



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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5 Cents The Copy

# Not Even a Sniper's Bullet Could Dim His Bloom of Youth

**A TRUE AND LOYAL CANADIAN, ESTEY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO OVERSEAS TO FIGHT THE BRUTAL HUN: HE PARTICIPATED IN SEVERAL FIGHTS, WAS WOUNDED, AND NOW, ALTHOUGH HE IS BUT TWENTY-FOUR, IS ONE OF THE E. T. D.'s MOST POPULAR COMPANY SERGEANTS-MAJOR.**

Although the subject of our weekly article has yet to see his twenty-fourth summer, he has crammed into his young life more real excitement, and has gained more actual experience in the gentle art of modern warfare, than is vouchsafed to many of more years and higher rank.

Frank Berton Estey, Company Sergeant Major, C.E., was born at Fredericton, N.B., as recently as 1894.

Just as soon as schooling was over he shook from his shoes the dust of the effete East and did not stop till he came to Saskatoon. There he busied himself in the C. P. R. shops, and having been polished up a bit in his particular branch of engineering, in the early part of 1914 proceeded to Vancouver, there to wrestle with fortune for his daily bread. In May of the same year he joined the ranks of the 6th Field Coy Engineers of North Vancouver and with them proceeded to Vernon, B.C.—that gem of the Okanagan—for summer training.

Not long after his return to the Pacific shores war broke out, and he lost no time in showing the stuff whereof he was made, by enlisting for overseas service with the Canadian Engineers on August 14, 1914. Ten days later he was en route to

Valcartier at which point he was attached to the 3rd Field Coy, proceeding one month later to England.

Like many more courageous souls he floundered in the famous mud of Salisbury Plains for four months, but finally got his ticket to the festivities in Flanders.

His record over there is one to be proud of, including, as it does, such important engagements as Fleur-Baix, Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, and Ploegsteert—where he was promoted Lance-Corporal—to say nothing of several brushes of minor importance with the enemy.

It was during one of these latter he received his wound which nearly cost him one of his legs, being hit by a sniper's bullet clean through the knee. This occurred at Messines during a period of comparative quiet and exactly thirteen months from the day of his arrival on the scene of hostilities—superstitious ones please take notice!

They shipped him to England, where he received treatment over a period lasting seven months. Such is modern surgery that one would hardly imagine Estey being the subject of a bedside consultation assembled to thrash out the question of amputation or otherwise.

The latter prevailed, however, and after a further period of treatment, coupled with what Estey calls a most enjoyable course of massage at the hands of Lady Buckmaster, he was allowed ten weeks wherein to return home.

Sergeant Major Estey speaks in tones of highest praise of the treat-

“done their bit”. Such is the democratic spirit of our Army and who shall say it suffers thereby?

Well, Estey reported for duty in due season and was sent out by what he calls an unkind fate, on recruiting duty for two months—being finally transferred to the E. T. D. in February 1917, just one year after being wounded.

His progress has been nothing short of meteoric since, and, as we all know, thoroughly well deserved.

Sergeant Major Estey enjoys a well deserved popularity in our Depôt, principally due to his cheerful disposition and modest mien. Rosy of cheek and clear of eye, Estey is a great believer in Temperance. The only occasion we know of when he has been tempted to tackle anything stronger than H<sub>2</sub>O was on a recent visit to Boston—(where, by the way, he was royally entertained by His Honour the Mayor, and by Louis M. Coates Esq., of that City). Even then it was only when the social necessity made it imperative that Estey would blushing call for Rhine wine and Seltzer!

That original order of his, the writer (perhaps vaguely but none the less pleasantly—recalls) lasted throughout a toast list of gargantuan proportions!

Still unmarried, with a wealth of experience behind him, and we feel sure, a great future in front of him, “Knots and Lashings” extends its best wishes to our young hero, who is without doubt, an outstanding example to the Depôt of what a citizen soldier ought to be.

C. A. D.



FRANK BERTON ESTEY, C.S.M.

(Photo by Pinsonnault)

ment he received while in hospital, and as he spent, by necessity, such a long time there we feel sure he is qualified to judge.

He returned to Canada on the same boat as Sir Sam Hughes, then Minister of Militia, and remembers with pleasure that gentleman drawing up his deck chair every day and yarning with the men who were returning to Canada—having

## "NUTS AND RATIONS."

We notice since the introduction of "P. T." the members of the Employed Section are studying anatomy to discover if there are any more muscles to be developed.

Also we notice quite an accumulation of Embrocation Bottles. The Drug Stores thrive these days. "Its an ill wind that blows nobody good."

After a few more route marches and Church Parades we should have gathered up enough mud on our clothing and boots, to leave the streets of St. Johns quite clean.

If the Prophet of old had lived and moved and had his being in the Engineers in these days, his oft quoted saying, about "Wars and rumours of wars", would have been:—"There shall be Drafts and rumours of Drafts."

Mary had a little lad: He joined the Engineers: And now he's making Mary mad: Imbibing many beers.

Those sappers in A Company, who a few weeks ago bet they would be in France before Christmas, are already beginning to feel the "Pinch".

The chess club is looking for a room in which to hold their meetings. Why not use the Barber's shop? Lots of time for a game whilst you are waiting for a hair cut!

The German word for Tank contains thirty five letters but we understand no German ever stops long enough to spell it when he sees one coming.

When the car had left the terminus, a lady, clad in muslin, was hanging to the strap for dear life. A very small sergeant major who was wedged in on the seat, struggled to his feet, and in a courtly manner offered his seat to the lady. Smilingly she thanked him, then looking rather bewildered said, "Thanks so much! but where did you get up from?"

Returning to our room the other day after a period of Bayonet exercise, we overheard a Sapper suggest that the Beaver be taken out of the Engineers badge and a "Bloomin' infant substituted."

—PAT.

### A BOY'S ALLEGED ESSAY ON SCOTLAND.

Scotland is a braw wee land on the North of England; it has water nearly all round it, and whisky over a large part of it. The population is about four and a half millions, including Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It has a peculiar language of its own and if anyone can pronounce it coherently it is an infallible proof of sobriety. It possesses considerable mineral wealth but very little of it ever finds its way out of the country. Gold has at times been discovered in certain districts as well as in the pockets of natives, but in both cases it has been found difficult to work. The best known exports of Scotland are Harry Lauder and Scotch Whisky, though sufficient of the latter is retained for home consumption. The chief import in recent years is Winston Churchill.

The national dress of Scotland is the kilt, which is a sort of short

petticoat. In pattern it resembles a chess-board, though in cold weather the wearer finds it more like a draught board. It is believed to have been originally invented because the aborigines were unable to find trousers big enough to get their feet through.

The bagpipes provide the chief music of the country. It is a wind instrument which is said, when blown, to produce a tune. On many occasions in the history of war Scotch regiments have marched to death to the strains of the bagpipes, though it is not known whether their willingness to meet the former was inspired by their desire to escape the latter.

Scotland has produced many well known men, among them Robert Burns, believed to have been a poet. It is usually denied that he was born in Battersea. His most famous poems are "Scots wha hae" and "Stop yer Ticklin', Joek".

In Scotland for a couple to declare themselves man and wife in

the presence of witnesses is tantamount to a marriage, though there is often a tendency in many instances to dispense with the witnesses.

The chief national characteristic of the Scottish is their reckless expenditure.

—"Southern Times",

### FOOTBALL.

Old Sol tried his best to beat Jack Frost out for the game on Sunday last between our representative team and the rest, but scarcely succeeded. The result was a greasy pitch giving the "muddied oaf" some trouble in judging his kick and much more in keeping his equilibrium.

A heavy ball prevented the really pretty forward play we usually are treated to by Cameron's lads and perhaps the absence of the Scottie himself had a deal to do with it.

The score of three to nil in favour of our "pick" gives good indication of the play taken all round. The first half was productive of some really good football and those few spectators must have congratulated themselves that they had neglected the ladies for a brief space. The heavy ground and fast pace of the start however began to tell on the "rest" and the game in the second half was slow. Joek Graham has come to life alright. He was certainly on the job. Connagh and Ashton were as safe as a bank breaking up the attack so that Fisher had only weak shots to attend to. At one time however our goalie had his hands full and it looked as if he'd be forced to retire over his line with the ball. He however came out best in the scrimmage and kept a clean sheet.

Franklin's "rest" was the best aggregation yet to meet our gladiators and had the game been shorter and the ground not quite so heavy a different tale might have been told. Lt. Hamilton played a great game at outside right but the forward line lacked finish. Kelley and Johnston at back proved themselves worthy of the selection and Davidson in goal showed some of his "old time" form, a glorious spread effecting a good "save" causing a happy smile to spread o'er his countenance. He was called upon several times and acquitted himself well and the three that went between the posts were out of his reach altogether. The game was productive of many humorous incidents, the combined tobogganing of Dick and Graham being perhaps the most spectacular.

### WIN THIS PRIZE!

WHAT IS A SAPPER? Can you tell us in 25 words? If so, we'll pay \$1.00 cash for the best humorous description.

Tell it in not more than 25 words and drop your description in "Knots and Lashings" Newsbox, in Recreation Room, by next Monday noon. Prize-winner will be announced, and prize-money paid, next Saturday. Go to it!

### NATURAL ALLIES.

Britishmen all, and United Americans,

Natural allies ye;

Natural allies by natural ties,

As seen through the vision of natural eyes

That rightly and quietly see!

Britishmen all, and United Americans,

Natural allies ye,

Known and respected all others among,

And loving and speaking the self-same tongue

Wherever a voice there be!

Britishmen all, and United Americans,

Natural allies ye,

Bound by a bond of the peoples' hearts

In the love the relation of blood imparts

To an endless unity!

Spr. D. K. WOODHOUSE.

### CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club meets in the Barracks Recreation Room on Mondays and Fridays at 7.30 p.m. All interested in the game are cordially invited to attend. Further information regarding the Club will be given in our next issue.

MATE.

### LETTER OF THANKS.

The boys of D. Company wish to thank Mrs. Stairs for the two barrels of apples she gave them, and in return wish the happy couple the best of luck, and express their sorrow in the knowledge that their company commander has been transferred to another station.

## Theatre Royal

Great Show  
Every night

Matinee, Sunday only.

Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17-18—Charlie Chaplin in *The Immigrant*, Helen Rosson in *The Abandonment*, etc.  
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19, 20, 21—THE MASQUE OF LIFE.  
Don't forget to see this play.

The proprietor states that he has a great surprise for his patrons later on.

**WINTER AMUSEMENTS.**

A sapper writes us asking that we take up the matter of organising a Vaudeville Entertainment or Minstrel Show for the coming winter evenings. "Knots and Lashings" is always at the service of anyone who is anxious to do anything along these lines. First, though, we would suggest that the sappers get busy and organise. See Major Milne, Sgt. Davidson, or Sgt. Hill and find out what amusements are already contemplated.—(Ed.)

**WE WANT TO KNOW.**

Who is the "hoodoo" in A. Company. So does the man with the camera.

Who started the rumour that the Sergt. Maj. of A. Company was growing a hirshute appendage on his upper lip.

Who are the O.C.'s of the Sash and Door factory and the Vinegar factory.

Who planned our last route march, and who called the roll of B. Company before starting out.

What foundation there is, if any, in the rumour that there is a tonsorial artist practising in the barracks. Has anyone ever seen him. What are his "at home" days. Whether he is responsible for the loss of the lawn mower so anxiously enquired after by the hospital sergeant and if it is still cutting. If it is possible that his parlour is connected with a certain subterranean passage spoken of. What learned oriental is responsible for the legend on his door. If there is any Sanskrit or Morse code scholar in the barracks who can provide a liberal translation of the hieroglyphics on his board. Whether the multicoloured candy slab is an advertisement for aescuteen confections or a sign of aesculapianism. Can any phsyic philologist or chronic inebriate penetrate the mystery or in other words:—Where in hell is the barber?

Why the Employed and Work Section, which (in its own opinion at least) is as important as any other section, was not called upon to face the Camera.

What the corporal in the carpenter's shop has done with the ten cents we gave him for a lock on our News Box. If he is hard up, why didn't he borrow a quarter? (Ed.)

When the ferry boat between St. Johns and Iberville stops running.

Why certain N.C.O.'s do not take space in our advertising columns for the disposal of a "splendid" motor boat.

Why there was so little enthusiasm displayed in organising a chess club.

Whether the furnace man is scared he might burn the water if he made it too hot.

Whether he pays more attention to his own than to the hot water pipes.

Whether the reference made to us the other day (that under present circumstances there never could be any shortage of wood in a certain orderly room) had any sting to it.

Who it was that described a sapper as an individual in uniform who consumed enormous quantities of beans and spent his time "sapping" the energies of an infantry drill instructor.

When we can catch this individual bending.

The reason for the hot water faucets in the showers.

Why more of YOU fellows don't write for "Knots and Lshings".

When did you write home last.

Who the officer is who raises his hat when meeting a lady in the street.

Who the officer is who gives a command "Form fours, left"—"I beg your pardon, Right!"

**LET US PRAY!**

In regard to athletics, why not introduce ping pong?—a lovely game! Two small tennis rackets and a rubber ball, a table and a young lady. She strikes the ball to you; you strike it back and it rolls under the table. "Ping Pong!" Where does the game come in? Why!—under the table!

**TELL US—**

Tell us how YOU like YOUR paper and don't be afraid to let us know the worst. You are permitted,—short of actual profanity,—to be as picturesque in your language as you please. Slang us or pat us on the back. Let us know what YOU don't like and what YOU would like!

**EXPLAINED.**

Sergeant to recruit:—"Explain what is meant by 'Mark time'."

Recruit:—"You lift the left foot up, place the right foot along side of it, and continue the motion!" (Try it—in double time!)

**WILL THEY PAY IT?**

Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt (soon to be in Montreal) was recently approached by a German amusement company. "What will be your price for a tour of the principal cities of Germany," they asked. "Alsace-Lorraine," she returned without hesitation.

**FULL MARCHING ORDER**  
(The weight.)



On the way out.



On the way back.

**IT REMINDS ME.**

We read in the papers that the British are on the Brook of Kedron,—which reminds the writer of an amusing incident concerning a certain sporting parson of his acquaintance who, by the way, was 85 years of age and still a strong horseman.

A neighbouring rector, a very pedantic man, said to my old friend: "Do you pronounce the brook of that name, Kedron or Kidron?"

Whereupon came the reply: "No! I only know of one brook, and that's the Whissingdene, and thank God I can both jump and spell it."

—Man-about-town.

We understand, from an unreliable source, that it is the intention to hold sick parades at Bordeaux in future, for the convenience of the medical staff.

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Manufacturers of  
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TORONTO.

**Larocque & Moreau,**

PHOTOGRAPHERS  
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—Free—

To the Canadian Engineers  
Five minutes reading  
The Rexall Magazine  
for November.

**The Rexall Store**

DR. GUY, St. Johns.



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5 Cents The Copy  
\$2.60 By The Year

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— On Request —

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Sapper J. A. Macdonald  
Lance Cpl. S. C. Ellis  
Sapper A. McKay  
Lance Cpl. P. B. Mildon

MANAGER: Sapper E. W. P. St. George

## THE GROUCH

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

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

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

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

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

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

### RUSSIA.

Much is written nowadays about the "DOWNFALL of Russia", whereas the events from which the writings emanate may merely portend the birth of a REJUVENATED Russia.

No doubt the situation, from the viewpoint of the Allies, is

anything but satisfactory; yet for Russia it may be natural and even salutary. No deep rut has ever been ploughed on the road of progress (by means of revolutions) without the passage of blood-stained wheels to and fro upon its crimson surface; so it is to be with Russia.

We have been looking upon a mighty task as finished which has not yet begun;—so looking, in spite of all the lessons of the past staring us blankly in the face as if worn to silence at length by their unavailing cries for sensible interpretation.

The lessons taught and learnt by the American war of Independence, the mighty spirit of democracy begotten of the French Revolution, or by the great civil wars of England which established Cromwell as overlord and protector, munificently surrounded by a wisdom and might which but few Kings of any country have ever displayed:—these lessons are lost to us if we believe that the Russian revolution can be accomplished without a greater and further internal struggle.

Of the spirit of democracy the Russian people know naught. The feudal system in its most primitive form (as introduced into England by William the Conqueror) was a broad-minded and liberal policy of land-tenure compared with that in vogue in Russia, and only abolished there about the middle of the last century, the declining days of which are within the lives of those in the depot today.

The emancipation of the Russian serf was no act of voluntary magnanimity on the part of Russian autocracy, but rather the realisation that the autocrats were to be the beneficiaries from the fact that whereas the land held idly was unproductive, by a system of settlement giving semblance of independence to the settlers, there was created for the same an economic value.

Time eventually found a highly educated middle class imbued with democratic feelings, gained from neighbouring continental democracies and perhaps particularly from the cradle of democracy, England herself; and creeping on gradually, touched and later permeated a considerable section of the highly educated autocracy.

Today we find these two elements to a very great extent fused together fighting against the forces reacted from the archaic system of the now overturned Russian empire and the lawlessness, anarchy and ignorance begotten of it.

Alas, we find Russia today struggling with all the great questions that have agitated democracies for centuries, and she has to settle them with perhaps the shedding of her best blood; flanked by an enemy, the most daring, cunning, ruthless, and relentless any country has ever had to confront, and from whom, either as vanquished or victor, she can gain nothing worth having in a lasting democracy in either ideals or institutions, and whose lust for blood and territory is yet unsatiated, and perhaps insatiable.

We trust that the awful picture presented by Campbell in his "Pleasures of Hope" may not be again reproduced in Russia:

"Ah, bloodiest picture in the book of time!  
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime.  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arm, nor mercy in her woe!"

—and although we fear the worst, she has our sympathies and we believe that the freedom which fell with Kusciosko may again be Russia's; and all the shrieking, horrible turmoil of the present may be for her the precursor of many happy days and nights serene.

### CONGRATULATIONS.

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations to—  
Act. Sgt. F. M. Freeman.  
Act. Sgt. C. Stokes.  
Corpl. J. S. G. Laing.  
Corpl. S. B. MacFarlane.  
Corpl. G. H. Cherrington.  
2nd Corpl. W. Jones.  
Lance Corpl. J. W. Olver.

### WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who that guy is with initials R. W. who is responsible for fining us and advertises the fact on daily orders, part two.

### LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION.

#### A Disappointment.

Only five telegrams were received in answer to our prize offer. None of them were humorous; two were questionable; and two inane. No prize will be awarded in this instance.—(Ed.)

Obey that impulse and get an extra copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

**PAY AND ALLOWANCES.**

By Captain L. Pettigrew.  
(Paymaster).

**Article No. 2**

The sum of ten dollars is withheld from the pay of every man enlisted for overseas service, and is to provide for the cost of civilian clothes to men discharged within six months of their enlistment; and also to partly compensate the Government for military issues made to men who desert.

This amount was formerly returned to the men after six months service, but since the 1st of April 1917, it is ordered to be withheld until the termination of engagement.

The reason for this is that when a man proceeds overseas he must have a credit equal to his monthly assignment of pay (which is in the majority of cases \$15.00 per month).

It can therefore be easily seen that it is greatly to his advantage for the Government to retain the ten dollar credit throughout his period of training in Canada.

A great many soldiers seem to be of the opinion that the ten dollar clothing stoppage is a charge made by the government for their uniform. And I wish emphatically to state that this opinion is wrong.

The cost of the uniform and kit issued to a man enlisted in the C. E. F. is approximately \$65.00, and although the ten dollars is used partly to compensate the Government for military issues made to men who desert, it can be easily seen that there is very little foundation for calling it a uniform stoppage.

The soldier's account always shows this amount on the credit side of the pay sheet and it is carried forward from month to month until termination of engagement.

**A DEPOT COMEDY.**

Scene: E. T. D., when French class is formed. Time: Morning.

(The French class under Professor Henri is finishing its half hour. There is very evident unrest and visible scorn of the Gallic tongue.)

Prof. (fervidly)—And so, young messieurs, I wish that your knowledge of the French should expand so that once in la belle France a proper appreciation of the words of art, the cathedrals and the spots of history may be—

Voice (camouflaging a yawn)—Where do we go from here?

Colonel (who has been looking

on, to brother officer)—I don't know what I'm going to do with these chaps. They don't show a shred of enthusiasm in learning the language. The Professor is an able teacher. He ought to inspire them. Just listen to the poor support he gets.

Prof. (in measured syllables)—“Le chemin de fer est plus près de”—the railroad is nearer the—repeat, please.

Chorus (obediently)—Lomrftgh pdw, etc., ad lib.

Col. (in disgust)—Just listen! Isn't it rotten? There isn't a Frenchman living could understand that mess!

Capt. (quietly)—Wrong sort of teacher. Thought so from the beginning, but it isn't up to me to criticise.

Col. (indignantly)—What do you mean—wrong sort of teacher? Why, that man has taught the children of the “400” for years. He—

Capt. (respectfully)—Yes, sir; but he's teaching the children of the 100,000,000 now, and that's a different thing. If you'll pardon my suggestion, I know the very man you need.

Prof. (dutifully persistent)—“Les lunettes de ma grandmère”—the eye-glasses of my grandmother—repeat, s'il vous plait.

Chorus (loudly, if chop-sueyly)—Wxsdtplyhwrtn, etc.

Col. (suddenly)—Enough, Professor! Dismiss the class for the day. (To Capt.) When can you get that other fellow here?

Capt. (saluting)—By to-morrow, sir.

(It is the next day at the same hour. The French class is assembled. Suddenly a dead ringer for Caruso, as Rodolfo in “La Boheme”, bounces into view. It is the new Professor.)

Prof. (winking one fishy eye)—Is it not that the Paris holds the attractions for les enfants du Canada? Les cabarets—repeat, please—

Chorus (with wim)—Les cabarets!

Prof. (shrugging his shoulders)—Les grisettes! Montmartre!

Chorus (wildly)—Les grisettes! Montmartre! Houp-la!

Prof. (blowing a kiss into air)—Oh, bébé!

Chorus (deliriously)—Oh, bébé!

Col. (expostulating to Capt.)—But this is not the French that—

Capt. (wisely)—Patience! This is the French that leads Canadians to the other French. This guy's a wiz. To-morrow he'll take them from the music halls to the museums, and he'll do it painlessly!

Chorus (echoing in the distance)



Songs We Know:—(2) “When you come to the end of a Perfect Day.”

—Viva la France—oh, bébé—le pain—Suzette!—la cuillère—je t'aime—Zip!

Capt. (hastily)—You see, it's all in the method!

**WRITE SOMETHING FOR YOUR PAGE.**

It is our intention to reserve Page Five of “Knots and Lashings” for one Company each week, commencing with the next issue, November 24th. Each Company will have the privilege of filling that page, commencing with “A” Company.

Now we want you to understand that it is up to the boys of the Companies to do their respective bits to make their page a success; and bear in mind!—if the page is not filled, the balance will be left BLANK—to the eternal discredit of the Company! No sketches; but plenty of newsy personals, bits of local interest, jokes without animus, poetry, etc. Always remember that “brevity is the soul of wit.”

Therefore A. Company, get busy!—set a good pace!—furnish “Knots and Lashings” with a good sparkling page. All copy to be in our hands by Tuesday noon prior to issue.

When did you write home last?

Why don't more of YOU fellows write for “Knots and Lashings”.

**MOUNTED SECTION'S SONG.**

**Before the Pest!**

We'll never let our blankets fall,  
For we love them the best of all!  
We go to bed to rest our feet,  
And when we sleep, we sleep,  
sleep, sleep!  
At five o'clock you'll hear us snore;  
At five-fifteen we snore no more.  
For the gol darn Corp'ral's at the door—  
So we have to let our blankets fall!

**After the Pest.**

We had to let our blankets fall,  
For the blighters began to crawl!  
We don't want their bite to show their might.  
But whe nthey bite they bite,  
bite, bite!  
In the Barracks you will hear them shout:—  
“The drivers' got their blankets out;  
Corp'ral Vaughan's giving them a clout!”  
So, we had to get our blankets boiled!

Join the Engineers and work at your trade. Have you noticed how many table finishers we have in our midst. Come to the cook house door, girls;—come to the cook house door!

## DO YOU KNOW HIM?

Scene.—Orderly Room, 9 a.m., October 30th, 1917.

Enter Reg. Sgt. Major in "smart and soldier like manner", deposits Guard Report and Reg. Conduct Sheets on O. C.'s desk.

R.S.M.—Just one case today, Sir. (Opening book.) Clean sheet, Sir.

O.C.—All right, bring him in. (Exit R.S.M.)

Voice from without: Pris-n-Escort.—Rightturn, leftwheel, quick march. (Door opens. Enter Prisoner Escort and R.S.M.)

R.S.M.—Halt, right turn.

O.C.—No. 200—Sapper M. O'Shea, you are charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance in the public street. Evidence, Policeman Burke.

Policeman Burke.—Sir, on the night of the 29th about 10 p.m., I found accused in a drunken condition and yelling like a fury in the middle of — Street just outside St. James Church. I arrested him and turned him over to the Corporal of the guard.

O.C.—What have you got to say, O'Shea?

O'Shea.—Sorr, Oi am not guilty of the charge of being drunk but Oi plead guilty to the charge of creyatin a disturbance. Oi would like to explain that Oi couldn't have been drunk for Oi only had wan dhrink, an Oi think it must have been doped, Sorr, for Oi had the queerest sensations that ever happened to me at the Organ Recital.

First av all Oi went into the Church feelin fine, just right, an was expectin to do the bhoys justice as put up a good performance, when suddintly a queer feelin come over me an Oi thought Oi must be amongst the dead. Oi looked around me an everythin seemed natural enough till me eyes lit on Sapper Dixon. Me hair began to rise for begod there he sat with a shroud on him playin fine music on the organ. Oi was just gettin ready to let out a yell when in comes his Riverance an' a shroud on him too. Begorra Moike says Oi to meself, ye'r dead now for sure an they are goin to wake ye, but divil the drap av liquor could Oi see around. So I says to meself Oi'll wait an see. Presently along comes a whole bunch of the bhoys an bejobbers, they all had shrouds on them, an they were all singin like larks, and the organ playin somethin beautiful. Well by that toime, Sorr, Oi was beginnin to feel aisy wid meself, for says Oi to meself, "Moike don't bother at all, sure its heaven ye'r in. Auld Nick could niver pro-

duce anythin so pleasin or begorra it wouldn't be hell. Well beginnin to feel better about it, an seein nobody seemed to be payin any particular attention to the music, Oi thought it was up to me to show Oi appreciated it anyhow, an was just goin to let out a hurroo when along comes his Riverance an says to me "Michael, I can see for meself ye are goin to raise the divil so Oi'm goin to put a sthoph to it, an with that he took an gagged me, an in case Oi should make a clatter he tied me hands an feet. Says Oi to meself this begins to look more loike hell now. Then along comes Sapper Sampson an bejob he was in a shroud, same as the rest av them. Up he gits on his hind legs an sings a song wud charm the heart av a wheel barrow. When he quit, divil a sound was made, it just reminded me av the toime the judge put on his black cap and said to me poor brother Tim,—I forget what he said,—but poor Tim died soon afther. As Oi was sayin there wasn't a sound made, an it just made me mad that such talent should be wasted. Next comes Sapper Young to tormint me, an that auld feller that was tied to a ship's mast while he sailed round an round a rock with a whole lot av nice young gurls singin to him wasn't any madder'n me. So there Oi had to sit an listen to the music av heaven an meself in the other place as it were.

The last thin Oi remember, Sorr, was me friend Sandy McPherson givin me a poke in the ribs an sayin "Are ye gan toy sit there a nicht, Mike?" Well, Sorr, when Oi got outside Oi did give wan or two good yells just to relieve meself but Oi wasn't drunk. An the next time Oi go to an Organ Recital it will be a piano one.

O.C.—Case is dismissed, Sgt. Major. (Exit R.S.M., Prisoner and Escort.)

O.C. (to Company Commanders).—No hallucination at all, gentlemen. I felt something like that myself.

Shillalagh O'TOOLE.

## SCHUTZENGRABENVER-NICHTANGAUTOMOBIL.

Thirty-five letters are required to spell the one word which, in German, is the equivalent of the four-letter English "tank", or land battleship, which has worked such havoc in the present war. The German word as it appears in official dispatches is "schutzengrabenvernichtangautomobil," which, freely translated, is "a machine for suppressing shooting trenches."

## COURSE OF LECTURES.

The following officers of the E. T. D. have been engaged to deliver lectures to the C. O. T. C., McGill University, on the subjects mentioned:

Lieut. Col. W. W. Melville, C.E.—Organisation of Royal Canadian Engineers, etc., and Co-operation with Other Branches of the Service.

Capt. R. W. Powell, C.E.—Field Defences, Defensive Positions, Obstacles and Entanglements.

Capt. W. Fellowes, C.E.—Roads, Knots and Lashings, Pontoon bridging, Bridging, Demolitions, Camps and Bivouacs.

Lt. R. R. Knight, C.E.—Field Sketching.

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**THE NEW GERMAN DEFENCE SYSTEM.**

Ever since the Germans began to draw breath after the jolt they received on the Somme, there have been rumors of some mysterious new method of defence which they were preparing. It was even said that formal trench lines were a thing of the past. It is certain the old trench line systems were simply effaced from the earth by the pounding of the British and French Artillery massed as never before.

Recently in the present British drive, we have heard much about machine gun "nests", shell craters, "pill boxes" and have wondered what these are. They are, in fact, the new German method of defence.

A secret order, dated June 30th and signed by General von Armin, of the 4th Army, describing in great detail the necessity for a radical change in plan of defence and how the new plan should be carried out along the whole German front, was captured and was in the British and French hands by the middle of August.

The French General Staff have just permitted its publication in American papers, and from the British translation issued August 18th by the General Staff I am able to give here a general idea of this new German plan.

The rigid front line trench systems were not to be abandoned. Deep dugouts in the firing line were, however, a mistake, being only "man-traps", and these were to be closed up, and others built in the support and reserve lines, or else a new firing line without deep dugouts was to be dug, where it could be done, out in front, and heavily wired with three belts of wire each 33 feet wide. This front system was to be lightly held, and when the bombardment became too severe the garrison was to be withdrawn to the new system prepared in rear.

This to consist first, of a belt of wire, with openings of pickets alone, and the wire placed ready close by to be strung up after the garrison had retreated. The shell pitted area just behind was to be reorganized into a deep zone of defence. Craters selected in checker-board fashion were to be prepared as "nests" for groups of, or single machine-guns. There was to be cross wiring here.

The theory was to allow the enemy to penetrate this zone (if he could) and be taken unawares at every step by machine gun fire in flank.

These "nests" were of course to

be so prepared that an airplane photograph would show them only as ordinary shellholes among thousands. Unused shell holes in front to be filled with wire to keep the enemy from using them. Further back, shell hole positions were to be wired more or less all around like strong points. Still further back, and not on summits but in hollows, and in all sorts of hidden positions excepting houses were to be concreted machine-gun emplacements.

All these little garrisons were to be given shelter by means of mining frame entrances down into deep dugouts 26 to 33 feet under ground, and might be connected one with another by covered passages under ground. If the ground was too soggy for this, they were to shift the best they could.

The support and reserve troops were to be accommodated in the open, in woods, etc., wherever they could get cover from air observation. At a distance of about a mile from the front line of shell holes would be constructed a continuous system consisting of several lines of trenches, screened as much as possible from enemy observation. The first line would contain small dugouts for one-sixth of the garrison, with deep dugouts in the second and third lines. This will generally be the artillery protective line, and if labor is available there will be other similar lines in the rear.

There is really nothing radically new in all this. This general arrangement has been in use by the British all along. The Germans have only given the rear defensive system of small strong points and hidden machine gun emplacements a vastly greater importance;—which only goes to show how completely they now are on the defensive.

The whole German aim was to conceal their fighting resources from air observation especially, as according to the testimony of this report whatever the enemy could see he methodically destroyed.

Of course this is a tremendously formidable defence to overcome: however the British have overcome it, and have done so in many cases by putting up a long distance barrage, of machine gun as well as artillery fire and holding back rationing parties so that the occupants of these positions would have to surrender.

E. T. ADNEY,  
Lieut. C.E.

Heated Apartments  
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**THE FABLE OF THE PALE YOUNG CLERK.**

(With apologies to George Ade)

Once there oozed into the Sanctorum of the Quartermaster a replica of Charles Chaplin, but in spite of his Odd Appearance He was a Capable Comptometer.

He was a quiet, innocuous Young Man, who Blushed every time an N.C.O. Barked at Him.

One Evening He chanced on two Flamboyant Ads:—"Nuxated Iron" and "Swaboda, on Physical Torture." They Changed His Life.

Now he idled His Time rapturously gazing on His Husky Comrades at Monkey Drill on the Parade. At Night He would peruse his Humming-Bird Chassis and Sigh. Envy Gnawed His Vitals.

One Day This Downy Youth was Shot in the Head with an Idea. Pushing a Pen across a Large Ledger would never put him in the White Hope Class.

He spilled just enough around His Fellow Ink-Slingers to find out that if He tied a Stone to this Child of His Brain and Pushed it into the Roubideaux River he Might Live Longer.

Being advised that this Idea would hang the Crape on Room 44 he persisted in Being an Iconoclast with Only Himself as the Victim or Exhibit "A". He had an Urge and He was going to See it Through.

But He found out He had started Something, and it was no Longer Up to Him, so the next day a Bombshell of Joy burst under The Employed Section.

The Big Drive Wheel in the Works had decreed that not only had the Poor Ledger Worm to do "P.T." but Rung in All the Rest of His Comrades to Join The Calisthenics.

Immediately The Young Man became as popular as Measles but He did not Worry. He was going in for the Strenuous Life to Develop a Buxom Bosom and look like a soldier in a Military Tailors' Ad.

So Every Day the Busy Bees beautifully, if not willingly, execute this Rococo Squad Drill—and Every Night they Cough and Sneeze and Kid each other on their Bulging Biceps.

Moral: "P.T.'s" has become a habit, like Reveille and Defaulters.

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## THE SAPPER'S HYMNAL.

- 6.00 a.m., Reveille—"Christians awake, salute the happy morn."  
 7.00 a.m., Breakfast—"Meekly wait and murmur not."  
 7.45 a.m., Roll Call—"When the roll is called up yonder," and  
 "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"  
 8.00 a.m., Companies' Parade—"When he cometh."  
 9.00 a.m., Drill—"Fight the Good Fight."  
 9.00 a.m., Orderly Room—"Tell me the old, old story."  
 10.30 a.m., Drill—"Here we suffer grief and pain."  
 12.30 p.m., Dinner—"Come, ye thankful people, come."  
 1.30 p.m., Rifle Drill—"Go labor on."  
 3.00 p.m., Lecture—"Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 4.30 p.m., Dismiss—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."  
 5.00 p.m., Tea—"What means this anxious, eager throng?"  
 5.30 p.m., Free—"Lord how thankful we shall be."  
 6.30 p.m., Out of bounds—"We may not know, we cannot tell."  
 9.30 p.m., First Post—"Homewards, Christian Soldiers."  
 10.00 p.m., Last post—"All are safely gathered in."  
 10.15 p.m., Lights out—"Peace, perfect peace."  
 10.30 p.m., Inspection after lights out—"Sleep on beloved, sleep and  
 take thy rest."

## ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

As though to give us the lie direct, when we stated that football had become as dead as Queen Anne, there appeared on the Depôt football pitch last Sunday two elevens—one styled as the Depôt XI and the other under the modest designation of The Rest. It transpires that those two teams were the identical ones which decided to

take the rest cure last week end and although their presence was welcome indeed we cannot understand why they did not pull off their game when we were all ready with paper and pencil to give the matter our personal attention last week end.

We have, however, at enormous expense sought the kindly offices of the referee of the game to give us some account of the proceedings

and thus our responsibility ends.

(See his account elsewhere in this issue, under heading, "Football".)

By all accounts football has been granted a new lease of life and there is talk of a game at Montreal with the "Trunks" and even of an invasion of Toronto, whereat to beard the Flying Corps in their den.

So it appears we are to have a hurricane finish to the season and we hope we may be pardoned for saying that such splendid energy might have profitably been spent much earlier in the season.

Judging by the nip in the air of a morning we are liable to wake up any day now to find a foot of snow on our local stadium and then, good-bye to outdoor sports—except chicken hunting.

Should the projected games materialise we feel sure our boys will give a good account of themselves. Our team is a well balanced one in every department and is about as good an aggregation as one might wish for.

What I most like about them is the predominance of the Scotch brogue. To hear Joek Graham wildly invoking the gods of justice and vengeance to strike swiftly and

surely on the head of the referee is a treat in itself.

Then there is Cameron with his plaintive and profane pleading to the "outside" man to "pass the ba' fur-r-r Goads sake".

For that alone we can endure much, as it recalls many a pleasant memory of the good old days when we were the honorary ball keeper to the Drumsheugh Rovers, rated as 3rd class juveniles, but all with an enthusiasm which not even the mighty Rangers could parallel.

While our journal is giving prominence to the sports of the present, let it not be said that we are blind to our future.

We simply must have a good hockey rink this winter if for no other reason than letting some of our boys prove all they have been saying they can do with a puck.

The lawn facing the river would make an ideal rink if boarded up and flooded—oh, hallowed spot where first we learned the lying load! We suggest a real live committee be formed for the purpose of digging up material necessary for the game and reporting deficiency in kit—if any.

Then there is curling, at which game we will as a matter of course

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bar the Base Coy as they are by far and away too proficient in the art of handling a broom already to make any further effort in this direction. We have visions of our Sanitary Corporal making a clean up with his rink composed of extra duty men well used to the order of "soop her up".

We mentioned volley ball in a previous issue and while on the subject of winter sports it would be unwise not to bring the idea forward again.

Basket ball also is well worthy of consideration and as before mentioned the Old Fort would provide a good court for these splendid indoor winter games.

"Knots and Lashings" will do all in its power to give prominence to any items of sport, but cannot undertake the organisation end. Now boys get together and appoint your committees, come to us with a cut and dried project and we will give it our undivided attention. If you wish to do something else but squad drill, company drill and then more company drill and then some all winter long remain idle—if not, get busy.

HAMPDEN.

**"RIFLE AND SIDE-ARMS PHILOSOPHY".**

"Fall in, 'X' Company: Rifles and Side Arms!" From the lone Pacific, with its grandeur of mountain and forest; from the mighty prairies with their vastness and waving grain; from the East lands with their plenty and prosperity; from the great Atlantic with its ramparts strong and true;—these men had gathered. Men who were active, enduring and daring. They had answered the call "Join the Engineers and work at your trade." But, forsooth, what strange calls are these, "Fall in, 'X' Company: Rifles and Side Arms."

What a thrill courses through their veins as they "jump to it"! Here is an outlet for that abounding energy which reveals itself on Mess Parades in what our C. S. Major calls "Yapping";—and it worries them dreadfully because it reminds them of a "mothers' meeting". So the pent-up energy rushes forth, aided by the stern commands of the drill sergeant,— "Put some pep into it!" and "make her ring, boys!"

To recruit and veteran comes the same glad summons:—"Slope arms by numbers;—one—two—three!"—"As you were!"—"As you were!" "All together; not one after the other, as you enlisted; one—two—three!" "Rotten." "Try that again."—"A little slow

**MARCHING SONG.**

We march away. The tune we play  
Is "British Grenadiers".  
To join them we the call obey,  
—Canadian Engineers.

Chorus.

With Lashings, Bombs and Bayonets;  
With Rifle, Sap and Shell—  
We'll help return the bloody Hun  
To his proper place in Hell.

We come from East; we come from West;  
From factory, farm and mine:  
To do our best (with all the rest)  
In Freedom's far-flung line.

Chorus.

We're in the fight with all our might—  
Canadian Engineers!  
We'll fight till Might is ruled by Right—  
Canadian Engineers.

Lee. Corp. N. S. STALKER.

there"—"A little slow there."  
"Put some "pep" into it!"

Thus we "work at our trade" and criticize and cuss and call down maledictions on the heads of all and sundry, from the newest subaltern on up the line—embracing the Powers that Be. And we wonder why. What's the use of it all? Herein the Philosophy of training for service, and it is "by numbers".

1—Do it now; 2—work in unison with others; 3—one hundred per cent efficiency.

A soldier is trained to act AT ONCE; in perfect unison with his fellows; putting his absolute best into the work in hand. This philosophy, so essential on the parade ground in rifle drill, is sound in all phases. Were the nations of the earth working together in perfect co-operation, each putting its very best into the task to realize the best for all, the chance of war would be remote. Applied to labor and capital, such philosophy would bring these together to carry on industry with perfect justice and harmony. Applied to a creed-divided world it would line up all right living, broad minded men in a splendid co-operation to usher in a better day for the world.

Perhaps never are a commander's aspirations fully satisfied with the results attained in his company. Some men are tardy; some quick; some asleep or dreaming, so the possibility of the union of nations, each contributing its best to a world program for the general good, may seem a dream too fair to be realized. Yet is it not worth working for? In the mighty problems of reconstruction, when the

war ceases, the same philosophy drummed into us now by much maligned and over-criticized N.C. O's and Officers (who hail us joyfully to the torture of "Rifles and Side Arms!") may be applied to the whole of Life's problems.

"Slope arms; by numbers"—  
1;—Everybody on the job; 2;—perfect unison and co-operation; 3;—high pressure efficiency.

"Company!" "Attention!"  
"Pile arms." "Break off and have a smoke!"

Sapper A. MACKAY.

**TO MY LADY'S NASAL ORGAN**

I know a nose no other knows!  
Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips,  
it grows!

There's beauty in its form:—  
And music in its blows!  
—Sapper O'Shaughnessey.

**WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE—**

Lieutenant McMeiken smile.  
The new P. T. instructors' white shoes get dirty.

Our full marching order equipment in Tumbuctoo.

A train to Montreal early on Saturday afternoon.

**HEARD ON RIFLE RANGE.**

1st Sapper:—"Well! How did you make out?"

2nd Sapper:—"Oh fair, I shot one bull."

1st Sapper:—"Yes! In the next Parish!"

(Oh you D. Company!)

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

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## A MONTH IN VALCARTIER.

(By one who was given it.)

To the uninitiated the above might seem alluring. But those who know appreciate that it rather depends on which of the twelve has been selected for your excursion. If you are allowed any choice in the matter—which isn't likely—don't go in October. At that time, man and the elements seem to combine to make each day less cheery and more lonesome than the one before. However, you will probably be told that you can go if you like and you must go if you don't—which doesn't allow of much personal initiative.

As the train pulls out of the St. John station, the prospect seems far from dark. For haven't YOU been selected for the post, and are you not going to get valuable military experience, something very nearly akin to real active service? So you smile complacently at the thought that when you get back you will no longer be considered an army bull-pup, like those poor fellows who had to remain behind to continue tying their brains in thumb knots and damage themselves with wooden slabs of gun-cotton. Vanity of vanities!

Even in the far West the report had circulated that Valcartier in October was a frozen land, so it was with a sense of relief that on reaching camp you found the Sappers had had enough sense not to wait for cold weather but had betaken themselves to huts with good fires in them.

If you arrive with enough swank (and to do so is of the greatest importance) you may be allotted a room to yourself, daintily finished in beaver board and adorned with vivid paintings of the kind a musketry instructor uses when he romances in his lectures on the art of judging distances.

In the matter of work, you will if you are wise, simply go for the benefit of your health. This will save you many foolish fears and qualms of conscience.

But the full question was quite a problem and affected all, though the Sappers were equal to it. Periodically we would indent for just one cord of wood, then get a team from the transport department and keep it busy all day hauling wood on the strength of that one indent. We used to wonder sometimes how it was that we were able, by that method, to keep even the A.S.C. and T.D. quite hot at times.

The rations were, as usual, of lively interest to everyone. Some

might think that the position of orderly officer was made simply to enable the sapper to relieve himself, at meal times, of any kicks he might have accumulated since he last sat down at mess. This is a gross error.

The Sapper is perfectly able to get his grievances off his chest, with comfort, rapidity and eloquence, even if there is no orderly officer there to encourage and help out. When you have discovered your most eloquent kickers, enrol them immediately in the company diplomatic service. It was our C.O.S. that smoothed over any little difficulties that arose from time to time over the wood question, that got more than 2 days extra rations of bread out of the A.S.C. for which nobody has indented to this day, that got gallons of coal oil and gasoline, yards of flanellette, bran new lamp wicks and numerous other trifles from the S.O.O.—all as a free gift.

Working on these principles, you will understand how we were able for that month to effect a very gratifying reduction in the cost of living per man per diem. Indeed the Sappers had a very good reputation in Valcartier, and well they deserved it.

And yet, somehow, as we approached St. John on the return journey, we felt by instinct that our fame had not travelled by an earlier train as it should have done. Indeed there were those who looked as though they were rude enough to think "What a very awkward squad." Somehow, we did not feel as martial or as full of military experience as we had expected. And when we heard the Sergeant Instructors still carrying on with the familiar "Form fours, form two deep," we decided not to try and put one over them yet awhile. Also we agreed not to swank before the other bull pups. But it was hearing the depot had invested in a brass band that finished us! After that there was no more spirit in us. A real brass band! Giddy old depot!!!

No reference, however brief, to Valcartier would be complete without mentioning that ubiquitous personage, the Supply Officer. Genial in his acceptance of your proposals to "borrow" from him and pleasant in his refusals, he was just an Irishman all over, in looks, speech and character—especially character. Go to him with a complaint from a sapper that there was nothing but bones and seedling potatoes for dinner, and he would look glum and mournful. Threaten to carry the matter forward to a captain and he would brighten up perceptibly and even

begin to smile. Mention a major and he got positively jovial, his hilarity increasing with the rank of the officer you threatened him with. By the time you yourself got as high as you could, he was in danger of falling off his horse from laughing. He had the delicious knack of, quite naturally, thinking inversely whilst acting obliquely to ordinary people, which after all is only Irish.

CALPE.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

To the Editor of  
"Knots and Lashings".

Sir:—  
If a Corporal can be placed in category C.3. by claiming to have had rheumatism fifteen years ago, what class can a common everyday sapper get into who had measles at the age of three?

**MORE EVIL MEN THAN WOMEN?**

Mr. Editor:—  
There are times in these barracks when disputes of an interesting nature take place, and there is one that I should like to submit to you for consideration.

A certain number of men claim that in the world today, evil-minded and bad women in general are in the majority; whereas a number of other men (myself included) are inclined to think that men, in preference to women, hold this particular distinction.

It is understood that there are more women than men in the world, which of course one must make allowance for;—yet in spite of this, and with no desire to condemn man (for I have the honor to be one myself) I honestly believe from my own observations and studies that there is more sin amongst men than amongst the women.

Whether I am correct in this statement or not, it is of course simply a matter of opinion. It is somewhat of a difficult dispute to decide, and yet I believe that you, Mr. Editor, with the co-operation of your newspaper colleagues, can come to an amicable understanding upon a subject which I think concerns us all.

I am,  
Yours respectfully,  
Sapper S. B. Norton.

Dear Sapper Norton:—

We have taken time, since we received your communication, to consider whether the publication of such a letter is worth while. We have not made up our mind yet but are rather in the position of

the inexperienced whist player who says to himself, "When in doubt play trumps."

To that "certain number of men" who claim there are more evil-minded women in the world today than those we would wish for wives and have for mothers, we would say:—BRING FORWARD YOUR PROOF. Of course they cannot prove their statement. If they could, the world might just as well shut right down. We know there are a number of women who earn a livelihood (and an early demise) by evil living, and have not far to seek for the reason. It is simply a question of supply and demand.

You say it is a difficult dispute to decide. Popular sentiment would soon decide, if it were asked. It is not, as you say, a matter of opinion:—it is one of fact and one that is disproved at the outset. To come to an amicable understanding with such as would malign our best ideals is an impossible situation. Rather, we would advise you to shun a man who has such views as you would the plague, and to him would we say;—choose your female acquaintances with more circumspection.

Yours truly,  
Editor.

**INFRA DIG.**

They were sitting in the mess when in came the Stuart and said "Good (K)night, gentlemen; Mr. Elliott is standing out on the Stairs and says he is Longmore often than short and that his Armstrong too."

"He doth, Duthie;" quoth McCulloch: "isn't he the Meik(le) young man. I saw him a little while ago drinking Holland(s) and shining his Armer on an Emery wheel!"

Captain Petti grew loquacious; (at the same time putting some black diamonds on the fire with the aid of a Trow(el).) "Look here, you Fellowes:—no more bum Steers for me:—the man from Hamilton says he saw a sea serpent and a Blackadder, after drinking some O'Keefer other kind of beer the other (K)night! Another one thought he was a Young Corbett and started fighting! Wright or wrong, he was placed in a Culvert to keep him cool! We should send them both to take the Keeley cure!"

This broke up the party and they dispersed—singing "the Campbells are coming".

Orderly Corporal, to new recruit:—"Have you had a paliasse?"  
New recruit:—"No; is it contagious?"



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Hell, 13—11—17.

Friend Pete:—

I guess you began to think I was dead; but on the square, Pete, I've been as busy as you soldiers (on pay-day)! We just received a bunch of them "Dutchmen", and believe me, Bo, they sure are a Hell of a bunch to handle.

You guys up there sure have got a snap with them Huns, Bums (or whatever it is you folks call them) compared to what I got. Honest, Pete, I thought them food speculators or middlemen was a tough lot, but I take it all back. They run about D.3. alongside of these Huns.

Pete, I guess you will be surprised to hear that I put in my notice. Well, I did just that. I'm quitting! I ain't yellow, Pete; I'm simply disgusted with this job. It ain't no cinch no more, Pete, not since Kaiser Bill started to raise Hell up there.

Believe me, Pete, that guy sure has got my number. Why, say!—he knows more about tortures, barbarism, and hell in general, than the whole damn Devil family.

On the level, Pete, this Kaiser bloke has got me looking like a has-been and a piker, when it comes to running this place.

Anyhow, before my notice is up I'm going to grab off a couple of them "overseas in three weeks" recruiting officers. They ain't going to slip anything over on our pals and get away with it!

I sure wouldn't want to be in you fellows' shoes, as it must be cold as ice up there—and I know I wouldn't like to be no Esquimos!

Well, Pete, I guess I'll get a nice quiet job after this; like President of Mexico or China. Anyhow, I will close, hoping to hear from you before I leave. I am,

Your Old Pal,  
**THE DEVIL.**

P.S.—When does the next draft leave?"

**EXTRACT FROM A LETTER**

By H. Saunders.

(Learning P.T. at Montreal.)

"When we got back to barracks at noon, Saturday (November 10th) we were informed that there was a case of chicken-pox in our room, and that we were all to go into Quarantine;—so we packed our kits and moved into the quarantine wards.

"There were 51 men in the room where the case was, so we are quite a large party.

"There are 10 in our party from

St. Johns, and we have two small rooms to ourselves. The rest of the men are in a room close by.

"The Officers of the 1st Quebec Regt. (to which we are attached while in Montreal) are doing their best for us and have sent up a large number of books and magazines.

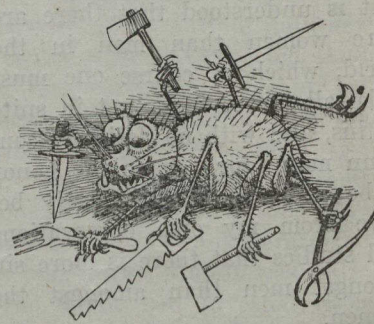
"I like the work here and am glad I came for this instruction, as it is interesting and is doing me a lot of good physically.

"This morning they took us out for a walk up the mountain, but we are not allowed to wander round the barracks, or associate with the rest of the soldiers.

"We had a fine Concert last night, and three boxing bouts, so that the evening passed away quickly."

**GOT HIS NUMBER!**

A young lady who came to the Band Concert last Sunday to see her soldier brother was being taken round by his chum, who had been excused from Band duty that day. She was of course full of questions. "Who is that person?" she asked, pointing to a sergeant-major. "Oh, he shook hands with the King; that is why he is wearing a crown on his arm, you see!" replied the young man. "And who is that?" she asked, seeing an instructor with a badge of crossed swords. "Oh, he is the barber; do you not see the scissors on his arm?" Seeing yet another man with cuffs decorated with stars, she asked, "And that one?" "Oh, he is the depot astronomer; he guides us on night manoeuvres!" "How interesting!" exclaimed the maiden, when, seeing her companion's badge, that of an ancient stringed instrument, she asked, "And does that thing mean you are the regimental lyre?"



Our impression of the Scabiae.

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