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FROM THE BARRACK WINDOW.

In the Great Crusade in which we are now engaged,—the redemption of Civilization,—it is not strange to find every member and every unit of society, contributing in some manner toward the achievement of the desired end. Due appreciation has been, and is being, given to our Canadian troops. Do we always render fitting recognition, to those others who are also "doing their bit"? Do we fully appreciate the heavy burden that is being cheerfully borne by the civilians of this country? Looking out this barrack windows, we feel constrained to comment on the nobility of spirit, the consistent perseverance of the womanhood of Canada.

Songs have been sung and orations have been delivered, eulogizing the sacrifices which the motherhood and the daughters of our land, have been called upon to make. For not only have they given the lives of their dearest one; they have toiled with their hands early and late, that clothing and all possible comforts may be sent to those at the front, to keep bodies strong and minds cheerful. Their invaluable work in our hospitals, the organization of benefit and patriotic campaigns, and their many other war activities, have been a truly inspiring demonstration of earnestness and zeal. To defend such faithful devotion, such personal sacrifice, our boys at the front are both proud and happy.

As never before, statesmen and legislatures have striven to cope with conditions and problems imposed by the war. To stand upright in the halls of Parliament, and in the courts of law, implies today, both courage and endurance.

Never before has Labor risen to a higher plane of co-operative service. Long established traditions, have yielded to the purging influence of new conditions. Every fibre is strained, every nerve is alive; for never before has the intensity of industrial activity been so great. Truly, there are good soldiers in the ranks of business and industry as well as in the army.

Realizing the noble part that is being played by our civilian brothers and sisters, we should buckle down, with even greater confidence, to our routine and duties, and with a will strengthened to do our bit, as they are doing theirs. It is together that we shall win.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

At the various Sunday services, held by the St. Johns Garrison on Sunday last, a special collection in aid of the Patriotic Fund was taken up. Officers and men of the E. T. D. responded with their usual

enthusiasm, and it is most gratifying to be able to state that at least \$170 was added to the funds of this most worthy cause. No wonder it has become quite the usual thing to hear the expression,—"Leave it to the Engineers!"

CLASS 38 MAKES ITS BOW IN ST. JOHNS SOCIETY.

Successful Dance on Event of the Local Season.

And old St. Jeans, ba' gosh, had gathered in,  
"There was a sound of revelry by night,  
Its beauty and its chivalry,  
And bright the lights shone o'er fair women and Brave Men!"

It is seldom indeed, that the above inspiring lines have been more truly applicable than when used in connection with the dance given on Friday evening by the members of Engineer Officer's Class No. 38. For during last evening, and the wee sma' hours of this morning, the members of Class 38 officially made their maiden bow, in the social whirl of St. Johns, P.Q.

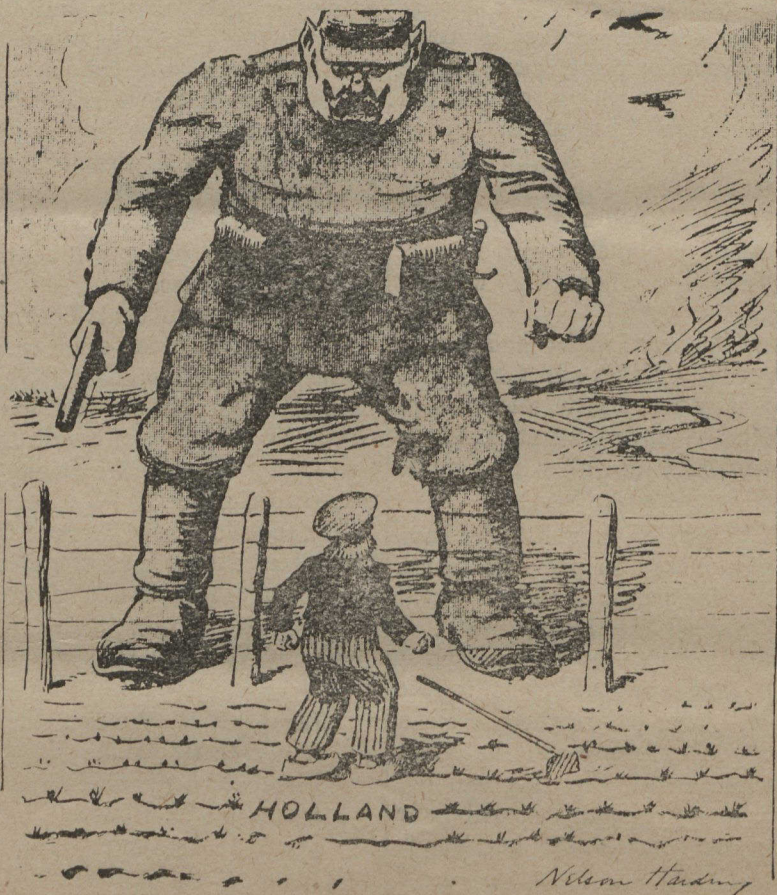
The dance was held in the spacious and stately Hall of the Odd Fellows on the Avenue Jacques Cartier, the Hall being handsomely and effectively decorated for the occasion. Ambuscades, entanglements and dug-outs had been cleverly arranged by a prodigal use of smilax, palms and flowering plants, and these served admirably as cosy corners for those who desired a respite from the more strenuous work on the polished floor. We can but hope that the members of Class 38 will show the same ingenious efficiency in devising and in constructing first line defences, later on.

About the time that the "night life" of the City was commencing, limousines and taxis began to roll up to the porte cochère, and one caught fleeting glimpses of beauty, as the 'dear girls', accompanied by their chaperons; and under strong guards of Sam Browns, tripped lightly up through the broad and brilliantly lighted entrance. Prior to the dance, a number of dinner parties had been arranged at the Chateau Poutré, the Windsor, the National and the Chagnon.

We cannot hope, nor do we propose to attempt, to say much concerning the dance itself. Invitations, to the number of upwards of two hundred, had been issued, and the response must have been most gratifying to the stalwart hosts. Dancing commencing at 9 a.m., stopped,—well, when the programme and a generous allowance of extras, had been played through. At midnight a dainty supper was served in the Palm Court. Incidentally, it is a pleasure to state that the proceedings were entirely free from untoward disturbance of any kind.

During the past few years, a number of successful dances, have been arranged by members of the various Officer Classes in training at the E. T. D. It is, however, safe to say that none have proved more successful than that of last evening.

The music was of an unusually high order, and was furnished by an orchestra of six pieces under the able leadership of Bandmaster Cook.



"VAT DO YOU MEAN BY BEING SO LIDDLE?"

—"Eagle", Brooklyn.