

WAR OF MOVEMENT

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Today, it is the heavy artillery which must be moved in order to win. For this, railroads are necessary, or at least excellent roads that will support immense burdens. As the defeated army is certain to destroy, at least to injure, its lines of communications in its retreat, it becomes necessary to repair them. The preparation of gun-emplacements, and of ammunition depots, demands much labor; for the heaviest guns, it is even necessary to construct platforms. The installation of telephones between the observing stations, the guns, and the commanders, is a long affair. The artillery fire must be adjusted on new targets. All these preparations take time. Lastly the artillery will be of very little use in the battle if it is not furnished with an enormous amount of ammunition, capable of being supplied without interruption. . . . The most important feature of moving from one position to another no longer consists in the approach of the infantry and of the field artillery, but rather in the transportation of the heavy artillery. Movement is made easier, if it be possible to keep in hand a supply of heavy material loaded on wheels or tractors, ready to follow instantly in the wake of victorious troops.

Detachments of all arms excepting heavy artillery, but including field pieces, motor-carried guns, and armored cars, may have important results in a pursuit; they may also promote success by effecting a surprise or by making a diversion. But they cannot assault a strongly organized position defended by seasoned troops."

The foregoing was written in 1917. It may be said to truthfully describe, of course in general terms, what is now taking place along the German drive in France. The utmost the Germans could gain by a single thrust was the distance to which their advance-guards could carry their own provisions and equipment, and continue to be supplied. Then was the long wait for the artillery and transport. It may be added that where the enemy meets with great losses in men, there is need for time to refill divisions, unless he has unlimited reserves to draw upon. But even the distance that the fresh troops could advance is limited.

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.

THIRTY DAYS FOR GETTING DRUNK.

Oh take me to the regions, in the wilds of Borneo,  
Or confine my feeble carcass to the regions down below;  
For I've suffered untold anguish in my narrow prison bunk—  
Since they handed me my sentence, "Thirty days for getting drunk."

They have taken away my wallet,  
Copped my watch and diamond ring;  
Now my heart is sad and lonely,  
I'm the bird that never sings,  
There's no pie or cake for supper,  
Just plain skilly and dried punk;  
Since they handed me my sentence, "Thirty days for getting drunk."

There are jail birds serving "Sixty",  
They're as happy as a lark;  
While I am sad and lonely in my cell so gloom and dark.  
"Ten days" was all they handed to a man for stealing junk.  
Oh, they soaked me rather heavy—"Thirty days for getting drunk"!

Like a dog, I seek my kennel, 'tis a cell in number ten,  
Where the inmates look like zebras and no longer feel like men;  
In a suit of stripes they've dressed me,  
They have shaved me like a monk,  
Since they handed me my sentence, "Thirty days for getting drunk"

Now all jail birds heed this warning,  
And when you're forced to roam,  
Do not seek the red saloon lights.  
With its powder and its foam.  
"Cut it out!" should be your motto.  
And you'll pack your little trunk,  
And they'll have no chance to hand you,  
"Thirty days for getting drunk!"

Sapper P. Evans,  
Clearing Coy.

GOING TO KILL A CAT?

The pick is mightier than the sword. Jimmy Howde was seen headed down town with a pick on one shoulder, a shovel on the other. His henchman was carrying some chunks of lead pipe and a sack in which some moving object was evidently present.

Officer to Jimmy:—"Well, Jimmy, going to kill a cat?"

Jimmy, (characteristic smile on his face):—"No, Sir! Am goin' to write a letter."

Overheard in Class 39.

Lieut. A. (the Right file of Front Rank):—"Dress back, Mr. G—."

Lieut. G.:—"Sorry, old chap, but I was dressing by your nose."

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