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# FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE

(Continued from last week.)

## The Sea-Scape.

They come crowding up from the grey horizon; they swing away again over the edge of the world—all day and every day, "come wind, come weather," some five thousand of them between any Sunday and Sunday.

They are of every size and shape, and of all the nations outside the Central Empires—great, striding cargo liners that tread down the Channel like a City merchant in Cheapside; dingy, reeking "tanks" that flounder heavily through spray and spume; cattle-boats, coasters, tramps, and ocean-hounds that flay the seas with a shearing rush.

They carry the variegated supplies of Western Europe and its armies—bringing the needed stuff from every port that trades with man to-day. Their drab hulls are stuffed with more romance than were the argosies of Venice or the square-rigged ships of Tarshish. Those hulls have been loaded by Sudanese, Egyptians, Arabs and Indians; by Greenlanders, Chinese, Japanese and Africans, by Singalese, Spaniards, Samoans and Papuans.

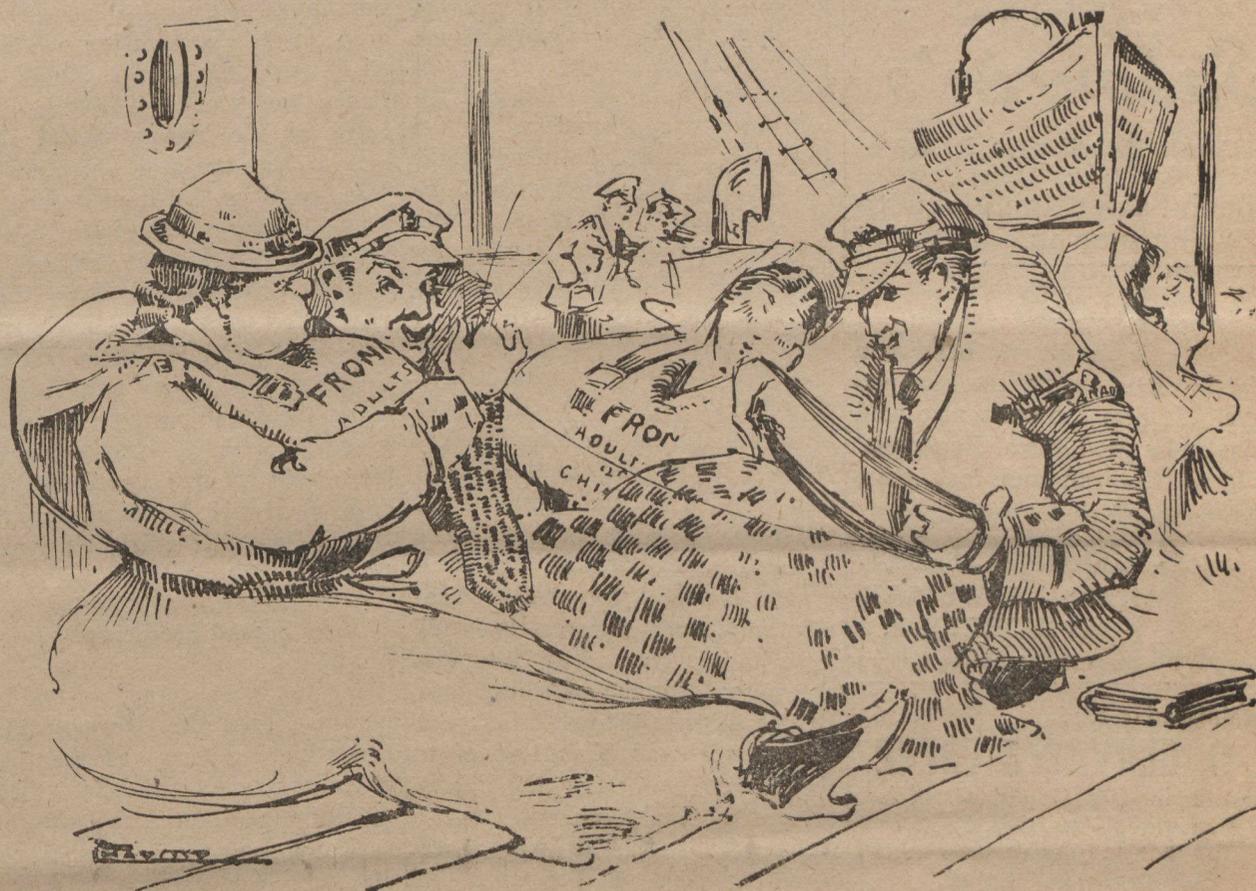
But wonder rises to awe when we recall that to-day these merchantmen are the target at which the Central Empires are aiming the whole might of their naval power organised with feverish con-

centration and directed with consummate skill. They have invented super-submarines and mine-laying submarines; they have flung overboard all law and humanity; they have alienated what friendship or tolerance was left to them in the neutral world.

This continuous line is not cut because of that astonishing miniature Armada of craft of every sort

that serves as the fringe of the great fleet. There are thousands of these ships manned by over fifty thousand men. There are Lowestoft and Grimsby trawlers who know every shallow and pit-hole within a score of leagues, men as sea-crafty as a thousand years of sea-blood can make them; men as implacable as death, because, as one of them said, "I see 'Lustania'

sprawlin' all across the sea all the time." There are sea-dogs from the ports of the West Country, from Plymouth round to Cardiff, and from the Clyde to the Shetlands, and round to Glasgow and the Irish ports, who know the sea as a gillie knows his moor. Men who have always tracked the herring now hunt the elusive submarine. The word comes in to



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