

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, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918

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FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE

(Continued from last week.)

The call of the great adventure for the defence of the Empire, for the freedom of small nations, for those principles of loyalty to the given word, of even-handed justice and of personal liberty, had no sooner sounded than every province of the Empire sprang to arms.

Within eight weeks of the declaration of War Canada had concentrated, equipped and embarked from Quebec a voluntary army of 33,000 men—the largest force that had ever crossed the Atlantic at one time. These were the men who bore the brunt of that first diabolical gas attack. Lord French has told us of that day: "The Canadians held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say that . . . these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences." That force, as has been truly said, "at Langemarek barred the way to the advancing Germans and saved the day for the Empire, the Allies and the world."

Canada's recruiting went steadily on. No sooner had the First Division sailed, than a second was organised. From her new-born cities, from the shores of her lakes and the banks of her splendid rivers, from her lumber camps, her

wheat-fields, her mining camps and her industrial centres, men of every province rallied, trained, sailed and fought. By the spring of 1917 over 400,000 men had enlisted in the Canadian Forces. At Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy and on Vimy Ridge, in every place where the call has come, their splendid manhood has lifted modern war to a higher level of clean,

heroic sacrifice. Similarly, her wealth has been given in supplies of grain, cheese, horses, salmon, munitions, clothing, even submarines for the use of the Allies; and she has lavished money and service in hospital work. Before the War no shells had been made in Canada outside the Dominion arsenal at Quebec. By August, 1916, over 20,000,000 shells had

been shipped to Europe.

The smallest of our self-governing Dominions, Newfoundland, has sent its regiment which heroically won its hill-top nearer to Constantinople than any other effort in the tragic experiment of Gallipoli, while its Naval force has patrolled the Aegean and the North Sea. Newfoundland has made her offerings for the supplies of the troops



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and even equipped and dispatched
her aeroplanes for the Front.

The strong-limbed, clean-cut,
high-tempered breed of Australia
has thrown into the War an army
almost as great as that put into
the field for the South African
War by the whole Empire, and
twice as large as our initial Ex-
peditionary Force of August, 1914.
Alongside that army, which volun-
teered for foreign service, came
the battle-cruiser 'Australia' and
the three smaller cruisers, 'Mel-
bourne', 'Sydney' and 'Brisbane',
with flotillas of submarines, tor-
pedo-boats and destroyers. The
Commonwealth has equipped, arm-
ed and transported its own men
and has met the costs of commis-
sariat and medical supplies, beside
shipping and maintaining many
thousands of her famous horses. In
the Navy, the infantry, cavalry,
artillery, mechanical transport,
camel corps, and miners' corps and
in new munition factories in her
different States, Australia has
undertaken every kind of war-
service open to her.

Right across the entire breadth
of the world, New Zealand with its
passion for freedom thrilled with
response to the need of Belgium.
From a population equal only to
one of England's great provincial
cities, her fiery breed of men have
thrown themselves into the fray
with clear vision of the issues at
stake and of the sacrifices dem-
anded. General Smuts has told
us that of her total population of
one million, about one hundred
thousand entered military service
in the War—men who, coming
from the newest and least tradi-
tional of lands, shed their first
blood within range of Sinai, and
as they recuperated, faced the in-
scrutable features of the Sphinx.
The gifts of over three million
pounds from a million people, over
and above War Loans of over
thirty millions, and vast contribu-
tions of food-stuffs, reveal the
steady spirit in which civilian New
Zealand backs up the efforts of its
troops.

The Australians and New Zea-
landers together created and bap-
tised in sacred blood a new name
that stands for the most glorious
heroism of the War—the name of
"Anzac", (the Australian and
New Zealand Army Corps), asso-
ciated for all time with the ad-
venture of Gallipoli. Their long
and ever-growing list of military
distinctions represents but barely
their heroic courage.

The first task of the South
African Government, under its
soldier statesman, General Botha,
was to reduce a miniature rebellion
which had broken out under the

stimulus of bribery and intrigue.
She then turned to the conquest
of German South-West Africa. A
British South African Army of
58,000 conquered this area of a
third of a million square miles,
and then garrisoned the country.
Some of the South African Army
joined the Rhodesian and East
African colonists, together with
English, Australian, Canadian and
Indian troops, to reduce German
East Africa, now almost complete-
ly subdued. These vast territories
when completely reduced will, with
the Kamerun country conquered
largely by the West African Fron-
tier force, place some million
square miles in the hands of the
Allies.

Some seven thousand men have
crossed to England from South
Africa for the fighting in Europe,
with a general hospital, ambulance
and aviation squadron complete.
Over 40 per cent. of the adult male
white population of Rhodesia are
enlisted in African forces, while
many from all over the sub-conti-
nent have come home to enlist in
England itself.

The mere catalogue of the im-
perial service given by the smaller
outposts is endless. From Malta,
Hongkong and Shanghai, from
Zanzibar, Mauritius, Sierra Leone,
from Fiji, and other islands of the
Pacific, from Aden, from Guate-
mala, from the Argentine, men
have come in spontaneous homage
to give what service is in their
power. The strangely potent ap-
peal of the cause is illustrated
curiously in Malaya, where contri-
butors to a squadron of sixteen
aeroplanes include British, French,
Dutch, Jews, Armenians, Chinese,
Japanese, Indians (of numerous
races) and Malays.

But when all is told the strangest
story of all remains—one that
reads like an Arabian Night's
romance, yet is the solid history of
our own day. No one living can
have remained unmoved by, or will
ever forget, the thrill of emotion
that quickened the pulse of Eng-
land when India offered herself
with Oriental lavishness.

"What orders from the King-
Emperor for me and my men?"
wired the gallant Maharajah of
Rewa. The message was symbolic
of the spontaneous offer of the
Principalities and Powers of that
vast and varied congeries of
peoples grouped under the name
of India.

Germany had recorded her ex-
pectation that in a European war,
England would need to send addi-
tional troops from home to hold
down restive India. In the event

(Continued on page 11)

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(on transport)

ANOTHER VISIT TO FORT LENNOX.

A "select" party of twelve employees in the Orderly Room and Records Office, Tuesday afternoon, enjoyed a most pleasant trip up the river to Fort Lennox. The journey was made in two motor boats, one owned by Q.M.S. Wooley and the other by Sapper Fredette. There were six passengers in each launch, the refreshments being divided equally—the S. S. "Lydia" and her crew carrying the more substantial of the "eats" while the other boat conveyed the liquid refreshment, under the watchful eyes of Lance-Corporals Frith and Pendryx.

The trip was delightful both on the outward bound and on the return voyage. The boats travelled so fast that they missed the rain which fell heavily during the afternoon in St. Johns. Arrived at the Fort, the visitors minutely explored every region of the historic buildings, and were greatly impressed with their splendid state of preservation. Before returning, a substantial and satisfying lunch was made of sandwiches, which O.R.C. Samuels, (never forgetful of the inner man, had wisely provided).

The trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and conducted in a most decorous manner, thanks to the efficient chaperonage of Sgt. J. O. Williams—however it must be said as he was in the rear boat, there were one or two things which escaped his notice such as the passing of salutes and signals between an N.C.O. who toils duty in Room 34 and some females on the banks of the river—and the utter recklessness of Sapper Steeves, who actually smoked two cigarettes and drank two bottles of beer—not to mention the alluring picture which "Salome" made, seated in the stern of the boat, with a thick sandwich in one hand and a bottle of the amber fluid in the other. Nobody ever thought such things of "Salome"!

The party arrived back at 7 o'clock, all feeling much better for the break in the monotony of barrack life. Those who made the trip were:—Sgt. J. O. Williams, Lee-Corpls. Frith and Pendryx, Sappers Samuels, Killeen, Martin, Em-merson, Steeves, Baird and Cummings.

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HISTORY OF MILITARY ENGINEER.

The Military Engineer is first heard of in the annals of English history when William the Conqueror landed and made England his own. In the roll of Battle Abbey appears the name of Richard Engaine, who came over with William, and some authorities uphold that his name proves him to have been one of that monarch's engineers; and it is recorded beyond dispute that his chief engineer was one Waldwins, known as "Ingeniator".

At the time of the Norman conquest the science of Military Engineering first dawned in England; in those early days bishops and monks accompanied armies as engineers.

Edward III was impressed with the wisdom of employing trained artificers with his armies, and maintained a corps of engineers, called "Trench Masters", during his French expedition in 1346. Successive monarchs developed this plan, and the engineer filled an important position in English armies until 1692, when the memorable train for Flanders was formed, and an establishment of engineer officers permanently fixed. Although this establishment has fluctuated in numbers it has never since been removed.

This corps however was only a civil one and it was not until April 1787, that a Royal Warrant was issued authorising the establishment of a permanent force of non-commissioned officers and men, making it a military corps, ranking next to the Royal Artillery and styled Royal Engineers. The Corps at that time consisted of six companies each of one hundred men. Prior to the present war the Corps consisted of 1000 officers and 9000 warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men, in eighty units consisting of Field, Fortress, Railway Survey, Telegraph, Depot Companies and Field troops.

The establishment of a permanent corps of Canadian Engineers was first authorised by special order dated 23rd October 1903, and by General Order dated 16th February 1904, His Majesty was graciously pleased to approve of the extension to the permanent corps of Canadian Engineers the title "Royal". By General Order No. 17, 1904, His Majesty granted permission to the corps to adopt as a badge the Royal Cipher surmounted by the Imperial crown and surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves bearing the title "Royal Canadian Engineers".

THE WATER SUPPLY OF JERUSALEM.

Mr. W. T. Massey, the War Correspondent, writing in the daily Press, gives an interesting account of the work of the Royal Engineers in connection with the Water Supply of Jerusalem from which we extract the following:—

One of the biggest blots upon

the Turkish government of the city was the total failure to provide an adequate water supply. What they could not, or would not, do in their rule of 400 years His Majesty's Royal Engineers accomplished in a little more than two months. The picturesque water-carrier is passing into the limbo of forgotten things. The germs that infested his leathern water-bags will no longer

endanger the lives of the citizens, and the deadly perils which lurk in cistern water have been to a large extent removed.

For its water Jerusalem used to rely mainly upon the winter rainfall to fill its cisterns. Practically every house has its underground reservoir. But many had fallen into disrepair, and most of them required thorough cleaning. To supplement the cistern supply the Mosque of Omar reservoir halved with Bethlehem the water which flowed from near Solomon's Pool down an aqueduct constructed by Roman engineers under Herod before the Saviour was born. This was not nearly sufficient, nor was it so constant a supply as that provided by our Army engineers. They went farther afield. They found a group of springheads in an absolutely clean gathering ground on the hills yielding some 14,000 gallons an hour, and this water, which was running to waste, is lifted to the top of a hill from which it flows by gravity through a long pipe line into Jerusalem. Supplies run direct to the hospitals, and at stand-pipes all over the city, the inhabitants take as much as they desire. The water consumption of the people has become 10 times what it was last year.

The scheme does not stop at putting up standpipes for those who will fetch the water. The water level of the cisterns is low, and as they are getting emptied, the authorities arrange for refilling them on the one condition that they are first thoroughly cleaned out and put in order. A householder has merely to apply to the Military Governor for water, and a sanitary officer inspects the cistern, orders it to be cleansed and sees that it is done, the department of public health grants a certificate that the cistern is clean, and the engineers run a pipe to it and it is filled, no matter what its capacity may be. Two cisterns were recently replenished with between 60,000 and 70,000 gallons of water from the hills.

The installation of the supply was a triumph for the Royal Engineers. A preliminary investigation and survey of the ground was made on February 14th, and a scheme was submitted four days later. Owing to the shortage of transport and abnormally bad weather, work could not be commenced till April 12th. Many miles of pipe line had to be laid and a powerful pumping plant erected, but water was being delivered to the people of Jerusalem on June 18th. There has not been a stoppage or a hitch.

IS IT RIGHT?

Had the military authorities at St. Johns even partly realised the importance of his advent, there is little doubt but a grand reception at the Hotel de Windsor would have been arranged and a guard of honour paraded to welcome the Maharaja of Barbadosio. At least the band would have had the honour of playing him down the streets to the strains of 'Johnny get your gun' and other appropriate music.

Not many hours had passed, however, before it was evident to the most discerning sapper on the sanitary fatigue that a great and wondrous being had fallen among us unheralded; and we marvel yet why those in authority at the barracks did not 'fall on the neck' of this most high and glorious of all our race. Lest the casual observer accuse the garrison of neglect and discourtesy, be it clearly understood that this prince of the blood was travelling incog; and it was not until his grand reception of the Brazilian prince ('Nigger Toe' by name) that St. Johns realized the gravity of the situation.

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, anything more sublimely reserved than this Maharajah with his millions to squander; conjure in your minds—we defy you to—anything more beautiful than the choice of a sapper's uniform to gull the humble and innocent of St. Johns.

At his call, "A dance!"—the couples were slithering around to the music of the two piece orchestra he so lavishly collected ten cents a head for. 'My birthday!' quoth he, and all was merriment.

All good things however come to an end. The Maharajah, still travelling incognito and favouring the sapper's tunic as a disguise to the "bitter end", departed from our lives, and rumour has it that the transformation, from sapper to officer is to be consummated in the characteristic modest manner so peculiar to the mighty Maharajah.

Montreal is to see this transmigration—a supper by a sapper, a lunch by an officer—but St. Johns is to greet the full fledged butterfly on its meteoric flight to New York with gala confetti.

St. Johns will lose what Halifax presently is to gain, and it is not outside the wildest conjecture that that stricken city will honour the arrival of this near royal soldier in a suitable manner. (Halifax press please arrange.—Ed.)

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ST. JOHNS

Election Inquiry.

(Reprint from Montreal Gazette, Sept. 19th, 1918.

More than a dozen soldiers of the Canadian Engineers' Training Depot at St. Johns were examined yesterday afternoon during the course of the Royal Enquiry being conducted by Mr. Justice MacLennan into the charges of perjury and subornation to perjury brought against Lt.-Col. Melville, and a number of officers of the battalion in connection with the election of last year, when a large number of the soldiers' votes of the battalion were plumped for Mr. Jos. Rainville, the defeated candidate in Chambly-Vercheres. Each and every one of the soldier witnesses declared that he had voted in Chambly-Vercheres from a conviction that he had a right to do so; that he had voted from a sincere conviction that he had a right so to do, and that he had answered the question as to residence believing that they were proper answers and fulfilled every requirement of the law, without any idea of perjury or any such offence. In every instance the soldiers, many of whom were non-coms. of considerable experience, refuted the idea that there had been any effort on the part of Lt.-Col. Melville or any other officers to influence their votes or the answers they gave to the residence questions. Repeated cross-examinations by Mr. Geoffrion, counsel for Mr. Jos. Archambault, M.P. for Chambly-Vercheres the accuser, failed to shake the testimony of the soldier witnesses on this point. Most of the soldiers explained that their places of residence had been very irregular before they had joined the Engineers, and all were unanimous that they had never been ordered or influenced in any way to vote in Chambly-Vercheres.

On further cross-examination by Mr. Geoffrion the majority of the witnesses declared that they had voted in this way with a sincere conviction that they were entitled so to do under the Military Voters' Act, and that they had voted in that way as a patriotic duty, with the hope of securing the election of at least one patriotic supporter of the Union Government from Quebec Province.

SURPRISED AT EASY MANNER.

A number of scrutineers and other election officers, representing the Liberal opposition, were examined during the morning, most of them being examined in French. The gravamen of their evidence was that they had been surprised at the easy manner in which the soldiers had answered that they did not know or could not say any place in Canada where they had resided for four months at a time previous to enlisting, and the unanimity with which they had decided to cast their votes in Chambly-Vercheres. In fact some of these scrutineers stated that soldier voters had come in and answered the residence questions with the regular reply, "I do not know," and had to be posted as to the name of Chambly-Vercheres, they not being in some instances able to pronounce the name, being English-speaking, while one or two of them could not even remember the name of the riding, and had to be helped out, sometimes by the officials, and at other times by the opposition scrutineers themselves, who seemed to regard the whole thing in a rather humorous light.

At the conclusion of the afternoon's hearing the sessions at St. Johns were adjourned, sine die, with the arrangements that some time next week they would be resumed in Montreal. Four witnesses yet remain to be examined, one at Toronto, another at Halifax, a

further at Valcartier, and the fourth in Newfoundland, or some place yet to be discovered. Steps will be taken to find the addresses of these officers before the next session of the Royal Commission so that they maybe instructed to attend.

When the Commission resumed in the afternoon Gregoire Guillet, notary, St. Johns, was called, as one of the opposition scrutineers at the military polls during the voting last December. He testified that it had surprised him to see the unanimous manner in which the men coming to vote had the answers as to their non-knowledge of previous residence ready, and their readiness to declare that they wished their votes to be allocated to Chambly-Vercheres.

Similar evidence was given by Mr. Belanger, a St. Johns advocate, who acted as scrutineer at Military Poll No. 7. He added that about four in the afternoon of the election day Lt.-Col Melville had come in and asked: "How many straight votes," which the witness understood to mean how many votes for Chambly-Vercheres.

Pierre Chasse said he had been scrutineer for the opposition at the poll looked after by Lt. Emery, (who is now dangerously wounded in France). His evidence coincided with that of the previous witnesses, as did that of Alfred Deland, notary, St. Johns. Evidence along similar lines was given by two other scrutineers, George O' Cain and G. A. Fredette.

Then came a series of soldiers who had voted at the election, most of whom were examined by Mr. Geoffrion, with brief explanatory cross-examination by Mr. Surveyer, and occasional questions by Judge MacLennan, to bring out doubtful points in their evidence.

THOUGHT HIMSELF BRITISH.

Sapper Donald Gordon Jameson said he had enlisted with the Engineers in 1917, and had been with them ever since. He had voted at the election of last December, answering questions that he could not state his previous residence in Canada, and voted for Chambly-Vercheres. His mother lived in Montreal, but he had been a traveller for the Ames-Holden-Mc-Cready Co., and had since that time had no regular home.

He said he had been born in the United States.

"Then why did you say you were a British subject?" demanded Mr. Geoffrion.

"I considered that when I had sworn allegiance to serve the King of England, I became a British subject," replied the soldier, and a muffled peal of applause broke out in the court, promptly quieted by Mr. Geoffrion.

Sapper Jameson declared that he had voted as he did believing he had a right so to do under the Military Voters' Act, and had voted in Chambly-Vercheres because he believed his vote would do the most good there. He declared that no pressure or influence had been brought upon him to vote there, but that it was the general opinion of the men that that was the best place to give their votes. This, he said, was the first time he had ever voted.

"When I gave the answers I did as to residence," he replied to Judge MacLennan, "I believed I was doing right and was justified in what I did."

Lance-Corporal D. C. Patterson, of the C. E. T. D., followed, and said he had voted, and answered the questions as to residence "I cannot say." He explained this by saying he had no previous residence, his home having been burnt down, and since that time he had been wandering around a good deal, so that his home was really at St. Johns. He strongly opposed the idea that any effort had been made to induce him to answer the residence questions as he did, or to vote in Chambly-Vercheres, saying that his answers and vote had been the result

of general conversation in the barracks as to the election.

Judge MacLennan—"He means by that that the men in the barracks were as excited over the election as the men outside the barracks."

Mr. Geoffrion cross-examined the witness as to why he had voted in that particular way, the witness replying that he believed he had a right to vote where he wished.

VOTE WAS MOST NEEDED.

Judge MacLennan—"Did you think you were justified in voting for Chambly-Vercheres?"

"Yes, absolutely I did."

Mr. Geoffrion—"How did you come to fix on Chambly-Vercheres?"

"Because I thought it was the place

(Continued on next page.)

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

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and serve lunch; also we sell fruit and
candy. Everything is clean and neat,
and we guarantee satisfaction to the soldier
boys.

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Near the Catholic Church)

ELECTION INQUIRY

(Continued)

where my vote was most needed. I
read the papers."

Mr. Geoffrion—"I suppose you read
'Knots and Lashings'?" (the regi-
mental paper that contained the ad-
vice as to how to vote).

Witness—"Yes, I read it, and I write
some of it, too." (Laughter).

Mr. Geoffrion continued to exam-
ination as to why Corp. Patterson had
voted for Chambly-Vercheres, the wit-
ness declaring again he had voted
there because he believed that was
where his vote was needed.

Judge MacLennan—"I think it is
generally admitted there was common
talk all over the country that soldiers
could vote wherever they liked. Of
course under the Act that opinion was
erroneous."

Sapper John A. Gotro said he had
voted at the last election at the mili-
tary polls. He was born in New
Brunswick, but since he had grown up
had never stayed long in one place.
Therefore, he had given the "I cannot
say" reply as to residence, and had
voted in Chambly-Vercheres. He de-
clared no officer or anyone else had
tried to influence his vote, and he had
voted on the advice of civilian friends
who knew Mr. Rainville.

Sapper Ben. Stevenson said he had
been a bartender previous to enlisting
in 1916, and had never stayed in any
place long enough to establish resi-
dence. No one had tried to influence
his vote, and he had voted for Cham-
bly-Vercheres, owing to general talk
amongst the men in the barracks. He
believed as a soldier he had a right
to vote where he liked.

HOME WHERE HE SLEPT.

Sergt-Major Harry Evans said he
had enlisted with the Engineers in
April, 1915, and declared that previous
to that time his home had been wher-
ever he had slept. He declared no
one had tried to influence his vote,
but there were two men in Parlia-
ment he admired, Dr. Michael Clark,
of Red Deer, and Mr. Rainville, of
Chambly-Vercheres, and so he had
voted for the latter.

"You wanted to get your man in?"
asked Judge MacLennan.

"Yes. He was worth it," replied the
witness.

Sergt Henson, of the C.E.T.D., said
he had been a carpenter before join-
ing the battalion, and had spent most
of his time travelling over the coun-
try, never staying long in one place.
He had not taken any advice as to the
election, figuring he had enough
brains to decide for himself. He knew
of Mr. Rainville, and considered he
had a right to vote in Chambly-Ver-
cheres, and so voted for him, believing
that was a good way to help win the
war, because he thought he was the
only right man in the province who
had a chance.

Bandsman Armitage was another
soldier who had wandered extensively
before enlisting, so that he considered
himself justified in saying at the elec-
tion that he could not give any regular
residence in Canada, and placed his
vote in Chambly-Vercheres. No one
had tried to influence him to vote that
way, but the general talk in the bar-
racks.

Similar evidence was given by
Sergt-Major James Sims.

Sergt. White said previous to en-
listing he had been a seaman, with
no settled place of residence, sailing
the ocean and the Great Lakes.

"How did you come to vote in
Chambly-Vercheres?" asked Mr.
Geoffrion.

"I considered I had a right to. I
can read English, and I considered
that every British born man should
vote for the Government at that

time."

This statement was again received
with applause, quickly hushed.

Judge MacLennan—"Did you con-
sider that you answered these ques-
tions truthfully and that you were
justified in doing as you did?"

"Certainly. I believed that soldiers
could vote where they wished," re-
plied the witness.

Evidence to the same effect was
given by Driver Hains, and shortly
after five o'clock the session ad-
journed, to be resumed later on in
Montreal.

THE MORNING SESSION.

During the morning a number of
scrutineers for the Opposition who had
officiated at the military polls were
examined. These all told the same
story, that they had been surprised
at the regularity with which the sol-
diers had come in and given their
answers glibly as to not being able to
state where their previous voting resi-
dence in Canada had been, and the
unanimity with which they had de-
cided to vote in Chambly-Vercheres.
This, said one scrutineer, Stanislas
Poulin, was the more surprising as
some of the men could not even pro-
nounce the name of Chambly-Ver-
cheres, while others had forgotten the
name of the riding, and had to be
prompted before they could get it in.

Mr. Poulin said he had frequently
warned the deputy presiding officer,
Capt. Young, that he should be care-
ful about the men's answers, but no
attempt was paid to this. Also
several times Lieut.-Col. Melville had
asked as to how the vote was going,
and did not seem pleased at the pro-
portion of votes given for Chambly-
Vercheres.

Almost identical evidence was given
by Jacques Cartier, Charles Romeau,
and other opposition scrutineers.

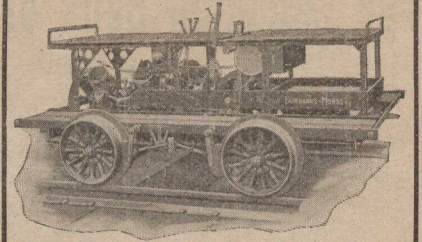
Brief evidence was given by ex-
Capt. Alexander McLean, of the St.
Johns News, who had charge of the
publication of the regimental paper,
"Knots and Lashings," which con-
tained the sample ballot and en-
velope, with suggestions as to how
the questions should be answered
and ballots marked for Chambly-
Vercheres. He was only interested as
getting out the work. Later, when
copies were filed, Lieut.-Col. Melville
said he had had nothing to do with
the preparation of the election articles
in the special election edition, or the
using of the sample questions and
ballot. Capt. Knight, the editor of
"Knots and Lashings", took full re-
sponsibility for all this, when he was
called later on. He denied that any
officers had canvassed the men or
tried to influence their votes.

THE BEST YET.

Nothing holds a greater terror
for "Ralph Aldridge" of K. Co.
Siberian Draft than a hole in the
fence of the "Bull. Pen." This
worthy has a mania for keeping his
hand on his bayonet. Although the
Sergeant of the Guard was an all
round good fellow he refused to
fall for "Ralph's" request to be
relieved Guard Duty on account of
nervous prostration during the
hours between 10 o'clock and 12
midnight.

"T. L. B."

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.



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pay highest prices.

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THIS BLOODY BLOOMIN' WAR.

By Sapper H. J. Linney.

It's such a bally bore, to have to go to war—
I'd rather stay at home and have some fun;
I don't mind getting shot,
But it seems like bally rot,
To carry round this beastly heavy gun.

It doesn't seem quite right, this bloody bloomin' fight,
And its always beastly muddy on the Somme;
I miss my morning bath,
And the only time I laugh
Is when I see the bloomin' Germans run.

Of course we're going to win, but I'm getting awfully thin,
And my mustache, it will never look the same;
Though I killed six men last night,
I really hate to fight,
For I miss my bloomin' eye glass and my cane.

All my brothers have been shot, no cousins have I got,
I'm the only one that's left that bears our name;
Though they married me alright,
Still I'm never home at night.
Oh! this war's a beastly nuisance just the same.

JOTTINGS.

Who is the Sapper in "A" Coy. who the day before he was promoted to Lance-Corporal, asked one of the older men in his tent, "What is a N.C.O. anyhow?"

Why is it that certain men, who are continually kicking on the Depot and everything connected with it, are made "Lance-jacks", while other more worthy men, who are endeavoring to maintain the esprit-de-corps of the Depot, are passed up?

Wonder where the cigars came from, which C.S.M. Evans passed round in Room 30, Wednesday morning. Maybe some poor soul was released unexpectedly from the clink.

Overheard in Line while receiving Pay Books:—

Officer:—"Your religion is—"
Recruit:—"Congregational."
Officer:—"Is that Church of England or Presbyterian?"
Recruit:—"No, I come from 'Ireland', Sir."

Observer.

YPRES AT NIGHT.

(Written for "The Iodine Chronicle")

(Front Line Trenches).

Gaunt ruins, standing bleak and bare,
Departed is thy glory,
The night flares' intermittent glare,
Unfold thy bitter story.
Where all was life and busy toil
A few short months ago,
Now desolation reigns supreme,
And sad and bitter woe.

Yon gaping wall upon our right
Was once a stately hall,
An artist's joy, a builder's pride,
Supreme and stately, tall—
Whilst crumbling ruins close at hand,

Standing out gaunt and white,
Were once a sacred edifice,
Indeed a sorry sight.

"A deafening crash salutes the ear
That echoes far and wide;
"There's a sound of rending timbers
"And of falling brick beside.
"Old Fritz is getting busy on
"The poor old town to-night,
"He's just a-throwing off his chest
"His usual evening spite."

Within thy square, now desolate,
On toil and pleasure bent,
And through thy thronging busy streets

A care-free people went
Upon their daily task, without
A thought of war's alarms.
Alas! grim harvest of the war,
Departed are thy charms.

"What is that running 'cross the road,
"That black, uncanny thing?
"See! there's another one as well,
"What omen does it bring?
" 'Tis the old town's chief habitant—
"And vermin too at that!
"All living things have quit the town
"And left it to the Rat!"

Historic city of the past,
In days that are to be,
May glad and peaceful times in store

The future hold for thee.
From out thy ruins, bleak and bare,

May a new city rise,
With spires and turrets pointing up
Once more unto the skies.

R. O. S.

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DESCRIPTION OF BATTLE

Which Commenced August 8th,
1918.

(By A. W. Lee)

I am going to tell you all about this big advance of ours, and what it was like—that is the part that I myself went through,—others may give you quite a different experience, because they may have been on another sector up the line, but this will be as I saw it myself.

We all knew something big was to come off, although we knew very little of it until a few days before it came off, and the Sunday previous was the first day that we were absolutely sure we were going into something big, in fact expected to be in it almost the next day, anyway, a day or so after we were removed up to some reserve trenches a few kilos behind the front line, and here things were in hasty preparation, we could see for ourselves what an immense thing it was intended to be and what wonderful secrecy had been maintained. We were kept there a couple of days or so each night expecting to go up for the attack next morning, for we had received our full instructions. At last on the night of the 7th we had orders to pull up to the line for action, I think these orders relieved everyone for we all seemed to have been more or less in a state of tension during that two days, and when those orders came in they caused quite a bit of excitement all along our lines, and each man seemed extraordinarily pleased with himself; one would have thought we were going out on rest instead of into a big scrap.

The Brigadier passed down the line and asked the question, "Have you got everything you want, boys?" One voice was heard to say, "Yes, sir, everything but the Hun." About midnight, or a little before perhaps, we left for the sector of the line where we were to start off, on the way in we passed a bunch of Australians coming through the communication trenches, they knew our business of course, and greeted us with:—"Hello Canada, that you? good luck boys."

We got to the front line and in our places after moving around very stealthily in the early hours of the morning, August 8th. The barrage was timed for day-break and we had quite a little while to wait, but the time soon passed, and I was surprised when I heard the announcement "Ten minutes to go," which was a signal for fixing bayonets. Minute after minute

passed, then we heard "One minute to go". Every man was up on one knee ready for a spring, then all of a sudden the earth seemed to shake and give a lurch. Hundreds and hundreds of great guns together with the smash of hundreds of machine guns roared out with one terrific crash, and believe me no one who heard that mighty barrage will ever forget it, what a deafening roar it was. We waited just about a minute, then the order came "Alright boys" and over the top we went.

The morning was foggy, and that together with the bursting shells made it hard to see ahead. On we went until we struck the wire, which was very high, and quite a number got pretty well tangled up in it, but this obstacle was soon overcome, and away we went again. We covered the Hun front line, but there was nothing living here, but after a little more pressing forward we came to a stream running across "No man's land" (about twenty feet across) and for a few moments it was a question of stand and glare at it, but there was no time to lose, we had to get ahead, and in a minute we were wading through the water nearly to our waists, anyway wet clothes did not worry us that morning, and on we went again until we reached the town which was our battalion's objective, the Hun was holding on pretty tight with machine guns, firing through holes in the walls. Bombs were not to his liking however and his machine gun positions were soon smashed to pieces and those who manipulated them were either put out of business or taken prisoner. One cellar had a table in it all laid out with table-cloths and knives and forks ready for breakfast I suppose. That meal did not come off. We get through the town, and out on the other side of it just one hour after we had jumped the parapet. We had gained our objective, and at this point another battalion passed through us to "carry on".

It was quite daylight then, although the fog was still heavy. We had stopped in a wheat field with a road running along the side of it, and on the road was a German kitchen, which I guess they did not want to move. We sat down amongst the grain, most of it trodden down, and had something to eat, most of us making candle fires and getting hot tea or cocoa made. When we had finished our breakfast, we had orders to "dig in" immediately, and were soon right at it. Then batches of prisoners began to come back down the long road, and news kept reaching us that the Huns were still going. The

horse artillery had dashed up and were in action just to our rear, the Hun was throwing a few heavy shells in the wood beside us, and as long as we kept them there we did not mind. We were then (about noon) moved up into a wood just to our left and were told that we would likely spend the night there, so we set to work and put up bivouacs for ourselves. Later, a bunch of us went down to see our captured town, and to look around. I got into his quartermaster's store where I found a sack or two of black bread, I put my teeth into it, but decided it was not worth the time necessary to chew it; there were also lots of hard tack, and German uniforms, everything, and everywhere around showed what a hasty retreat the Hun had made. Packs were left all over the place, machine guns, trench mortars, etc., galore; lots of them did not get away and were lying dead all around everywhere, others were taken prisoners.

By sun-down the Y.M.C.A. had opened up a post in this town, always at hand, as usual, and before I turned in to sleep I went out on to the knoll and looked across towards the battle line, where Hun flares were just visible in the distance, and the stars seemed to spell victory.

The next morning after we had had breakfast we had orders to set out and follow up. As we passed up through the captured country we met many droves of German prisoners, and what pleased us immensely here and there were to be seen batteries of German guns turned around and used by our artillery men. By now we were under the enemy's fire again, and a little later set out to support another battalion ahead of us in the capture of a village. As we advanced in extended formation the French on our right were advancing the same way on another village, which we saw fall into their hands. About 6.0c. we reached a trench which was to be our stopping place for the night, where we had to be ready any minute for action.

The next morning, August 10th, we set out early to capture a ridge not far ahead of us. Our battalion headed the attack, the enemy had very little artillery, but what he had he used in shelling us as we approached in extended order. We used no artillery at all for support. The lines of trenches on this ridge we had to capture, they were loaded with machine guns and snipers, and had full play on us as we advanced up the open slope. It was a pretty hard fight, I can

tell you, boys were falling all around as we advanced, but bit by bit we pushed on and at last got into the trenches. Throughout the whole advance we were supported splendidly by numerous 'tanks'. The way these clean up machine gun emplacements is a 'shame'.

We had come about thirteen miles from our starting point and held on for two days. Others went ahead of us and advanced a little further. Then we came out of the line and so far have not been in again. It was a great and glorious victory, marshalled by a great General.

A REQUEST.

Will our friend "London" please call at any of our suites of offices and let us have a duplication of his laudatory remarks written in praise of a comrade and fellow roommate named White.

"K. and L."

GOOD LUCK.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying, as you sail across the sea; The best o' luck, in the parting, is the prayer you get from me. May you never meet a danger that you won't come safely thru, May you never meet a German that can get the best of you; Oh! A thousand things may happen when a fellow is at the front, A thousand different mishaps, but here's hoping that they won't.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying, as you turn away to go, Good luck and plenty of it, may it be your lot to know; You may never meet rough weather but remember if you do, That the folks at home are wishing that you'll all come safely thru, Oh! A thousand things may happen when a fellow bears the brunt Of his country's fight for glory, but I'm praying that they won't.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying as you're falling into line, May the splendor of your service bring you everything that's fine; May the fates deal kindly with you, may you never know distress, And may every task you tackle end triumphant with success. Oh! A thousand things may happen that with joy your life will fill, You may not get all the gladness, but I'm hoping that you will.

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"Flour is Ammunition—Don't Waste It."

THE RICH-A-LOO.

'Twas there I met my Waterloo.
On the swamp banks of the
Rich-a-loo.

The maid was fair, the night was
dark; and where we sat was
Laurier Park.

The moon came out in sudden
glory, and that is where begins
my story.

Like Sappers of old I told her my
love and there she sat cooing
like a turtle dove,

I kissed her once, I kissed her twice
and she agreed 'twas awful
nice,

My arms around her neck I twined
and told her things that lovers
bind.

To my surprise, when the moon
shone out, she jumped right
up and gave a shout.

Four drivers there as witnesses of
all my talk and loving kisses
And now before I go to war, breach
of promise I'm to be sued for.

Man needs riches to fight a suit.
A dollar ten per ain't worth a
hoot

So I'll marry the girl and see it
through. This girl I loved on
the Rich-a-loo.

Sapoleon.

THE WAIL OF THE CLASS 'C'
MAN.

By Spr. H. J. Linney

B. Company, No. 1 Platoon.

I'm a "C3" Man
And they'll keep me here
Till the bloomin' war is over;
I enlisted alright,
For I wanted to fight—
Not live like a pig in clover;
I left me 'ome,
An' the missus and kids
Down in the U. S. A.
The recruiting Sergt.
He says to me
"Join up my boy"
An' they put me in "C",
So 'eres where I'll bloody well stay.
I don't mind sleepin' eight in a
tent,

I don't mind me mornin' shave;
The stew an' the tea
Will agree with me,
But this is what makes me rave.
I've always been a 'ealthy man,
Never stayed out at night,
Although I'm nearly fifty-one
I'm not too old to fight.
My brother Bill and Jim and Mack,
'Ave all gone over-sea
At the bloomin' 'uns they'll get a
crack,

But no such luck for me;
I'll 'ave to stay 'ere,
A drinkin' beer,
'Till the Kaiser's in the can;
Then, back to me wife,
An' civilian life,
Only a class "C" man!

SMILES.

A Bad Wound.

Vicar: "They tell me that your
heroic son was wounded in the last
campaign, Mrs. Briggs."

Mrs. B.: "Quite likely, sir. I
knew it was somewhere round about
the stummick, but they never do
give you any details."

The Colonel's Baggage.

"Jones," said the colonel to his
batman, "have you seen my bag-
gage?"

"Yes, sir," said Jones promptly.
"She's just round the corner talk-
ing to the captain."

Overheard at Aldershot.

Tommy: "Does yer love me?"

Girl: "Blowed if I know."

A pause.

Tommy: "Giss a kiss, gal."

Girl: "Help yerself, you lazy
lout!"

Then he helped himself.

A Form of Grace.

He was a very, very modest sub.,
and to his great horror was called
upon to say grace at his first din-
ner at the old-fashioned country
house party.

He quavered, shut his eyes fiercel-
ly, conjured up his nursery remi-
niscences, and just managed it:

"For what we're about to re-
ceive—er—thanks awf'ly."

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Dreams.

For days the company had lived
on bully and biscuits, and the
thoughts of more varied food
haunted them in their dreams.

"I say," said a Tommy to his
companion, "think you could eat
an egg?"

"Ra-ther!"

"Could you eat two eggs?"

"Two eggs!" meditated the
hungry one. "Blimey, I could eat
fourteen eggs and the blinking bird
wot made 'em!"

A Free Gift.

The patient was attending his
fifth medical board and was very
sick of the business, particularly as
he was diagnosed for something he
felt he hadn't got. He appeared
before the M.O., and the latter
stared at him.

M.O.: "What's the matter with
you, my man?"

Patient: "Valvular disease of
the heart, sir."

M.O.: "V.H.D. eh? and how on
earth did you get that?"

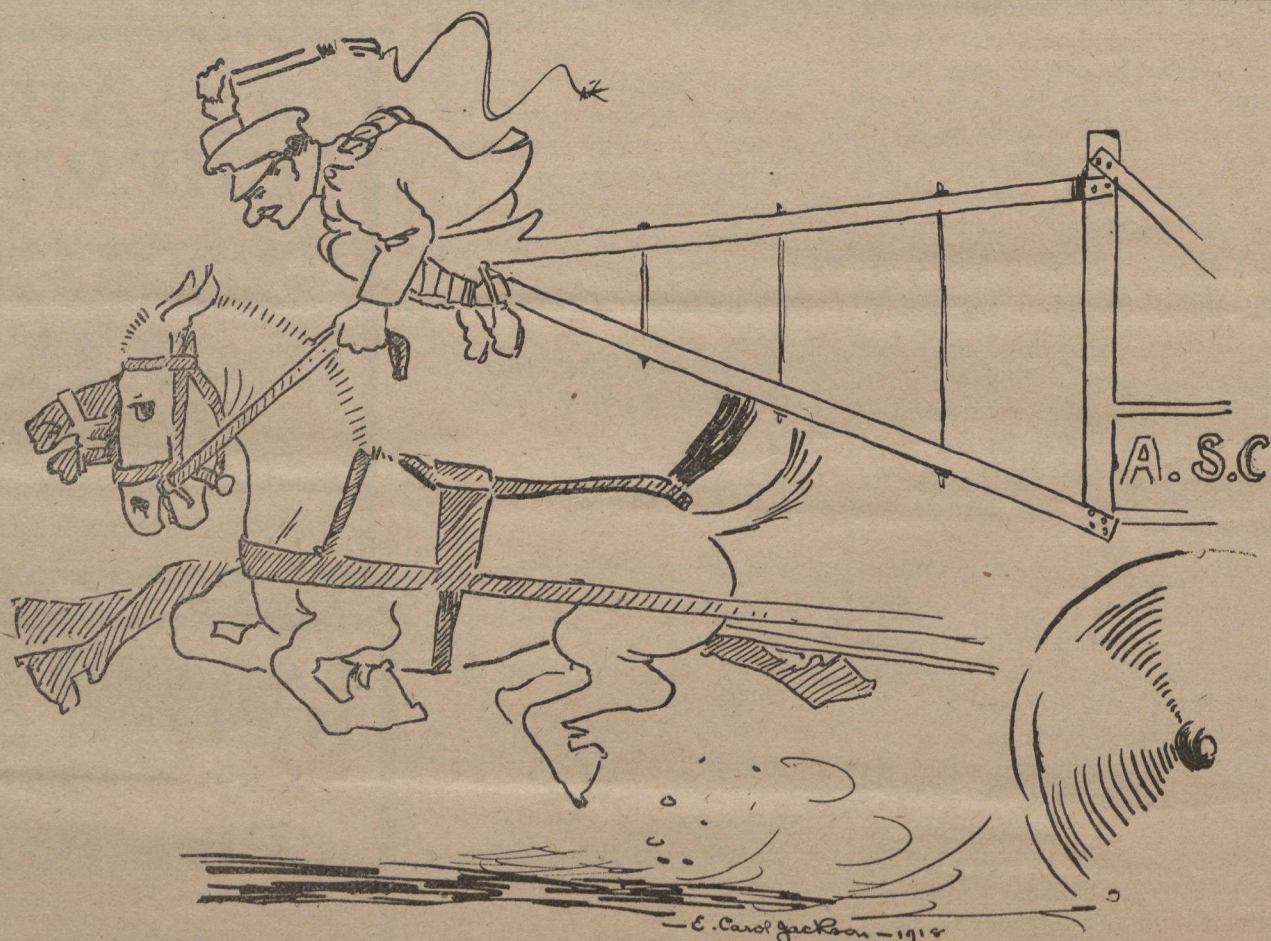
Patient: "It was given to me by
the last medical board, sir."

The Ways of Telephonists.

A telephonist—who was rather
deaf and shouldn't have been a
telephonist at all—was doing duty
at headquarters. An urgent mes-
sage came through the line, and
after lots of "What's that?" and
"Eh?" he got it down. The origi-
nal message was "Send reinforce-
ments—I am going to advance."

It reach headquarters as "Send
three and fourpence—I am going
to a dance."

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.



We understand that the new establishment at St. Johns calls for—Short rein drivers.
This is our conception of the term.

FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE.

(Continued from page 2)

England called from India more than three-quarters of her British troops and more than a half of her native army. The Nizam of Hyderabad placed £400,000 and his regiment at the disposal of the King-Emperor, the Maharajah of Mysore a third of a million pounds, the Gaekwar of Baroda the whole resources of his State. Maharajahs rivalled one another throughout India in their help; while the Aga Khan, the spiritual head of eighty million Moslems, issued a direction to those millions to serve the Empire, and then volunteered to serve as an infantry private in the Indian Expeditionary Force. And there are few pictures in history like that of Sir Pertab Singh, the aged chivalrous Indian prince-warrior, who had sworn that he would not die in his bed, riding through France at the head of his men. From the "steel-wire" Ghurkhas and from virile Sikhs, from independent border States like Chitral, Nepal, Bhutan and even from Thibet offers came pouring in upon the Viceroy.

The offerings of India was first hailed with pelting roses at Versailles, and was sealed in blood when the Indian troops captured Neuve Chapelle. From that day to this in Gallipoli and Salonika, in Palestine, Mesopotamia and in Africa, India has given of its best in the strange war of the sahibs across the "black water".

Future Empire Bond.

Such a superb epic of spontaneous loyalty, offering its all for the defence of such a heritage, calls for a statesmanship for the future that will lift its conceptions of Empire to the level of the opportunity. In so far as the event has eclipsed our wildest hopes of what the Empire might do, our thought for its future should surpass the conceptions of its past.

Purged by the fire and annealed by the discipline of the War, the Empire is called to realise a deeper freedom within itself, and to help to confer a wider liberty on the world. When our Imperial power endeavoured to quench freedom in America, America smote us back and broke from us—and we learned our first great lesson. To-day, America has joined us once more to help to establish that democratic liberty in all the earth.

When freedom rose again in Africa after the great Boer War,

we made a daring experiment in liberty, a precedent that grows the greater as its consequences reveal themselves in history. For, when the history of the War and of the Empire are retold a thousand years hence in the perspective of history, there will be no more arresting or significant figures in the story than those of General Botha and General Smuts.

New organisation will be needed to meet these new needs and prepare for the building of a still stronger Empire. Imperial Conferences will regularly discuss the principles governing the foreign policy of the Empire. The new strands of union will reveal themselves in the warp and woof of government. But behind and beneath the organisation, creating it and therefore more important than it, is the spirit, the temper that the constituents of the Empire bring to it. And the loftiness and strength of that spirit will grow with the growth of our educated free democracies—and will grow in the measure of the qualities that have called its members into the War, i.e., in the measure of its equal justice, of its fidelity to the given word, and of its peoples' knowledge of liberty.

The call of such an Empire today, in the face of our new experience of unity, is not so much to imitate as to initiate, not to follow precedents, but make them; not to ride easily in the track of the pioneers, but to share their venturesome spirit and go beyond them. For we start where they left off. Their foundations are superb; we should disappoint them if we built no greater than they had dreamed.

It may be a distant dream. Yet it is held more fully now than ever in history; and the War by breaking up the past, revealing the possibilities of the future, and by releasing vast spiritual resources, has made it the one object to which men can worthily devote their time and talent.

(To be continued)

SOME UNIFORM.

The well known Ralph of K. Co. Siberian Draft, has been transferred to the Mounted Section because he has a terrific liking for Riding Breeches. We sympathize with said "Ralph Aldridge" if he will only use "Goblin Soap" instead of "Silvo" on his hands and stop that vulgar habit of drinking Ginger Ale and coming home so jolly.

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SPORTS.

OFFICERS VS. SERGEANTS.

What promised to be an interesting "exhibition" of baseball between the Officers and Sergeants of the Depot, was unceremoniously cut short Monday evening by the cruel machinations of Jupiter Pluvius at the end of the first half of the third inning, with the score 6-5 in favor of the Sergeants. But in the short time that the game was in progress, it was sufficient to develop the fact that there are some embryonic Cobbs, Wagners and Mathewsons, among the ranks of those of the "higher command", both commissioned and non-commissioned. Among the latter the shining satellite was C.S.M. York, who cavorted in the right pasture for the brilliant galaxy of talent, representing the Sergeants. Three times was the elusive sphere driven into the territory guarded by the gallant C.S.M. and each time C.S.M. York used every trick and device known in baseballdom, to check the flight of the speeding ball. Hands, feet and other parts of the anatomy were freely offered as a willing sacrifice, but all to no avail, and sad to relate, three errors were charged against his record. The only time that he was at the bat, Capt. Fellows had evidently been warned of his prowess with the stick, and the redoubtable slugger was given free transportation to the first station. The officers scored two runs in the first inning, and the sergeants four; Emmett knocked a home run into the road, scoring two men ahead of him. In the second inning the officers failed to score while the sergeants pushed two more runs over in the plate. In the first half of the third, the officers almost tied the score, scoring three runs.

The heavy rain forced an abandonment of hostilities.

Play by inning:—

First.—Capt. Mutch struck out; Capt. Fellows gave C.S.M. York the first chance to distinguish himself as a fielder, and when the latter was unable to stop the ball, even with his feet, the Capt. reached third base; Lieut. Horsey drove the ball to S.S. Sutcliffe who held lovingly to it, while Capt. Fellows crossed the plate and Lieut. Horsey reached first in safety; the Lieut. proceeded to steal second, and when Catcher Watlin attempted to throw the ball into the guard room, came all the way home; Lieut. was passed and immediately stole second; Lieut. Mitchell followed the example of the illustrious Chap-

lain, and fanned; Pitcher Vrooman then lost the location of the plate, and walked Lieut. Griffith and Major Powell in succession; but finished the inning by fanning Lieut. Tubman.

Catcher Watlin went out. Lieut. Horsey unassisted; Pitcher Vrooman singled past the S. S. and took second on a passed ball; Sgt. Sutcliffe with all the grace of an "old timer" dropped a Texas Leaguer over the short stop's head; both scored when Sgt. Emmett slammed the ball over the wire fence into the road; Sgt. Johnston doubled, and crossed the plate when Lieut. Mitchell after stopping Sgt. Lang's hit, made a poor throw to first base; C.S.M. York was refused a permit to hit the ball, and passed to first; Sgt. Lewis forced Sgt. Lang at third.

Second.—Lieut. Smith was given a base on balls; Chaplain Mutch smote the ball with all his might over the first baseman's head. When C.S.M. York saw that he could not catch the ball with his hands, he tried to stop it with his number nines, the runner reaching second, during the performance; Capt. Fellows popped to the pitcher, who threw third, doubling up Lieut. Smith; Sgt. Johnston caught Lieut. Horsey's line drive.

Sgt. Watlin singled over second base, stole second and third, and scored when the third baseman dropped the catcher's throw; Sgt. Vrooman also singled and stole second and third, the back arm motion of Capt. Fellows, giving the runners a big lead; Sgt. Sutcliffe was unable to connect with the sphere, and fanned; Lieut. Griffith made a pretty catch of Emmett's difficult pop fly back of third base; Catcher Mutch allowed one of Capt. Fellows fast balls to get past him, Sgt. Vrooman scoring; Sgt. Horrocks thought that his stick was a cricket bat, and struck out.

Third.—Lieut. Trow struck out, Catcher Watlin dropped the third strike; he then took his time and threw the ball easily to first baseman Johnston, who just as easily dropped it, and before he had recovered it, the runner was perched on second base; from where he scored on Lieut. Mitchell's double; Lieut. Griffith failed to live up to expectations, and fanned; C.S.M. York lived up to expectations and dropped Major Powell's fly; Lieut. Tubman's glasses were dimmed by the blinding speed of Pitcher Vrooman and he struck out; on Lieut. Smith's double, both Lieut. Griffith (running for Lieut. Mitchell) and Major Powell scored; Catcher Watlin copped Capt. Mutch's foul fly.



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