

the reins of power in their hands we would be ruled by laws of brutality; we would have "Kultur" and mob violence, instead of sane progressive government.

Remember this when casting your vote. Remember your comrade when casting your vote—and—Remember that over eighty per cent of your comrades in France and Flanders have voted solid for UNION Government.

Go to the polls and register for UNION Government.

Russia has fallen down in her part of the work of licking the Hun. What is her fate? The German only can answer. What does the world think of Russia? She is looked upon now as a traitor to a righteous cause, and a renegade.

Canada without reinforcements for her firing line would look to the world at large in the same light. She would have to quit the fight after so gallantly doing her large share.

You, as Canadians, won't stand for that. As Canadians and for Canada and her honour—mark your ballot for the UNION Government. Your opportunity is here. NOW.

Pte. J. Chapman Kerr, a N.S. lad who won the coveted V.C., was the sole survivor of a bombing party. Armed with rifle and bombs he pressed on alone into a trench and compelled 60 armed Huns to surrender.

SOLDIERS' OPINION OF CANADA'S DUTY

View Entertained by Thousands of Hero Sons of the Dominion.

"Do you know what it would mean to me and to thousands of other Canadians here in England if conscription is not put in force? The ranks of the Canadian battalions have been terribly depleted and by some means they must be filled. If reinforcements do not come from Canada it means that thousands of wounded Canadians here in England will be discharged from the hospitals and sent immediately to France, many before they are fit. Is it fair that those who have done their bit should be deprived of their chance to recover from wounds taken in their country's cause in order that medically fit cowards may rest at home and earn big money and be in safety. Do you know what it means for battalions to go into the line under strength? If there are only 500 men where there should be 1,000, twice as much ground must be held by each man than his share, and twice as much work accomplished by him. To me a medically fit slacker is the most despicable human being alive and the hell of the front line is too good for him."

"Above is not an extract from the speech of any party politician or flag-waving patriot. It is just a fragment from the letter of Pte. Arthur Wood, an incapacitated Canadian soldier, to his father, at Erin, Ont., a letter

written from an English hospital, which the writer had no idea would gain wider reading than that of the family circle—a letter that speaks the mind of thousands of hero sons of Canada and puts in few and forceful words the inevitable results of the acceptance, instead of military service, of the Opposition's wait-a-while, no compulsion policy, the policy of timorous abandonment of brave men, sacrifice of heroic accomplishments, relinquishment of high ideals and essential principles of civilization's structure is to endure.

"It is only a private soldier's expression of his own and his comrades' opinion as to his country's crystal-clear duty towards those who have given incomparable proof of their devotion to its honor, and its interests."

—Toronto Paper.

UNNERVED AT FARNHAM.

A sergeant and a sapper were at the firing. The sapper was troubled with a cold and was continually sneezing, which rather annoyed and put the sergeant's shots off the mark. "Confound you!" yelled the enraged sergeant at length. "You made me miss again." "I didn't sneeze," protested the sapper. "Of course you didn't!" roared the sergeant. "It's the first time you've missed, and—I allowed for it!"

We in Canada know nothing of sacrifice. Here is a story of a Canadian soldier who fought at Ypres:—"With our eyes running from gas, and blood streaming from our wounds, and curses on our lips for the men who stayed at home, we HUNG ON, surrounded on all sides, until the two

lines had been entrenched and there was BUT 35 of us, out of 450, left, and 19 of them wounded." "The eyes of the world are on you, Canadians, HANG ON!"

BEST AUTHORITY.

Sergeant (to driver thrown from his horse?—"And where did you get orders from to dismount; headquarters, Eh?")

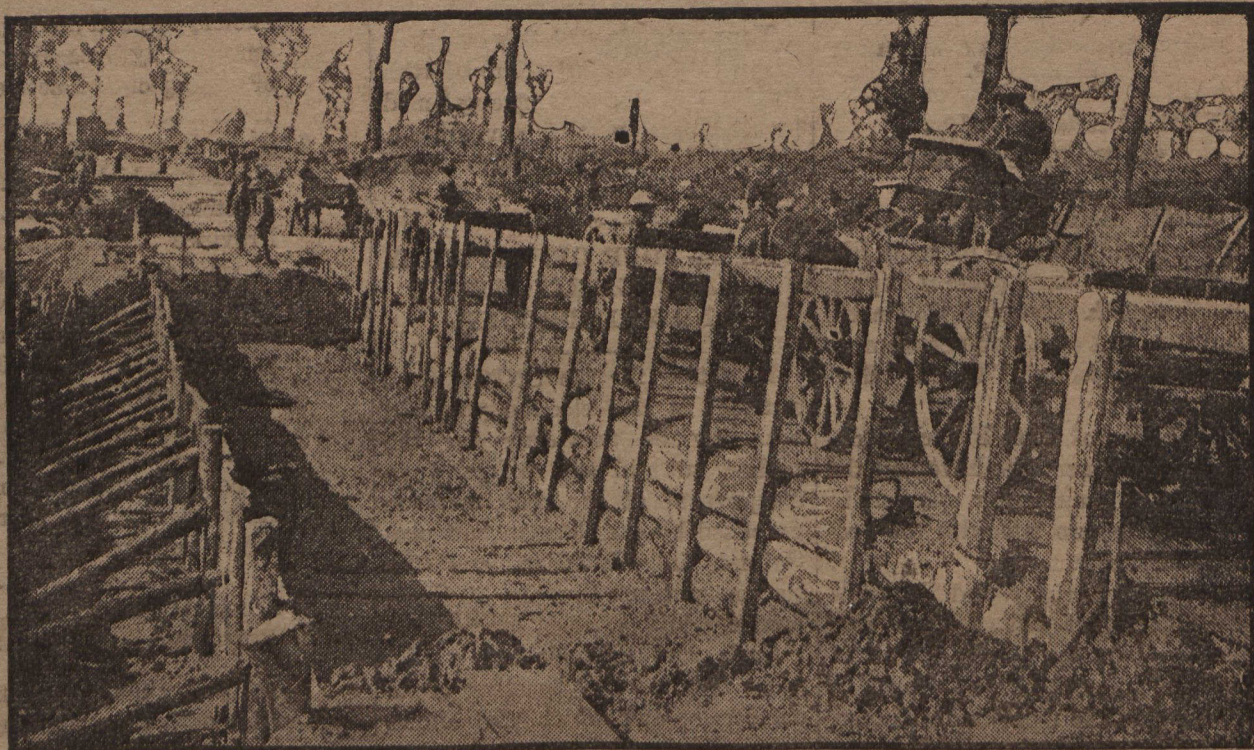
Driver (rubbing his elbows and others parts):—"No, hindquarters!"

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WITH THE FIGHTING BOYS IN FRANCE



On the British Front in France.—Everything at the front is put to some use. These trees are being used for road-making and strengthening dug-outs.



Near the Yser Canal.—Troops and supplies on their way to the battlefield.—Note the method employed of gradually building up the bridges to their proper level.

Photos by courtesy of G.P.R.