

A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

Our After War Immigration Policy.

By Bernard Rose.

Next in importance to the questions and problems that require answers and solutions on the part of those who have been chosen to administer their country's affairs and whose first and prime duty is to cater to the well-being of the men returning to our shores, who, during the long years of the terrible war so nobly bore the burdens, will be the devising of ways and means to add to our population those elements that will make for stability, progress, and national homogeneity.

Canada has undoubtedly a great future. Its development is a matter of thought and organization. It has bulked very largely in the eyes of the world since August 1914, not on account of the energetic advertising campaign initiated by former governments, but as a result of the heroism of Canadian soldiers on the several battlefields.

Canada must continue to enjoy the prominence it did during the period mentioned, but, in order to maintain its reputation, it must first and foremost recognize the claims of the men who went over and came back, and their dependents.

The Government and those entrusted with looking after and promoting the welfare of returned soldiers must be as generous in the recognition they give these splendid men and the dependents of those who are no more, as were the men who went over in their eagerness to sacrifice all for the land and Empire they loved and for which they were ready to die.

Once this has been settled to the satisfaction of the soldiers themselves and the loyal population sympathizing with them, it must then turn its attention to the problem of immigration.

A country's most valuable asset is not its mines, fisheries, and forests, but its citizens. If these latter are energetic, law-abiding, patriotic and ambitious for their own and country's sake, they will make their nation or land the envy of all other countries and an example which they will seek to follow.

In our daily lives we occasionally hear the following remark being made when a certain individual is being discussed: "He belongs to the — family." The family connection of the men mentioned or pointed out, is regarded as pos-

sessing a decided value. Members of well-known and highly respected families enjoy the esteem of their fellow citizens. The same applies in a larger measure to nations which are, after all, nothing more than aggregations of families. To belong to a great nation is a distinction wherever one goes. When,

therefore, the statesmen of any country desire that it be known and respected as a great nation, they must endeavour to influence their fellow citizens to conform to noble ideals.

In the same way as the members of a family may object to the admission of one whom they do not



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regard as desirable, must a nation exercise care as to the quality and origin of those seeking entrance to their country and anxious to mingle with its inhabitants.

The best and supreme test as to the appreciation of citizenship shown by those resident in a country is their readiness to defend it when attacked or threatened and give up their lives and fortunes in its defence; if such is required.

Our posterity will be able to boast with justifiable pride that it is descended from the Britisher, Frenchman, Belgian, and American of the years 1914-1918. Why? Because the loyal and devoted men in these lands, during these years, were ready to give up their lives in order to repel the invader and overthrow the tyrant.

We occasionally hear mention made of blue blood. There is no better blue blood than that coursing through the veins of the red blooded citizens of the countries mentioned who gave up their lives in order to preserve their respective countries inviolate.

We should therefore, exercise considerable discrimination as to those who will henceforth be permitted to enter Canada in order to share in its prosperity and assist in making it one of the world's great nations. The statistics prepared by the Immigration Department show that for the years 1901-17 the total immigration to Canada was as follows: English, 845,013; Welsh 13,585; Scotch 244,055; Irish, including the North of Ireland known as Ulster, 73,920; the total within these periods being 1,176,574, the largest part of which came from the United Kingdom.

A considerable percentage of these immigrants became farmers and took up homesteads, the rest settled in the cities and secured employment in the various occupations and callings that abound. These immigrants did not leave the land of their birth because they disliked it, but in order to enjoy the larger opportunities which all new countries offer to the young and ambitious.

These immigrants constituted the most valuable source, or (if we may be permitted to term it designate as such), item of national wealth that Canada possesses. Coming from the Old Country, they understand our laws and cherish our institutions. They are thoroughly and wholesomely British. Their love for the flag under

which they were born is as great and as revered in Canada as it was during their residence in the land of their birth.

When war was declared, it was these immigrants, now become staunch Canadians, who, without a moment's hesitation, answered the call of their King and country. In their hundreds and thousands they went over and their life's blood poured out in an endless stream in order that the Hun be kept from the Empire's door. Their deeds and sacrifices will be the theme for the poets, historians, and chroniclers of the future.

If they were asked, it would in all likelihood be their dearest wish that Canada continue to be peopled with those of their own stock. That it remain a British Dominion and provide a home and opportunities for all those who may wish to emigrate to Canada and make it their permanent home. To also be a home and a refuge for the children of those who are no more.

From the standpoint of National solidarity, we should offer inducements to only such immigrants who will coalesce with the bulk of the population already in Canada. Our most desirable immigrants are those who speak the same language as the majority in this country and are not misled by fanatical narrow-minded propagandists with ulterior motives to serve, and who believe in creating dissension.

We must attract and induce to settle in Canada immigrants from the countries from which the present population of Canada is made up and who will rapidly assimilate and thus bring about that homogeneity that is so essential to national well-being. The greater the influx of immigrants from the United Kingdom the quicker will we be able to resolve the problems that now cause the bitterness that prevails.

While it is true that a considerable percentage of the population of the Dominion of Canada speaks French, and is of a faith different to that of the majority, and that considerable hostility has been shown by certain of their leaders, and that they are opposed to any assimilative process, these self-same leaders and propagandists are powerless to overcome the pressure of forces beyond their control.

The economic pressure that is exerted by an increased population and the creation of new industries

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which gives employment to hundreds of thousands, will do more to hasten assimilation than the most drastic legislation that can be enacted.

As our population increases and its texture becomes more uniform, the conditions which now appear so unsurmountable will be overcome. The question of language and schools will adjust themselves in proportion to the increase in population.

One of the fundamental tenets of all democratic systems, that the majority must govern; and if it is subsequently found desirable, to take steps in the unifying of the people of this country through the recognition that one language is better calculated to promote the welfare of the majority than two, very little opposition will be manifested since the pressure mentioned will have necessitated the acquiring of English by those who otherwise would have been influenced against its study and adoption.

We must not forget, that to the South of us is a neighbor with a population already 110,000,000 strong and rapidly growing. It has been demonstrated beyond any doubt that having one language has promoted the welfare of the people in the Great Republic as it could never be if there was a diversity of tongues.

I think it can be laid down as a fundamental political proposition that the larger the territory, the more necessary and utilitarian is the carrying on of the country's business by means of one language. In France, in spite of the many dialects which may be spoken in different parts of it, there is one official language. The same in Germany; the same in Russia; the same in Italy. It is only the smaller and weaker countries like the Swiss Republic and the ramshackle Austro-Hungarian empire that is no more, that permit the use of several languages.

The existence of two languages in a vast territory like Canada must unavoidably lead to misunderstandings and be productive of mutual hostility since the firebrands of one or the other can make such language serve their own base purposes.

The Government should, therefore, be encouraged to invite to this great Dominion the people from the lands that were willing and ready to die for them. France will not relish losing many of its

splendid citizens and will furnish employment and opportunities for those whom it requires to help build up and make France one of the world's great powers.

The hate for the Hun will be such that he will receive very little encouragement, be he Austrian or German. The Hungarian Magyar will be no more welcome than his Teuton comrades in arms. The Belgian will receive a warm welcome, but he, like the Frenchman, is needed at home. The Bolsheviks from Russia had better stay where they are until such time as they stabilize their own country. The patriotic Italian will, no doubt, prefer to remain in his own country since increased territory will furnish him with more scope for any initiative that he possesses.

Our choice, therefore, narrows down to the people who form the bulk of the immigrants to this country between the years for which the statistics have been given. The Old Country has a surplus population. What better investment can we make than to induce this surplus to emigrate to this country. If those who wish to settle here are in need of assistance, it should be given freely and generously. The men and women from the Old Country are our own kith and kin. They belong to the British family of nations. They have fought and died to save the British Empire and civilization. They are needed in the up-

building of this Dominion. They can more readily adapt themselves to our views and institutions. They will take just pride in knowing that they are governed by the same King. They will add lustre to our fame in as great a measure as did the brave men who were "over there".

From the Imperial, economic, social, and industrial standpoints, the British born immigrant must be given the preference. Certain of our regulations refusing the right to enter Canada through lack of funds will have to be suspended. The men who were jeered at for being "blokes" and the outpouring of the slums in the large British cities have shown themselves to be the stuff of which heroes are made. We want them in Canada so that they can help mould and shape the destinies of this country and make it one in which we can all take pride and will continue to enjoy the distinction of being the Empire's brightest gem.

We should by legislation and other means exclude the types and classes called traders who exploit the industrious and contented. We have no room for the non-producer. Economic parasites, whether promoters, or petty traders, feed upon the public and perform no real service. They hinder national development by congregating in large cities, thus causing rents to rise,

(Continued on page 7)



HABITS OF C.O.R. CLIFF-DWELLERS
A.D. 1918



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1919.

The mad nightmare of the World War is over, and the New Year opens for all of us under happier conditions. The clash of arms has ceased, and in place of the din and crash of battle, a great silence broods over the land, that will shortly be broken not by the roar of guns and the noise of mighty hosts, contending in deadly conflict, but by the more peaceful noise of the mill and factory. Over the land for which contending armies struggled, the plowman will drive his team and plow, and bountiful mother earth with her recuperative forces will soon remove the bulk of the scars that disfigures her features. New towns and villages will rise in the devastated areas, where the householder can peacefully follow his labour and enjoy the fruit of his toil, because the grim terror of "Might is Right" is destroyed, but don't let us for one moment imagine that our enemies are utterly vanquished. They are now devising schemes to overcome the Allies in the commercial world. Their gigantic organising abilities will be brought fully into play, and the cog may not slip as it did in the military machine, thus upsetting their plans. Mother Nature soon forgets her wounds and scars. We cannot afford to forget. We must prevent the Germanic powers from organising in any direction, or for even a simple object. Craftiness and guile seems to be part and parcel of their mental makeup, and though their actions at times may appear to be perfectly innocent and the object they have in view apparently sincere, underlying all is their desire to overreach their opponents by any and every means. We must organise our industries, foster and encourage new ideas, enter as boldly into the fields of commercial enterprise, as we did into the Fields of Flanders.

The New Year has boundless opportunities awaiting us, don't let them knock at the door in vain. We must also organise labour on sane lines and sound principles, we must not permit the demagogue or the unscrupulous employer, to exploit the worker, the wealth of a country and its best asset, the number of healthy and contented men and women it contains. See to it that the conditions under which the workers live and move, and have their being, are the right conditions, because conditions of life suited our grandparents, it is not a sound argument, that they are suitable for to-day. Let us learn in the words of Lowell, that

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth
As before us gleam the camp fires
We ourselves must voyagers be
Launch our kyacks and steer boldly
Through the desperate wintry sea
Nor attempt the future portal
With the past blood rusted key.

May 1919 bring great prosperity to our country and great joy to ourselves.

MAN.

Man comes into the world without his consent, and leaves against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of controversies and misunderstandings by the balance of his species. In his infancy he is an angel, in his boyhood he is a devil, in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up, in his duties he is a damn fool, if he raises a family he is a chump, if he raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil with him. If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense, if he is rich, he is dishonest but considered smart, if he is in politics you can't place him, he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church, he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show, if he does not he is stingy and tight wad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him, before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way and living to save funeral expenses. This life is a funny old highway but all like to travel it just the same.

A WORK OF ART.

We invite the attention of all readers of and subscribers to "Knots and Lashings" to the beautiful coloured photo of the Barracks at St. Johns and surroundings of Camp grounds, to the many hundreds who have passed through, it will be a delightful reminder of associations and friendships formed during the great war. We can recommend it as a work

of art of a very high standard, which can be obtained upon application to the Canteen at the Barracks, or direct to "Knots and Lashings". As only a limited number are on sale please secure your copy early. The size of the picture is 14" x 6", and the price is remarkably low, 75 cents per copy. Buy now.

Substantiation.

A young officer was being court-martialled on a charge of drunkenness. He was very angry, and stoutly denied the charge. He admitted that he had had a very good time, and was feeling decidedly happy on the night in question, but nothing further. He called for his batman to assist him in his defence.

The head of the court questioned the batman closely:

"When your master came in did you consider him absolutely sober?"

The batman answered up at once.

"I did, sir."

The judge considered for a moment.

"And what did he do when he came in?"

The private was quite clear on this point.

"When he came in he asked me to call him early."

"And did he give any reason for wanting to be called early?"

The private looked rather dubious here, and replied hesitatingly:

"He asked me to call him early, he said he was to be Queen of the May."

There was no need to proceed further with the evidence.



"IF YE BREAK FAITH"

One of the great pictures painted during the war is entitled "The Great Sacrifice". Jesus is shown on his cross. A halo is about his head. At the foot of the cross a soldier is lying dead. One hand rests on the feet of Jesus, the blood is flowing from a bullet wound in the head. The hand on the feet of Jesus conveys the thought of the artist. That touch unites Jesus and the soldier in a common sacrifice. The soldier is not represented as a saint. That would not be true. But he is one who strives to reach out and touch the feet of perfect goodness and eternal love, touches them and dies trusting in divine mercy. That is one of the great pictures produced by this war. It is great because it is true, great because it is beautiful, great also because of the faith and hope that it expresses and inspires.

The war upon which we may at this season very properly reflect has taught us some very important lessons. Among others not the least is this: that life does not consist in the abundance of the things a man possesses, but rather in the amount and quality of the service he is able to render to his fellows. Self must be forgotten. The soldiers who have received decorations are those who have forgotten themselves. They didn't think they did anything out of the ordinary. It was that very quality about their service that gave it its air of distinction and won the tangible expression of a people's gratitude. So we should, now that peace has come, as well as in war

Measure our life by loss and not by gain
Not by the wine drunk but by the wine poured forth
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice
And he who suffers most, has most to give.

I have spoken of a great picture, may I refer now to a great poem. In it there occurs the phrase with which I head this writing, "If ye break faith". The soldier lying in Flanders fields, speaks, and his voice sounds over the booming of the guns. "If ye break faith we shall not sleep though poppies blow in Flanders fields." Perhaps it may seem to some as though the occasion for these words was past with the cessation of fighting. They are a call to men to rally to the support of those who were fighting, a call to take the place of the fallen. No longer do we need to send men to fight in France and Flanders, but the challenge is still a challenge. Perhaps there has been no time when the call was so inspirative and bound up with so great possibilities of good or ill as it is at the present. Did our men fight and die merely to defeat the Prussian foe? We misread the meaning of their sacrifice if we think so. That was their primary aim but not the whole or ultimate aim. They fought to defend the truth against a falsehood, the right against the wrong, the weak against the strong, justice from injustice, and righteousness against unrighteousness.

So if we would keep faith with them who died in Flanders fields we must still fight on in the cause for which they died. It will be a sad day when having conquered the Prussian tyrant we shall submit to the cleverer tyranny and oppression of the devil. The foe that is without is less deadly than the foe that is within. An enemy in our home is more dangerous than one outside. And one in the secret of the heart is most dangerous of all.

The important matter now is that we do not overlook the deeper meanings of the war. We break faith with the dead soldiers when we go back to the ideals of selfishness and ambition that were dominant before the war. We break faith with them when we cease to consider the moral substructure of society, not only of our own part of it, which is most important. We must be far more careful of the moral quality of our homes, our pleasures, our business, our schools and our churches. A deeper sincerity must ring through all our life. It is

upon the moral quality of our thoughts and actions that the future peace of the world depends. The East and the West henceforth are one. Men of the West and men of the East have toiled and fought and suffered and died together. They have been linked together by the mingling of their own blood in a common sacrifice and they must henceforth live together and endeavor to understand one another. Our ideals and our thinking must be shared with them and theirs must be allowed the courtesy of an open-minded hospitality. What is good in one must be entertained by the other. We must therefore strive to maintain wisely the peace the dead have died to obtain. The challenge our dead soldiers make to us is still imperative. 'Keep faith' and let them sleep in peace.

We that are left must 'carry on'. We feel the impulse of a larger life and see the light of the dawning day. It is a great time to live. It is a great privilege to be able to look forward to making an investment of life in Canada, so vast, so varied, so rich in possibility, so beautiful, so free. We go on with our work, we enter a new year looking behind, and lingeringly remember the men who have died and given us in their death a stimulus to follow a nobler ideal. They are not mourning where they are:

"Oh if the sonless mothers weeping,
The widowed girls, could look inside
The country that hath them in keeping,
Who went to the great war and died,
They would rise and put their mourning off
And say, "Thank God he has enough."

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OUR AFTER WAR IMMIGRATION POLICY.

(Continued)

and increasing the price of all commodities. To the extent that they bring this about, do they depress the standard of living to which the respectable and toiling part of the population must conform to keep in good health.

No bonuses or subsidies of any kind should be paid to agents or shipping companies. Experience has shown that such aids to augment our population are of little value, and in a good many instances, lead to deplorable consequences. Nor should we admit persons belonging to groups or religious organizations that prohibit those belonging to them to assume the full obligations of citizenship. Those who make this country their home must be prepared to defend and fight for it when the occasion demands. Doukobors and Menonites may engage in farming for their own profit but that is not sufficient. If they refuse to bear arms when the need arises, they forfeit all right to the respect of their fellow citizens and are no longer entitled to enjoy further residence in this country. The privileges and responsibilities of citizenship have an economic as well as a national basis.

Our immigration laws and regulations should be based upon a profound knowledge of economic principles and ethnological and anthropological data. We cannot afford to permit the establishing in different parts of the Dominion of distinct and racially segregated groups; it will be fatal to our national progress and welfare.

Immigration must have in view the fitness of the non-British immigrant by his incorporation as a full-fledged citizen in our commonwealth. This will necessitate the increasing of the period provided by the present regulations for deporting undesirable immigrants. No person who cannot, after a given residence in this country, qualify for citizenship through our Naturalization Laws, should be encouraged to make Canada his permanent home.

We have no room or place for those belonging to other nations who wish to prey upon us. We must not tolerate the citizens of other countries who have a dual allegiance. Those who cannot de-

finitely make up their mind to become thoroughly and sincerely Canadian in all that this means from the British standpoint, should not be allowed to profit by the opportunities which they evidently came to seek.

Our industrial and national future depends upon the building up of a virile and substantial citizenship and this object can best be promoted by wise legislation permitting a selection and discrimination that will redound to the advantage of the newcomer as well as the Canadian of many generations.

Seeing Things.

New recruit who has just gorged himself on the parcel sent from home, and is suffering from nightmare:

"Help, help, there's a beastly air raid over here!"

Old Soldier (sharing tent and just awakened by the yells):

"Shut yer blooming row, and go to sleep, or I'll throw my boots at yer napper."

Recruit: "Oh-er, I want to go home and look after mother's baby. I want to be a conscientious objector!"

Old Soldier (getting really wild): "If you don't shut up I'll have to do it. What, won't you be quiet? Well, take that, and that."

He throws his boots and sundry possessions at the struggling figure in the next bed.

Recruit: "But can't you see 'em, they're right over our heads. Look, there's Zeppelins and Taubes and I dunno what."

Soldier: "Now, then, pack it up; why, they're stars you're seeing; my boots did that."

A Complaint.

It was after dinner and the officer for the day was doing the usual stroll round the camp. He went into the "dining hall" and put the usual query. "Any complaints?" To everybody's great surprise a voice from the back called out:

"Yes, sir. I've found a cigarette-end in my stew."

For a moment the officer was dumbfounded; the men do not usually trouble to complain, it is easier to put up with things. However, he quickly recovered and retorted:

"Well, man, what did you expect to find, the whole packet?"

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**DIARY OF THE MEDICAL
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(Continued)

Later on I tried again and was successful in finding my dug out, but my sleep was shortly after interrupted by a rat who squeaked close by my head. I had never met such a friendly rat before and as we had not been introduced, I went back to Headquarters.

Then I was called to the Dressing Station to look after our first casualties. One poor boy, Pte. McCrae, was killed by a bullet wound in the face and as no chaplain was available, I read the Burial Service over him next morning.

March 31st. — Captain Fred Shaughnessy was hit while in the Support Line about 700 yards in front of my post, and I hurried over the intervening distance (there was no communication trench in those days) with my heart in my mouth as I was exposed to German snipers. On reaching poor Fred I found he was dead, so I laid him out on his bunk and

gave his valuables to his brother-in-law, Capt. Rene Redmond.

April 1st.—We were relieved about midnight and marched four miles back to Camp E where we stayed four days. The next camp was shelled one evening and two men were killed and four wounded. It was nervous work looking after them as I did not know when the next shell would arrive.

April 5th.—We returned to the same trenches for another four days, relieving the 52nd battalion.

April 9th.—My battalion was relieved at midnight and went back to Brigade Support in Railway Dugouts, so called because they were built under the railway which ran from Ypres to Comines, etc.

April 13th.—We marched back about five miles to Camp D where we remained for a week, and one day I met Capt. Eddie Whitehead and Lieut. Gordon Ross, who were afterwards killed.

April 20th.—We left camp this evening for Trenches 70 to 74 at Hooge. We had all heard that this was about the worst place in the Ypres Salient, and it certainly

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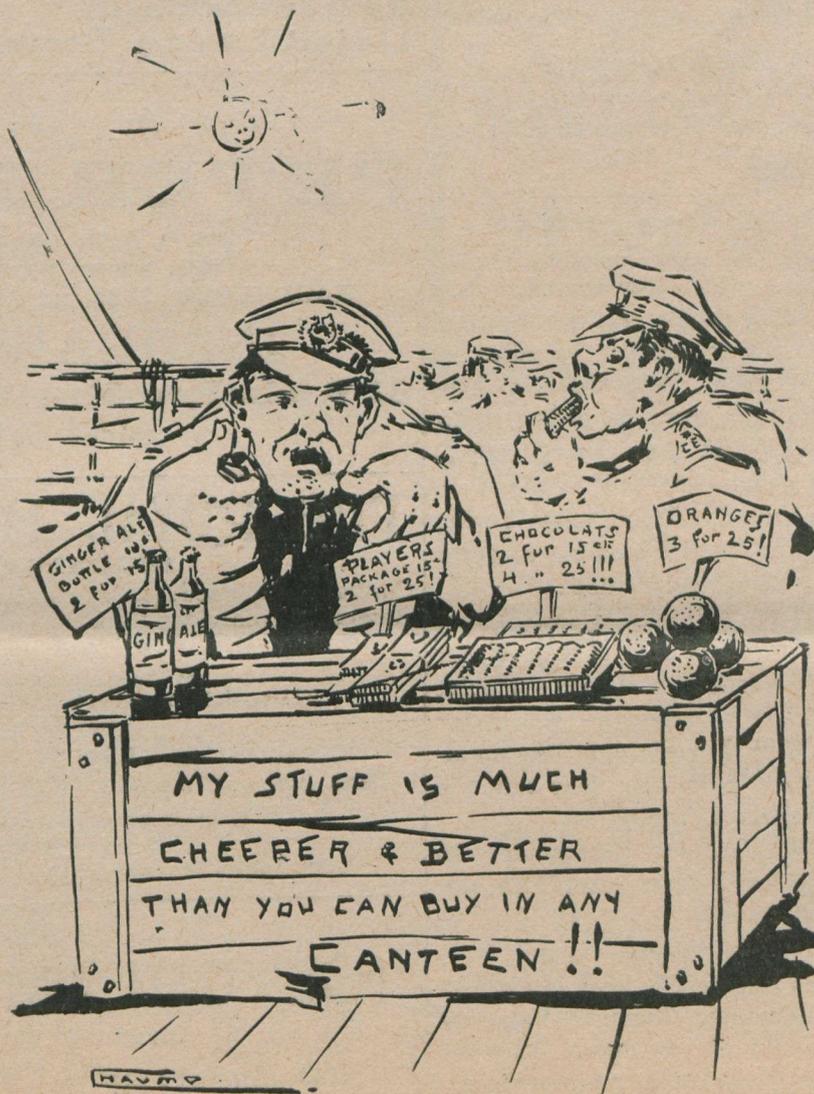
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was. We went by train to the Asylum at Ypres where Percy Molson (since killed) met us and guided us into our trenches.

Battalion Headquarters were situated at Half Way House, and my Regimental Aid Post was in an old mill on the Menin Road, just East of Ypres through the Menin Gate.

The trenches were only slits and holes in the ground, full of water, and quite a distance away from my Aid Post. No one could show themselves in the daylight as, if seen, they would be sniped at by rifle or whiz bang. Consequently, if a poor chap were wounded during the day he had to lie till dark before being carried out.

That was a long eight days which I spent there in the Old Mill, sleeping during the day in a damp cellar across the way, cooking twice a day on a brazier, attending many wounded at night, and helping the Padre, Capt. Tompkins, with the dead who were brought to us.

We had many casualties, chiefly from rifle bullets and trench mortars, and twelve of our boys were killed.

We also took care of wounded from working parties of other battalions, and the wounded from the Irish Guards were brought here to wait for an ambulance.

In the grey dawn just before daylight I would take a stroll for exercise. Then as it became lighter, German aeroplanes would start humming overhead, and later on the Artillery would start. Then I would away to my cellar and pray God that a shell would not land on top, for if it did it would probably come through. And Fritz seemed quite liberal with his shells.

I spent Easter Sunday here and in the dusk of evening took a stroll through an old cemetery where I thought the Hun would not waste his shells. But even this seemed pretty well smashed up, and I noticed here, as in other places, that the Crucifix had stood unharmed.

April 28th.—We were relieved about midnight, and I enjoyed the five mile march back to Camp C. But we had hardly settled down when word came to "stand to", as the Germans were making a gas attack. So we had to sit up all night with our gas helmets ready to put on and we expected to have to return to the front at a

moment's notice.

Luckily no gas came our way and all was well. That was the second gas alarm we had had, the other being at Maple Copse on April 1st.

One bright sunny morning while at this Camp on a Sunday when all seemed peaceful, four high explosive shells suddenly landed in, killing five of our men and wounding eighteen. The dead were buried at Poperinghe and the same evening the battalion moved to Camp A.

(To be continued)

—o—

Young Australia.

It has been remarked on several occasions that the discipline in the Australian regiments is not so strict as that in British regiments. In all young countries there seems to be a democratic, happy-go-lucky spirit, that is the very antithesis of the hidebound traditions on this side of the water.

When the first contingent of Australians arrived in Egypt, it was particularly noticeable that the men did not salute their officers, and on one occasion an officer stopped a man and said to him:

"Look here, do you know who I am?"

The Australian said: "No."

"Well, I'm an officer."

"Oh; you are, are you? Well, I guess you've got a soft job, mate. You stick to it."

—o—

A Reason For It.

Tommy had been wounded, and after his discharge from hospital was sent to another battalion of his regiment. This battalion happened to be composed of fairly new recruits, and poor Tommy had to go through it all as if he also were new to it. They were having bayonet practice, and the sergeant was raving and yelling:

"Keep yer point up, can't yer? You won't stick yer man if yer don't blooming well keep yer point up."

"Well, I never did!" he spluttered. "Why, I've done this 'ere to Fritzie, I 'ave."

"Oh, 'ave yer! No wonder the war's lasted three years," the sergeant retorted.

—o—

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Corroboration.

A cheerful subaltern was ordered to join a certain unit of the A.S.C. in France. He presented himself to the colonel, who was noted as a particularly cantankerous old chap. The colonel ordered him to have his baggage put on the transport and report himself at 4.30. The subaltern turned up at 4.40 to find the colonel waiting for him.

"What's the time?" asked the colonel.

"Twenty minutes to five, sir."

"Umph! Where's your baggage, have you seen it on the transport?"

"No, sir, but I put it on the top of the pile; I thought it would be easier for the men to put it on the waggon than throw it back in the mud."

The colonel, getting somewhat exasperated, said:

"You're a damn fool, sir."

"Yes, sir," was the cheerful reply.

"Not so much 'Yes, sir'."

"No, sir," again with a grin.

"What do you mean by saying, 'Yes, sir,' when I called you a damned fool?"

"Well," was the smiling reply, "when I was down in the village somebody else said I was a damned fool to join this unit, so there must be something in it."

Pat Does Sentry Duty.

The Irishman was acting sentry for the first time, and did not know very much about the various duties connected with the camp, but he knew he must stop every one as they came up and must enquire their business. It was very dark, and there was no one about, until an officer came hurrying along the road. He was stopped at the gate by the Irishman and asked the usual questions. Feeling decidedly tired, and very angry at the cross-questioning, he answered:

"Surely you know me: I'm orderly officer for the day."

"Officer for the day, then, begorra, what are you doing out at night?"

Not Taking Risks.

It was winter in Flanders, and the canals and ditches were covered with a good coating of ice. A platoon of infantry were on their way to the trenches, and in order to save time they decided to risk a passage over a frozen dike. They went across very gingerly, and

were nearly all over, when there was a terrifying "crack" and a splash. A huge black hole appeared in the ice, and in the centre of this was a man up to his chin in the water.

"Why, it's Charlie!" yelled a dozen voices. "Come on out of it, man."

The unfortunate soldier shook his head slowly.

"Come out of it, you idiot," they yelled again.

"Not me," he replied emphatically. "You don't get me moving off the fellow I'm standing on."

The Horrors Of War.

Leading up to Plug Street Wood—that most hated of all places in Flanders—there is a road lined on one side with shattered houses. Outside one of these two soldiers were sitting eating their mid-day rations. Fritz was bush shelling as usual, and 5.9 "crumps" were dropping all over the place, with here and there a black burst of shrapnel overhead. Still the two went on eating as complacently as though they were in a London restaurant. A little later a shell burst just behind the house and shook it like a box of matches. One of the men looked up and shivered. Then he stretched out his hand and touched his companion on the arm: "Hi, Bill."

"What's the matter? Got the wind up?"

"Come on," said the other nervously. "Let's shift on a bit—'tain't safe."

"Why, wot's wrong?"

The scared man pointed to the roof.

"Look at them tiles," he muttered. "We'll have the whole lot down on top of us in a minute."

Taking His Own Fuel.

During a trip across the Mediterranean a sailor on a convoy died. The funeral took place a day or two later and a crowd of troops gathered to watch the spectacle.

At the last moment it was discovered that they had no weights to put into the hammock, and as a substitute two big pieces of coal were used.

This was more than one of the soldiers could stand.

"Jock!" he whispered to his companion, as the hammock was about to be sunk into the ocean.

"Jock, it's bad enough to go like that, but it's a d— shame to make you take your own coal."

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The Other Man.

A crowd of visitors were paying a visit to a large country asylum and the doctor was acting as guide. They stopped before a room which was padlocked and held a single occupant.

"This is a very sad case," said the doctor, as he unlocked the door.

They entered and found a thin, pale-faced man fondling a doll.

"He does nothing else but that," said the doctor. "Shortly after being married he 'joined up' and went to France. On his first leave he found his wife had run off with another man."

"How dreadful!" murmured several voices, and they passed on.

Soon they came to a room surrounded by heavy iron bars, and very thickly padded.

"Another bad case?" inquired someone.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "In there is the other man."

The Cure.

A wounded Tommy was spending his ten day's leave at home in Ireland prior to going out to the front again. During the time he was so ill that his wife was obliged to call in a doctor. The doctor diagnosed the illness as gastric trouble, to which the man had always been subject, and told the wife to give him the medicine at night, and to be sure and take his temperature in the morning.

When he called the next morning he inquired of the wife:

"How is your husband, Mrs. Maloney?"

"Sure and he's better, sorr."

The doctor was rather staggered at this, for he scarcely expected the man to make so rapid a recovery, so he asked anxiously:

"Did you give him the medicine?"

"Indade I did, sorr."

"Well, did you take his temperature?"

"I did indade, sorr. I put the barometer on his stomach and it went round to 'very dry', so I gave him a bottle of stout, and he's gone for a walk."

A Good Memory.

Two Tommies in the trenches were arguing about religion. Just as the argument had reached fever heat one of them said to his friend:

"After all, what do you know of religion?"

The other one greatly indignant retorted:

"I bet I know more of it than you do."

The first Tommy had a good deal of sporting instinct in him, for he was quick to reply.

"I bet you five bob you don't know the Lord's Prayer."

"Of course I know it."

"Well, say it then."

The Tommy began:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

His friend interrupted:

"Well, I'm jiggered! You've won! Why, man, I never thought you would have remembered it."

The Same Complaint.

Fritz had just sent over one of his "extra specials", generally known as a "Minnie", and it had bowled over the sentry, blowing away his rifle, and left him on his hands and knees wondering if there was a war on. A young officer, on turning the corner of the trench, came upon the man just scrambling up and trying to get his breath back. He inquired:

"What's the matter with you?"

The man tried hard to answer, but still his breath was not under control, and he opened his mouth and shut it again without a sound coming.

The officer spoke more sharply this time:

"What's the matter with you?"

A few seconds later and Fritz had dispatched another "Minnie" which fell sufficiently near to the officer to make him fall as the man had just done. Covered from head to foot with mud, and half-stunned, he managed to get up, and the sentry, standing to attention, gave the salute smartly and said:

"Excuse me, sir, I couldn't answer before, but that's what was the matter with me."

A Sporting Offer.

A company officer, much beloved amongst his men for his sporting instinct, caught pneumonia in the trenches, and was taken to a base hospital. Supposing him to be asleep, the doctor and nurse were discussing the case. The doctor expressed the opinion that the officer could die, and was dumb-founded when he heard a weak voice from the bed say:

"Give you five to one, in sovereigns, I don't, doctor."

The doctor was too amazed to articulate.

The voice again said:

"You won't? Six to one."

The doctor was still trying to say something, when the voice, in tones of great disgust, said:

"No sportsmen, these M.O.'s. Jolly good chap, clever doctor and all that sort of thing, but can't kill me if Fritzie couldn't. Nothing doing? Wash out? Well, good-night, doctor, I'm going to sleep and to get well."

And so he did.

A Matter Of Religion.

Poor old Blanks was feeling decidedly "fed up" with everything. He had only just joined, and was being put through the usual strenuous drills in order to get hardened, and the drill-sergeant was certainly trying to "put the wind up".

He growled at Blanks in the customary manner and told him to "pull himself together".

Blanks protested, and in a weak voice said:

"It's no good, sir. I'm too old for this sort of thing."

The drill-sergeant in a voice of great superiority (he himself was well on the sunny side of the thirties) replied:

"Too old, you tell that to the Marine; why, how old are you?"

"Forty-one, sir."

"Why, man," said the sergeant, "you get on with it or I'll report you to the major. D'you know the Romans used to do these exercises up to the age of sixty?"

"That's all very well, p'raps the Romans did," said old Blanks, in a weary-worn manner, "but I'm not a Roman, I'm a Wesleyan."

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.

The Bishop Scores.

A well-known bishop was just home in England after a long stay at one of our distant colonies. Broad of mind as well as physique, he was strolling round the crowded London streets, enjoying the cosmopolitan crowds that surged hither and thither, animated and well-dressed, and generally drinking in the air of good-fellowship that abounded.

Suddenly out of the sea of faces came one that was familiar, and he recognized a friend of many years past. He stopped in front of him and put out his hand. The friend looked up in amazement, but apparently had a faint recollection of having met him before, and with a puzzled air said:

"Where in hell have I met you before?"

The bishop, equal to the occasion and in nowise disconcerted by this tactless remark, asked good-naturedly:

"Let me see—er—what part of—er—hell do you come from?"

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A New Office.

A young and very self-conscious officer was asked to take charge of a court-martial. It was not a very big affair, but just one that was held occasionally in the orderly-room for petty offences. This officer had not the slightest idea of what he had to do, so he took the sergeant-major with him. One of the first cases brought before him was that of a man who had been absent for two days without leave. He didn't know what sentence to give the man, and looked at the sergeant-major hoping for some sort of a hint, but the sergeant-major was looking the other way. So putting on a grave frown he said:

"You know this a very serious offence—er—very serious—twenty-eight days C.B."

The sergeant-major nudged him and whispered:

"Too much, too much, sir."

The man was just being marched away, but the officer called out:

"Here, just a minute; perhaps I will make it fourteen days."

Immediately he felt the sergeant-major nudging him vigorously with a whispered "Too much, sir, too much. Give him two days pay."

With a loud and long cough, and putting his hand in his pocket, the officer went on:

"As I was just saying, I think I ought to make it fourteen days, but as this is your first offence I am going to take a very lenient view of the case. I am going to give you two days' pay, but if you ever come before me again you don't get a brass farthing."

Identity Discs.

He was one of a new draft, just out from England and was finding life very strange and novel. Questioning one of the old timers, he asked:

"Why do we have to wear two identity discs?"

With an air on nonchalance the hardened soldier replied:

"They take one when you're napoo'd and the other one is left on to identify you by when you're dug up a year later, to see if you're properly shaved and have your iron ration with you."

Quick Work.

They had both been in different regiments, wounded out in France, and were now in hospital recuperating. Finding life rather dull they amused themselves by telling yarns of their old regiments and trying to outdo one another. Jimmy was saying:

"Listen to this now, we had a sniper in our company who killed twenty-six men before dinner."

Bob, his antagonist, could not let this pass without some reply.

"Pshaw! That's nothing; why we had a man in our regiment who killed off a whole company at dinner time, and he was none of your swank sharpshooters either."

"Good heavens! who was this marvellous man, then?"

"Oh, it was Ginger, the Cook!"

A Contest Of Wits.

A soldier had been told off for work on the land. The farmer to whom he was sent was a bit of a wag, and luckily the soldier could readily respond.

One day the farmer handed the soldier a jug, and told him to get some beer.

"Where's the money?" asked the Tommy.

"Oh! that's all right, it's easy enough to get beer if you've got money, the thing is to get beer without money."

The soldier went off, and came back after a while with the jug. He put it on the table in front of the farmer and said:

"Drink that!"

The farmer lifted up the jug and prepared to drink, but found there was nothing in it.

"What d'you mean?" growled the farmer.

"Well," said the soldier, "it's easy enough to drink beer when there's some in the jug, but it's darned hard to drink it when there's none there."

Gratitude.

It was in an internment camp in Germany, and the soldier had watched the post in vain for days and weeks, and nothing ever came for him. All his mates got parcels and letters and papers, but he seemed to be forgotten by all. At last he could stand it no longer, and in desperation got paper and envelope and wrote:

"Dear God, please send me ten pounds."

He addressed the envelope—"God, Heaven."

The German authorities, with unusual humour, sent it to the English War Office.

When it arrived it caused a good deal of amusement, and the men in the department subscribed between them and collected three pounds, which they despatched to the soldier prisoner of war.

They received an acknowledgement also addressed to "God, Heaven." The reply said:

"Dear God,—Many thanks for sending the money, but next time do not send it through the War Office, as they have pinched seven pounds."

The Blessed Appetite.

The boy had only lately "joined up", and he was feeling very fit and very hungry as the result of the open-air life. He went into the hut, and was immediately attended by a patriotic flapper, who was acting as waitress.

The boy enquired: "What is there for dinner?"

"Roast beef, roast mutton, toad-in-the-whole, and curry," replied the flapper.

The boy, with an air of eager anticipation:

"That'll do, and a cup of coffee."

Clods And Coffin Nails.

It is often said that the British Army has its own language. Here is a specimen that was heard in a home camp just lately:

Tommy: "Give us a tissey's worth of clods and two of coffin nails."

Hut Assistant: "Excuse me—er, but what is a tissey's worth of clods?"

Tommy: "Well, of all the—Why, that's what we put half of in the missionary box on Sunday, while the other half goes to the Crown and Anchor."

Hut Assistant now understands the soldier's meaning and gives him sixpennyworth of coppers, saying: "Here you are, but what are coffin nails?"

Tommy: "What, don't you know that they're the only fags we can afford to buy the day before pay day? Treebines, of course."

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