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## THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.

When one realises that three quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water, and that on the "command of the sea" rests our very existence at this critical stage of our lives, some idea of the immensity of the problem that the British Navy, assisted by the smaller navies of our Allies, has to deal with, can be formed.

The majority of us can be classed as landmen; even the Englishman—despite the fact that he cannot leave his country without taking a sea voyage—comes under that category; and it is with difficulty that we fully appreciate what the "Command of the Sea" really means and involves.

If it were stated that the British Army commanded a whole continent we could very fairly appreciate the situation—such a statement comes within the average man's conception, but if we added that the security of this army depended upon sea power, we are, at once confronted with a statement that we often take for granted, but if asked for explanation we could not furnish it.

In this failure ashore to appreciate the work of the Navy, we find absence of imagination and such material that imagination feeds on. We speak of the "Command of the Sea" but we have no aids to enable us to realise what it means.—No convenient charts, no correspondent's narratives nor reports from officers commanding, afloat.

The impression prevails that somewhere on the high seas the Grand Fleet stands sentinel, keeping at bay the main fleet of the enemy; and that a great number of patrol ships are employed. The matter ends there; and how are we to know or understand the character and extent of the work of the Navy since the silence is seldom, if ever broken?

It is true that losses have been sustained, that raiders have broken through and bombarded some English coast towns but apart from the U-boat nothing of any importance to the enemy has happened, and our maritime communications have remained uninterrupted.

The U-boat represents our one limitation to the command of the sea, but even this difficult problem is being controlled, but just how we do not know.

This silent "carrying on" of our Naval duties is the secret of its success. We do not, for one moment, imagine that the German Admiralty is in the dark to the same extent as the average landman; but there are many features which lead to our blissful ignorance of things naval on account of no public utterances of our Admiralty department, that the enemy would like to know. We enjoy, however, a confidence in our Navy at all times; and results have shown that that confidence is not in the least misplaced.

WELL! WELL!! WELL!!!

## Greatest One-Ring Show on Earth!

Hear Professor Milne, the Laird of Bridoon with his marvellously trained troop of High Divers and Hard Hitters!!

See 'em Bump the Bumps.

\* \* \* \* \*

The only Simms, specially imported from Ireland at Fabulous Expense. He eats Coal and spits Fire. Hear the Crack of his whip and the Lash of his tongue!

\* \* \* \* \*

Senor Langeo, late of Hee-Haw, Chile. The only Peg Leg Chilean Demon Bareback Equestrian. See him bust the bleedin'; browbeaten, bronchos of the West.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monsewer Rice, the Sorel tapped centaur. Eats 'em alive, alive!

\* \* \* \* \*

Bullman the Open-Faced Blonde. Throws 'em in his sleep! See him in his fascinating revue "Off again, on again"!

\* \* \* \* \*

Also Buttercup, the dainty Boy Scout!

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Herr Donaldson, the Iron-Face! See him canter and take the lead. He comes up to breathe!

\* \* \* \* \*

Wookey, the Iron Man, alias the Cobalt Nugget! See him sparkle in spots!

\* \* \* \* \*

Also Gallagher, the Bi-Valve Kid! The only one in captivity.—Eats 'em whole!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Horse-Fly Tregillus, the Demon of the Plains.

\* \* \* \* \*

The one and only Brewster, the Orange Ade Kid!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Over and Under Fairbanks. See his death defying Loop the Loop on the end of his horse's narrative!

\* \* \* \* \*

See Strong-Heart Kerr, the Clinging Vine!

also

Rose Bud Chave, the Artful Dodger.

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Performances daily, rain or shine, hail or snow, at 1.15 p.m.

Come early and avoid the rush at the Box Office!

Special rates for rafter seats!!

Hear the opening chorus, softly sung by the hidden choir, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way".

The magement respectfully requests that spectators do not throw peanuts to the performers. They are,—at times,—easily annoyed.

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Acting under instructions received from the St. Johns Board

of Censors, the management begs to state that children under 15 years of age cannot be admitted to any of the performances in which the Laird of Bridoon is featured.

Hear him! Hear him!! Hear him!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

God Save the King.

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## SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL AT

ST. JOHNS.

(Extract from Local Paper.)

Had war actually broken out in our very midst, or was it worse? Mothers gathered in their children, while men of military age barred the doors. Special correspondents for the world's famous papers, "Knots and Lashings", "The Daily Mail" and "The News" were on the scene, but nothing could be learned. "Central" said she knew nothing, but admitted having heard it. Something was wrong, war, murder, or worse. The Police Force (one was on duty the other had gone to supper) was ordered to be ready on an hour's notice. The Fire Brigade had the same instructions, so immediately bought a horse and sent to the scene of the last fire for the fire engine. The Fire brigade cleaned his buttons and 'stood by'.

At 7 o'clock the Police charged he mob (on enquiring this morning at the hospital it was learned he would recover. Doctors please note). Things were getting pretty bad, when a side door of the Royal Residence was thrown open. It was captured though far from dead, screaming and kicking, a soldier had it under his arm, trying to stop it; using both his hands and his teeth; but of no avail. Some four other soldiers of powerful build came close behind, and the crowd fell back as they came on. All of a sudden the sound ceased, and the Chief, a man of over 7 feet, raised his hand and said, "Citizens! be this a warning. For three and a half years a bloody war has been waged agin the Hun, an' wi' a few exceptions ye are all still here. Take ye notice, for by an ither moon ten such as this will be here. Conscription, scared ye, but nae lawyer nor judge can save ye frae the gods of war when we start. Lead on McDuff." And the quorum, to the tune of 'The Barren Road of Aden' faded from sight and sound. Doors were opened, heads peeped through slightly drawn blinds, and the civil populace breathed freely once again.