

A PEOPLE'S PRAYER

Our Father, we lift our hearts to Thee in prayer for those who are dear to us, who are far away from us, serving the cause of Freedom in the camps, at home or on a distant shore. Our sons, our brothers and sisters, our comrades, in the camps, in the trenches, in the ambulances and the hospitals, are offering their lives for Liberty and Humanity.

They are far from us, our Father, but they are not far from thee; let them know how near to them thou art, and let the sense of thy presence overshadow them by day and by night.

Keep them, O merciful Father, keep them from all harm; keep their minds from fear and their lives from sin; in the hour of danger keep them brave and true, and in the hour of suffering keep them calm.

In thine own good time, thru thine own dear love, bring them home again to us who love them; and in all these days of peril and of pain may the peace of God which passeth all understanding, guard their hearts and their thoughts in Christ Jesus, Amen.

HOSPITAL CHATTER.

O, ye barrack room pessimists!—ye who rave about the injustice that your gallant sergeants deal out to you in making you form fours!—ye who grind your teeth and groan every morning at your bacon and whistleberries!—ye who swear that by thy halidom ye will not look a hog in the face!—(thou shalt be so ashamed thou swearest, or allowest a whistleberry to intrude upon the privacy of thy breakfast table, if ever thou makest civilian life again)—come ye to the Fountain of Optimism, where lie the gallant knights of influenza, broken bones, skin ailments, etc;—where reignest the exalted M.O. dealing out the "magic" liquid and pills which maketh both the sick and the lazy active!

(Yea, tis true; so active that even those who desire to rest must respond to the call of the potent charm!)

Wonderful, oh, wonderful, are thy works, great highness!—deep is thy knowledge,—great is thy judgment! Thou canst even read the minds of men. (They testify who wish to dodge a drill period!)

Wise also are thy gallant courtiers: humbly do we implore of thee to inject the "make others happy" medicine that we find in this abode, thy mansion, into thy sanctum, known to us all as the M.O.'s room.

We humbly entreat thee to allow thy slaves, Sgt. Cook and Corpl. Cummings, to partake of the dish of "smile and make others happy"; for sadly do they need it.

Ofttimes do we give thanks to the gods for endowing thee with such excellent judgment, for do not

CHRISTMAS

Christmas! Can it be
Christmas tide again!
Oh so short the year just past,
Yet so filled with grief and pain.

Through long centuries gone,
Christmas was the day
Sanctified by all who knelt,
At the feet of Christ, to pray.

There, with hearts outpoured,
Nations were as one;
Britain, Russia, Germany
Joined in worship of the Son.

Wheels of Time have turned;
Nations drenched in blood,
Man on earth, in conflict locked,
Strives to stem the savage flood.

Brothers have we all,
In War's cruel jaws;
Thousands offering up their lives,
Vindicating Freedom's cause.

Let all those, who can,
Buckle on their swords;
Rid the world forevermore
Of the savage Hunnish hordes!

Not till then may we,
Sons of Truth and Right,
Lay aside our arms, and be
Free from lustful German might.

When our sons return,
Gladly welcomed home,
Then! and only then, proclaim,
Christ return-ed to his Own!

Ring, ye joyful bells!
Peal your chimes again!
Sound to all the world once more,
"Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."
—BRASFORT.

we, who lay on our beds of sickness, oftentimes getting discouraged, missing the love of mother, of wife, aye, of our dear children whom we have left many miles away—think of these things.

How our hearts do lighten and our gloomy thoughts vanish, when, like a ray of sunshine, thy devoted nurses shed abroad their angelic smiles about our sickroom. How we admire them for their never-failing patience, for their ceaseless efforts to help us forget our own sickness: truly we agree with the poet when he wrote

"O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn
Go back to God from whence you came—
The kingliest warrior born."

Who was the sick man who, when eating his breakfast porridge, swallowed the spoon and then complained about not being able to stir?

We wish to welcome to our midst Sister Morrison. Her presence here means another ray of sunshine in the Ward. How pleasant her cheery morning greeting of "Hello". It is the best tonic we get. Long may she be with us.

When is Sgt. Duval going to invest in a pair of rubber heels and would he tell us the secret of his smile? It is the proverbial smile that won't come off. Never mind, Sergeant, you can't have both hair and brains.

When is Martin going to get another C. B.?

Gather round, ye students of phrenology, and read the dome of the only human enigma,—Corpl. Patterson, the prepossessing representative of the office staff. Learn how a man may lead a perfect life and still remain a Red Cross "hunky".

When is Sgt. Fletcher going to grow a mustache? Try dubbin, old boy.

Private Lee ought to make an efficient waiter, judging by the manner in which he juggles around the enamel ware. O you night duty! Yes, a man has to put up with a lot. Truly the lot of a Red Cross man is anything but sweet.
CORP. JONES.

THE FIREMAN SAYS—

"Think of a number," said a B. Coy. Sapper to his friend: "Now, double it: add 20: subtract half of it from itself: take away the number you first thought of:—and you have 10 left!"

"No," said the friend; "I have no such thing, blimey if I have!"

"Well, what number did you think of?"—inquired the Sapper, testily.

"The Christmas Number of 'Knots and Lashings', darn ye!"—said the friend: "and I jolly well haven't got 10 left because I bloody well sent 10 copies home to me folks!"

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