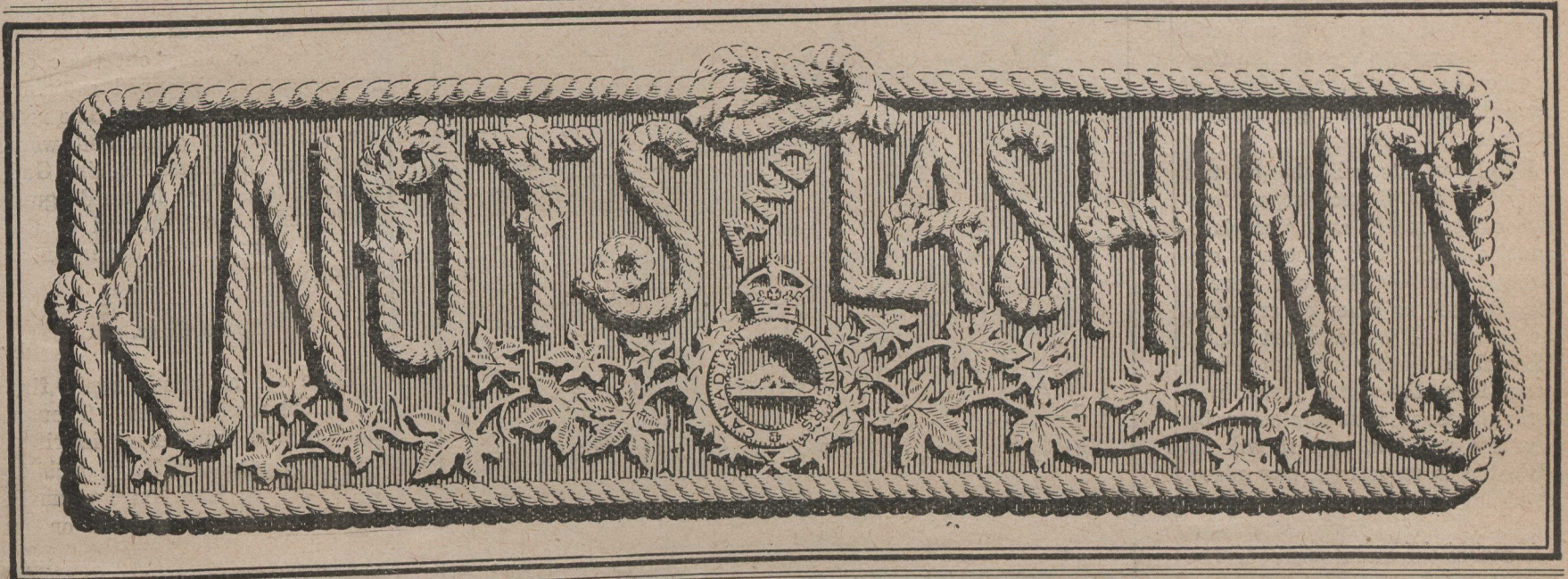


“Enormously the largest circulation of any Daily or Weekly Military Paper published in Canada!”



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

Vol. 1. No. 32.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

The Use of Machine Guns in Modern Warfare.

By Lieut. E. T. Adney, C.E.

Machine and Automatic Guns.

The Engineers have a direct interest in the manner in which machine and automatic guns are used, since the construction of emplacements for these weapons is a part of their work.

There is a distinction between the two. Machine guns are less mobile, and their best work is done from fixed positions. The gun can be held steady on either a tripod, or by preparing a recess for a pivot which may be used by dismounting the tripod, and definite fields of fire can thus be provided for them when used defensively. Against such weapons, well arranged and concealed, sweeping with pre-arranged fire every avenue of enemy approach, and with such reinforcement as rifles may be able to give, it is practically impossible for an assault to succeed. Trenches and obstacles are sited whenever possible to check the enemy, and to divert him along lines of approach covered by flanking and enfilade fire. To offset this advantage, the attackers will seek to demoralize the defenders by overwhelming artillery fire, trench mortars, gas, etc.; by tanks and by surprise

attacks, consisting of a short bombardment followed quickly by the use of massed troops regardless of losses. To withstand these, the defenders will provide carefully organized counter battery work, successive lines of defense, concealed wire, cover against shell fire, protection against gas, and guns so placed that the element of surprise becomes an important factor. The whole is supplemented by air craft information, vigilant patrol work, and general alertness. Machine guns being the chief weapon, provision is made for their effective use at all stages, from the advanced front to the far rear.

The amount of protection that can be given machine guns and men, is governed by the enemy ability to destroy. The advanced guns may be in shell craters or sap heads in No Man's Land; others will be ready to fire from the parapet of the firing line, or over it from positions immediately rearward. The support line will have similar arrangements. There will also be strong points, concealed, along communication trenches, and at every position in which they may be concealed and at the same time connected with the main trench system.

The British use the Vickers-

Maxim, and the Colt, which can deliver 600 to 1,000 and more shots per minute. Some solid form of table must be provided. In soft ground the incessant recoil jams the tripod legs into the ground, and the gun is thrown off its line of fire. Board platforms, six feet square, or timber T's may be provided or, when these are lacking, ordinary sandbags are folded and placed underneath. By using the "adaptor", the M. G. pivot will

drop into a hole in either an upright log or a swinging arm.

The most advantageous fields of fire having been determined by means of the map and inspection of the ground, great numbers of positions are laid out, the guns working in pairs from emplacements which are within signalling distance of each other. The field of fire from each position, is so carefully worked out, that (by using the compass), they may fire

THE LANCERS DAY-DREAM.



".....And the old men shall see visions."

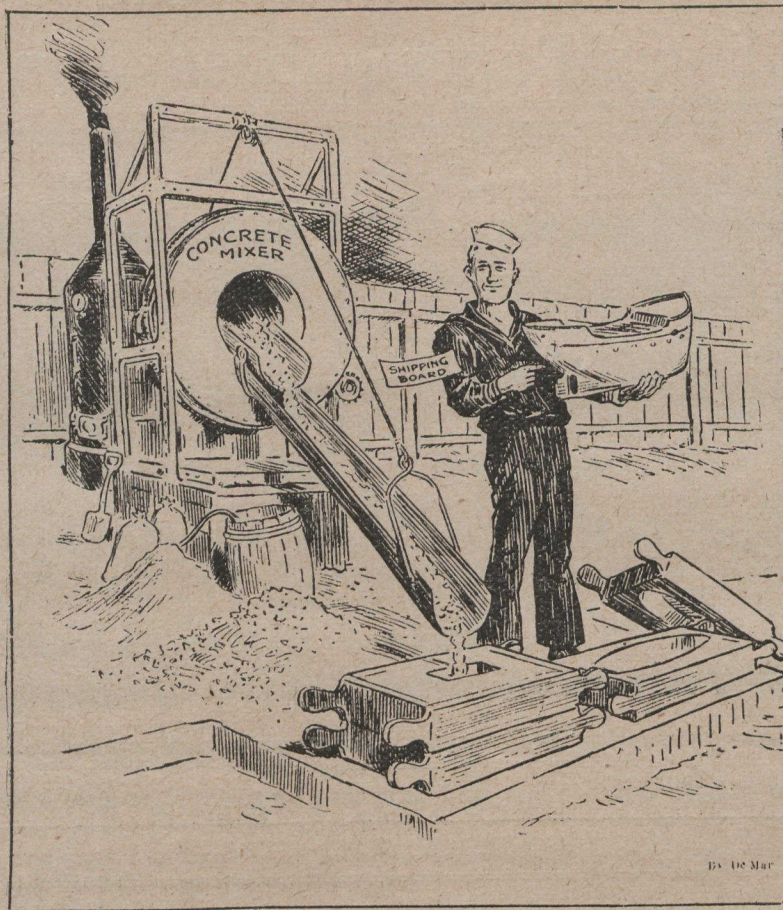
We would respectfully ask that, in making purchases, you "patronize those who patronize us."

as well by night as day. In the advanced lines, it is considered better to have a large number of weak positions than a few strong ones. They will have no overhead cover for the gunners, and will often have no more protection than is given by a defilade in front of each about two feet high, or by a parapet.

Emplacements will be of two kinds; as the French says, "emplacements real" and "emplacements alternative". The real emplacement is situated one near a deep dugout or other cover, while the others will be scattered about. After about twenty minutes firing, steam from the water jacket will begin to escape, thus disclosing, by day, the position, and it will be advisable to move to a new place. At night, a tongue of fire, extending several inches from the muzzle, will expose the guns' position. The earth defilade referred to above, may conceal such indications from enemy front observation, or three sandbags may be ripped open and hung upon sticks set into the ground on three sides of the muzzle. In such cases, the guns fire through the front bag, aim being determined by use of the compass.

The use of open positions referred to, necessitates that both the gunner and "No. 2" of the Section, who takes the "feed", expose themselves. This risk is lessened by adopting some type of emplacement consisting in general, of a recess, about six feet square, the floor of which is 4 ft. 6 in. below the crest of the parapet. It contains a table which may be built of timber and plank, but more generally of earth, revetted, three feet in elevation, a parapet of 18 inches is thus provided, although this may be as much as 30 inches, but not more. The table is of a variety of shapes, but must provide a minimum space 4 ft. deep and 3 ft. wide for the tripod legs. The depth front to back, may be shortened one foot by providing a narrow recess to a depth of one foot under the parapet. The table may be placed in the center with a space on both sides, or in one corner, or else diagonally, according to the proposed line of fire. But one of the best types is the French, or "Champaign" type. Instead of being rectangular, the front wall is rounded. The table is tongue shaped and very narrow, coming almost to a point behind, with two wings on either side. This provides more space on each side, and can be used for either left or right feed machine guns.

The sides of these emplacements



AND NOW COMES THE STONE BOAT.
—"Record", Philadelphia.

may be revetted by sandbags, but more often with brushwood, and will be camouflaged overhead.

Protected M. G. Emplacements.

As we go rearward, more protection can be given. The emplacement may be of earth, suitably protected by bursting courses of rails, concrete, etc., or of concrete only. Fire is through embrasures, placed level with the ground, although sometimes it has been found better that the opening should be a foot or two higher, so the field of fire will not be cut off by earth thrown up by shells bursting in front. The interior dimensions will depend upon whether the embrasures open for fire in one or two directions, and whether tripod or pivot is used.

When mounted on tripod or a fixed socket, the gun to have sufficient traverse, will require an opening as wide across the front as the thickness of the parapet or front wall, while the rear end of the opening will need to be at least half the frontal opening. Although the height be no more than six or eight inches, the opening in an earth emplacement may be four feet across the front, and offers too conspicuous a target. In a 4 ft. parapet, the outer opening will be 4 ft., the inner opening 2 ft. across. The inner opening may be much reduced by a swinging arm, one end pivoting in the embrasure, the other and inner end containing

a socket to receive the pivot of the gun. This gives a double movement, and the embrasure, instead of fanning outward, will actually be reversed, the smaller opening being toward the outside. Thus designed, an emplacement of concrete may have inside dimensions of only 2 ft. 6 in. in depth by 6 ft. width, and 6 ft. height. There is a type of M. G. emplacement consisting only of a "table", 4 ft. 6 in. above the trench bottom. Some are 6 ft. square, with a parapet 18 in. high. Another form is triangular, and is 8 ft. along the two sides and 10 ft. across the base. These are useful when constructed along a trench, for they command in both directions and are quickly constructed.

In the Advance.

In the preliminary preparation for the attack, machine guns are employed for a protective barrage in much the same manner as artillery, and for that purpose are organized into batteries of 8 guns, distributed so as to give each gun a traverse on not more than 40 yards of enemy front trench. They may give indirect fire, but direct is better, and as the infantry advance, they lift their barrage and lay down a final protective barrage after the trench is taken. Another function is to cover any gaps in the assaulting line. They assist in defending the position won and in repelling counter attacks. Previous to the attack and with view

to harrassing the enemy, they are trained by day and particularly by night, on roads, tracks, dumps, etc., and also keep the enemy from repairing any gaps in their wire and defenses. To carry out these objects, they are grouped as "forward" and "rear" guns. The rear are the barrage guns, and work under the Divisional Machine Gun Commander. The forward guns work under the command of the General commanding the infantry brigade.

Lewis Guns.

These are automatic rapid fire rifles, not machine guns. Though much heavier than the service rifle, they are comparatively mobile. They may be fired from a small tripod or simply rested on a parapet. During the preliminary bombardment or in attack, Lewis Guns are useful in preventing the enemy from repairing his forward defenses. They are usefully employed to cover the advance, by being pushed forward under cover of darkness, into shell craters, care being taken that they do not get in the way of the artillery barrage. They deal with any known enemy machine guns, assist in keeping the enemy infantry down, while in consolidating captured trenches, they give great assistance. In defensive schemes they are given positions where their fire will be most effective. Along trenches not otherwise "fire stepped", short lengths of fire step are provided, the parapet levelled off and the position marked by a sign board bearing the letters "L. G." In unrevetted "summer" trenches, six feet or so of the interior slope is revetted to form a short "fire bay". Sandbags are used for this purpose, and often sheets of expanded metal under frames of 2 in. by 4 in. material. As at present used, they are an infantry weapon only. The usual assignment has been one to each platoon.

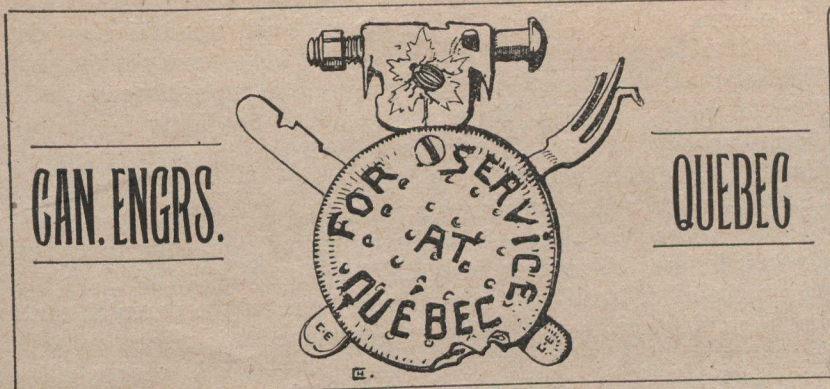
OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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.

Wanted to Purchase

Soldiers wishing to sell their civilian clothes on joining the force can make a good bargain with

J. C. H. LASNIER,
33 St. Charles Street.



QUEBEC DETACHMENT WANTS TO KNOW.

Why some Sappers take towels with them into the showers?

Who is the saint in St. Louis Camp. If there is one he's not anywhere near the Engineers lines?

Who put the scent in the sentry—we don't like it?

Has anyone ever seen the Sillery side walk?

ATHLETICS AT QUEBEC.

Last week, further competitions were held in baseball and football.

"A" Company licked the stuffing out of "B" Company at baseball, to the tune of 28 to 11, and Sections 1 and 2 "A" Coy. beat Sections 3 and 4 at football by a score of 5 to 1.

Much to our sorrow and to our monetary loss, the C. O. R.'s trimmed us at baseball by eleven to one. They well deserved to win, and those who lost money, can only be congratulated for their bad judgment. If we could only get that pitcher of theirs down in quarantine, and smarten up our team a little, and get some real hitters and a few Sappers who could play baseball, we'd have a right to hope for a better result.

It is interesting to note, however, that the C. O. R.'s have held back in the matter of football challenges.

HEARD AT THE CLOTHING BOARD AT QUEBEC.

"Sir, this tunic's too big for me. I've lost 60 pounds since I joined the army." "Don't you get enough to eat?" "Yes, but I had quite a pillow when I joined."

"These socks, sir, all full of —" "All right; give him three pairs,—I condemn them on the smell alone."

"Sir, my breeches are worn out at the knees!" "Have you been doing work?" "No, sir!" "How long have you had them?" "Three months, sir, but I'm a Dogan!"

QUEBEC JOTTINGS.

We are pleased to note that Corporal Christie was made a sergeant last Sunday.

THE CLOTHING BOARD, QUEBEC.

Fall in! you guys who think you need

New tunics, trousers, socks,
New outfits are not guaranteed,
To walk around the blocks.

To please the girls and make you smart,

Is not the army plan,
But clothe you that you'll act the part,
Of soldier, and a man.

Your socks perhaps are full of holes,

But where's that darning wool?
Your boots maybe are out at soles,
The cobbler has the pull.

Your tunic tight as glove fits hand,
Your trousers too are tight,
The clothing board will understand,
Eat less, you'll be alright.

Oh, clothing board you have no heart,

We really hoped for more,
We never thought you would depart,
And leave us feeling sore.

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.

THE RIGHT OF THE LINE.

From a purely military standpoint, Quebec was in a ferment about a fortnight ago,—not on account of riots,—not as a counter measure against prohibition,—nothing of such an ordinary nature at all.

As to riots, we don't expect any person would be so foolish as to make the troops lose any sleep; and as to prohibition,—well, it don't have happened at all. We should worry.

What really did happen though, would have been reported before; but the censor had his "smudge stuff" ready until sufficient time had elapsed, to avoid the secret leaking out before the enemy felt its first shock.

We are all familiar today with the surprise the Hun had when the British launched their new "Lion Corps" attack at Trois Rivieres; and we read with interest how, in a gallant "tail-up-and-heads-down charge" in pretended order, this famous Corps,—the Right of the Lion,—broke through the German defenses, eating up all they killed, and returning to their base to sleep off the ill effects of German sausage diet.

It was a crowning victory, and one that should be left out of the thrilling incidents in the history of the war when it is written. So much the public has learned through the Press, but "Knots and Lashings" has exclusive rights to publish the account of how this famous Corps was raised, and of how certain staff officers of the Quebec garrison, were involved in the conspiracy.

Troops quartered in the Immigration building, were awakened one morning by the roaring of animals: the roars coming from a vessel just docked. Later on, a train of cattle cars was noisily backed into the siding to avoid detection, and these animals were loaded into the train. Fifteen cars, with five lions per car. Even at this time we are not allowed to

name the point of destination, but for the purpose of hoodwinking spies, the train left for the west.

To quote the statements of a number of officers of the Quebec garrison, would give the best impression of this famous Corps, but we are constrained for reasons imperfectly obvious, to keep the matter a secret. Suffice to say that certain officers, incredulous at the first account, charatered a car and visited the docks to ascertain for themselves the truth of the assertion in the late hours of the night. On the way down in the car, the perpetrators offered all kinds of odds as to the veracity of the statements they had made, concerning this famous Lion Corps, but could get no takers, and when the party arrived at the docks, they looked sidewise, skew-wise, stewedwise, and otherwise at the ocean liner without result, and at last, in desperation asked where the lions were. The conspirators proudly pointed to the lines for tying the ship up to the dock.

Further comment is unnecessary.

(Without desiring to differ from our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Front, we think that further comment IS necessary. Moreover, there is apparently much more in this "jack-pot" than appears to the naked eye. Profiting by sad experience, we would hasten to remind our comrades "en Quebec en bas", that "Mr. Archambault will get you if you don't watch out".)

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

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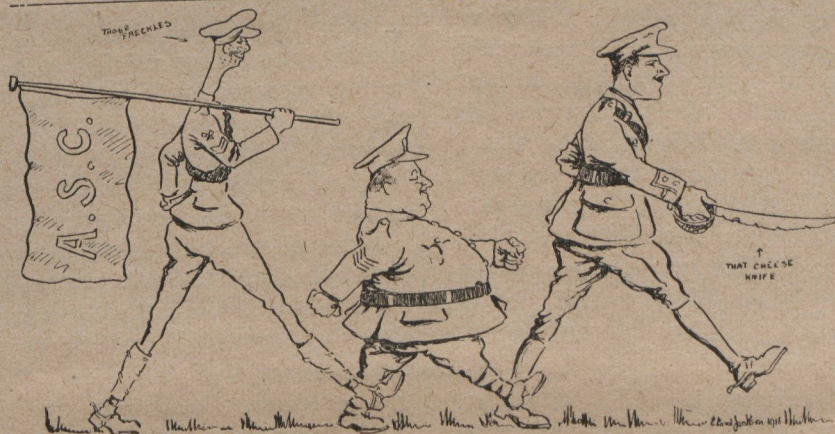
Ice Cream Parlor.

WE TREAT THE BOYS RIGHT.

Next door to Knots & Lashings Lunch Counter.

Windsor Shooting Gallery

OPPOSITE WINDSOR HOTEL.



Unfortunately this unit was reported absent from the General Review last week.



Vol. 1. No. 32.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, June 8th, 1918.

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THE BIG THING IN THE ARMY:—DISCIPLINE.

No apology is required for turning again this week to the big question of Discipline. It is absolutely essential that the soldier in training be persuaded of its value and importance, if he is to get anywhere and do anything worth while. Military operations do not consist in spasmodic rushes and glittering individual escapades, but in the orderly and cohesive action of a body of men acting together. To produce this result, each one must fit into his place in the general scheme of things, and "carry on" with a full realization that his part is equally important with every other.

The civilian recruit can find all this illustrated in the efforts of his life, or the lives of other individuals, who have attained to some measure of success. His personality is a unit. The body with its several members, his mind with its perception and his will with its moving power, have all had to act in concert and under discipline to make him accomplish anything. If his development has been lop-sided and undisciplined, if he has been drunken, lewd and incontinent, loud-mouthed and vulgar, pampered and lacking in decision of character, he will find military life very much like a reform school. It has already proved to be a fine reforming institution to many such. If, on the other hand, he has been abstemious, chaste, restrained in speech, clean and close-knit in thought, and strong in will, he will soon find himself at home in the army. He will see what is fundamental, and his disciplined body will respond readily to the assent of his mind and the impulse of his will.

The purpose of Discipline is to secure immediate obedience to orders. The quicker that obedience can be obtained the better, and military training is an education of the recruit to this very end,—the bringing out of an immediate obedience to each and every order received. Beginning with Squad Drill and ending with the most involved strategic manoeuvres, each step is equally vital. There are no minor things. The movements and appearance of a slow, slovenly, slouching, recruit on parade or walking out, is an eye-sore to the man who knows, for it reveals a sluggish and untidy mind, and a standing menace to the man himself and to his comrades. When this is realized, the work of discipline will begin in the man's own mind and will. He will determine to so carry himself, that he will not have to apologise for being alive, and suggest that he is walking around to save funeral expenses. The elementary disciplinary exercises aim at making the recruit smart, erect, snappy and confident, so that he may worthily wear the King's uniform and not do it an indignity by his undisciplined bearing.

The writer was once talking over general conditions in an Officers' Mess, with a gallant O. C. of a Canadian regiment who now sleeps "In Flanders Fields", and he remarked the slouch of several

Subalterns. "Yes, I know," said the Colonel, "and if they don't straighten up I'll strap them to a board. They have got to do it." The secret of the matter is wrapped up in that reply. The recruit has "got to do it" himself. He has to accept so implicitly the required discipline, that it will become self-discipline, a new measure of discipline added to that which he has already, or should already have become accustomed to as a good citizen.

Of course Discipline is a hard master, and the young recruit who has not known this master, well will have his hands full for a time. If, on the other hand, he comes from a home where parental control has been firm, or from a public school where he has been obliged to keep himself in hand and recognize authority, his course will be comparatively easy. More than that, he will get on. He has learned how to give respectful and willing obedience, and the man who has learned that lesson, has gone a long way toward becoming a good soldier, for "respectful obedience", as General Otter points out in his "Guide", "is the only true basis upon which sound discipline can rest." Should that respect ever seem to be hindered by personal antipathy for those over him, let the soldier, be he recruit or veteran, remember that the order comes not from the individual but from the system; that all in the army are under authority, and that he is himself an equally honourable unit with every other, in the great corporate body of the British Army.

We should like to make one other point. The recruit probably chafes under the monotony of his work and life, and the prolonged character of elementary training. It must not be forgotten that only the repetition of exercises by a man of military age, will enable him to form the habit of doing them properly. The whole atmosphere of military life has to be acquired. Discipline in every particular must be acquired, else we shall have what Russia had, just as victory was within her grasp,—disaster. There is no great or small in the matter of discipline, and a month or two more or less, may mean all the difference between efficiency and demoralization. Mass Discipline proceeds slowly and exacts much from the proficient. Let the soldier who is proficient be willing to bear with his less responsive comrade, but woe to the man, in this awful crisis of human history, who retards the progress of training by refusing to accept and practice discipline, and speed up his training in every particular. He is actually playing into the hands of the Hun.

In every military situation, be it training, action, victory or defeat, Discipline is the first principle and duty, and requisite of every soldier. It alone can enable him to do his bit and inspire him with the necessary self-confidence to go to his task, as Tennyson puts it so well,

" Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield."
"ON GUARD".

THE "PEACOCK FUSILEERS"
ANSWER GEN. FOCH'S
CALL FOR REIN-
FORCEMENTS.

Six weeks ago today, a new section, still clad in "civvies", appeared on the Parade Ground of the E. T. D. They "fell in" at the extreme rear of the Parade. Nor was their modesty at all affected. A more untrained, unkept and utterly unmilitary rabble, it has seldom been our lot to see. On the right flank, resplendent in his well known "frock", stood their O.C., Lieut. Peacock. And to him we mentally extended our sympathy.

But that was six weeks ago, and six weeks at the E. T. D. may mean much. First of all, the "rabble" shed its "civvies", and emerged from the crysillis stage into becoming khaki. Then they started in to master squad drill from "the grass roots".

On Wednesday morning last, the erstwhile "rabble", with our old and esteemed comrade Lieut. Peacock at their head, climbed aboard the train en route for "Flanders Fields". But it was a rabble no longer. Down the dusty road they came, heads up, arms swinging free, each section of fours in perfect alignment. Like a smooth running piece of machinery they formed two deep, came to the halt and almost before the echoes of their tread had ceased, were climbing aboard in perfect order.

And that was the last we saw of "Peacocks Fusileers";—the rabble of six weeks ago. Six weeks of discipline, six weeks of drill, six weeks of system, six weeks at the E. T. D. Just six weeks!

We do not wonder that the men from the St. Johns Depot have made a name for themselves wherever they are found.

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, June 7th and 8th.—Jesse L. Laskey present Sussie Hayakarra in "The Honor of his House", in 5 parts.

Sunday and Monday, June 9th and 10th.—Rita Jolivet in "Lest We Forget", in 5 parts.

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11th and 12th.—B. A. Rolge presents the Winsome Star in "Breakers Ahead", in 5 parts.

Thursday, June 13th.—Feature in 5 parts.

July 11th and 12th.—The Eagle's Eye. It is the biggest serie of the world and follows just after the Bull's Eye. See other ad. for Margaret Snow.

Red Ace series every Tuesday and Wednesday of each week.

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10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

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

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CHOCOLATES and BON BONS
222 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our
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PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR



THE MOUNTAIN ABOVE THE CLOUDS.
—"Eagle", Brooklyn.

ONE OF NEPTUNE'S HARDY SONS UNBURDENS HIS SURCHARGED SOUL!

(The following "document" has been returned to "C" Coy. Orderly Room from the Dead Letter Office. As the Sapper to whom it is addressed has long since "gone over the hill", we feel justified in giving it publicity in "Knots and Lashings". We may add that not a line nor letter of the original manuscript has been altered. We would hate to meet the writer on a dark night. Let the Kaiser beware. While at the E. T. D., the Sapper to whom the letter is addressed, travelled under the thrilling "nom de guerre" or alias of "Red". Hence the derivate "Read".)

U. S. Training ship Galvin
Austin 172 Borders St.

East Boston, Mass.
May 2, 1918.

Dear Friend Authur

I hurd you was quit lonesome in the army and the time seamed long sow I thought you would like me to write you a line and leat you now about the life in the mearchant marine well read we get up in the morning at 6 breakfast at 7 Rool call at 8 general work at 8.15.11.30 we wash up for dinner 1 oelock to work againe 4.30 wash up again for supper at 5. We have to scrub deacks clean paint and paint the ship. seaman ship after dinner for

one hour after dinner the work is easey for me and I like it werry well but the eats is not werry good I get a pass twice a weak to go home, not sow bad after all is it (Read) old top I went home Thursday night and wint to sea Everett mixer he said I was some sailor in my flabery geans and pancake hat some sport sow Everett gave me your adress sow I could drop you a line I was glad to here from you and you was fealing fine he show me your Companys pictore some picture Read old top but you was whay in the rear of the lines, Uncle Downey has bught a Ford Touring car some sport goun't you think sow I should say sow Read you are in lueke to not be in the draft they are pulling them in fast I think I will be shiped in a weak or sow Read sow Chear up old Read head you are not alone write me a line Read as sone as you get this wount you my adress is U. S. Training Ship Galvin Austin 172 Borders St East Bostom Mass from your Friend William Johnsons.

— 0 —
GUARD! TURN OUT!!

An anxious inquirer wishes to learn the identity of the Officer who desires that the Picquet at College Barracks pay him, or his understudy, the compliments due to an O. C.

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool

Officers Outfits

Tndeawear, Hosiery Shirts, Clankets,
Sleeping Bags. British Warmes, etc.

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Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

British "founded 1883".

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throughout the Dominion.

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Military Tailor

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MADE TO ORDER.

FOXES PUTTEES FOR SALE.

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Paid-up Capital. . . \$7,000,000
Reserve Funds, . . . \$7,421,292

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Start a Savings Account with us.
We welcome small accounts of well
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J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

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A LITTLE STORY,—AND A BIG MORAL.

"Knots and Lashings" has many ears,—also eyes! It has many "little birds", glad to bring it the latest gossip.

A story has come to us concerning a certain genial officer in our depot,—whom we all love and never fail to visit,—at least twice a month.

The parade was over; the office-door shut to all who had lost their places in the line, and to all young officers. Verily he had earned a rest, and was enjoying same in the Sanctum and company of our worthy Canteen and Club Secretary. A timid knock came to the door. "Come," said Mr. Philips. Five sappers trooped in, halted at two paces distance and saluted in approved E. T. D. fashion.

"Sir," said they, "we want to get Canteen tickets." "No tickets can be issued until after the draft goes," they were told. "But, Sir," they grumbled, "how can we buy cigarettes and cones when we didn't get our pay today?" Our Paymaster raised his weary head from his hand and the smile vanished:—"Say, men, can't you give us a chance? You don't know what it means to carry on!" And then he questioned, "Didn't you all have good jobs and earn big money during the last few years?" "Yes, Sir," they answered. Rising from his chair and gently pushing the intruders towards the door, he said, "Well, we didn't; we were in the Army.—Get out!"

"Dot and Carry One."

CONGRATULATIONS TO,—

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



THE ALLIES:—"Perhaps we should save the bear, even though he doesn't yelp."

—'Times', New York.

"KNOTS AND LASHINGS"

Born 1917; Still Going Strong.
(With acknowledgements to Johnnie Walker.)

"This paper ("Knots and Lashings") was published purposely for the elections, the first issue appearing five or six weeks before December 17th. After the extra edition on December 17th, the paper appeared no more in St. Johns." (From House of Commons Debates, page 2525. May 22, 1918).

(Note.—Average weekly circulation of "Knots and Lashings" for December,—1000 copies. Average weekly circulation for May and June,—1700 copies.) ✓

KRONIKLES OF "C" COY.

Hearken ye good people, to ye doings of "C" Coy. It came to pass in the fifth month of the year, that the Leader of the tribe known as ye Base Coy., did say unto his men, "Come forth all ye hirelings from Toronto, London, and Vancouver; gird up thy loins, collect thy clothing, and proceed forthwith to the temple known as ye College Barracks; and there did proceed to ye college barracks, two hundred seventy and two men. Among these men, were men skilled in many arts; Minto carrier of ye mighty hod and layer of ye red bricks, who in days of old was builder of mighty Pyramids and Obelisks; Moody skilled in the mixing of juices of herbs to make medicine known as Iodiné; Coch-rane, a hireling from a far off land, that speaketh a strange tongue; Pritchard player of ye harp, which causes the people's feet to itch that

they may frisk as the lamb; Hillier the hermit who sleeps in the mountains, and rides the wild steeds; and there was one called Ker, a man of extravagant language and his stomach is filled with the East wind.

And these men did come to their new temple, and did lie down on the hard boards for their beds. Some did sing late into the night, and did cause much wrath, and some did partake of ye red wine which did cause them to rave. Ye Leader of the hirelings did say, "Harken unto me or I will throw ye into the dungeon or clink, even as David."

In the morning the camp was astir, and they did go to gather up the Manna and beans. After breaking the fast, ye hirelings did go to the fields and they did practise ye art of war.

After seven days, there was a big conflag among the leaders of all ye tribes. They did say that all ye tribes band themselves together, and go forth over the waters and fight the enemies of ye Kingdom. And the hirelings did wait, and yea they are ever waiting.

Here endeth ye first Kronikle.

E. W. J.

When a young man insists upon turning off the main thoroughfare at a busy hour to walk through an alley, what ought the girl who is with him to think? Should she think that he is ashamed of her, or ought she to believe him when, upon being accused of the latter, he patiently and painstakingly explains that his arm has grown weak from much saluting, and that weary of the act, he wishes to avoid the crowd?

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"Knots and Lashings" does not reprint or reproduce copy which has appeared in other newspapers or periodicals. For better or for worse, we depend exclusively on the contributions received from Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men, of the Engineer Training Depot.

But exceptions prove rules.

The following paragraphs are therefore quoted from the St. Johns News and Advocate of June 6th.

Although the temptation to add our own comment is very strong, yet after all, we realize that such comment as we might add, would be entirely superfluous, and is, indeed, quite unnecessary.

THE CITY OF SAINT JOHNS.

Office of the Secretary-Treasurer.

Regular meeting, Tuesday the 4th June, 1918.

In the chair, His Honor Mayor Henderson Black.

Present, Councillors M. Rhéaume, E. J. Plante, L. P. Cloutier, J. B. Gaudette, Eugène Normandin, and Gédéon Frédette.

Moved by Coun. Martial Rhéaume, seconded by Coun. J. B. Gaudette, and carried unanimously:

"That the City Council of the city of St. Johns, Que., being informed that accusations have been made in the House of Commons of Canada, by Mr. Joseph Archambault, M.P. for Chambly-Verchères, against Lieut.-Col. W. W. Melville, commanding officer, E.T.D., St. Johns, Que., and his officers and men, in relation to the voting which took place at the St. Johns barracks, on December 17th last, deeply regrets that such an action on the part of Mr. Archambault took place.

That the citizens of the city of St. Johns have always had cordial relations with Lieut.-Col. Melville and his officers and hold in very high esteem the O.C. and all the officers and men of the E. T. D. in this city.

That without entering the merits of the said declarations, this City Council is of opinion that they have been made without due reflection, and against the will of the citizens of St. Johns, and that the good opinion they had has not been altered by such declarations.

That a copy of the resolution be addressed to Lieut.-Col. W. W. Melville and to the newspapers for publication."

NOTES FROM THE "VARSITY BOYS" AT THE COLLEGE BARRACKS.

Overheard in Orderly room:—

"Sergt. Major, I would like to get a little leave."

"How much would you like?"

"Just six or seven days."

Did he get it?

It is awful the way the Grandmothers are dying off these days. (??)

Lee, Corpl. R.:—"The smell of those old bones in the back yard is so thick that it gets into my eyes."

Who was the Corporal of Base Coy., when the men were lined up in the mess room for pay parade, gave the command:—"Parade will move over to the Riding School at the "walk march"?"

If Mississippi wore Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?

Ten drops, one drink,
Ten drinks, one drunk,
One drunk, ten days.

One of the bright young Varsity Boys asks,—"If beef is beef, and pork is pork, is Mutt an Jeff."

Who was the Corporal, when the men were making their wills, wanted to know who was going to be "Ex-e-kutor" of their wills?

Overheard at the Vinegar Factory Bathing Parade:—

1st Sapper:—"I bet I am dirtier than you are."

2nd Sapper:—"No wonder; you are five years older."

Sapper (to bran' new Lance Jack):—"How does your arm feel with that stripe on? Much heavier?"

One of the 'Varsity Boys was up before Capt. Derick, the other day, and the genial M.O. inquired where he felt sick. "I eat well and sleep well, but when they mention squad drill, I come all out in a cold sweat," replied the Sapper. "Two No. 9's and the wood pile," was the ready verdict. "Next!"

E. W. J.

TO H. A. W.

Who started the craze of collecting?

Be it stamps, old coins, or fags;
Who caused all this raving and keeping,

Of bric-a-brac, china and rags?

Some things I'll admit have a value,

And some are both costly and rare;

But why a collection of ribbon,
That was used to tie back her hair?

In a gentleman's room is it proper,
To find hanging there on the door,

A yard, more or less of hair ribbon?
I said, more or less, this was more!

The happy young man who's collecting,

These "keepers" of damsels' fair locks,

Must steady the pace he is running,
Or accustom himself to hard knocks!

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Richelieu St. St. Johns.

**THE BUREAU DE PAYE
"COMES BACK".**

We all know that they had been doing over time in that mysterious,—but withal indispensable branch,—the Bureau de Paye. But few of us knew what was really going on. The mystery is at last solved and the "scoop" appears today exclusively in the Great Compendium.

As May has now been given its quietus, the Boss of the Bureau and his myrmidons, have seen fit to mark its passing with a requiem, full of pathos and things. It is entitled "May Has Gone". "Three Bells Cap.! Full speed ahead!"

Another month in this present year,
Is now past and gone;
And many a maiden calls a man a dear,
When before she had none.

Some great men have lost their lives,
Away off in a foreign land,
But there are many more to mobilize,
Who intend to crush the iron hand.

There have been fires in historic buildings,
Some of them of historic date,
And some inmates there while yielding,
Were there and met their fate.

There have been many victories,
Won by the Gallant French,
Canadians also have D.S.O.'s and V.C.'s,
In driving the Germans from the trench.

Some people awhile ago did think,
The war would end in February.
But Sir Sam Hughes says with a wink,
"It wont be long, so dont worry."

Many heroes have returned,
Some from different nations,
And from some of them we have learned,
What caused them many sensations.

But Sir Douglas and Foch too,
Are yet the best men in the field,
And they are figuring that I doz
For to make the Germans yield.

**A MYSTERIOUS MYSTERY.
(On the morning parade).**

O. O.,—"Officers, report your companies."

Lt. McColl,—“Base Coy., er, um,
—new roll not yet completed, sir.”

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

SONG OF THE SWEATER.

(The following lines have been contributed by one of the "dear girls" of St. Johns, P.Q. Evidently they take the question of 'soldier comforts' almost as much to heart as our own Bueyr —, — beg pardon,—genial Quartermaster.)

The hours I spent in sweater art,
Are as a string of purls,—I sigh
To count them over, every one
apart,

My rows Awry!—My rows awry!
Each hour I purl, each purl take
care,

To drop no stitch lest I be stung,
I count yea count unto the end and
then,

A sleeve is hung, a sleeve is hung.
O memories that bless and burn,
Oh ravelling out at bitter loss,
I drop a purl yet strive at last to
learn

To knit across, sweet art, to knit
across.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel,
I receive youre letter to say you were not to be receive any more from me but dere Koronel I am so downtrodden in my heart that I speak one more letter to you. I am still again in the confined to barracks which the Major de Keefe she call now confinement to camp but that does me no harm, I think, except I get no permission to see my Rosie nor can I get the whiskey blane for the good of my lung tonic. The doctaire Wilkinson she is gone an' the new doctaire she speek my langwige but she have the same number of the pill.

The hurricane she blow an' the rain he fall an' make the tent wet through the skin an' give me pain in my bodies but the pill he make my pain more an' the surgent major tell me I go sick again she put me in the clinic. The clinic is only a tent in dis camp an' I see not eesily how matters will be better than worse for my sick body. Now dere Koronel I join the armee to be allow to see my Rosie an' not to wash the dish but the surgent majer she say I must be in the clinic if I dont wash the dish. I will not stay in the armee to be so treat.

Joe Pacquette.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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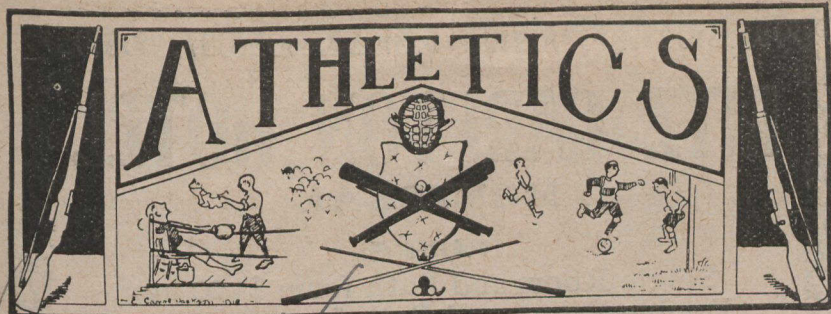
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Scarcely had the dust of the E. T. D. Annual Field Day settled down, when the Athletes of the Depot were once more called upon to demonstrate their skill at the Annual Athletic Meet at the St. Johns Trotting Club.

Originally the intention was that a small portion of the list of events, should be reserved for competition between men of the Depot. In reality the principle features of the afternoon,—certainly by far the most interesting,—were those of a purely military character. Trotting races, motor cycle and automobile events, create a certain amount of excitement, and raise a very considerable amount of dust. These are not, however, events which call for actual physical strength and prowess, nor do they develop that sportsmanlike instinct which, after all, constitutes one of the greatest benefits which we can trace to athletic competition.

As usually happens when the Mounted Section lends a hand, the mounted events were probably the most interesting on the programme. Thanks to the courtesy of Major Milne, it was possible to secure the necessary horses, while Sgt. Major Sims, by his cordial co-operation, contributed largely to the successful staging of the mounted wrestling and tug-of-war.

Prominent on the track at all times were Lieut. Peacock, of the "Fusillers", Lieut. Turner of the "Pickles" and Sgt. Major McLaren. Mr. Peacock by his courtly grace and beaming countenance delighted and charmed all, while Mr. Turner, by his perfect grasp of details and capable supervision, prevented any semblance of confusion. The efforts of both, were ably seconded by the Sgt. Major.

When the first event was called, there were probably 1500 persons present of whom more than a half were from the Engineer Training Depot.

A very brief summary of the purely military events is as follows:—

Mounted tug-of-war — Mounted Section No. 1: Drivers Rouxel, Shears, Hoborough, Weldon, McPherson.

Mounted Section No. 2: Reynolds, Wright, Smith, Paull, Chisholm.

The decision in this event went to No. 1 team, though the losers were by no means disgraced. The closeness of the struggle, kept the crowd on its feet until the handkerchief crossed the line.

Mounted tug-of-war. — Railroad Construction vs "A" Coy. The entries for teams were as follows:

Ry. Const.: J. J. Bergeron, J. Russell, J. Fraser, R. E. Zimmerman, S. Thomas, S. Paterson, O. G. Williams, R. Swank, G. W. Angle, W. O. Chaffie.

"A" Coy.: H. Jones, F. Failley, A. R. Gougeon, G. C. Terrence, C. W. Brown, Sgt. Lang, F. S. Stutts, W. Brown, Potter, Doyle.

These two teams were very evenly matched, the Railroaders winning the 1st and 3rd pulls, and copping the series.

The third and final heat was pulled off between the Railroaders and a team representing the 'Varsity' boys. The latter were represented by Sgt. Johnson, Corp. Ker, Lee, Corp. Riley, Spr. White, and Corp. Brown. In this pull, the B.2 men had it all their own way, winning the first two pulls, although handcarts, not horses, are

their specialities.

Dismounted tug-of-war. — "A" Coy. vs. Railroad Const. Coy. The teams took the strain as follows:—

"A" Coy.: H. Pierce, W. S. Tait, G. Ross, W. Hawkins, S. MacDonald, K. Crockford, J. E. Shouldice, M. H. Dean, S. Lawrence, T. J. Armstrong, F. W. Gout.

Railroad Const.—Lambert, Blasko, Anderson, T. S. Leblanc, P. G. Hicks, R. Cole, D. G. McDonald, Breno, Lynch, Daley.

"A" Coy. had the heavier team and succeeded in winning two straight pulls in spite of the fact that the B.2 men dug themselves in before the attack and that the decision rested with Lieut. Peacock.

Mounted Wrestling.

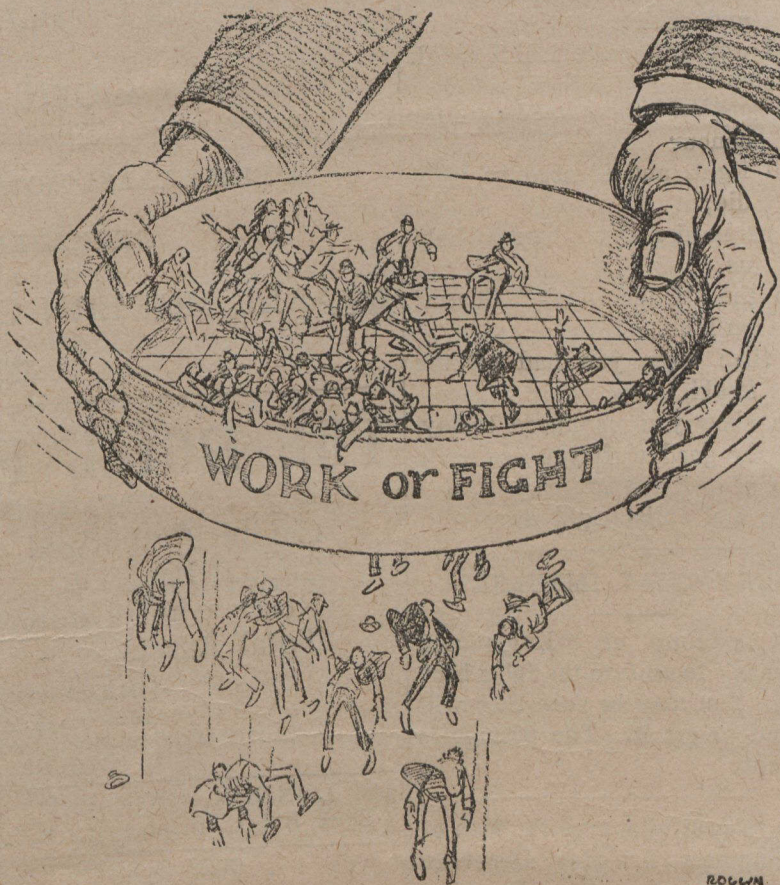
The competitors in this event, were drawn exclusively from the Mounted Section. Two teams competed, running off in all, three bouts. Needless to say, the crowd gasped at the wonderful display of horsemanship with which they were favored. Indeed this event proved to be the most interesting attraction of the afternoon. The teams lined up as follows:—

No. 1 team: Drivers Rouxel, McPherson, Chisholm, Paull, Smith.

No. 2 Team: Drivers Wright, Reynolds, Weldon, Shears, Hoborough.

Driver McPherson was easily the pick of the bunch. On one occasion no less than 3 men were required to pull him down.

(Continued on page 12)



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"THE SLACKER"

(A contributor who signs himself "Interested Montreal Reader", has contributed the following verse. We believe the lines will find an echo in the hearts of many, many men, who hesitated,—and then did the right thing. The man who hesitated too long, will never escape regret. The man who answered the call, can never regret it.)

I held back two years from en-
listin',
And never a thought did I give
To the boy that was doin' the
fightin'
And dyin', that others might live.
I said, "I'll let others go do it,"—
The fightin' in which I should
share—
And "If they gets killed that's
their picnic,
There's no reason why I should
care."

I knew that the Germans were
brutal,
I'd heard of the deeds they had
done;
I wish they were exterminated,
I hated them, every one.
But still I held back from enlistin',
A coward, a dastard, a bum.
There's no name too bad fer to
call me,
I deserved them, I did, every one.

I sported a pin and a watch fob,
Kid gloves and a gay coloured tie,
And a ring set with rubies and
diamond,
I tell you I was some swell guy.
I went with the girls to the
"nickels",
I took them to dances galore,
While my brothers were fightin'
for freedom,
And givin' their lives by the score.

For two years I kep' from en-
listin'
Then as I was passin' along
One day, down that street by the
barracks,
I heard just a snatch of a song.
I stopped where I was, and I
listened,
Then I heard a trampin' of feet,
And I saw about three hundred
soldiers,
All marchin' along Duckworth
Street.

I stood for a moment and watched
them,
Then turned on my heel to go home,
When a soldier stepped up close
beside me
And said, "Now's the time matey,
come,
'Tis high time you had on the
khaki,

Come show up your manhood to-
day,
Show up the good stuff you are
made of,
Go up, and enlist right away."

I turned and I walked off and left
him,
But somehow the words seem to
prick,
And for several days and nights
after,
These words to me always did
stick:—
" 'Tis high time you had on the
khaki,
Come, show up your manhood to-
day,
Show up the good stuff you are
made of,
Go up and enlist right away."

For a week more I kep' from en-
listin';
But those words still were urgin'
me on,
So next day I went up and enlisted,
And a neat suit of khaki did don.
I tried to keep back, but I couldn't,
For always a voice seemed to say,—
"Come, show up the stuff you are
made of,
Go up and enlist right away."

I threw off my ring and my watch
fob,
I gave all my old duds away;
For khaki suits best my com-
plexion,
I'm glad I'm a soldier to-day.
I have fought, I have toiled, I have
sweated,
I have gone many days without
food,
I've been wounded in hand, arm
and ankle;
But I wouldn't go back if I could.

For justice, for freedom, for
honour
We'll fight, and if need be we'll
die;
But we need many others to help
us
Keep the "Union Jack" floatin'
on high.
'Tis time boys, you had on the
khaki,
Come, show your manhood to-day,
Show the good stuff you are made
of,
Go up and enlist right away.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and
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THE "TAKITEZE" DANCE.

Of the Twenty-fifth of May,
 Read, for I a story bring,
 When to conquest swift, they say,
 Set forth those of whom I sing,
 And their badges and their shoes
 sparkling shone;
 For each sought a maiden's
 heart,
 And each swore he'd do his part,
 And the "Noncoms" from the
 start,
 Led them on.

Hit they then the polished floor,
 Where the battles to the
 "smooth",
 Till the number of two score,
 Chafing in their leashed love,
 Stood around and foolish looked at
 the moon;
 While the maidens, loitering
 near,
 Wondered why they looked so
 queer,
 (And each lovely dimpled Dear,
 Found out soon).

Oh! Girls! we're sorry you
 couldn't have seen verse No. iii, but
 the Censor,—ding bust his eyes!—
 simply said,—
 "NO"!!!

Oh, the steps and oh, the dips!
 Oh, the graceful wriggling
 glides!
 Oh, the handsprings, snap-ups,
 flips,
 Couples curving from all sides!
 While the orchestra all "orched"
 at their best;
 Then the ice-cream and the pop,
 Little cakes with jam on top,
 Just as much as they could cop,
 For each guest.

Finally the long walk back,
 In the lovely scented night,
 Past the Yacht Club "orchestra",
 Putting up his game, lone
 fight,—
 Yes, your "Takiteze Club" filled
 the bill;
 And when war-times past have
 rolled,
 Still the story will be told
 Of our opening night in old
 Iberville.

(After reading the above,—par-
 ticularly the passages between the
 lines,—we deeply regret that we
 have never had the privilege of
 being present at a "Takiteze"
 celebration. If the members dance
 as well as they versify, we feel that
 we have missed something.)

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



ON TO THE FRAY. —"Tribune", New York.

ADVANTAGES OF A LAST LEAVE.

Confessions of officers and men
 who have from time to time re-
 turned from their last leave, with
 remorseful regret at their lack
 of properly equipped kits, has
 prompted some suggestions. It is,
 therefore, hoped that experience
 will not be relied upon altogether,
 but that the tear stained faces,
 and drawn countenances of others
 we have seen, will act as an in-
 centive to more youthful members
 of the Depot before their de-
 parture.

At all times we are led to believe
 that there is a reason for every-
 thing military, without exception,
 —and so why not include last leave
 among the other concessions? Of
 course, gentle reader, you know as
 well as I, what a glorious oppor-
 tunity it is, to allow a free expan-
 sion of those aesthetic ideals which
 so often lead one, in company with
 a chosen soulmate, witness, and
 minister, to the church and altar.
 Others, of a more care-free nature,
 find solace and joy in the quiet
 companionship of an ice cold bottle
 and chickens. But, after all, these
 are only misconceptions and a
 seeming waste of time and energy,
 for the real reason of last leave is
 to provide for the purchase of kit.
 The soldier who hopes to ever rise
 to any degree of social prominence
 in the army, must use painstaking
 care in the selection of his toilette

equipment.

First, and foremost, see that your
 manicure set is complete in every
 detail. Have an ample supply of
 emery boards and nail polish, for
 you will find these essentials are
 difficult to procure among the
 rank and file of your associates.

Remember, too, that ordinary
 water may be chlorinated to such
 an extent, as to be pungent, and to
 provide yourself with some toilette
 water, such as C. P. Co., which is
 recommended because of the yards
 of scent it dispels and its lasting
 qualities. After shaving, you will
 require the fragrance of a quiet
 and unassuming lilac bath by the
 roadside, which may be very well
 accomplished by the inclusion of
 either Mary Garden perfume, in
 doses of not less than one ounce,
 or a good powder such as Djer
 Kiss. Some day you may be told
 that your picture will be taken for
 "The Standard" and to look your
 own true self, military brushes
 may be included, even though
 never used on other occasions.

Many other small articles will
 undoubtedly be visible to your
 gaze, when you visit your favorite
 beauty parlour, and, though not
 enumerated here, you should not
 hesitate about selecting them all.

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

To Officers and Men,
 E.T.D.

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 Souvenir Hat Pins, Brooches,
 Belt Buckles, Ash Trays, etc.



THE DUAL MONARCHY.

—"World", New York.

ATHLETICS.

(Continued from page 9)

Boxing.

Owing to the limited time avail-
 able, only one bout was pulled off,
 and this ended almost as soon as it
 began. Buck McKinnon and Kid
 Lepine, two stalwart M.P.'s were
 the principles. In the first round
 McKinnon led right and left for
 the head and missed both. Lepine
 led right and left for the body but
 connected with Mac's beautiful
 molars. Mac retaliated with a
 right hand haymaker and Lepine
 forgot to duck.

Evidently our Sporting Reporter
 did not think much of the second
 round for he dismisses it with the
 non committal comment "much the
 same as the first". The Referee
 was strictly neutral and declared
 the affair a draw.

One-half mile Relay Race.

There were two entries in this
 event,—"C" Coy. vs. the Depot.
 The teams were:—

"C" Coy.: F. B. White, G. M.
 Smith, T. McCullough, G. Lan-
 caster.

Depot: E. Lefebvre, B. J. Frae-
 lic, W. Patterson, L. Cooper.

This event was won by "C" Coy.
 by a safe margin.

100 yard dash.—1st, F. White;
 2nd, E. Lefebvre; 3rd, T. McCul-
 lough. Time, 11 secs.

As usual the band of the Cana-
 dian Engineers was much in evi-
 dence, and charmed the crowd with
 a selection of brilliant numbers.

All in all the afternoon's sport
 was a thorough success, and as the

crowd slowly filed out through the
 gates, the remark was frequently
 heard,—"Leave it to the Engi-
 neers."

O, YOU BASE COY!

With diffidence and a becoming
 sense of our presumption, we ran
 the blockade of grim picquets out-
 side of Room 72, and timidly edged
 our way through the crowd. It
 was a remarkable gathering,—N.
 C. O.'s, Sappers and Attachés of
 all sorts,—every one in fact except
 Ikey. When we entered, the Great
 General Staff was holding a heated
 argument on that prolific topic,—
 "Why is a Parade Stake?"

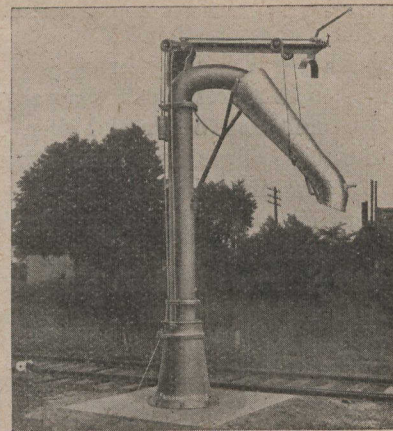
Taking our courage in both
 hands and hanging on tight, we
 ventured the query,—"Any nice
 little jokes this morning for
 "Knots and Lashings"?"

From behind the parapet of
 papers and documents came the
 answer, swift and unhesitating,—
 "Base Company!"

ANOTHER EPIDEMIC.

With the near approach of the
 departure of the Draft, we regret
 to announce that a serious epidemic
 has again broken out among the
 "Grandmothers" of those whose
 names appear on the nominal roll
 of the Draft Company. Truly, it
 is those who remain behind who
 suffer most.

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



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THE BOOK OF THE "ENGS".

Chap. I.

1. There broke forth war in the lands over the sea, and on top thereof, and underneath thereof, and in this war were concerned many nations, yea, even all nations.

2. The land of Can. which is gat on the North by much of nothing, and on the South by the land of Sam, and on the East and West by much water called the seas;

3. And over these seas, did the men of Can. go to the number of Thirty thousand, in mighty ships, for the land of Can. had butted into this mighty war.

4. But these things are known unto men, and are these things not written in books on the shelves of the book vendor, or for cheapness sake, in the house of your neighbour, bound in red or blue or in divers colours.

5. Never the less, among the first host which did cross over, was a mighty tribe from all over the land of Can. known as the "Engs".

6. These men were of great cunning, an da hefty lot, and full of pep.

7. And did cross over, yea, even in three units, namely the first thereof, the second thereof and the third thereof, numbering seven hundred men, with their Captains and Corporals of war.

8. Yea, and since the going over of the first, the second, and the third thereof, they have not stayed their hand, for until this day do men of this tribe go over to battle.

9. The like thereof has never been known in any parts, for the coming and the going thereof is like unto an ever rolling stream which stoppeth not.

10. The chief camp of the "Engs", yea, the abode thereof, is even in the city of John, in the province of Q., in the land of Can., but the why and the wherefor is not known unto this day, no, not to anyone.

11. The Camp being a mighty fortress built on four sides, and of great strength, are the walls thereof, yea, even of the clink.

12. The Fortress, the camp of the "Engs", is girt on all sides by walls, yea, even to the North, and the South, and the East, and the West.

13. So that when the wind bloweth and the rains do come, and the sorrows both commeth and bloweth, and the whole land of Can. is covered therewith, we get some of it.

14. In this place resteth the "Engs", but blame them not, for

ALL OUR FAULT, AS USUAL.



—"Tribune", N.Y.

verily the place was here first, and the Fortress or the Camp thereof is called the Bar, and it measureth many strides the round about thereof.

15. And therein do dwell the host of the "Engs", and them only do dwell therein, and there not all of them.

16. For the host is great and the bunks few and not far between, so that many have other camps, or Bars, and bunks therein, whereon to sleep, yea, even in the town of John, in the province of Q., in the land of Can.

17. But into the greater Bar ye cannot enter, unless ye be of honest purpose, sober, and of proper dress.

18. If ye be a Civie, and know not the ropes, yea, even if ye be in the three piece suit of the Civie, with a cover to thy head and feet, except ye have ye papers, ye cannot enter.

19. Nevertheless, be ye of civil tongue and of soft voice, and shake muchly at the knees, the Corp. of the host may let ye enter.

20. For is it not known that the Civie knows not war except with his tongue, and in his own home, if he has one.

21. Yea, at the gate of the great Bar is a Corp. with many soldiers who sleep not, no, not even when

the sun hath gone down; so that if thy Pass be no good, ye cannot sneak past, no, not even by the Stables.

22. No, not even by No Man's Land, which in the winter when the snow covereth the land, is an ungodly stretch.

23. Now that ye have come even unto the main gate of the Bar, and cannot enter except ye be of the "Engs", and would like to know more thereof, the same shall ye find in next week's "Knots and Lashings".

24. And it is sold for ye sum of a nickle, yea, even with a hole in it.

Chap. II

In which ye learn of many things. (Continued in ye next issue of ye "Knots and Lashings".)

O, YOU OLIVE!

A fair reader anxiously inquires,—"Is the olive the favorite fruit or flower in the Pay Office."

(We would sternly remind "fair reader" that all official inquiries should be forwarded by phone, wire or mail to the "Busy Paymaster".)

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

WHEN NEXT IN MONTREAL STAY AT THE

PLACE VIGER HOTEL

For comfort, a cheerful atmosphere, and reasonable rates.

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Dory type, 7 1/2 H.P. Fairbanks engine, 2 cylinders. Only used a few times. Can be seen at Mr. Tressider's boat house, Iberville. Price \$150.00.

Apply to, C. S. M. Woodley, Orderley Room, E.T.D.

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

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

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Toilet Laundry

THE NEW O. C.

"Guard! turn out!!"

The dread alarm rang out sharp and clear. And out they came,—the whelps of the old Lion,—one after another. After a reasonable time, they were all out. What verve! What élan!! What esprit de corps!!!

Standing thus,—more or less grim and silent,—they reminded one, with shocking suddenness, that,—“When the Motherland is at war, Canada is at war!”

And then there frisked through the gate,—the genial bone doctor. Smartly the Corp. came to the salute; smartly he “cut away” his right hand to his side. And smartly, and without batting an eye, Doc. Simpson returned the salute.

Of course it was a case of mistaken identity though we must admit that there is somewhat of a resemblance between the O. C. and the Doc. at their equatorial meridians.

(During the past few days we had observed, with more or less apprehension, the increasing chest measure of Cap. Simpson. There has been an intangible something,—a distant reserve, that has impressed even the most casual observer. The above incident, which has just come to our notice, probably furnishes the key to the mystery.)

THE W. O. R. STILL GOING STRONG.

The many friends of the under-mentioned Senior N.C.O.'s in St. Johns, will be interested to know what happened to them since the W. O. R. pulled out from the Vinegar Barracks.

Sergt. Major Lew Bowen, has been promoted to B.S.M. of the Depot Garrison Battn., C.E.F., M. D. No. 1, at London, Ont.

C. Sergt. Major L. W. Carpenter, has been appointed Asst. B.S.M. of the W. O. R. Since leaving St. Johns, this N.C.O. has taken with himself a wife.

A/C.S.M. W. S. Hill has been promoted C.S.M. of “A” Coy., W.O.R.

Sergt. Major Harry Edwards proceeded overseas with the Colored Battn., (No. 2 Constr. Bn. C.E.F.), as Senior N.C.O., for the purpose of getting to France without any delay in England.

The W.O.R. “A” Category N.C.O.'s and men who were at the Vinegar Barracks, have arrived safely in England. Major King, O.C., and Lieut. Gaudier, accompanied them, and S. M. H. Edwards was conducting N.C.O. to

AWAITING HIS MOMENT.



The Matador (Foch)—“My brave Picadors have nearly completed their task.”
—“Passing Show”.

Halifax. All join in sending greeting to our good friends in St. Johns.

(The memory of the visit of the W.O.R. Detachment to St. Johns, is still fresh in the minds of many of us. We were truly glad to have them come; we were truly sorry to see them go. Good soldiers and good sports, they were a credit to the Depot from which they came.)

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A COMPANY “SUPE”.

The questions I am asked to answer, are many and varied. Enlightenment is sought on all sorts of subjects, some sombre and tearful, some highly colored to suit the exigencies of the situation, and hall-marked with all the “wiles of the devil”. These last happily are few. The greatest number of enquiries, I am sure, are prompted by some honest and rock-bottom wants. Young at the game, and still, being sympathetic; I try to think, as my young embryo “Hunchasers” pester the life out of me with their homely questions about mail estroyed or say, the postage on a copy of “Knots and Lashings”, that these things are quite as vital to the Sapper “doing his bit”, as to the newest Orderly Offi-

cer’s “pup”. For instance, I am approached with,—“Sir, can you tell me how I can get permission to be married,” or, “My girl sent me a box of fudge and a safety-razor,—please, sir, it had a special delivery stamp on it and it’s got lost.” (I have lately seen more than one “puppy” stealthily pursuing the “Permission to marry”, and remember one raising Cain about the safety-razor that **did** come!) It is just the same to our men and quite as vital. The keenness of the men to be drafted overseas, gives rise to an abundant crop of anxious queries. “Sir, the Sergt. Major never called my name; do please arrange that I can go.” “Was my name added, Sir?” “Wont you arrange it, Sir,—we came down together and are chums and are anxious.” (Did anyone notice the satisfaction with which a chum was received into a new formed platoon at Saturday’s muster-parade?) Everything that must be done before a draft can proceed overseas, brings its “posers”. The melancholy task of making one’s last “Will and Testament”, is welcome, as is also that nerve-racking dental experience at the hands of Captain Simpson. Even Captain Campbell’s “forward bend” and other P.T.’s,

would not be missed for the world. They mean “going over” and bringing aid to the boys. It is hard to go without a last leave, but, the Sapper who said,—“Don’t you know what the Huns advanced 26 miles in 4 days and that’s why’s the hurry,” had the right idea.

Questions about “Pay” are as legion as the demands for army razors in this Depot. (Now Captain Wright, imagine anyone demanding an army razor!) As I listen and try to advise to which girl some sapper should assign his pay, I long for a loving disposition like that of our worthy Paymaster so I can always smile and never cuss. There are many questions on “Sports” to answer, but space is valuable in “Knots and Lashings” and prevents their elucidation. When I am stuck for the answer to any particular question, I have my sport of “passing the buck”. “Be paraded in and see your O.C.,” I say, and watch through the window as he struggles with something like this,—“Sir, I was two weeks in San Francisco; I came from there to Vancouver and enlisted in Winnipeg; please, Sir, can you get my mail for me.” Poor old O.C.!

Lg.

MORE PASSING THE BUCK.

The progressive stages of the war, have, more and more, developed an acute situation. The young Sub. who, months ago, found a knowledge of squad and company drill more or less sufficient for his daily needs, is now called upon to solve the most baffling and mysterious problems, and must combine, with his ideas on military strategy, an almost supernatural sixth sense.

Thus, a brave young Sapper came into the Orderly Room the other day with the following con-

drum,—“Sir, I took my laundry to a Chink some three weeks ago, but don’t remember which Chink it was. Will you please tell me how I can get it?”

But the young Sub. had presence of mind. Said he,—“You’ll have to see the Coy. O. C. about that.”

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.

BASE COY. IN WRONG AGAIN!

(We are indebted to Sprs. Forsey and Furnival, for the following valuable contribution to our Treasure House of Verse. We opine that there is more in this than appears on the surface, and would suggest that Sgt. H. keep an eye lifting when Sprs. F. and F. happen to have their names on the cook house fatigue. Well, here she goes. Look out below.)

It was a balmy Summer morning,
When the Sun was about to rise,
I went with my pal to the Cook House,
To wash the forks and knives.

Howls and fearful curses, came
through the Cook House door,

As me and my pal Forsey, strolled
down the Cook House floor.

"Welcome," shouted the Sergeant,
"I've a job that will suit you fine,
You use'd to belong to the Buglers,
But forever you are mine."

We tried to see the M.O.,
But that was all in vain,
So we went back to the Cook House,
Wasn't that an awful shame!

We tried to get off on Sunday,
But that could not be done,
So we had to stay in the Cook House,
To work in the dirt and seum.

I guess we are there for the
Summer,
And till 1923,
Till the Medical Officer puts us,
In Category B.

So our advice to all young men,
Who are in Class C.3
Is, stay away from the Cook House,
And stay in Base Company.
Amen.

F. F.
Ex-Buglers.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO MEET THE KAISER!

(The following original verse has been received from Pte. Emery Labine, No. 2 Co. 2n. C.O.R. Pte. Labine reaches a lofty plane in his beautiful poem. Let the Kaiser beware!)

J. H. RACICOT

Importer of Watches, Jewellery,
Cut Glass and Silver Ware.
126 Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

The Germans, with their big guns,
are fighting in the trench,
Against the Italians and the
English, the Belgians, and the
French,

The Japanese are with them, but
they don't give a damn,
There are several other nations, not
forgetting Uncle Sam.

Chorus.

For it's a long way, to meet the
Kaiser,

It's a long way to go,
But he'll find out, that we're much
wiser,

Than we were some months ago,
Good-bye Idol pleasures, farewell
masquerade,

It's a long long way to meet the
Kaiser,

But we're not afraid.

II.

The call to arms was answered,
men came from the east and
west

The Colonies responded, sent to
war their very best

Canada sent the Princess Pats,
each boy a soldier true
Who'll fight and die for the Union
Jack

And the old Red, White and Blue.

III.

The Kaiser took us unaware,
thought we were unprepared,
The Boers and Hindus would revolt,
he solemnly declared,

He thought the boys in Ireland
would rise against their King,
Whilst in the battle, side by side,
they're fighting while they
sing

IV.

The French and British soldiers,
in Berlin will soon be there,
They will whip the German army,
and they'll do it fair and
square,

The Kaiser now is sorry that he
started this big war,

For soon the French will say to
him, "Mon Sieur, Comment sa
vous?"

V.

They say it takes a woman, for to
bring a man to time,
The three things that a man most
loves, are women, song and
wine,

They say it takes a woman to bring
Wilhem's will to grief
So he wouldn't stand the slightest
chance

With the boys of the Maple Leaf.

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the Engineer Training Depot to
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WAR LOAF**

GOOD TO THE LAST CRUMB

Phone Main 770.

Montreal

NOTES BY OUR SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENTE, —

OKAY YEM.

The dance at the Yacht Club on Monday night was a festive occasion, and very gay were the young people who gathered there to indulge in frivolous pastime. Since the opening of the Yacht Club, it has been a popular spot indeed. Every evening finds someone there either dancing upstairs or sitting out on the pier, feasting their eyes on the beauty of the scene. The wonderfully good music which is such a rare treat, helped to make Monday night a gala affair. It was irresistibly appealing to those who are so fond of gaily tripping, lightly skipping, and merrily flitting across the polished surface of the floor.

Captain Powell, arrayed in holiday attire, was easily the belle of the ball. One or two others endeavored to compete with the Captain for this distinction, but succeeded in being worthy of honorable mention only in regard to popularity. The exhibition dance presented by Captain Powell and the dainty Lieut. Smith, was a decided hit. They displayed a remarkable agility and grace in the performance of the intricate mazes of their dance, and won much applause from the admiring but envying onlookers.

Dainty refreshments were served during the evening, and although the weather had become suddenly chilled, the ice cream was much enjoyed and appreciated. In fact one man was heard to say, that he had mentioned ice cream as an inducement when trying to persuade a young lady to accompany him to the dance, with apparently the desired effect.

Soon after midnight, the strains of the Home Sweet Home waltz floated forth to end the evening's pleasure, and the rendition of God Save The King brought to a fitting close another "perfect day".

It is rumored that the E. T. D. Menagerie is steadily growing, and that, as well as a lap dog there are two skunks in captivity. This information leads to a curiosity as to who may be the keeper. The Laird of Bridoon being already busy with the responsibility of the Tan Bark Emporium, perhaps the Paymaster might be placed in charge of the Menagerie.

Lt. M.:—"Are you engaged to that young lady I've seen you with so often lately?"

Lt. Me.:—"Oh no, we're not engaged, but let me tell you I've had

six weeks of the best courting I've ever had in my life."

Lt. H. to O.C.:—"Yes sir, I should like to get married before going overseas, and hope to get permission to do so. What do you think of it, sir?"

O.C. (with a searching and a quizzical glance):—"Well, young man, I'd say 'carry on'. You have as much right as any other man to starve a woman."

EN ROUTE TO MONTREAL.

The two girls in the seat behind, were returning to Montreal after spending a gay week end in St. Johns, where they had gone to gladden the hearts of two lonely soldiers, and to cast a little sunshine into their otherwise dreary lives. The girls were enthusiastically discussing their visit, which they had apparently enjoyed judging from scraps of conversation which fell upon the listening ears in the seat ahead. "Do you know Cpl. R.?" asked one girl. "Well he's awful nice, he's just swell, only he takes a glass now and then. It's his one fault. We were talkin' and I says to him, 'What makes you do it, Pete? you know it aint right, and your folks wouldn't like it if they knew it.' He says he wouldn't if Helen had've treated him white. Y'know she treats him something fierce all the time, and he's just crazy about her. So I says to Helen, when I had a chance,—'Helen, Pete thinks a lot o' you, and you oughta treat him better. Who knows, it may be the makin' of him if you treat him fair and square and give him half a chance. You got no right to use a fella like you do anyway, specially when he thinks a lot o' you. He's a nice fella, treat him white.' I talked straight to her and she took it good too, and she says she would use him better, but I dunno."

As the train neared Bonaventure Station, an officer appeared upon the scene, strolling leisurely and harmlessly up and down the platform. The girls in the seat behind observed him at once and cast disapproving eyes in his direction. Being critical as well as observant, the more loquacious of the two, as she rose from her seat to leave the car, burst forth in disgusted tones, "Oh gee but them officers make me sick. Don't they think they're just about I-T? Look at him would you. Gosh!"

OKAY YEM.

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