

COMRADES

Last night I dreamed the Cross of God
Stood rooted deep in Flanders sod,
And wide its open arms were spread
Over the fields of living dead.
Mile upon mile the crosses rose
Shepherding sleep's supreme repose,
And as I looked they seemed to be
Merged into conquering Calvary.
O Jesus—more than Savior now;
Brother, soldiers, captain, Thou!—
Each of Thy comrades of the cross
Treasures the gift that man calls loss.
Oh, what an Easter lies concealed
Beneath the flowers on Flanders Field!

—Louise Ayres Garnette
in Poetry.

Still Travelling.

The Artillery is well aware of the sad end of a young officer who went up to the observation post, or "O Pip", to observe for the battery.

The first shot came down short and burst within twenty yards of him. Scared out of his life, he gave the first order that came to his mind, it was: "Repeat!"

Rumor has it that he is still travelling.

His Dinner Hour.

A company of British soldiers under the charge of an officer were marching along a road in France when they came upon a member of the Navvies' Battalion leaning up against the stump of a tree. The latter gazed blandly at the troops, and sucked away at a filthy clay pipe. The officer, who was rather a stickler for discipline, at once commenced to reprimand him.

"Take that pipe out of your mouth," he ordered. "Don't you know better than that? Stand to attention whilst I am passing you."

The navy calmly drew the pipe from his mouth and spat reflectively on the ground.

"Orl right, mate," he said with a grin, "it's me dinner 'our."

The Courtesy Of War.

In the Somme region the French first line trenches were a score or so metres from the German trenches. When things were comparatively quiet, both sides em-

ployed their time in bombing each other.

As the distance was so short, it was quite usual for a number of seconds to elapse before the bomb burst after touching ground.

A French officer, noticing one of these delayed bombs, picked it up, and hurling it back at the Germans, remarked politely, "Your bomb, I believe!"

Those Guns.

A cavalry recruit was having a devil of a time. It was his first field day, and he was mounted on a very spirited horse. He managed to control it until the guns went off. Then the beast performed all kinds of capers, and finally succeeded in dismounting him. He jumped into the saddle again and was all right until the guns roared once more, when he was thrown violently to the ground. This time he made no attempt to regain the saddle, but stood holding the reins and stroking the horse's nose.

"Why don't you mount again, man?" roared the Sergeant-major.

"What's the good?" replied the recruit disconsolately; those blooming guns will go off again in a minute."

"Are You Through?"

A bombing party set out at dead of night to try their hand on a German machine gun emplacement. Among them was an American soldier, who had joined up because he hated the Germans.

On the way to their objective they were held up by barbed wire. They got out their wire cutters, and were busy hacking away at the obstacle, when there was a rifle shot, and the man next the American gave a long groan and a curse.

"Say, chum," exclaimed the Yankee, "are you through?"

"Through!" snorted a voice, misunderstanding the American term. "Through be damned!—the—stuff has torn my breeches to ribbons."

On The "Buzzer"

The signallers didn't like their new officer. He was too eager to give them evening parades, and moreover, some of them thought he was only a figure-head and wasn't a qualified signaller. They were busy "buzzing" on the small field instrument, and one of them was narrating an anecdote when the

officer came on the scene.

"Jones," he said to the garrulous one, "you're always gossiping instead of attending to your work—you will do an extra parade this evening."

Jones was furious. He thought of an idea to get his own back. Working the "buzzer" key, he sent the words, "Go to hell."

All the men grinned, but gasped as the officer grabbed the nearest instrument and buzzed back, "Take two extra parades."

Tommy's Way.

For weeks an infantry regiment had suffered badly by the fire of a concealed German battery. One day the observation post of the battery was located by an airman, and a party of bombers was told off to go out and blow it up. They went over during the night, and caught the inmates red-handed. A proud private marched the two telephonists back to the collecting-station.

"So you're the blighters, are you?" he said, staring at them as they walked. "Nice looking lot you are, too. Look at your step! I'm ashamed of yer. 'Ell of a time you've given our company—'ere, 'ave a fag."

Social Distinctions.

In a town near the north coast of France the remnants of the original Expeditionary Force were quartered. In the characteristic British fashion, they grumbled from morning till night, and the chief object of their daily grouse was the cook and his wares.

One day a Battalion of the "Artists Rifles" arrived in town, and were being "messed" in a large tin hut in which were a number of the "old army".

The cook, a soured and unhappy man, through the daily straffing of the dinner, set his face to meet the onslaught, which never waned in the slightest.

After hearing from the "remnants" exactly what they thought of the way the food was cooked, he burst out impetuously:

"Look 'ere! See them chaps in the corner—" pointing to the newly arrived men, "them Hartists, brought up in the lap of luxury, they don't grumble; but you, who've been dragged up anyhow—you alway grumbles."

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool

Officers Outfits

Underwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Blankets, Sleeping Bags, British Warmes, etc.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".

and from JAEGER AGENCIES throughout the Dominion.

Ed. Papineau

Importer of

HATS AND FURS

Fur Repairs:—A Specialty.

66 RICHELIEU ST.

Tel. 121

St. Johns, P.Q.

Tel. No. 87

Charles Fredette

Everything in
LUMBER, MOULDING, PAPERS, Etc.
St. Johns, Que.

A. D. GIRARD, KC.

ADVOCATE

41 ST. JAMES STREET

St. Johns, Que.

At the sign of the

Red Ball

The up-to-date store for your
Dry Goods of all kinds.

Discharged Men

will find Special Bargains in

**Civilian Suits & Over-
coats at low prices**

—at—

J. E. McNulty & Co.

138 Richelieu St.

ST. JOHNS

LEE LEE
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Two Stores

Corner Champlain and St. James

Corner St. Charles and Richelieu

A Favorite Laundry of the Soldiers.

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.

"Father," said a little boy, "what is the fortune of war?" "I don't know exactly, my son," replied the father; "You'll have to ask a profiteer!"

Love makes the walls of human relations, but justice must be their foundation.