

tries who want their people to have mercy on the Germans. These pacifists who are the true friends of Germany, know that the German people only wanted war if they were going to succeed and they would divide up the spoils which they expected to get when the Allies were defeated. These pacifists would have had very good positions in the Allied countries. Their propaganda was very nice. The Kaiser liked it and it was his intention to suitably reward them. Now they will have to wait until we get strong again. This will not be very long if the Allies are not too hard on us.

We are going to have a republic and later on when things get quieter our good William Hohenzollern will become the hereditary president and when he dies his position will be filled by the Crown Prince. In the meantime, we will try and get all the business we can because with business we will be able to build up a big army and another big navy and then we will try again.

The New Style.

A certain English general made an unannounced call upon an Australian regiment on Salisbury Plain. He was a very even-tempered man, but before the day was over he was very angry.

He crossed the parade-ground, where a lot of Australians were lounging about, but nobody saluted him. Arrived outside the orderly-room, he found a sentry on guard. To his amazement the man made no attempt to salute him.

"I want to see your colonel," he said abruptly.

"Who?" queried the sentry.

"Your colonel, my man—your colonel."

The Australian put his head inside the door and growled:

"Hi, Bill, 'ere's a bloke wants to talk to yer."

An Oversight.

In a section of trench near Lens some Canadians having captured twenty-five half-starved Pomeranians in a night raid sent them back the following day with a polite note:

"Dear Fritz,—Herewith we return prisoners. In the circumstances they are hardly worth keeping. We would remind you that they usually bring their rations with them; would you kindly put right this oversight?"

A SALVE TO CONSCIENCE.

As I lay here tonight just thinking
Of days that have not long gone by
I seem to think I've been sleeping
While my comrades were willing to die
To die for the world's greatest freedom
And to fight till the last man falls
While I stayed at home just listening
To the appeals of my Country's Calls.

I was then what the world calls a slacker
Afraid of my comrades' call
Because of the days that were blacker
Caused by the cannon's roar
Until one day I was walking
In a town in the U.S.A.
Wondering what I should do with myself
On Declaration day.

When I came to the British mission
Where the Union Jack was on high
And it was then that I stopped to listen
When I heard somebody cry
Your King and your Country needs you
We are fighting the world's greatest war
Come do your part in this "Batt."
And show you are grit to the Core.

It was then that I started thinking
And thought that maybe after all
Perhaps our allies were sinking
And our flag was beginning to fall
No, not if my could help save it
Even if I had to fight through with my fists
So I proudly walked inside
And damned if I didn't enlist.

Then they gave me my transportation
And sent me here to St. Johns
But when reaching my destination
I found that my friends were gone
Then my name was called out one day
To proceed with a draft overseas
But just as they were ready to go
Eleven pulled off—one was me.

And so I have been here ever since
Doing nothing but forming fours
But whenever I stop to consider
I have played my part for the cause
It is true I was four years late
Although it is too late to mend
But I am sure you will all agree
That I did what was right in the end.

Harry E. Yeomans

2013720, B. Coy.

A Faux Pas.

She was an ultra-patriotic American, and had come across the Atlantic to be near the brave "Sammies". England pleased her, and France charmed her so much that she began to learn French.

"Yes," she said to a male friend one night, "I think England and

France are perfectly ripping. I'm all for the encinte cordiale all the time."

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.



Garrow Acetylene Light

8,000 Candle Power

Strong, Safe and Efficient,
Puts the light at the right place in
the right amount.

FAIRBANKS MORSE

Railway and Contractors Supplies
are complete.

—A tool for every purpose—
and are reliable.

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co. Limited.

84 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL

Arsene Moreau

Dealer in

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND
LIQUORS.

Wholesale and Retail

129 Richelieu Street, St. Johns.
Telephone: 46

John Donaghy,

Customs House Broker
and Shipper.

Dealer in

Hard and Soft Coal,
Hard and Soft Wood,
Kindling, &c.

21 Richelieu St., St. Johns, Que

A. D. GIRARD, KC.

ADVOCATE

41 ST. JAMES STREET
St. Johns, Que.

A. FOISY

Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Coun-
try Produce, Fruits, Lard,
Soap, Candied peel, etc.

MARKET SQUARE, St. Johns.