

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, AUGUST 10, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

## “MOVIES” at the E. T. D.

### SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR MOVING PICTURES.

By Sergt. H. Davis.

The kinematograph or moving picture is as familiar to the average person as the automobile but the probability is the average person has more knowledge of the inside of a ‘bonnet’ than he has of the mysteries of the ‘movie’ machine.

In this article it is not intended to go into any details but just to give a brief outline of the workings of the film runner.

It is usual in an article of this kind to give the historical end a fair show by way of introduction, a sort of ‘pardon me’ and er er of the practised orator. We will just do our little stunt by saying that the moving picture was invented by the Chinese about two thousand years ago. That’s an ‘ell of a long while, but you’ve got to believe it or it’s no use reading this article. The Chinese called it the Wheel of Life, the apparatus was simple in conception but the effect produced was practically the same as we get today. We were present at one of their shows and paid our honest ‘nickel’, so we know of what we write. A round hollow box with a handle attached underneath formed the wheel; vertical slots were cut all around the box at regular intervals, and

inside the box was placed a strip of pictures, each picture coming over over an opening. A slight difference in the pictures together with a quick rotation of the box, held so that the slots came level with the eyes gave the moving effect. Just a one man show but fairly smart you will admit.

Today, with the aid of machinery and electric light we get a production of moving pictures along the same lines but so that many can enjoy the result. The machine of today is a wonder of mechanical perfection and defies description in an article of this type, but a few remarks as to the pictures themselves might be worth while.

After years of careful experimenting it is made possible to produce a long strip of celluloid film on which the picture is photographed in the negative and the positive for projection on to the screen is developed from this. By means of a shutter a series of separate pictures are taken showing every movement. This negative film is then placed inside another machine and the positive film produced by exposure to light in the same manner as printing ordinary photos. Great care is taken to keep everything scrupulously clean during the process of development, the slightest dust giving rise to spotted pictures on account of the highly magnified projection on to the screen, a speck of dust being reproduced to the size of a piece of



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

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St. Johns, Que.

coal, if you understand what that  
means.

The various parts of the positive  
film are sorted and the film cut  
and joined up according to the  
story. Titles and sub-titles are  
placed in their proper places and  
when the film is examined it is  
ready for the theatre, provided the  
Board of Censors gives its graceful  
sanction.

Films generally come to the  
operator in reels of about one  
thousand feet and there are usually  
about five or six reels to a feature  
and some are longer than that.  
Comedies usually come in single  
or double reels.

On each edge of the film are  
small holes at regular intervals  
called sprocket holes, these engage  
on sprockets with projections in  
the machine which revolve and  
take the film through. One of the  
sprockets works intermittently and  
pulls the picture in front of the  
aperture at a speed controlled by  
the operator. The rate of pro-  
jection is about sixteen per second  
or at a speed faster than the eye  
can detect, so that the result is a  
'moving picture' and in order to  
cut off the light between each  
picture a revolving shutter is intro-  
duced in front of the lens.

A single reel of a thousand feet  
takes about fifteen minutes to run  
through and there are about two  
thousand pictures to every seventy  
five feet of film. The film is highly  
inflammable and requires very  
careful handling, a poor machine  
will soon destroy a valuable film.  
The sprocket holes are easily  
broken and cannot be repaired and  
a film in bad condition in this  
respect is likely to cause the  
operator a great deal of trouble,  
and the 'one minute please' S.O.S.  
is projected. 'Reel trouble' is real  
trouble to the operator and when  
he hears the stamping of feet and  
other marks of disapproval of his  
audience he realises his audience  
doesn't know what he's up against.

The film is threaded through the  
machine as the thread is in the  
sewing machine and a badly  
damaged film will cause as much  
trouble as poor cotton in the other  
case.

Sometimes it will be noticed that  
flashes of light cross from top to  
bottom of titles and parts of  
pictures. This is caused by the  
revolving shutter being 'out of step  
as it were. When one sees parts  
of two pictures the fault is an im-  
proper repair to the film, a  
framing device however can be  
operated to correct this.

The moving picture projector at  
the Depot is a Powers No. 6 B. and  
is of the very latest type with  
'take up' for rewinding the films.

It is motor driven and practically  
safe. To those who are interested  
come up and take a look around  
and the mysteries will be explained  
and laid bare.

**DR. BELAND**

Canada's Greeting Upon His Re-  
turn From a German Prison.

(J. W. Bengough in Canadian  
Home Journal.)

(Note.—It is distinctly against  
the principles of "Knots and  
Lashings" to clip from, or copy,  
other publications,—our aim is  
original material from the boys of  
the Depot; however, we are proud  
to honor the brave Doctor Beland  
by the publication of the following  
beautiful lines from the pen of  
Canada's great Cartoonist.)

Little Bateese, go on de garden now,  
And pick de flower pure w'ite  
and bring to me,

Dat's for put on de botton-'ole for  
show

Docteur Beland is 'ome from  
'cross de sea.

Pick de w'ite flower, dat's match  
de soul of 'im

In all de year 'e suffer grief and  
pain,

Weeping de bitter tear till eye is  
dim

For bride dat's die, 'e will not  
see again.

W'ite flower—dat's like de love de  
docteur show

De poor Belgique w'en she is  
trample down;

Not try for run away from dere,  
'Oh, no!

But lak de hero, stay for face de  
Hun.

W'ite flower—dat's tell de story  
how he look

W'en he is prisoner of de brute  
de Bosche,

Lak' rose dat's 'mong de ogly blis-  
ters took—

I go and fight dose devil too, ba  
gosh!

I lak' for strangle such beast on de  
t'roat

Dat's murder pauvre mere and  
little child.

And drown de babies w'en dey'll  
sink de boat;

Give me de gun, Bateese, my  
blood is wild!

Ah! I'm old man—pas' age for  
armee now,

But young Canayan habitant  
he'll go;

De beeg young feller strong as ox  
or cow,

He's got de stuff, by gar, let  
German know!

De w'ite flower on my botton-'ole,  
dat's prayer

De bon Dieu bless you always,  
chere Beland,

And w'en Quebec boy 'e get over  
dere

'E'll settle wit' dose Bosche, you  
understand!

**Saturday Special Bargains**

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CANTEEN JEWELLER, 83 RICHELIEU.

(Next to Pinsonnault the photographer)

### HOLD-ER-UP.

Perfect peace reigned supreme within the City of St. Johns, the sun in its setting glory cast elongated shadows across the fields and thoroughfares; and looking west one beheld the lofty edifices silhouetted against a vari-coloured sky.

The populace, suffering from the heat of the day, had variously disposed itself to cooler haunts and a chosen few lingered in the cooling breezes that were periodically wafted over the great Richelieu River to the St. John's Yacht Club, when suddenly a warning blast disturbed the peaceful quiet.

All eyes were turned up the river in the direction from whence the sound came, great consternation and confusion of knitting needles and briar pipes, according to the weakness displayed by the sexes present was evident. Even the guinea fowl at the Hotel de Windsor (still enjoying life in spite of the paymaster's declarations to the contrary) ceased its melodious chattering. The bugler at the Engineers Training Depot stopped in the middle of his fanfare calling the naughty naughty soldier boys to report. The bull frogs had already quit croaking so were not affected. The City steamroller had stopped grinding puffing and snorting on the Rue de Richelieu and was not disturbed at all.

Not a sound was heard immediately following that blast.

In the clear twilight the eye could discern a tow on the river. Borne on the slow current the tow approached the Yacht Club midst a deathly stillness broken only by the chatter of the ladies and the suick, suick, of the aforementioned knitting needles.

Risking his life, but fulfilling the traditions of his forefathers a single mariner was seen to put off in a boat; uncoiling with one hand a rope, while he rowed hastily towards the pier with the other two. Scrambling ashore he bravely slipped the noose over the nigger head and at a given signal those on the leading scow hauled in the slack. It was evident, even to a second hand clothes dealer nearby, that the strain was too much for a rope so enfeebled as the one now in use and with a loud report the hawser parted.

'Hold-er-up'!! Hold-er-up!! travelled along the tow as each skipper of each barge took up the awful cry.

A churning of water at the tug's stern a creaking of ropes was the result and joy came to the hearts of the onlookers when they realised

that all was not lost, and that the 'tow' was still under control.

Another rope was soon landed and operations again commenced, but in the meantime some of the ladies on the second barge called for a boat to take them ashore for the purpose, we will assume, of getting down town before the stores closed. A fair amount of calf was displayed in getting the ladies into the boat and when we tell our reader that the small boat went down considerably at the advent of each lady, he will realise what that statement means.

However the ladies were landed on the shore safely and the small boat was heard to say 'Thank Goodness!'

Hour sped after hour, the darkness soon obliterated the terrible scene and relieved the awful tension of the anxious crowd now gathered; especially as they realised the swing bridge was not open. 'Hold-er-up!—Hold-er-up!' could be heard through the stilly night. The creaking and groaning of a thousand ropes continued into the dead of night.

The anxious watchers dispersed one by one retiring for the night to toss on their pillows thinking of the terrible plight of those brave mariners if the bridge didn't open its portals.

Early next morning joy took place of anxiety when they saw the tow safely moored to the city dock.

### Seadog.

### ANOTHER BARR MYSTERY.

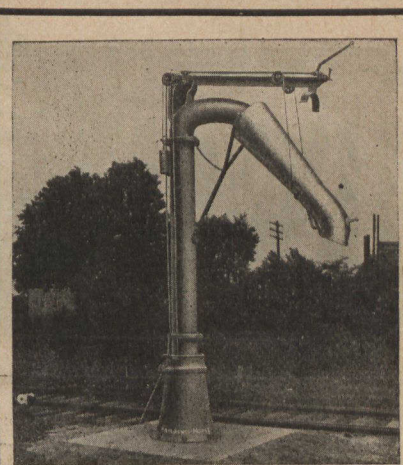
Staff Sergeant Barr is up to his tricks again. He reports one of his hens laying a hard-boiled egg. When asked how he knew it was hard-boiled, he said that he'd dropped it on the ground and it didn't break.

We realise that goose is somewhere near the roost and we have been fooled when we were kids over the china egg but when Barr comes to us with a story of this kind we look deeper for a solution.

Our old friend the Staff Sergeant is never happy unless mixed up in some mystery, and the deeper the shrouding the better he likes it.

We have no information to hand for our readers at this time of going to press, but our sleuths are busy on the scent of this 'Barr mystery'. Probably we would be correct in calling it another bar mystery instead.

Next week, dear readers, look for some startling revelations in this connection and watch Jimmy closely.



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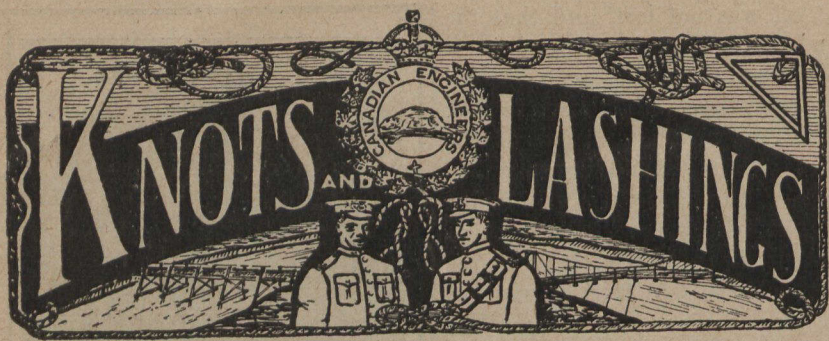
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THE CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Nearly all the great self-governing nations of the world are now combined in a desperate struggle against the scarcely-veiled military despotism of the Central European Powers, and the object of the struggle is the securing of freedom for democracy, so that it shall be safe from the threats of militarist and conquering empires.

In the forefront of the group of States engaged in the defence of democracy stands the British Empire, the greatest dominion that has ever existed in history, which covers a quarter of the earth's surface, and in which a quarter of the earth's population is subject (at any rate, in form) to the rule of two small European islands.

The very existence of this huge Empire seems to many people to stultify in some degree the cause for which the world's democracies are fighting. It seems, at first sight, to be simply the greatest example of that spirit of conquest and of military dominion against which we are striving. This is the view taken by some neutrals. "Imperialism is the enemy," says one Swiss writer; "whatever form it takes, German or Russian, British or French, it is equally the foe of free government." The Germans themselves make great play with this notion. They describe the British Empire as a vast, greedy tyranny, built up by fraud. They invite us to free the oppressed millions of India before we talk hypocritically about liberty. They assert that the naval supremacy of Britain is far more dangerous to the freedom of the world than the military power of Germany could ever be. Some people even in the allied countries are affected by doubts of this kind. The Russian Socialists, for whom imperialism has in the past meant nothing but a hideous repression of freedom, are ready to assume that the British Empire, because it is called an empire, must mean the same ugly things. And criticism of the same kind can sometimes be heard in France, in Italy, in the United States, and in Britain herself.

THE TRUTH EXAMINED.

Men's minds are extraordinarily easily influenced by mere words. The word "Empire" suggests, to many, conquest and dominion over unwilling subjects. The character of government and of the bond which holds the Empire together would be much better expressed by a phrase which is now being widely used in Britain—the British "Commonwealth of Nations".

There are certain outstanding features of this war which throw a striking light upon the character of the British Empire.

Over a million volunteer soldiers have come from the great self-governing Colonies without any compulsion being exercised upon them. The Princes and peoples of India have vied with one another in their generous and spontaneous gifts to the Cause, while Indian troops have fought gallantly in all parts of the world for this we call 'Empire'.

Apart from the unhappy troubles in Ireland—the work of a small minority—and the rebellion in South Africa—promptly put down by the South African Dutch themselves—the Empire has been free from disturbance during the four years' strain of war.

It appears then, that the subjects of 'Empire' have for the most part no quarrel with its government but are well content that it survive and even go so far as to give their life-blood that it may be preserved.

PARTNERSHIP OF NATIONS.

It is rather a partnership of nations in every grade of development than an organised and consolidated dominion. Five of its chief members are self-governing and share the common burdens by their own free will. All the remaining members are organised as distinct units, though subject to the general control of the Home Government. The resources of each member are employed exclusively in its own development and they pay no tribute.

The war has proved however that for purposes of defence the 'Empire' is organised, not by its military preparedness but by the spirit of partnership for the general weal of 'Empire'. The keynote of its organisation is trade, but when threatened with war the combination of nations of a peace loving nature are such that nothing can stand against 'Empire'.

"MY TYPEWRITER"

Says Mr. Trow to all the Camp,  
"In rain or shine, in dew or damp,  
"I've sought it far; I've sought it  
near;  
"Alas! it's lost to me, I fear—  
**My Typewriter."**

"That crowd of Contacts o'er the  
way,  
"Have plagued and teased me day  
by day;  
"Their 'taking ways', without a  
doubt  
"Have left me sad, to do without—  
**My Typewriter."**

"That Captain stern, Room 53,  
"With angry tone, he said to me,  
" **'For two days only, I'll grant  
their plea**  
"If I loan it longer you'll never  
see—  
**My Typewriter."**

"In future I'll teach those Con-  
tacts bold,  
"And the many we have, from  
them withhold;  
"For two days only, the **one**  
they'll see;  
"So, soon they'll learn to ask of  
me—  
**My Typewriter."**

Says Mr. Trow, "My heart is sad,  
"That wily bunch, so vile, so bad,  
"For 'two days only', my Orders  
read,  
"Now look at me, I'm nearly dead!  
"(For they've quarantined)—  
**My Typewriter."**

"So tell me, tell me, friends so  
true,  
"What shall I, can I, must I do;  
"Unless the Colonel grant my plea,  
"For 'this side France', I'll never  
see—  
**My Typewriter."**

"Canada."

THE ROUND-ABOUT.

Loud roared the thunder overhead  
The lightning's flashes dazzling  
broke  
Through sky of lead.

Four hundred soldiers with full  
packs

Marched from the camp in  
column route

For Grand Trunk tracks.

In front of riding school they  
tramped

The band in lead with swinging  
tune

Their clothes just damped.

Four hundred happy boys for over-  
seas

Their forward path diverted to  
the left

Might wake 'gee-gees'.

The band was hushed a silence fell  
Upon the men when they were  
told

A 'gee gee' wasn't well.

Four hundred men can make a  
healthy noise

But how about the thunder over-  
head

So asked the boys.

The horse commands the love of  
honest men

But why this round and round  
about?

It beats my pen.

Giddy.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Editor of  
"Knots and Lashings".

Dear Sir:—

Miss Allen in the absence of Mrs.  
Imrie, Treasurer of Red Cross  
Group No. 2, wishes to acknowledge  
and thank the men of the E. T. D.  
for the sum of \$30.68, being one-  
half of the collection taken up at  
Service held on August 4th.

Lillian Allen.

St. Johns, Que., Aug. 5, 1918.

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Come to Our

**Shoe Shine Parlor**

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the soldier boys and like to  
have them visit us.

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(Same street as Post Office)

**ARMAND BROUSSEAU,**

NOTARY PUBLIC  
and COMMISSIONER.

41 St. James Street, - St. Johns

**Twinkles from the Mounted Section**

**A Driver's Lament.**

We are suffering for the sins,  
Of our Sgt. Major Sims,  
Who went and put somebody in the  
Clink.

Now it's no use to make a date,  
For we cannot stay out late;

As for our thirst—we dare not  
even take a drink!

Now if this were only all, we'd  
have no cause to bawl.

But now we have a grievance  
real and truly;

For when our day is done we must  
Poetize or Pun.

And that's imposing on a Guy  
unduly.

He doesn't give a dam, if you can't  
or if you can.

Enough that he has said, "to  
do it".

So here am I tonight, in my tent  
without a light,

"'Opping to it."

The Drivers would like to know  
what a certain 2nd Corporal intends  
to do with all the Civie clothes he  
keeps in the Farrier Shop.

New Trumpeter to Driver.—"I  
wish I could get our Sergt. to give  
me some practise on the Bugle and  
Trumpet."

Driver to Trumpeter.—"Never

mind, old sport, you may get some  
when there is no picture show and  
the Sergt's Girl quits him."

We would like to know when the  
M.M.P. is to get his commission.

We would all be glad to see him  
get it.

Editor's Note.—On enquiring at  
the War-Office we find that there  
are several Brigadier Generals  
still on the waiting list.

We wonder if Driver Holbrough  
was annoyed when he was put on  
piquet.

Didn't the C.S.M. tell him he  
was doing him a favor in letting  
him stay in the Mounted Section.

"Eyes-Front Holbrough."  
Is the above Driver in love?

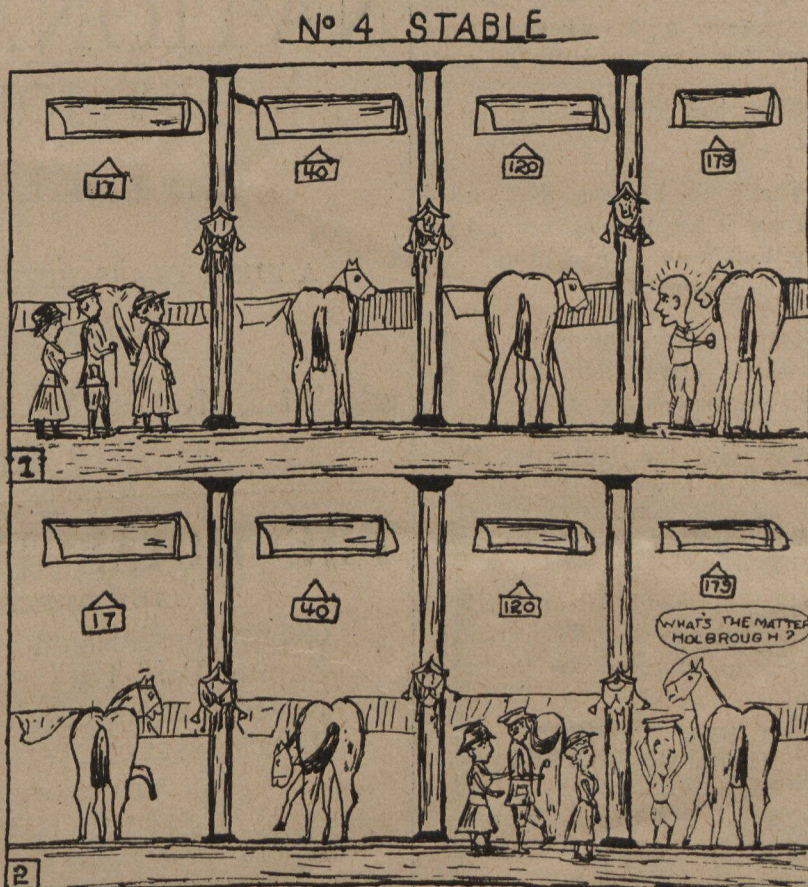
What is the reason we don't get  
news of Piquet a day or so ahead  
of time. C.S.M. have a heart—the  
Girls down town need attention.

Ed.—We guess the C.S.M. has a  
reason.

**Notice.**

Any Sapper looking for a soft  
job can now join the Mounted  
Section.

Dear Editor:—Please tell us if  
the Drivers go Over-seas as Drivers  
or Sappers and if as Sappers, do



The Day was close and sultry,  
As Baldy cleaned his team;  
And the perspiration fairly rolled,  
A-down his time-worn bean.

A Major passed  
through with some friends,  
As the driver them espied,  
He grabbed his hat and put it on,  
His old bald dome to hide.  
M. M. P.

**Richelieu  
Ice Cream Parlour**  
(Now under new management)

The place to get your

CHOCOLATES,  
SOFT DRINKS  
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W. H. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

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**O. LANGLOIS & COMPANY**

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**FURNITURE**

The big store—everything  
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City of St. Johns.

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St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.

**MONARCH  
BOTTLING  
WORKS**

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

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Capital, - - - \$4,000,000  
Rest Fund, - - - \$4,800,000

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the Principal Cities in the World.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
TRANSACTED.

**Savings Bank Department**

at all Branches. Interest allowed  
at highest current rate.

"Knots and Lashings" is printed by  
the E. R. Smith Co., Ltd. ("The News  
and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

we have to transfer again to the Drivers when we get to England.

"A Driver."

Editor.—A Driver proceeding Over-seas goes as a Driver. As a different Mounted Equipment is issued for Over-seas service, your equipment is retained here. We notice that several Drivers appeared as Sappers on the last Draft list. This is a clerical error but as far as possible Drivers appear as Drivers.

1st Driver:—"Say, why do the Germans spell Kultur with a 'K'?"

2nd Driver:—"Because England controls the seas (C's)."

Some spill, by the Depot, boys! But Lord was right on the job! He brought the team and load home O.K. too. Another score to the Mounted Section boys. They're it!

The boys who in the "Mounted", Now their Bandoliers aren't here; With St. John's girls they're outed

And sad for lack of cheer. It rains so very often, And their spurs they do not shine; Its like being in the old Clink-pen

Where for girls the boys do pine. So please do hurry, Major dear, And round the Q. M. up, And do your boys a favor. (And so with Damsels fair They once again may sup.)

#### The Driver's Plea.

The Golden grain is ripening, Neath the sunny Western sky; Please give me a harvest fur-lough, That thither I may hie.

I like the dear old Section, With its friendships firm and strong;

But I long for a sniff of the ripening grain And the hum of the binder's song.

For it's great to sit on a binder's seat, And watch the flashing reel;

To see the heavy grain fall back, As it's cut by the knife's keen steel.

You quit when the sun is setting,

And its glow is silhouetting; The sky line of the ranges, Pencilled clear against the sky.

When the grain is thrashed, and in the bin, I'll take a crack at the ducks again;

Then I'll bid farewell to all my kin, And "hit the trail" back East again.

#### Good Advice!

Since man to man is so unjust, We scarcely know what man to trust;

We have trusted many to our sorrow, So mark your kits today and not tomorrow.

#### To Sergt. Major Sims:

When these few lines you've read, Be sure you turn them in; For if you don't, dear Sergt. Major You'll get not more and that I'll wager.

#### WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the Sergeant who didn't go to that party in Iberville after his lady friend spent Ten dollars on Cake and Ice Cream for him.

If the R.Q.M.S. is having the engine of his boat fitted on runners for the winter?

If it is owing to the large number of Americans in the Depot just now that we get so much "Over There"?

If the Band Sergt. knows "Solomon Levi". (Sergt. Heuson will whistle it over to him!)? We could even stand one or two more nursery rhymes like "Three Blind Mice"?

Why a certain Farrier Sergt. stopped nursing a baby at the movies one night when he saw Sergt. Boyd arrive with his girl?

What had Sergt. Boyd to do with it?

Who is the Driver who wanted to know if the Cadets received instructions as to how a Bandolier should be cleaned?

If the fellow who came to the movies the other night thought he could see two shows at once?

Who said the Police on Duty didn't hear him?

Who was the Sentry who stopped the Sapper with the Girl and said,—"Halt Sapper! Advance friend and be recognised." Then told the Sapper to go round by the main gate?

#### CARD OF THANKS.

Miss Sugden Evans, Representative of the Red Cross Circle No. 1, wishes to express her very sincere thanks for the sum of \$30.67, being half of the large collection taken up at the impressive open air service on Sunday last, August 4th.

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Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.  
Double Room and Bath from \$5.00 up.

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P. O. Box 477.

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### COAL AND WOOD

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IS SUPPLIED TO THE CANTEEN BY  
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N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND  
PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REASONABLE RATES

## THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

### INCORPORATED 1869.

Capital Authorized	-	-	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid Up	-	-	12,911,700
Reserve and Undivided Profits,			14,324,000
Total Assets	-	-	300,000,000

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365 Branches in Canada and Newfoundland.  
Thirty-eight Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic,  
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Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.	Cor. William and Cedar Sts.

Business Accounts Carried Upon Favorable Terms.  
Savings Department at all Branches.

St. Johns Branch, F. Camaraille, Manager.

**THE CADETS.**

(Pronounce as our French cousins do, please.)

C—is for the Call they got one evening,

A—is all the Accoutrements they drew;

D—is for the Danger that they dreamed of,

E—is for the Enemies in view;

T—is for the Triumph that they hoped for,

S—is for the Stars they hoped to win;—

Put them all together, they spell "Cadets",

Going bravely forth, they knew not where.

C—is for the Creosoted bunk room,

A—is all the 'Ash they got to eat;

D—is for the Drill at which they sweated,

E—is for the Enervating heat;

T—is for the Tiredness that crippled,

S—is—well—I guess it must be Stung:—

Put them all together, they spell "Cadets",

Doing Drill and Guard in Montreal.

**One of Them.**

**Post Script.**

C—is for Chrysostome, the Sainted,

A—is for the Able, those who went;

D—is for Defaulters who resisted,

E—is for the Error that they made.

T—'s for Mr. Turner who commanded,

S—is for Success they're sure to have:—

Put them all together, they spell "Cadets",

Those who journeyed onward to St. Chrys.

**THE CADETS A-FIELD.**

**Rural Rumours from St. Chrysostome.**

Fall in—Who? Cadet Class No. 2 and N.C.O.'s—Get your kits ready! Instantly every voice was raised in the usual question:—Where are we going? Where are we going? But of course nobody knew. Before many minutes had elapsed rumour had decided that we were going everywhere on God's green earth but Central Africa and the Fiji Islands: but rumour was buried deep. Anon the war expectant warriors sallied forth under the able guidance of Lieut. Turner, who has seen many seasons on the bloody fields of Flanders and France, assisted by Sergeants Jackson and Golding: but after all nothing more exciting was in store for the troop than the quiet yet beautiful and picturesque village of St. Chrysostome.

The populace of this country village, so far removed from everything that suggests war were for the moment alarmed because their conception of a soldier was that of a man who must kill; but the refinement, amiability and friendliness of these warriors soon made itself very evident, in a few days the entire populace gathered around these boys of freedom to greet them with affection and comradeship.

It is evident that the people of St. Chrysostome belong to the demonstrative class rather than the talkative, because it was not long before they decided to demonstrate their cordiality by giving the boys a real spread and entertainment. So on Saturday the 3rd of August the ladies and men of the village each and every one freighted with pies of many sorts and cakes of a thousand varieties paraded down to the camp where fifty eager receptacles awaited the impending delicious nourishment and good cheer.

But one restriction was made, a limit of 9 pies and 10 pieces of cake per man and they fed, and fed sumptuously not only that day, but also the next, so great was the feast.

Following on the heels of the repast came a musical programme worthy of particular mention. Corporal Morrisey opened with the old favorite "Break the news to mother" which was deservedly encored. Mr. Bruce, a local returned boy, followed with a song, the delivery and selection of which was indeed a credit to the district. The name of our third performer, a wizard of the magic string and bow, under whose spell our spirits soared aloft, and stepped a merry one step in the sky, has unfortunately been lost.

In conclusion Lieut. Turner passed a vote of thanks, in a way which only a talented orator could; the evening of pleasure was terminated by every one joining in singing "God Save the King", led by Sgt. Jackson.

**PIQUE PERSONALITIES.**

A sergeant named Golding, who's full  
Of vain glorious notions, and bull,  
Exclaimed "I've a queen  
In the shape of a bean,  
It's a pity to hide it with wool."

It is said that a maid by a look  
Has entangled the heart of our cook.

We knew you wern't tardy  
But good god Gerhardi  
Our faith in your manhood is shook.

**Canada's Leading Hotel**

**The Windsor**

Dominion Square, Montreal, Canada

EUROPEAN PLAN EXCLUSIVELY.

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district.

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Special rates for Military and Naval Officers.

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Puttees, Shorts, Etc.  
UNDERWEAR—All seasonable grades.

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**Manufacturers**

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Regulation Steamer Trunks, Kit  
Bags, Dunnage Bags, Haversacks, Leggings, Puttees,  
Sam Browne Belts, etc., etc.

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Also **The Alligator,** 413 St. Catherine St, West,  
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**ADAM'S  
CHEWING GUM  
BLACK  
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**5c. Per Package 5c.**

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We would suggest that when in  
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Reserve Fund . . . \$13,500,000

A supply of British notes on hands  
which will be found of great convenience  
for those going overseas. Denomination,  
£1, 10s., at current rate of exchange.

Travellers' Cheques issued, which will  
be found a most convenient way of carry-  
ing money when travelling.

Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders  
for remittances to Europe.

### THE GAME.

"Cadets versus St. Chrysostome,  
P.Q."

Some people play Baseball—Others  
play at it.

On Sunday afternoon we demon-  
strated to a large collection of  
Rooters that our place is in the  
latter class. Still, it was **some**  
**game**, even if the result did look  
like a cricket score.

However, to get down to busi-  
ness,—St-Chrysostome vs. Engi-  
neers Detachment.

The game was called at two-  
thirty, (approximately—very), and,  
in the absence of a celebrity to  
pitch the first ball, it was pro-  
pelled by the star pitcher of the  
Engineers; several got wide of the  
plate.

The Diamond was the parade  
ground. If it had been surfaced  
with turf instead of stubble and  
if the exigencies of the agricultural  
situation had not made necessary  
the cutting of deep furrroughs  
across it at ten yard intervals, the  
game might have been more scien-  
tific, but would have certainly  
been less exciting. As it was, it  
was just one "dam thrill after  
another".

St. Chrysostome went to bat  
first. As the box score had un-  
fortunately disappeared, (probably  
to be preserved in the municipal  
archives as a relic of the Great  
War), I regret that I cannot give  
all the horrid details—for which  
readers should be properly grate-  
ful.

First innings didn't produce  
much in the way of hits or runs.  
St. Chrysostome got one man to  
third but he died there. I don't  
remember how far the Engineers  
got, but it wasn't far enough to  
write home about.

From hereon, I'm rather vague  
as to what happened—at the end  
of the third spasm, the score was  
one to nothing in our favor—a  
couple of innings later it was six  
to four the other way. The Engi-  
neers bunched their hits and made  
it eight to six. At the finish, when  
the smoke of battle had cleared  
away and the dead and wounded  
had been removed, St. Chrysostome  
had gathered unto themselves ten  
runs and we trailed along with just  
one less.

Batteries on both sides were  
changed frequently. There seemed  
to be three Umpires always on the  
job—one at work, one coming, and  
one going. Every white male  
citizen with a working knowledge  
of the game, (and a few without),  
took a turn at guessing balls. If  
a prize had been offered for the  
best guesser, I'm afraid it would  
have gone unclaimed. Still, what's

a strike more or less among  
friends?

The feature of the game was the  
work of the outfield. As an ex-  
ample of Man's triumph over  
Nature's obstacles it is worthy of  
a place in History.

The sight of an outfielder herd-  
ling one furrow and, tripping over  
a second, landing on his bean in  
a third, is one that will never be  
forgotten by the spectators. The  
outfielders of both teams showed  
symptoms of permanent "Cross-  
Eyed-Ness" as a result of their  
efforts to keep one eye on the ball  
and one on the furrows.

The casualties as is to be ex-  
pected in operations of this kind,  
were rather heavy in proportion to  
the forces engaged. Two dislocated  
fingers and a twisted knee being the  
most serious besides quite a few  
"wounded, remaining on duty".  
I have had no official report of  
prisoners yet, but fear that some  
of our troops were cut off and  
captured by the Petticoat Petrols  
of the enemy.

Taken all around, it was a real  
game, and the ball served up was  
of as good a brand as the rough  
ground permitted.

Next time we hope to really play  
ball—not play at it—and then the  
score will be different. In the  
meantime, everybody is practising  
hard and, every evening, the atmo-  
sphere of the Camp is full of flying  
Baseballs and unparliamentary  
language.

### CONGRATULATIONS.

C.S.M. Ritchie, M.D.  
C.S.M. Dailly, J.  
A/Sgt. Sherley, L.  
A/Sgt. Pilloy, A. A.  
A/Sgt. Maodor, E. F.  
Corpl. Tommey  
Corpl. Carter, J. F.  
Corpl. MacDonald, D.  
Corpl. Cox, J.  
Corpl. Turney, E. C.  
Corpl. Barrows, J. J.  
Corpl. Parker, W. H.  
Corpl. Balfours, P. J.  
2nd. Cpl. Ventura, G.  
2nd. Cpl. Haslam, P. W.  
2nd. Cpl. Priest, P. A.  
Lee. Cpl. Stamper  
Lee. Cpl. Joyee, T.  
Lee. Cpl. Salzfus, M.  
Lee. Cpl. Mathieu, A.  
Lee. Cpl. Waite, S.  
Lee. Cpl. Cook, W. D.  
Lee. Cpl. Pilley, A. A.  
Lee. Cpl. Nosper, S. L.  
Lee. Cpl. Ladouceur, W. J.  
Lee. Cpl. Ross, A.  
Lee. Cpl. Nash, F.  
Lee. Cpl. Corbeil, F.  
Lee. Cpl. Cornish, G. H.  
Lee. Cpl. McCullough, W. T.  
Lee. Cpl. Howard, F. C.  
Lee. Cpl. Mader, E. F.  
Lee. Cpl. Hamson, F. T.

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We welcome small accounts of well  
as large ones. Interest allowed at  
best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.



FROM DRAFT 56.

Carriage Barracks,  
Amherst, N.S., July 31.  
Editor "Knots and Lashings",  
St. Johns, P.Q.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed you will find a sketch, entitled "B. & G. No. 1" which we wrote and composed ourselves. "The Amherst News" have a column especially for such writings and sayings and ask us to contribute. We wish also for you to publish the same in our paper, namely, "Knots and Lashings". We will continue to write sketches every week which we will be glad to send you for publication. Hoping that this one will meet with your approval, we remain,

Yours sincerely,

Spr. H. O. Burke.

Spr. E. V. Gibbons.

B. & G. No. 1.

Opening—

B. Black, Face Comedian

W. White, Face Comedian

W.—Come along here Eight ball, what is keeping you so long?

B.—Alright, Boss, I'll be there in just a sixteenth of a second.

W.—Hurry! You are as slow as the clock on the town Post Office. What has kept you so long? Did you forget what I sent you after?

B.—Boss! you sure is a mind reader, how did you know I forgot?

W.—Because I know that you are so dumb you would forget.

B.—Say, Boss, what was that thing you sent me after.

W.—Why I sent you to Rodd's book store for a Novellet. You know what a novellet is, don't you?

B.—Yes, oh yes, indeed, what is it?

W.—Why a novellet is a short tale of some kind.

B.—Oh, Boss, you know when I was going down Victoria Street, I saw a little dog running down the street, crying and crying.

W.—Well, what was he crying for, do you know?

B.—Yes, Boss, he had a tin can tied on his novelette.

W.—You did not see anything of the kind. I want to know what kept you so long.

B.—Well, Boss, I suspected, I did.

W.—Well, you had better suspect you did not. I want to know what has kept you and I want to know the truth.

B.—Well, Boss, I heard a little news boy hollerin' out "Extra paper, all about the German warfare, so I stopped right there and I heard it all.

W.—Well, Eight-ball, I would just like to hear the latest report

of the war.

B.—Well, Boss, I read a great big headin' in the paper that the Germans wants 200,000 pairs of pyjamas.

W.—Well, Eight-ball, what in the world do they want them for?

B.—Oh Boss, I suspect they want to retire.

W.—Say, Nigger! If you ever put another over on me like that, I'll knock you dead.

B.—Oh, Boss, if you ever do anything like that, I'll never, never, never speak to you again, in my life.

W.—Eight-ball, what made you join the army?

B.—Nothing, Boss, nothing made me join the army, I volunteered by request.

W.—Are you a regular soldier?

B.—No, Boss, just a sub-marine.

W.—Do you get a commission?

B.—No, indeed, man, I'se gets a straight salary.

W.—Don't you want to go overseas to war?

B.—Yes, Boss, but I wants to get there just in time to holler "We win".

W.—Say, Eight-ball, why is it that there are no women Engineers?

B.—Because they is not allowed to be with the fast (males).

W.—Say, Eight-ball, what do the officers wear those chin straps on their caps for?

B.—I dunno, Boss, 'cept they wear them to rest up their jaws, after answering fool questions.

W.—See, here, Eight-ball, some day, I will give you a piece of my brain.

B.—Oh, Boss, if I was you, I wouldn't take off my shoes here.

W.—Say, Eight-ball, how would you like to see St. Paul?

B.—Does you think dat St. Peter would let me in?

W.—Say, Eleven o'clock, did you see me at the zoo the other day?

B.—No, I didn't go near the monkey cage.

B.—And why do you call me Eleven o'clock?

W.—Because you are very, very dark.

B.—Neva mind, Boss, some day there will be a lot of money on my dark-head.

W.—Yes, I see where the price of ivory is going up. By the way, Eight-ball, have you ever thought of marrying?

B.—Oh, well, Boss, now, now! You, you is oh! oh! oh! oh!

W.—Well, Eight-ball, I know a little dark girl here in Amherst and she wants to marry.

B.—Oh, Lord, Boss, can't you fix it up foah me, 'cause I has been so good to you.

# Military Watches

Mappin & Webb's Military Watches are of the highest grade of manufacture, guaranteed to give every satisfaction and therefore dependable.

We will forward, on approbation, care of the Canteen, for inspection, either of our Military Models which range in prices

\$13.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$23.00 and \$35.00.,  
With Luminous Dials.

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Makers of

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150 Richelieu St.

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## Red Ball

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Men's Youths' and Boys' Suits—a specialty.

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## MOREAU

Modern Photographic Studio

High-Class PORTRAITS.

21 St. James St.

St. Johns.

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Military Equipments:—

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

## A. Patenaude

Barber Shop and  
Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St.

St. Johns

W.—And, Eight-ball, she is worth \$20,000.

B.—Boss, doggon you, you just go right away and fix it up foah me, 'cause—

W.—But she has a wooden leg.

B.—Dat ain't nothin, atall, I would marry a whole lumber yard, for \$20,000.

W.—Say, Eight-ball, when you are at the Empress Theatre, do you ever go out between acts for a drink?

B.—No, indeed, Boss! I comes in between drinks.

B.—Say, Boss, that jes puts me in mind of the last time I was in the Empress Theatre. A great big lady came in and sat right down on my hat.

W.—And what did you say to her?

B.—Well, Boss, I says, "Lady, do you know what you is sittin' on?"

W.—And what did she say?

B.—She says, "I certainly does. I've been sitting on it for 30 years."

W.—Say, Eight-ball, do you see that uniform on that soldier over there?

B.—Yes, yes, Boss, I sees that.

W.—Do you know what that reminds me of?

B.—No, Boss, what does it remind you all of?

W.—Why it reminds me of that one over there.

B.—Say, Boss, does you know that you has to have a license here in Amherst to wheel a baby carriage down the street.

W.—Well, Eight-ball, I did not know that! What kind of a license must I have to wheel a baby carriage down the street?

B.—A marriage license, ha, ha, ha.

W.—Say, Eight-ball, to what do you owe your dramatic success?

B.—To what do you all owe your dramatic disease?

W.—I presume to my hair brush, it gave me the best part I ever had.

B.—Say, Boss, I think Amherst is the windiest town I was ever in.

W.—You ought to be in Chicago, if you think it is windy here.

B.—Well, Boss, as I was standing at Fuller's Corner the other evening I saw two young ladies coming, one up the street and the other down.

W.—Well, that has nothing to do with the wind in this town.

B.—Yes, it has, 'cause one of these girls had on a pair of light green stockings, with a little lighter green dots in them.

W.—And what about the other one?

B.—Boss, she had on a pair of red white and blue stockings.

W.—Yes, yes, go on! What did

you do?

B.—Well, Boss, me being a soldier and so fussed up that I would see! America first and show my patriotism.

B.—Say, Boss, what was the greatest war song ever written?

W.—I do not know, Eight-ball, what was the greatest war song ever written?

B.—Here comes the Bride, here comes the Bride.

Together we will endeavor to sing a little song entitled:

As long as we are in Amherst,  
We will not be in France!  
All together boys!

### ENGINEERS WIN CLOSE GAME FROM SPRING HILL.

The Engineers Base Ball Club under the leadership of Mr. Body and Mr. Williamson journeyed to Spring Hill and gave the mining town people a surprise of their lives by trimming their favorites 10 to 8, in a closely played contest. And the credit for the Engineers' "victory" must be given to Big Abercrombie who had the home towners eating out of his hands at all stages of the game and only for a few costly errors, the fighting 56th would have had a much bigger lead.

The feature of the game was the hitting of Catcher Dodson, who looks more like "Hank" Gowdy every day.

The fans sure like Sgt. Riley, they threw every thing at him from clinkers to cotton tomatoes. But the big Sergeant don't care how many tomatoes they throw as long as they take the cans off.

Mr. Gibson is Chairman of the Engineers Sport Committee, and Mr. Robins and Mr. Body are working on a triangle league with Spring Hill, Amherst and the Engineers, which will be a decided success if it goes through. More Power to the Engineers Committee.

The line up of the Engineers was as follows:—Spr. Dodson, catcher; Spr. Riley, 1st base; Spr. Racker, 2nd base; Spr. Fahrner, 3rd base; Spr. McDonald, short stop; Davis, McGinnis and Cummings, outfield.

The Engineers have their work cut out for the coming week with two games coming off, the return games with Amherst and Spring Hill. As the Engineers are just beginning to find themselves they will find out that the Boys in khaki are in the game all the time till the last man is out!

Company Sgt. Maj. Turver says that the Boys must quit picking on D. Company, it's not ukuleley.

### NAUGHTY SLASHINGS.

Heard in the Sergeant's Mess one day last week. Voice sounded like "Gladys" of the Dental Corps.

"Kidney stew,  
I love you;  
Yes like h—  
I do."

Things we would like to know:—

1. What made a certain P.T. Instructor returning off week end leave spend an extra half hour on the train, taking the longest way around instead of changing at the Junction and coming straight through. Was it the beautiful scenery on the longest route that did it?

2. Why C.S.M. York did not keep that appointment the other night?

3. Who was the C.S.M. who was seen leaving Barracks the other night at 10 o'clock. Did he have a date or was he following some clue as in the old M.P. days?

4. Where Corpl. Courtenay was last Sunday.

We hear that Sergt. Harris is getting to be quite a favorite with the women of St. Johns. Is he a pupil of a certain C.S.M.?

What did Corpl. Woolecock mean when he said that he would sooner be "stewed than boiled."

### IMPRESSIONS OF A BANDSMAN.

#### That Phantom Draft.

Said Orderly, "Where's Sergt. Cook? Cook? Here's message from the D.S.M.;

The band is wanted right away, to meet a Draft:—Vancouver men.

They're coming on the C.P.R., 10.25, the usual hour."

The Band turned out with cheerful hearts, to find that they'd been fooled again.

Elusive Draft, so often met by Depot band:—But rarely seen,

Of course there may be reasons why at sundry times, no Draft is seen.

Connections sometimes may be missed when coming through from Montreal,

But surely 'tis a little thing to give the telephone a ring,

Or send a wire to our O.C., 'tis only common courtesy

Thus to acquaint the Depot Staff and thereby save the usual laugh

When we go to meet "Vancouver Draft."

"B.2"

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

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Koronel

I get me so seek of dat Surgent Locke dat she report me to de surgent depot majer which wear de leggin an look like canary bird all yellows. She tell her I no good for farm at all so now she say I am go overseas or to Cadet class. I say I go Cadet class as my rosie he like de white cute band on de hat but when I go see in her office de Major de Powell she tell me to write my qualeefeeecashun an I think she laf me in de face behin my back when she say so. I write my name dere Koronel an say what I been as before I join de armee as conduct de street car but she say I no good pull de wire of street car unless I pull de wire to Ottawa too as well. I tell her I need ladder to pull de wire an she say she lend me ladder. She is kind this Major de Powell better nor more than the Major de Milne but dere Koronel I clime de ladder but no get me in dat class, so I am go on de nex drafte oversea from my rosie.

I am seek like hell to go on de drafte an I be more seek like hell on de boat but I make me my wills to my rosie to leave my next of kin an go to medical board an de Surgent Majer York she tell me I am go to be a Koronel in her company soon. My rosie dere Koronel he say to leave him to you for fear de sappers take him.

I am write dis letter dere Koronel to say au revoir from St. Jean's as she have been to me so good since a long time past to come. I write to you on de boat if she make me not seek an tell you how I get to be de Koronel Surgent York say about an afterwards say I am de nut already before.

Au revoir dere Koronel look before an afterwards to my rosie.

Joe Pacquette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

July 25th, 1918.

To Editor of

"Knots and Lashings".

Subject:—

Advice To Soldiers.

An army isn't an experiment. It's one of the oldest Institutions in the world and comes closer to running on a principle than anything man has devised. Only, of course, there are good armies and poor ones. Canada knows only the one kind. It is sending armies to Haig that know how to obey. It is that lesson of obedience you must learn when you step from the easy regime of the home to the military government of the

camp. Learn it and all the other things that go to make a soldier will be added unto you.

Yours for King and Country,  
Spr. Edwin Benjamin.

JOTTINGS FROM THE QUARANTINE CAMP.

Senior Sapper B——; After your "River-side strolls" please don't leave your belt down there again: and we shall avoid another full kit inspection.

Yes, thanks! "the belt came back"—so we all went to the show as usual.

If Lillian Langtry is a good actress—J. Langtry is a bad actor.

Who were the two men from No. 1 Section who practised P.T. coming home from the show and fell face downwards in the trench?

Acting Corpl. Jeanes makes a fine specimen in a cemetery.

It would be advisable for the non-swimmers not to go out in "Dolly" anymore as she is liable to spring a leak.

Say Corporal, are all Dollies under lock and key?

The E.T.D. is to be congratulated on the meals handed out to us Western boys. Some food! Some service!

One of the best treats we Western boys ever had was our Route March on Thursday morning. We liked the trees, the River, the roads, and the Girls. St. John's looked good to us!

THINGS OBSERVED.

That the bush cut at the Hart Accumulator and now piled behind the new "Recreation Grounds" is ready for shipment to Toronto, where it will be used for basket-making by disabled returned soldiers.

That some six loads of cinders spread on the famous grease-spot in front of the Canteen Tent might prevent "bum knees", diagnosed as, "displaced semi-lunar cartilage" or as a "strained internal lateral ligament". And besides, how can a man be expected to walk across there after Pay-day?

Said Marie: "Tell me dear Louise, Did John propose while on his knees?"

"How could he?" asked Louise, she did,

"When I was sitting on 'em kid?"  
"The Booster."



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## "NUTS AND RATIONS"

The Germans are evidently hurrying back to form a new Hindenburg line.

The crossing of the Marne may yet outrival the crossing of the Boyne.

From an old German drinking song, slightly altered:—

"There was an old man and he had a son,  
A shambling, shifty eyed son of a gun,  
He was raised on the regular royalty plan  
Which made him a monkey instead of a man,  
And that is the reason we'll give him the Can.  
Sing Tra la la! Tra la la la!"

Here is an inscription in an old German grave yard, very much altered:—

Pickles were made to eat,  
Lemons were made to suck,  
Flushes were made to beat,  
Trouble was made to duck,  
Whiskers were made to shave,  
Trumpets were made to toot,  
Money was made to save,  
But the Kaiser was made to shoot.

We would think the most probable place to meet a mermaid would be upon the Merman coast.

Speaking the German language was once considered an accomplishment—now it's a liability.

If some of our fellows would learn that the girls who paint their lips and cheeks have poor taste, we would know their education was progressing.

When you see a Vaudeville sketch with two thirds flag waving and one third singing "Over There", you wonder what the performers will do for a living when the war is over.

The following story comes from Tipperary. A Sinn Fein prisoner whilst still standing in the dock began to sing "The Dark Rosaleen", with impassioned gesture. He expected every moment to be stopped but to his amazement, the court kept profoundly silent, and he was permitted to continue the difficult and complicated music of Mangan's song to its end. He got six months, but whether the sentence was passed before or after the performance, or because of it, we are not told.

Little bank roll, ere we part,  
Let me hug you to my heart.  
All the year I've clung to you  
I've been faithful you've been true;  
Little bank roll, in a day,  
You and I will go away  
To a gay and festive spot;  
I'll come home, but you will not.

Yet another letter from our fair correspondent "Felicia Charming", wherein she asks us to come to her aid and point out upon the map of France where "Somewhere" is to be found, as her patience is exhausted in her efforts to locate it.

She wonders if our soldiers can pronounce the names of those towns they have retaken.

She also tells of the efforts of herself and friend Iona Daisy Ford in collecting together comforts for soldiers, and is emphatic in her belief that it would be more conducive to comfort if the soldiers were permitted to dress "more natural".

Referring to the food question, she says, a dollar may not go so far as formerly, but, she is convinced, it goes faster, and asks us, if we are of opinion that Mr. Hoover, (the American Food Controller) will discover any new way to save food, after his recent sea-voyage. With reference to the later remark, we would imagine that Mr. Hoover found the problem as difficult as did most of the other passengers. She concluded her interesting letter by saying it was "so sweet" of her lady friends to bring their own sugar when they attended her home recently to partake of afternoon tea.

Strange how when you wear pants, it's plural, but if you don't wear them it's singular.

A fresh young Cadet recently sent in a poem entitled "The lay of the Lonely Hen". Our editor upon opening up the matter was completely knocked over with shell shock. Pretty stale stuff this. Eh! what?  
—PAT.



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