

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. 2. No. 4. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1918 5 Cents The Copy



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E. T. D. MODEL TRENCHES.

Non-commissioned officers and men of the E. T. D. should not lose the opportunity of seeing the unique model trenches which have during the past few months been made on elaborate scale by Lieutenant E. T. Adney, and a corps of helpers, in their quarters on Champlain street.

Quite apart from the historical and instructive value the large trench model is interesting to the civilian as a work of art, for despite its pigmy dimensions it is most realistic and gives a very clear conception of the conditions in which the soldier lives as he works his way from rear to forward positions. It represents months of slow, tedious work, of fabulous exactitude since the large papier-mache cast and the miniature revetments, dugouts, bridges, telegraph posts and barbed-wire entanglements are done precisely to scale, half an inch to the foot.

It was in 1916 that Lieutenant Adney first saw the opportunity of rendering a service to the Canadian Military Authorities. Realizing that the rigorous winter of this latitude would preclude out-of-door training for the men and the impossibility of teaching the Canadian Engineers the art of earthwork defenses, he decided to make miniature models of trenches and he secured quarters on Champlain street and alone started the work. Being an artist in civil life he was especially well adapted to the work of translating blue prints into miniature comprehensible models and he succeeded in making several sectional examples. These proved of great value in the early training of officers who have since been included in overseas drafts from St. Johns. They brought home clearly what was impossible for photographs to show and amplified the theories of the instructional staff. After usage here, the first model was sent to Montreal and later to Toronto. It measured six by 12 feet but, as at that period the lore of making war was continually undergoing changes, it became out-dated. Lieut. Adney continued his work, however, being well posted since he received not only the official blueprints issued at Chatham, England, but official photographs and even captured valuable documents from the German armies. His next model or rather a series of smaller technical models of papier-mache were sent early in 1917 to Ottawa where they immediately attracted the attention of Gen. Gwatkin, Chief of Staff, who, appreciating their

value from an educational point of view immediately ordered models for every military district in Canada. This large order necessitated working on a more elaborate scale and the assistance of engineers was necessary. Lieut. Adney made most of the models personally. He has supplied Montreal, Toronto, London, Kingston and the Royal Military College at Kingston with models which have a permanent value and which were all made in St. Johns.

At the present writing two of the most elaborate models attempted are in course of construction, one being virtually complete.

This fascinating model which can be seen by any soldier on the strength of the E. T. D. represents the third line trenches and the communications to Battalion headquarters, which will fit on to the first model constructed by Lieut. Adney and now at the Royal Military College at Kingston. The ensemble will measure 300 by 6 feet. The model is built up on the basis of machine gun defense which has proved to be the most effective during the present war. On a typical piece of sloping ground strong machine gun positions were selected and the trenches, contrary to general conception, have been built around these strong points in a manner to make them virtually impregnable. The guns not only command approaches to the first line trenches but also enfilade the firing trenches of those who hold the position and the approach down the communication trenches. Not only has the tactical scheme been cleverly worked out, but there is a wealth of detail which brings home the important role the engineers have had to play in the war.

The minuteness with which the trench model has been constructed is due largely to the plethora of information received by the artist by way of official information and word of mouth brought by returned officers who have been of great value. There are thousands of sandbags about the size of a thimble; there is revetting done in lacquered wood, corrugated iron, wooden shoreings, footboards in the trenches done absolutely to scale. There are cleverly camouflaged machine gun positions, concrete topped observation posts fashioned out of shell craters, barbed wire both high and low, obstructions, flying traverses, trench mortar emplacements. In the rear lines where Battalion headquarters is shown, are every form of dugout known from the deep concrete roofed staff rooms to bunk houses for the men, a telephone exchange

with the wires radiating to the observation posts to the fore and to the Brigade headquarters and to the artillery in the rear. Even the telegraph posts are fashioned to scale. Shown also are Red Cross dressing dugouts and narrow gauge railways leading to the lines further back and the arteries of communication.

The model on view is made of beaver board, wire, fibre and papier mache. In order to make it permanent, and durable it was built solidly the papier mache being coated thinly over the basic material and later painted. There are trees seen and little stumps show where much of the material for the trench revetment was secured.

The large model is constructed in four perfectly fitting sections which are so strongly made that they can be packed and shipped without danger. These are believed to be the first portable models made. Some of Lieut. Adney's models have been exhibited in New York under the auspices of the British Recruiting Mission and they have been highly commended.

During the construction of the model which is to be seen on Champlain street, Lieut. Adney has been assisted by the following five Sappers: W. L. Clifford, R. L. Forbes, W. J. Branton, Pius Comeau and Al Judson.

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 SERGEANTS CELEBRATE.

On the night of the 17th instant a very successful dinner and social evening was held by members of the Sergeant's mess at the Windsor Hotel, to commemorate the Advent of Peace and the victory of the Allied cause.

The sergeants turned out in force to the tune of 55 strong and everything went to make the evening a memorable one in the history of the E. T. D. D.S.M. Johnson presided and proved again that he is a success in whatever position you may place him.

The evening commenced with the playing of 'God Save the King' after which, everyone settled down to enjoy the good things which had been provided. The following menu will give a fair idea as to what extent they enjoyed themselves.

MENU

- Oyster Stew—Hesford's favorite
- Queen Olives Celery
- Mixed Pickles
- Fried Pickereel—Lowman's catch
- Potatoes Delmonico
- Roast Stuffed Turkey—Sim's pet
- Cranberry Sauce
- Potatoes Mashed—à la Beauchamp
- Green Peas—à la Guillaume
- Steamed Plum Pudding—à la "Barb-wire"
- Brandy Sauce
- Strawberry Jelly and Cream
- Tea—Lear's brand Coffee
- Cheese—Estey's style
- (Stretchers at Midnight)

TOASTS

- 1 The King
- 2 Our Departed Comrades
- 3 Comrades Overseas (C.S.M. McLaren)
- 4 Army and Navy (Sgt. May)
- 5 To the Success of the Allied Cause (D.S.M. Johnson, W.O.)

After dinner everyone joined in the singing of popular choruses to the able accompaniment of Sergeant Mallison, after which the toastmaster proposed a toast to the King. Sergeant Hebert, whose singing was one of the features of the evening, then gave a particularly fine rendering of the well known ballad "Because" to the splendid accompaniment of Sapper Maynier who is a finished pianist. A few more choruses were then sung in which everyone joined heartily. The toast to 'Our Departed Heroes' was then drunk

with great solemnity and C.S.M. McLaren responded in a very touching manner. A good collection of Scotch songs were sung by Sapper Eagerson who has a good brogue and a style all his own. Sergeant Bent gave some real old English comedy which everyone enjoyed and then the toast to the Army and Navy was proposed, Sergeant May responded in a fine vein. Many other assisted in making the evening a notable success, D.S.M. Johnson concluding the toast list with a masterful speech.

After insistent calls Sergeant Major White was induced to give a talk on the benefits of the service which was well worth hearing. The evening concluded with the singing of 'God Save the King' and 'Auld Lang Syne', and everyone agreed that the memory of the evening would be cherished, and long remain in the minds of those participating.

WHO'LL TAKE HIM ON?

The suggestion made in last week's "Knots and Lashings" that a series of boxing bouts should be arranged has at this writing, resulted in only one entry being made. Sapper R. Lipins, of Company K' at College Barracks issues a challenge for the Barracks feather-weight championship and he will meet all comers who are in his class. Sapper Lipins is 20 years of age, weighs 120 pounds and states that he has had no experience.

The ball has been started and it only remains for another feather-weight to throw his hat in the ring. Entries will be received by the editor in Room 72. Names can also be placed on the entry card which is hanging in the Canteen.

THAT POST OFFICE.

The Postal detachment at the Main Barracks are evidently overworked and a long, long leave ought to be granted them. The following little incident only shows how delightfully systematised things are. A certain Company Commander received a letter on Thursday morning from a photographer in Montreal delivered by one of the postal orderlies in his company office. The letter explained that a proof photograph was mailed at the same time under separate cover. The O.C. waited in vain for its arrival. Finally he wandered into the post office and found that his proof properly addressed was reposing gracefully upon one of the shelves. Naturally, he was an-

noyed but upon reflection he feels, that in the interest of all concerned, if he had the power he would grant them all indefinite leave accompanied with a pious hope that they would forget to return.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why does a certain officer in "A" Company keep a ground sheet in his room? Is it because he hasn't outgrown some of his childhood's habits?

What was the reason for the transfer of Big Pick from "B" Company to "E" Company (Employed Section)? Was it because Little Pick keeps him employed a night walking the floor, when he is home? Never mind, Pick, we still show Little Pick on the strength of the Pickle Factory.

Is O! Joe! lonely, now that he is in Montreal? We miss your handsome face and cheery smile, could you not tarry with us for a while?

What was the origin of the fire at Vinegar Factory Barracks last Thursday night? Was it a laudable desire on the part of the Pickle Boys to fumigate themselves, or did a spark from Sparrow's sparkling wit start the conflagration? Well, anyway it's a sad sight to see our beautiful barn (that magnificent specimen of Franco-Canadian architecture) lose so much of its old world charm.

Inquisitor.

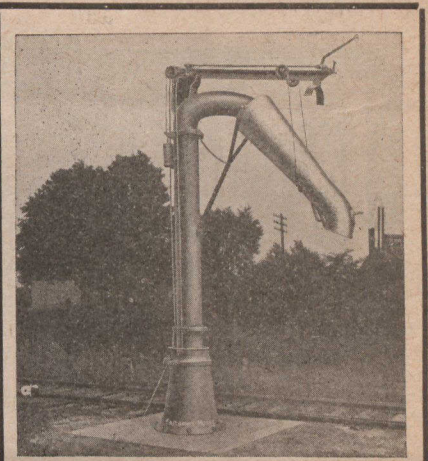
SLASHINGS.

The five Sappers who have been working on the trench models claim that they have the distinction of having served all of their time in St. Johns, 'at the front'.

It is understood reliably that several Sappers have already made application for a land grant, 'somewhere in Canada' which they learn is to be a grateful gift for their service in the great war.

Corporal Pickard of Room 25 has become somewhat rusty in the use of his bayonet. Probably he won't need the cold steel any more. Are you suffering from innocuous desuetude, Corporal?

What is the name of the secret society of which Corporal Pickard has been unanimously elected president? Perhaps Sgt. Hesford might tender us the desired information.



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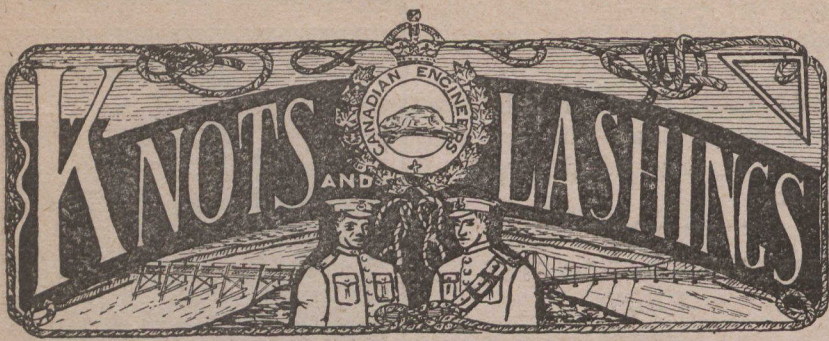
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Sales Manager

“LEST WE FORGET”

Now that demobilization is beginning and the return to civil life once more is at hand, let us put to practical use that which we have learned in the Army. First, we have learned obedience. That, perhaps was, and is, the hardest lesson that the Canadian soldier had to learn, the free and open life that abounds in Canada had made us rather wilful and headstrong consequently we were prone to argue and chafed at restraint. But with that ready ability that seems to be our natural heritage the boys soon adapted themselves to the changed conditions and the new life, pride of race soon held them. They were quick to obey and having learned how to school themselves in obedience, they were soon fitted to command. Secondly, we have learned discipline. To see the raw material arrive in the various regimental Depots and watch the gradual evolution from the slouching gait, with back bent and hand in pocket, to the smart upstanding soldier whom Canada sent overseas, was a delight to the painstaking instructor. The Canadian soldier overseas was proud of the fact that he belonged to the Canadian Corps and they showed that pride in their walk, their general bearing, their dress and their drill. Every movement was done with a click, their work was done on time and to time. They paid the proper compliments to all officers, senior or junior with a smartness that was always referred to by the British Officers in complimentary terms.

I remember upon one occasion in the Strand, London, seeing an old service British Brigadier-General check up some Australian soldiers for not saluting. Just then a Canadian passed on the opposite side of the road and he promptly saluted the General who suggested to the Australians that they would do well to take as an example the clean and smart Canadian soldiers they saw around them. This, to those of us who had stood the fire of adverse criticism on Salisbury Plain was balm to our wounded pride.

Let us not forget these lessons but take them back with us to our homes throughout the Dominion. Let us make our homes, our workshops, factories and offices hives of obedience and discipline to the dictates and desires of our country, ready to answer with the promptness we have learned in the Army, any and every call of the country.

We have been true to each other in the face of the enemy standing shoulder to shoulder to repel all assaults and having fought our fight for freedom let us use the same discipline at home. **Stand together, work together** so that the freedom and justice you fought for may not be withheld. It is just as well, at times, to ‘look backward’ and review the treatment of the soldier in past wars. That treatment stands as an everlasting monument of the ingratitude of a great race to its soldier sons. By uniting together and keeping in touch with one another we can prevent the repetition of such treatment in future.

OUR E. T. D. ALPHABET.

Armstrong, an Adjutant active and true,
Bartlett's a Captain who's taller than you,
Creighton is anxious the girls' hearts to win,
Daubney the Ac Ac, Oh! where have you been?
Edgar drives a rig the size of a Ford,
Ferguson struts round the Square like a Lord.
Gerrard is bashful (?) that's easy to see,
Horsey's delight is the Pickle Factree,
Invincible Roy, chieftain of College,
Jovial Milne is chockfull of knowledge.
Keefer's "iron cockroach" requires new paint,
Laurent's a "lieut." camouflaged as a saint,
Melville our chief is inclined to be stout,
Nelson's a sweet thing and boasts of a pout,
Orr helps Petty our lives to make happy,
Powell plays the soINETTE, instrument snappy,
Quartermaster Manville with sunny smile,
Rust is master of captivating style.
Sifton loves ladies, for him socks they knit,
Tubman an athlete thinks himself quite fit,
Urging Pickles onward is Len Smith's care,
Vinegar Barracks, home beyond compare,
Wright, good old scout, does not belie his name,
Xcellent Trow is worthy of his fame,
Young Adney's an artist, and loves to talk,
Zero's the price this "pome" would bring in hock.

Ima Pickle.

THANKSGIVING SUPPER.

In order to celebrate the Victory of the Allied Forces in a pleasant and reasonable manner, the ladies of the Methodist Church have decided to give a Supper on Tuesday evening, 26th inst., in the Victoria Hall. It is to be hoped that the men of the Depot will do their best to be present. A programme of clever musical items will follow the supper, and the occasion should be one to be long remembered. Most of us will soon go our way to follow the ordinary course of our lives in different parts of the continent, but we hope to take back with us some pleasant memories. Let this Supper be one.

THE MESS HALL QUESTIONNAIRE.

(Compiled for the Memory of the Saints and Martyrs of St. Johns.)

Q.—What is Mulligan?

A.—Mulligan is a flavored deposit extracted from the lower strata of the River Richelieu inflicted on the vitals of soldiers sojourning at St. Johns, P.Q. This delightful (?) and carefully camouflaged preparation has done much towards promoting a sporting instinct and a popular amusement is to lay odds on the proportion of flesh which will be doled out to every comer. Mulligan is the mainstay of the M.O.'s office giving those in charge a large field of experience in dealing with digestive disturbances.

Q.—What is Meal Parade?

A.—Meal Parade is a joyful gambol participated in thrice daily by some hundreds of khaki clad males. Originating with the days of the Spanish Inquisition Meal Parade was tabooed by the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As a new form of P.T. meal parade has in the opinion of many the standardized version out-classed. Meal parade is most enjoyable at 6.45 a.m. when it is pouring with rain. Ample opportunity is given the hungry Sapper to enrich his vocabulary, especially does this refer to the marker end when Sergeant Horrocks has the parade in hand.

Q.—What is mess house bread?

A.—Mess House bread has never been traced to a definite source. It is currently believed that the substance found on the inverted tin cup supplied the Lilliputians with grave stones or paving slabs though the Quartermaster denies this most vigorously.

Q.—What is Mess House Tea.

A.—Mess House tea is really coffee and Mess House coffee, according to the reductio ad absurdum theory, is tea. This remarkable beverage has been frequently selected by members of the suicide club as a means of painless death but it has been a vain wish, in fact the men of the E. T. D. thrive on it. A delightful amusement is guessing what it really is.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

What about that mock court martial on Richelieu Street when S. T. was sentenced to be hanged? Oh when we get out civvy suits on.

VOLUMES OF PRAISE FOR E. T. D. BAND.

After an absence of three weeks the Engineers Training Depot band returned to Barracks from Ottawa where the musicians were called to spur a greater response to Victory Loan. The old adage that "music hath charms", when coupled with the fact that Ottawa went well over the top in the campaign in fine testimony to the usefulness of Sergeant F. W. Cook's organization which has been sadly missed at the Depot.

The bandmen declare that there was not a dull moment during the entire visit to the Dominion Capital and the press comments brought back by the men show very clearly that our boys made something more than a hit. Including the bandmaster, there were 26 players. Upon arrival in Ottawa they were quartered with the Signal Corps in Lansdown Barracks. The band gave two concerts each day and on many days there were special parades in which the St. Johns detachment played an important part. The concerts were given on the Plaza and there were often between five to eight thousand persons in the audience. While absent, the bandmen were regaled to a splendid banquet tendered by the returned war veterans. Plum pudding was twice included in the Barracks menu in their honour and they were given the 'glad hand' everywhere they went.

The signing of the armistice was celebrated by the Band in right royal fashion. To quote one of the bandmen, "We did not stop blowing from 3 a.m. until midnight, with the exception of meal times." The news reached the barracks at three o'clock in the morning and the St. Johns men were the first to turn out. In distinct negligee they visited the quarters of the Signal Corps and played the Doxology, God Save the King and John Brown's Body. Later they paraded up and down the streets at the head of an impromptu procession. In the meantime arrangements were being made for a great Victory parade and the Band of the E. T. D. was in the van when it swung through the city.

Incidentally the E. T. D. nearly lost the organization of which it is proud, for efforts were made to detach the musicians from St. Johns and to convert the organization into the Ottawa Police Band.

The return of the band to home quarters was celebrated by a concert at the evening mess on Thursday, a roar of applause greeting the men.

HAMLET DOESN'T LIKE CABARETS.

For me to say that I enjoyed the show last week would hardly be true. No doubt there were many in the audience who did enjoy it, although I think it was about evenly divided. The boys did well, as usual, but it was plain to be seen that some of them were out of their element.

Sappers Fennell and Branton saved the comedy end of the show—and both worked hard.

Sapper Martin, otherwise known as Miss Basil Thorne, made a distinct hit in "her" or I should say "his?" impersonations.

The orchestra did good work.

A quartette consisting of Sappers Quick, Carson, Slater and

Arnold put on a couple of numbers, Sapper Stephenson and Clifford sang, Sapper Linney recited and Sapper Milne played in the double acts with Fennell and Branton.

There was a lot of noise to the entertainment, but not as much ability as I have seen in other performances. The show evidently lacked rehearsals.

We can't expect an all star show every week, boys, so lets all see what is offered next Friday.

Anyhow this is only my personal opinion and I am not up-to-date enough to appreciate a Cabaret show.

Hamlet.

Literary aspirant: "I can write about anything." Tired publisher: "Then, please right about face!"

Overheard On The Somme.

"It's a nice day."

"Yes, the clerks of the weather are kind to us lately."

"By the way, who are the clerks of the weather?"

"Oh, those barometer fellows, Spagetti and Zambuk!"

A sergeant was so much given to using language on the parade ground that some of the men complained, and the C.O. interviewed him, and told him not to let it happen again.

The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very ragged squad, and after keeping silence for a considerable time he eventually burst out with:

"Bless you, my pretty dears: you know what I mean."



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ABBIE THE SEPPER

By Branton W. J.

novembre 1918

dear Nots and leshings

I herd to day demorilization has
commensed in the enginears and
dot dey are going to send de sep-
pers home right avay so they can
do there crismas shoping erley i
guess. it says if you vasnt a sep-
per before jewly 1th you cant hev
the uniform how they expect us
to go home, in a barrel? how can
ve proof to our vives and mother
in laws dot ve been in the army
or vich kind of soljering ve vos
doing? i think dots a helluva idea.
ve are not to blame bekaus the
germans quit before ve vos sent
over and enyhoe I dont think they
would quit right avay yet only they
herd ve vos coming. i aint sore but
its a shame efter i vorked on dose
buttons so long and got dem shined
up now i cant hev it the twonick.
i vish you would speak to the Q.M.
P.-D.-Q.

i hope dey dont put on a kuaran-
teen bekaus anoder epidemik has
busted out and i got a hevey attack
i hed it for a cupel days befour i
new vot vos it i hed de idea it vos
de vool, vich is supposed to be in
my underneath shirt, dot vos de
matter so i looked it all over and
to my exprise i found it vos thickly
population. i tried to get them off
i used fly paper but they vasnt
stuck on dot. den i tried to cokes
dem vit a trench looking glass.
i thought mebbe dey would see
demselves and would think it vos
somebody else and right avay jump
off to get acquainted, but i guess
they hev decided to let vell enuf
alone as they seem to be pretty
much satisfaction vere dey are. i
wouldnt mind it so much only dey
becum of age very quickly and dey
are expert acountents bekaus dey
can multiplication most expedi-
ciously. pretty soon dey vont hev
room to form fours theyll hev to
stay too deep

P.S.—pretty soon speek to de
Q.M. about de unifoms
much oblige

Abe

BARRACKS BUGLE CALLS.

Probably few men in barracks
are familiar with the words of the
bugle calls which are sounded
during the day's routine. The
tunes are known to nearly every
man but not everyone knows that
there are words to many of them.
These were written in England
many years ago and have by long
usage become standardized in every
corner of the Empire. The bugle
calls of our American cousins are

slightly different from those in the
British armies but they are nearly
all based upon the calls heard here.
Here are a few words to calls,
picked at random. Including the
calls in the Mounted Section nearly
sixty are heard in barracks in
twenty four hours.

Officers Call—"Officers come,
if you please, Officers come, if you
please, Officers come, if you please.
Time, Sirs, please."

Band Call—"O Johnny get your
cornet. Tommy get your drum."

Post Call—"Here comes a letter
from home boys, a letter from over
the sea."

Quarter Call—"Hark, there's
the quarter, we must hurry up."

Fall In—"Soldiers all, Soldiers
tall, all fall in both big and tall."

No Parade—"There's no parade
today, there's no parade today, the
Colonel's got the stomach ache, the
Adjie's gone away."

Parade for Guard—"Come and
do your picket boys, come and do
your guard. T'isn't very easy,
boys, T'isn't very hard."

Defaulters—"Oh go and get
ready for drill my lads, Oh go and
get ready for drill."

Men's Meal (1st call)—"Come
to the Cook House door boys, come
to the cook house door."

Men's Meal (second call)—
"Pick'em up pick'em up hot pota-
toes hot potatoes, pick'em up
pick'em up hot potatoes," do.

Reveille, Retreat, Tattoo — No
words.

Lights Out—"Lights out, Lights
out."

There are no words to Reveille
nor to the first and last post
(Tattoo) which are considered
among the most musical of bugle
calls in the British Army.

"A" COMPANY—PICKLE WORKS.

It has been said that Ernie
Johnson of "A" Company was
bashful, but recently he must have
come out of his shell or else the
girls of St. John's are getting wise
to themselves and spreading the
net to catch the pretty blond Ser-
geant. Ernie has been seen with a
different Belle most every night
of late, and after 6.00 p.m. the
telephone wires are burning hot
with calls for the Sergeant. He
was even seen to kiss one girl. (Oh!
Ernie be careful or you won't re-
turn to civil life (as you were).

L/Corp. Morley bought a tunic
for \$15.00—I guess he is preparing
to knock all those movie girls in
California dead.

You may get a leading man's
part if they see your figure—Fran-

cis X. Bushman has nothing on
you, old boy.

Don't forget to put a real good
stripe on, Morley, you don't want
to be taken for an officer.

That must have been some fight
between L/Corp. Sparrow and
Corp. McMinn of "A" Company,
both contestants returning without
a scratch. Even Tomney the re-
feree wasn't touched. Who won
Sparrow?

J. T.

WE WANT TO KNOW

What attraction has the Chap-
lain at the Frisco Cafe? How rude
of you to even think it.

I noticed a change in the pro-
gramme at the last concert; plenty
of new faces, but the same tune,
by the Orchestra. Well, you know
it's hard to buy new music and pay
your board and room with \$1.10
per day.

When will our famous bantam
weight Sapper give us his exhibi-
tion. Too bad that he is lame, just
now. If he can fight like he can
play the piano, you can bet he will
keep his belt.

I noticed the Sergeant Majors
and Regimental Sergt. Majors
having a very temperance time in
the parlor of the Windsor. Gee,
ain't that near beer very dyna-
mitic? Hold her nute, I held her
for you.

Yours,

Mince Spie.

(Sold at all good drugstores.)

D. COMPANY NOTES.

Active preparations for the re-
turn to civil life are being made
at headquarters of 'D' Company.
Sapper Signor Gomez has formed
a dancing class and on certain
evenings of the week endeavors to
impart the art of sylph-like motions
to certain Sappers who have visions
of Christmas dances. Sapper Map-
pin in civil life a foot specialist
is constantly on hand and his time
is quite taken up repairing the
damaged pedal extremities of some
of the pupils. Fox trotting is all
right until you strike the table leg
in a P.T. shoe. In the meantime
arrangements are being made to
withstand an attack from the pay-
master's force below.

The Sapper who in his applica-
tion for a discharge asserted that
he was in a delicate condition is
proving a source of considerable
interest to the M.O. staff.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The real "Happy" do a turn at our Friday night show.

The Happy Hooligans in session.

Every man in the E. T. D. a member of the Order of Happy Hooligans.

A surprise attack by non coms on the bunch which sneaks up behind the mess hall and scores a beat on the rest of the parade.

Some animation in St. Johns.

Sergeant Phillips depositing that chaste kiss on the manly brow of Sergeant McKeegan the other night.

The procession of homeing sergeants at 3 a.m. last Wednesday morning.

The Sapper who shaves himself with his forage hat and tunic on.

The Sapper who respectfully saluted while talking to the Orderly Officer over the telephone.

PICKLES DEFEATED AGAIN.

Although the Vinegar boys burst one perfectly good football in a heroic effort to retrieve past losses, they were defeated last Saturday by the Depot team in a 3 to 2 game. Both teams had made several changes, apparently for the better, since the exhibition was a most skillful one notwithstanding the treacherous condition of the ground which forbade speed, and the soddened ball. From the outset it looked as though history was going to repeat itself for it was not long before the Pickles were strictly on the defensive. Charlton's

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shooting was frequent but it was hard to place the ball in its condition and Dan Cooper, guardian of the Pickles' goal, was almost infallible and saved the team frequently from ruination. It was Lynch who got by him in a close quarter skirmish which gave the Depot its margin.

Towards the end of the first half the Pickles made a spurt and several times endangered the home goal. Horrocks proved fairly effective. In the second half the Vinaigrettes made several changes; this improved the scheme of offense and they gave the Depot a stern time of it in dangerous quarters. Finally, however, Corporal Cuddy got away with the ball on the right, passed to Lynch at an opportune moment and the latter got by Cooper though it seemed to the crowd that he had saved it. The second goal scored the Depot team eased up and they were caught napping by Clinton who broke through and scored. Lieut. Tubman then succeeded in making a break away and showing Ronaldson and Brennon a clean pair of heels, had little difficulty in scoring. The Depot goal keeper showed poor judgment and the posts were yawning for the ball. With the teams tied a battle royal ensued. Horrocks managed to save a hot one, whereon the Depot forwards began giving trouble to the Pickle goal again, a regular bombardment of shots being turned in and saved by Cooper. Finally however he was worsted by Cundy who made the final point.

There will probably be no further games on account of the soft condition of the ground. In the opinion of many it was one of the best games of the season.

FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

Well, the "Pickle" boys gave us a score this time, but had to go back defeated again. Guess we will call an armistice now, getting tired of beating them up.

Dan Cooper in goal again distinguished himself; advise Dan, stay at College, as the fumes in the "Pickle Barracks" seems to effect the boys down there.

Cannot beat the Depot's half back line and they are all "Low Category" men, too.

Charlton played a fine game.

Groves shows cleverness, and a great hustler of the backs.

Brennan and Sgt. Horrocks at

back are playing well together, but don't get too far up the field, boys.

Mike McGough has poor coaches these days. Give up the "Batman" job, Mike. They are evidently overworking you.

The last Soccer game has probably been played, as the ground is getting too heavy, and Jimmy Alexander has started an attack on the footballs, busted one, and oh, that substitute ball is like an iron ball.

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

In a certain military hospital the night sister of a ward was called away and an orderly was detailed to "carry on" in her absence. The day sister, before going off duty, gave the orderly detailed instructions. "Oh! and by the way," she added, "here's a sleeping draught for Captain Oakes—he sleeps very badly." The orderly took the sleeping draught and the sister bade him "good-night".

At nine o'clock in the morning the sister relieved the orderly.

"Everything all right, Jones?" she asked.

"Quite all right, sister," he replied.

"Did you give Captain Oakes his sleeping draught?"

"I did that," he replied, "and a devil of a job I had too—it took me nigh on ten minutes to wake him up."

ALLITERATIVE ALLUSIONS TO PROMINENT POPULAR PERSONAGES.

Prehistoric Permanent Past President, Poor Prunes, prettily posing picturesquely, pertly punched photographer Pinsonnault. Pshaw! Poor Prune.

Roving roistering Roy, recklessly rushing ridiculous Ruth ran Rust rough race rather rottenly. Rats! Roy.

Famous Fantasia, foxily flip-pant, fondly favouring fine fellow, forsook former fast friendships for fair fortune's fatal future. Fudge! Fantasia.

Trustful Tubby, trying to thwart the team that thought themselves triumphant, tested theoretical tactics. Tush! Tush! Tubby, try tackling!

First Sapper, dreamily:—"Ah, won't we miss these days?"

Second Sapper, dryly:—"No, we won't miss them but we'll think of them often."

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

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THE SOLDIER'S WELFARE AND HOW HE AND THOSE WHO SYMPATHIZE WITH HIM CAN PROMOTE IT.

By
Bernard Rose.

Hardly had the last shot been fired in Flanders, and before it was even known that the Huns were at their last gasp and were imploring an armistice, politicians were already making plans and weaving schemes to capture the support of the men, who, through all these dreary and bitter years, stood ready at any moment to make the supreme sacrifice in order to thwart the ambitions and designs of a brutally militarized and power-loving autocracy.

The very men and leaders who, in order to win a measure of support and secure a return to power catered to those who opposed conscription and sending of necessary reinforcements, are showing an anxiety to do justice to the soldier!

What an abominable hypocrisy! What an insult to the intelligence of every man in khaki and those whose hearts went out to him! Do these politicians who place party and self before patriotism and duty think that they can so easily deceive the men who have dared death so often and so fully? Do they imagine that their protestations and expressions of admiration for the brave men who are fortunate in returning will be accepted as evidence of regret and a desire to do better? If they do, they are sadly mistaken.

The average party politician and tactician looks at everything from the standpoint of his party success at the polls. He will suggest and recommend the inclusion in a programme which his party prepares, such concessions and inducements as he believes will placate and win over those whose support he is so anxious to obtain.

The citizen soldier will not, however, be misled by such plausible and specious attempts to obtain his cooperation in electing candidates and a party that is hungering for power. The first question he must ask and answer is this: Who were the men and the leaders that were determined to help my comrades when they were sorely tried and in urgent need of reinforcements to stem the Hun tide? Are they deserving of my support? Will they do as much for me and my comrades as those who, while professing to be our friends, deserted us in the direst hour of our peril? Can we rely upon the promises of those who were prepared to let the men from Canada go to their death, knowing that all the

honour and glory they had won (which has added so much luster to our banners), would be lost, as a result of the divisions which had won this glory being so much under strength that they could not carry on operations? Can we depend upon getting justice from those who favoured voluntary system of recruiting after it was demonstrated beyond any doubt that it was a lamentable failure? Is there any likelihood of our claims getting the consideration they deserve from the men who ask us to exercise our franchise in their interest, and were supported by men and newspapers that said Canada had done enough and had no business to participate in the war? Upon whom can we place greater reliance—the party or government that was thoroughly British and ready to stand by the Mother Country and its Allies to the last man and the last dollar, or the party and group that did not think Canada's position in the Empire justified us in going to any and all lengths necessary to preserve that Empire which has given them so many liberties and privileges?

All honour is due to the men who, regardless of party and politics, stood by the boys in the trenches, and I think that, if it is made patent to them that their duty did not end in sending reinforcements but must be fulfilled as a continuous one until every soldier has been properly and fully protected in the matter of pensions, employment, and pecuniary assistance to re-establish himself in civil life, the dependents of those noble men who are no more will be as well cared for as if their natural protectors and supporters were still in the flesh.

No matter what cost such justice and generosity may entail, the Government must not falter. If Canada bulks largely in the eyes of the world it is due altogether to the fame which its citizen soldier heroes won on the bloody fields of Flanders. If Canada becomes a nation it is because so many of its citizens answered the call of their King and died to save it. If, as Lord Charnwood stated, Toronto may yet become the seat of the Empire, who will have contributed to this more than the splendid men and glorious youth who rallied so quickly and joyously to the call that was made for their services.

We can never sufficiently compensate them or their dependents for the great sacrifices that have been made. Every soldier who died gave his life in order that his fellow citizens might live. The bodies of those who fought and fell formed the rampart that, like

a wall of iron, stopped the brutal Huns from continuing their march to Calais, in order to strike at Britain and thence invade and conquer the proudest gem in the Imperial crown.

Every Canadian who has profited by these sacrifices and neglects or refuses to stand by the soldier will be an even worse traitor than was Judas in selling his Master for the thirty pieces of silver. A strong sentiment must be awakened and fostered that will champion the Cause of the soldier in anything and everything pertaining to his welfare. However, the men who were "over there" must not depend upon this alone. The old proverb "God helps those who help themselves" has in it an element of truth and practical wisdom. The soldier must help himself.

The feeling of comradeship which association in the dug-out and camp generated, must be cherished and kept at white heat. In his return to civil life he will find the struggle for existence as keen as ever. Unless he can rely upon the help of his former brothers in arms he will be elbowed hither and thither and eventually thrown on to a scrap heap, to be regarded with pity and commiseration by his sleek, well-fed, and prosperous fellow Canadians who stayed "over here" while he was "over here".

As I pointed out in a previous article, he must ally himself with the men and women who love and respect him for what he did and who will help him elect or reject any government or party that will forget the men who did the fighting. I am not advocating a soldiers' party in the sense that it is popularly understood. What I mean is a body that will stand together, aided by the men and women who voted to help the men at the front and who are ready and willing to still help him obtain what is due.

When all the boys return, they, together with those who are already here, will constitute together with their families and friends the largest and most powerful element in the voting strength of this country. They must see to it that such strength is not uselessly dissipated or exploited by selfish politicians. They should only support such a party and such men as those who thought of them in their hour of trial, and in whom they have a certain measure of confidence as a result of past conduct.

How timely and noble are the words contained in the letter published in the Montreal Daily Star of November the 9th from

Lieutenant Colonel E. J. Williams, M.D., D.S.O., to Colonel George H. Ham, of Montreal. He says therein "How I wish I could put my hospital on the stage before the Canadian public and have them listen to the stories of our brave wounded soldiers. For one would then realize that there was an awful war in progress, and would know what the boys are sacrificing to save our Canadian homes, thinking nothing of their lives, their one view-point being the destruction of the army of barbarians who have made such a colossal attempt to bring the whole world under the subjection of Prussian militarism."

What follows, and which I quote, should be graven on the heart and in the mind of every loyal British subject, man and woman. "We must bestow the highest honour and show the profoundest respect to these brave lads who are giving their lives for us by the thousand, and what's more, we must not forget those who are left after the war is over. Any country that neglects the ex-soldier deserves to perish. However, I am sure that Canada will deal justly with all who return but we must not allow a single man to be neglected."

Yes, a country that will forget its heroes should and must perish. A nation made up of men and women who neglect or forget the soldier who fought and died to save them should be wiped from the face of the earth. They were not worth saving. They are ingrates. They belong to those whom we despise as being mean and selfish and caring for themselves alone. They are as bad and even worse than the Huns, whom the men they forget vanquished. Henceforth, every one of us must ask ourselves what we can do to show our gratitude; to demonstrate how eager we are to stand by the men who stood by us. The basest of all human traits has always been and will ever be, ingratitude.

In Great Britain there are already several organizations which, composed of ex-soldiers, are determined to compel the Government to do whatever is required in the interests of the returned and discharged soldier and sailor. It is perhaps due to the strength of these organizations that, at a conference of the National Liberal Federation at Manchester, it adopted as the second plank in its platform the following:

"This committee pledges itself to secure that our sailors and soldiers shall have the first claim upon the consideration of Parliament as they already have upon

the gratitude of the nation; that none of those who have served in the national forces shall be allowed to fall into distress, either from lack of employment or from any other defect in our social organization; that those who have been incapacitated from following their old occupations shall be freely assisted to train themselves for new employments, and shall be further assisted by the State in every practicable way to establish themselves in business or as wage earners; that the pensions from the State to disabled men and to widows and children shall be sufficient in amount to secure the satisfactory standard of comfort, and that the Pensions Fund shall be generously and sympathetically administered."

Any organization of soldiers should include the demands contained in this plank in any request they make to the Government for consideration, and they should support only such party or government as is prepared to carry it out in its entirety. If success is desired, the returned soldiers must be united. The name matters little. Though it may be an essence of democracy to have both officers and privates belong to the same veteran's organization, it is not good policy.

The views of life and former environments of officers and men differ considerably. There should, therefore, be one organization composed exclusively of the enlisted men. The officers should either form a distinct organization to cooperate with the first or, if this is not feasible, join a civilian organization that is interested in the welfare of the soldiers and willing to lend its influence to promote their welfare.

Time is valuable and it should not be lost in vain recrimination, and division should under no circumstances be tolerated. The soldier has earned all he demands and the loyal and patriotic civilian population, male and female, will stand by him.

Nero's Generosity.

Little Nellie was the only girl in the class who could boast a father serving in the army, needless to say she was looked up to and posed as an expert on all military matters. One day the class was having a lesson in ancient history and the teacher read:

"Then Nero ordered his centurion to give the slave twenty stripes——"

"Lawks, that must have made him a blooming colonel!"

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FROM VALCARTIER WITH THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

The following account is written from extracts from a diary, and from letters, of a Sapper in a Field Company, Canadian Engineers, belonging to the First Canadian Division. The narrative begins on the day the Company left Valcartier Camp.

September 29th, 1914.

We left Valcartier at noon today and embarked at Quebec about five in the afternoon. Our transport, the "Zeeland", is one of the Red Star liners and, although not the best on the Atlantic, is quite better than we expected for a troopship. I have been very fortunate as, along with three others original Fifth Company men, I have been assigned to one of the Second Class cabins. We expected to be in the steerage but our section was lucky enough to be allotted this portion of the ship. Our cabin is about eight feet square with two berths, one above the other, about two feet wide, on each side of the cabin. At the end opposite the door there is a combination dresser, washstand, and writing desk. We are situated at the beginning of an alley-way branching from the main passageway leading to the deck. It is about ten paces from our cabin to the door opening onto the main deck so it would not take us long to get out if we were torpedoed. I think we leave here for down the river tomorrow. There are several more transports, including the "Franconia", and the "Megantic", still here. They will probably leave the same time and no doubt we will be close to one another all the way across. Nobody knows our destination but I think it will be some port in England from where we will be sent to some training camp. It is just ten o'clock and

I am looking forward to a good sleep between sheets again after my six weeks in camp.

All day September 30th was spent loading freight and ammunition. Our signallers got in some work wig-wagging to signallers on the other transports. There are two Field Companies and the Ninth Infantry Battalion on board the "Zeeland".

We left Quebec at six o'clock the morning of October 1st. Had it been possible to select a day for our trip down the St. Lawrence we could not have chosen a better one. In the clear, bracing air with a breeze ruffling the surface of the water we lined the rail to see as much as possible of this country that we now realized we were leaving.

Would we see it again?

With the alternations of steep, rocky, and flat, low-lying shores the river seemed to narrow and widen out again. But the north shore gradually drew away from us and was lost in the dusk of evening. It was quite dark at six when we passed Father Point, where we put off the pilot with the mail.

Next morning we were sailing along the south shore of the river. At nine we entered Gaspé Basin. Here we found awaiting us twenty-nine transports with four cruisers to act as convoy. Among other liners in the Basin we could recognise the "Alannia", "Alsatian", "Andania", "Arcadian", "Carpathian", "Corinthian", "Empress of Britain", "Franconia", "Ionian", "Lapland", "Laurentic", "Megantic", "Royal Edward", and "Royal George", probably the largest fleet of passenger vessels ever seen together. We lay at anchor here all day, which was clear and fine. In the afternoon we were assigned life boats.

Next morning we found that one more transport had arrived, making in all, thirty-one transports. At three in the afternoon the whole fleet weighed anchor and started on its trip across the Atlantic. A cruiser went first, then, at intervals of four hundred yards, followed ten transports, another cruiser, ten transports, third cruiser, the remainder of the transports, and the fourth cruiser bringing up the rear. The "Zeeland" was the third transport behind the third cruiser. It was very impressive to see the long line of ships file out ahead of us. After reaching the open sea three lines were formed, each line led by a cruiser, the fourth cruiser guarding the rear. Our line was on the south

flank of the fleet. We ran through a school of herring about six in the evening.

Sunday, the 4th, there was quite a sea on. Felt a little dizzy but reported for all meal parades. Our Routine is Reveillé at 6.30, Breakfast 7.00, Parade and Physical Training 9.30 to 11.00, Dinner 11.30, Parade and Physical Training 2.00 to 3.30, Supper 5.30, Lights Out 9.00. We have to be particularly careful that no lights are shown on deck. We show only a masthead light, port and starboard lights, and bow and stern lights to indicate our position in line.

Monday the sea was comparatively smooth in the morning. About nine o'clock a man fell overboard from the "Royal Edward" opposite us in the middle line. She put about, and the cruiser leading our line went over to investigate. The man was picked up by the "Franconia" immediately behind the "Royal Edward". Early this morning we met a larger warship, probably a dreadnought. She is now accompanying us and has taken up a position just in sight away off to the starboard. A steamer was sighted off to the north east this afternoon. One of the leading cruisers immediately sailed over in that direction and the steamer disappeared. The cruiser has taken up a position to the north of the fleet and can just be made out. We now have two cruisers in front, one behind, one on our left and the dreadnought on the right. At night the sea was getting rougher.

The next morning, the 6th, weather foggy and damp, but the sea was not so rough. We found that one more transport had joined us and it is thought to be that containing the Newfoundland contingent.

On Wednesday the weather was fine but cool. Sea not very rough. Between nine and ten this morning we saw a fish about six feet long leap clear of the water one hundred yards from the ship. We passed two freight steamers today, one a tramp with its deck loaded with lumber.

Thursday, October 8th, was fairly clear and cool, with quite a roll on. About nine the "Royal George" came up from the end of the line to a position on our starboard quarter, evidently to act as a scout. She was rolling quite a bit and appears to be top-heavy. Soon after we noticed smoke off to the starboard. The ship soon appeared over the horizon and was seen to be a battleship with three funnels, evidently a British ship

as our cruiser did not take any notice of it. It sailed up to the head of our line flying a white ensign, then came slowly down on our starboard side and passed about two hundred yards off. It saluted as we passed by dipping the ensign. We all crowded to the railing cheering and waving, and the blue-jackets who were lined up on the deck acknowledged by giving us a cheer. A person without knowledge in naval affairs could feel the power that was represented in this battleship. About three this afternoon while on parade I noticed the fin of a shark close to the ship. There are probably a lot of them hanging around the fleet.

Friday, the 9th, was fairly clear and cool with not much of a sea on. Nothing of interest occurred.

On Saturday the weather was wet and cloudy in the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon. A dreadnought crossed our bows this morning and took up a position on the port, or north, side of the fleet. Being detailed on guard duty I was not able to see much of what went on outside of the ship. We had no prisoners in the guard room all day, but just before supper a private belonging to the 9th Infantry Battalion was brought in. He had been a sheep herder in civil life and was out of his mind. He was an exceptionally big man, and we had quite an exciting time with him. He was the Prince of Wales for a while, then he was:



Whene'er I see a scene like this
I marvel, gape, and grin.
'Cause God made some so tall and
fat
And some so short and thin.

And oh you lads of Comp'ny "C"
Don't it jus' take your breff,
To think that we as here you see
Have got our "Mutt and Jeff"?



Napoleon. He became very quiet later in the evening and we decided we would leave him alone in a cabin to see if he would sleep. But we discovered a few minutes later that he had opened one of the port-holes and was waving outside with a handkerchief. He was the Prince of Wales signalling to his fleet to rescue him. As the light was showing out through the open port-hole we had to stop him. Afterwards two of us were always in the cabin, constantly talking to him to keep him quiet. About six in the morning he managed to break away and rushed out on deck. The crew were washing down the deck, and, as he was bare-footed, he slipped just before reaching the railing. As he went down we all piled on him. He was strong, but did not have a chance against six of us. He got no further chance to break away as all the guard remained in the cabin with him until we were relieved from duty at eight.

Outside of an inspection of our feet by the M.O., Sunday passed very quietly.

Monday was clear and fine. It was reported that the British Atlantic fleet had passed us during the night. There is now a first class battleship of the King Edward VII class leading the centre line of the fleet. About eight this morning we saw the smoke of a vessel on our port bow. The ship was travelling very fast toward the north and we did not get close enough to see what it was. Our convoy did not seem to be excited about it. There was an inspection of chests this morning by the M.O. We saw a school of porpoises this morning. They were travelling along leaping out of the water and presenting rather a strange sight. A mail steamer passed us this morning, going west.

Tuesday, October 13th.—It is damp and misty this morning with a strong blind blowing and a choppy sea. We expect to sight land today or tomorrow. Nobody has any idea as to what port we are going. We are simply following the cruiser leading our line.

The trip across has necessarily been a slow one, as we had to accommodate our speed to that of the slowest transport in the fleet. We have never exceeded ten knots. The "Zeeland" is a very steady boat and we did not seem to be rolling as much as the other transports. Not having been sick I enjoyed the trip across very much. Our routine has not been very hard. In fact all the officers have been up every morning, doing P.T., before us. Our time has been ad-

vanced every night from twenty to thirty minutes. There is a report going around that we are to be sent to Bushy Park, north of London on the Thames. The English chaps with us say it is a "jake" place.

We are now, Wednesday noon, off the Cornish coast. The sea is full of porpoises, leaping out of the water like horses clearing a hurdle. This morning a four masted square rigged barque passed us. She was scudding along before the wind, a very pretty spectacle. We can see the coast guard stations on the shores of England.

(To be continued)

SOUR PICKLES.

Who were the two Mounted men who left their girls in the Picture show Sunday night, soon as they saw a couple of Sappers from the Pickle factory talking to them?

It's a sure sign the meals are good when the men are all good natured.

Some of the men say they would be willing to sign up for life if Spr. Townsend would agree to make pudding every day.

There is talk of a German spy in the Pickle factory. A Sapper found a couple of carpet tacks in his soup the other day.

Why did Sapper L—t buy a pair of Officer's riding breeches now the war is over?

Sergt. Cooley has gone home to be initiated into the royal order of "Papa's". Good luck, Sergeant!

If it is true the Government is going to issue civilian suits, we hope they get a different tailor to the one they employed on the last batch of uniforms.

Sapper Barrie of the Cook house finds he hasn't enough work to do dishing out the bacon, so he has taken unto himself a wife. Don't neglect the bacon, Barry!

Time—10.30.

Place—4th Floor, Vinegar Barracks. B. Coy. •

(Voice in the dark):—"Hey you! Get into yer dug-outs or I'll put yer in the guard-house—Where were you four years ago. (Silence). Curtain.

And now with our discharges in sight to cap the climax we have measles at the Vinegar. This is a h—l of a war.

A Dill Pickle.

James O'Cain Agency, H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.

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MARSHALL FOCH'S GREAT

TRIBUTE.

British Empire's Fearful Cost of
Victory Set Forth by Official
Figures.A magnificent and lasting
tribute to the British forces was
paid by Marshall Foch on Novem-
ber 17th when, at a luncheon given
at British Army Headquarters in
his honour said, that the hammer
blows of the British were decisive
factors in the final crushing defeat
of the enemy. Later, Marshal
Foch received British Army com-
manders whom he warmly con-
gratulated upon the tenacity of
their troopsFurther concrete evidence of the
enormous sacrifices made by Great
Britain—sacrifices made at the
very time when the wail of the
anti-British went up 'What is
England doing' is given in authen-
ticated press dispatches appearing
in Wednesday morning's papers.
British casualties during the war
including every theatre of activity
totalled 3,049,991, these figures
being announced in the House of
Commons on the day previously
by James Ian Macpherson, Par-
liamentary Secretary for the War
Office.The total of British losses in
killed on all fronts during the war
was 658,665. Of these 37,936 were
officers and 620,829 were men.The total British wounded in the
war was more than two million,
the showing the aggregate to be
2,032,122. The losses in missing, in-
cluding prisoners, totalled 359,145.Of the wounded, 92,644 were
officers and 1,929,478 were men.Of the missing, including pris-
oners, 12,094 were officers and
347,051 were men.The figures given include troops
from India and the Dominions.The total casualties in France
were 2,719,652. Of this total
32,769 officers were killed and died
of wounds or other causes, and
526,843 men. The wounded totalled
1,833,345, comprising 83,142 offi-
cers and 1,750,203 men. The
missing, including prisoners, totalled
326,695, comprising 10,846 offi-
cers and 315,849 men.In Italy the British losses
totalled 6,738. Of these 86 officers
and 941 men were killed, 334 offi-
cers and 4,612 men were wounded.
Of the 765 missing, 38 were offi-
cers and 727 men.

Dardanelles Was Costly.

The Dardanelles expedition cost
the British 119,729 casualties. Of
this number 1,785 officers werekilled or died, and 31,737 others.
The wounded were 3,010 officers
and 75,508 others. The missing,
including prisoners, were 258 offi-
cers and 7,431 others.On the Saloniki front the losses
were 27,318. Of these the killed
were 285 officers and 7,330 others;
the wounded, 818 officers and
16,058 others; the missing, 114
officers and 2,713 others.The aggregate British losses in
the Mesopotamian campaigns were
nearly 100,000, according to Mr.
Macpherson's figures, the total
being 97,570. Of these the fatal-
ities were 31,109, comprising 1,340
officers and 29,769 men.The wounded totalled 51,115,
comprising 2,429 officers and
48,686 men. The missing and pris-
oners totalled 15,355, comprising
566 officers and 14,789 men.In the East African campaign
the total casualties were 17,825.
Of this total 9,104 were killed or
died, comprising 380 officers and
8,724 men. A total of 7,754 were
wounded, comprising 478 officers
and 7,276 men. The missing and
prisoners totalled 967, comprising
38 officers and 929 men.In Egypt the total losses were
approximately 58,000. Of the ag-
gregate of 57,853, those killed and
died of wounds were 15,892, com-
prising 1,098 officers and 14,794
men. The wounded totalled 38,073,
comprising 2,311 officers and
35,762 men. The missing and pris-
oners totalled 3,888, comprising
183 officers and 3,705 men.In other theatres the total
casualties were 3,297. Of this
number 133 officers and 690 men
were killed, 142 officers and 1,373
men were wounded, and 51 offi-
cers and 908 men were missing or
prisoners.In addition to the grand total
of deaths, there were 19,000 deaths
from various causes among troops
not forming any part of the ex-
peditionary forces.

Very Bad Weather.

A German spy was sentenced to
be shot, and a sergeant and a cor-
poral escorted him for the purpose
through the mud and the rain. The
party was singularly merry and
the "Hun" didn't appear to real-
ize what was going to happen to
him. On the way the sergeant
offered the corporal some remark
on the weather."Ja," said the German, under-
standing English, "that is so. It
is very bad weather indeed.""You be quiet," ordered the ser-
geant. "It 'as nothing to do with
you, 'as it? You haven't got to
walk back through it."

MY FATHER.

Who was it in the chilly night
That madly hustled for a light
The while I howled with all my
might?
My Father.Who, in those times of awful woe
Perambulating to and fro
Soothed me with cuss words, soft
and low?
My Father.Who, when my baby days had sped
And boyhood cares arrived instead,
Oft entertained me in the shed?
My Father.And in the evening after tea
Who used to take me on his knee
And tell how good he used to be?
My Father.Who ne'er played hookey from the
school
Nor lingered in the woodland cool
Beside the cherished swimming
pool?
My Father.Who never sat upon the floor
Who never fought the boy next
door?Who never soiled the clothes he
wore?
My Father.Who never cried, no not at all,
When some guy swiped his bat and
ball,
Who never did the miscreant maul?
My Father.Who, when to college I must go,
With young ambition all aglow,
Produced the necessary dough?
My Father.When to the Army I did go
To fight for the old red, white and
blue,
Who said, "My boy, I'm proud of
you?"
My Father.Who, when this doggoned war is
o'er,
And to my home I go once more,
Who'll meet me at the old front
door?
My Father.

English As She Is Written.

The following goes to prove how
the war has influenced literature.
The budding Pepys is writing to
a fellow-soldier:"Dear——,—This in respect-
ability will prove to you the dili-
gences of your faithful undersign-
ation he although across the seas
still thinks of the old section and
wish that you will look after the
troops not forgetting to gorge them
in plentiness. Sd. J——."

THE HAPPY HOOLIGAN CLUB

Whilst it is generally known that K. R. and O. does not permit men serving in the army to form clubs or present "round robbins", it is none the less a fact that many clubs and societies are in existence in most all Camps through the country. It was our privilege recently to be introduced into the Happy Hooligan Club, formed for the purpose of promoting "joviality and friendship". The "Brotherhood" display a sign, stating their aims and objects, "Fraternity, Independence and Democracy". The rules given below are interesting reading.

Rules And (Buy) Laws Of The Hooligan Club.

Rule I—A list of all officers of the Club, whether officiating or otherwise (mostly otherwise) be kept in a prominent place.

Rule II—No person shall be admitted into the Happy Hooligan Club unless he be injected (injected) by at least two acting officers, regarding his mental and financial ability to become a member.

Rule III—Should any applicant for membership be blackballed he can only apply again upon giving satisfactory proof that he was never bawled out for disorderly conduct.

Rule IV—No applicant for membership will be admitted unless he is present at the time of initiation.

Rule V—No person shall become a Hooligan unless He **B** Happy.

Rule VI—No person drinking Yiddisher Highballs be admitted, (a yiddisher highball is a glass of water with a nickel in it).

Rule VII—This Club is for Happy Hooligans only, except in case of dire emergencies, at such times applications must be presented to Happy Hooligan, or I. M. Krazy for admittance to said society.

Rule VIII—The aim of the Happy Hooligan Club is to promote joviality and friendship.

Rule IX—It isn't necessary to have any money to become a Hooligan, so just hand over your pocketbook to the treasurer upon initiation, and you will have no money to worry about.

Rule X—Any Hooligan found guilty of taking more than one drink at a time, will be ruled out of order.

Rule XI—Should any Hooligan be so "Happy" as to forget his song, it shall be the duty of the Vice-President to pass him the cheese, so he can cheese it.

Rule XII—All Hooligans are kindly requested to be present at

meetings, or they will forfeit their Hooliganship.

Rule XIII—That no knockers be admitted. If you want to be a knocker, go out and hang yourself on somebody's front door.

(Signed)

- I. M. Krazy,
President
- U. R. A. Knutt,
Vice-President
- B. Funny,
Recording Sec.
- Happy Hooligan
Originator of the
Club
- Camouflage,
Treasurer.

ST. ANDREW'S DANCE.

An opportunity for all lovers of a good dance to enjoy themselves to their heart's content is offered on the evening of 29th November in the Oddfellows Hall. The dances we all know will be introduced. There need be no excuse for any one to absent themselves. Every effort is being made to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of the company by a committee of men in the Depot, in co-operation with several popular and influential ladies in the district. This is another chance for you to carry away, to your home town the memory of a bright and pleasant evening. Book the date: 29th, Oddfellows Hall. Tickets, 50c.

FROM K COY POINT OF VIEW.

Said the Captain of the Depot Team,
"That 'Pickle Eleven' is a scream
And if to beat **US** is their dream
It can't be did!!!"

But he hadn't counted on Davison.
Or Lewis (that old son-of-a-gun),
Or Cooper, who had a lot of fun
The bagpipe kid.

But the thing that I have come to say
Is that these three men from Co. K.
Played the best game that was played that day.
Oh yes they did!

And the Depot Captain shook his head
And I'd hate to tell you what he said

'Twas a lot of stuff you've never read,
I'll bet a quid!
Football Fan.

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have them visit us.
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(Same street as Post Office)

OUR VINEGAR BARRACKS HOME.

By Lyn, B. Coy.

Although you're not a mansion With marble halls of fame, With hardwood floors and oaken doors Or a fancy high brow name, You have no open fire-place No pictures on the wall, No first class modern dining room Or recreation hall, Yet when we say good-bye to you And return to our homes once more, We'll sit around in the evening And talk of the Great World War, We'll sing of your comforts and beauties For time lends enchantment and fame, We'll forget the fatigue and the duties As we honor and glory thy name, We'll forget the hard bunks we slept in The beef stew, the coffee and tea, But the pals that we met, We will never forget. No matter where we may be, The pals, and the good times we'll think of As we blow the top off the foam, And we'll all drink a toast With never a roast To our Vinegar Barracks Home.

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.

SMILES

The Barrister Ranker.

A rather well-spoken Sapper was brought up before the C.O. on a charge of insubordination. The C.O., who was extremely busy, wanted to get the case over and was very abrupt in his manner. "Were you insubordinate?" he asked. "Well, sir, the fact is—" "I don't want to hold a debate on the matter—I want a plain 'yes' or 'no'," interrupted the C.O. "But, sir," pleaded the man, "there are some questions that cannot be answered by a plain 'yes' or 'no'." "Nonsense!" retorted the C.O. "I beg to differ, sir," said the private boldly. "Oh, you do, do you!" said the C.O. "Then just put a question to me that cannot be answered by the plain negative or affirmative." To his surprise the private said in strident tones: "Have you ceased to ill-treat your wife?"

Too Good To Last.

The kindhearted district visitor was 'doing her district,' and handing out comforting words and good advice wholesale. That such was not always needed or appreciated mattered little to her contented mind. She had just finished with Mrs. Smith, whose husband had lately displayed great affection for his wife by gently admonishing her with a frying pan, and was on her

way to sympathize with Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones was now Corporal Jones, of the Blankshires, on active service.

The district visitor walked into the tiny room with a brisk "good afternoon".

Mrs. Jones replied with a return of the compliment.

The District Visitor: "Cheer up, Mrs. Jones; they say the war will be over in three month's time."

Mrs. Jones looked up and heaved a great sigh.

"Ah, me! that's just my luck—twenty-seven and six a week, and me 'ole man away. I always said it was too good to last."

Breaking The News.

The colonel had returned home after a long sojourn in France. As he had been shifted about from place to place during the past twelve months, very few letters had reached him, and he was anxious to find how things were at his home. At the station his faithful old manservant met him with a trap.

"Well, John," said the officer cheerily, "anything happened whilst I've been away?"

"Noa, sir," said John, "nothin' at all—er, that is to say, nothin' much, but I'm sorry to tell ye, sir, that the old dog had gone and died."

"Dear me," said the colonel, much upset, "that's bad. But how did it happen?"

"Well, nubbody seems to know, but some do say as how he died from eatin' charred wood."

"Charred wood!" exclaimed the colonel. "But where could be get

charred wood from?"

"From the stable mebbe," said John. "It was burnt down, sir."

"Burnt?—dear me, that's bad luck. How did it catch fire, John?"

"The mansion, sir—the flames must have spread—"

"Flames! You don't mean that the mansion is burnt down?"

"I do, sir. They do say it must have happened through the candle at the side of the corpse falling over—"

"Corpse! This is terrible. What corpse?"

"Your aunt, sir—she died from shock."

"Shock! What kind of shock could she have?"

"Well, sir, they do say as it was the shock of hearing that your wife had run away with the captain up at the manor."

On hearing this, the colonel's nerves broke down, and he let his head fall into his hands.

"Good God!" he moaned, "then I've nothing left, nothing in the world left."

"Well, well, sir," said John tenderly, "I shouldn't go so far as that. You'll be glad to hear I've had the old dug stuffed!"

The Major Plays The Game (?)

The major was very deaf; for this reason all his fellow officers avoided him after dinner. He was a very good chap, so they said, but it was deucedly uncomfortable to have to yell in his ears all one's pet views on subjects like the duration of the war, etcetera.

The major was very fond of billiards and as he could not find anyone else willing to play him, he cajoled his nephew, who belonged to the same mess, and made him an unwilling victim.

The game was deadly dull for the major was a rotten player. After making for a cannon which he missed by about half a foot, he went to play again. The nephew said in a very loud voice:

"That was not a cannon!" "It was my boy," said the major.

The nephew shouting at the top of his voice again said:

"That was not a cannon." The major looked up very benevolently and said:

"Oh, yes it was, my boy! I heard the clock of the balls."

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.



CULLED FROM THE COLONEL'S MAIL BAG.

The following letters are picked at random from the great number he has received during the past few days, from different points in Canada and the United States:—

To the Captain of Engineers
Training Depot
St. Johns, Quebec.

Head of Military Division
St. Johns, Que.

Canadian Army Headquarters
Engineer Corp
Ottawa, Can.

The Military Service Act
Engineers Training Depot
St. Johns P.Q.

Cornal Melvins
O C Canadian Engineers
St. Johns, Quebec. P.Q.

Commander in Chief
Canadian Engineers
St. Johns, Quebec.

British Recruiting Off.
War Department
St. Johns. Canada.

Mr L'Officer Comandant
Du Engeners Traning Depot
St. Johns P.Q.

Mr Reverand Officier Commandant
Enginier training Depot
M.D. 4
St. Jean Que.

To the manager of Camp
201122
St jean training camp
Quebec
Canada.

To Captain or Censor of letters
St. Johns. Que.

Mr Officer
Engeners Training Dpd
St. Johns P.Q.
Canada.

Minister of War
St. Johns Barricks
St. John. Que.

to the Had offcer of the Canadians
training Engineer Depot
Sant Johns, Quedec

post master see that he gets this
letter

Canadian War Consul
Canadian Engineers Dept
St. Johns Quebec

Canada Army
Headquarters
St. Johns Quebec
Canada.

To the Highest Official
at
"Engineers Training Depot"
St. Johns Quebec
Canada.

Minister of Military Affairs
St. Johns. Canada.

Generall Mevilla comander
Canadian Engineers
Trainig Depo
St John Qubec

British Canadian
Expeditionary Force
St Johns P. Que
Canada.

To the commandant officer
of the Engineer Training Depot
St. Johns P.Q.

War Department
St. Johns P.Q.
Canada.

Melicia Dept No 4.
St John P.Q.

Military Headquarters
M.F.B. 445
200 M-F-17
H.Q. 1772-39-787
St Jean Quebec
Canada.

(This address is evidently based on the official stationery number at the foot of every official envelope).

To the Head Officer of Armories
If not right of St Johns
address try Que
postoffice Canada Important letter
Militia St Jean
P.Q.

The Military Service Act
St. Johns Quebec
Canadian Engineers
Training
Depot
P.Q.

Military Chief Commandant
St Johns
Quebec Canada.

A Brilliant Idea.

A young officer home from France ran into a friend who was in the Intelligence Department. To his surprise the latter was out buying birds.

"What on earth are you going to do with those?" he asked.

"S-ssh!" replied his friend. "It's a secret."

"Rot! Anyhow secrets are made to be given away—I'll keep it quiet."

"Well," said the bird buyer, "it's a great idea; we're endeavoring to cross-breed carried pigeons with parrots so that we shall be able to send verbal messages!"

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Barber Shop and Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

DIET SHEET

For Week Ending December 1st.

Monday

Breakfast — Porridge, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner — Irish Stew, Potatoes, Bread and Tea, Sultana Rolls.

Tea — Soup, Jam, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Tuesday

Breakfast — Porridge, Liver, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner — Boiled Beef, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Dumplings.

Tea — Soup, Jam, Bread Pudding, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Wednesday

Breakfast—Porridge, Fish Cake, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner — Irish Stew, Potatoes, Bread and Tea, Cabinet Pudding, Chocolate Sauce.

Tea — Soup, Jam, Macaroni and Cheese, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Thursday

Breakfast—Baked Beans, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner — Sausages, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Suet Pudding and Syrup.

Tea — Soup, Lettuce, Cake, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Friday

Breakfast — Porridge, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee, Oranges.

Dinner — Fried Fish, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Rice Pudding.

Tea — Soup, Jam, Cold Ham and Beef, Sweet Pickles, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Saturday

Breakfast — Porridge, Bacon, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner — Boiled Beef, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Sultana Rolls.

Tea — Soup, Hash, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Tea.

Sunday

Breakfast — Porridge, Sausages, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner — Steak and Kidney Pie, Potatoes and Vegetables, Bread and Tea, Cottage Pudding, Caramel Sauce.

Tea — Cold Roast Beef, Sweet Pickles, Cheese and Cake, Bread and Butter, Tea.

ROOM 25.

Where was it I went when I first came here
And left my home and things as dear
To become for a time an engineer?
Room 25.

You're not very large or you're not very small
In fact you're scarcely a room at all
But gol darn you you're the busiest of all,
Room 25.

When I wanted a pass I went to you
Or when I was sick I went there too
Or I wished the O.C. to interview
Room 25.

When a mother or sweetheart of course you know
Comes to see her boy to that room she must go
To find out whether he's here or no,
Room 25.

When a Sapper I answered defaulters call
To that room I must, to receive a great bawl
And then go out and scrub the hall,
Room 25.

Or when from leave I returned a day late
And was caught by the sergeant who stands at the gate
Where was it I went to learn my fate?
Room 25.

And when this dreadful war is o'er
And I get my ticket for Frisco's shore
I suppose I'll go as I went before
Room 25.

But wherever I wander through gladness or gloom
Until such a day as I find me a tomb
I'll think with a shiver of one little room,
Room 25.
Helluvascribe.

Real Irish.

It was the Englishman's first visit to Dublin and he was driving round on a jaunting car to see the sights. When they got near the river he was struck with the unpleasant smell and asked the jarvey:
"What is this terrible stench?"
The jarvey replied proudly:
"Shure, an' don't ye know that the smell of the Liffey is one of the sights of Dublin."



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"Riding Breeches"
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