



"B" Company, E.T.D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada, December, 1917.

THE CREED OF CANADA

I BELIEVE in Canada.
 I BELIEVE that Canada is the best part of the British Empire.
 I BELIEVE THAT Canada is safe today, because of the British Navy;
 THAT Canada enjoys all the privileges of British Citizenship; and
 THAT she must fulfil its duties;
 THAT the Empire's wars are Canada's Wars;
 THAT this war is for Righteousness; and Canada must take a part in it;
 THAT if Canada fails, she will meet the punishment due to the slacker;
 THAT Canada has made a splendid start, and MUST keep it up;
 THAT Canada cannot afford to be a Coward or a Quitter;
 THAT the UNION Government will lead Canada to Victory, physical and moral;
 THAT Canada has only one question now—"How to Win the War."

"THREE WEEKS IN THE LINE"

(Excerpts from the letter of an officer at the front).

"You cannot imagine the life we have had for the last three weeks in the line; we were only one day in the front line, but the rest of the time was Hell.

"First we were in huts and got bombed nearly every night; they got thirty men with one bomb one night. I and another chap were barely twenty yards away, but we got down into an old bomb-hole just in time.

"Then we moved up to the site of an old farm; right in the big gun area, about six miles behind the lines. We stayed there a few days and every night all the men and the junior officers went out to act as carrying parties to the front line. They got a lot of shelling, high explosives and gas, but remarkably few casualties. There were some 9.2's just behind the camp and every time three of them fired it would blow out the candle in my shelter; it rather

spoilt reading in the evening!

"We then moved up closer still, to an old German trench. My Company headquarters was an old concrete machine gun emplacement; it had duckboards on the floor and a duckboard to sleep on:—when I lay down I could hear the water going glup-glup-glup under my head, and the stench was awful, I think there was a very dead Bosche underneath somewhere!

"That night we moved up into the line, a long straggling line of loaded men on an apparently endless winding duckboard track.

"We took over at dusk, and it was SOME place—a farm on the point of a little spur, the ground sloping away in front and on each side, and the Bosche line on another rise opposite.

"There was no trench; just a collection of shell holes, some joined together, others fairly isolated, but all chosen for their position, and all supporting one another; some on the top of the spur, others at the bottom, and others scattered about the sides.

"The night was very cold and I spent it improving my own shell hole. I had one to myself, half covered; two yards away lived my C.S.M. in another, and five yards on the other side lived several runners. I worked on my h'q'r's all night to keep warm;; it was very nice and quiet until about 5 a.m. (just before light when both sides suddenly opened fire).

"Fritz fairly plastered the front line with 'whizz bangs', but did extraordinarily little damage.

"I could see nothing from my hole so I had to go out in front as I was afraid the Bosche might come over. After about an hour I got hit. I thought it was only a bruise and after I had fainted and come round, I "carried on", thinking it was alright. After a time it got worse so I went down to my home and told the S.M. to take my place.

"When I got in I felt quite bad and sat there for about an hour, during which the Bosche knocked parts of the roof in on me twice.

I may say, in my absence he had hit a shell-hole full of water nearby, and my hole had three inches of water in the bottom and all my breakfast and papers were washed into the sump hole in the corner.

"During the morning an officer arrived from another Battalion in the Brigade; he walked straight up to my hole, in the open, and sat down on the edge. I told him politely to get out of sight—and then spotted eight men some 25 yards behind him, also standing up! (You must understand that the position of the occupied shell holes is kept secret from the Bosche and as little movement as possible allowed by day.)

"Then he told me that there were thirty of them altogether and that they would doubtless arrive in the course of the morning! I am afraid I got rather profane and told him they were not going to arrive until dark while I was in command, and I sent a sergeant up the trench to see that they didn't! Some men are indeed fools!

"On the way back to hospital the roads were shelled continuously but we got through alright."

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AT ST. JAMES CHURCH.

On Sunday, the 23rd, Christmas Services will be held in St. James Church at 8, and at 11. Both services will be strictly Christmassy in character, tho quietly toned because of the Great War and its consequent hardships and suffering. There will be special music, and Major Rev. Moore will preach an inspired Christmas sermon.

On Christmas Eve (Monday night) there will be an Old English Carol Service beginning at 7.30, Sapper Dixon at the organ. Every soldier is cordially invited to come and hear the augmented choir sing the good old carols so dear to the hearts of all. Come—and for an hour or two be transported back to the well-remembered Christmas Eves at Home.

TRENCH SPIRITS.

"When's the bloomin' war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad. "Dunno," replied one of the south shires. "We've planted some daffydils in front of our trench." "Bloomin' optimist!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted acorns."

Thuotoscope

has burned down:—but Monsieur Thuot is too good a sport not to rebuild. We understand that by next week he will have secured a temporary "Palace of Silent Art", and will be screening good features as usual.

"Knots and Lashings" extends sympathy for the \$40,000 loss suffered by M. Thuot, and hopes he will have best success in raising capital to start anew.

Smoke

Hudson Bay Co.'s

Imperial Mixture

CANADA'S FOREMOST TOBACCO.

Hotel Poutré
 Market Place,
 St. Johns, Que.

A. C. Poutré, Prop.

You know it as the CITY Hotel.