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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, JUNE 15, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

The Use of Trench Signs in Modern Warfare.

TRENCH SIGNS.

By Lieut. E. T. Adney, C.E.

It would be impossible to “carry on” a warfare which depends on the intricate “trench system”, without not only accurate mapping, but also without a suitable means for marking the trenches, and all the important elements accessory thereto. The latter is done chiefly by means of name boards, direction posts, notice boards, direction marks, etc., though certain well understood flags are also used. The signs usually consist of small boards painted white with black letters. The preparation and affixing of these, is the work of the Engineers under direction of the Divisional officer. Not that the “high command” always designates the names, for in many cases the soldiers give to the trenches various names which seem appropriate. Such names may be suggested by loyalty, or by recollections of their home town far away, and may often contain some humorous allusion. The names are indicated on the trench maps, and correspond with the sign boards as placed in the trenches.

The first and most important de-

signations, however, are the frontal subdivisions of the battle line, and these are chosen by the high command. These are of the “sectors”, which correspond to the frontage occupied by the Division. They are known by numbers, letters, or combination of both, and are in series, sequences running from right hand to left always. Thus the general knows at all times exactly where the divisions are that compose his army in line. These sectors vary in width according to Divisional frontage, which depends greatly on how strongly the particular frontage needs to be defended. Sectors in the proper sense, are not those wide frontages held by, say, the Canadian or British armies, nor do they necessarily correspond to natural localities or “positions”, which receive geographical names from nearby villages, although important hills will receive numbers, as, for example, “Hill 60”. This is not necessarily a sector. Such a position might be covered by a single sector, or by many. The lateral boundaries of a sector may consist of natural geographical features such as a stream, of points upon the roads of the country, or even of a communication trench. In a given sector, the sector num-

ber, or letter, is given to the first, second and third trenches which parallel the front. These being

traversed fire trenches, the “bays” are numbered, consecutively, also from right to left. Thus the first



(K. R. & O. No. 1193. “Presentation at a Foreign Court.”—An officer who wishes to be presented at a foreign court, will make application to His Majesty’s representative at the court.)

OFFICER:—“Is Sir Sophtsope de Niggers at home?”
BLACK:—“Ya-a-s suh, hear he am!”

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

trench would be marked "Trench 81, Firing Line," the second line, "Trench 81; Support", etc. The signboards are placed at the crossings or heads of approach trenches. Small boards marked "Bay 1", "Bay 2", etc., are placed on the side in a position to be readily seen. By this means the position of an observer for the artillery in, say, "Sector C, Bay 20" is known accurately to his battery. Reliefs of infantry coming in, will receive orders assigning particular platoons to particular bays, and will go without trouble to their places, unless of course, the sign boards are missing or may not be seen in the darkness. At important places, the direction boards will be illuminated by lamps in front, for night work. There are stories, however, of parties getting hopelessly lost and wandering about until friendly direction set them aright. But one has also heard of persons, even in a city, walking along a street in the wrong direction!

All other trenches are indicated by names.

During an engagement, communication trenches which normally take traffic in both directions, will be separated into trenches for inward and outward traffic. These are then additionally marked, the former by black boards with the word "In" in white, while the so-called "evacuation" trenches, along which the wounded are sent out, are marked with white boards with the word "Out" in black.

In preparing for a general advance, the enemy's trenches having been carefully studied, new names are given, name boards prepared and set in place when the attack has succeeded. Signs are also prepared for the Battalion forward signal station, and Battalion command posts, with direction boards to the latter. Instead of a sign, these may be indicated by a small flag, the nature of which will be indicated in the operation orders.

Specially prepared positions for machine guns in the trenches, are marked "M.G.", and no infantry must occupy them. The emplacements for those front line nuisances, "Tok Emmers" or trench mortars, such as Stokes guns, etc., are marked "T.M." Dugouts and shelters for machine gun sections, are marked "M.G. Section". Lewis gun positions are marked "L.G."

Boxes and recesses, in which bombs are placed ready for instant use, are marked "Bombs", and similar recesses in parapets or traverses in which "small arm ammunition" is stored out of the weather, are marked "S.A.A."



"CLOSER RELATIONS"

—Brooklyn "Eagle".

Sentinels watching for gas, are provided with a large sign on which will be the words "Gas Alert Off", on one side, and on the other "Gas Alert On". When the weather vane shows the wind as blowing from the enemy trenches, the latter is turned out and the garrison immediately transfer their gas masks from over the shoulder to around in front, so the mask can be put on in a few seconds in case the gas observer sees the wave coming, and sounds the gong or siren which is

the signal for "on with masks". Dugouts for the company commander, the signallers, and the company sergeant major, will be marked. Rearward everything important, such as dumps, subway entrances, etc., are marked with sign boards, indicating their specific nature. Military bridges, too, will be placarded to warn against heavier traffic than such structures will bear. The direction of drainage will often be indicated by boards with the word "Drainage" and an arrow, or simply by an arrow. At a watershed, such arrows point in each direction. Sumpholes, for local drainage, are also marked.

Names which have actually been given to trenches, include such curious ones as "Stretcher Lane", "The Strand", "Ship Creek", and "Rotten Row". In the area held by the First Canadian Division in front of Messines, some of the communication trenches were—"Medicine Hat Trail", "Calgary Avenue", "Winnipeg Avenue", "Regina Cut-off", "Currie Avenue". Trenches containing dugouts, rearward, were named "King Edward Trench", "Lindsay Lane", "King Edward Terrace", "Ft. Osborne Barracks", etc. Other names were "Shell Walk", "Dragoon Alley", "Melville", etc.

Use the Tooth Brush

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TO CLEAN YOUR TEETH

NOT

To Clean Your Brass Buttons

DO YOU SPEND AS MUCH TIME
ON YOUR TEETH AS ON
YOUR BUTTONS?

Which are the More Important?

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day at 2.30; evenings at 6.30 and 8.30.

Aeroplane observers must also know the location of various Headquarters when used as Report Centers. Such points are marked on the ground, by strips of canvas 3 feet wide and 10 to 15 feet long, arranged in the form of triangles, diamonds, crosses, and circles. Also solid round or half round sheets, with distinguishing "call" letters alongside.

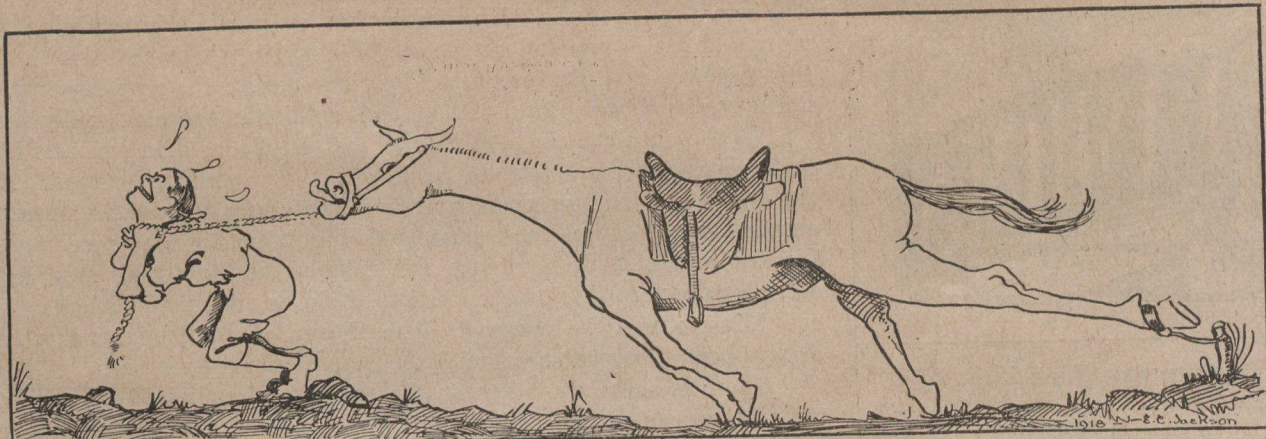
Small flags are used in rearward areas for day use, and series of red, white and green lamps for night use. General H. Q. carries the Union Jack; an Army H. Q. a white cross on red field; Hospital or Field ambulance, the Geneva Flag, a red cross on white, alongside the Union Jack. Telegraph offices carry a white and a blue bar, and these indicate the relay posts for runners. The post office emblem is a white and red bar; etc.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI VISITS ST. JOHNS.

During the past week, Monseigneur Bruchesi, Archbishop of the Diocese of Montreal, visited St. Johns in connection with his annual inspection of this Parish. Accompanying his Excellency, was the Rev. Father Laberge, Parish Priest of Notre Dame Auxiliatrice, and Rev. Father LaMarche, Parish Priest of St. Johns. During their stay at St. Johns, the reverend gentlemen also found time to visit the Barracks of the Canadian Engineers.

It is always a sincere pleasure to have the honor of welcoming Archbishop Bruchesi at our Depot. We beg to assure him that his thoroughly practical interest and concern in the welfare of our men, is deeply appreciated by all ranks.

HEAVE HO! MY LADS! HEAVE HO!



The day was warm. Manoeuvres, the most exacting, had been carried out in a painstaking,—if at times original,—manner. So, acting under instructions from the "Man Higher Up", one of the Corps d'Elite had moored his "Hors de Combat", or charger, fore and aft.

Suddenly the command, "Prepare to mount", rang out on the still air. Lieut. Lockhart sprang to his feet, cast off the bow lines, and heaved with a will on the bridle. The good leather strained, the war horse stretched a bit, but still remained fast. Our \$10,000 Special Artist happened to be passing and dashed off the above sketch. As for the victim of this outrage, he is now classed Category "E".

We would remind Lieut. L... of the sound advise of Irving Cobb,—"When going out in a motor boat, it is better to cast off first. This is considered preferable to taking the dock along with you."

WELCOME TO MAJOR, THE REV. J. E. WARD.

This week the Depot welcomes upon its strength, the Padre who has lately been appointed Senior Chaplain, Military District No. 4.

Major the Rev. J. E. Ward, is one of that growing list of Canadians-born who have made their homes on both sides the water. He holds the useful distinction of having been five years as cowboy in Alberta, and through many wanderings, having at last ended a peace time effort as an M.A. with Honours at Oxford University.

Ordained by the present Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral, the war found him in Switzerland and later in Paris in the days preceding the battle of the Marne. He received his commission as Chaplain in the Imperial Forces early in 1915, and went to France with the 75th Brigade. In December of that year he was wounded, but continued to serve until December last, when he received his discharge, and for the intervening months, took charge of Trinity Church, Montreal. The Padre evidently couldn't stay out of it and has taken up a commission again in the hope of another round in France. On behalf of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the E. T. D., "Knots and Lashings" extends to Major Ward a sincere and hearty welcome.

VALE, VALE AND AGAIN VALE.

(The following unsigned contribution, has been received from one of the junior officers who left with Draft 56. We believe that his remarks will find an echo in the hearts of all who have enjoyed the

privilege of passing through the E. T. D.)

On the eve of departure from the Engineer Training Depot, the writer feels compelled to say just a word with reference to his all too short stay at St. Johns.

Coming to the Depot just five weeks ago, absolutely untutored as regards matters military, the writer's mind was entirely "open", and particularly susceptible, to "first impressions". And there were many first impressions.

Prior to coming to St. Johns, the writer had occupied a position of some responsibility with a large mining corporation,—a Corporation that was run on strictly business lines and with an organization fully developed. Efficiency had been our watchword; punctuality our slogan. Consequently he was prepared to view his new environment with a somewhat critical eye.

First impressions were rather bewildering and the writer "discovered" many things which were not according to his preconceived ideas. But that was only for a very short time. Then he began to realize what successful handling of a large body of men really involved.

With a mind, at first bordering on bewilderment, his eye came to grasp not only the details but the harmonious working of a large Depot as a whole. From a state of bewilderment, it soon became a real pleasure to observe the smoothly running organization. With what promptness, celerity and absence of any confusion, parades fell in. A bugle call, a few sharp words of command, a short interval, and 3000 men had been fed. Again a bugle call, a few more words of command, and the 3000 men were carrying on with their routine training. Again a bugle call, and quiet reigned supreme over an orderly barracks, where the 3000

men were resting from the work of the day.

It may be permissible to add just a word, more specifically regarding the treatment accorded the men attached to the officer's classes. And at first, of course, we particularly felt the restraint which a somewhat strict discipline imposed. But the feeling of restraint soon passed, as we felt ourselves becoming an intimate coordinate part of a smooth running piece of machinery.

To our course of training,—necessarily much curtailed through exigencies of time available,—we owe much, particularly to the efficient instruction of Major Milne, Capt. Powell, Capt. Fellows and the various N.C.O. and instructors. But most of all, do we feel that the personal influence and example of Col. Melville has been of real value to us. In him we had the embodiment of the practical soldier, the man of affairs and the senior officer during moments of relaxation, all combined. We feel that the example set by Col. Melville during our all too short stay at the E.T.D., will prove of lasting and practical value to us all.

To Col. Melville and his staff, the writer wishes to express his thanks for efficient instruction, gentlemanly treatment and a thoroughly pleasant stay in St. Johns.

✓ "One of Draft 56".

THE EDITORIAL.

We desire to draw the attention of every officer, N.C.O., and Sapper in the Depot, to the Editorial on "Morals and Militarism", which will be found on page 4. We would respectfully ask that our readers carefully consider this presentation of a great and practical aspect of conditions arising from the World War.

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Madam Petrova in

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MORALS AND MILITARISM.

In his standard work on "The Law of the Constitution", Prof. Dicey has a most interesting chapter on The Army, in which he emphasizes the legal aspect of a principle, which we have attempted to declare in a general way in these columns in our last two issues. Prof. Dicey's contention is that, in the eyes of the law, a soldier does not cease to be a citizen. He remains amenable to all the civil and criminal regulations of the common law of the land. By the contract of his enlistment, the soldier undertakes many obligations in addition to the duties incumbent upon him as a civilian, but he does not, under our laws, escape from any of the duties of a law-abiding British subject. These new duties, obligations, requirements, are not assumed to the exclusion of any duties known to the law by which citizenship is safeguarded, but are in addition to these duties. This is a fact that should be emphasized in military circles. A man has no immunity from the restraints of civilian life, because he is in uniform.

But ours is a wider contention, even to the extent of declaring that a man's success or failure in the army, will be determined by the extent to which his life as a civilian has been self-disciplined, restrained and morally sound and clean;—and, further, the extent to which he brings all this self-restraint and circumspect conduct into the atmosphere and practices of military life. Nothing that has proven worth while in civil life, nothing that has branded him as a man among men, nothing that has made him worth something to society, can be dispensed with or deemed a negligible quantity in his military career.

In these days of unprecedented and complicated scientific advance in the power and effectiveness of modern weapons and methods of warfare, it might be thought that the fighting man can or must become such an unfeeling and impersonal machine, that, so long as he can execute his movements, it matters not whether he be moral man or brute. But, from every quarter of the world's far-flung line of battle, comes a ringing challenge to such a thought and an overwhelming affirmation, that "now as ever it is the moral element that is finally decisive in war." More and more we derive comfort and confidence, in these critical days, from the assurance that the morale of our forces leaves little to be desired. There is something in this for the average recruit to think hard about.

The thing called the morale of an army, is a subtle, intangible, elusive thing,—but its value is incalculable. It manifests itself in the character of the discipline, the extent to which confidence prevails, the element of cohesion that unifies and solidifies the unit under consideration. But the thing itself lies deeper than its manifestation; it is determined by the state of mind and heart and will of the men

who make up the unit. Every man has his part in determining the morale of his corps, and of the whole army to which he belongs. It thus becomes a vital concern to those who realize the requirements of military effort, what kind of man each soldier in the unit really is.

In the old days of chivalry, this matter of a soldier's morals and their necessity as an absolute requirement, was well understood. All the graces and virtues of a strong and clean man, were most strongly emphasized. Respect for womanhood, solicitude for the weak, mercy for the vanquished, reverence for religion and all that men held sacred, were regarded by the knights of old as vital requirements that could in no wise be escaped. The flower of British chivalry has always been richly adorned with these unquestioned virtues.

There is a danger today, in the necessity that is laid upon us of training masses of men, called more or less indiscriminately to military service, that these age-long standards should be lowered. There is also the further danger, that the outrageous practices of the brutal and faithless foe that challenges civilization and seems at times to be winning advantages by such methods, should shake our faith in the clear ideals of British chivalry and morality, and excite us to reprisals and methods that are foreign to the genius of our race. In this war for freedom, the sanctity of the pledged word and the preservation of all that true, God-fearing people hold dearest and best, there must be no relaxing of our devotion to the highest standards of morality.

We are not concerned, in this article, with that intellectual clearness that keeps the leader or the common soldier fully resourceful and alert, and preserves him from the stagnation of immoral thoughts and their paralyzing defilement. Nor are we now stressing that steadiness of purpose which springs from a will set towards the highest, as that highest is evidenced in our just and righteous cause. We have dwelt upon these aspects of the question. Our immediate concern is with the kind of devotion to our cause, to those in authority and to each other, as comrades, which springs from the warm and fervent heart of the true and chivalrous soldier of the King. The recruit has to be on his guard against the hardening influence of military life upon the finer feelings and more refined sensibilities which he brings with him from civil life, and which he should, by all means, cherish and deepen as a soldier.

England's greatest military leaders, and the world has produced none greater, have left behind them, as their brightest glory, the untarnished records of true and tender-hearted gentlemen. Wellington could stand "four-square to every wind that blew" but at Waterloo, as his hollow squares withstood the shock of repeated assaults, the tears coursed down his face. He fought his hundred fights and "never lost a gun", but he never lost that humane sensitiveness which is of the essence of real all-round virility.

We dare not allow moral requirements to be lost in the maelstrom of a seething materialism. Its loss spells defeat and ultimate national disaster. If the nation is to be sound at heart after this war is over, the men of the nation must keep our moral standards unfurled at all times, so that after we have worked our way to victory and made the world safe for democracy, as with the individual soldier so with the nation as a whole,

"Whatever record leaps to light
We never shall be shamed."

"ON GUARD".

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

(It can be truthfully stated without fear of contradiction, that the M. O.'s office has not been particularly persistent in butting into the columns of "Knots and Lashings". However it is said that competition is the life of trade and the efforts of their contemporaries in the various other **Bureaux** have evidently roused their enthusiasm to **fever heat**. At the recent boxing match between M.P. McKinnon and M.P. Lepine, one of the M. O. Staff was observed busily taking notes. The results are even worse

than we had expected. He analyses the scrap carefully and his effort will be recorded as the greatest account of a battle yet printed in the history of fistiana. It is a gem in its purity of style, the beautiful sentiments expressed, and the charming clarity that embellishes the whole. Duck boys! Low Bridge!!)

I suppose you heard the other night,
About the McKinnon-Lepine fight,
They each weighed in different pounds,
And between them fought two rounds.

Each man walked up to his place,
And slapped the other on the face,
McKinnon got one on the nose,
And one of Lepine's eyes got
closed.

There were ladies and gents from
gay St. Johns
You could hear them betting while
they carried on!
Before the fight, arm and arm did
walk,
Wondering if any of the fighters
would balk.

While Lepine worked with his left,
McKinnon kept jabbing with his
right,
Poor Mac at times seemed quite
bereft,
For he saw he could not win the
fight!

At last Lepine caused Mac's ear to
swell,
So bad he could not hear the bell,
But the Referee told him he done
well,
And to try again after having a
spell.

Again they both hit with their fist,
Sometimes they would strike and
sometimes miss,
There were upper cuts and body
blows,
Sometimes there were clinches,
And the onlooker knows,
The fight was won by inches!

But both were game in the fight,
In spite of Lepine's eye closed up
tight,
If he got one more from Mac's
right,
He knew 'twas up to say good
night.

Mr. Turner for McKinnon he kept
time,
And for Lepine, Barbwire Mac,
Old timers also stood in line,
To see this battling mess.

For some of them had been inside
the ropes,
Time and time before.
Had battled against different
hopes,
And got laid out on the floor!
But this fight was the best I ever
seen
Pulled off between McKinnon and
Lepine!

Get a copy of "Knots and
Lashings" to send to the folks back
home. You may be sure they will
be glad to get it. The postage is
one cent.

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

THE E. T. D. "TREATMENT".

(Before and After Taking).



He doesn't know his number
You can't pronounce his name.
That he should be in E. T. D.
Appears to be a shame.

But several weeks of training
Will make of any boob
A soldier boy who is a joy
To see and not a rube.

So, if you have an uncle
A cousin or a friend
Whose ways are tough
Whose mind is slow
Who is at drinking
Quite a pro
The sort who will not
Shave you know
Who'll sink, if he has half a show
To deepest depths and far below.
Enlist him in the Army.
—E. C. J.

A WORD IN A GOOD CAUSE.

The potent help of our paper,—
the all powerful "Knots and
Lashings", has been sought by our
local Dental Corps in their cam-
paign against the prevalent neglect
of, and consequent injury, to our
teeth. They have particularly in
mind the welfare of the **soldiers'**
teeth.

One of our many hustling young
reporters had the good fortune to
be called to the phone that an in-
terview might be arranged with
our genial friend, Captain Simp-
son, of the above highly efficient
and hard-working department of
the Depot. He was requested, by
the Captain, to arrange for the
publication of a certain set of
posters that the Canadian Army
Dental Corps has supplied, dealing
with the subject. This will be
done. We are sure that good will
result from their publication,—not
only in this Depot, but in various
other localities, which the constan-
tly growing circulation of "Knots
and Lashings" has invaded. Let

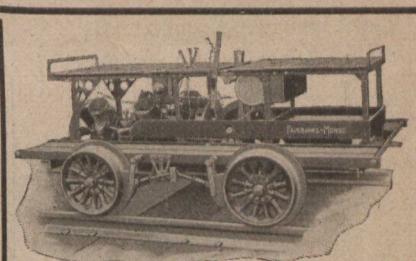
us quote from the interview.

"These posters," said the Cap-
tain, "hang in our drawing, or
reception rooms; but as these
rooms have not, as yet, become
popular, as a place wherein to
willingly pass the time, we consi-
dered that something should be
done in other ways to reach the
masses. So, we sought the aid of
'Knots and Lashings'."

"Our Dental Corps does not
want to be known as a department
of repair for broken molars, and
this alone, but wishes also to do its
part in pointing out just how to
do away with the dentist, and per-
haps, put him out of business in
the community." "We wish,"
said he, "to show the boys, that
the dentist is merely a necessity due
to carelessness and to the lack of
knowledge and to the mistakes of
ourselves and our forefathers.
'Knots and Lashings' can help on
the good work and we are very
grateful for its help."

The first poster is published this
week and appears elsewhere.

Editor.



RAILWAY MOTOR CARS

Put your trust only in cars
recognized by every leading
Railway as the most reliable.

FAIRBANKS
MORSE

Railway Motor Cars have been
adopted by the U. S. Govern-
ment for use in France. The
first Canadian Overseas Railway
Construction Corps took Fair-
banks-Morse Motor Cars with
them.

The Canadian
Fairbanks-Morse
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LUNCH ROOM

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HOME COOKING.
REASONABLE PRICES.

Established in 1876. Tel. 65
C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants,
and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail,

THE LAIRD AND HIS ACCOMPLICE COME BACK STRONG.

While hurrying past the Emporium yesterday morning, a terrifying sound caught our sensitive ear. Nor could there be any doubt as to its sinister significance. Who could mistake the stern commands of the **Laird**, the unapproachable oratory of the **Accomplice**, the terrifying detonations of that **whip**,—sounding to many troubled souls, like the very crack of **Doom!**

Cautiously we poked our nose inside the door, and what a scene met our horrified gaze. For, paragonically speaking, the Cadets were having a rough passage. Piously we crossed ourself. Hoarsely we muttered,—“Gawd help our sailors on a night like this!”

We distinctly recalled, with what a *débonnaire* manner, with what *élan*, with what *éclat*, the White Bands had marched to the stables but a short half hour before. But, now one haunting line dominated our thoughts,—“*Ei morituri, te salutent...*!”

How familiar it all seemed!—“If you walk the same speed as your horse, you’ll never catch him!”; “Make a noise like a bag of oats, you ——!”; “If you have to fall off, fall in the centre of the ring!”; (this one got prompt results; three of ’em bit the tan bark in as many seconds, as though drilling by numbers). “Don’t bump that bleedin’ horse’s back; you hurts ’im”; “Look at that cartoon guy in the lead!”; “Turn your toes up! Turn your toes up!! TURN YOUR TOES UP!!!”

We would ask our brave young Cadets, individually and collectively, as man to man, which would really rather hear, — “Walk, March; Trot, March,” or “Prepare to,—Dismount.” We expect a truthful,—also an unqualified,—answer. No strong langwidge permitted.

The Martyr Joan at the stake, was not in it with that Martyr Cadet who posed for 15 minutes in the centre of the ring. He seemed to be deeply,—very deeply,—engrossed in his own sad thoughts. Gentle Reader, do you wonder???

In our next number we hope to publish,—that is provided we can evade the Censor,—some brief, racy biographical opinions regarding the Laird and “that awfully jolly Sims Chap”. The Cadet who promised us this literary gem, spoke as though he meant it too.



THE HUN COALITION.
It stands, but the base is none too firm.
—“Bystander”, London.

As with unsteady step we turned away, only one feeble ray of light pierced the gloom of our troubled spirit. For there seems little doubt, that in next week’s issue of “**Knots and Lashings**”, we will have the pleasure of running the following advt. (at our usual rate of 50 cents per inch),—“WANTED, some new Cadets! This is the life! Free Horses! Free Tanbark!! FREE ADVICE!!! Get in on this boys! The diving’s fine!!”

GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

Once more, to the inspiring music of the brass band of the Canadian Engineers, still another draft has marched away from the Engineer Training Depot. During the past few months, we have watched many such drafts entrain for “An Atlantic Port”, but there have been none which we felt would better uphold and maintain the traditions of our Depot.

A few short weeks ago, practically all the men on the draft, as well as many of the Officers, had arrived in St. Johns practically untrained. But what a difference those few short weeks had made! The slouching careless gait, had given way to the smart soldierly bearing; the careless indifference,

to a decisive alertness that responded sharply to the word of command; the rabble of a few weeks ago had become a disciplined body of men worthy to wear the insignia of the Canadian Engineers.

But best of all, as the troop trains pulled out, they cheered, and cheered, and cheered. Draftees? Perhaps; and we ask no better. May those who will, during the coming months, follow in their footsteps, bear themselves as did Draft 56 as they left us on the morning of June 10, bound overseas on “The Great Adventure”!

THE Q. M. STAFF BUTTS IN.

(Possibly the dreamy eyed “poets” of Room 28 and the Bureau de Pay, fancied they were pretty much alone in getting out this poetry stuff. If they did, they overlooked the Q. M. Staff of the “Deepo”. The latter have apparently been deeply touched (in the head?) by the war, and have recently heard tell of a certain individual called Sir Sam Hughes. Although their information, like their stores, has been somewhat slow in percolating in, yet we publish with pleasure the following ode to Sir Sam which is signed by

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Military Equipments:—

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

the whole staff of the Q. M. Stores. We call particular attention to the history of this man, the dates being remarkably accurate. Here she goes; look out below!

There was once down in the eastern town,
Lindsay was the name,
In a cottage painted green and brown,
A little baby came.

He was born of honest parents,
And their names was Hughes,
They were tickled to their hearts content,
When the little boy wore his first shoes (with spurs on 'em).

As years rolled by their son did grow,
And studied hard at school,
And when he got to manhood,
He went to Military School.

When at the age of thirty-four,
He enlisted in the boar war,
When he shot the enemy by the score;

Hardly anybody knew his name
Till it came out in Victory's fame.

When the war was over, he returned,
And marched before the King,
And medals were placed upon his breast,
By Victoria, our late Queen.

After that he went to many a town
The troops to interview,
Forming battalions all around,
To protect me and you.

But just you see what we have heard,
He has commanded the Thirty Third!

The Seventy-First and others;
They have gone across the pond,
Leaving fathers and mothers!

So heres to Sir Sam Hughes,
Who is the man of the hour,
For you are watching all the moves,
Like one inside a tower.

We expect the enemy will get their dues,
When once the command is given,
By the one, Sir Sam Hughes!

SASSIETY KOLEM.

A very enjoyable midnight party was held at the College Barracks, last Saturday evening. The third floor was entertained to a little shadow boxing and a little catch-as-catch-can wrestling by a Sergeant, Corporal and six men. After the party, six of the entertainers were escorted safely up to the



—“Dispatch”, Columbus.

Guard Room by a party of the 'Varsity Boys.

Graduation Day was celebrated last Monday at the College. About three hundred young men finished their course here and left for the Old Country to complete their postgraduate education. A few of the students remained behind to write off their 'sups'.

The new term opened yesterday with about 250 candidates. A prospectus of the year's work will be given out later on application to Room 28.

Why doesn't the Band get a little modern music to play when the drafts leave? "Keep the Home Fires Burning", "Over there", "Where do we go from here", "Hail, Hail the gangs all here", and "The Long, Long Trail" have been suggested by the boys.

Is it true that the Cadets are going to wear a chic little bow on their hats as well as that white band? Oh girls! I think that they are just too cute for anything!

Why is the E. T. D. paper, "Knots and Lashings", like a broken drum?—Because it can't be beat! (Ed. Note:—Attaboy!)

E. W. J.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

EIGHT LITTLE SOLDIERS.

(With apologies to the Wadsworth "Gas Attack".)

Eight little soldiers,
Living in a tent,
All went away from here,
And this is how they went.

Eight little soldiers,
Good enough for heaven,
One sassed the Captain,
And that left seven.

Seven little soldiers,
In a happy fix,
One got some liquor,
And that left six.

Six little soldiers,
Very much alive,
One thought that he could fight,
And that left five.

Five little soldiers,
Game to the core,
One took seconds on the stew,
And that left four.

Four little soldiers,
Out on a spree,
The M.P.'s got one,
And that left three.

Three little soldiers,
A very noisy crew,
One disregarded "Lights Out",
And that left two.

Two little soldiers,
Looking for some fun,
One went to Room 31,
And that left one.

One little soldier,
Left all alone,
He took the G.P.R.,
And that left none.

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THE UBIQUITOUS HUMAN HOG.

He is indigenous to no one clime, of no particular country and peculiar to no nationality,—he is to be found everywhere and among all kinds and degrees of people. I have watched him, his modus operandi, his methods in the lumber camps of Maine, among the roustabouts of the coasts,—I have seen him and suffered from him in the South and have heartily cursed him in the West. I have seen him exercise his porcine proclivities in gatherings of clergymen, capitalists, politicians—among laborers. Therefore, it was with no surprise that I found our friend, the Ubiquitous Hog, among the men stationed at the E. T. D.—rooting and grunting and knocking to the same old tune and in the same old way!

It would, perhaps, place too heavy a burden on the credulity of the reader, to state that this species of "human" actually resembles the hog from a purely physical standpoint; but certain characteristics, unseparable from both, leads me, after seeing the former and suffering from his depredations, to think irresistibly of the four-footed hog.

Three friends and myself coming up from the States, arriving in the parade grounds wandered around in the gathering darkness, awaiting our dispositions. Running true to form, we immediately asked questions, ("Rookie"-like), wise and unwise, germane and otherwise. The Fates ordained that we should choose the local human "cousin to the hog" as our fount of information. Information we certainly did get, diffuse, full, complete,—and then some more! We had just finished a tedious, perspiring and dusty all-day ride and needed refreshment. At best, a recruit on his induction into a camp, is peculiarly susceptible to first impressions and we were no exception to the rule. We arrived tired, hungry and dirty. We let loose terrific verbal volleys anent food, bed and baths. And he, heroically brought up his heavy artillery in answer. Never a helmeted Hun choose his point of attack better,—never was artillery fired with greater eagerness. And thus, he advanced upon us!

Beds! Already, I could feel my joints creak. Unconsciously, in unison with him, we rubbed our hip-bones, as he gave us a tragic "movie" of the ravages to be wrought by the racks he described as our beds. Our minds travelled back,—back to the horrors adorn-



PUSHING HIM IN AGAIN.

—"World", New York.

ing the annals of the Spanish Inquisition!

The food! Here my vocabulary fails and I gasp as I recall the words painting the dire picture he wrought. We, shudderingly, listened to his harrowing narrative of the ravages wrought at the Mess and to the horrors of kitchen-fatigue. We, at once, placed the regimental cook in the infamous category along with Catherine de Medici, Catherine of Russia, the Borgias and the other expert poisoners of history. "Food!" he wound up with an agonized moan "Food!—it's simply rotten!" I am sure, however, that his eloquence and dramatic ability would actually have convinced us of the possibility of such a state of affairs.

Baths suggested themselves to us,—but we had heard enough and also seen enough. Even the rapidly gathering darkness failed to hide the dirt caked in the creases of his bull-neck, or to soften the too evident fact that soap and he were not on speaking terms. How indeed could there be "baths" in this depot after what we had heard and seen? How indeed? Evidently his oratorical ebullitions were meant as a prelude to our asking him over town for a drink. If so, he failed in his object, soon drifting away to "enlighten" other such as we.

Doubtlessly he sprayed his venom and his vindictiveness among the first group that he met, changing the subject, however, from beds, etc., to "tight-wad recruits". In this he was unjust so far as we

were concerned. Gladly, yea willingly, would we have bought him a drink, but alas, we were too utterly flabbergasted to buy ourselves one. The Lord knows our poor nerves called loudly enough for a stimulant after such an encounter!

As before stated, we were utterly tired. Then came our first surprise. We were actually conducted to hot and cold showers! We revelled in such a treat to poor dusty travellers such as we were. Suspicion of our informer began to dawn upon our minds, and things looked brighter. And then came our beds! We had plenty of good warm blankets and a good dry place to lie in.—What more does a normal and healthy body desire? It is the ease—softened frame that wails for the downy mattress and fluffy pillow.

In the morning—how refreshed we were and hungry—ravenously hungry. Nerve-racking recollections of our friend of the previous night still disturbed us. And, too, we met him in person. There he was, among the first to bump the marker on the breakfast parade. For a man who had had so many narrow, soul-stirring, escapes from that murderous cook, he seemed particularly anxious to renew acquaintances with that individual.

Interestedly, we watched him. Reaching his place at the table, he hastily scanned the array. His eyes wandered over the table as he mapped out his plan of campaign. Ere the final note of the bugle had died away, and while still standing

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presumably "at attention", one hand reached frantically for the meat, and the other dirty paw lunged for the potatoes. Both safely secured; he deftly obtained, selecting with the eye of the expert that he was, the brownest french-fried and the finest portions. He heaped his plate—and this, after his talk of the previous night! By this time, the gravy and the coffee had become his prey. There is no word that can be used in "Knots and Lashings" that adequately described his method of eating, I watched him with disgust. Before his plate was half empty he began yelling for "more meat". As an orderly approached, he fairly crouched like a tiger, ready to spring on his victim. But, why discuss this hog further? This creature is rare, only one among a thousand but he is found everywhere. Do not be deceived by such as he! As before stated, he is not confined to one class alone but is everywhere,—and everywhere he is a problem.

The average soldier is really impatient when meal-time draws near,—who would not, after his drill in the open air! My wonder is that he is not more impatient of delays at meal time, and that he is so self restrained for in the last analysis the soldier is little else than a grown-up youngster. See them play tag, leap-frog, or slyly trip-up each other and you will realize it.

At our mess tables, their hungry, healthy young stomachs want to be filled and that is all there is about it. So, God bless the hungry young soldier,—let him enjoy it to his hearts content. Double up! Double up, Cookie!—that is the boy in him. But it is not "the boy" in him of the porcine proclivities. There is no boy in his squeals and grunt and absolute selfishness,—his disregard for all save himself,—there is no boy in it. He is the Ubiquitous hog; and the hog in him is well on the surface.

Spr. J. COMERFORD.

LOOKING AFTER THEM.

The following letter has been forwarded, from his home-address, to one of the several Members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at present in this Depot.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers has many members on active service both in the Canadian and American Expeditionary Forces. The great work that is being done towards winning the war, by this, and kindred societies, is well known to all of us.

We publish the letter as an ap-

preciation of how we are "being looked after",—we are "all together" with the one aim; and are going to win.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS

29 West 30th Street, New York. June 4, 1918.

Dear Sir:—

This letter is written to all members of the Institute in the service in the uniform of America or one of its Allies.

We desire to keep in touch with you during the war and for that reason we ask that either you or your family or your business associates advise us of some permanent address that we can use until the war is over and you are once more returned to your usual occupation.

It is probable that when the war is over we may desire to publish a book having to do with the record of our members in the service. Will you not keep us advised of all matters of interest concerning yourself and any other members of the Institute of whom you may have news.

With best wishes and hoping to hear from you or at least from your business associates or family if this letter does not reach you,

Faithfully yours,

Bradley Stoughton,
Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

Wen I return to St. Jeans, I expectt to be parade to you in your chair of official but the adjewtant she speak not my langwige and represent to me the stick with the end of dirt and say I no get to see the Koronel as she is busy. So dere Koronel I am rite to see if you might move your largest of hearts to make the appointment early for my presentation in your front face. The major de Keefe she tell me I good soldier but two fond of whiskey blanc an get the clinic too frequently but she let me into the arrestment of opening to go from Quebec to St. Jean an I say the farewells of bitterness to my Rosie wen I fin' two sappers of the detach' say the good bye to she two. Now dere Koronel it has my heart torn in three thousand pieces so, that I know my Rosie is falseness to me an' the clinic of detention is what made my Rosie fade from my love.

Joe Pacquette.

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STOPPING THE GERMAN DRIVE TOWARD PARIS.



The dotted line running from the middle of the top of the map to Coucy and the solid line that runs from there eastward to Betheny show the position held by the Germans on March 21st. The result of the drive westwards towards Amiens is shown by the solid line that runs down from the top of the map a little to the east of Amiens, around Montdidier and Noyon to Coucy. The shaded portion shows the recent German advance southward between Noyon and Reims. The successive lines show the advance made by the Germans on the successive days. The thickened portions of the line show the relatively small advance made on June 1, the last day on which they gained much ground. The advance was extremely rapid, extending to a depth of thirty miles in six days, or an average of five miles a day, which is about as fast as an organized army can march with its heavy equipment and transport, even if there were no opposing army in front of it to block its passage.

THE PASSING OF BASE COMPANY.

When the final chapter of the Great War shall have been written, it will be found that the Base Company, E. T. D., will occupy a prominent place on the most lurid pages. And if you don't believe it, ask Mr. Bartlett, or the A/Adjt., or C.S.M. Gibson,—or, well, most anyone.

For Base Company was more than a mere Company,—it was an institution! Some institution!!

As an exemplification of Military Organization, it was a wonder. At least, many wondered at it. And with good reason. Was there

a mysterious disappearance? Ask Base Company, and in a day, or a week, or a month, you were pretty sure to find the missing one, in one of the many snug dug outs "operated" by "The Company". Was a fatigue of 5 or 500 wanted? Ask Base Coy., and you got the men. As for Parade States, Nominal Rolls and Muster Parades the Company was absolutely in a class by itself. In a word, Base Company was the typification of a world in arms. With what éclat, not to say bonhomie, they 'carried on' as they held the centre of the stage at all parades. S. M. Gibson's morning orations to the troops before going into battle,

were epics to wonder at and ponder over.

But like many another Company that has had its day and ceased to be, they are now being "wound up". Sic transit gloria mundi.

A COINCIDENCE?

Is it merely a coincidence that the arrival of our new Padre should synchronize with the invasion of our peaceful hamlet by the Legion of Death from the Rock City?

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

**To Officers and Men,
E.T.D.**

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**A SPLENDID RECEPTION
GIVEN THE QUEBEC
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**Our Brave Boys Back from the
Eastern Front.**

A glorious thing it is to spend and be spent in service for one's native land; and more the glory if, in the spending, there comes that keen appreciation which is but the due of heroic deeds. At any rate so we felt as we welcomed back the heroes of Quebec. Long they had been far from us, in honest toil deprived of those calm, sure joys of rural life; long giving of their heart's endeavour (and withal their muscles too), in storming of steep dangerous declivities; in searching for the secret dangers of conspiracy beneath the smug counters where the enemy, in sleek dissemblance, bartered the forbidden weed whose smoking tells of peace. Full many days and cold, long nights, they've braved the dangers of dark citadel and lurking passage way,—daring not to venture out alone, but choosing rather, if such chanced to be their fortune, to while away the uncertain hours in such sweet companionship as should drown the thought of hidden fear. Yet theirs not to shirk the noble call of duty when summoned from the more peaceful 'vironment of "Knots and Lashings", to stand four square braving their breasts in that unskilled crude way of infantry. Such are the necessary misfortunes of a cruel war, and in the braving of theirs they've brought glory. Not indeed that this was needed to enhance the long esteemed prestige of such a unit,—for did we not already have our photos taken not many days since,—yet they have lived as live they could not otherwise, bearing within their breasts, the fullsome knowledge that here in peaceful quietude, we watched and waited the full fruits of their frank heroism.

So it was, with throbbing hearts we must needs welcome them in those clear hours of morn, when the mounting sun gloried in their glories, and pictured for us the gladsome joy for which we, in our depth of feeling, could find no tongue's expression.

Such is not the time for ought of lewd ribaldry. Such reverent awe and hero worship is not expressed in seemly fashion, by loud sounding cheers. It were rather true to that reverent attitude of mind which bows in token of its admiration, to stand silently, keen feeling in the heart,—and throat,—subduing all other pent emotion.

Providence has kindly given them back to us again.

What could we more than drape those bannered emblems, crossed with the cross of a nation's sacrifice; what could we more than spread the board in preparation for such glorious homecoming; what could we, when anon those pent up feelings would burst forth, but line the long avenue's leafy reach, and honour them; what other 'companyment could man devise than that brave strain of Caesar's composition which wells far upon the morning air from weird trombone and reedy clarions and tells of "conquering hero's homeward come". Mere sentiment in war-time! Not so,—'twas but the due of those whom honouring we felt was honour! Why should we forego the keenest pleasure in such welcome of military pagentry, or leave our welcome to the thronging gaze of mere civilians. Not so. We still stand fast in our belief that we were justified in "standing to", all hands to cheer our comrades as they came.

The above is a German version of the occurrences on the morning of June 11th at St. John's. The semi official report is less detailed though perhaps nearer to the sad truth, and reads thus:—

xxx officers and xxx rank and file detained at the C.P.R. station on Tuesday morning from Quebec, and were received by the faithful 'Rags'!

"Honni soit qui mal y pense."

ATHLETICS.

Beyond the usual baseball and soccer practices, there have been no athletic events to record during the past week. An unusually busy seven days, occupied with the re-organization of Depot Companies, muster parades and routine training, left little time for other activities.

But this afternoon, weather permitting, there will be "something doing" on the E. T. D. gridiron.

For some inexplicable reason, the Quebec Detachment came back to the old home town, with a large chip on their shoulders. At the E. T. D. such chips are not considered permissable as part of regulation equipment.

Consequently a team from the Depot, will meet the Veterans from the Rock City this afternoon. It is said that both teams are heavily backed by their respective fans, and a strenuous contest may be confidently expected.

Fine weather and a large turnout should make this one of the events of the season.

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THE NEW CADET CLASS.

Once again the spirit of initiative and of enterprise, which has been a dominant feature of the Engineers Training Depot since its inauguration, has found expression in the formation of our new Cadet Class. So far as we are aware, this is the first instance in which such a step has been taken in connection with the training of prospective officers, and those who are familiar with the conditions which in actual practice govern such work, will appreciate the real merits of the innovation.

In January of the present year, an intimation came from England that some 200 new Engineer Officers would be required. It naturally followed that the Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns should be selected as the concentration and training centre of these men. Already more than half the required number have been trained and sent overseas, and the remainder will soon be available.

It is however expected that ere long, further demands will be received and it is in anticipation for just such a possible contingency that the present Cadet Class has been organized. Although the training of the Class is under the supervision of the Chief Instructor, Capt. Powell, Sgt. Major McClements is immediately in charge, a fact which augurs well for the results that may be expected.

Since their inauguration on June 9th the class has fairly got into its stride and is making rapid headway, besides showing splendid enthusiasm in the work. It is impossible to watch the Cadets at their daily training, without being impressed by their snap, smartness and soldierly bearing, due in no mean degree to Sgt. Major McClement's masterly handling and efficient instruction.

Of the delights (?) and thrills of the now so justly celebrated "Tan Bark Emporium", we have but an inkling as we are still, at the time of writing, anticipating our introduction to the mysterious science of Equitation. At present we are doubtful whether the "withers" constitute a portion of the saddle, the bridle or the horse.

The following list comprises the names of the men who are at present enrolled in the E. T. D. Cadet Class:—

- A. A. MacDougall
- E. C. Jackson
- C. Webb
- P. K. McArthur
- P. O'Moore
- T. Stephens
- K. J. McEachren



HIS FIRST TOWN.

—"World", New York.

- C. E. Phillips
- H. Hall
- J. M. Brown
- J. D. Chick
- D. H. Wollatt
- A. C. Golding
- C. LaPrarie
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- C. A. Mathieu
- V. H. Skinner
- W. Hannes
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- Demers
- P. Renaud
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ONE!... TWO!... THREE!...
FOUR!... FIVE!... SIX!...
SEVEN!... EIGHT!!!

Eight what? Eight Bells? No!! Eight goals to nil. That's the tune to which the Royal Canadian Dragoons went down to defeat to; and it was our boys who put them into the discards as far as football goes.

The "Drags",—get the swank of it?—could do nothing against our Sappers. Right from the word go it was a hopeless proposition for them. The natural outcome of a pride so humbled was an excuse which was publicly made in the press to the effect that they had failed to put out their best.—We saw their best play a league game three nights before and we missed one man only.

Cut out your grouching, you 'Drags', take a licking as we take our licking at baseball. Yes, we have to admit we have to play second fiddle at the great American pastime.

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INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF OF THE E. T. D.

Strengthened by Appointment of Lieut. L. A. Smith, M.C.

Once more, "Knots and Lashings" takes genuine pleasure in welcoming to the Engineer Training Depot still another of those gallant heroes who crossed with the original Canadian Expeditionary Force, and helped establish, for all time, the fame of Canadian valor on the fields of France and of Flanders.

When the call came in August 1914, Lieut. L. G. Smith occupied a position of responsibility with the Hollinger Mining Co. at Porcupine, Ont. Ten years' practical experience in Northern Ontario, had well fitted him to assume responsibility in whatever form it might come.

On August 11th, he enlisted as a Sapper with the 1st Field Coy., Canadian Engineers, and sailed with that unit from Valcartier under Lieut. Col. (then Major) W. W. Melville. After passing through the memorable campaign of Salisbury Plains, Sapper Smith went to France in February 1915 and served right through with the 1st Division until June 1916.

At that time, in recognition of unusual meritorious work, he was granted a commission, at the same time being transferred to the 8th Field Coy., Canadian Engineers. On April 9th, 1917, at Vimy Ridge, Lieut. Smith's able work won well merited recognition and he received the coveted Military Cross. Lieut. Smith remained with the 8th Field Coy. until May 1917, when he was transferred to the Railway Construction Troops, remaining with that unit until December 1917. Finally he was returned to Canada for special service, subsequently reporting at the E. T. D. where he

now holds the position of Assistant Chief Instructor.

During the short time Lieut. Smith has been at the Depot, he has won for himself the respect and esteem of all ranks. On behalf of the Engineer Training Depot, we extend to him a most cordial welcome.

WE OWE IT TO THE BAND.

We cannot allow the occasion to pass, without alluding to the excellent work of our Associates in the Band, in disposing of last Saturday's issue of "Knots and Lashings". Our issue of June 8th reached 1700 copies, and the fact that practically all of these were sold, reflects great credit on the energy and cordial cooperation of the following:—

- Bandsman Cox
- " Eberle
- " Erickson
- " McDonald
- " J. J. Orr
- " Wesley

A WORD OF THANKS.

The N.C.O.'s and men now quartered at the College Barracks, desire to express their appreciation to Mr. William Hart, of the Cluett-Peabody Co., for his action in permitting them to use the large field, adjoining the factory, for baseball and football.

In the past, the Varsity Boys have been rather handicapped owing to the distance which they must go to reach the playing field at the Depot. The thoughtfulness of Mr. Hart will however provide them with a suitable recreation ground, and challenges to championship baseball, may be expected in the near future.

We respectfully urge the men of the Engineer Training Depot to patronize our advertisers. They are helping us. Let us reciprocate.

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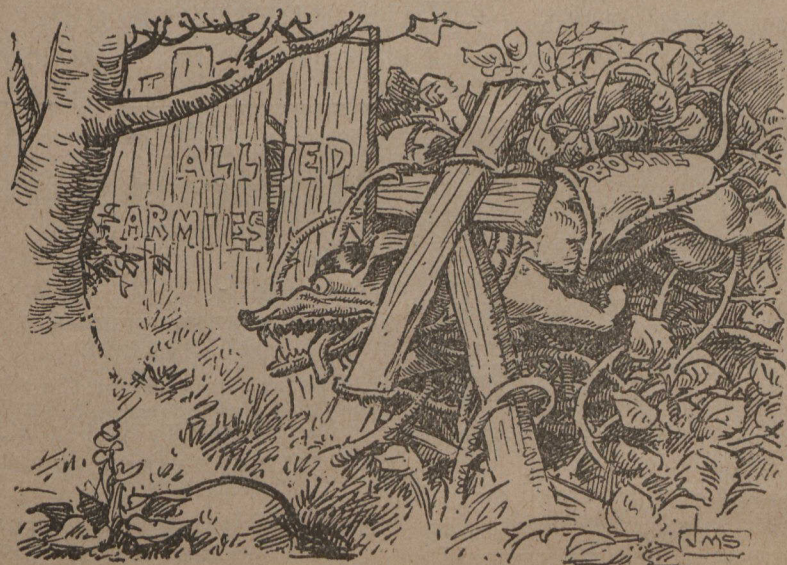
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THE HISTORY OF GRENADES AND GRENADIERS.

(The Grenade is the official emblem of the Engineers. Officers and Sappers of the E. T. D. should therefore find the following historical sketch regarding the significance of their insignia of especial interest at the present time.)

The trite saying that "history repeats itself", is especially applicable to military history, and the use of the hand grenade as an infantry missile in the present war, affords us a striking illustration of its truth. The re-introduction of the grenade, and the rehabilitation of the Grenadier, arise from very much the same causes which led to their first inception in the armies of the European Powers, towards the latter end of the 17th century.

The hand grenade,—(the name derived from "grenada", the Spanish word for a pomegranate, from a fancied resemblance of the projectile to the fruit),—was a Spanish invention, dating from the middle of the 15th century, at which period the Spanish Royal Standing Army, held the place of the Imperial German Army of yore, facile princeps among the armies of Europe. Its use, for a long time, was confined to the scientific branches of the Artillerists and Engineers, who were then counted as civilian auxiliaries to the three combatant arms of the service, Horse, Foot and Dragoons. We find the hand grenade mentioned in a military treatise as early as 1472, and meet with occasional mention of its use in siege operations during the course of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Glass Grenades.

Great quantities of glass grenades were used by the Venetians in the famous siege of Candia by the Turks (1667-69), which lasted without intermission for three years, and in the course of which the resources of attack and defence were developed in a manner hitherto undreamed of in Europe.

In the year 1667 King Louis XIV, decreed that four picked men in each company of every regiment of French infantry, should be trained to use hand grenades. These trained men were assembled for tactical purposes in a provisional company under picked officers, but were mustered and paid in their own companies. This arrangement did not last long, and the Grenadiers of a battalion were soon formed into a permanent company. Some 10 years later Grenadier



—"Tribune", New York.

companies were established in British regiments of Foot. Evelyn in his memoirs, speaks of "a new kind of soldiers called Grenadiers, wearing furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries with long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools, their clothing being likewise pybald, yellow and red."

Grenadier companies were soon instituted in all the infantry regiments of all the armies of Europe, their special function being to act as a forlorn hope in the assaults upon the fortresses which at that time constituted the main objective of an invading army. For this purpose the men carried hand grenades to search out the ditches and covered ways, and hatchets to hew down the palisades which then served the purpose of war entanglements.

Origin of Fusiliers.

The Grenadiers were armed like the rest of the infantry with muskets and bayonets and with short swords, writes Lieut.-General F. H. Tyrrell in the "United Service Magazine". Their officers and sergeants carried fusils,—(a lighter and shorter description of musket),—and bayonets instead of the half-pikes and halberts carried by the similar ranks in the battalion companies. Fusilier regiments were so named from their being originally armed with these fusils. When the halbert was dis-

continued, the sergeants of regiments of foot, were armed with fusils. The light infantry regiments of the Madras Army, carried fusils up to 1860. A musket was invented with a cup-shaped projection at the end of the barrel, from which a grenade might be thrown, but it never came into general use.

"Horse-Grenadiers".

In 1678, a troop of Horse-Grenadiers was added to each of the three troops of the English King's Life Guards. They were equipped and armed like the Grenadiers of the infantry, and dismounted to fight, linking their horses and leaving them in charge of some of their men. The second Royal North British Dragoons (Scots Greys), were also created a Grenadier corps, but no further formation of mounted Grenadiers was proceeded with in the French and British Armies.

The improvement in fire tactics, due to the suppression of the matchlock by the flintlock musket, was probably mainly responsible for the abandonment of the grenade, which ceased to be carried by the Grenadier as part of his equipment, and was only occasionally used in siege operations.

It was used with good effect by the British Grenadiers, in the combined naval and military raid on the French port of St. Malo in

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1758. As late as 1775, an English traveller who witnessed a review of a Swiss regiment in the service of the King of Naples, relates that their Grenadiers performed their exercise with sham pasteboard grenades, filled with some detonating mixture. Some of these missiles, falling by accident among the spectators, threatened damage to the ladies' dresses, but the gentlemen protected their fair companions by dexterously catching the falling grenades in their hats.

Stories of Grenadiers.

It is said that our first Guards were given the title of Grenadiers after Waterloo, to commemorate their having encountered and routed the Grenadiers of the Old Guard, in that final ruin of their Imperial Master's hopes and glories.

An officer of the Grenadier company of a Swiss regiment in the service of Napoleon, has left it on record in his memoirs, that he would have been frozen to death after the passage of the Beresina, but for a change of dry under-clothing which he had carried packed inside his bearskin cap.

When a mutiny among the Sepoys of Sir Hector Monro's army in Oude had been suppressed, many of the mutineers were sentenced to be blown from guns. While they were being tied to the guns, two of them appealed to the officer superintending the execution, pleading that they were Grenadiers, and therefore claimed the right to be blown from the guns on the right of the battery, and their request was granted.

Grenadiers Gilt Chain "Wings".

At one time, the Grenadiers had the badge of a bursting grenade on all their appointments, and they wore "wings" instead of the epaulettes worn by other troops. The crescent-shaped wings worn by Grenadier officers were of gilt chain, edged with three rows of gold bullion for the captains, with two rows for subalterns. A pair of wings cost more than the coat they were worn on; their price was ten guineas for a captain, seven guineas for a lieutenant or ensign.

The bearskin cap had been discontinued for Grenadiers early in the reign of Queen Victoria, at the same time that it was given to the battalion companies of the Foot Guards, who had, until then, worn the shako. It had long been the custom, however, for Fusilier regiments to copy the Grenadier companies in the details of their dress and equipment, and these regi-

ments still retain the caps and the badges peculiar to Grenadiers. The Scots Greys also still wear the bearskin cap, to remind us that they were once reckoned as Horse-Grenadiers.

The Grenadier Guards are now the only corps which bears the title in the British Army; there are two Grenadier regiments in the Indian Army, and a regiment of the Canadian Militia has also the title of Grenadiers. In the French Army to-day the name is obsolete; but the Italian Army has two regiments of Grenadiers, the 1st and 2nd Granatieri di Sardegna which are recruited from men of exceptionally fine physique. Russia boasts a whole Army Corps composed of Grenadier regiments, which form an intermediate class between the Guards and the Line.

As the siege warfare of the 17th century evolved the Grenadier, the trench warfare of the present day has evolved the bomb thrower. As the South African War saw the revival of the mounted infantry soldier, so the present war has witnessed the re-employment of the Grenadier.

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CROAKS FROM THE FROG POND.

Under the above heading, Lieut. Lang,—that recognized exponent of "Blood and Iron" discipline, and who is also our Special Correspondent on the Southern Front, will next week tell of conditions as they exist in Camp Quarantine. Mr. Lang, who is at present Chief of the Great General Staff in the Field at Camp Quarantine is recognized as an authority on camp sanitation and his remarks will be awaited with keen interest.

SPRING STYLES AT THE E. T. D.

Although winter is over, storm windows seem to be popular, especially among our N.C.O.'s, as since S.M. Gibson took such a liking to Ikey's Tortoise Shell Specks, he himself has invested in a pair, although he did not see his way clear to get tortoise shell.

The uses for these ornamental decorations, have not been so urgent as yet that they have to be worn on P.T. fatigues, but Church Parades are considered sufficient. (Lucky Boy).

Friend Ikey.



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ECHOES OF MAY 24th.

Editor "Knots and Lashings":—

During the past week, our attention has been called to the fact that certain of the men who took part in the athletic competitions on May 24th, have not yet received their prize money.

On enquiry, we have learned that members of the Sports Committee, have attempted for some days, to locate the men who secured 'places' in the various events.

At a Muster Parade at the Vinegar Factory, all men entitled to prizes, were asked to fall out and get their money. At College Barracks a similar announcement was made. We understand that Officers of Base Coy. have also attempted to get in touch with men who are entitled to prizes at the E. T. D. Barracks.

Such money as still remains unclaimed, has now been handed to Lieut. McColl, Base Coy., for distribution, and any who are entitled to it, should see him at once. We assume that the winners in the various competitions are not children, and that instead of childish criticism, they will communicate direct with a member of the Sports Committee.

"A Member of the Sports Committee".

COPY FOR "KNOTS AND LASHINGS".

We regret to note that, during the past few weeks, there has been a noticeable falling off in the literary contributions received from the Sappers. We realize that many of the men now at the Depot have been with us but a short time, but even so, we see no reason why they should not take the same practical interest in the Depot paper as do the older men.

We would again emphasize the fact that "Knots and Lashings" is YOUR paper and that in order to succeed, YOUR heartiest support, both in contribution of manuscript and purchase of the finished article, is of primary importance. It is indeed, absolutely essential.

So send us your contributions in prose or in verse, sense or nonsense, on any subject. Confide in us your affairs of the heart, or tell us how you like the mulligan. Send us your 'social notes' and 'society gossip'. Remember "Knots and Lashings" is Your Own Paper. See to it that it is worthy of you and of the Canadian Engineers.

We would add that all those who wish to have their manuscript returned, should make a note to that effect on the manuscript. We would also remind you that all manuscript

should be handed in at the Musketry Office not later than Thursday morning of each week.

CONGRATULATIONS TO,—

- A/C.S.M. York, W. H.
- Sergt. Ritchie, D.
- Sergt. Harris, G.
- A/Sergt. Williams, J. O.
- A/Sergt. Hennessey, J. J.
- A/Sergt. Murty, T.
- Lie. Cpl. Bradshaw, J. H.
- Lie. Cpl. Oliver, J. S.
- Lie. Cpl. Villeneuve, E.
- Lie. Cpl. Rae, E.
- Lie. Cpl. Piott, J.
- Lie. Cpl. Deon, J. J.
- Lie. Cpl. Thibeau, A.
- Lie. Cpl. MacLean, M. S.
- Lie. Cpl. Weir, E. T.
- Lie. Cpl. Healey, T.
- Lie. Cpl. Woodhead
- Lie. Cpl. Neidrauer
- Lie. Cpl. Farmer
- Lie. Cpl. Vrooman, H.
- Lie. Cpl. Jenkins, J. P.
- Lie. Cpl. Allen, A.
- Lie. Cpl. Mott, W. H.
- Lie. Cpl. Mann, J.
- Lie. Cpl. Pickard, C.
- Lie. Cpl. Collins, T.
- Lie. Cpl. Hunter, J.
- Lie. Cpl. Jewet, C. F.
- Lie. Cpl. Stephenson, J. E.
- Corpl. Fairweather, B.
- Corpl. Frances, E. H.
- Corpl. Boudreau, P.
- Corpl. Blades, B.
- Corpl. Courtenay, P.
- Corpl. Billing, B.
- Corpl. Cooley, W.
- Corpl. Baker, C. H.
- Corpl. Sloan, W.
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- Corpl. Gervais, A. C.
- Corpl. Arsenault, P.
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- Corpl. Cunningham, D.
- Corpl. Brady, G.
- Corpl. Munsaw, J. H.
- Corpl. Claydon, A. T.
- Corpl. L'Heureux, O. G.
- Corpl. McKeegan
- Corpl. Baty, T.
- 2nd. Cpl. Robinson, G.
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- 2nd. Cpl. Doucet, T. A.
- 2nd. Cpl. Johnson, G. V. F.
- 2nd. Cpl. Arnold, J.
- 2nd. Cpl. Elliott, C. L.
- 2nd. Cpl. Simpson, E. D.
- 2nd. Cpl. Johnson, J.

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