

THERE IS NO MIDDLE COURSE.

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existence of a non-partisan administration thus becomes apparent. With the provision made by the former ministry, and the improvements already inaugurated by the new, it may be said without fear of successful contradiction that the treatment accorded to the Canadian soldier is equal to the best which is to be found in any army; and is distinctly better than is to be found in most.

Effective BEFORE Election

Everything that can be done for the men in khaki, consistent with sound public policy, the Union Government seems determined to do. It is a good enough test of the Government's good-will toward the army that these measures have been made effective BEFORE the election instead of being made the subject of pre-election promises, put forward for the purpose of securing votes.

The pre-election promises of a political leader or party have not, in times past, proved to be very reliable. In the case of the Union Government, representing both parties, good-will to the soldier has been shewn, without regard to the outcome of the election.

The Canadian war veteran, and his dependants, are being made better off; they are getting something better than promises. The provision for reinforcements for men at the front has also passed the promissory stage. The law has been actually passed by Parliament and is being carried out.

Reinforcements Unless—

These reinforcements will begin to go overseas in detachments as they are raised and partly trained, unless, of course, it is placed beyond the power of the Union

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HERE IS HOW YOUR VOTE WILL BE TAKEN.

Your vote will be taken in the Barracks.—Nine polling booths will be opened at 6 a.m. and will close at 5 p.m. on Monday the 17th of December.

After taking the oath, you will be asked certain questions (printed on the envelope) by the Deputy Presiding Officer. You will then be handed a ballot form which you will mark in secret.

You will then hand the ballot, FOLDED, to the Deputy Presiding Officer. He will then tear off a counterfoil and place it in the envelope, seal the envelope, and place it in the bag.

You will be told which poll to vote at:—Make no mistake:—Cause no delay:—Be sure and vote:—VOTE RIGHT.

The Deputy Presiding Officers are Officers of the Depot.

The votes of patients in hospital will be taken at the hospital.

Nursing Sisters in the hospitals here will vote in the barracks.

If you are not quite clear on any point see your Company Sergeant-Major.

Government to carry out the law as it stands today;—unless, in other words, the War Government now in office is replaced by an administration which is less concerned for the welfare and support of the soldier.

The question which you and I will shortly be called upon to decide is, therefore, NOT ONE OF POLITICS.

Politics have been eliminated from the present controversy. The old and familiar “platforms” and “policies” are for the time being forgotten. The leading men of both political parties stand united in a common cause. That cause is the greatest on which any people can unite, — THE DEFENCE OF YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR COUNTRY'S HONOUR.

One VITAL Issue

For the first time in the history of Canada public opinion is sharply divided on a single, vital issue. Shall we or shall we not send reinforcements to those heroic Canadians, who, during the past three long years, have played such a gallant part in making it possible for you and for me to live in safety and in comfort?

On the one hand are those indomitable Canadian battalions which, at Ypres and St. Julien, at Messines, Vimy and on numberless bloody fields have brought immortal fame to the name of Canada.

On The Left Hand—

And on the other side what do we find? Cowardly mobs who, at Sherbrooke, at Montreal, at Quebec and at a score of other places, have

attempted and still attempt to impose German brutality and mob violence on the people of Canada; Germans and avowedly pro-Germans who at Kitchener and elsewhere have attempted to disgrace the name of Canada in the eyes of the world; slackers who would stand idly by and see their women folk suffer the unspeakable fate of the women of France and Belgium rather than play a man's part beside the heroes who are today fighting their battles.

In the past, in civil life, you have been accustomed to choose your friends and associates: your selection has reflected your true character. Now you are confronted by a choice of supremest importance.

And what will be your choice? Will you by your vote identify yourself with pro-Germans, Germans and slackers, or will you honour yourself by taking a man's place behind the heroes in the trenches?

It must be one thing or the other. THERE IS NO MIDDLE COURSE.

A WAR GIFT.

A Tommy, lying in a hospital, had beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested.

“Where did your watch come from?” he asked.

“A German give it to me,” he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey this token of esteem and affection.

“E 'ad to,” was the laconic reply.

GEE, I WAS LONESOME!

“In the course of a man's life he makes some moves for which he is not to be held to a strict accountability.

“To a tramp workman ‘far away fields always look green’—and so he keeps on moving.

“Xmas day, 19—, I rose from my very comfortable bed in the King Edward hotel, in Revelstoke, B.C., and through a blinding snow storm went to Arrowhead on the “jerkwater” line.

“Embarked on one of the C. P. R.'s palatial (?) steamers that was going to West Robson, also in B.C.

“All day long we churned along through the snowstorm: the captain knew where he was going, but I doubted it then!

“There was nothing to be seen but just snow—and during my time I had seen enough and plenty of that.

“I had reason enough to be blue on Christmas day. Poor old Slim!—no father, no mother, no home, no friends, no brothers or sisters, no reason for being where he was, no reason for coming back, no reason for going ahead, nothing to do when he got there, and no heart to do it with.

“Poor old Slim!—little did he know what was waiting for him up in the hills at the journey's end.

“But that is another story.”

—Corp. Mildon.

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