to
his wife daily from France was
suddenly given a few days' leave.
There was no time to wire from
Calais, so he hurried on the trans-
port and determined to telegraph
his home-coming to his wife imme-
diately he reached Dover. He had
a dreadful passage, and to make
matters worse was compelled by
decency to give up his berth to an
elderly lady who had just returned
from a base hospital, where she
had, by special permission, been to
visit her badly wounded son. Four
hours' later his wife received the
following telegram from Dover:—

"Expect home immediately.
Dreadful passage, awfully sick.
Gave birth to old lady on leaving
Calais."

Saving The Moments.

A young infantryman home from
the front on four days' leave,
giving a vivid description of a re-
cent strategical retirement, said:

"It was a wonderful retreat, sir,
the most wonderful retreat of the
War. Our battalion retired with-
out losing a man or a gun—"
(Voice of crippled warrior from
the rear): "Or a moment!"

The Most Dangerous Wound.

A wounded soldier in a crowded
omnibus rose to give up his seat to
a lady.

"No, thank you," she replied.
"I see you have been wounded,
and I should not like to take your
seat."

"Madam," he replied, "I have
been wounded three times, surely
you wouldn't inflict a fourth upon
me!"

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the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

DIARY OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE 60th BATTALION.

(Continued from page 4)

ment, and had gained possession of our front line for about 1¼ miles. The Sixtieth marched to the Ypres Canal and lined some old trenches there, and then during the early hours of June 3rd moved along the China Wall to the R line at Hooge. I called at the Dressing Station at the Ypres Asylum on the way and later took charge of the Dressing Station in the Menin Cellars. From 9 p.m. until 5 a.m. I put through 200 cases, many of them very bad.

On the night of the 4th of June the Battalion moved to the right and relieved the Princess Patricia's in the Reserve Line at Sanctuary Wood, which was then our front line. The body of Col. Buller, O.C. of the "Pats", was in one of the dugouts, and their dead and wounded were scattered thickly about, as they, like ourselves, had been having a hard time of it, and had been unable to evacuate their casualties.

We held this position until June 7th, when we were relieved, and returned to Camp E.

Our casualties during the five days were 350, among them being:—

Officers killed

Capt. Vessey, Lieuts. Gallon, Macfarlane and Campbell.

Officers wounded

Captains Creighton, Donnelly, Redmond and Skinner, Lieutenants Edgar, Hingston, Gordon and Miller.

This period includes what are known as the Battles of Hooge and Sanctuary Wood and was very costly for the Canadian Corps, the Casualties amounting practically to the equivalent of a whole Division. The Germans in spite of their initial success, were always in a state of nervousness, especially at night, when the entire length of the Front Line was brilliantly illuminated by flares of various colours—white, red and green. It was just like a display of fireworks, and really very pretty as a spectacle, if one could only have forgotten the ugly sights in and around the trenches.

The enemy apparently had a wholesome respect for the fighting qualities of Canadians, as they

attempted no further advance after the 2nd of June, although they had obliterated our front and support trenches at Sanctuary Wood and Maple Copse by an enormous expenditure of ammunition, besides smashing almost everything in the rear, including the reserve lines and communication trenches. A counter-attack on the 12th of June by the First Division ejected them from what they had occupied at heavy cost, and the original line was re-established.

June 13th.—We marched up to the front, and occupied trenches 59-66 in Sanctuary Wood, and returned to Camp A on the 15th, after a quiet but uncomfortable tour.

June 15th.—While here we had a Sports Day and a competition in First Aid, in which the Stretcher Bearers of the Sixtieth won the championship of the 9th Brigade. We received drafts to complete our strength.

June 30th.—Back to Hooge and ye Olde Mill. Trenches 63-74 which had been re-captured from the Germans.

(To be concluded.)

FURTHER DETAILS ABOUT PENSIONS.

The Director of Repatriation, H. J. Daly, issues an announcement of the activities of the Repatriation Committee of the Dominion Cabinet. The work of the committee covers all questions which have to do with bringing soldiers back to civil life and maintaining the prosperity of the country during the change from war to peace. It secures co-operation between the Government departments which are concerned with these questions, obtains the assistance of experts for special problems, prevents overlapping of efforts, and hastens effective action. The assistance of provincial and municipal authorities, of the Great War Veterans' Association and of many voluntary organizations has been secured.

The following are questions and answers regarding pensions:

What is Canada's yearly pension bill? The Minister of Finance says \$30,000,000 or more.

How many pensions are being paid by the Government at the present time? Over 60,000.

What is the Board of Pension Commissioners? It is a government body composed of three men

each appointed for ten years and each devoting his whole time to his duties as commissioner, for the purpose of administering pensions promptly, smoothly, and fairly.

Is it a civil or a military body? Civil.

Where is the head office? At Ottawa.

Has it any branch offices? Yes.

Where are they? At the following eighteen centres in Canada: Calgary, Alta.; Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Edmonton, Alta.; Halifax, N.S.; Hamilton, Ont.; Kingston, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, P.Q.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, P.Q.; Regina, Sask.; St. John, N.B.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Sydney, N.S.; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B.C.; Victoria, B.C.; Winnipeg, Man.

There are also offices in London, England, and the Pensions and Disabilities Board, St. John, Nfld.

Where does a soldier's dependent apply for pension? At the nearest branch office.

What else do the branch offices do? They send visitors to call on pensioners in their homes, hold medical re-examinations, and handle complaints.

If a man is dissatisfied with a pension how should he proceed? He should apply to the district office where a medical re-examination will be held.

What is a pension? It is compensation paid as a right to any soldier or sailor who was disabled during his service, provided medical treatment fails to restore his full normal capacity.

Are all soldiers entitled to pensions? No. Pension is not awarded for a service only, it is payable only for disability.

How is the amount of pension fixed? It is based on the extent of the handicap suffered. The percentages have been carefully worked out so as to be both accurate and fair.

Who decides the percentage of the handicap? A medical board.

Is a man allowed to express his opinion about his disability? Yes. The relationship between the Medical Board and the pension applicant is that of doctor and patient. Every opportunity is given to have the man's condition judged from his own point of view.

On what is the amount of pension based? The amount is based purely on the extent of the handicap and is intended to enable a disabled soldier or sailor to live despite his handicap on equal terms

with those who have suffered no handicap.

Is a man's pension reduced if he is able to earn a good living without it? No, the money he may be able to earn, or the money he earned before the war does not affect the amount of his pension.

If a man increases his earning capacity by the Government Vocational training, is his pension reduced accordingly? No.

Does pension vary according to rank? Yes, officers receive more than men, and officers of high rank receive more than those of low rank.

Does pension vary according to a man's trade or profession? No.

What is the minimum pension for a totally disabled soldier or sailor of the lowest rank? \$600 a year with \$96 extra for each child.

How often are pension cheques distributed? Monthly.

Are widows of soldiers and sailors entitled to pension? Yes, so long as they do not re-marry.

Are children of soldiers and sailors who died on service entitled to pension? Yes, boys up to the age of 16, and girls up to the age of 17.

Is pension granted to parents of a soldier or sailor? Only under the following circumstances: When pension is not payable to his widow and when it can be established that the deceased soldier or sailor was their main support previous to his death.

Where can one obtain a complete schedule of the pensions? By writing to the Board of Pension Commissioners, Union Bank Building, Ottawa.

Only The Beer Boy.

Outside a military prison, at the back of the line, a sentry was doing guard. One of the cell windows, with bars very wide apart, looked out into the street, and underneath this a small boy constantly hovered.

After an hour or two, the sentry began to get suspicious, but whenever he approached the spot the boy vanished.

At last he succeeded in cornering the urchin.

"Now, then," he said sternly, "what do you mean by hanging around here?"

The boy grinned largely.

"It's all right, monsieur," he replied, looking up at the barred window. "I am the boy that fetches the beer."

COMRADES

Last night I dreamed the Cross of God
 Stood rooted deep in Flanders sod,
 And wide its open arms were spread
 Over the fields of living dead.
 Mile upon mile the crosses rose
 Shepherding sleep's supreme repose,
 And as I looked they seemed to be
 Merged into conquering Calvary.
 O Jesus—more than Savior now;
 Brother, soldiers, captain, Thou!—
 Each of Thy comrades of the cross
 Treasures the gift that man calls loss.
 Oh, what an Easter lies concealed
 Beneath the flowers on Flanders Field!

—Louise Ayres Garnette
 in Poetry.

Still Travelling.

The Artillery is well aware of the sad end of a young officer who went up to the observation post, or "O Pip", to observe for the battery.

The first shot came down short and burst within twenty yards of him. Scared out of his life, he gave the first order that came to his mind, it was: "Repeat!"

Rumor has it that he is still travelling.

His Dinner Hour.

A company of British soldiers under the charge of an officer were marching along a road in France when they came upon a member of the Navvies' Battalion leaning up against the stump of a tree. The latter gazed blandly at the troops, and sucked away at a filthy clay pipe. The officer, who was rather a stickler for discipline, at once commenced to reprimand him.

"Take that pipe out of your mouth," he ordered. "Don't you know better than that? Stand to attention whilst I am passing you."

The navy calmly drew the pipe from his mouth and spat reflectively on the ground.

"Orl right, mate," he said with a grin, "it's me dinner 'our."

The Courtesy Of War.

In the Somme region the French first line trenches were a score or so metres from the German trenches. When things were comparatively quiet, both sides em-

ployed their time in bombing each other.

As the distance was so short, it was quite usual for a number of seconds to elapse before the bomb burst after touching ground.

A French officer, noticing one of these delayed bombs, picked it up, and hurling it back at the Germans, remarked politely, "Your bomb, I believe!"

Those Guns.

A cavalry recruit was having a devil of a time. It was his first field day, and he was mounted on a very spirited horse. He managed to control it until the guns went off. Then the beast performed all kinds of capers, and finally succeeded in dismounting him. He jumped into the saddle again and was all right until the guns roared once more, when he was thrown violently to the ground. This time he made no attempt to regain the saddle, but stood holding the reins and stroking the horse's nose.

"Why don't you mount again, man?" roared the Sergeant-major.

"What's the good?" replied the recruit disconsolately; those blooming guns will go off again in a minute."

"Are You Through?"

A bombing party set out at dead of night to try their hand on a German machine gun emplacement. Among them was an American soldier, who had joined up because he hated the Germans.

On the way to their objective they were held up by barbed wire. They got out their wire cutters, and were busy hacking away at the obstacle, when there was a rifle shot, and the man next the American gave a long groan and a curse.

"Say, chum," exclaimed the Yankee, "are you through?"

"Through!" snorted a voice, misunderstanding the American term. "Through be damned!—the—stuff has torn my breeches to ribbons."

On The "Buzzer"

The signallers didn't like their new officer. He was too eager to give them evening parades, and moreover, some of them thought he was only a figure-head and wasn't a qualified signaller. They were busy "buzzing" on the small field instrument, and one of them was narrating an anecdote when the

officer came on the scene.

"Jones," he said to the garrulous one, "you're always gossiping instead of attending to your work—you will do an extra parade this evening."

Jones was furious. He thought of an idea to get his own back. Working the "buzzer" key, he sent the words, "Go to hell."

All the men grinned, but gasped as the officer grabbed the nearest instrument and buzzed back, "Take two extra parades."

Tommy's Way.

For weeks an infantry regiment had suffered badly by the fire of a concealed German battery. One day the observation post of the battery was located by an airman, and a party of bombers was told off to go out and blow it up. They went over during the night, and caught the inmates red-handed. A proud private marched the two telephonists back to the collecting-station.

"So you're the blighters, are you?" he said, staring at them as they walked. "Nice looking lot you are, too. Look at your step! I'm ashamed of yer. 'Ell of a time you've given our company—'ere, 'ave a fag."

Social Distinctions.

In a town near the north coast of France the remnants of the original Expeditionary Force were quartered. In the characteristic British fashion, they grumbled from morning till night, and the chief object of their daily grouse was the cook and his wares.

One day a Battalion of the "Artists Rifles" arrived in town, and were being "messed" in a large tin hut in which were a number of the "old army".

The cook, a soured and unhappy man, through the daily straffing of the dinner, set his face to meet the onslaught, which never waned in the slightest.

After hearing from the "remnants" exactly what they thought of the way the food was cooked, he burst out impetuously:

"Look 'ere! See them chaps in the corner—" pointing to the newly arrived men, "them Hartists, brought up in the lap of luxury, they don't grumble; but you, who've been dragged up anyhow—you alway grumbles."

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"Father," said a little boy, "what is the fortune of war?" "I don't know exactly, my son," replied the father; "You'll have to ask a profiteer!"

Love makes the walls of human relations, but justice must be their foundation.

THE BRITISH GUNS IN FRANCE

By L. D.

Against the setting sun, the guns
In silent contrast stand;
For four long years, they spoke of death;
They saved that happy land.

Their yawning mouths turned to the sky;
They stand on duty still.
Lest we forget the Potsdam gang
And damned ex-kaiser Bill.

When all was peace and solitude,
From out the silent night
There came a scream and then a moan
And then a burst of light.

Again and yet again they spoke,
Until the earth and sky
Looked like a thousand bursting hells,
Before earth mortal eye.

So all night long the fire of hell
Rained on the German lines;
With rifle shot and hand grenade
And bursting of the mines.

When morning dawned another sight,
The dying and the dead;
The earth all rent and piled in heaps,
With life blood painted red.

Did we shed tears at such a sight
In our fight for liberty?
God, may the world be painted red
With blood from Germany!

A "Record" Story

A certain infantry platoon was possessed of a very fine gramophone. The officer in charge had made it his object in life to see that the instrument was well provided with records. Each time he came back from leave a huge bundle of records came with him. It was a quiet part of the line, and absolutely nothing had happened for several months to disturb the equanimity of the troops.

One morning the officer was busy "sampling" his latest purchases, and a crowd of Tommies sat opposite, keenly enjoying the treat. All of a sudden there was a low whining sound, and everybody rushed into dug-outs to escape the "coal-box", except the officer, who wanted to put his beloved records under cover. He collected them together rapidly, piled them on top of the machine, and started to retire with both arms full.

The shell burst right in the trench, and brought down tons of earth. He was dug out after a few minutes by his men, who were relieved to find him apparently uninjured. He spat a lot of earth from his mouth, and ejaculated in a terrified voice, "My God—the gramophone!"

Too Talkative.

A widow, whose only son was fighting in France, had not received a letter from him for a long time. To her delight, one morning a letter came. It was of bulky dimensions, but to her surprise on opening it every single word had been erased by the censor. The only thing readable was a footnote by the censor himself:

"Madam, your son is quite well, but he talks too much."

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SMILES

A Matter of Words.

During anchor drill on one of our cruisers the captain, an old bearded naval man, called from the bridge, "Humphreys, you're a damn fool." This being against all etiquette of the Navy the man replied: "Beg pardon, sir, but I ain't a damn fool."

Next morning at question time the man presented himself, and when questioned by the captain as to what he wanted, he replied:

"Beg pardon, sir, but you called me a damn fool yesterday."

"So you are a damn fool," said the captain, to the amusement of the officers and men on the quarter-deck.

The man pointed out that it was against the rules for an officer to swear at a man. The captain pushing back his cap, mumbled a half-apology, and dismissed the man. Just as the man was disappearing down the gangway the captain, anxious to get his own back, shouted after him:

"I was wrong to call you a damn fool, but all I can say is, you look like one!"

Doing His Bit.

The head of the munitions factory was very strict, and, furthermore, was inclined to be a trifle hasty. He had instituted in his shell-shop a system of fines for being late, fines for mistakes, fines for bad work, and so on. Of course the war rush had made him keener than ever, and, happening to awake one morning very early, he went to the factory a little after starting time. As he got out of his motor-car he saw a pale, haggard, hollow-eyed man walking wearily through the gate.

"Aha, Tom Taylor!" he shouted angrily. "Ten minutes late, eh?" "Well you're fined twopence. Not a word now, that's the rule!"

"Take your time, guv'nor," answered Taylor. "I ain't knocked off from yesterday yet!"

The Canadian Way.

The commander of a Canadian battalion was greatly perturbed. A general was coming to inspect his men that morning, and he

wanted them to look and act their best.

He had them all drawn up on the parade ground, so that he might give them a few fatherly words of advice.

"Now then," he said, "remember you're soldiers, and when the general is here, I want you to act as soldiers. When he inspects the ranks look to your front, and when he asks you a question reply promptly, and say 'sir' each time. Don't let me see any of that idiotic moving of hands, and don't cough or make noises like that—and—er—er—one thing more, for heaven's sake, don't call me Charlie!"

A Nice New Job.

Somewhere in France a young soldier had been on the sick-list for some time, and now, after a good rest, looked very fit for service.

However, he once more reported sick on the day that his battalion was to leave for the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad?" asked the medical officer.

The bright prospect of a nice office job in security at the base opened up before him, so he answered emphatically:

"Yes, sir, I can. I was a clerk in civil life."

"Very well. Now you write a nice letter to your best girl, and tell her you are going up to the trenches to-night!"

The Unorthodox.

Pte. Wm. Smith was on his way back to barracks, after a very lively evening in town. To make matters worse, he had gambled away the balance of his week's pay at "nap" and felt anything but cheerful.

He arrived at the entrance to the barracks, and was accosted by the sentry:

"Halt! Who goes there?" Feeling very annoyed and cross with the world, he snarled:

"Foe! Put that in your blooming pipe and smoke it."

The New Style.

The wife of an army captain was holding an At Home, and her husband's young orderly was requisitioned to announce the guests as they arrived. He had no experience in such matters, and was

frightfully nervous, but he acquitted himself very well, nevertheless. He was getting quite used to the job, when, to his horror, no less a person than the general of the division presented himself. The orderly gasped for breath for a moment, then gaining a sudden inspiration, threw open the drawing-room door, and cried in a loud voice: "Company, 'shun! Present arms!"

A Question Of Rank.

Old Lady (to soldier): "So you have come back from the Front! Perhaps you have met my son, he's at the Front."

Soldier: "May be. What's his name and regiment?"

Old Lady: "I can't remember his regiment, but his name is Smith."

Soldier: "That won't help much. What rank?"

Old Lady: "Oh, he's a general!"

Soldier (in surprise): "A general! Are you quite sure?"

Old Lady: "Well, not quite, but he's either a general or a corporal—I know there's a 'ral' in it."

A Difficult Proposition.

Everyone in the village had enlisted long ago except the young organist, who was short-sighted, but the Army was in need of men, and now he also was called up. The whole village turned out to see him go, for he was the local idol, and an only son to wit.

His mother, a kindly old dame, strove valiantly to repress her tears, and as the train steamed out of the station she cried:

"Good-bye, Willie, darling, don't forget to always wear your woollies—and be sure to keep up your practice."

Fritz Intervenes.

Three men were playing "nap" in the front line trench. It had been a dull game, and a nice little sum was in the "kitty". It had got to the stage when "nap" was a very adventurous call, for it meant doubling the substantial kitty, if one lost. On the other hand, it was a nice little present for the man who "got home". Another hand was dealt, and one man with a grin of triumph on his face, took the top card and called "nap". The other two men looked

gloomy, for they held "rubbish".

The player led off with the ace, king, queen, and had already decided on how he should spend the "kitty", when a shell pitched into the trench. Up went the margarine box and the cards, and down came an avalanche of earth. A few moments later a voice mumbled, "God bless yer, Fritz, yer saved the blooming game—he'd have got 'ome sure."

"Some" Walk.

An infantry battalion had just embarked for France. It was a wretched day, and the voyage had made many men sea-sick. Two of the victims were standing near the rails of the ship at Boulogne, waiting to be taken off, when a diver, who had been at work, climbed out of the water into an Admiralty vessel.

"Look!" said one of the men. "That chap got some savvy—why didn't we walk over like him?"

In Belgium.

An old Belgian was driving a donkey cart through an occupied Belgian town, when a Landsturmer on guard stopped him.

"Your name?"

The man told him.

"Where are you from?"

"Brussels."

With a grin the Landsturmer looked at the donkey.

"What's his name?"

"He hasn't got one."

"Can't let you pass without the donkey's name."

"I tell you he hasn't got a name."

"Come, we must call him something—shall we say Albert?"

"No!" said the old man emphatically, "that would be a reflection upon my King."

"Oh, indeed, then we will call him Wilhelm."

"Worse still," said the Belgian abruptly; "that would be a reflection upon the donkey."

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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

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

"NOW AND THEN"

I was walking down the street one day
 In a town in the good old U. S. A.
 And in a window, I espied
 Three flags a floating, side by side.
 With steady step and honest pride,
 I boldly turned and walked inside
 And said, "If this war must be won,
 Please let me go and fight the Hun."
 So, I enlisted there and then,
 As the son of a true born Englishman.
 The doctor passed me, as you know,
 Said, "To the war, yes you can go."
 To Cleveland then I went by train
 And was examined once again.
 'Twas there, in spite of all my fears,
 They put me in the Engineers,
 So once again in train by heck,
 Came to St. Jeans here in Quebec.
 Once here, to the Depot I hiked with glee,
 Hoping that France, I soon would see.
 My hopes, alas, were cast down flat,
 I might have known as much as that.
 So in St. Jeans I had to stay,
 And pass my idle hours away.
 While others boldly went to France,
 I didn't even have the chance.
 So, I was left to "carry on",
 Yet, I would rather far have gone,
 For woe betide the boys who stayed
 As here "Ye canna find a maid
 Who, wi' a Sapper would be sae'd!"
 Of course that was in time o' war
 But now it's not so any more,
 For see as down the street ye pass,
 Most every brae an' bonnie lass,
 Will wink her eye, as we all know,
 But, we're content to leave 'em go.
 We should worry now, "Oh well!"
 As Sherman said, "Yes, war is hell,"
 Although I never saw a trench,
 And parlez-vous, but little French.
 The girls here are in a class as Foch's brave heroes were
 I really think, "They shall not pass in my good
 judgment, Sir."

By a "Looker On".

TOO MUCH FOOLING.

He had been courting Mary for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary; and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."

"Speak, darling! What is it?"
 "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

An Oversight.

1st. Private: "Say! Have you heard that Ted Smith has got the DCM?"

2nd. Private: "What for?"

1st. Private: "I dunno."

2nd. Private: "Blimey, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the same dug-out."

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