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THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.

Monday last was a day that will live long in our memories. The glad tidings floated over the wires telling to the whole world that hostilities were suspended. To some of us who have borne the stress and strain, since the early days, it came as a welcomed relief; others amongst us felt that whilst we rejoiced at the near advent of peace, it was marred by the fact that the land of the despoilers of France and Belgium was not to suffer the same measure of suffering privation and misery that the heroic peoples of France and Belgium had undergone during the last four years. Others again, were grieved because they had not had the opportunity of showing their devotion to their country by serving overseas. To them I would like to address a few observations.

During the fall of 1915 the unit, the writer was then a member of, was on the lines of communication in France and, chafing at our inactivity, we felt we were not doing our duty. One Sunday, a young Anglican padre came along and took for his text those beautiful lines of John Milton—"They also serve who only stand and wait". He pointed out that our seeming inactivity was merely preparation for more vigorous work later on, and we were to fit ourselves and others for the best. So we were serving whilst standing and waiting. To those who are feeling downcast because they missed the din of battle, I would say, "be not discouraged". You have done what you could and played the man's part by working training and waiting here. You have helped and sustained your comrades over-seas, and incidentally have sent overseas trained and fit comrades whom you envied.

It was obviously impossible for all to go; the work of training and equipping others had to be carried on, and, whilst standing on guard here and patiently waiting for the summons to go to join your brothers somewhere in France you held down the enemy elements here, and kept safe that which your brothers overseas had entrusted to you,—the sanctity of our homes and the honor of our country. All praise and honour to you for the good work you have accomplished.

TALENT IN THE E. T. D.

There appears to be no lack of artists in the E. T. D., in fact the Barracks can lay claim to several Sappers whose artistry is of a high order. Of course, everybody knows Lyn of Vinegar, Veale Cundy and Cone of the Main Barracks, for their work has appeared from time to time in these columns, in fact they have been considered among the most valued contributors.

In the old Musketry Office can be found daily Sapper S. C. Burton, in civil life Art professor in the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis, whose talent came to the fore after he had been drilling for four weeks. He has completed nearly a score of canvasses representing the new Art of this continent which have been favorably commented upon by all who have seen them. These pictures, nearly all of them war subjects, are

destined for the Officers' Mess. His oil paintings represent martial scenes. One is a German airplane in midair and aflame, with the pilot plunging hopelessly earthwards while the victorious 'plane turns to seek a new adversary.

Another clever work is a sniper carefully camouflaged at his deadly work. One good sized canvass shows the officers' quarters in which Col. Melville lived while in France. They are close to the battle front and the crown of Messines Ridge may be seen in the near distance. Large shell holes near the officers quarters show that the Germans tried to make things unpleasant for them.

Sapper Burton is also proficient in crayon work and has done some admirable black and white sketches.

A POSER FOR THE PAY-MASTER.

The work of the Pay Corps is strenuous and perhaps monotonous, but there are times when it has its humorous side. Our Paymaster was busy in the Holy of Holies one day when a lady entered, and after a few preliminary remarks, said sweetly,— "Well, Captain Pettigrew, we needn't worry about what's going to happen after the war. My husband, Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_, will receive \$2500 when he is discharged, as a reward for his services."

The gentleman in question has been in the Army since last May, and is therefore entitled to 15 days post-discharge pay, which is more than slightly less than \$2500, but our genial Financial Chief smiled gallantly and held his peace.

"Pass the prunes please Petty, there's a dear."

Enthusiasm over the signing of the armistice ran so high at Company Sergeant Major Thompson's home on Monday night that a hole was actually worn in the oilcloth of the dancing salon. Notwithstanding the fact that Thursday's news was similarly celebrated, the C.S.M. and Mrs. Thompson invited a dozen of their friends and another delightful evening was spent. Songs, recitations, and 'records' were enjoyed and dancing proved popular. It is still undecided as to whether Sergeant Banks or Corporal Dowsett inflicted the damage to the C.S.M.'s linoleum. A delicious course of refreshments was served during the course of the evening, Sgt. Sutcliffe explaining the absence of roast duck.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BARRACKS.

An exceptionally fine piece of topography has recently been completed by Sapper R. B. Cone whose domain is in the Draughting Room. He has done in colors a perspective view of not only the main Barracks but the surrounding country and the work brands him as a man well versed in his trade. Not a landmark has been overlooked and the whole drawing gives a very clear conception of the quarters.

PETITPOMME RETURNS TO THE ASSAULT.

"Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to thanking you for your kindness, and I hope to have a chance to meet you shortly. If you have any occasion to passing at Chambly I will be very glad to see you—stopping—.

My brother made a good service to the Department. The work he done—a contractor ask \$65.00—to make it.

You will pardon me for my poor english, also for the so numerous letters was who take lot of your precious time.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

L. J. N. Petitpomme.

11 novembre 1918."

(Don't you worry, Petitpomme, old top. My time is precious, but your letters are even more so. Keep up the good work.—Assoc. Ed.)

SOME MORE ALLITERATIVE ALLUSIONS TO PROMINENT PERSONAGES.

Tactful Tom, tearfully trying tyres, took Trow towards town, though Tilly's tears trickled tremblingly. Toot! Toot! Tom.

Bald, brainy Bill, bored but bright, bravely bought brother-boobs bath buns. Begorrah! Bill.

Punctillious Petty, pushing pen properly, paid privates promptly, prankishly parading pretty Peasoups. Priceless Petty!

Chic, captivating Chaplain, cleverly catching Constance cleaning choice carpets, climbed cautiously chimneywards, clinging closely. Come! Come! Chaplain.

Grouchy Goodyou, greedily grasping girlish Gladys, glided gleefully gatewards, giggling gushingly. Gosh! Goodyou.

Natty, neurotic Norman, nodding niftily, needed new noodle, now nerves not normal. Naughty! Naughty! Norman.

Sapient Sapper.