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ing for amateurs.

Sunday, the 18th, we went for a route march in the morning through Devonport and Plymouth out to the Hoe, where Drake, while bowling on the green, heard of the approach of the Spanish Armada. We led the march followed by the 9th Infantry Battalion headed by their band. A short service was held at the Hoe. The total distance covered was about six miles. We were quite glad to get back as we were very soft after being so long on board ship. Everybody enjoyed the march, the people giving us a great reception. In the afternoon I was detailed with a party to unload horses from the "Monmouth". The horses had to be coaxed, pulled, and chased up the gangways from the lower decks to the main deck from where they were led out on to the dock. Then they had to be taken a quarter of a mile to be tied up in a field with a lot of other horses. We did not consider this much of a picnic. The party arrived back at the "Zeeland" at nine. We were informed that the Engineers were disembarking at 1.30 in the morning but that our party was to remain behind and go into Naval Barracks here to await the arrival of the "Manhattan" which we had to help unload.

We left the "Zeeland"* at 9.30 Monday morning, the main body having entrained for Salisbury Plain, and marched to the Naval Barracks where we are now quartered. Half the party had leave in the city in the afternoon.

This afternoon we were allowed out on pass from four o'clock to nine. We met the 6th Canadian Infantry Battalion on a march in Devonport. Saw "Foghorn" MacDonald in the rear section of fours. We had a good time, and incidentally, a good meal, in the city. Everywhere we went we were asked for Canadian coins or buttons as souvenirs. The two towns, Plymouth and Devonport, are quite old, the streets being narrow and crooked.

We were told this morning that the "Manhattan" has docked, but we do not know when we will have to start work.

It is very interesting talking to the sailors here about the Navy. They are an intelligent, clean looking lot of men.

They tell you, not boastfully, but in a matter-of-fact way, how much superior the British Navy is to the German, of which they seem

* The "Zeeland", name changed to "Southland", was torpedoed and sunk some time later in the Mediterranean.

to know a great deal. One of them told me of a visit, he made to a German warship several years ago, and how, by keeping his eyes open, and asking questions, he was able to find out considerable concerning the ship and the training of the men.

Except that we have not received any mail, which is probably at Salisbury Plain, we are much better off here than in camp, as we will miss the inconveniences of getting settled down in a new location.

(To be continued)

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Thomas Williams of Pond Hill section, serving with the cavalry of the Royal Imperial army of Canada, leaves to-morrow to return to St. Johns, Quebec, from which place he expects to sail for Siberia reaching that desolate country by Christmas.

Williams is one of a large family, three sons of which are serving at the present time.

He talked most interestingly of his past months of training in the Canadian camp. He looks forward with considerable pleasure to the new adventure which is about to unfold for him in far-off Siberia. Williams presented a picturesque figure this morning uniformed in cavalry trim with spurs on and ammunition belt slung over one shoulder, a cap resembling the American major's cap, and silver buttoned khaki colored blouse, trousers and woolen puttees.

Speaking of life at camp for the raw recruit, Williams says but one explanation is made by an officer previous to a command, and 'obey' is the only thing to be done. The new fellow finds it a bit hard to ride a horse bareback steady for six weeks, the first days being hardest when it is difficult to assume the straight attitude of attention after harrassing hours trying to keep on the back of the smooth groomed animal. Woe betide the recruit who brings out a horse upon whose hide a speck of dust can be found.

Williams has become so used to the high bred horses of the camp that the uncared for horse here does not seem in the same animal kingdom.

A soldier has just six minutes after the bugle calls in the morning to get himself out in full uniform, get horse out and saddled and ready for orders.

After a recruit has spent six weeks trying to ride bareback, he is given a saddle and a new ordeal is undergone. Then comes shooting

in the saddle, then bayoneting in the saddle, then the throwing of hand grenades. The strictest sort of rules are enforced. Williams tells of an incident which occurred last week in New Haven, where he visited just after his return here from camp. He had not struck the city more than ten minutes when he unbuttoned a flap to his outside jacket to get out money for some chocolate. Scarcely had he done this when he was approached by military police with the Canadian uniform who had spotted him. He ordered Williams to "button up". The small button on the flap had not been rebuttoned by the young man during that minute, but he saw to it that not another second elapsed ere it was buttoned. Had this occurred in camp Williams could have been sent to the guard house for twenty-eight days. The same imprisonment, without pay and sustenance on bread and water is meted out to a soldier seen with his hands in his pocket on a cold day.

Williams asserts he has no fear of cold in Siberia, that land which Americans have ever thought of as the coldest and most forsaken of all countries, as Canadian climate is not of the warmest. When he came home a week ago snow was heavy on the ground and winter had set in. He has been trained to stand at attention absolutely stiff for two hours and a half, and cold or not, the men never flinch.

The young man says that the camp is outside of St. Johns a little, and that the tents for the soldiers are pitched where the winds sweep through from all sides. When snow lies on the ground the men have but a board floor and a blanket between them and the white covering over the earth. Each man has three blankets, that composes the bedding. Nobody kicks. Everybody seems satisfied, and if they are not they have brains enough to appear so at any rate, says Williams.

When asked if he had enlisted until peace was declared, Williams said he was in it until His Majesty pleased to discharge him.

He munched chocolates while he talked this morning, but said that he could live on three slices of bread a day. He will be neither here nor there on Thanksgiving day, but on board a train, due to arrive at St. John's at midnight Thursday.

A trip to Siberia does not seem unusual to the young man, and he says that it is not a case of whether he wants to go, but that he is told to go, and go he will.

Large quantities of iron ore have been found in Queensland, about fourteen miles from Warwick.