

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

Vol. 1. No. 5.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1917

5 Cents The Copy

“YOU’VE GOT TO BE A RUSTLER”, SAYS McINTYRE--SO HE’S A KING’S CORPORAL

MAC WANTED A REST MORE THAN HE WANTED THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE WHICH THE KING WAS ANXIOUS TO PIN ON HIS BREAST, SO HIS MAJESTY HAD TO WAIT UNTIL MAC DECIDED HE WAS RESTED ENOUGH TO TRAVEL TO WINDSOR. McINTYRE, A SPLENDID CANADIAN WHOSE HEIGHT AND STRENGTH WE ALL ENVY, DID GREAT WORK AT YPRES. BEING A KING’S CORPORAL, THEY CAN’T REDUCE MAC BELOW THAT GRADE WITHOUT THE KING’S CONSENT.

Upon meeting Sergeant Perley McIntyre one is at once impressed with his huge stature and frame upon which a service uniform refuses to hang properly in spite of the attempts of army tailors to apply their arts. When interviewing him with a view to obtaining information as to his career (and he has SOME record) one is struck by his delightful and elusive reticence.

What is written here represents hours of patient search and not what our burly sergeant has to say of himself.

Sergeant McIntyre gained distinction in the South African war, serving with the Strathcona Horse—and wears both the Queen’s and King’s medals for that conflict. It is not to be wondered at, then, that at the outbreak of the present war he was one of the first to offer his services.

He was out west, farming, when war broke out, and travelled east and enlisted as a Sapper in the First Field Company of Canadian Engineers, under our present Colonel.

Soon Promoted.

Proceeding overseas with this unit to Salisbury and thence to

France, he was soon singled out for promotion, being made a Lance Corporal the second day after landing. In this capacity he was put in charge of works of varying nature, one in particular being the construction of a trestle bridge over the Yser Canal during the second battle of Ypres. This was an urgent job and everything was in readiness to start work. The Hun however had located the materials placed near the site of the work and had spent his time shelling it—so that when McIntyre and his party arrived, after dusk, to start work they found all the material damaged and useless.

More material was soon assembled and the next night saw a good start made on the bridge. On the third night Sergeant (then Lance Corporal) McIntyre was wounded by a shell, compelling him to retire. The bridge, 114 feet long, was however soon completed afterwards.

Goes “Blighty”.

This wound necessitated his return to England where he stayed three months. Returning to France he was in charge of working parties putting in gun emplacements in front line trenches, and

other trench work. It was during the construction of a gun emplacement with heavy timber overhead that he received his second wound, a timber from above falling on him. Ten months in hospital were necessary to restore him to active life but could not fit him for further service in France.

He was therefore appointed Sergeant-Instructor in trench war-

the Cross of St. George, (a medal prized and valued in the Russian army to the same extent as the Victoria Cross in the British army) and when told that he had three days’ leave to go to London to receive the medal he said he’d rather have a rest than the decoration!

Gets Decorated.

While convalescing in a London hospital from his second wound he was sent for by the King. While pinning on the medal, at Windsor Castle, His Majesty remarked: “You are the man who would rather have a rest than leave France to be decorated.”

In addition to this honour he was created a King’s Corporal, a unique honour indeed—carrying with it certain privileges, one of which is that he can never be reduced below that grade and can never be in want.

Sergeant McIntyre speaks in highest praise of the treatment he received at the Duchess of Connaught’s Hospital at Taplow.

One cannot know McIntyre without feeling that the straight and narrow path is either too direct or too confined for him, and one is not surprised to know that he and a sergeant undertook to blow up a Hun listening post on their own authority. Proceeding into No-Man’s-Land they reconnoitred the object of their intentions, sized it up, returned for explosives, set to work, mined it, and blew it up.

Scares His Friends.

This unexpected happening caused—
(Continued on Page Nine)



SERGEANT PERLEY McINTYRE,
Cross of St. George, King’s
Corporal. Now Instructor
at E. T. D.

(Photo by Pinsonnault)

fare at the school at Seaford. From there he proceeded to Bexhill-on-Sea in the same capacity at the C.O.T. School and later to Shoreham: thence to Canada to take up similar duties at our depot.

For the excellent work on the bridge over the Yser Canal and general duties at the second battle of Ypres he was recommended for

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Whether "Knots and Lashings" is running opposition to Jack Canuck?

Whether the Sappers wearing Mary Pickford's initials on their arms escape the more arduous military duties by this sign of foppishness?

Who is the Sergeant Major who eats onions before every dance?

How many soldiers got cold feet from the draft?

What Ikey really found underneath his undershirt?

Who owns the belt which took the stick two days running last week?

Whether the reversion of a corporal to the rank of sapper could properly be referred to as "corporal punishment"?

Whether the fashion of wearing a piece of paper on one's bayonet at "guard turn-out" is likely to become popular this season?

Who ate Billy Bell's pie?

Why shouldn't we be permitted to bail a comrade out of "clink"?

Who was the driver who put \$3,000.00 in Victory Loan bonds?

The total amount subscribed by Officers, N.C.O.'s and men at the E. T. D.?

When the N.C.O.'s dinner parade was given the command "Right turn", whether the N.C.O.'s thought Brackett was kidding them—as they all turned to the left.

Who was the guy in No. I Section A. Coy. who went over to the Q. M. Stores after overshoes and received the boxes the overshoes came in?

FAMOUS MYTHS.

- 1. Atlantis.
- 2. Robinson Crusoe.
- 3. German World Domination.
- 4. The Overseas Draft.

THE CALL OF THE "SICK CORPORAL"

On regular days: "Anybody going sick this morning?"

On route march days: "Anybody NOT going sick this morning?"

; DRYZNA BACZNOSC !

(COMPANY, ATTENTION!)

In extending to our Polish comrades-in-arms a hearty welcome to St. Johns, between whom and ourselves we hope the happiest relations may continue, we express the sentiments of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the E. T. D.

The history of Central Europe is crowded with the thrilling and grand valour of the Pole; and today the clarion has awakened that wonderful nation to a new hope—a new Poland,—creating history of immeasurable importance.

After the German occupation of Poland, Pinsecki, an influential Pole, was ordered to create a Polish army to fight for the Hun. Pinsecki, in order to prevent undue persecution, started to raise this army, but when news filtered through Switzerland that a Polish army to fight in France, with the Allies, was being formed, he stopped work and disbanded his army.

Ignace Paderewski, the famous pianist, is the father of the movement, and as a result of his work, there are today 23,000 Poles in France, 5000 training in Niagara, and 1600 here in St. Johns.

These men have volunteered their services in the cause of repatriation; they are either unnaturalized Americans or naturalized Americans less than twenty-one or more than thirty-one years of age, the limits set by conscription in the U. S. A.

Paderewski has been appointed on a committee formed by Col. House for the purpose of suggesting terms of settlement at the close of the war; and his aim for Polish autonomy is to be strengthened by the creation of an army, the first essential of a nation.

Thirty-seven Polish officers accompany the St. Johns contingent, and some French officers (uniformed in sky-blue). Among these latter is Prince Poniatowski, a Polish nobleman, who has served in the ranks of the French Army from the beginning of the war to July last (when he was wounded) and now holds a lieutenant's commission in that army.

The Chaplain of the St. Johns contingent, J. L. Javorski, is also a French officer and a man of marked ability—and it is the intention of "Knots and Lashings" to get the Reverend Father to tell us more of his country and countrymen.

The roll of a Polish regiment would be a teaser for our N.C.O.'s to "call":—such names as Szezescny and Wezworki being of ordinary frequency. A Canadian officer attached to the battalion suggests that they write an ordinary name, then take some "zeds" and throw them in from a distance. The affix "ski" so frequently used, means "of"; or "from":—as the "De" in French, or "Mac" in Celtic.

Words of command are given in Polish. Quick march:—"W. Pochod". Halt:—"Stanac Stoj." Stand easy:—"Spoczniij." Right Wheel:—"Na Prawo Zachodz." Fall in:—"Zbiurka."

The padre says the language is phonetic. We take his word for it!

Major F. S. Keefer, C.E., Adjutant of the E. T. D., is detailed to take temporary charge of the Polish troops stationed at St. Johns.

PREVIOUS SERVICE N. G.

Rookie (about to go on his first guard):—"And now, Johnnie, if you aren't in by ten p.m., it's clink for you, and you, Bill, can have five minutes' grace."

Old hand (sarcastically):—"And what about me, 'Greenie'?"

Rookie:—"Hell! I won't even let you out."

HELL'S FURY BEATEN.

First Sapper (after handling a shovel in the muddy trenches for three hours, on a rainy day): "Do you agree with Sherman now?"

Second Sapper (ditto): "I do not. I think Hell has first-class grounds for a libel suit against Sherman for that remark of his!"

"Chandler"

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ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

NOTICE.

A meeting will be held in the Recreation Room on Monday at 5.30 p.m. for the purpose of forming a sports committee for winter sports.

NOW BOYS! GET YOUR LIVE WIRES ON THIS COMMITTEE!

One member to be appointed to represent Basket Ball, one for Volley Ball, one for Hockey, one for Other winter sports, a President and a Secretary.

By the time we go to press, the big sporting event of Friday will still be "prospective" so far as concerns us: therefore the "grand slam" proceedings are counted out of this week's "Knots and Lashings". We will, however, make up for this unfortunate state of affairs next week.

There is very little to record this week in the realm of sport, for which not even our snowstorms can be blamed.

As formerly, a good rink will be provided for the benefit of the skating devotees, and surely we can get representative teams from the principal recruiting centres to form a hockey league.

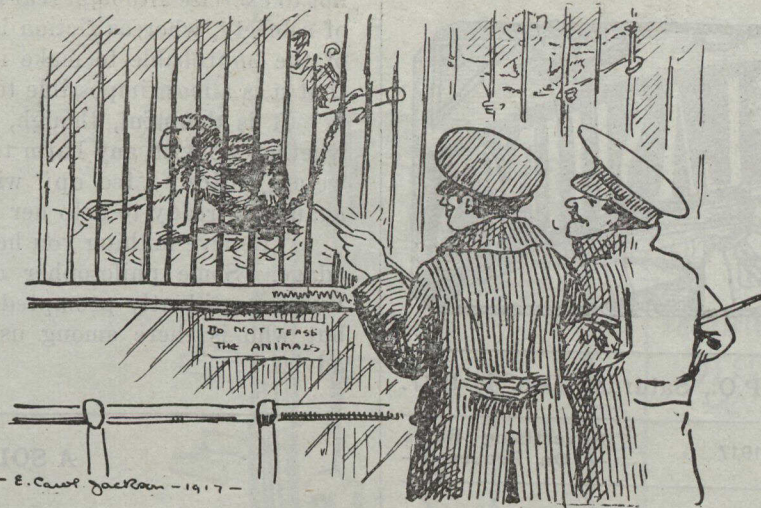
Who knows, but we may discover talent in barracks sufficiently good to make even our football record pale into insignificance.

We are assured by "the man higher up" that the old Fort will be available for Basket ball and Volley ball and with adequate lighting facilities there ought to be some good fun there. So do not get it into your heads that this looking ahead is all futile because of the rumors of drafts. It's time enough to cut out the games when there's nobody left to play them.

In our sins of omission this week we confess being still unable to supply any information regarding the doings of our Chess Club. They are a pretty conservative layout, believe me, and their proceedings are veiled in such secrecy as would make an Orange lodge look like a Union rally in Kitchener, Ont. We have discovered, however, that a beginners class is being formed and that at least one of the founders of the Club has been invited to take a course.

Lady:—"Yes, I washed my hair last night and I can't do a thing with it. Oh Dear! that clumsy Sapper stepped on my toe."

Sapper:—"I beg your pardon, but I washed my feet last night, and I just can't do a thing with them!"



1st Sapper:—"Say Bill what's that feller?"

2nd Sapper:—"Can't yer see he belongs to the Mounted Section?"

WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

British.

There is no change in the war front at Cambrai. We stormed their positions at Bourlon wood and made progress at Fontaine Notre Dame. London Scottish regiments take a spur of trench from which observation can be taken on Hindenburg line to the north and west. Since November 20th more than one hundred guns have been taken by us; calibres up to 8 inches.

Hostile artillery activity at Passchendaele. Germans massing troops at this point for another expected engagement.

With the British holding Bourlon, Cambrai is useless to the Germans.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Sapper George Finniston, who has just returned from an extended stay in Montreal where he has been dieting for his health, has taken up the profession of barbering, for which he shows exceptional talent. He begs to refer prospective clients to Jimmy Kelso.

Sapper Milloy reported, on his return from his recent leave, that he had been arrested in Toronto for not wearing his overcoat, but the general impression hereabouts is that it was for not wearing a gas mask.

WHAT IS YOUR ADDRESS?

To the Editor of "Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:— I have been subjected recently to a great deal of embarrassment, annoyance, and positive humiliation, as a result of several soldiers taking a careless statement of mine too literally.

It was on the Richelieu St. the

other evening. I was walking with my cousin Marjorie. She asked me what time it was. I glanced at my wrist watch, and replied: "It is a quarter past 8 by my watch, but I'm a little bit fast."

Some Sappers or Sergeants who were behind me chuckled in rather vulgar fashion, I thought.

It seems hardly necessary for me to say that, in making the remark, I had reference solely to the time-keeping propensities of my watch.

Respectfully yours,

Felicia Charming.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This Will Surely Cure.

Driver Foster, recently transferred from the sappers, would be very grateful to the editor if he would suggest a cure for snoring, as the cures his comrades have tried to date have caused him loss of sleep.

Dear Driver Foster:—

We have numerous remedies on hand without resorting to the radical cure by amputation. The best of these we believe is the "muffler" cure, as follows:—Purchase a 1921 model "Ford" car; when it's asleep, swipe the muffler, and apply it painlessly when retiring, care being taken to remove when rising for fear of fraudulent imitations. Note:—the muffler must be securely fastened as it is dear to the heart of the secondary scabiae. We offer this remedy from a sense of its comparative cheapness as against the usual soap cure, and as we are informed by certain professors of equitation that soap is positively prohibitive in any consideration in your section.

N.B.—The new K. R. and O. Section 9.000.505, Sub-section 157.008, page 3.000.001.

By Appointment



To H.M. King George V,

Gifts For Christmas.

GIFTS at Christmas are varied, and your time is much taken up in making selections for the numerous friends and relations, taking into consideration their likes and dislikes and many personal characteristics known to yourself.

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Advertising Rates
— On Request —

EDITOR: Lieut. Ray R. Knight.
 ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Sgt. C. A. Davidon
 Sgt. E. P. Lowman
 Sapper J. A. Macdonald
 Lance Cpl. S. C. Ellis
 Sapper A. McKay
 Lance Cpl. P. B. Mildon
 MANAGER: Sapper E. W. P. St. George

RUMOUR

If Dame Rumour had her imaginations realised there would be few, if any, men left in the barracks at St. Johns. She has drafted more men overseas from here (not to speak of other recruiting and battalion centres) than would go to make a whole division; she has done her best and no mistake!—and there are few of us but are ready to flirt with her again.

The ordinary individual is apparently quite contented to believe anything he hears that happens to synchronise with his desires, without questioning the origin of the information:—without pausing to consider whether or not the thing we hear is practicable, possible, or probable:—and without limit of capacity to absorb.

As to the origin of a rumour. It would need the adeptness of the expert detective and at times the services of a clairvoyant to penetrate the depth of mystery surrounding its origin or birth. Dame Rumour has devious ways of producing her child, and legion are the media through which she operates; and she must indeed be a proud mother when she sees the rapidity with which the infant, born in obscurity, gains publicity, grows with amazing strides and develops proportions beyond conception,—depending for the extent of its growth upon its own character and the temperament of the media.

She is prolific in conception and can produce divers characters of offspring. It matters little whether the child of her making is to breathe discord or joy in its meteoric existence; both characters thrive equally well if born at the right moment, and introduced to the right minds; and she is careful both in selection of her time and the media through which she intends to work. Her only question is one of degree, she must go the limit of distress or pessimism on the one hand, or the breaking point of happiness or optimism on the other.

It does not appear to disconcert the Dame that she fails to give her grownup children the last rites. Having given them birth and a good start in life, and put them on the road to prosperity with unerring surety of judgment, she assumes her duties are over, and the fact that they die a natural death at the height of a career seems to worry her not in the least.

Most of us have been long enough in barracks waiting the call "overseas" to be fit subjects for the Dame to operate on. She has only to whisper the word "draft" and her child is born. How quickly her child grows we all know, and how difficult it is to locate the originator of the rumour is apparent to anyone who has ever taken the pains to attempt to run him to earth. We seldom, if ever, question the origin of the rumour and it is doubtful if we ever crave the blood of the starter. We are just thirsty for the information the cunning old Dame has hatched up for us; we disseminate it:—our heart is content and excitement reigns supreme!

Differentiation between fact and fiction is something we trouble

not to exercise although real fact is often discernable by its usual cloak of sobriety, whereas fiction is usually garnished with sufficient spice of the improbable to make it palatable, and is so cleverly disguised that it is almost impossible to detect its falsity.

It is doubtful, though, in spite of our many disappointments, whether we wish any harm to the old Dame. We get to a state when we are entirely "fed up" with her hashings but we come back fresh again and ready to help her along with her work of advertising.

"Believe nothing you hear and only half that you see" is an old adage. Some philosopher of old, whose acquaintance with Dame Rumour evidently prompted this admonition, has well advised us:—but who is there among us that is willing and ready to take his advice?

A SOLDIER'S MOTTO.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
 Five things observe with care:—
 OF whom you speak, TO whom you speak
 OF HOW, and WHEN, and WHERE!

WE THANK YOU, SIR.

To the Editor of

"Knots and Lashings:—

I am asked by the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Drivers of the Mounted Section to inform you that, upon hearing that "Knots and Lashings" was not receiving the deserved support of the Depot, this Section will in the future take 1 copy per man—according to Total on Parade State;—these papers to be handed to C.S.M. Sims for distribution and collection:—and to inform you that the Section wishes the Editor every good wish for the future success of the paper.

C. G. MILNE,
 Major, C.E.,
 O.C. Mtd. Section.

A RAFFLE.

We understand, on good authority, that the sergeant cook pulled off a raffle for a \$50.00 Victory bond last week. Without going into the details of this affair we marvel at the coincidence which, we are informed, made him the winner. It appears that the party whose name was on the winning ticket was acting for the Sergeant, and has handed over his responsibility as arranged.

Now, we think those who entered this raffle should have insisted on a method of "drawing" that could have been free from any chance of manipulation. We don't say at once that the raffle was manipulated, but certain circumstances, and the coincidence as above mentioned, lead us to think that this raffle should be drawn again. We think that Sergeant Henson will see eye-to-eye with us, too.

SIX OFFICERS LEAVE.

"Knots and Lashings" wishes good luck to the following officers who have been transferred to the Railway Construction draft at Toronto:—

Lieutenants M. Meikle, E. J. Me-

Meekin, E. C. Keeley, E. C. Longmore, C. R. P. Trennery and E. P. Elliott.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to—
 Sergeant J. Murphy.
 Corporal B. B. Mildon.
 Corporal G. G. Gibson.
 Corporal J. R. Ashton.
 Lance Corp. G. Kitcher.
 Lance Corp. A. Fennie.
 Lance Corp. W. S. Read.
 Lance Corp. J. M. Pomeroy.
 Lance Corp. A. M. Webster.
 Lance Corp. W. B. Burton.

HORRORS, WHAT A FAUX PAS!

A sapper was in the officer's mess the other day, very smartly dressed, buttons and belt clean as could be, when the following conversation took place:—

Officer.—"Well, my man, how would you like to be my batman?"
 Sapper.—"Well, Sir, it is work that does not appeal to me, Sir."
 Officer.—"No? What did you do in civil life, anyway?"
 Sapper.—"I was assistant professor at Toronto University."

"B" Co'y says:—

WE ALSO BOW!

Well, here we are!—happy to meet you, one and all! We hope you will like our little song and dance, and that our maiden effort in the realm of literature will not prove disastrous to the many readers of "Knots and Lashings".

Rather, we hope this page will lend lustre to the already great name of this paper and go down in history as a famous document, unique and never to be repeated, if we are forgiven this time. There!—that is down and off our chest, so now we can proceed.

We are proud of having the distinction of having "tried out"—(yes, and often "tired out")—and helped to train more officers for overseas than any other company in the barracks. We know they will be a credit to their Company and training. The tragic part is that just when we begin to be proud of them and get into each other's stride, their worth is recognized and they are called overseas.

"Eh, why did they not take us with them"—is the sad wail of all B. Company. Our good wishes follow Mr. Sells and Mr. Kent, and now Mr. Stewart and Mr. Rutherford, who left us so suddenly.

Without exception they all loved B. Co.—(witness the extra drill they gave us with Rifles and Side-arms!)

They boasted to others that we were the "Pride of the Barracks":—then called us down for fair because we did not live up to the reputation.

They coaxed us by subtle praise (and extra fatigues) to keep our hair trimmed and our whiskers cut, our buttons polished and our leather bright! Good luck to them, one and all!

Who will take us in hand next? We hope he will not desert us but take us over with him. Rumor hath it there is to be a draft. Oh, ye Powers That Be!—may it be soon! is the earnest petition of B. Co.

OUR CREED

(We never kick!)

'Tain't no use to grumble here below.

It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice!

When God sorts out the weather, sending snow—

Then snow's 'B' Comp'nys choice.

—W. M. S.

"A" Company may boast of its triplets but "B" possesses the

first white kid born on the Piute Reservation, who has crossed the Raccoon trail over the Chilkoot summit, and has lived for days on the Mojave Desert without food or water.

Can you beat it?

PICKINGS FROM SECTION 3.

Thomas, our mining expert, is now making good as a carpenter.

That wily old veteran, Corp. Allsop thinks himself pretty spry for a young man of 43.

How did C.S.M. Evans get such a good stand-in with "Rags"? As a rule the Scotch and English do not mix too well.

Portwood has just had his palliasse refilled with clean straw—poor consolation for the loss of spring mattress and sheets.

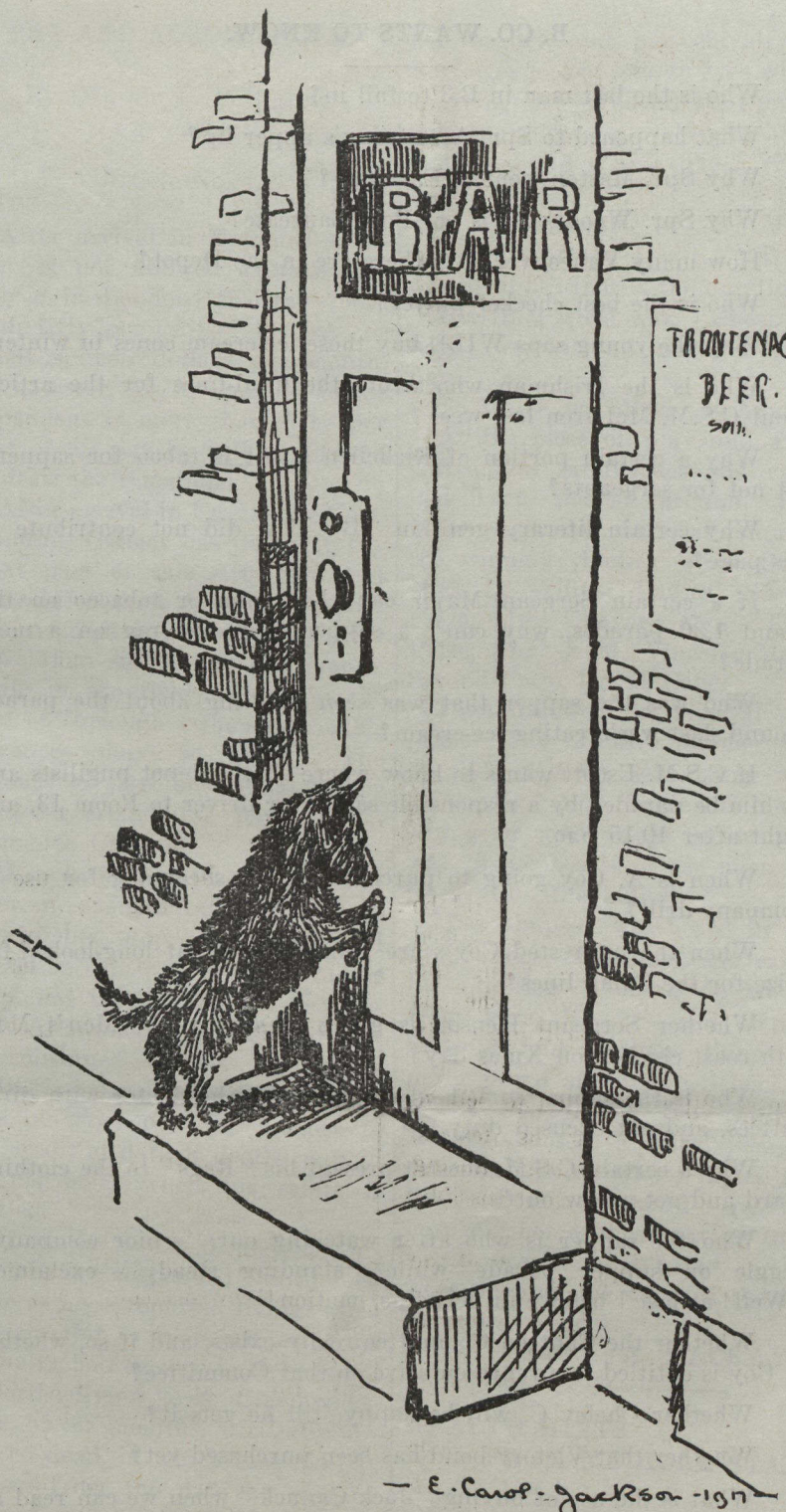
The enemies of Simpson, Walker and Wall will have had their revenge by now.

Reid and Barton have agreed on an armistice until after the war.

Armstrong saw some icicles hanging from Marx' moustache the other day. He says he is glad he got rid of his!

B. I. (room 13) is to go into mourning next Monday. We are informed our chief humorist is to be sent to Montreal for Physical jerks. Here's hoping he may make as much fun for them as he has for room 13.

A defaulter is a man who has made up his mind to be more careful "next time".



His Master's Voice.

"B. COMPANY"

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! Who are we? We are the boys of Company B. We're out for dope to fill this space And beat A Company's double pace.

If you watch us close you're sure to find,

Whatever the call we're not behind, With talents many, a varied band, We gladly respond on sea or land.

In the annals of sport we've left our name

And on the team that won the game

(At Montreal, where the Barracks went)

Five good players B. Company lent.

In the boxing bout is a B. Company boy,

Whose fighting fills our hearts with joy!

And others, too, who step in the ring,

To show all comers the blows they fling.

Oh, yes! We're the boys with plenty of grit,

And always ready to do our bit.

Whatever the task is, if men you're short,

Come to B. Company: they're your sort.

Boys who are willing: boys who are true:

(Boys who stick to their money like glue!)

Then they invest it to see the war through—

Mighty fine Company! what say you?

GOODBYE, MR. LONGMORE

B.3 suffers a real loss in the departure of Lieut. Longmore. Since the section was formed its members have had a genuine regard for, and sincere appreciation of, Mr. Longmore, his ability, and his treatment of the men.

As a slight token of their friendship, B.3 yesterday presented Mr. Longmore with a sterling silver cigarette case, appropriately engraved.

Lieut. Longmore goes with the draft of railroad men. "May we all meet in France."

HINTS, A LA CAMOUFLAGE.

An Engineer sometimes is called upon to conceal the Artillery from aerial observation, or, in other words, to erect camouflage.

Trees are much used for this

(Continued overleaf.)

purpose, and are easily obtained; indigenous trees are the best. But if the trees or bushes are cut down and utilized, they wither in a day or so, and are easily detected by a clever flyer; so transplanted trees should be used.

The following practical hints by a landscape gardener might be of use.

(1) Do not attempt to transplant a deciduous tree. (A deciduous tree is one that loses its leaves in winter.)

(2) If it is necessary to make use of dead branches, do not lay them flat, but stand them erect.

(3) An evergreen tree may be moved in summer, provided the roots are kept wet.

(4) Always cut back the tops to balance the roots that have been severed in digging up the tree.

(5) The best time to transplant is in winter, but keep the roots moist at all times.

One method of transplanting is to build a square box around the roots, lifting the soil bodily.

Another method is to lift the roots separately, knocking all the soil off, and wrapping them in canvas, keeping the canvas moist.

(6) The surface or feeding roots are the ones to save, as the deeper ones are mostly anchor roots. Therefore it is necessary to stay a transplanted tree with ropes.

(7) If possible, dig up the trees in winter, saving as much root as you can, and planting them immediately in boxes of suitable size, care being taken to keep them near water. In spring they can be placed where needed, burying the boxes so that it is a simple matter to move them when necessary.

(8) When moving small trees it is necessary only to wrap the ball of soil with canvas to hold the roots together, care being taken not to disturb the roots, or break the ball of soil. It should be noted, however, that this method can only be used in the transplanting of small trees, and that the sacking rots very quickly in the ground.

Sapper G. B. EDWARDS,
"B" Coy.

HOW CLOSELY CAN YOU ESTIMATE?

Assume you have a billiard ball the size of the earth, or 25,000 miles in circumference. Stretch a wire of the same length completely around it. Cut the wire and splice in 3 feet more, so that it will no longer fit snugly, and allow it to stand out the same distance all the way around. How far do you estimate it would stand out? All right! Now figure it out and see how closely you hit it.

B. CO. WANTS TO KNOW.

Who is the last man in B.3 to fall in?

What happened to Spr. Armstrong's upper lip?

Why Spr. Maston went to Farnham?

Why Spr. Woodhouse is not Poet Laureate?

How many Vancouver boys there are in the Depot?

Who is the best checker player?

Why the young saps WILL buy those ice-cream cones in winter?

Who is the Irishman who wrote the head-lines for the article about C.S.M. McLaren last week?

Why a certain portion of Richelieu street is taboo for sappers, but not for sergeants?

Why certain literary genii in "B" Coy. did not contribute to this page?

If a certain Sergeant-Major can chew gum or tobacco on the 8 and 1.30 parades, why can't a sapper chew the rag on a meal parade?

Who was the sapper that was seen strolling about the parade ground, last week, eating ice-cream?

If C.S.M. Escott wants to know where all the depot pugilists are, let him be paraded by a responsible sapper or driver to Room 13, any night after 10.15 p.m.

When is A. Coy going to purchase a good sheep-dog for use at Company drill?

When the interested Coy's are going to get that long-looked-for prize for the Camp lines?

Whether Sergeant Henson is going to supply the Men's Mess with roast chicken on Xmas day?

Who is the sapper in B.1 who paraded to the doctor with dirty puttees, and got excused duty.

Why a certain C.S.M. doesn't present his "Rags" to the clothing board and get a new outfit.

Who the sapper is who after watching our "senior company" wiggle on supper parade—while "standing steady"—exclaimed, "Well! at last I believe in perpetual motion!"

Whether the Canteen Committee really exists, and if so, whether B. Coy is entitled to a representative on that Committee?

Whether Cheley C. will be happy 'till he gets it?

Whether that Victory bond has been purchased yet?

What is the use of buying "Jack Canuck" when we can read all its jokes in A. Company's page.

Why "B.2" lost its favourite officer. (I Trow not, Ed.)

When is a knot not a knot? Is it when it is not?

Who is the sapper in A. Co. who took off his belt, coat and hat to shoot crap with only three cents in his jeans?

A sapper in B. Co. wants to know if Finnan Haddie is good diet for a boxer.

Why we can't have a pie-eating contest. There would be no trouble finding contestants.

Why we can't have a change of blankets or, failing that, will chains be provided to keep those we have from running away?

If Canada is so short of rubber that they cannot afford to provide a certain C.S.M. with overshoes?

Who was the section sergeant concerning whom there was a rumor that he had broken his arm last Saturday? And which arm was it?

Who is the sapper in B. Co. who on the command "Fix" walks like a Jew, then spits out his chew?

Who is the man that being called out to drill the section calls out "Holy Smoke, jump to it"?

Why a certain C.S.M. was so eager to get rid of a certain man that he lent him fifteen bucks to make his get-a-way?

Who is the engineer in B. Co. who used to run a soda-fountain and is looking forward to get away on the first draft?

Thufoscope

Next Sunday and Monday.



WOMANHOOD
The Glory of the Nation.

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DRUG STORE

MAIN STREET, Next to 5-10 15c Store

We do developing and printing
for amateur.

Developing—Film any size 10 cts.
Film Pack " 25 cts.
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3 1/4 x 5 1/2, 50c doz.

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Military Supplies

OF ALL KINDS.

Christmas Cards, Pennants,
Cushions, Toys, Magazines,
Military Brooches,
Stationery, Fountain Pens,
Searchlights, Hockey, Skates
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"French at a Glance" the best
book to learn to speak French.

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ON SALE SATURDAY NOON.

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Guaranteed Goods.

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CANDIES
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The value is in the candies.
The box is incidental.

New Transfer Service System. Our Agents or Stores will take orders for delivery to soldiers in distant camps. Write for particulars.

Our Breakfast Cocoa, like all our products, is unequalled for PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

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My stock of holiday goods is now complete.

Come in and pick out your
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

All goods absolutely guaranteed.

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Remember that I repair watches.

WHEN in need of drugs, chocolates, toilet articles or anything to keep you healthy, telephone

35

The Rexall Store

DR. GUY, St. Johns.

SEE

RALPH'S

136 Richelieu Street,

For Your

Khaki Outfit

Also

Civilian Clothes.

Windsor

Shooting

Gallery

OPPOSITE
WINDSOR HOTEL.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES.

By Captain L. Pettigrew.
(Paymaster).

Article No. 4.

After arrival in England a soldier is not allowed (unless employed in London) to draw more than fifty per cent of his pay, or about sixteen dollars per month. If, however, his assignment to his dependent is more than fifty per cent of his pay he will be allowed to draw the remainder.

After arrival in France the Commanding Officer has power to say what part of this fifty per cent the soldier shall receive, and as a rule no man is permitted to draw more than six dollars per month, while in the field, except in the case of furlough (when reasonable advances may be made). The balance of pay is retained to the soldier's credit, for payment on return to Canada.

If a man deserts, all pay and allowances, including allowance to dependents, stop. If he is killed in action, his pay and allowances stop, but the payment of Separation Allowance and Assigned Pay is continued to his dependents until first pension cheque is issued. His deferred pay (or balance to his credit at date of death) is paid to his heirs when his estate is settled.

If he is reported missing, his account is "suspended" until such time as he is reported living, when his account is reopened as if no casualty had occurred; if he is not reported living he is, after expiration of six months, officially declared dead, in which case his pay ceases from the date he was reported missing. His dependents, however, continue to receive Separation Allowance and Assigned Pay until first pension cheque is issued.

If a soldier is taken prisoner his pay and allowances continue to be credited to his account, except such small amounts as are issued to him through the Red Cross societies of neutral countries—averaging not more than ten shillings at a time. Assigned Pay and Separation Allowance are continued right along to his dependents.

If he is wounded or taken ill, he is sent into hospital and no change is made in his pay, and the seriousness of the case decides as to his further movements.

THE WHIST DRIVE WAS FINE.

On Thursday night, 22nd November, not Belgium's Capital but old St. Johns had gathered there;—

her beauty and her chivalry:—Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again:—And all went merry as a marriage bell:—When, hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

It was the voice of Maj. Milne telling us of the Draft. "To be or not to be: that is the question."

His final word was, "Cheer up, boys; we will all go over some day!"

To which we all say, "Amen". At the close of play and after coffee and sandwiches and cakes had been passed around, Rev. Moore took the chair, announcing the winners: Ladies' First Prize, Miss L. White; Ladies' Second Prize, Mrs. Thayer; Men's First Prize, Spr. J. M. Whosit; Men's Second Prize, Dr. McCabe.

Then followed the musical program. The opening number was by Mrs. Emery, who sang very pleasingly. Spr. Butler followed, with some comic songs and won his way to the hearts of the men, not to mention the ladies.

Miss Simpson was heard in two sweet songs, Mrs. Portwood raised the question "Where do we go from here, boys?"—and Sapper Streeter told us some things we never heard at Sunday School.

The singing of the National Anthem closed a very pleasant evening. Those whose ladies fair lived close at hand travelled leisurely home, those having to go a distance doubled home and all were sleeping the sleep of the just by eleven o'clock.

A. MACKAY.

HEALTH HINTS FROM MEDICAL STAFF

Safety First!

Mortality from alcohol is 100 per cent greater than from Black Draught.

Get a little antiseptic dressing on that little scratch. Much less annoyance all around than blood poisoning.

Come and see us in our new quarters—always time to take on one more!

Your "unreliable" source, referred to in a previous issue, apparently confuses us with another branch of service—warn him (or them) that Casualty Ward is already filled!

Clean feet are more healthy than any other feet—including cold feet.

During Route Marches, P.T. and

B.F. exercises, etc., you are liable to collect—in addition to vim and efficiency—a little grime. The shower baths will help you retain the VIM.

If the above is not sufficient, consult McLean—a military bath furnished free!

CORRESPONDENCE.

—And Send It QUICKLY.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I am knitting a sweater for a sapper. Can he wear it in public if I embroider a cute little heart under the left sleeve? He says not.

Yours,

Anxious Annabel.

Dear Anxious Annabel:—

Send along the sweater, addressed to me. (Never mind the embroidery.) Nights are long and cold.

Yours truly,

Editor.

The

H. FORTIER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

67 St. Paul Street, East,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

**Wholesale
Tobacconists.**

Canteen
Requirements
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Best Accomodations.

Remember that

O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY

is the place to buy your

**Christmas
Gifts.**

**The big store—everything
you can wish.**

Richelieu and St. James Streets'
City of St. Johns.

ORGAN RECITAL.

A large and appreciative audience assembled in St. James' Church on Monday evening, 27th ulto., to hear a recital by Spr. Dixon, A.R.C.O., assisted by a quartette and by Spr. Harris, violin, and Spr. Sampson, baritone.

The programme was of considerable length, and we feel sure would have been much more sympathetically treated by the organist had not the lateness of the hour of commencement been the cause of a tendency to "rush".

It was wearing on towards nine o'clock when the first item commenced, and no doubt the organist was prompted by a spirit of comradeship when he "prepared to rock and heave" and get his programme through "en bloc" and yet keep the majority of his hearers free of the orderly room on an absent without leave charge. As it was, not a few of us took a chance on the 10 o.c. standing order and had no cause for regret thereby, as the latter part of the programme was by far the more enjoyable.

The programme was as follows:

- Processional Hymn, Laudate Dominum. (No. 586.)
- I. Organ Solo: Overture to "Raymond", A. Thomas.
- II. Quartet: "Great is the Lord".
- III. Organ Solo: "Cantilene Pastorale", Guilmanete.
- IV. Violin Solo: "Death of Ases", Grieg.—Sapper Harris, C.E.
- V. Organ Solo: Concert Overture in C major, Alfred Hollius.
- VI. Quartet: "I heard the voice of Jesus say".
- VII. Organ Solo: "Barcarole" from the Fourth Concerto, W. S. Bennett.
- VIII. Solo: "The Lost Chord", Sullivan.—Sapper Sampson, C.E.
- Offertory Hymn. No. 477.
- IX. Organ Solos: 1. The Answer; 2. Fantaisie Rustique; 3. Cantilene, Wolstenholme.
- X. Quartet: "Jesus Lover of my Soul".
- XI. Organ Solo: Overture to "William Tell", Rossini (by request.)
- Recessional Hymn. "Fight the good fight." (No. 457.)
- Quartet: Miss Sylvia Longtin, Mrs. Taylor, Spr. Smith, C.E., and Cprl. Olver, C.E.
- God Save the King.

Lesson IV:—THE SAPPER.

Before being captured the Sapper was gentle and inoffensive, frequenting hotel dining-rooms and other places where his kind assembled, without attracting undue notice;—but once in captivity the Sapper developed many alarming traits, among which are chiefly a voracious appetite and a ferocious temper.

Sappers, when by themselves, act in a friendly and playful manner but, if brow-beaten or teased, have been known to retaliate with blows from their great forearms, which some of them wield with amazing force. These they also use in feed-

ing from their troughs, making at the same time with their enormous jaws a noise like the rumbling of thunder.

The keepers of these dangerous beings are all well armed and provided with every appliance known to science for subduing brute force. A keeper here and there has tried kindness in dealing with the Sapper, but it is generally believed that a loud, harsh voice, combined with an "I'll put you in the Klink" expression, is more effective.

Some of the more docile of the Sappers have become partly tamed and those the keepers approach without fear, even allowing them to lick their hands and follow them about. A Sapper's leg is like that of the Ostrich, very powerful, and he uses this natural weapon of defense on the slightest provocation, so that persons who, out of curiosity, visit the dens of the Sapper are hereby warned against making facetious remarks or throwing peanuts, as many of the Sappers possess a certain amount of intelligence and may become enraged at this.

Sappers become quite tractable when trained by members of the Fair Sex, as in their former state they went in pairs, many of them raising numerous offspring. Some of them now exhibit polygamous instincts, and ladies would, perhaps, be safer with the ones the keepers have thrown and branded.

—INSTRUCTOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

He Begs Off!

The Editor
"Knots and Lashings".
Respected Sir:—

I knote in page 4 of your last edition that you have my portrate illustrating a song called "Home, Sweet Home".

I wish to draw your attention to the fact that I was not there, at the time, as I have been at the Pickle factory (not the W— Hotel) and have got past the guard every knight. I only mention this in all fairness to myself as your paper has a big circulation and might get me in wrong.

Yours truly,
R. W. C. B.

"EAST, WEST, HAME'S
BEST!"

Engineers at the Depot are drawn from nearly every corner of North America. That they still retain a somewhat strong prejudice in favor of their native haunts is well illustrated by the following conversation recently overheard in the Recreation Room:—

Sapper 2009999 (late of Alberta):—"Now, in my section of the country, it is often fifty degrees below zero, but, bless you, it's a dry cold and we never feel it."

Lance-Corp. 2008888 (late of Los Angeles):—"Down in Los Ann it is usually about 125 in the shade. But then it is a dry heat and you are never sensible to it."

Sergeant 2007777 (lately a logger in B.C.):—"In B. C. we stake upon 312-314 rainy days in the year. But then it is a dry rain; it don't wet you!"

SQUIBS FROM D. COY.

Sapper Sigsworth on guard on No. 1 Post:—he runs up to the guard house window, taps, and asks in shrill voice: "Eye there! Do I b—y well 'ave to salute all these b—y wagons coming in?"

Sapper MacKay has been transferred to the Mounted Section and D. Coy. is patiently waiting to see what kind of a horse they evolve to fit him. A giraffe has been suggested instead.

D.1 Sapper at first shooting practice, Friday afternoon:—"Mr. Knight, sure is it true that the harder I pull the trigger the faster the bullet will go?"

Sapper Brunton is looking for the man who woke him up at 9.30 p.m., after he had been asleep half an

hour, telling him it was 5.30 a.m. and time to get up to go on Men's Mess. Brunton did not find out the right time till he got all dressed and started for the Mess Hall.

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."

ADAM'S
CHEWING GUM

Black Jack
CHICLETS
Spearmint.

5c. Per Package 5c.

For Sale at Canteen and Everywhere

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

SAFETY FIRST.

Insure with us in an old line British
Company.

Agents--Lackawanna Coal.

King's Corporal McIntyre

(Continued from Page One)

ed great alarm in their own lines and a near panic ensued, the men thinking the Germans had blown a mine and were about to attack. Surprise was manifest, when daylight came, to find that the listening post had disappeared. For this exploit the two just escaped punishment.

Illustrating an almost contradictory trait in his character, he tells of his journey in company with the same sergeant, on a mission concerning temperance advocacy (this is where the contradiction arises!) to a village nearby, using a motor-cycle for transportation for both. A shell exploded beneath them, blowing the bike to pieces and the two of them into an adjoining field without hurting either! After shaking themselves and finding out they were unhurt they made up their minds to return with their mission unfulfilled. They "hiked" back, therefore, to the bridge they were supposed to be guarding, without further mishap!

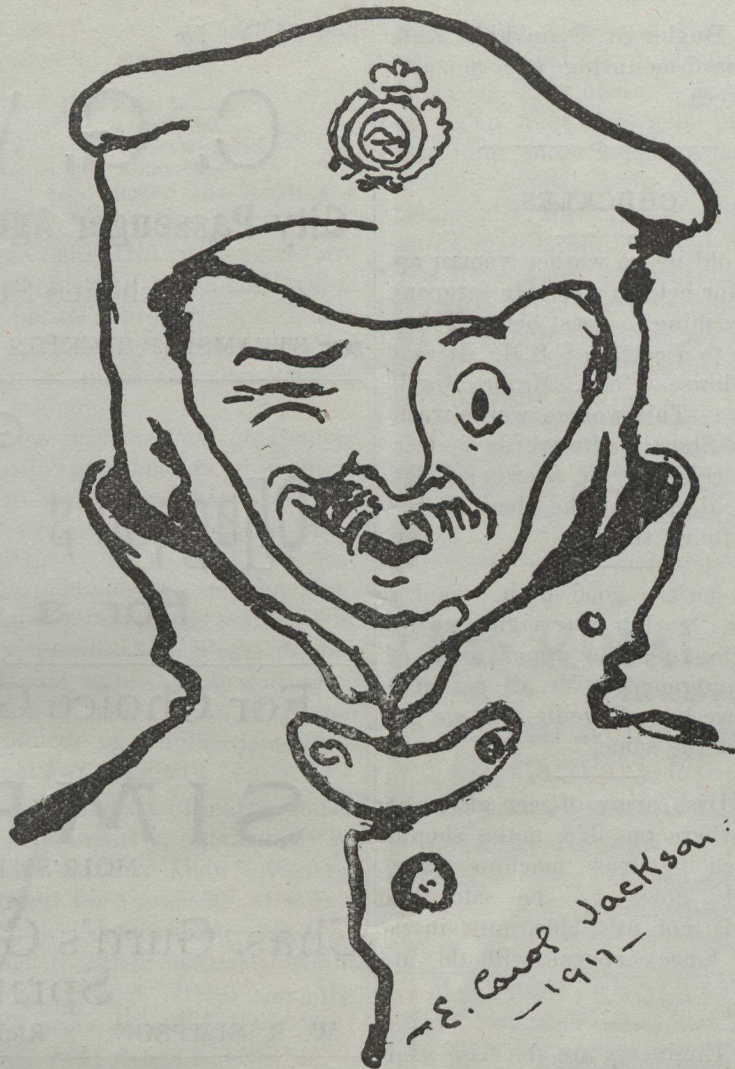
Sergeant McIntyre is a man who would strike you as being fearless to a degree, one whose regard for danger would be small, indeed. He says himself that his chief fear was not of the Hun or his shells, but of himself as to whether he would do the right thing at the right moment. At the building of the bridge before mentioned he was carrying a piece of timber, when a shell struck it and blew it to pieces. McIntyre without any apparent concern merely went and procured another piece of timber.

Strange as it may seem to those who claim to know him, Sergeant McIntyre boasts that he is a strong temperance advocate, his support of the cause being a particular hobby with him.

"Be a Rustler".

To be a successful sapper at the front he says "You've got to be a rustler." Materials are often scarce and it is necessary to get around and find them. You must get results somehow and in reasonable time and the man who gets his work done without excuses as to lack of material is the one who gets results and that is, as our Colonel says, what is wanted.

Sergeant McIntyre was born in Carlton County, New Brunswick, in 1876—and carries his forty-one years more easily than most men, in spite of war's attempts to put him out of the running. He has spent twenty-seven years in the



Songs We Know (No. 4):—Where did you get that Hat?

West, ranching and farming, part of this time as foreman on bridge-work for the C. P. Railway.

His burly frame and ruggedness promise him what "Knots and Lashings" wishes, a prosperous future and long life.

—R. R. K.

DRAUGHTY DRAFTS.

(Scene:—Barrack Room. Time, November; 8.30 a.m.)

First day. Enter S.M. "S-s-s-h, boys!" (with radiant smiles, index finger wig-wagging)—"This is 'honest to God's' truth, boys, quite authentic! There's a draft due to leave before Xmas!!!!"

Chorus:—"Am I on???"

Answer:—"Fall in, boys, rifles and side arms."

Next day. Enter S.M. "S-s-s-h, S-s-s-h!" (index finger wig-wag-

ging, never stops)—"More news about the draft, boys! This is no 'bull'. Three drafts are going!!!!!"

Chorus:—"Which one am I on???"

Answer:—"Fall in, for 'Knots and Lashings'."

Next day. From another source, DRAFTS CANCELLED.

WARNING:—Anyone mentioning "drafts" in a certain barrack-room now will catch more than a cold.

Spr. W. R. C.

WAR NEWS.

Italy. Heavy fighting has shifted from Piave River to the Asiago Plateau. Germans sent dense masses of infantry against our lines at Bretina without gaining any foothold. The struggle was fierce

LOUIS McNULTY, Regd.

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BOOTS & SHOES WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Special price for Slater's best military boots, **7.00** regular \$8.00 value, on sale at

Sure Cure Hospital for Old Shoes attached to store. Shoes repaired while you wait.

and lasted a whole day, the attack being suddenly stopped at evening. Both sides suffered heavy losses. Unless Germany has a trump card up her sleeve she has lost the race in Italy. British and French reinforcements are now present in sufficient numbers to stiffen the Italian line.

Theatre Royal

Great Show Every night
Matinee, Sunday only.

Saturday and Sunday;—The Bluebird Films presents something very extra: Carmel Mayers in "The Last of Passion", with Kenneth Harlan and Gertrude Aster. The usual comics.

Next week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday;—an eight reel film, Billie Burke in "Peggy".

Thursday and Friday;—A Bluebird film featuring Ruth Clifford and Munro Salesbury in "The Savage".

Usual prices.

I. HEVEY

Merchant Tailor & Haberdasher,

105-107 Richelieu Street.

—Specialties—

Khaki Shirts, Ties and Handkerchiefs
"Fox" Spiral Puttees,
Half Hose and Gloves.

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Photo supplies, printing and developing for amateurs.

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J. R. GAUNT & SON

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315 Beaver Hall Hill,
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Military Equipments:—

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

ENGINEERS!!! SHUN!!!

The Annual Xmas Sale and Concert by the Ladies' Guild of St. James Church will be held in the Baldwyn Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening, December 1st. Sale commences at 4 p.m., SHARP. Concert at 7.45 p.m.

We are told that the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Sappers of the Depot are especially and cordially invited to attend;—particularly for the afternoon tea. One lady was heard to say that we could have all we can eat for 15c, but we should imagine that lady could never have been "present and correct" in the Men's Dining Hall when the Orderly Officer says "Carry on!"

At the Sale there will be all kinds of useful articles which we can buy for our own or the other fellow's wife or sweet-heart. There will also be candy and cake for sale (just like Mother used to make before Father left home).

The concert in the evening will introduce some features entirely new to St. Johns. Admission only 15c.

Don't forget the date, Boys!!! Today, December 1st. The first Saturday after Pay Day. A good time guaranteed.

Support the ladies every time.

WAILS FROM VANCOUVER.

We came to St. Johns from Vancouver. Our little grey home in the West: And believe me, boys, if you ask us, We'll say that Vancouver is best.

We joined up to fight for Freedom, Not to come to St. Johns to freeze:— And the question the boys are all asking Is: "when do we go overseas?"

We know very well we need training, And physical jerks and all such:— But why don't they send us to some dry place

Where it doesn't snow quite so much? We're learning to jump like the dickens,

"Heels raise" and "bend at the knees". But, believe me, to death we'd be tickled

To pull off those stunts OVERSEAS!

Don't think that we came here to grumble,

Or even to tell of our woes, For we'll "double" like H— when they tell us,

Or stand for a week on our toes: We didn't join up for a picnic,

Nor to stay around this place to freeze, But all of us joined for the love that we have

For our own Motherland, overseas.

—SPR. COE, Base Coy.

REWARD offered for information regarding the whereabouts of certain notes of the Guard Call

which Bugler St. Dennis lost while on guard-mounting one morning last week.

CHUCKLES.

An old negro washer-woman applied for help to a certain sergeant, who, wishing to assist her, gave her a note to a certain C.S.M. It read as follows:—"Sgt. Major Blank, J. Coy:—This woman wants washing." Shortly afterwards the sergeant received an answer: "Sgt. X:—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."

"It isn't a good plan," said a sapper, "to let your righteous indignation get the upper hand of your judgment. We all get mad when we hear Reveille, but we get up just the same."

An Irish army officer gave out that, where possible, mules should be used to draw machine guns. "When, however," he said, "a mule is not available, any intelligent lance-corporal will do instead."

The Engineers are the wise men of the army. They teach the ignorant Infantry how to carry sand bags, barbed wire, bath mats, etc., and how to work intricate machinery such as picks and shovels.

WHERE WAS HIS ?

Two young men went into a shop, each to buy a new hat. Scenting fun, the man behind the counter waxed jocular. "Are you both married?" he inquired. "Yes," they replied. "Then I will give a hat to the one who can truthfully say he has not kissed any woman but his own wife since he was married." "Hand over the hat," said one of the party; "I was married yesterday." The other was spinning the story to his wife when he arrived home, and she said, "But, John, how was it you did not bring one?"

MERCY!

"Gee, some excitement down town!" remarked the sapper.

"What's the matter?" ask the lance-corporal.

"The authorities won't let them bury a woman," replies sapper.

"What was the reason for refusing?" asks lance-corporal.

"She wasn't dead," replied the sapper as he strolled away leaving the lance-corporal studying his Coy. Drill.

Phone Office 55.

Phone House 71

C. G. Wilkinson,
City Passenger Agent G. T. Railway System,

Richelieu Street, St. Johns, P.Q.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS TO ALL POINTS.

GO TO
Chagnon's New Restaurant
For a Good Meal.

For Choice Groceries and Fruit

—GO TO—

SIMPSON'S

MOIR'S BEST CHOCOLATES

AGENT FOR

Chas. Gurd's Goods, and Laurentian Spring Water.

W. R. SIMPSON, Richelieu Street, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

The
Merchants Bank of Canada.

Established 1864.

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

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

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

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Paid-up Capital, . . . \$15,000,000
Reserve Fund . . . \$13,500,000

A supply of British notes on hand, which will be found of great convenience for those going overseas. Denominations £1, 10s. Rate \$4.90 per £.

Travellers' Cheques issued, which will be found a most convenient way of carrying money when travelling. Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders for remittances to Europe.

THE BEST

ICE CREAM IN CANADA

IS SUPPLIED TO THE CANTEEN BY

THE MONTREAL DAIRY CO. LIMITED.

WINDSOR HOTEL

A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

Make this Hotel Your Headquarters while in St. Johns.

Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs

Excellent Cuisine

Rates Moderate

Spacious Dining Rooms

J. A. BOULAIS

(Next to Post Office)

MAGAZINES — NEWSPAPERS — CIGARS — FRUIT — CONFECTIONERY — ICE CREAM.

SHOES AND SHIPS

AND SEALING WAX

We have talked things over and have come to the conclusion that somebody must be putting something in the food! Either that or we have discovered a new epidemic which, from a point of view of rapidity of spread, has got the existing malady backed off the boards. We refer to Poetitis!

The first "case" discovered this week is an unassuming sapper who signs himself S. W. K., and we leave you to judge as to whether or not you think he's got 'em, and got 'em pretty had! His effort runs trippingly thus:—

"In "D" Coy there's a corp named Stalker,
To argue he's a regular corker,
As regards B.2 he's—jolly—well through!
And we wish to goodness he'd be a walker."

His little eulogy loses a great deal of its original charm by being shorn of a couple of good round oaths and we apologise to him for having handled his meritorious contribution somewhat roughly. We only hope he may escape similar treatment.

Anonymously, but with every indication of good faith, another

brave lad cleared his decks and broadsided us with:—

"There's a fellow in B.2,
He ain't at all a bad guy.—
But when he gets whiskey,
It makes him a bit tipsy,
And he calls himself the tough guy from Chi."

These delightful little verses are typical of some dozen-odd which have passed through our hands these last few days, presumably intended for publication in "Knots and Lashings".

Let me implore you, gentlemen, even in your moments of inspiration to remember that this 'ere paper we're runnin' aint no Bingville Bugle. We would be the last of all to discourage anyone from writing to us upon any subject and to any length,—but please do not forget that unless your writing is in more or less a state of rhyme the chances of publication equal the unknown quantity.

A large quantity of matter comes to us anonymously, particularly of the "We want to know" variety. This thirst for knowledge of course is highly commendable, and if diverted to other channels would have a marked effect on the Depot's state of efficiency.

While we welcome this as a pleasant change from our summer howl, "We want to go", we would

again make a request that such matter intended for publication be accompanied by name—which does not mean that we will publish everything under signature, as our inclinations are all the other way. Incidentally, the value of this suggestion may be appreciated one of these days soon—by some of you shrinking violets who expect us to pass for publication matter which any self respecting linotype would just naturally quit on.

Townfolks can secure "Knots and Lashings" at the uptodate store of H. Bernard & Son, Richelieu St.,—every Saturday noon. Leave your order early.

WE QUITE AGREE.

Pessimistic Sapper (on the return from the famous 17-mile hike through the mud:—"I understand now what that item in the paper meant when it said that this was to be a war of exhaustion."

WHO'S BILLY BELL?

What is the difference between Billy Bell and a returned soldier? The returned soldier has been in lots of tight places, and Billy has been tight in lots of places! (Chicago papers please copy.)

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“NUTS AND RATIONS.”

Never judge a fellow by what other people say about him.

As witness some of the definitions of “What is a Sapper” in last week’s issue.

Too bad our Depot football team did not start playing matches away, earlier in the year. See what we have missed in the way of week-end visits to other Cities.

If a rumour you should hear,
 Pass it on!
 Let it go from ear to ear,
 Pass it on!
 Say we’ll all be overseas
 Before the Richelieu will freeze.
 Sappers, Corporals, Sergeants,—PLEASE
 Pass it on!

A certain Sapper went into a poker game the other day with the object of getting something for nothing, and bye and bye he went back to his bunk having acquired nothing for something. Which proves that the majority still rules!

We met a friend on the street the other day and asked him how he was. He gave us this tongue-twister in reply:—“Today I am well, and when I am well I am not generally unwell, but when I am unwell, I am not quite so well as I am when I am very well. Whether it’s the weather, or whether it’s not the weather, or whether it’s not owing to the weather at all, I can’t exactly say whether it’s the weather, or whether it’s not the weather at all.”

If the German retreat continues as it has gone during the last few days, we hope our French professors will switch off teaching us French, and give us a few lessons that would be useful when we reach Berlin.

The food administrator of the U.S.A. recently reported a shortage of salt in America. But our own Food Controller says there is an abundance of that commodity in Canada. Thank heaven for that! We will need plenty of salt from time to time to use with the stories sent over by the “Sammies”.

Speaking of food control:—we noticed an article in the newspaper the other day asking the people to “buy food with thought and cook it with care.” We sent the cutting home for the benefit of the wife. Soon after we received a letter from our better half in which the following extract appeared:—

“I took a thought to the Grocer yesterday and he refused to let me have so much as a Lima bean on it. And when I ordered a ton of care from the coal merchant, he said he had plenty but could not send me any, much as he would like to. I think this food conservation is all nonsense, don’t you?”

A good dinner has about the same effect on a man that a good cry has upon a woman.

—PAT.

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