

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

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SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1918.

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WHY THE ENGINEERS ARE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR DURING THE ADVANCE

THE ADVANCE.

With Special Reference To The Work Of The Engineers.

By Lt. E. T. Adney, C.E.
Preparations.

A successful advance requires not only several new "trench" elements, but extraordinary preparations in the rearward area. Not only must the existing means for bringing up material be in smooth working order, but these must be extended forward, and an immense quantity of engineer material brought forward as far as may be safe, for building new communications into enemy territory and consolidating the ground there. Just what work will be undertaken in Corps area, and what in Divisional area, is decided at conference. Corps has at command many engineer officers and special corps troops, while the C.R.E. engineer officer on Divisional staff now has his own H. Q. force, and three Field Companies directly under his orders, and not, as formerly, affiliated with Brigades. The Field Company has now its own sector, and does not come and go with Brigade. The C. R. E. also has a Pioneer Battalion. These, with Infantry assistance, do a lot of the semi-technical work. The Infantry themselves, under a Works Officer, assisted by engineers when necessary, now do the earliest engineer work in enemy territory, the engineers being kept

back until the situation is cleared, and definite work is laid out for them to do in the captured ground.

Assembly Trenches.

The new trench elements are suitably protected places for the assembly of troops taking part in the advance. Deep dugouts may be used, but often the new elements will consist of trenches.

The regular trenches may be used, but it is better to construct special trenches. The enemy being of course aware of preparations, will shell any evidences of assembly. One plan is to dig the trench one foot deep, which on an aeroplane photo will appear as a completed trench. The enemy is then

kept in ignorance of the time of the intended assault until the last moment, when the shallow trenches are hastily completed, to a depth of possibly four feet. Usually a supervision trench is provided in the rear. The Germans do not advocate the use of special trenches, preferring dugouts instead, but the construction of a preliminary dummy trench, as above indicated, has met the objection in some measure. Assembly trenches have steps leading from them at frequent intervals. The alignment is usually "wavy", and more or less parallel to the objective. They are laid with "duck-board" (trench gratings) which will be taken forward by the troops as they advance.

Jumping Off Trenches.

As the enemy must not be given time to lay down his own barrage after ours lifts, special jumping off splaces must be provided not further than 44 yards from the enemy line. These may be made by blowing connections between shell craters, or by running saps and connecting up the T-heads at their ends. All this must be done at the last moment.

Rearward Communications.

The ordinary rearward communications for bringing up material and equipment for the army will be:—

(a) A single or double track



E. Carol Jackson - 1918 -



C. Stanley Major



J. St. John Major

We beg to present (some) Men of the Hour!

broad-gauge railway, supplying the Corps front.

(b) Light railways (25-inch gauge) using motor haulage power, from the railhead. There should be one per Division, and one per Corps for the heavy artillery.

(c) Tramways, same gauge as light railway, man or mule power, arranged to enter the danger zone in advance of light railway, which in the advance, will follow the tram tracks. The trams lead across the rear of Brigade area, and may go as far forward as the support trench. Usually, however, they do not extend beyond the reserve, and may run through the communication trenches.

(d) Roads, one for each Division, for horsed transport, lorries and motor cars, lead from the broad-gauge railhead.

(e) Cross country tracks, trench boarded wherever necessary for troops, are provided in order to relieve the communication trenches. Overland tracks are provided for pack transport as well as supply and ammunition wagons, in order to relieve the roads in wet weather.

(f) Subways, wherever possible, are carried forward even beyond the fire trench. These are not opened at the forward ends until moment of assault.

When troops have to advance over ground much pitted with shell craters, the rapid construction of track is one of great difficulty. In creating the new lines of communication, the order of importance, as regards priority, is,—First, the double duckboard track for man carriage of ammunition, water and rations. Second, the tram track, which later is developed into light railway. Third, the track for animal transport. Fourth, a plank or other roadway, and finally the standard gauge railway. All but the last are constructed by the engineers and pioneers, with infantry assistance.

Forward communication trenches may not be needed, in any case at first, if the attack is to be pushed to a considerable depth.

There will be also special roads prepared for the artillery, as well as necessary bridges over trenches.

Engineer Dumps.

Into dumps are gathered all the Engineer tools and supplies, brought as far forward as is consistent with safety. First is the Corps dump, on the broad gauge railway. In addition to usual engineer stores, there should be available, here, road repair materials, artillery shelters, and camouflage materials (netting, etc.), for batteries in the open. Workshops

should be provided when possible, and the light railways and roads should connect here, for convenient loading for transport.

In the Divisional area are the following dumps, of stores and tools normally required, apart from road material.

(a) Main Divisional dump, located when possible on light railway, by which as well as by road, it is fed from Corps dump.

(b) Advanced Divisional dump, usually on a road where transport can deliver by day, and where materials can be loaded and sent forward by night. Should also be on the light railway system.

The purpose of this dump is to get materials to a more forward position than one which would be safe for a main Divisional dump-site.

(c) Brigade dumps, or Field Company dumps, are situated as far forward as horsed transport can go at night, or at the light railway railhead, and should be adjacent to an existing or projected tramway. Though always required in stationary warfare, Brigade dumps are not always necessary in offensive operations, as Field Companies and Battalions can conveniently draw from one or the other of the Divisional dumps and take the stores direct to the special trench dumps.

(d) Special Trench dumps are formed for offensive operations, and are not drawn upon until the offensive begins. They contain the stores and tools for the projected communications forward, and are in charge of the Infantry. All other dumps are in charge of the Engineers.

In some cases Corps dumps are well advanced, and in these forward Corps dumps, will be stocked only the ordinary stores, such as sandbags, barbed and plain wire, wooden pickets, long and short screw posts, pit props and fascines, planks, etc., for making roads. In such cases the Corps dump rearward, carries only special stores.

The dumps are stocked early, for what may easily be done in the early stages, becomes difficult when the roads are congested with artillery ammunition and other stores going forward, and while the area is being heavily shelled.

Precautions Against Shell Fire.

Dumps are placed clear of all the usual "shell traps" which regularly draw enemy fire, such as cross roads, churches, outlying farms, barns, etc. The stores, too, are divided into several sub-dumps, sufficiently far from each other so that one shell will not destroy more

than one dump. The stores are also separated into duplicate lots so that if one sub-dump is destroyed another will remain.

Stores In Readiness.

As it will certainly be necessary sooner or later to use man transport, stores are made up into "man-loads" as far as possible. A certain amount of stores is also kept packed upon such wagons as are available, or else ready to load upon pack saddle.

Taking Forward.

As soon as the advance has taken place and engineer work becomes possible, carrying parties of infantry, (and when possible pack transport), take the stores forward from the most advanced dumps to the places where they are to be used, and scattered along the lines of projected railways, trenches, roads, etc. The main difficulty is carriage. There are seldom enough men available to take them from Brigade dumps, for it must be remembered that carrying under battle conditions is very slow. Thus, although the order "Send up enough" is a good rule, yet in actual practice the essentials must be selected and sent forward first.

Consolidating The New Ground.

The first work in the advance is the consolidation of the enemy territory. The usual work in the first instance is the making of—

(a) An observation or outpost line,—a line of craters connected together, or an enemy trench reversed. As, however, the latter are under exact enemy range, new trenches (some distance in front) are better.

(b) A support line, which may be the captured and organized enemy trench, or else a new trench in front of it. This will usually be the first trench prepared, the outposts being shell craters. As first, however, the support may be only a series of small posts.

(c) A line of strong points still further in rear, so as to give depth to the system.

(d) Opening up, or clearing out of communication trenches; digging forward to, and backward from, the captured line.

(a) and (b) constitute the work which occupies the infantry aided by engineer assistance. Assistance by Field Companies under C.R.E. orders, or by parties of pioneers and infantry working under the same supervision is also desirable.

Other tasks where engineers and pioneers are required at this stage,

and the order of their importance, are—

(a) Bridging enemy trenches, as well as our jumping off trench, in order to permit the field artillery to go forward. Light wooden bridges are used, or else the trenches are ramped and filled. The artillery may arrange this themselves.

(b) Tracks for infantry, pack transport, etc., with shelter trenches at intervals for protection during shelling.

(c) Making and affixing sign boards and direction marks in captured trenches.

(d) Formation of engineer dumps, observing due precaution, and utilization of any enemy engineer dumps.

(e) Repairing and improving dugouts for use as command posts. Tunnelling companies, if available, should be used for this work.

(g) Maintenance parties to keep trenches free from obstructions caused by shell fire.

Later on, when the line is fairly established, small steel shelters may be placed in the outpost line, and dugouts and observation posts in the support line.

The Corps normally deals with the following work, although the Divisional engineers may be at times called upon for it—

(a) Extension of tramway system, for bringing up stores and for the evacuation of wounded.

(b) Repair of roads leading to the front for sending up heavy guns and mechanical transport.

(c) Extension of piped water supply.

(d) Preparation of second positions, etc.

Of course, this is not all the work required of the engineers, but only that part which is most important in the advance.

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THREE CHEERS, — AND A TIGERS FOR THE N.C.O.'s OF THE W.O.R. WHO HAVE "DONE THEIR BIT".

Last week, it was our privilege to publish in "Knots and Lashings", brief sketches of the officers of the visiting regiments at present stationed in St. Johns. In today's issue, we are proud to include the non-commissioned officers of the Western Ontario Regiment who have had their part in the 'Great War'. Any comment by us would be as trite as it is unnecessary. The records of these true Sons of the Land of the Maple, speak for themselves. It is a source of satisfaction and of pride to know that, having 'done their bit' "over-there", they are still "carrying on" over here. Some, indeed, are willing and even anxious to go back if the S.M.B. will say the word.

R.S.M. Leonard Bowen served for thirteen months in France and Flanders, having joined the 42nd Black Watch at Montreal in the early part of '15. He was wounded twice, at Ypres and on the Somme. He was sent back, after convalescence and, following a course at Bexhill School, was sent to Canada as an instructor. He has been on the job at London, Ont., ever since, and is one of the men who are noted for "licking into shape" the recruits coming into the depot.

C.S.M. Kenneth W. Carpenter, M.M., is a young man who has made a brilliant mark in this war. He served for a year in France and Flanders, and was wounded at Vimy Ridge. He enlisted in the Grenadier Guards in '15, and was stationed with his regiment at St. Johns for some time before going overseas. After recovering from a severe wound in his arm, he went to Bexhill, England, took the course, and was sent to Canada as an instructor. He was awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery at the Somme. He is one of the many popular N.C.O.'s of the W.O.R.

A/C.S.M. Harold S. Hill enlisted at London, Ont., in the 34th Batt. and went over with that unit. He was afterwards drafted to the 13th Royal Highlanders and was wounded at the Sugar Refinery at the Somme, being shot through the lung. Being invalided to England, he also took the Bexhill course, and was afterwards sent to Canada as an instructor. His nick-name is "Hill 60" and he is as full of fun as an egg is full of meat.

Sergt. Herbert Tripp, M.M., has a record that is surpassed by few.

He is an original 18th Battn. man, leaving London with that famous unit in April, '15, and arriving in France in the following September. Sgt. Tripp served continuously for 26 months, going over the top no less than six times. He was awarded the Military Medal at the battle of the Somme. He was sent to Bexhill for the course, and then to the W.O.R. as an instructor.

Q.M.S. George J. Wood wears across his breast, five war medals that heralds the fighting man. Born in the service in India, he started drawing army rations at an early age, and it is one of his hobbies to get one guessing when he makes an assertion that he was in India at a period when his hearers know he was a very small child. He enlisted in the Seaforths and served with Lord Kitchener at Khartoun. He was with the same unit in the South African campaign. He fought in the present war, both with the Middlesex regiment and also with the Canadian forces. He was wounded at the battle of the Marne and also at the Somme. Invalided home to Canada and discharged from the service, he re-enlisted again with the W.O.R. and is now Q.M.S. The medals he is wearing are: Two Egyptian medals with two clasps, two South African with eight clasps, the Crete medal, and the Mons ribbon.

Sergt. Herbert Poultney is another who has "been there". He joined the second field ambulance at Windsor, Ont., in 1914, and went to France with that unit. He was wounded at Festubert in 1915 and invalided to England. After convalescence, he volunteered for service in France again with the 1st Pioneers, and was with that unit until 1917, when he was gassed and sent home to Canada. He is with the W.O.R. as N.C.O. i/c documents at Battalion Headquarters.

Sergt. Major Harry Edwards, who has charge of the Battalion Orderly Room at London, has been used in a variety of ways with the Canadian Army. He is a naturalized American citizen and is well known as a lecturer and orator in Chatauqua in the States. He is the Principal of the Edwards Evangelistic Party of Ohio. He has two boys in the 18th Batt. in France and every last one of the male members of his family are there. He wears the two South African Medals with seven clasps and the Colonial Star. He was wounded in 1901 when his regiment (Remingtons Tigers) were ambushed. He has not been able to get "over" yet, but expects to get over with the American Q. M. Dept. if the transfer can be put through. Here's hoping!!

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THE GROUCH.

Like the poor and the plumber, the grouch is always with us; and like the painter he is hard to get rid of. We are all "grouches"; it is just a question of degree, perhaps just a question of taste, and maybe palate!

It is natural for man to "kick", it is by this means he gets what he wants, but he has to have others with him in order to attain his end; and, however contradictory it may seem, it is by kicking that his ends are often defeated. In other words the kick must be timely and well directed in order to gain that popularity necessary to give it the impetus whereby satisfactory results are obtained.

It is easy for us now, with our present parliamentary system—(which, by the way is only a product of the "grouch" as we will go on to show)—and press facilities to attain many of our ends. And what may be termed the modern grouch is to some extent a product of the press. The chief difficulty is to distinguish between the malcontent and the "grouch".

Frequently we can differentiate between the two by the depth of popular feeling. The malcontent is shunned on account of his pertinacity towards his "pet aversion",—his vapourings being directed by his own petty selfishness. On the other hand the "grouch" or "kicker" has a healthier and wider outlook and by far a more magnanimous viewpoint;—having, as his objective, the righting of a wrong which he has in common with others, and from which he and others have suffered. So that after all the "grouch" is more or less a healthy individual whose failings may "lean to virtue's side"!

We are not without grouches in the E. T. D. Our malcontents are, we thank God, few and far between; and we could wish they were few still: although we could easily dispense with the insidious malcontent we are ready at all times to entertain the "grouch". For it seems to us if there was no "grouch" there would be neither progress nor conditions tending towards progress. The writings of Carlyle, that greatest of all grouches, were after all one of the most potent influences for moral reform in the nineteenth century.

Magna-Charta, the first great charter of English liberty and subsequent reform, was obtained by the great Barons' grouch which resulted in the battle of Runnymede and which may be said to be the foundation of our present democracy,—whose principles the Allies are now engaged in defending over half a world.

THE BEST SELLER OF THE SEASON.

Sgt. Henson Makes His Bow In World Of Letters.

It's a long while since we have heard from that patron saint of all good sappers, that presiding genius of the Men's Mess,—to wit: Sgt. Henson.

The advance sheets of a new and useful compendium on "The Culinary Art in War" have just reached us. Apparently, the Sergeant is not by any means satisfied with the make up of the present text book—"Camps, Billets and Cooking" and proposes to see to it that something is done about the matter.

After giving Sgt. Henson's maiden effort the careful consideration which it undoubtedly merits, we feel amply justified in recommending the book to all officers and sappers who desire to rise in that greatest of all professions,—the Profession of Arms!

The Sergeant now reveals for the first time, many of those hidden mysteries of the Men's Mess which, for many months, have baffled the enquiring minds of all who have had occasion to frequent that popular emporium. Indeed, in spots, the pages are strangely reminiscent of that thrilling work, "Secrets of the German War Office".

Sgt. Henson has a neat talent in matters pertaining to nourishment, which has often met with professional recognition.

In an appendix under the subtitle, "Pièces de résistance", a number of special recipes are given for use only on occasions which demand something quite out of the ordinary. The following are some of the designs for pies and things which have been selected quite at random. Unfortunately diagrams and perspectives have been omitted.

Recipe for an Ash Cake.

Take a lot of water and add to it a lot of coarse Indian meal, and about a quarter of a lot of salt. Mix well together, kneed into the form of a "pone", and let the pone stand a while, not on its edge but the other way. Rake away a place among the embers, lay it there, and cover it an inch deep with hot ashes. When it is done, remove it; blow off all the ashes but one layer; butter that one and eat.

N.B.—No camp should ever be without this talisman. It has been noticed that sappers never ask for a second bit.

Recipe for E. T. D. Pie.

To make this excellent breakfast dish, proceed as follows: Take a sufficiency of water and a sufficiency of flour and construct a bullet-proof dough. Work this into the form of a disk, with the edges turned up some three-fourths of an inch. Toughen and kiln-dry for a couple of days in a mild but unvarying temperature. Construct a cover for this redoubt in the same way and of the same material. Fill with stewed dry apples; aggravate with cloves and slabs of citron; add two portions of mulligan, then solder on the lid and set in a safe place until it petrifies. Serve cold at breakfast, making sure that the Orderly Officer tries it first.

Recipe for 'Vinegar Factory' Coffee.

Take a barrel of water and bring it to a boil; rub a chicory berry against a coffee berry, then convey the former into the water. Continue the boiling and evaporation until the intensity of the flavor and the aroma of the coffee and chicory has been diminished to a proper degree; then set aside to cool. Now unharness the remains of a once cow from the plow, insert them in a hydraulic press, and when you shall have acquired a teaspoonful of that pale blue juice, locally regarded as milk, modify the malignity of its strength by adding a bucket of tepid water and have the bugler blow 'Pick 'em up'. Mix the above beverage in a cold cup, partake with moderation, and keep a wet rag around your head to guard against over-excitement.

To Carve Fowls in the St. Johns' Fashion.

Use a club and avoid the joints.

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.

AFTERNOON TEA IN BALDWIN HALL!

On Saturday afternoon a number of the young ladies of St. James Church will serve afternoon tea in the Baldwin Hall from four to six o'clock. The modest sum of 25 cents will entitle you to an excellent cup of tea and other incidentals essential to all properly organized afternoon teas. Let us have a full turnout from the E. T. D.!!

SOCIAL JOTTINGS FROM THE VINEGAR FACTORY

By "Beatrice"

Little sips of red-eye,
Little sips of Bass,
Take away the senses,
And make a man an ass.

The C.O.R. were missed by the W.O.R. at the Vinegar Barracks after they left for the College Barracks to be on their own. The Guard Room was like the tomb.

The concensus of opinion is that the W.O.R. are: Lookin' fine, Doin' fine, Batin' fine, Workin' fine and behaving better than that.

Who was the fussy N.C.O. who went under the shower at the Vinegar Barracks, and thought the water was warm when it wasn't? B'r'r'r'r.

If you ever paid to see a sleight-of-hand performance, don't ever do it again. Just come up and see a blanket parade of the W.O.R. Now you see it; (the blanket) now you don't.

Sergt. Major Carpenter was making a great hit as a soloist the other evening, but when he started to sing: "Down by the River side I strayed," some rude lance private shouted: "Pity someone didn't shove yer in!" and took all the joy out of poor Kenny's life.

The Gaelic Gentleman who said that "The best laid schemes of men and mice, they aeffen gang agley" was sure tootin' some, and if you don't believe it, ask the poor fish with the arctic hoofs who thought he was off to Quebec on a picnic, but has to go over with the draft. Excuse our Haw! Haw!

We're not nibby by any means, still, we would like to know if it was the same N.C.O. who made a charge of "not saluting" against a private, and who had to be told to stand to "attention" when the national anthem was sung in church last Sabbath.

We have been taught from our infancy, that Columbus discovered America, but what the W.O.R. want to know just now is: "Who the Sam Hill discovered St. Johns, P.Q.?"

The W.O.R. Comb Band is some aggregation. They can get some sure enough music out of those bug-removers.

Sergt. Herb. Poultney of the W.O.R., is as mad as a wet hen.

He got one of those French calenders down town and made a mistake in the dates so bad that he took his usual half yearly bath two weeks ahead of schedule.

There is always safety in numbers, but what we was going to say was that the sergeant cook of the Worst-in-Ontario Regiment, beg pardon, we mean Western Ontario, cannot figure out how about five hundred men got away with fifteen hundred dinners. He has bought a ready reckoner and is working overtime on it.

Talking about ready reckoners, there is a Scotchman named Israel Isaacstein in the W.O.R. Draft, who is always willing to combine a little sideline of buying and selling among his "bunkies". He sold quite a little collection of odds and ends to a poor guy last week and made a slight error in adding the amount to be paid. The poor victim had a suspicion that he had been overcharged, and bought one of those ready reckoners. His suspicions were only too well founded. He went to the gentleman with the curly nose and cried. "Let me haf a look at dat reaty-reckoner. Ah, ah, just like I suppose, dat is last year's book, you bloomin' jassax."

Listen men! If you ever receive an invitation from R.S.M. Len Bowen to go to Chatham, take your gas mask along with you. Nuf sed.

Of course we know you have seen him, that cute little C.S.M. Small Mountain of the W.O.R. Don't he look the outest in that little cap though. Notice the beautiful angle that it hangs by over his listener. Harold had defied that whole Canadian army to take away that cute little thatch cover.

Four additions to the strength of the W.O.R. are reported. All of them are "toms" and have their eyes open for two days past. Q.M.S. Wood and the R.S.M. are on the "outs" owing to the fact that they cannot decide who shall be god-father to the little darlings.

Fair play for the W.O.R. Q.M.S. How was he to know that those chocolates and apples were for the guy that peddles such stuff on trains. Anyhow, the boys soon got outside of the goods and there was no use asking for a "refund".

There are many things predicted in the Good Book that are actually coming to pass right now. Frinstance, the W.O.R. had more eats that they could possibly wrap themselves round when coming down by

train. The C.O.R. did not. To them that have, more shall be given. To those who have not, even that which they have shall be taken away. The W.O.R. were a train ahead of the C.O.R. I wonder if by any possible chance —? But those special lunches were certainly "jake".

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.

"ALI BABA" APPARENTLY NEEDS A No. 9.

(The following correspondence has been held up by the Censor. Speaking confidently, we always had a lingering suspicion regarding the Machine Gun Corps. Ali Baba has now confirmed it.)

By Ali Baba (Lake)

St. John's P.D.Q.

Dear Steve,
32 Tremont Row,
Boston.

I take my pen in my hand to let you know that I am feeling kinda rotten and hope this finds you the same.

Honest Steve, it's furee the way they shove you around in this Army. It would be alright for a guy who was still playing one night stands, but for a fella like me, who, you know, I was a head liner now for years, and you know Steve, Chas. Froman said I was playing a mean trick on the public when I joined the Army, and he was right, and I guess they was laying for me alright.

The officers treat you worse than Harry Myers, he wouldn't try to pull the stuff some of these guys do. They make you salute and say Sir and stand stiff like Frankie Crane the flunky on Filenis doors.

They try to cover themselves by a line about you aint saluting them but only a comishun they get, but Steve, believe me if they knowed the salary and comishun I was pullin down before I jumped offen the dok, they'd be straining their bowling arm a salutun of me.

We was sent down here to protect some Engineers, and believe me pal, they aint one of them as ever even seen a railroad, let alone run a ingine. They might make the Officers believe it, cause they don't know so much, but they aint foolin me, not for a minute.

All they does 'is blow a horn here. And I never heard such rotten music in my life. They make

you listen to their music before you eat and then when you jist reddy to dig in, they blows a rotten note on their horn and then good night appetite. What I say is if they dont want you to eat, why dont they tell you like a man.

On the level Steve, if you seen this town it would make you sick. The chickens herd with a bunch of guys what dont want to fight, and a soldier is about as welcome as so much dirt. They act like a bunch of small town sports, and a regular guy aint got no chance, what I wish is we could let them give Timis Sq. the O.O. and then we would see where they get off.

They sell a line of wet goods here
(Continued on next page)

BALDWIN HALL
Jacques Cartier St. L

Tuesday,
April 16th, only
at 8 p.m.

Do You Know Percy?
Then see
"Just Like Percy"

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THAT DARING, DASHING MYSTERY

"Just Like Percy"

A drama of intense interest to all women of to-day as well as Sappers, Machine Gunners and Privates.

One Performance Only
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at 8 p.m.

Admission 25 cts.
Carriages at 10.30.

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Steve, and believe me, I have seen whiskey insulted lots of times, but it would take a expert to insult the stuff they hand out here. Last tuesday all my gang went out and drank some, but they aint very well edukated because they all got soused, and I had to bring them home. I was awful sick myself because I eat something what was bad, and which gave me an awful headache next mornin.

Well Steve, I will have to close but dont think I am sore at my Army. I am in the swellest unit what there is, we are what they called the Machinery Gunners, which our O.C. says is the main cheese in the outfit, and Gen. Wilson (not Pres. Wilson) says is the right end of the line, and the top branches of the service, which mean we lead the Church parade on Sundays.

Well Steve, I have no more to say, but will write more when I get some news.

Your old side kick,
Low.

SHIPS, SHOES AND SEALING WAX (No. 1).

“Knots and Lashings” went to press last week with our old friend, “Ships, Shoes and Sealing Wax” among the missing. We are pleased to state that he (or they) was not A.W.L., but was occupied with the duty of upholding the traditions of the Canadian Engineers in the gay Capital of this Province. The fact that the following notes were written under those stern conditions which are inseparable from active service, will give them added interest. We regret that, under the circumstances, the manuscript required heavy censoring.)

Whee! This is the life! After our hermit like existence by the Richelieu, to be wafted up by the Magic Carpet into the byways of this historic burg, there to stand up in the light to be shot at, is quite a refreshing experience.

The magic carpet, by the way, didn't work worth a whoop, and the darkened cars, combined with the cooling off we got at the back end of Mount Royal, did not provide a seconder to the vote of confidence in the emissary of Shaughnessy, named by general consent “Shag”.

We blew into Quebec at a most ungodly hour of a Sabbath morning, and received a very cordial welcome from a small party holding a large building, who were trusting to Providence and a bit of hose, to put our friends, the enemy, out of business.

Headquarters were early ac-



Puzzle picture:—Find Doc. Wilkinson.

quainted of our anxiety to chip in on the fireworks, and the boys were soon on duty.

It was a great treat for Class 34, and many of their pet theories went by the board. Initiative has so far characterised all of our operations—which are many and varied—and if our Depot does not come out of the shindy with colours flying, the writer solemnly promises to eat coke.

Our speciality is the night hawk stuff, and maybe you'll see an owl where the beaver ought to be. We have certainly had a few refreshing sessions with the kind souls who furnished the opposition.

Everybody happy and a sick parade you could count on one hand.

We don't know when we're coming back to see you, chaps, again, but take it from me, boys, this has squad drill faded into the twilight of history.

SHIPS, SHOES AND SEALING WAX (No. 2.)

(The Printer's Devil had just toted away the last installment of “Ships, Shoes and Sealing Wax”, when a special courier from Quebec rushed into our sanctum with a supplementary edition. It appears that the “shock troops” who stormed the hills of the Capital, are for the time being at least, resting on their laurels and standing pat. We venture to surmise, however, that they are very much on the job even at that, and will be right there with the “standing load” stuff if again called upon.)

The Acting Adjutant banged down the receiver for the thirty third time that evening, cleared the O.C.'s desk by a single jump, and doubled to the Sergeant Major, who in turn, doubled off to a sergeant, who gracefully passed the buck to a corporal, who tore frant-

ically round the barrack room, howling for a hundred men.

Came down from a room upstairs three sleepy subalterns, hitching their borrowed ironmongery on to their right side, and chaos gradually died down to a semblance of order. Whispered words to an officer in charge, who looked mighty serious, and told his sergeant to make sure of each man having forty rounds in his pouches. Whispered process of proving, and a pussy-fotting of the centurian and his charges out into the silent night.

“Got a big job tonight, old man,” says O.C. detachment to his second in command. “Wait till we get to the C.P.R. and we'll load up.” Station finally reached by the back door; detachment numbered off into reliefs, and then that great ordeal of all commanders—the “standing load”! “Keep those rifles up for pity's sake.” “Have you got the safety catch on.” “My guns' stuck, sargint,” and other observations float out from the squad, and finally off goes the first—relief. The heart of the sapper beats high, medium, or low, as the case may be, as “Stop all ears and examine passengers,” “Look out for suspicious characters,” “Don't fire unless you've got to,” “Look out for the mob coming over the railway,” and other cheerful instructions are handed out.

Alarms come in to the base on an average of three an hour, and everybody stands to and looks the part to perfection. The shivering populace who came to scoff, remain to pray, as the next relief fixes bayonets with all that demonstrative flourish characteristic of the manoeuvre.

And so it goes on till dawn's left hand is in the sky, and the order from H. Q. comes to report back.

(Continued on next page.)

Theatre Royal

Friday and Saturday, April 12th and 13th.—Fannie Ward in “On the Level”, 5 parts.

Sunday and Monday, April 14th and 15th.—Mae Marsh in “Fields of Honor”, 6 parts.

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16th and 17th.—Mad. Petrova in “More Truth Than Poetry”, 5 parts.

Red Ace series every Wednesday.

Bull's Eye series every Thursday and Friday of each week.

Saturday and Sunday, April 13th and 14th.—Charlie Chaplin, 2 parts.

10 and 15 cts. No war tax.

Matinee every Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Every night at 6:30 and 8:30.

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PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

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The party marches at ease, and more than one sapper tells the man on his left, how he held the mob at bay and finally drove them off singlehanded. Of how he escaped the other Monday, after having been knocked down by a chunk of common ice dropped, Zepp like, from the altitudes.

That's the beauty of Quebec—throw something, and it will most likely hit somebody a hundred feet further down.

Routine work is gradually displacing those thrilling expeditions of the first day or two. Gone are the chain lighting dashes through the danger zone, with a Tank load of ammunition. No more do we "stand by" under the friendly cover of a snow bank, and listen to the firing 300 yards away, wondering when we are to go up and lend a hand. The joys of guarding the Aqueduct have vanished into the colourless features of a mathematical problem.

Good lord—if we only had a piper!

Lieut. Davidson, taking a class in B. F.:—"Now then—at the throat—point!" and as a sapper lunges heavenward:—"Bring her doon—doon yet—man!! Ye'll get the Lor-r-rd sure, if ye're no carefu'."!!!

Among the fashionable throng on the terrace, last Sunday, were observed the hero of Messines, and the Parker House—C.S.M. Estey, and the heavy tragedian Sgt. Boyd, accompanied by the flower of the up-town set. Several officers present expressed their appreciation of their good taste.

We'd just like to know,—in a sympathetic sort of way,—if Gallagher didn't feel more like 4-6 than 6-4 when the introductions came along, last Sunday. Cheer O! old man, we've had the same experience.

Messrs. Donaldson, Wookey and Wrong are keeping one flag flying in the "Stud" offensive, and the chances are they will come back on a new Rolls Royce, donated by the M.G.O.'s of Toronto. Oh those one card draws!

The Aqueduct guard, originally a fearsome duty, is now a thing of joy,—thanks to the kindly efforts of Mr. Jack, and our comrade the Sergt.-Major up at the Home. More power to them!

It would have done your heart good to see our Editor, and Adjutant, taking his afternoon tea

like a little gentleman up at the Chateau, last Sunday. Was he with Miss DeMeanour—? We wonder.

ATHLETICS.

Some Challengers!!

(Whats the matter with this C.O.R. outfit, anyway? They've had chips on their shoulders ever since they hit this burg. Well, here are some of their challengers. We have no doubt, however, that the men of the E. T. D. will see that they are accommodated so far as may be compatible with the rules governing professionals vs amateurs.)

Bowling.

A Bowling League is being formed amongst the Machine Gunners. The Engineers are requested to form a similar league and play the winners of the M.G.C. League for the Bowling Championship.

The M.G.C. League consists of four teams. Ali Baba (Cpl. Lake) has been elected president and Ptes. Housely, Ellis, J. W. Kernahan and Cpl. Pickett have been chosen Captains of the various teams.

Medals will be given to the League winners and Championship medals to the champions.

M.G.C. challenges Engineers, C.O.R., or any outfit in St. Johns.

Boxing.

Pte. Wilson, 110 lbs., challenges all comers.

Pte. Kruetz, 145 lbs., challenges all comers.

Pte. Morgan, 133 lbs., challenges all comers.

Cpl. Pickett, 190 lbs., challenges all comers.

Baseball, Indoor.

Ali Baba's All Stars challenge all comers.

Baseball, Outdoor.

Ali Baba's Fairies challenge all comers.

Fencing.

Cpl. F. J. Kelly challenges all comers.

Soccer.

M.G.C. Wanderers challenge all comers.

Shooting.

Cpl. A. Lake (Ali Baba) challenges all comers.—303 Ross or Lee Enfield; 25 yds. to 1000 yds.

Running.

Cpl. A. Lake (Ali Baba) chal-

lenges all comers.—100 yds., 220 yds., 440 yds.

Singing.

Cpl. Blake challenges all comers.

Yodling.

Pte. J. Wilson challenges all comers.

Crap Shooting.

Pte. McQuade challenges all comers.

Bowling.

Housely's Horrors challenge all comers.

Pickett's Prunes challenge all comers.

Ellis' Gum Drops challenge all comers.

Kernahan's Crumbs challenge all comers.

10 pins, 5 pins, or Duck pins.

Pool.

Ptes. Visser, Bates, Ellis, L. W., and Morgan W. J. challenge all comers at straight pool, single, doubles or team.

Pte. Ellis L. W. challenges all comers to "one handed pool".

Dancing.

Modern Dances.

Glide Dances.

Cpl. F. J. Kelly challenges all comers.

Pte. J. Wilson challenges all comers. (Boston and New York.)

Piano.

Scissors challenges all comers. (Classic Syncopated or Harmonious Music.)

MACHINE GUN CORPS INDOOR CHAMPIONS.

Ali Baba's All Stars (M.G.C.) Trim Bruisers (E.T.D. By The Score of 16 to 5—For The Championship of M.D. No. 4.

Easily the fastest and most exciting game of Indoor Baseball staged by the soldiers at St. Johns, was the game played Sunday afternoon in the Old Fort, for the Championship of M.D. No. 4.

Both teams played wonderful ball. Few errors were made by either side, but the snappy work of the Machine Gunners outshone the good fielding of their rivals. The Machine Gun Infield was invincible, not one hit going through to the outfield, that could have been fielded.

Not only were the Engineers out-

(Continued on next page.)

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in 5 parts

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Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders for remittances to Europe.

classed in the Field. At the bat they were nowhere near the standard of the Suicide Club. From the very first inning, the Machine Gunners bombarded the Engineers with a fusilade of hits that seemed to bewilder their whole team. And from this bewilderment the Engineers never fully recovered.

However the Sappers played good ball. They showed class that would defeat most teams easily. But they were up against the boys who have collected more Championships than any unit in Canada. Not only in baseball, but in boxing, running, shooting, hockey, soccer, and basket ball.

And right here let us state that it is no disgrace to be beaten by the M.G.C. Their Indoor team has never lost a Championship, and went through three league seasons with a final average of 1000. And they were always up against strong teams, such as the N.C.O.'s Training School, the Special Service teams, and that wonderful machine, The Dentals.

Now that the Sappers have been defeated by the Machine Gunners, both in Soccer and Indoor Baseball, let us see what they will be able to do in Outdoor Ball. The Machine Gunners stand ready to play them at any time, and are confident of beating them there as well.

Below is the line up of the two teams:—

| | | |
|------------|------|----------|
| M.G.C. | | E.T.D. |
| Kruetz | C. | Frank |
| Laxton | P. | Emmett |
| Picket | 1b. | Thomas |
| Kettlewell | L.S. | Johnson |
| Morgan | 2b. | Furnival |
| Hackett | R.S. | Williams |
| McQuade | 3b. | Ferrier |
| Chisholm | R.F. | Melville |
| Lucas | L.F. | |

Lake (Ali Baba) Capt.*

*Batted for Lucas in ninth.

| | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Score by innings: | Total |
| M.G.C. | 441100240—16 |
| E.T.D. | 000012020— 5 |

Notes of the Game.

Chisholm, the Hans Wagner of Indoor Ball, maintained his wonderful record at the bat. He has not been struck out in the last 75 innings.

Pickett, on first, speared them all around.

Morgan was a streak.

Frank put up a swell game. Some speed.

Emmett got wild towards the end of the contest.

Lucas never got a hit.

Hackett certainly can play ball.

McQuade showed the old Big League Stuff.

Kruetz, in spite of his name, was on the job.

Johnson showed class on several difficult plays.

Thomas has a wonderful voice.

Furnivell perhaps looked the best on his team.

And Laxton had the Sappers eating out of his hand.

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.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOYS AT HOME FROM THOSE "AT THE FRONT".

Mutterings from Quebec.

What do you know, boys? We're sleeping here on real spring beds. Just like home again and say! You should just see our quarters, a huge building, and we Engineers are all in one room,—nearly 450 of us.

Yes, we've been up town twice on our own since we came, but before I tell you about the girls I met, and the other fellows didn't meet, I want to give you some dope on the diet we're having.

Outside the door of the dining room is a notice board calling attention in large block capitals that "Amputations and special diets will be waited on at table". We've all waited on them and that's no joke. Amputation diet is kerrekt alright. The only thing is, they made the cut on the other side from us.

We get served at a table and carry our stuff to a table to eat. It don't hurt your arm any to carry it neither, and by the time you've got to your berth, you have what the steam didn't take away with it.

When you've finished, 'Soiled dishes will be returned by each man to the receiving table'. Hell! I haven't seen a real soiled dish yet!! Seems to me, if they hadn't got a dishwasher, a lot of the dishes would just be handed out again. If you didn't lick your plate, you'd be shy half your meal.

Just across the corridor is an office for the Dietition. Yes, I've seen her, and I can quite well understand now why I've had to take up two holes in my belt. More than that though, I understand the Doctor brought down a lot more No. 9's than he needed.

Guess the lady knows her job alright, but my eye! it's me as wants convincing on that 'calorie' dope!

Everything is so quiet here now, that when we're out at night we scarcely see a soul. Guess those "bums" who started this row have had about enough.

I'm not going to write anything about the girls after all, in case we're here any time. I'm keeping the few I know to myself—provided the officers don't get them.

If you was ever in Quebec, you'd know something about hill climbing and step walking. Once you get off the level, you are on the hill. That sounds logical enough too. The streets are so narrow in some instances, that I've taken my 'Canada' badges off to save them being scratched on the walls.

We had a real fine concert here last Friday. A Mrs. Fraser got the talent together and they provided 'pop' and real jam sandwiches, cake, candies, and cigarettes. There was all kinds of ladies with Mrs. Fraser, and they weren't too proud to sit down and talk to the boys. Several sets of cheers with tigers were heartily given at the close of the session; the last one though, fell a little flat. Not that the Chairman, for whom it was called was anything but popular, quite the reverse; but when the guy called out "Three cheers for the Chairman", a lot of us was getting ready to "Boo!", as it sounded like Three cheers for the Germans.

We don't get much drill,—just an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon; and although I says it myself, we are fast improving, and the boys generally are putting all they've got into it.

A little excitement now and then wouldn't hurt, but I guess this thing's all over and we'll soon be back in St. Johns.

DIET-TISSUE.

WE WANT TO KNOW

Who got the beans we should have had for supper.

When is payday.

Why the Akwee ducked.

What Mr. Gallagher thinks of the citadel as viewed from the C.P.R. Station.

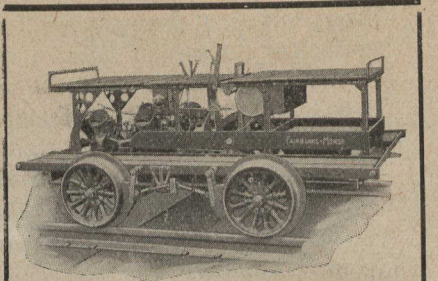
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C.O.R.



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and Cement
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THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Pte. A. J. Peever, of the Machine Gun Corps, Central Ontario Regiment, answered the last Rally Call on April 7th, 1918, after a brief illness.

The deceased was stricken down while on the journey from Toronto to St. Johns. On arrival he was sent to Military Hospital where, in spite of everything that could be done, he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

Pte. Peever's home was in Kinburn, near Ottawa. He enlisted some time ago with the 2nd E.O.R. at Ottawa and was later transferred to Machine Gun Corps at Toronto. He was very popular with all ranks and his late comrades are mourning the loss of a true friend.

The body was removed from St. Johns to Kinburn for burial and the whole Machine Gun Company turned out to pay their last tribute to their late comrade. The band of the Canadian Engineers was in attendance, and played the Dead March in Saul, while at the railway station a bugler sounded the last post.

Although he did not live to reach the firing line, Pte. Peever died, a soldier on active service. This, in itself, should prove some slight consolation to those of his family and friends who mourn his loss. To these, through the columns of "Knots and Lashings", Officers and men of the Machine Gun Corps, Central Ontario Regiment, extend their sincerest sympathy.

HERE AND THERE.

There—

—was no chance for a private when Lts. Fleming and Holtzman were looking them over.

—is no sense in drinking bad whiskey. It gave us the cramps.

—is no chance of beating the M.G.C. at any sport.

Here—

—we are to stay for a while.

—is a challenge to the E.T.D. to any sporting contest.

—is hoping the Officers will be able to play their next game of Baseball without fighting.

—is a challenge to any Officer, N.C.O., or man to Shooting, Fencing, Boxing, Singing, Baseball, Football, Basketball, Running, Crapshooting, and Poker.

—is hoping the E.T.D. and the M.G.C. will get together on a bang up concert or dance in the near future.

A poem will appear next week

by Lance Corporals Kelly and Lake entitled "We would rather be on the outside looking in, than on the inside looking out".

GRAND ROUNDS.

(At this distance we are in some doubt whether it is the air or the water,—or something else, that caused the mental intoxication which resulted in the following 'poem'. However here it is just as the foundryman hammered it out in the shadow of the Citadel.)

We climb the hills
Forget our ills
With aching legs and back
We reach the top
Just pause to stop
At the Hotel Frontenac.

We drink our tea
Pay our fee
We've filled our little tub
We saunter on
We're bent upon
The Garrison Club.

We meet some friends
Our visit ends
We feel we want to yell
Restrained desire
A little higher
We're at the Citadel.

In dungeon keep
Where ghosts asleep
Remind us one and all
Of days long past
Now! not so fast
We're in the Old Drill Hall.

The gateway arched
Our throats nigh parched
We bend our steps for home
Pass Club (don't think)
The Frontenac, a drink
So ends a rotten poem.

TO THE N.C.O.'s AND MEN OF THE E.T.D.

Are you aware that,—
You have in YOUR OWN Canteen at the E.T.D. a miniature Departmental Store.

That in YOUR Canteen, you can buy almost anything from an ice cream cone to a sewing machine.

That YOUR Canteen is run by YOUR OWN Committee, and that the profits are accumulated for YOUR benefit.

That it is up to YOU whenever possible to make every use of the facilities provided.

YOUR new Canteen will be opened shortly. It will contain an even wider range of articles than that now carried by the present Canteen.

If you don't see what you want, ASK FOR IT!

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

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AT YOUR
SERVICE

Toilet Laundry

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY AT BALDWIN HALL.

What promises to be the dramatic sensation of the local theatrical season is billed to take place at Baldwin Hall, Jacques Cartier St., on Tuesday evening, April 16th, when "Just like Percy" will hold the boards. Further reference to this coming attraction, will be found in the "Dramatic Section" of "Knots and Lashings".

There is a deep and constant sweep of human interest throughout the play, in which "Percy" is personified as a live, vibrant, joyous, sorrowful soul. According to press notices, this is the play that "gripped New York as in a vice" and aroused a desire to head for the Richelieu River or else for the trenches.

We are, however, in a position to reassure all soldiers, civilians and others, regarding this play, and can positively state that there is nothing in it which will shock the feelings of even the most sensitive and refined of the Mounted Section.

Quite apart from the merits of the play itself, the cause toward which the proceeds will be devoted, is a most worthy one. Tuesday evening should therefore see the "Standing Room only" sign hung out at an early hour.

CONGRATULATIONS AND WELCOME TO LIEUT. AND MRS. YUILL.

On Saturday, April 6th, at Chalmers Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, our "late" comrade, Lieut. R. Yuill, entered the solemn bonds of matrimony. Since his arrival in St. Johns, Mr. Yuill has made himself deservedly popular with all ranks at the E.T.D. It is also a pleasure to welcome another of the fair sex, to the very considerable 'military' colony which has of late taken up its residence in these parts.

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.

WHY? YES, WHY?

Did Major McGowan put the National Hotel 'out of bounds' so far as the Machine Gun Officers are concerned?

Lieut. Fleming, of the Machine Gun Corps, rises merely to remark, "Correct that midnight slope!"

TO THE VISITORS WITHIN OUR GATES.

In our issue of April 6th, "Knots and Lashings" opened its columns to Officers and men of the C.O.R., and W.O.R. The men of our own Depot were for the most part absent in Quebec and we welcomed warmly the advent of the Corps from the Old Ontario Strand.

We are happy to say that Officers and men of the Ontario Battalions, have accepted our invitation to consider "Knots and Lashings" as their own Regimental newspaper during the period of their sojourn in St. Johns. The contributions received, have amply testified to their keen journalistic instincts.

We wish to add that if any contributions have inadvertently been omitted from the current issue, their publication is merely deferred until next week. In this week's contributions you have made a good start. **Keep up the good work!**

OF COURSE IT WAS MERELY CAMOUFLAGE.

In a recent issue of this Great Family Compendium of Useful Information, we proudly drew attention to the brave records of certain of the battle-scarred Officers of the C.O.R., who are at present sojourning with us in the beautiful and picturesque city of St. Johns.

One of these gallant men had been sight-seeing among the many unique and delightful beauty spots of our charming city. With justifiable pride, we had pointed out the exquisite architecture of the local Pump House, the graceful symmetry of our new Filtration Plant, and the historic Chateau Poutré, steeped in romance. Finally, we turned to look over our model trenches which, as the world knows, are situated along side of the D. & H. Ry. tracks. Bordering the right of way, between the railroad and the trenches, stands the usual wire fence. On seeing this, our distinguished visitor exclaimed in tones of grave disappointment, "So this is the best you can do in the way of entanglements!" In order to clear up any uncertainty which may still exist in the mind of the officer in question, we hasten to add that the two lines of steel, near the supposed entanglements, is not a recognized feature of our trench system. Nor is the tall painted tank to the North, a "strong point" but merely a place where the locomotives take water. The small dark patches, plentifully scattered about the pasture land in which the trenches are sited, must

not be confined with 'shell craters'. All of which is respectfully submitted.

OVERHEARD ON RICHELIEU STREET.

"Oh, Daddy, see the nice soldier man."

"Hush, my child, that is an M.G.C. officer."

"What woes M.G.C. mean, daddy?"

"'M.G.C.' my child, stands for 'Men Gone Crazy.'"

"Are they all crazy, daddy?"

"Yes, my child, that is why they are not C.E.'s."

"What does C.E. mean, daddy?"

"'C.E.' means Cream of the Earth, dear."

"Oh, daddy, look at his nice shiny strap."

"That is his Sam Browne belt, dear child."

"Does he always wear a Sam Browne belt, daddy?"

"Yes, my child, even at the dinner table."

"Look, daddy, he is going along the tow path."

"Yes, he has a lady friend living out that way."

"Will he take her photograph, daddy?"

"Perhaps, my child, but he will miss the best view."

AND IT'S PROBABLY TRUE AT THAT!

Orderly Officer (at Canada Hotel):—"Any complaints, men?"

Grand Chorus:—"Yes, sir! that's why we're here, Sir!!"

THE E.T.D. BAND CONCERT.

In our last issue we referred to the very excellent concert given by the Band of the Canadian Engineers on April 4th. We have subsequently been informed that the receipts on that occasion totalled \$71.65 while expenses amounted to \$33.25, leaving a net balance of \$38.40.

Considering the merits of the concert itself, quite apart from the worthy object to which the proceeds are to be devoted, the amount received should have been at least double the above sum. We trust that, on its next appearance, the band will play to a capacity house.

And Even At That, The Old 'Snapper' Wasn't So Far Out Either.

1st Sapper:—"Gee! look at the size of the Canal boats that officer is wearing."

2nd Ditto:—"Gwan; they're not Canal boats, they're Troop ships."

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IBERVILLE.

L. C. LABERGE, Proprietor.
Best Accomodations.

Keep out of the Cold Just like Home at Richelieu Ice Cream Parlour

Come in and spend your spare time at all times. You are welcome.

ICE CREAM,
SOFT DRINKS and
HOT DRINKS

Pianola playing all the time.

Geo. Kostos, Mgr.

Remember that O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY is the place to buy your

Furniture

The big store—everything you can wish.

Richelieu and St. James Streets
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Meet your friends at

SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

Hotel Poutré Market Place, St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prcp.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE

Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

THANK GOD FOR OUR BELTS!

(We have always maintained, that the "table d'hôte" of the Men's Mess at the E.T.D., is second to none among Military Establishments in Canada. The following "revelation" has definitely confirmed this opinion.)

There is a dietitian,
Who bosses in the witcher,
In the Immigration Building
at Quebec.

She calculates our fare,
Food values that are rare,
For the Engineers and Tom-
mies at Quebec.

We've often paused and thought,
That she's cancelled off a naught
In her figures for the missing
in Quebec.

We form up in a line,
Go in one at a time,
At our mess room in this
building in Quebec.

There's something she puts in,
The food, that keeps us thin,
Number nines are never needed
in Quebec.

In our belts we take a hole,
They'd go round a decent pole,
Since we dieted ourselves in
Old Quebec.

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.

**OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
E.T.D., C.O.R. AND W.O.R.—
SHUN!!**

The Ladies of the Methodist
Church will hold a PIE SOCIAL
on Thursday evening, April 18th,
in Victoria Hall (next door to
Methodist Church). The very
modest sum of fifteen cents will
be charged by way of admission.

ALL UP! THE PIE EATERS!!
Remember the date—April 18th.

The 'old soldier' had finished
relating his experiences with
Roberts, Kitchener, and French,
and started to leave the canteen;
but checking himself he turned to
the counter saying, "I want some-
thing to clean my buttons! No!
not polish; one of those brass
things there, with the slot in it.
I don't know what you call it!"

ONLY AN ALLEGED CLASS.

Owing to the fact that the hetero-
geneous agglomeration of ill as-
sorted and alleged humanity com-
prising Class 36, are unable to
speak for themselves, our office
boy submits the following for their
edification.

**Boy Scouts Primer.—Dedicated to
Class 36.**

A—is Attention at which you must
stand

When members of Class 35 are
at hand.

B—stands for Blakey and Batten,
those two,

Resplendent in leggings and
uniforms new.

C—stands for compliments paid to
your senior,

Omit these and you commit
gross misdemeanor.

D—is your duty, be sure that you
do it,

If ever you fail, you be sure
you'll rue it.

E—(Can you guess this?) stands
for equitation

Where C.S.M. Sims will ignore
your high station.

F—are the faux pas which daily
you make,

So try hard to profit by every
bad break.

G—stands for Glory and Goodness,
young man,

Emulate Class 35 if you can.

H—is the Horrible break that you
made,

In standing before 35 on
parade.

I—is the innocent way in which
you

Parade, all unbuttoned, your
overcoats new.

J—is for jail where you all ought
to be

Instead of adorning the gallant
C.E.

K—are knots Sergeant Bell make
you tie,

If you can't make a thumb
knot, continue to try.

L—is for Leggs, he's the beautiful
blonde,

Tho' not much at riding, of
ladies he's fond.

M—is for Moulton, Mackay and
McColl,

Altho' they don't look it,
they're good soldiers all.

N—is for nerve which they all have
aplenty

Some even salute with their
left hand the sentry.

(Watts his name?)
(To be continued next week.)

The road to success is slippery
and he who travels thereon needs
a lot of sand.

THE "C.E.'s" AT QUEBEC.

(The following extracts are from
a letter received some days ago
from a "heilan' chiel", at present
on duty in Quebec. Although the
letter was written some days ago,
the contents are still of interest as
substantiating what we knew would
be the case,—that the boys from
St. Johns would be a credit to their
Corps.)

Circumstances do not permit the
publication of even the most gen-
eral information regarding the part
the Canadian Engineers' Quebec
detachment has played in recent
disturbances in Quebec. The news-
papers have, of course, given some
prominence to the sapper contin-
gent, but they could add quite a
lot without overstepping the mark.
The boys are just splendid and are
as eager to put in a long dreary
cold night of waiting and watch-
ing, on sentry go or patrol, as men
can be expected to be. They have
carried out every duty imposed
upon them to date with credit to
themselves and their Corps.

Even the men just recently
joined, have shown that they are
eager to do all in their power to
act as well as trained soldiers.

Everyone is keen to get into the
fray, knowing full well that those
creating the disturbance are of the
"bum" class of which Quebec
would well be rid.

Yes, we've been in the front line,
we've done some shooting and
we've done every duty as becomes
soldiers. These hooligans had bet-
ter quit right now if they value
their lives. The military situation
is well in hand, and even organised
as the mob is believed to be, they
can do no more damage than keep
a few honest-to-God soldiers out of
their beds.

Our quarters in the Immigration
Building are excellent, and, in view
of the rushed conditions at times
on hurry-up calls, the feeding is
fairly good.

NOTES.

The Badge of Mercy.

In the front line at Quebec we
noticed many military doctors,
mainly of French persuasion, with
a piece of bandages about 12 inches
wide with a cross as large as was
possible on their arms, whereas our
doctor (Capt. Wilkinson) was to
be distinguished by a "wolloper"
hanging to his belt. Truly a merci-
ful institution.

Say Sergeants McIntyre and
Barr—we have one or two casual-
ties and only Captain Wilkinson
on the job.

Smoke
Hudson Bay Co.'s
Imperial
Mixture
CANADA'S FOREMOST
TOBACCO.
EVERYTHING THAT YOU
NEED IN A
DRUG STORE
You'll find it at
Sabourin's

Corner Richelieu (Main) and
St. James Street.
Special attention given to
"The men in Khaki."

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ing for amateurs.

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*Customs House Broker
and Shipper.*
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**Hard and Soft Coal,
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Everything in the line of
**Clothing and Gents'
Furnishings**
For Men and Boys.
Suits Made to Order at the lowest
prices.

J. R. GAUNT & SON
(Canada Co.) Limited.
315 Beaver Hall Hill,
Montreal.

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

“NUTS AND RATIONS.”

The M. O. must be having a busy time these days.

Many men muster every morning at Medical Office mumps, measles and malingers.

Spring came, she saw, but failed to conquer. She was overpowered and forced to retreat by King Winter, who determined not to make his exit until he had left an unfavorable impression of his ruthlessness..

Most of us are looking with longing eyes towards the new recreation hall and canteen, and the cry goes up, “How long, Oh Lord, how long?” But we are assured upon very good authority, that the day of completion is near at hand, and the opening ceremony will shortly take place amidst the fanfare of trumpets, and other brass instruments. A programme of unusual excellence is being prepared, and it is hoped every man in the Depôt will endeavor to be present to give the affair a successful send off.

Apropos of recreation, it is to be regretted that the majority of the members of the Committee in connection with the Whist Drives are absent upon duty in the City of Quebec, and the postponement of the opening night is unavoidable under the circumstance. We therefore look to the remaining members, to take the matter in hand and seek the power to act, so that the ball may be set rolling. These whist drives were such a success in the past that their future may be relied upon to equal, if not surpass, all that has gone before. The remaining members of the Committee are quite qualified and competent workers.

To judge from the variety of nationalities employed in the various messes, we are getting quite cosmopolitan in our tastes. We have a past master in the art of culinary preparation, from the ranks of our redoubtable and wirey allies the Japanese, who creates dainty confections for the consumption of the members of the Officers' Mess. The Sergeants have a larger variety of dishes to choose from, inasmuch as the mysterious and wierd concoctions of Spain and Siam can be intermingled with those of the nomadic tribes of Africa, as represented by a full blooded negro employed in their mess. The Men's Mess has on its staff cooks from all parts of the American Continent, assisted by a member of one of the lost tribes of Israel, who, if not proficient in the preparation of mulligan, is at least an authority upon the means employed to procure kosher.

The glad hand of the Engineers has been extended to the members of the various units now in our midst, and we would like them to realize that, as brothers in arms, there exists amongst us all, a sort of Freemasonry. We are all embarked upon the same cause, and are determined to stay to the finish; and if it is our fortune, as we are sure it is our desire and determination, we will bring this business to a successful termination before we quit.

PAT.

FROM QUEBEC, BY HECK.

(We opine that the following must be one of those inscrutable mysteries commonly known as an “Etude”. However, with Doc. Wilkinson on the job, the writer should be out of danger by now. Apart from that, the martial spirit of this “Etude” (?) stirs us tremendously.)

Some bums
Out of the slums
Of Quebec
By heck.

Started a row
We're here now
To keep them in check
By heck.

Engineers
The dears
Are right on deck
By heck.

C. O. R.'s
Machine Gunners
Here by the peck
By heck.

R. C. D's
Like busy bees
Completing the wreck
By heck.



The fine, rich flavor and lasting qualities of

“STAG”

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

It satisfies because the natural flavor of the tobacco is in it.

OF COURSE YOU'LL WANT WALKING-OUT BOOTS

— Slater's Best usually cost \$8.00, but we are satisfied to sell them for **\$7.00**
Some class to 'em, too! SHE will think so, also!

SURE-CURE - HOSPITAL Soft Shoes and Slippers
FOR OLD SHOES. To Wear in Barracks
Bring yours in, and we'll Good Trunks and Valises
fix 'em while you wait. Fine Shoe Polish and Paste

LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

144 Richelieu St., Below the bridge
Come in and say “Hello”. We are good folks, and think you are, too!

Now you can get
Philip Morris
Cigarettes
in the Canteen

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!”

Special Rate to Soldiers on Watch Repairing.

For Personal Use, or for Gifts, I have a splendid assortment of low and medium-priced articles

COME AND LOOK OVER MY STOCK. WE ARE FRIENDLY HERE.

E. MESSIER,

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(Next to Pinsonnault the photographer)

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