

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

Vol. 1. No. 4.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1917

5 Cents The Copy

“Poot a little swank in ut : ye can afford tae do ut!” --Mac

BUT HE IS UTTERLY WITHOUT SWANK HIMSELF, IS OUR “BARB WIRE McLAREN”, WHO WAS “PRETTY BUSY” AT YPRES, “WORKED OVERTIME” AT ST. ELOI, WENT “BLIGHTY” — AND FINALLY CAME TO ST. JOHNS, WHERE HIS “N.C.O.’s-Fall-Oot!-Shun!-Laft-Tur-r-r-n!-Quick-March!-Par-r-r-r-r-ade,- R-r-r-r-right-Tur-r-r-r-n!-Quick-March!”—HAS ENDEARED HIM TO AT LEAST ALL THE “RESPONSIBLE SAPPERS AND DRIVERS” AT THE E. T. D.

James Stewart McLaren got his first press notice in the “Dundee Advertiser” as far back as 1881, being announced as “a son” in the birth column of that journal, which is know to most of us canny chieles as the Forfarshire Bible. McLaren evidently could not live down this publicity and having resolved to let Winston Churchill—an import of his native town—have the run of the city, left for Canada in 1905. Previous to his going, however, he had served seven years as a volunteer in the Black Watch, rising to the rank of Sergeant-Instructor.

He adopted Montreal as his dwelling place and still having a longing for soldiering in his spare time, joined the 4th Field Coy. of Engineers there, as a sapper, in 1907.

He was still with that unit when war broke out in 1914, having in the meantime again achieved his old rank of Sergeant-Instructor.

He volunteered for overseas service in November 1914, but was not fortunate enough to get away with the first division. McLaren made no mistake in getting away with the Second Division, however, and proceeded to England as Sergeant

with the newly formed 5th Field Coy., Canadian Engineers, arriving in England in May 1915.

September of the same year saw him in France, and right in the thick of the heavy fighting then going on.

Like most of our gallant lads who have returned to us, McLaren says very little of his experience “over there”. He was “pretty busy” round Ypres, and “worked overtime” at St. Eloi, and was finally blown up by a German mine being sprung right under a trench he was protecting with barbed wire.

We strongly suspect that our Sergeant-Major could say much more on the subject of his experiences in France, but with that brief summary of his we will have to be content. Previous to his being knocked out, however, he justly earned a reputation second to none in the division as the Expert Wire Man. Without him no wiring party was complete and this particular branch of an Engineer’s work was with him a speciality,—so much so that he was known throughout the land as “Barb-Wire McLaren”.

He was invalided to England in March, 1916, suffering from severe shock. After four months of the

very best treatment medical skill could offer he was sent up to the Canadian Casualty Assembly Centre and from there posted to the Engineer Training Depot, Shorncliffe, as Instructor.

The effects of his experience in France were responsible for his being categorised C3 while at Shorncliffe, and, becoming unfit for

Canada, he was admitted to the General Hospital, Montreal,—being a patient there when his leave and an extension expired.

On his return to reasonably good health, the ever considerate Powers that Be transferred him once more, this time as Instructor to our Depot.

He had hardly settled down to the daily task of teaching the young idea when he was again moved, this time to “D” Company as Sergeant-Major.

At the time of writing he is still there and, soldier like, adapting himself successfully to his new duties.

His position and standing among us is thoroughly well deserved, and McLaren is very popular indeed with both officer and man.

Although he would be the last to admit it, he has come through some tough experiences and it is a constant source of surprise to us that he so unfailingly preserves that cheerfulness of manner and that highly commendable quality of being able to see the brighter side of things.

In these days when our paper is struggling to keep the red ink out of its ledger, we would dearly love to have his recipe for the draught which is so productive of such optimism—but again our C.S.M. declines!

Sergeant Major McLaren, although in far from the best of health, continues his daily round in a truly worthy manner, and the example he sets us in his con-



JAMES STEWART McLAREN, C.S.M.
(Photo by Pinsonnault.)

any further active participation in the war, was sent down to Crowborough as Company Sergeant Major of the Casualty Coy. there.

Old injuries again proved troublesome and McLaren was granted eight weeks’ furlough to visit Canada, in the hope that a change might improve his health.

Such, however, was not the case, as, not long after his return to

(Continued on Page Ten.)

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Whether the Postmaster's white sheets are an issue. If so, when is the rest of the Depot going to be issued with them.

Who wrote the card inviting Sgt. Kyle to Montreal. Was it Miss — or a Sgt.?

What attraction is there at Mount Johnson that caused the same Sergeant to want to walk there last Sunday? (Too bad it rained!)

For the benefit of a certain officer, just what books there are in the Windsor Hotel library.

What the "Trunks" thought of Saturday's football results.

Who it was who turned a Somersall-t when he read last week's "Knots and Lashings".

Whether the honing provided by "Knots and Lashings" has improved the edge of his razor.

Whether he will "go easy" with the lawn mower, as it will be needed for next year's lawns.

Whether Sergeant Barr would prefer another staff, or a pair of crutches.

Whether it was a horse, or another C.S.M., who tromped on Barr's foot.

Whether the rumor that Sergt. Henson was bitten on the hand by one of his poulets has any truth in it.

How many editions Boyd's Commentories on Tactics has run into.

If Boyd always finds the tactics reliable, whether he will deliver the usual week-end lecture on same this coming week.

If Sgt. Boyd has lately become a god-father or not, as rumor says he has.

Who gave Base Coy. the order to take a pace to the rear with the front foot and a pace to the front with the rear foot?

Who is the sapper in D. Coy. who unblushingly uses silk pyjamas, a bath robe, and, at meals, a table napkin.

Is the musketry corporal still eating ice-cream cones?



— E. Carol-Jackson-1917 —

Whether he would accept a present of a bib for feeding time from Base Coy.

What the musketry instructor means by saying—"Get your left foot right in front of your right foot."

TOOTS FROM THE TRUMPETERS.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed:—OUR Brass Band. Last seen leaving the barracks early on Thursday morning, November 15th. Owing to the fact that the worthy Band Sergeant Cook borrowed two of the Depot Trumpeters, any information regarding the whereabouts of the above band will be greatly appreciated by Lance-Corporal Trumpeter Davis.

We want you, oh no tongue can tell How much we want you, and how well!

Ottawa wanted you, too, and said with a smile,

"Guess when we get you, we'll keep you a while!"

All friends of "Mike" will be pleased to hear that the operation for Celluloids and Utensils was suc-

cessful and he hopes to be with us again in a short time.

UKULELE BILL HAS WENT!

Alas! Alas!

We have to report with great regret the passing from our midst of Ukulele Nickerson, who left the Depot on Monday last, having received an appointment to the Flying Corps. He will be sadly missed by Section 1 of "C" Coy., the members of which have often had their hearts moved and their thoughts turned to murder by the weird dirges which he extracted from his ukulele. At all events, we all wish him well in his new field, and take this opportunity of extending our sincere condolences to the Flying Corps.

NOW IT'S B. COY'S TURN.

Next week Page 5 beongs to B. Coy. "Copy" must be left in Newsbox by Tuesday noon. Send in plenty of short, snappy "personals", jokes, etc. Make everything short and brilliant. A. Coy. has set a good pace—let's see what "Brilliant B" can do!

HE'S MAD AS H—!

Mister Editor, Dear Sur,

Maybe you and your cleekin o' brainy chiels wha pat yersels on the back every time ye look down the list o' "associate editors", think ye were awfu' funny when you stole a bit oot o' an auld paper and set it up in "Knots and Lashings" as a "Boy's Alleged Es-say on Scotland".

Aye, maybe ye think its real smert like, tae talk in a disrespect-fu' wey aboot Bagpipes, Burns and Whuskey,—but fine I ken that nae-body but a crabbit auld Sassenach wha maist like could'na tell the difference between a cup o' tea and a hauf mutchkin o' Challenger, wid fash his thoom tae occupy sic an awfu' lot o' guid space wi sic awfu' blethers.

Of course, we ken fine you billies wha sneer at oor thrift and oor kilts are jist as eager, every bit, tae get doon on your hunkers and look for a bawbee, only ye've no got the gumption tae admit it!

And fine we ken, ma bonnie laddie, that the maist o' you chaps wha hae a bit lauch at the kilt are guid and thankfu' for the spindle—shankit carakter that providentially invented breeks for ye!

I'd like tae tell ye that ye'll no say it again in my hearin' that Rabbie Burns wrote "Stop yer Ticklin, Joek."

To think, in this enlightened age that we're noo in, that you could haud doon the job o' editor o' a funny paper, that's no worth a tinkers dam, and no be peyed aff for displayin sic ignorance, is awa' beyond me!

I'm no shair but maybe ye wer na serious,—but if ye were, I'd like tae tell ye that if ye'd been under the Hillanman's Umbrelly in the Argyle St. o' Glesca on Saturday and said that—mind, ah'm tellin ye!—gin Monday ye widna be botherin muckle aboot the bonny wey the choir sung the "Nunc Dimittus" on that wae-fu' day for you!

Yours maist indignantly,
CALUM McPHECHLE,
Section 1, A Coy.

REMEDY FOR SCABIAE.

Rub salt into underwear for three consecutive days. Then go down to the river (ostensibly to bathe!) — undress, (care being taken to leave the undergarments near the water). Hide away and leave them there just long enough to prevent yourself from frost-bite; then steal up while the scabiaes are drinking, swipe the garments and hike for the stables. Try it today.

—M.D.



Vol. 1. No. 4.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday Nov. 24, 1917.

5 Cents The Copy
\$2.60 By The Year

Founded Oct. 1917

Advertising Rates
— On Request —

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DISCIPLINE

The word discipline takes its origin from the same root as "disciple",—leaving us lacking in the courage necessary (provided we had either the taste or ability) to write a treatise on divinity. Nor would we dwell too much upon the ethical, but rather upon the practical, side of discipline, its necessity and results.

Discipline means for us, as soldiers, Control:—that is to say, we are bound, as soldiers, to possess complete control over our mental and physical faculties; and implying of course complete control by the higher command.

The measure of difficulty experienced either by the soldier or instructor in obtaining this result will to a great extent depend upon his physical and mental condition at the time of receiving instruction: which will, in turn, depend to an almost equal extent on the amount of self-discipline a man has exercised in civil life, or to what good fortune may have subjected him.

Therefore we see that physical capability combined with mental alacrity are the two primary requisites necessary to develop discipline in the modern soldier.

The necessity for discipline by no means depends upon a state of mind but is a question entirely removed in essence from the field of metaphysics and resolves itself into one of hard fact.

"What is truth," said jesting Pilot, and did not wait for an answer."

Our modern Pilots may explain away a "fact" in the course of their retreat by gauging it a lie-and-a-half. However far the jest may solace the mind of the jester, we forbid him to lay the flattering unction to his soul that it sheds one ray of light upon the darkness surrounding the abstrusely abstract question as to the meaning of fact.

The most casual observer however knows that by combining and controlling certain natural attributes or forces of nature, and directing them in a certain channel, certain results are obtained.

The most untutored mind can differentiate between Order and Disorder. No one who has attempted to run a business, or been an intelligent observer of the conduct of same, can be duped into a policy of "laissez faire". No one who has ever handled any considerable body of men could for a moment advocate a policy of "go as you please", without contemplating disaster to the undertaking in hand. Indeed, upon even momentary reflection it must be quite apparent, even to the meanest intelligence, that there can be no true liberty without restraint,—for immediately you remove Restraint you admit License; and if this is true of civil life it is to a much greater extent true of military life.

It is absolutely necessary to instil into the minds of soldiers the necessity and indispensibility of restraint, both personally and as an aggregation. For the power of restraint implies and results in absolute control, at least in so far as it can be obtained, and it is only

necessary in order that this may be utilized to the fullest extent that there should be great skill in both organisation and administration; which consequently necessitates the making of many (what may appear to the uninitiated) apparently unnecessary and cumbersome rules and regulations, working seemingly apparent hardships;—but which are, in the premises and in reality and fact, for the soldier's benefit and in his interest as a unit in the military machine.

Skillful and careful organisation coupled with administration are after all the Alpha and Omega of putting an army in the field and keeping it there successfully, and coordination of organisation, training and administration the ultimate aim and prime necessity for the formation and maintenance of armies.

The results of discipline manifest themselves in many ways and are at times obvious and at others devious to the observer. The first and most obvious result of discipline is apparent in the personal appearance and bearing of the men.

The second manifests itself in the behaviour and conduct of the men and the growth of "esprit de corps" in all ranks, accompanied by the development of a keen, rigid, and high sense of duty and resolution to fulfil it.

Each of which, and a combination of all, ultimately crystallises into victory for the disciplined force, and are by no means less apparent in moments of defeat, for the reverses of disciplined troops who have performed their duties to the best of their abilities and opportunities are no less laudable or honourable to our mind than the grandest victory ever scored of military genius.

"BUT WHERE ARE THE ENGINEERS FROM ST. JOHNS?"

This was the question overheard all along the route of march during the memorable Victory Loan Parade in Montreal last Monday.

There were American Marines and Infantry, headed by their bands; there were Canadian Militia Cadets, from the various brigades; returned French and Canadian soldiers, and representatives from numerous societies and associations.

But the Canadian Engineers, recognized as the best trained unit in No. 4 Military District, were among those NOT present. They were "Forming Fours" at St. Johns.

Does anyone know why we were buried in the marshes along the Richelieu River, instead of occupying an honored place in the Victory Loan Parade?

We'd like to know.

LOST.

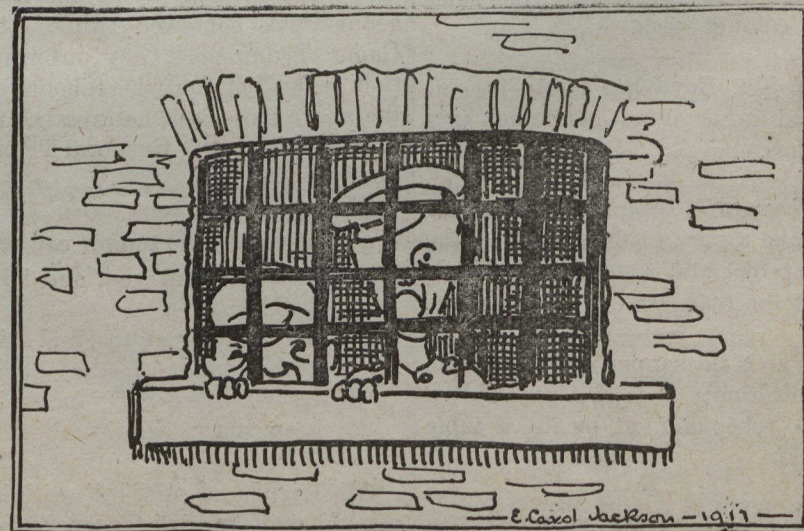
A black bur-r-r-el-l wi' a pea in it. Last seen in its snug abode on the manly bosom of Lt. Trennery (C.P.R.) As no Iberville church parade can be successfully marshalled without this "whistle", will the finder please return it to its distracted owner. Reward:—autograph photograph of owner.

SARCASM.

1st Engineer:—"All your country ever produced is oatmeal and bums."

2d Engineer:—(belligerently)—"Is that so!"

1st Engineer:—(also belligerently)—"Yah, and you don't look like oatmeal to muh!"
(Then the fur flew!)



Songs We Know (3)—"Home, Sweet Home".

"A" Coy Says—

In making our bow to the Depot, we have no apologies to make for ourselves, as our members hail from OREGON (biggest type you can give us), Detroit, (smallest type you can give us), and Elsewhere. It is generally agreed that the Oregon delegation "rules the roost", therefore our bunch might be compared to the Oregon Prune, "Full of Action".

Along about 3 a.m., during one of these very cold mornings, (and while the Radiators were red hot?) our friend Steve had occasion to get up in his negligée, on urgent business. On his return Bunty said:—"Where have you been, Jimmie?"—and Jimmie feelingly replied, "Its a damned cinch I wasn't in swimming!"

In Joe Houston, of football fame, we have a melodeon player whom we will be pleased to back against any sapper in the Depot. To hear Joe play, say on a pay-night, one of his little lullabys, such as "Pimples may come, and pimples may go, but warts stay on for ever,"—is to wish the war was over. This instrument of torture is also used by our Senior Corporal to waken Bunty, who loves it—we don't think!

Should any stranger wander into our Room and land in the middle of a little friendly discussion, he is not to think that he is associating with a bunch of ex-cabmen. The dear Sappers WILL argue, and while the Hospital authorities seem to differ with us as to what adjectives we shall use, the subject under discussion usually demands the use of an extensive vocabulary.

The other night Bunty Burns, starting to give a dishortation on the "Proletariat of India being sufficiently advanced to allow of universal representation", touched on the possibilities of a parasite adhering to the point of a pin, also on the feeding of greyhounds en route and finally staged a near riot with Slim, the Human Pull-

A FEW THINGS A COY. WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

When we are due for a move further East.

When the prize for best Company and Regimental shot is to be handed out to us.

If, when the weather gets too bad for Company Drill, the men are to practice on treadmills, specially constructed for their benefit.

When Harrison is to show up again, and where did he get his cushy job from.

If O.C. really takes us seriously.

When the soulful and prepossessing corporal is to have a military wedding, and if Section 1 is to be invited.

Why one of our sergeants, who generally stays with the boys, made a clean getaway from Montreal after playing goal for us, and if he runs his section more successfully than he can bluff the missus.

If our Company, by virtue of having supplied most of the men for our Depot F. C., will be granted a bar to our medal, "Alexandra Park".

And if this, and "Fletcher's Field, July 2nd", will be mostly all that is ever coming our way.

If the little section officer with the big heart is really a good judge of haircuts, or if he draws a "per capita" commish for sending in clients to the tonsorial guy.

When Westcott is due to have another seven days C. B.

If the inmates of Room 2 have now a new and so far undiscovered cache for their milk bottles.

Through, over the prices being offered for black fox pelts.

A. L.,—G. G., — H.P.

To the uninitiated this may appear like a marconigram:—however, we hasten to inform our fellow Saps that the above is the initials of the only three brothers in the Depot, videlicet—the Muir-den boys. We are, naturally, very proud of our triplets.

Corporal Weldon (after hanging out of the windows by his eyebrows for 5 minutes) announces: "Company drill with Rifles and Cutlery." The Bunch: "What the—?—?—?—?—?—?"

Will Sergeant Bell please inform us what really bright Sappers shall do between the orders "Heave and

The Siamese Twins are full of fight,

They show their waves to the bunch every night

But on parade they laugh and giggle,

Their motto being "Isch ka Bible".

Rotten? Well here's another one, (with apologies to Mary Roberts Reinhardt.)

Here's to Jack Nolan, who writes to his wife—

And writes to his wife alone! For Corporal Farr writes to another man's wife

When he ought to be writing his own.

Hold On" and "Rock and Heave". One of our comrades, in his excess

of spirit, tried to stand on his head between the orders mentioned, with results that were disastrous to himself. "Scotty" is up and around now, only he was in tears last Monday morning at having to pass up O.C. inspection.

We had not the pleasure of accompanying the Depot team to Montreal, but we have listened with nothing but envy to the adventures of our bunch after the game. Steve, with his usual foresight, engaged a room and bath for himself and Bunty in a well-known Hostel, and before midnight we would hate to say how many Sappers were enjoying the luxury of a bed—only from all accounts the bath, too, was being used in that capacity.

"LOGANBERRY".

WE WANT TO KNOW.

What is spasmodic combustion? (Maybe Hart can tell us?)

Who this sounds like:—"Yes, we cut and piled fifty-two cord of wood in a week. O— cut it and I piled it." (Oh, yes; he can pile IT alright:—but not cordwood!)

Why a certain married man in No. 1 section (with a sleeping out pass) always gets "the stick" on guard.

No. 1 SECTION'S ROLL CALL.

While doing as I pleased I was watching Davis trying to turn a W'right-hand-nut on a left-hand-threaded-Boltem.

I said, "Aw, have a Hart!"

Harrison, across the hall, said, "Don't raise Kaine about it."

"Alright; just as you say!"

"Well, I guess I'll go over to see the Plummer and ask him if he can Pass-more Hi-slop from the Court-enay."

"Say, Fogarty, if you happen to go over to Gorham and Smith's store, you know the one I mean, just over the Churchill, Purchase Sheets for the Camp-bell down by the Brook's edge, West-haver of Calder's farm."

"I suppose you know O'Bliene's"

(Continued overleaf.)

ROYAL THEATRE

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has married Miss Bevan! Jock Graham thought he was going to get her, but she gave him a dose of Fletcher's Castoria that made him chew hard on his ci-Gar-butt and went Stark blind; and when Thom-sett Roby out for Dick-tating to his superiors, he never saw him!"

"Was O'Blienes David'son?"

"No, his mother's aunt's uncle was an Ouderkirk."

"Well, I guess I'll be going. I want to get a Coulter for my plow. On my way back, I'll drop in Old Crawnshaw's place, and see if he has got Kelly to enlist and learn how to put Kits-on."

"Has your sow had little J-ones yet?"

"Yes, Tr-eleven dandies!"

"Well, good day!"

"Good day, Fogarty."

P.S.—The writer's name is Tubrag backwards. So Connah says.)

WHO GOT THE REST?

"So you've come home, have you?" remarked the patient wife, near midnight.

"How long do you expect a chap to stop out on 2 dollars?" was the unanswerable retort.

Does this refer to Harrison when he came back from cutting wood.
Spr. GARBUTT.

WHOSIT?

(At the breakfast table of a sapper of No. 1 Sect. "A Coy." (said to be a parson's son) who has a Sleeping-Out Pass.)

"My dear, I am surprised that you should accuse me of being intoxicated last night. Did I not sit up an hour after I came home, reading and smoking?"

"Yes; and do you know what you were smoking? It was one of my curl-papers!"

WHO GETS THEM?

2nd Cpl. H. L. Stark says:—Man tries to live up to his ideals; woman to her photographs. The soldiers of room No. 2 like women's photographs, too!

VANCOUVER BOYS:— WELCOME!

"Knots and Lashings" welcomes the boys from the coast to our Depot.

We understand that their departure from that dry area (climate omitted) was spirited. The tears shed by friends threatened a washout of the track. On their journey they were treated well at all stopping places, one girl at Sudbury giving way to tears al-

though only acquainted with Sapper R. for twenty minutes. The way of parting his hair is said to be the cause of it all, but all efforts to disarrange his coiffure were apparently unavailing.

Like all the boys they were disappointed to hear that their immediate departure overseas was not to be looked for.

Major Warde was at the station to give them a send-off. There are seven C.O.'s, twelve N.C.O.'s, and three Sappers left at Vancouver now.

LOST.

Will the person (or persons) who found the Charlie Chaplin moustache kindly return same to Sapper L., Room 65. Double-march!

GORBLIMEY!

Sapper:—"We have some very nice officers in our Company."

Young lady:—"Oh! Have some new ones arrived?"

WANTED:—BASHFUL SAPPERS.

Sapper F., who finds postage expensive and time short to keep up correspondence with seventeen members of the fair sex, wants to know of any bashful sapper with whom he can share trouble. Apply in person.

A NEW ONE.

Company Wit:—"Roll your own?"

Simple Sapper (expecting offer of "the makings"):—"Yes, what?"

C. W. (turning away):—"Puttees!"

THIS MADE THE R.S.M. MAD.

Company O.C., reporting Company, Monday a.m.; (his mind still on question asked just before parade as to how the girls he saw in Montreal Saturday night were) —"All pleasant and incorrect, Sir!"

COMING FROM CHURCH.

Company Wit:—"If the Episcopalians say "a-amen", and the Methodists say "ay-men", what do the Christian Scientists say?"

Simple Spr:—"Dunno; ; what?"
C.W.:—"Very good, Eddy!"

ROYAL THEATRE
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Let's Go
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Reliability.

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PAY AND ALLOWANCES.

By Captain L. Pettigrew.
(Paymaster).

Article No. 3

The regulations regarding the forfeiture of a soldier's pay are governed by certain conditions, and briefly these are as follows:—

1. For every day of Absence On Desertion, or Absence Without Leave.

2. For every day in custody while under sentence of imprisonment, detention, or field punishment.

3. For every day of confinement on a charge for which he is afterwards convicted by court-martial.

4. For every day of confinement on a charge of Absence Without Leave, for which he is afterwards awarded detention by his Commanding Officer.

5. For every day on which he is in hospital on account of sickness certified by the Medical Officer to have been caused by an offence under the Army Act.

6. No discretion is given to the Commanding Officer whether or not to enforce the forfeiture of pay for absence without leave, etc., as in this case forfeiture of pay is automatic, and in this connection it will be noted that the letters "R.W." appearing after a charge of absence without leave mean that the forfeiture is by Royal Warrant.

A soldier must be Absent Without Leave (or in confinement) six consecutive hours before he can forfeit one day's pay; the only exception to this being when the Absentee was prevented from fulfilling a Military Duty which had to be performed by some one else:—in which case it would only be necessary for him to be absent a few minutes to lose a day's pay.

Although (as has been stated above) six consecutive hours constitutes a day, with respect to Absence Without Leave, if the reckoning be from Midnight to Midnight of one day, the forfeiture would only be one day's pay, but should the period of absence be six hours in one day, and six hours in the next, the soldier would lose two day's pay. The following example will make the matter clear:—

Soldier is absent from 9.00 a.m. November 17th until 10.00 p.m. the same day: Man forfeits ONE day's pay; as, although absence exceeds 12 hours, the whole absence has occurred on one and the same day. If however the absence took place at 6.00 p.m. on November 16th, and the man returned at 7.00 a.m. November 17th, although the absence is the same as in the

ARMY LIFE IN RHYME.

I am sitting here thinking of the things I felt behind.
I hate to put on paper what is running through my mind;
We've dug a million trenches and we've cleaned ten miles of ground:

A meaner place this side of Hell, I know is still unfound.
But there is one consolation; gather close and I will tell—
When dead we're bound for heaven, 'cause we've done our Hitch in Hell!

We've built a hundred kitchens for the cooks to stew our beans;
We've stood a million guard-mounts, and we've cleaned the camp latrines;

We've washed a million mess-kits and we've peeled a million spuds;

We've rolled a million blanket-rolls and scrubbed a million duds;
The number of parades we've made would be hard for us to tell:—
But we'll PARADE in heaven, for we've done our Hitch in Hell!

We've built a thousand bridges for the cavalry to cross—
Over which their mules and horses have traveled without loss;

A hundred million inspections, every one of us has stood;
And more inoculations than in civilian life we would;

And how much sand we've eaten no one can ever tell:—
But we'll eat no sand in heaven; for we've done our Hitch in Hell!

When final Taps are sounded and we lay aside life's cares,
We'll do our last parading up the shining golden stairs.

When the bugles bid us welcome and the harps begin to play,—
We'll draw a million Canteen Checks and spend them in a day.

St. Peter then will bid us welcome,—loud but sweet to us he'll yell—
"Forget your fears, My Engineers; you've done your Hitch in Hell!"

—Sapper KELLEY.—"A" Coy.

former case (13 hours) yet the Soldier would forfeit TWO days' pay, as he was absent partly on November 16th and partly on November 17th.

With regard to fines for Drunkenness, a Commanding Officer must order the offender to pay a fine not exceeding \$6.00 either in addition to or without other punishment, and the amount of the fine in each case is governed by the following scale:—

For the first offence during the soldier's service there is no fine;—

For the second offence the fine is \$2.00, and for the third and every subsequent offence \$3.00, but if the latter offence occurs within six months of the previous one, the fine is \$5.00, and if within three months \$6.00.

All fines and forfeitures charged against soldiers in the C.E.F. are recovered on the Pay List under Public Charges, and in no case are they paid over to any Regimental Fund or Institute.

WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who it was bought an alarm clock and came home under his own steam?

Whether the purveyor of jam to the E. T. D. has a corner on the world's supply of Goose-berries? and how it is the Q. M. Stores stand (or fall) for it?

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

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CORDAGE, WIRE ROPE AND CHAIN.

(Clip and Save for Reference)

CORDAGE includes hemp and fibre ropes.

ROPE denotes iron or steel wire rope. Contrary to civilian custom in many cases, the military states the size of cordage or rope by its circumference in inches, and its length in fathoms (fathom: 6 feet.)

Hemp cordage is made of hemp fibre — from the hemp plant. Italian hemp has a white silky fibre and is the strongest. Riga and Petrograd hemp are of green tinge and coarse grained, and always tarred. Inferior qualities of these are made into Spun yarn.

Fibre cordage is made either from Manila obtained from the outer fibres of the leaf-stalk of a species of plantain or of coir fibre obtained from the outer husk of the coconut. It is always used in an untarred condition, very light and elastic.

The strength of cordage for rough work in the field can be calculated by the following formula:—

$$\text{Safe working load} = C^2 \text{ cwts.}$$

(C = the circumference in inches)

This formula gives a good mar-

gin of safety for all cordage excepting coir cordage, the formula for which should be:—

$$\frac{1}{4} C^2 \text{ cwts.}$$

For good cordage in good condition, the safe working load can be calculated by this formula:—

$$2 C^2 \text{ cwts.}$$

(Note: the English cwt. is used = 112 lbs.)

EXAMPLE:—Wanted to know what size cord will be required to lift a weight of 15 tons.

$$C^2 \text{ cwts.} = 15 \text{ tons.}$$

$$C^2 = 300 \text{ cwts.}$$

$$C = \sqrt{300}$$

$$C = 17\frac{1}{2} \text{ inches (circumference)}$$

Example:—What is the safe working load of a 12" cord?

$$C = 12"$$

$$C^2 = 12 \times 12 = 144 \text{ cwts.}$$

$$= 7.2 \text{ Tons.}$$

To convert circumference into diameter multiply by 7 and divide by 22. To convert diameter into circumference multiply by 22 and divide by 7.

Practical points to be considered.

The strength of ropes when

slung over hooks or fastened by knots is decreased by about 30 per cent. This is due to quick bends. If the full strength of a cord is to be obtained, the mode of attachment should be such that no sudden bend takes place in the cord. Waste or old sacking can be used for packing to prevent this.

In uncoiling a new coil of cordage pass the end which is at the core through the coil to the opposite side and draw it through. This will prevent kinking.

Service cordage should always be coiled right handed (in the same direction as the hands of a watch.)

Cordage should be kept dry, off the ground and protected from the weather. Never store in wet condition.

(This is the first of a series of articles of this nature.—(Ed.)

Theatre Royal**Great Show Every night Matinee, Sunday only.**

Saturday and Sunday, November 24th and 25th, feature extraordinary in 5 parts. Mae Murray the adorable in "Princess Virtue", and comic reels.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 26th, 27th, 28th, Mae Murray in "A Mormon Maid" in 5 parts, very instructive, with comedy.

Thursday and Friday, November 29th and 30th, Ormi Holey in "Her American Prince", in 5 parts.

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SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX.

An unkind fate intervened last week and kept us out of print;—a fault, my goodly crew, of leaving things to a gentleman who edits a newspaper, looks after a football team, trains one thousand men in musketry and dashes off to McGill University every now and then, there to discourse learnedly with the aid of a clock-face!

As a matter of fact, the pressing emergencies of our Editor's giddy round of toil have become so great that I have been re-assigned:—this time, through this Wonderland column, to take care of such stuff which is not published through lack of space, but which must have some suitable acknowledgement.

Therefore, you kindly souls who have addressed me during the past week as "Walrus" will now kindly switch around to "The Goat".

The first item on the programme is a lengthy epistle from "Snapper", Section 1 D. Coy., announcing a sectional phenomenon in the shape—or person—of a talking machine which goes all day on one winding, and stops only after lights out. "Snapper" and his room-mates do not know what it is or how to dispose of it—and ask for help.

Really now, it's quite a problem, and the best I can do is to reply in kind, so Snapper—if cigars cost two for a quarter, are eigs-worth less?

Next is a cheery note from one who styles himself as "A Carp (enter) beginning thus;—"Dear Walter; I weep for you, I deeply sympathise." This, my friends, is most encouraging in these days of strife. Carp goes on to tell us to talk of cabbages and kings also, and thus do Lewis Carroll justice;—but my friend O. Henry stole a march on us there, so "Shoes and Ships" it will have to be until the happy day we go into liquidation.

Sapper Woodhouse once more hauled off at us with a dainty little effort entitled "A Lonely Sapper"—A Song;—Music Wanted. The first verse goes thus:—

"I cannot settle down in this St. Johns!

There's something lacking, kindly looks and kissing. It's very pretty down along the river

But that is not enough without what's missing."

There are two other verses, couched in similarly optimistic

vein. It's tough luck, old man, and we feel like that often, but why not take a run up to Montreal this week end? Meanwhile we have handed over your hymn of hate to Sir Edward Elgar.

Then one J. Davies contributes a very interesting account of some research work which a friend of his in Rhodesia has been undertaking. In an old abandoned mine he found some rare specimens of earthenware. One particularly fine specimen, he says, resembled an article of modern utility. Here followed a very lengthy description of some strange characters which we were asked to give some solution of. Sorry, Davies; we haven't the space this week, but call round to Room 31, where we also keep some really first class specimens.

We acknowledge with thanks a real poem by Spr. B. H. Carreras, entitled "O! Cynthia". In the last verse, the last line reads, "Can you beat it?" Dear old chap; let us assure you we never did feel more like beating it. Cynthia, we are firmly convinced, was a very naughty girl every way you look at her, and both for your sake and our own, we feel sure she ought to have stayed on her Pappa's Farm instead of raising a deuce of a racket in New York. We have forwarded your effort to the "Church Times".

Finally there is a Marching Song, perpetrated (so we read) by Sappers Whiting, Sigsworth, Dean and Boorman—all of doughty D. The chorus is of such merit that at the risk of publishing information valuable to the enemy we give it:—

"Now trouble is brewing,

D. 1. will be going

To hammer down Canada's foes.

When the bugles are blowing,

The Sappers are going,

From the land where the Maple Leaf grows!"

The remainder of the effort is plainly a malicious, personal and bitter attack on the good name of the Kaiser, and I really don't think that "Knots and Lashings" should lay itself open to the charge of being the innocent cause of prolonging the war by offending any further that highly susceptible gentleman.

That being all we can give space to this week we will now look out for a quiet corner of the barracks and post our sentries.

THE GOAT.

WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

British front in France.

Hostile attacks repulsed in neighborhood of Polderhoek Wood. Prisoners taken.

Belgian troops enter Hun lines near Dixmude and blow up concrete shelters. Two airplanes brought down, four others out of control.

Naval planes active along the coast near Handzeame. Great activity in Passchendaele district. Mist obscures observations for pilots. Five hostile planes brought down. Four of our machines fail to return.

Haig's men smash though the boasted German defences. A 5 mile push on a 32 mile front in the Cambrai sector. Tanks did the work of artillery in leveling the barbed wire and other defences. Several towns, thousands of prisoners, and many big guns taken. Great credit given to Gen. Byng.

Line of advance extends from St. Quentin to River Scarpe. Attack was carried out without any previous artillery preparation. Enemy completely surprised.

The English, Scotch, and Irish regiments swept through the gaps made by the tanks overwhelming the first outposts and smashed the Hindenburg line along the whole front. This is the greatest advance of the War.

British front in Palestine.

Turkish flight continues toward the north. British within 12 miles of Jerusalem. A general weakening of Turk forces evident.

Russia.

Kerensky troops engage Bolsheviki near Petrograd but are repulsed. Kerensky flees in disguise. Bolsheviki now practically in power and have started peace negotiations with Germany.

French.

French parties take prisoners at Ailette. On the Verdun front bombardment is heavy. Four planes brought down and others fell disabled in the enemy's lines. Enemy drop bombs on Calais and civilians killed. Attacks on Veldhoek repulsed. Hun planes bombarded Nancy. No casualties. Scrapping in Belgium region of Champagne and Mont Teton. French and British planes bombard air-dromes. Unsuccessful enemy attacks on Hill 344. Prisoners taken at Butte-de-Mesnil. Advances on Chaume road, enemy losses considerable. Incursions into

Hun lines north and south of St. Quentin. Prisoners taken. Several aerial encounters region of Struma. Artillery duels at Cernia Bend and north of Monastir.

Italian.

Italy fighting tooth and nail to prevent Germans massing their army to attack the new position which is being strengthened.

Intense artillery fire along the Piave. German foothold on west bank of the Piave River is given up and enemy forced to retire. Italy is holding her new line well and a great battle is expected soon. Considerable fighting on the plains and in the mountains. Aircraft active harrassing the enemy.

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"Barb Wire" McLaren

(Continued from Page One.)

scientific discharge of his duties, combined with his genial manner and happy quality of understanding the man further down, is well worthy of note to every one of us who are here to learn all there is to know.

"Knots and Lashings" wishes Sergeant Major McLaren the very best of luck and hopes, as do all who come in contact with him, that having got thus far he may settle down with us and continue to give us the benefit of his wide experience and unquestionable ability.

C. A. D.

LASHINGS.

Why did the rifle—bore?
Do you know what equip—ment?
Who did the safety—catch?
What did the kit—bag?
When did the subal—turn?
What was it the bayon—et?
Whom did the para—pet?
When is the mess—orderly?
Why was the chamber—cut off?
Who knows what revet—ment?
Whom did the gren—ade?
Who wrote the tra—verse?

TURN OUT THE GUARD!

Orderly officer (to sentry turning over his orders?—"What would you consider an unusual occurrence?")

Sentry—"A pretty girl entering the barracks, or a draft leaving for overseas, Sir."

WEEKS' JOTTINGS.

We understand that one of our Company Sergeants-Major was the recipient of a very much appreciated and unique gift in the shape of a horse and cart, with a gentle reminder that the cart was a necessary adjunct.

Our depot lawyer has at last come out of his shell and has told us of his first case before the bar in the far west—(at last before the LEGAL bar!).

The court, he says, was opened and his case, that of an Irishman, was third on the list. The first case was called—a Chinaman appeared in the dock—"What's your name?" asked the judge. "Ah Sing," said the Chink. "Ten dollars and costs." The second case, just as the first. In answer to the judge's question as to the name, the Chinaman replied "Ah Yee." "Ten dollars and costs," said the judge. The third case, that of

Michael Dooley, was then called, the judge as before asking Mike his name. "Ah Hell," says Mike, "it'll be ten dollars and costs anyway!"

WE WANT TO KNOW.

What will the safety first squad say when their kiddies ask:—"Father, what did you do in the great war?" Will they be able to convince the kiddies that ink is mightier than powder?

Whether the suggestion, made by the U-go-I-go dance club, to have a Ladies' Choice dance was out-voted on account of the danger of Sappers Jamieson and Graham being killed in the rush.

A gentleman friend in Montreal wants to know whether the officer who has the enviable record of meeting young ladies at the railway station, and carrying their grips, is still in barracks—as he has a sister travelling to St. Johns shortly and is anxious as to her welfare.

SO CONSIDERATE.

Driver 2009999 had been doing his "go" on stable picket but unfortunately, when the Corporal of the Guard turned up, the picket was nowhere to be seen. The Corporal was about to institute a search when he was dumfounded to hear a rustling sound from a heap of straw from which the delinquent Driver presently emerged. Unfortunately he was also minus his boots, a trifling detail which attracted the casual attention of his senior.

"Where were you when I came around?" inquired the Corporal.

"On my rounds," replied No. 2009999 in injured tones of conscious virtue.

"But you've got your boots off!" persisted the Corporal.

"Well, Corporal, I took them off so as I wouldn't wake up the horses!"

Arsene Moreau

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ATHLETIC JOTTINGS.

Those of us whose clean sheets for once in a way, served us loyally, and who proceeded to Alexandra Park with out team of footballers last Saturday had little cause to grudge the expense of the outing. Our boys came out of their shell in magnificent style and romped home in a manner which left no doubt as to which class our footballing categorization was in.

Cameron at centre forward was, of course, the hero of the day, his fine goals being an achievement he ought to be justly proud of. He was ably supported by a beautifully moving set of forwards, heady half backs, and by two of the soundest backs who ever wore an opposition down, so effectively did they perform their allotted task, that nothing need be said of our goalkeeper. As the season for football seems now to be closed down and another game a matter of chance we only hope our boys will continue the good work in England—and that, soon.

For the benefit of those unfortunates who were on duty or were either broke or disinterested, the game itself is reported in another column.

Sapper Yeardsley came to us the other day and reported progress in connection with his pet project—a Depot Road Race. He has a committee formed and we would be grateful for more details from him now that he is ploughing ahead under his own steam. We would remind him that our editorial sanctum is moved south for the winter and is now on the hallowed ground once occupied by our R.S.M.

We have nothing to report from

A BOUQUET.

“Knots and Lashings”! Cuts and Slashings!

What a paper this should be!
Nuts and rations! Spots and Scratchings!

Free for sapper or O. C.

Kindly critics! Cheerful clipping!
Dealing hard hits everywhere.

Increased Interest really ripping!
Hitting hard but fighting fair.

May it prosper! Long be lucky!
With its editor a Knight.

Thank him—He is pretty plucky
Takes some nerve to keep us right.

Now, boys all, I’m sure, are willing
If each one here does his bit:—

Then our prophesy fulfilling—
“Knots and Lashings” makes a hit!

Sgt. LOWMAN.

MARCHING SONG.

Tune:—“The British Grenadiers”.

We’re training for the Engineers, our comrades o’er the sea, Sirs.
And with the boys who’re at the front we’re hoping soon to be, Sirs.
So step out, lads, with chin held high; don’t ever fret or falter.
We’ll fight, we’ll build, we’ll dig, we’ll fly, and none our aims shall alter.

Soon we’ll be leaving our own shores, the lad to join who’re o’ersea.
So pack your kit; your cares forget; our future we can forsee.

For glory will be ours, my lads; we’ll have the base Hun under—
Take good heed of your orders, lads; be careful not to blunder!

We’ll do our best to win the fight. Each lad will do his duty.
Each do his best with zeal and zest, nor think of home or beauty.
Until our task is done, my lads, and we come proudly sailing—
Leaving the beast, low in the East, to grief, despair and wailing!

And when we do get home at last, Oh! won’t the girls flock round us!
How proud we’ll feel to think that we took first the oath that bound us!

And in the years to come we’ll tell o’ the brave deeds that our Corps did—

From O.C. down to drummer boy our fame shall be recorded.

—ANONYMOUS.

the hockey fans, eurling bugs or volley ball enthusiasts and it would seem that our timely counsel of last week was either premature or totally unnecessary. We would hate to apply for membership to that sedate assembly—the Chess Club, but we are afraid that’s about what it’s coming to. Can it be that our visitors with the cross swords and crown are sapping all the vitality from the unsuspecting sapper? It would appear so, and should the incoming week be unproductive of a few hardy lads who dread not the out of doors conditions so long as they can play the game, we will come out flat footed in our next issue calling for volunteers to form a Browning Society, Knitting Club and a Solitaire League. I know where I can lay my hands on an N.C.O. who makes the daintiest little table centres out of bright coloured wool, and am seriously thinking of making him Athletics Editor should this sort of thing go on. Meanwhile, we are as a “voice crying in the wilderness”.

All being well, our football team are due to tackle the Champions of Quebec on Saturday on the same ground on which they found their feet in more than one sense, last Saturday. ’Twill be a harder nut to crack this business of disposing of the Locos but I fear not of the result.

Having in view the fact that our players paid their own fare and expenses last Saturday, our canteen committee have resolved to vote \$25.00 towards fare and bill of fare. This is a more dignified

way than the ancient method of passing round the hat, and, as we are all pretty well broke as a result of our last campaign—speaking for the team—we tender our thanks, meanwhile.

HAMPDEN.

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A TRAGIC COMEDY.

The Rising Generation's Idea of Military Discipline.

I witnessed a most amusing incident from my window last Saturday afternoon, which unfortunately turned out rather disastrous.

A bunch of youngsters were playing at soldiers. A dilapidated chicken-coop did duty as guard house, a ponderous lock on the door adding additional strength to the thin wire netting.

A lonely sentry, properly armed with pop-gun and wearing the regulation tired look on his face, paced to and fro; ever and anon he would stop and examine the lock on the chi—pardon!—guard house.

Apparently satisfied, this miniature guardsman turned smartly, with a tremendous click of the heels, and continued his beat in a smart and—but you know all that!

Suddenly the enemy appeared (in the shape of a boy about 11 years old) and was duly challenged. His reply not being satisfactory, sentry approached and a heated argument ensued. Finally sentry beat it for help, returning eventually with rest of guard (one boy).

The enemy, who had patiently been waiting, was then bundled in the clink. Some five minutes later, sentry either becoming tired of his beat or else figuring the prisoner was due for a trial, manipulated the heavy lock and entered the coop accompanied by all his reliefs (the same boy).

The trial lasted about two minutes, when Mr. Prisoner was brought forth bound hand and foot, and, by means of a block and tackle suspended from a projecting rafter, was hoisted about fourteen feet and, coming to an open loft door, was by a slight swing of the rope deposited on the sill.

All joined in the laugh, including the prisoner,—but here is where the tragedy came in! The boy lost his balance, the rope slipped, and down he came, landing on his shoulder. Two of us carried him into the house and, a doctor being summoned, the little fellow was removed to the hospital. Whatever the youngster's military crime, the penalty was certainly severe.

Spr. FINGLAH.

DURING P.T.'s.

A drill instructor, after giving the order "Stand at ease!" complained of the men's attitudes, and said, "Why, you fellows are like a lot of dummies! I could get smarter soldiers than you at a shilling a box!" "But," one of the recruits replied, "I suppose there would be some sergeants among them, wouldn't there?"

AFTER THE WAR.

Place: Calgary. Scene: Restaurant. Dramatis personae: Long Bill, Logger and ex-Canadian Sapper. Fritz, waiter and ex-Hun soldier.

(Enter Long Bill?—"Got any ham or eggs, beefsteak pie, pork chops in this dive?"

Fritz:—"Yah! Yah!"

Long Bill:—"Dish me up about \$50 worth."

Fritz:—"You haff been to Pelgium?"

Long Bill:—"Yes, have you?"

Fritz:—"Yah! Yah! my battery, it ranged on Ypres."

(News item in next morning's papers:—"City ambulance has hurry-up call. General Hospital in urgent need of catgut and bandages and splints. Also advt.:—Waiter wanted, must be strong. No Germans need apply.)

Two men entered a restaurant and ordered, "Turkey, without Greece." After a time the waitress said: "You cannot Roumania. I will not Servia."—"No?" said they. "Then send for the Bosphorus!" This she declined to do, so they went away Hungary.—(Exchange.)

"STOP PRESS" NEWS.

A great transport swept into harbour, having safely completed her journey of seven thousand miles in spite of submarines and the perils of the deep. Her decks were crowded with bronzed recruits, all eager for England and anxious for news after weeks of isolation on the silent sea. They passed quite close to a small cruiser stationed in the port; her crew regarded the new arrivals with interest, and one of the latter, with hand to mouth, shouted, "Is there any news of the war?" The high, clear, and ringing voice of one well practised in the art of hailing came glibly across the water in reply. "There is," said the voice. "Beer has gone up to eightpence a pint!"

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