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PLAY THE GAME.

The newer men of the St. Johns Garrison,—whether Machine Gunners, Engineers, C.O.R., or W.O.R.,—should have but one ambition. That ambition should be to equal,—for they can never surpass,—the record established by the famous battalions of the First Contingent.

Those battalions of the First Contingent, which placed the "hall mark" on Canada's military effort, earned their reputation by simply "playing the game". It was their motto just as it must be yours. They lived it on the Parade Ground, in the Barracks, among civilians, with the Officers and among themselves. As a consequence their record as soldiers and as men has never been surpassed.

"Playing the game" is the only sure way to success in any calling in life. It is the only way to honor and to success in the army. By "playing the game" you change tedium to pleasure, and work to play. There are many features of army life that appear uninteresting and monotonous. They can be made bright and pleasurable by simply "playing the game".

The true significance of "playing the game" should be clear to all. It means simply playing the part of a soldier and a man. So let's play the game, wherever we are, no matter what our rank, and see the change that will come, the interest that will develop and the satisfaction we will have in work well done.

You read of the "Fighting 48th,—the Hell of Leather", Fort Garry Horse, of the "Princess Pats", of the "Old Hundred", and of many others. No doubt you envy them their name and their honors. Don't envy them, but simply remember that they earned their names and their honors, by "playing the game".

They 'played the game' from the very beginning,—in their training camps in Canada, in their work and in their sports. Some day the names of our Corps will also be a source of pride and inspiration to the whole world,—if we just learn to "play the game".

It was to the Canadians who have 'played the game', that Sir Arthur W. Currie, K.C.B., K.C., M.G., Commanding the Canadian Corps in France, issued his special order on March 27th. Few messages, even in this war, have reached greater heights. In part the order read,—

"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that today the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged, there can be no giving away. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance, or fall where you stand, facing the enemy.

"To those who fall, I say: 'You will not die, but step into immortality! Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever, by your grateful country and God will take you unto himself.'

"Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought, with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil valour. On many a hardfought field of battle you have overcome this enemy, and with God's help you shall achieve victory once more."

DON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT IT!!

It was the usual morning reception held by the Colonel. Outside the sun shone and birds twittered. In a word, it was one of those occasions when it were much better, if possible, to be "on the outside, looking in".

At the table sat the O.C., his eyes cast down upon the charge sheet. And he was also toying with that pen,—in the culprit's eyes, a very "Sword of Damocles"!

The Corporal had given his version of the sad affair, the prisoner had also been heard, (in a very different version). And still the pen hesitated,—irresistably fascinating those who stood by.

The outlook for the prisoner was indeed a bleak one; the sun and the music of the birds, a cruel mockery. The Orderly Officer,—one of the 57 varieties,—coughed suspiciously. The R.S.M., tears brimming in his kindly eyes, turned away his head to hide his deep emotion.

Suddenly the Colonel looked up,—so suddenly indeed that the representative of the 57 varieties, inadvertently dropped a very new and very shiny riding crop. The R.S.M. swallowed so hard you could hear him. It was coming now!

"My man," said the Colonel sternly, "your case is a most serious one, and, I may say, everything now depends upon your character. As you are aware, men are known by the papers they read, no less than by the company which they keep. I must therefore ask, whether you have a copy of the latest issue of "Knots and Lashings" with you?"

Instantly a glad light leaped to the prisoner's eyes, for there was a "constant reader". Forgetful of all else, he tore open his tunic and lugged out a well worn copy of the very latest number.

We need hardly add that this settled the whole matter. The Colonel shook the accused warmly by the hand and briskly wished him "good morning". The R.S.M. bowed him from the room in his usual courtly manner, and when last seen, he and the late prisoner had their heads together over a clever cartoon by one of those

noted artists retained by "Knots and Lashings".

(It should, however, be added, that it is always well to purchase TWO copies of "Knots and Lashings"; one to send to "the folks back home" and one to keep,—well, in case you may require it later.)

ALI BABA CLEARS MATTERS UP "WID' A FEW PLAIN WOIDS".

St. Johns, P.D.Q.

Dear Steve,
42 Tremont Row,
Boston, U.S.A.

Sure, I will tell you about our Officers. If you hadn't asked me I wouldn't have told you Steve, because they aint nothing to speak about, Steve, unless you aint got nothing else to talk about.

First I will tell you about a fella who aint any officer but wood like to be one but cant. His name is sgt mgr evans, and he is the engineers. He gave us boys a speech the other day, but Steve, it was a bum speech. He sed they was pigs and hogs, and should eat in a pig pen but the fellas dont want to eat in no Sergeants mess, Steve. After he got done he sed, I hope I make myself plain, but he didn't need to knock himself like that, Steve, everybody can see he is.

Another fella, which his name is Lt. Smallecombe in the Machinery Gunners is a nice fella, but you can't believe what he says, Steve. At a lecktur last tues. he said that when he was in France, that he saw a fella what was shot and the fella was paralyzed on one side, which I hope he don't think we is iggerent enuf to believe, because what I say Steve is, I guess i drunk enuf whiskey and was shot enuf times to know you get paralyzed all over and not on one side.

Anothe fella, which is a loote-nant in the engineers and his name is Davidson told us that he was blown up at Vimby Rige, and when he was comin down he remembered every mean thing what he did in his hole life. Those shells must blow you awful high, Steve.

There is one fella who rites "Knots and Lashings" who as a Lt. to, and his name is Ray Night. He is always telling all the soldiers how to get a head, but i bet