

THE NURSES

The tortured life that fights to go—
The shattered flesh that blood-flushed lies—
These have ye taken for your foe,
These for your valiant enterprise,
Ours is the shrapnel and the steel,
Ours is to slay within the law,
But yours the gracious task to heal
The aftermath of bloody war.

Yours is to fight with tireless Death
Who will not lightly yield his prey,
Yours is to heal the pain-torn breath
That drags the spirit from its clay,
Safe in your certain hands it lies
To rob the death lust of its worth—
To smooth the way to Paradise,
Or hold the far-spent soul to earth.

For strength that ever stronger grows,
For life that holds fair promise yet—
He who has willed our battles knows
We do not lightly hold the debt.
And we, who work a nation's will,
We who may slay within the law,
Proclaim you worthier warriors still
Who wage with Death your endless war.
R. F. W. Rees.

Now I'm home I don't think bad
of St. Johns. The boys were good
fellows and the D Company offi-
cers were all fine and the experi-
ence has been good for me. But
I'll never forget the Mission and
them promises of Patriotic money
and extra dough and how I was
the very guy they wanted in the
army and all that bull about being
in England in a week's time. Give
my love to the boys.

Yours always,
Steve.

N.B.—The reader is asked to
note the article in this issue en-
titled "A Christmas Dream"
which is supposed to be an inter-
view with Driver Williams by a
journalist in the U.S.A. It is re-
produced here for our edification.

Obvious!

Two sergeants were discussing
the batch of new recruits.

"I bet you anything," said one,
"that that tall fellow Williams was
only a clerk before he joined, in
spite of all his swank."

"What makes you think that?"
asked the other.

"Well, every time I say 'Stand
at ease!' he tries to put his rifle
behind his ear!"

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

It is time to think of purchasing your

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Toilet and Manicure Cases also
Jewellery of all kinds.

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Meet your friends at

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Opposite Windsor Hotel.

Soldiers of the E.T.D.
Come to Our

Shoe Shine Parlor

We guarantee satisfaction to
the soldier boys and like to
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MILITARY SUPPLIES OF
ALL KINDS.

Christmas is coming. Come and
have a look at our Xmas Cards
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Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

You expect to get discharged.
Why not go home with a good made
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Be prepared, call today and see
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For Refreshments, Candy and
Fruits, do not forget

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Ice Cream Parlor,
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Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital - \$7,000,009
Reserve Funds - \$7,437,973
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Savings Department

Start a Savings Account with us.
We welcome small accounts as well
as large ones. Interest allowed at
best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW.

What is the destination of the
proceeds of a certain Concert
Artistique et Patriotique, which
the men of the Depot were recently
importuned to patronize.

When will Iberville be placed in
bounds.

What have ALL the people in
that charming suburb done to be
debarred the pleasure (?) of our
company.

Why charge for admission into
a bum show given by outsiders,
when the men in the Depot can
(and do) provide excellent enter-
tainment free, gratis, and for
nothing.

Why the cleverest and most
efficient member of our Band was
overlooked during the recent dis-
tribution of Honours.

Was it because of his modesty.

Was the cheese passed at the
banquet on Thursday night.

Has "Happy" left the Hooli-
gans.

Why did the management of the
Concert "Artistique" only play
the National Anthem on demand.

LETTERS FROM RETURNED
MEN.

Somewhere in the United States
December 1st.

My dear Bill,

I arrived home O.K. two nights
ago after having safely bilked the
immigration officer of those eight
bucks I expected to lose. My wife
sez I have improved a lot since
she last saw me but lor Bill she
don't know nothing about the
party at the Frisco caffee a few
nights ago. The quart you give
me before I lef came in allright
but the cork come out in me kit
bag and the missus was all put out
when she smelled me clothes and
said "I wonder what kinder aplace
St. Johns is."

Well Bill, my first meal at home
was some feast. When we got into
supper I stood up at the Home
table waiting for that bugle to blow
and Mary asked me what I was
waiting for. It was the first time
in three months that I had an un-
contested feast but I must confess
that I grabbed the ham and eggs
before anybody else. Them Rhode
Island Reds I told you about is
moulting but I expect to pick a
bone on Sunday. It's darned funny
to sleep in a bed again and I
couldn't help but think on that
hospital and old Maynier, Tet,
Ward and the other boys that
helped to make things happy.

Well Bill I guess I'll close now.