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PATRIOTISM

By Bernard Rose

How one's blood is stirred when, what is known as the National Anthem, is played or sung at any gathering of men or women who proudly lay claim to a nationality which to them embodies all that is good in their fellow citizens, institutions and country.

Go where he will, the Englishman, Scotchman, Welshman and loyal resident of Ireland, no matter how phlegmatic he be, gives vent to his emotions when the familiar tune or hymn is sung which recalls the land of his birth or ancestors.

Patriotism is something sacred. It incarnates the noblest ideals in man. It is a crystallization of that sentiment that makes the loyal citizen ready to sacrifice himself for the land which claims his allegiance.

No matter how cosmopolitan one may be, there is, nevertheless, an instinctive feeling that the land to which we belong and which can call upon us to defend it, is the best of all lands. Pride of country is greater and more enduring than pride of birth. We can all share in the privileges and advantages of the liberties and institutions common to the country. Whereas, in the matter of birth it is some-

thing that is restricted to very few persons.

History has demonstrated that one will more readily give up life and all that we hold dear, to safeguard the common country than we would in order to preserve family distinctions or privileges.

Men are divided into races and nations. The word descent is often used in order to, as it is supposed, more properly define or describe one's origin. Descent is, however, of very little importance. It may be useful in connection with the anthropological and ethnological studies and investigations that are carried on by scientists in order to determine the peculiar characteristics of those belonging to particular lands or groups, but for all practical national purpose, is of hardly any importance.

Nationality is something that is different from descent or race. It can be acquired. One can awaken a love for a country in which he dwells which can be more powerful and self-denying than the passions roused in connection with matters racial. The Britisher loves the Old Country and though it may be difficult for him to give in concise language the reasons that

make him resentful if anything is said derogatory to the land of his birth, he nevertheless will not tolerate any aspersion upon the people that he claims as his kin.

Nationality is, however, dependent upon the measure of freedom which one enjoys while an inhabitant of the country of which one is a national or subject. Where conditions are such that opportunities are few, and oppression the lot of the majority, the value placed upon nationality is very small. It is only in countries that are termed democratic and where the people as a whole elect their rulers, that patriotic fervour burns with a fierce and glowing flame.

If the United States, made up

as it is of nationalities from all corners of the earth, has been successful in quickening the national homogeneity so essential to a successful geographical solidarity, it is due to its laws and the feeling of oneness that prevades the people of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The immigrant from European countries which do not enjoy the constitutional form of government, after residing in the United States for a few years and acquiring a knowledge of the English language, when he returns to the land of his fathers much more prosperous than he left it, boasts with a rather comical pride, of his being an American.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

Unflinching in her tender care
Beside the couch of pain
She stood amid the awful glare
Of the dread bomb's fiery rain
For God and mercy, true in life
A minist'ring Angel in the strife
Till numbered with the slain.

Oh, Hun! what answer can you give
For this, your awful toll
Of maimed who bravely strove to live
Nursed by this Spartan soul;
Know'st not that Christ will say to thee—
"As unto these, so unto Me!"
In that last trumpet roll.

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We may feel sure that if this immigrant enjoyed no greater opportunities in the land of Uncle Sam there were at his disposal in the country of his birth, he would not so aggressively proclaim himself a citizen of the land of the Stars and Stripes.

The Britisher is more reserved when declaring his nationality. He does not wish to be thought snobbish, although it occasionally happens that a conceited subject of His Majesty may wish others to regard him as possessing an importance to which he is not entitled, particularly when he makes claims that are calculated to make those whom he addresses angry at his conceit. Be that as it may, the Britisher has every cause to boast, with a due measure of pride, of all that his country and Empire have accomplished. He has every reason to congratulate himself upon being a member of that combination of democratic commonwealths that have led the world in the fight for liberty and democracy.

Englishmen from the days of Alfred onward, always resisted any attempted invasion of their country or overthrow of their institutions that would to any extent abridge that freedom which they regard as the birthright of all who were born in the King's dominions.

When the charter was wrested by the English barons from King John in 1215, it was merely another exhibition of that tenacity which is part and parcel of British institutions and so strong an element in the make-up and character of those who were born or subscribe allegiance to the kings and queens of England.

Love of country is very strong with the Britisher. Whenever the Empire or any part of it is in danger, it becomes a dominating passion. There is no hesitation shown when the call goes forth to rally to the King's standard. His subjects and liege men instantly answer the summons, and standing erect, conscious of the greatness of their country and its historical grandeur, are ready to do and die in order that it may continue to win that glory in which all Britishers share equally.

One of the noblest lessons in patriotism that the world has ever chronicled, was given on the fateful day when the Empire took up the brutal challenge thrown down by the Teutonic tyrants. Young men and old men; rich and poor; pro-

fessor and pupil; employer and employed sank their common differences and merged their identity in one mighty and historic mass that girded its loins to meet the terrible Hun onslaughts.

There was no necessity of asking why? They felt that everything for which their fathers before them had laboured and died was at stake. That the mighty fabric over which one flag flies and upon which the sun never sets, was in danger of destruction by those to whom liberty and democracy are anathema. England, the little Island in the ocean, was in peril. It was in danger of invasion. Its people might have known the horrors of having German mass murderers in their midst, British women might have been violated. British children would have suffered from the excesses indulged in by fiends in human form who chop off the limbs of innocent little children.

For a thousand years the soil of Great Britain has been inviolate. Better that every inhabitant of the United Kingdom perish by the sword than allow the fair land to be desecrated by the barbarous Hun.

What was most striking and pleasing in connection with the incident of the war, was the patriotic spontaneity of not only the British born subject, but those who coming from foreign lands, even those with which we were at war, gladly took up arms and in thousands of cases gave up their lives.

To the foreign born British subject who appreciated all that the Empire did for him, origin and descent was of no consequence. The land in which he lived and which had been so kind to him was the only land which he was ready to defend at the expense of life itself.

True, there were traitors. Men who did not take advantage of the opportunity by re-paying with that expected loyalty the kindness and hospitality that a generous country gave them. These have, no doubt, repented and will suffer for their deeds and be treated with the very scant consideration they deserve.

The men who placed country before aught else are the men who can really be called Empire sons. They will in future shape its destinies. They will bequeath to their descendants the memory of deeds wrought that verily saved the world.

The potency of atmosphere and

environment undoubtedly generates powerful feelings that so strongly influence one's conduct and outlook which the luke-warm citizen, native or naturalized, cannot understand. For all patriotic purposes the unpatriotic pacifist who is ready to see his country perish rather than repudiate his shallow based principles of internationalism, is a greater danger to the land whose citizenship and birth he claims than the loyal naturalized citizen. The latter has given up the land of his birth or former allegiance and must, if at all grateful, recognize the land of his adoption as the only country which has any claims upon him.

Recent events will, no doubt, necessitate certain legislative changes in the matter of conferring citizenship. In several instances, acquired rights of nationality have been shamefully abused. Traitors of this kind will receive their just deserts. It is not so much with the naturalized that we are concerned and the love of country to which he may give utterance, as the patriotism of those who, while not enjoying all the advantages that makes life pleasant, were every bit as ready to meet and vanquish the enemy as their fellow citizens to whom fortune had been kind.

Notwithstanding all that is now being said concerning the forming of a league of nations; in spite of all the articles written and codes drafted whereby disputes may be settled amicably, mankind has not yet undergone that moral transformation that will make wars a thing of the past. Men's passions are stronger than ever. Countries like individuals will still continue to resent insults directed at their dignity or honour. Alliances may be entered into for the purpose of maintaining peaceful relations. Nevertheless, defensive measures will still be necessary. Nations like men will have to trust to themselves. They will have to be self-reliant and be prepared for any emergency that arises.

It is in order to cope with such emergencies that the pride of nationality or national patriotism must be always kept at white heat. It must glow with a sincerity that will brook no taunt. That will make one ready, as our brave and noble Britishers were, to offer life if need be, in order to serve our country. We have come through the fiery furnace. As long as history will record what men have done, will the immortal exploits of

the brave men of our Island Empire continue to enthuse the noble and generous of future generations. The thousands who have died are the seed that will for ages hence nourish the beautiful flower of patriotism, the perfume of which sends the blood coursing through one's veins as nothing else can.

Let us lose no opportunity of teaching and preaching patriotism. It is a religion as well as a duty. It is the giving of one's life for another. It is, as one of England's young poets said: "Who lives if England dies?" Life would not be worth living with a subjugated or defeated empire. Britishers all over the world would have held their heads in shame and life would have become a burden.

The splendid sacrifice of the ancestors of Britishers are still in full bloom. The spirit of Drake, Raleigh, Nelson, Wellington, and all the heroes who have made England's name great, is still the spirit of a conquering people. If the gods of war favour Britain as no other country has been favoured, it is because the British people understand the blessings of liberty. They have been ever willing, in spite of all their detractors may say, to recognize the principle of democracy and the duty that the strong owe to the weak. Britain has never abused its position, although its statesmen have made mistakes, some of them quite serious. But the British people have always held true to their ideals. They have been generous in recognizing merit, no matter who the possessor. Several races have they taught to govern in accordance with the best constitutional practice. Tyrants they have never sympathized with. They have adhered to those traditions that teach the Britisher that to strike below the belt is fighting foul. And that to strike a man when he is down is cowardice for which nothing can atone.

The combination of qualities that the geographical position and institutions of England have generated can be explained in a passage which I quote from the article written by D. H. Lawrence and published in the November 1918 issue of the "English Review".

In trying to explain this phenomena he states: "There is, no doubt, some peculiar potentiality attaching to every distinct region of the earth's surface over and

above the indisputable facts of climate, and geological condition. There is some subtle magnetic or vital influence inherent in every specific locality and it is this influence which keeps the inhabitant stable. Thus race is ultimately as much a question of place as of heredity. It is the Island of Great Britain which has really determined the English race, the genius of place has made us one people."

In other words, we are what we are because we were born in the Island of Great Britain or so strongly attached to its institutions although born outside of it, that we are fundamentally different from other peoples and determined to cherish our traditions and institutions against the world.

2717105 GRIER WILLIAM SPR.

The undermentioned Articles are the contents of the above Sapper who has this day been admitted to Military Hospital. Handed in by Lance Corporal Glenn.

- 3 Blankets
- 1 Greatecoat
- 1 Snake Belt
- 1 Pair of Suspenders
- 1 pair of Reg. Boots
- 1 woolen undershirt
- 1 pair of drawers
- 1 fatigue shirt
- 3 pairs of Socks
- 2 Towels
- 1 pair of P. T. Shoes
- 1 Woolen O. D. Shirt
- 1 pair of Fatigue Pants
- 1 issue Razor and Case
- 1 Shaving Brush issue
- 2 testaments
- 1 Housewife complete issue
- 1 Holdall issue.
- 1 Shoe Brush issue
- 1 leather wristlet **only**. No watch
- 1 Mit issue (not pair)
- 1 briar Pipe in case
- 1 soap box
- 1 mirror
- 2 Kit Bags issue
- 1 Serge Tunic with ornaments complete
- 1 Cap with badge complete
- Miscellaneous shin

Received by.....1:1:19.
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HE DIDN'T.

Archie:—"Will you call for help if I attempt to kiss you?"
Clarissa:—"Yes, if necessary; but I don't see why a big, strong man like you should require any help."

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DREAMS.

It is usual at the commencement of a new year to make resolutions, some wise, some other wise. The good business man recapitulates his work during the year that is past, tries to locate any leakage, reviews the mistakes and resolves to make amendment, by attention to details he corrects the errors of the past and sets his house in order for the coming year. He must of necessity be an idealist, because he has the ideal of success in his business enterprises constantly before his eyes, and he lays a foundation, sufficiently substantive, so that his ideal may be realised, and works steadily with that object in view, doubtless he meets many rebuffs and is often discouraged, but he keeps his ideal ever before him, and toils onward, and upward, he dreams, dreams, then some day he will be the controlling factor of his particular industry, in his city or country. And he visualises the day when he will be the acclaimed Napoleon of commerce in his district, and because he matures his plans and studies his plan of action, success eventually crowns his effort.

The dreams that nations dream, as well as those of individuals, must have a solid basis under them if they are to be realized. Germany dreamed a dream of world dominion, founded on might, which providentially was frustrated. Other nations are now dreaming dreams, and seeing visions, dreaming of freedom of the seas and a league of nations, and making all sorts of good resolutions, for the preserving of international amity, visions of swords being beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and the great Leviathan of War being turned into golden argosies, laden with the good things of earth, instead of instruments of death and destruction. These dreams and visions are wholesome, let us hope that out of the dreams and visions something tangible will result, but like the good business man we must reckon up the pros and cons. We find it very necessary, even in the most peaceful times, to maintain a police force, because we are not living in Utopia, "where all men's good is each man's rule," and thieves do occasionally break in and steal, and the evil doer is not banished from the land. Just imagine the state of Montreal without a police force (we had a little sample a few weeks back), all restraint taken away, the thug burglar and sneak thief would have a merry time, and the honest citizen would begin to imagine that life was not worth living, but the presence of the police force restrains the evildoers. The Navy is in exactly the same position to the Empire and the world at large, as the police force is to the town or city. They keep the seas safe for all nations and have been a terror to the evildoers who in the past have gone down to the sea in ships, and the freedom of the seas cannot be left in better or safer hands than that of the Britain Jack Tar, silent, vigilant and just, from year to year he has

carried on his work and business, and commerce has flourished under his fostering care. What better freedom can we have?

That the nations should band together to do away with armaments is something that we all can heartily subscribe to, no one who has seen war in all its grim, stark, horror, desires that war should be perpetuated, but at the same time nations are just like individuals and are prone to disagree. The soldier is there like the policeman (who preserves the peace in the city) to preserve the peace between the nations. If we can restrain the size of this national police force within measurable grounds, by mutual agreement between the nations, so much the better. Our ideal is the diminution of huge armies and the eventual diminution of war, but don't let us go to the opposite extreme and do away with our national police, i.e., soldiers, because we are not living in Utopia, and nations still fall out. If we leave ourselves defenceless, and trust to our idealists, we are lost. Let us work by all means towards high ideals, but don't let us mistake the shadow for the substance.

CHIRPINGS FROM THE CLUB

(To the tune of "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm").

Oh there was a young major and his name was Bob,
A first class man at any old job,
He played the soINETTE in a manner full of charm,
And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm.

There was eke a jolly captain and they called him Bill,
At relating jokes and anecdotes he was some "pill",
He could sling more "bull" than any man on the farm,
And another, etc., etc.

Then we have a wizard of finance who's known as "Priceless Pet",
When the time comes for the "ghost to walk" he hasn't failed us yet,
Though his trip to Good Toronto filled us with a vague alarm,
For the soft drinks that are sold there might have done him lots of harm.

Next appears a little captain and he has a winning smile,
The girls all say that he makes life worth while,
When they whirl through the giddy dance encircled by his arm,
And another, etc., etc.

Charles LaPrairie is another who appears upon the list,
We wouldn't like to say how many girls that he has kissed,
Yet beneath the merry mistletoe osculation has its charm,
So another, etc., etc.

While we're still upon this subject we must not forget our Fred,
Who considers it a waste of time to ever go to bed,
When he fights that duel with Brother Bob we'd have you understand,
He'll appear dressed for the foray with a sabre in each hand.

Last, Alphonse Trudeau or Waterhole is a winner with the girls,
He likes them with dark raven locks, he likes them with blonde curls,
When he takes them out to dinner he will spin some loving yarn,
And another, etc., etc.

Observer.

**THE CANADIAN SOLDIER,
GERMAN SOCIALISTS,
THEIR PROFESSIONS
AND CONDUCT, AND
THE WORKERS
OF THE
EMPIRE**

By
Bernard Rose

In the several continental countries where revolutionary propagandists are seeking to obtain control of the reins of the government, in order to institute an economic and industrial regime based upon hideous misconceptions of the relations of men to each other as individuals, and the reciprocal duties of the citizen and the state, it will be noticed, that the leaders curry favour with the soldiers.

Though they deplored the use of force when their weakness did not permit the achieving of any success. Though they insulted the soldier by calling him the hired assassin of tyrants and plutocrats, they are very anxious to avail themselves of his skill, training, and arms, when it is necessary to carry out their objects of intimidate their opponents.

Like all men who are influenced by primitive instincts, their first thought is of resorting to force. They know by experience that no amount of persuasion or eloquence can have as much effect upon the multitude or units which compose it, as a row of bristling bayonets at the end of rifles which can be used with such instantaneous effect by men trained to the use of arms and who instinctively obey the commands given by one whom they regard as their superior.

In the last analysis, whether it be to organize society, maintain it, or destroy it, force must be used. Men and women are restrained by the fear which visible force in the person of the soldier and armed policeman embody. Society, in delegating part of its authority to maintain internal peace or safeguard its territory, to the policeman and the soldier admits that without force all is destruction and chaos.

When the Russian revolutionary socialists inaugurated their campaign to overthrow the Czar, they first obtained the adhesion of several well known regiments. The defection of these battalions influenced the conduct of other military units, and within a short period discipline was no longer en-

forced and those who were prepared to remain loyal to the reigning house were in so decided a minority that any opposition on their part would have been useless and simply cause their own deaths.

Even when the Kerensky regime was supplanted by the Bolsheviks, the latter still appealed to the uniformed proletariat. Soldiers' and workmen's councils were formed. The members of these councils were led to believe that they represented the great mass of their fellow citizens and those who formed part of the army were placed at the service of the new leaders in order to overawe and subdue the middle classes and aristocracy. The private soldier came into his own. He was no longer compelled to salute or obey his superior officers. He and those in the same class became a law unto themselves. They obeyed or disobeyed the commands or orders of the leaders as the spirit moved them.

They were no longer interested in the preservation of their common country. They were concerned solely with their own welfare and the promoting of that self-interest that characterizes the individual no longer restrained by laws and institutions which he is taught to respect and revere.

The justice claimed by the exploited proletariat in Russia, consists of treating those who formerly occupied positions of some importance with the utmost brutality, pitilessness and disdain. Socialism, the political economic superstition for which Karl Marx enjoys the distinction of being the modern pope, is now triumphant in the land of the former Czar. Class consciousness rules with a vengeance. Distinctions no longer exist. All men are masters. The worker enjoys the full fruits of his toil, no matter who pays or what obligations are repudiated, or the number that are despoiled of the property belonging to them, and in a great many cases, earned by their own efforts.

Opposition is punished instantly and capitally. The right of free speech, a free press, and a free assembly, is denied to all those who take exception to the administration now in charge of the so-called government.

The decrees of the Soviet are enforced at the bayonet's point. The soldiers' and workmen's council know that their existence and

FOLLOW ME TO GERMANY.

Follow me to Germany,
'Mid a good old British Victory.
Johnny get yourself a gun and fall in line,
You can help chase the Hun across the Rhine;
Pretty soon we will be in Berlin,
I got a sneaky feeling that we're going to win.
Hurry over, never fear, grab the Kaiser by the ear,
Take him for a souvenir
'Mid a British cheer,
Follow me to Germany and Victory.

continuance depends upon the obedience of their dupes and the weapons and ammunition which the latter have in their possession and can use when instructed.

The so-called socialist is the most infamous liar, hypocrite, scoundrel, and opportunist with which the world is afflicted. Nothing exemplifies this better than the attitude of the German Socialist Democratic Party immediately previous to and immediately subsequent to the outbreak of war. The honest and hard-working wage earners of all countries outside of Germany never contemplated a war of the magnitude that was started by the Kaiser and his disciples.

Labour leaders and friends of the toilers in Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and the United States, did not at any time think that the comrades who led the German proletariat would countenance by their votes and speeches a declaration of war on the part of the Teuton Junkers.

The world stood aghast on the fateful day when it was announced that war was declared. From the proletariat's standpoint the astonishment with which the news was received that the German masses concurred in the declaration of war, was so overwhelming that the organized wage workers were in a state of stupor for some days.

The professions made at several socialistic congresses by the wily Hun were found to be as worthless as the bond of the German Emperor in the matter of Belgium's neutrality.

The socialist party of Germany with its immense following could have stayed the war had it so desired. None knew better than its own chiefs the deceptions practised by the militaristic controlled press of the German Empire. Yet they permitted themselves to be influenced by it and gladly went to war, intoxicated with the feeling

that the German nation was invincible and would speedily conquer its enemies. Fortunately, we can now say, alas, for their hopes!

The German proletariat will now have to work and a goodly portion of what their labour produces will be consumed in paying off the indemnities that the peace conference must impose in deference to the wishes of the outraged, indignant, and suffering populations

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The exploited and deluded wage workers of Germany and Austria will now have time to reflect and if they reason as intelligent men should, they cannot come to any other conclusion, but that, of being betrayed not only by their oppressors and exploiters but those who acted as their spokesmen and claimed to be their champions.

No longer can the proletarian leaders in Germany who led the party previous to the war and for several years after it, be trusted to promote the welfare of the masses. They are imbued with the thirst for power every bit as strongly as those whom they have now overthrown.

The majority of the socialist leaders following the example of the Bolsheviks whom they derided, are cringing to the soldiers. To maintain the power that is slowly slipping from them, they are fulsome in the flattery which they lavish upon the defeated returning German legions.

The ignorant German soldier is being acclaimed by the sleek socialist leaders as the people's Saviour. He is called upon to save the Fatherland from its internal and external foes. The groups and factions opposing the majority socialists are leaving nothing undone to wean the soldier from his allegiance to the government. He is urged to cast in his lot with the soldiers' and workmen's council because it represents the proletariat undefiled by any Bourgeois taint.

At a loss to know which of these appeals are sincere or deserving of attention, he becomes the prey of easily awakened emotions and quickly stimulated appetites. To him all things are now alike. He is prepared to accept service with the one who pays the most. He has become a soldier of fortune. An adventurer seeking spoils in his own native land. For once in his life he is master of his own destiny.

We have learned that constitutionally governed countries we must expect that the germs of this plague will invade our shores. We are fortunate, however, in being better balanced and able to exercise greater self-control. The majority were never at any time oppressed or exploited to the same extent as made life so great a burden to the down-trodden in other lands. We can resist the effects of the propaganda which may be started and

developed in this part of the world.

Our desires we can satisfy by ordinary legislative means. Those whom we elect will do our bidding. The socialism that is now making headway is not the idealism taught by the early socialists. The Reds who are now aspiring to govern, advocate immediate confiscation, regardless of all the laws of economic organization, collective production, and equitable distribution.

Theirs is not to reason why. They take and break, be the consequences what they may. As for a progressive and wholesome improvement of the workers' position along lines of efficient and economical, voluntary, cooperative, production, distribution and consumption, that is beyond their comprehension.

It has already been pointed out that both in Russia and Germany, the Soviets and Socialists insidiously conspire to make the soldier subservient to their plans. The latter who, after all, is a citizen first having merely donned the uniform to safeguard the land in which he dwells and loves, must not permit himself to be influenced or intimidated by those who profess friendship for him. They are his enemies every bit as much as those whom he went over to fight and who he must meet in that civil struggle for existence that seems part and parcel of our lives.

In order to demonstrate how unreliable the German socialists and their congeners are, it is instructive to quote from a pamphlet issued some time after war was declared and compiled by Emile Royer under the title of "German Socialists and Belgium". The extracts contained in this pamphlet demonstrate as nothing else can, that the mentality of the German socialist and his record for keeping his plighted word, is no better than that of the former chancellors and masters who have been overthrown and repudiated by the German people.

In the preface of this pamphlet written by Emile Vandervelde who is himself a socialist of international reputation, he states: "We have gone through terrible trials in the past year, but none I venture to say, was more painful than that of seeing German social democracy, which we loved and admired and were accustomed to take as an example, turn against us, declare its complete adherence to our enemies and their side, without en-

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tering a single word of protest or regret, when the German armies fell upon Belgium in order to attack France the better."

What a splendid insight and understanding of German mentality and character is shown in the following declaration by the well known French anti-militarist Herve, when speaking before the Congress at Stuttgart which sat from August the 16th to the 24th, 1907. He said: "I love the German people with their placid benevolence. I admire your science, your organization, your great fighting men. But you are only an admirable mechanism for voting and collection of dues. You have no conception of revolution. You can go any distance in the clouds of speculation, but in the face of a government you shrink back into evasion. **Your attitude makes war possible, and if you march at the Kaiser's word, you will march, I must tell you, against revolutionary communes which will rise at the signal of war.**"

At the same gathering, another German comrade named Vollmar, said that his love of humanity did not hinder him from being a good German. He also remarked: "We are willing enough to march in step with our French comrades, but in regard to anti-militarism we can make no concessions. The idea of suppressing war by military strike or any such measure, seems to me as mad as the idea of suppressing capitalism by a general strike. **We ask you not to undermine the foundations upon which the existence of our Party rests.**"

What a confession of impotence and subordination to the military clique in Germany. Yet, these are the men and this the Party, that regards itself as the mouthpiece of the workers.

The war has exposed the falsity of their claims as the advocates and champions of working class emancipation. Vollmar and his gang were every bit as much the willing tools of militarism as the Kaiser and his disciples.

Was the following declaration drafted by a sub-committee of the same Congress adhered to by the German Socialist Party on the outbreak of war? "If a war threatens to break out, it is the duty of the working classes in the countries concerned and it is the duty of their representatives in parliament, with the help of the Bureau International, by means of co-ordinated

action, to use every effort to prevent war by all the means which appear to them most appropriate, means varying naturally, in accordance with the sharpness of the struggle between classes and with the general political situation."

This same convention declared that the existence of the international pre-supposed the existence of autonomous nationalities and that from this principle it followed as a necessary consequence that nations, like individuals, have the right to legitimate defence against invasion, aggression, or attack which might threaten their independence.

What did the socialist party in Germany at the outbreak of the war do towards re-affirming this principle, and protesting in an effective way against the invasion of Belgium, and the unprovoked aggression, which the German army committed in violating its neutrality and against which Vandervelde declaims with so much bitterness and logic.

The press has from time to time in its reports of doings in Germany, mentioned the name of Ledebour. This apostle of the Marxian religion, speaking at the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen in 1910 said: "We demand with equal insistence the autonomy of peoples and defend them against all war-like attack and all oppression. **This clause is proposed to our comrades because war is based mainly on economical causes though the great majority still believe that there are reasons of patriotism.**"

It is quite patent to the whole world that the only reason that the German socialist Party could give for the war which it favoured and supported, was its patriotic devotion to the Fatherland. Can men of such calibre be trusted? Can we decently refer to them as friends of humanity when they so enthusi-

astically cooperated with the autocratic and patriotic military defends of the Fatherland?

That they well knew what would happen if war was declared, is borne out by the speech of Haase another well-known German socialist and who we hear from quite frequently, who attended the Socialist Congress at Bale in 1912. Voicing his agreement with the manifesto which was submitted to the delegates he said: "If we do not succeed in preventing war, all the consequences will fall on the heads of those who contrive the slaughter which will be a slaughter unprecedented in the world in history. Whatever the governing classes do the final advantage will rest with the rising class, the social democracy to which the future belongs. So far as it depends upon us, this future will not rise from a sea of blood and atrocities. Consequently, in applying the resources and our political and industrial organizations allow us to employ, we shall use every effort to secure what we all wish to secure, that is to say, the peace of the world and our future."

Yes, the peace of the world will be secured, but by the sacrifice of more than one million splendid British lives which were given before Moloch was satiated. Yes, the peace of the world and its future is assured not because the German Socialist Party so willed it, but as a result of the heroic willingness and sacrifices made by the millions of noble men and women who gladly gave their lives in order to save that liberty which all free men cherish.

If the proletariat of the future will enjoy the blessings of peace and a prosperity based upon a just distribution of the fruits of their labour, we will be under no obligations to the leaders of the German Socialist Party who betrayed the working classes of the world by

BING! BANG! BING 'EM ON THE RHINE.

We'll bing! bang! bing 'em on the Rhine, boys,
We'll show the Kaiser, too, what a British bunch can do,
When we swing, swing, swing, thry their line, boys
We will shake 'em and we'll make 'em yelp! Help!
When they hear those guns go bing-a-ling,
This will be the British countersign.
They will soon know all about it,
Get together now and shout it,
Bing! bang!, bing! bang! bing 'em on the Rhine.

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their concurrence in all that was
done by the murderous militarists
of a maniac Kaiser.

Future generations of the pro-
letariat will reverence, if not wor-
ship, the millions of their own
class and station who went forth,
proud and defiant, to meet the
hosts that sought to overcome and
enslave mankind.

German socialism and the Ger-
man socialists of the Vollmar and
Haase and Ledebour class, are re-
sponsible for all the consequences
of the unprecedented slaughter to
which they referred. The sane and
sensible workingmen in Great Bri-
tain, the United States and Canada
will never follow in their footsteps.

We shall conserve our autonomy
and build our own future. The
men who labour will be guided and
governed by those whom they trust
and have tried and not found
wanting. They will not tolerate a
destructive Bolshevism that ghoul-
ishly leers while men, women and
children die of starvation. The
workingmen of the British Empire
will heed the counsels of those who,
when war was declared, knew what
was at stake and proudly pro-
claimed themselves Britishers and
ready to join hands with the em-
ployer, capitalist, professor and
others regarded as the superior
classes to overcome the menace to
their freedom, and when once this
was accomplished, with the same
willingness and enthusiasm set
about the work of reorganization
and reconstruction to the end that
from the blood and sacrifice so
freely spent should arise a better
world.

As Robert Blachford, one of the
Empire's most brilliant sons and
socialists said on August the 25th,
1914, faced as we were by the over-
whelming hordes of the Hun:
"There are no classes now, no
parties; we are all Britons united
for a common cause and in a com-
mon danger."

We must remain united in order
to promote the common cause, the
welfare of our country and that
grand Empire of which we are
sons.

SOME EXPERIENCE

Sergeant (bringing in a candi-
date):—"You wanted a young
man for the officer's mess, Sir?"

Officer:—"Yes, sergeant; has
he had any experience?"

Sergeant:—"Yes, sir. He was a
plate layer before he joined up."

DON'T TRY TO STEAL THE SWEETHEART OF A SOLDIER.

Don't try to steal the sweetheart of a soldier,
It's up to you to play a man's part;
Though he's over there and she's over here,
Still she's always in his heart,
They may not meet again to love each other,
Still he prays that he'll come back some day,
While he fights for you and me to protect our Liberty
Don't try to steal his girl away.

LIFE IN THE CAMP.

The orderly officer went an
extra round of the Camp to see that
all the sentries were at their post.
He came on one man lying fast
asleep on the ground, and wakened
him to a sense of the enormity of
his crime.

"Do you know that in actual
service you would be liable to be
shot for sleeping on duty?" he
said. "It's a thing no sentry
should do."

"But I'm not the sentry," said
the Swaddy. "I'm a prisoner!
The sentry took me in charge when
I was coming in without a pass."

"And where in the world is the
sentry then?" ask the astonished
officer.

"Oh, him!" rejoined the private,
indulging in imperfect remin-
iscences of the salute. "He's over
in the tent yonder playing hearts!"

A Loud Watch.

The naval officer always has his
retinue of admirers; there is some-
thing decidedly fascinating about
his bluff and hearty ways. How
the sweet young things like to
wander round his ship and ask a
million absurd questions. On one
occasion an officer had been show-
ing off his ship to a lady friend,
when suddenly the bell struck. He
turned to his friend and apolo-
getically remarked:

"I'd no idea it was so late, there
goes eight bells: I'm afraid it's
my watch below."

This dear lady certainly had no
knowledge of the seaman's method
of time-keeping, for she turned to
him and in a voice of great amaze-
ment exclaimed:

"Good gracious, just fancy your
watch striking so loud as that!"

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

"Some" Speed.

Things had been very quiet in
that part of the trench lately and
the two chums were "fed up".
They decided to have a little ex-
pedition on their own one night,
and, both being crack shots, hoped
for a "bag". They were going
cautiously along, when suddenly a
Hun bullet whizzed through the
air. Needless to say they both took
to their heels and ran; for a while
neither spoke, but at last, the
danger being over, Jack in a de-
cidedly scared voice managed to
whisper to his pal:

"Did you hear that bullet whizz
by?"

His friend was very emphatic.

"Ay—I did. Did you?"

"Sure, I heard it twice, one
when it went by me, and again
when I passed it."

Réveillé.

Against the blazoned Eastern sky
The bugle call is sounding,—
A day to live, a day to die,
A day with life abounding;
The quickened manhood in my
veins
Drives out all thought of former
pains.

At home, the prayers of child and
wife,
The love of maid and mother;
Out here, the glory and the strife
And brother linked with brother;
Out here, the hours so full and
fleet,
And duty's cup so bitter sweet.

O splendour of the rising sun
Across the dark earth pouring!
Above the roar of shell and gun,
My heart is madly soaring;
For every soldier good and true
Begins each day his life anew.

Canon Frederick George Scott,
C.M.G., D.S.O.,

Hon'y Lieut.—Col. Senior Chap-
lain 1st Division, Can. Corps.

NEW YEAR'S DAY DINNER.

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Proprietors City Hotel . .	3.00
Proprietors National Hotel per Messrs. Lord and Vigneux	2.00
F. Payette	2.00
Total	\$55.00

A Neat Report.

Jones in civilian life had occupied a good position in a well-known commercial house. When the war broke out he had enlisted in the ranks as a private, and after seeing much hard fighting was sent back to England as unfit for active service abroad. With a little help from well-connected friends, he secured a job at the War Office. It was nothing "big"—no red bands on his hat nor much guilt, but it suited Jones, who was rather weary. The one fly in the ointment was the contemptuous way in which he was treated by his superiors, most of whom had seen nothing of the war, and it got on his nerves to such an extent that he was obsessed with a desire to "tick them off". Fate allowed him to get a little of his own back one day, for he was summoned to the presence of his chief, and taken to task over the wording of a report. He was told:

"Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant can understand them."

This was Jones' opportunity. In tones of polite enquiry he asked:

"Well, sir, which part is it that you do not understand."

The Feminine Touch.

It was a regimental concert and ladies were invited. Needless to say, in spite of a varied and interesting programme, gossip and scandal were the order of the day. Two ladies were discussing the wife of a popular officer.

One of them, with her nose in

the air and the manners of Brixton, said:

"I don't care for that style of dress myself, and what a very vulgar woman she is."

Her friend was rather more cautious.

"I don't think you could call her vulgar—why, do you know her father was a general?"

The first lady was still unimpressed.

"Indeed, and so was her mother, I should say."

The Cautionary Word.

The wonderful powers of breath control and command of the English language possessed by the professional soldier is not sufficiently known to be appreciated by the average member of the British public. At one military establishment a sergeant was heard rolling forth in monotonous tones something like this:

"The squad will hattend church parade, which will be 'eld in the usual manner of the Church of England: that is to say, hin the usual manner hof the Hanglican Church huntil the words, "Hi believe," when you will stand to hattention, the words, "Hi believe," being merely a cautionary command."

The "Double" Life.

The quiet country town had just said good-bye to its soldier visitors. They were nice boys, and most people had enjoyed their enlivening influence upon the dull old town.

Two ardently patriotic ladies who had taken an interest in their "billets" and mothered and petted them, were talking together over tea.

One dear old soul said:

"Ah! he was a nice quiet boy, was Johnny; I expect he had a sweetheart waiting for him at home."

The other lady:

"Well, I thought he was quiet until I found that he has tea with me in the afternoon and takes my cook out in the evening."

After The Battle.

In a London Hospital a wounded Irish soldier was relating his extraordinary adventures to a party of lady visitors. After a vivid reconstruction of the fight in which he knocked out seventeen Huns

and a machine gun, "Wid me wan hand alone, bagob," he concluded, "an' that's the end of the story. The surgeons took me an' laid me for all as though I was clane dead in a ammunition waggon."

"Oh! but you don't mean an ammunition waggon, my good man; you mean an ambulance waggon," interrupted one of the fair visitors.

"Sorra a bit," he replied, sadly. "Shure, I was so filled with bullets they decided I ought to go in the ammunition waggon."

An Unusual Occurrence.

During the early days of the war two brothers were very keen on joining up together, but the difficulty was that Harry was nineteen years and two months and Herbert only just turned eighteen.

Being a well-built youth, Herbert decided to stretch his age a little.

They arrived at the recruiting office, and waited their turn, Herbert immediately behind Harry.

Harry entered, gave his correct age, and was accepted.

Herbert entered.

"Age?"

"Nineteen."

"When were you nineteen?"

"Er—Last week."

"H'm!" said the recruiting officer. "I suppose that's a relation of yours who's just gone out?"

"Yes, sir,—my brother."

"Your brother, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"My boy," said the officer kindly, "let me congratulate you; you've got a wonderful mother; yes, a truly remarkable mother!"

A Grim Jest.

It was a sweltering hot day at Gallipoli, and a squad of Anzaes were busy digging trenches. The gaunt looking fellows, working apart from the rest, had unearthed something and were standing looking at it reflectively. An officer who was near by walked up to see what it was that interested them so much. He was disgusted to find it was the body of a dead Turk.

"Bury that quickly," he said holding his nose. "Hurry up, or we'll have the whole camp down with fever."

One of the men looked at the officer queerly, and then said, in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Lumme, guv'nor, give me a bit of salt, and I'll eat the blighter!"

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remarkably good!—but,
er, they're so dashing-
ly smart, y' know!"

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WAR, SACRIFICE, AND THE DUTY OF THE LOYAL POPULATION TO IT- SELF AND THE MEN IN KHAKI

By
Bernard Rose

When the war klaxon sounded on August the 4th, 1914, men's hearts thrilled with grave misgivings and women's bosoms heaved with the emotions that are inspired by the thoughts of sacrifice, love, and duty.

We were then ignorant of the plans of the Huns. We could not conceive so devilish a plotting designed to overthrow civilization and inaugurate a reign of tyranny under the headship of William Hohenzollern, that would make all men in countries outside of the Teutonic Holy Land, the slaves of the lusts, ambitions, and appetites of the German nation, which in its individual and corporate capacity, thirsted for world power.

The brave sons of the Motherland, wherever the Empire's flag waved, rallied to the call. They waited not, but from the four corners of the earth they came with a willingness that has made the Empire what it is today, to offer their lives and services to their King and country.

Canada will for ages be able to boast with justifiable pride of the rapidity with which the First Contingent was organized and sent over to take its place alongside Britain's regular army that went to France and Flanders to do and die.

The members of the Canadian First Contingent were made, (to use a metaphor) of that tested steel that bends but never breaks. They were worthy comrades of the "Contemptibles" that have won for themselves a splendid immortality.

In the First Contingent were to be found men belonging to all walks of life. The professions, callings, and trades were represented. They were, however, bound together by one thought—the Empire's danger and its safety.

War, with the toll it takes of the brave and the generous, has left us comparatively few of the men who belonged to the First Contingent. They stand now in the front rank of the Dominion's heroes. What they accomplished will never be forgotten. Nor can the most burning verse and magnificent prose sufficiently endorse and praise all

GERMANY, YOU'LL SOON BE NO MAN'S LAND.

For the sound of children's tears
Will be ringing in your ears,
Even flowers in your land will cease to grow, and so
You will fall just as the proud have always fallen,
For the hand of God has willed it so.
You will live to see the day
When the world will turn away
And refuse to clasp your people by the hand, alone you'll
stand
Just a place of desolation,
You'll be scorned by ev'ry nation,
Germany, you'll soon be no man's land.

they did. Their deeds will live in the memories of their fellow citizens and be transmitted to generations still unborn.

Notwithstanding the belief when the First Contingent sailed that the war was a mere diversion which would be over before Christmas of that year, it dragged on for more than four years.

As numbers perished on the battlefields did the demands for additional men increase. Throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion patriotic citizens left farm, field, office, and factory, and donned khaki themselves, or if for reasons beyond their control they could not go where they wanted to in order to carry out their heart's promptings, they worked and spoke in order to induce those who were fit to answer the call.

The war has made Canada one of the world's nations. Its place on the map will easily be found. No more will it be regarded as a second Siberia housing a small population that must struggle with the elements in order to obtain a livelihood.

The men it sent forth to uphold its honour have done nobly and well. They have raised Canada's credit in the eyes of the world's peoples. Even the Hun has been taught to respect and fear the men from the land of the Maple Leaf. Canada's army proved itself a fighting one. Its men were dependable under any and all circumstances. They justified the confidence of their commander in chief as well as that of the chiefs of the Allied armies. In spite of the environment in which they lived, teaching as it does self-reliance and generating a spirit of independence, they were thoroughly disciplined without losing that initiative and shrewdness characteristic of men accustomed to rely

upon themselves.

During the period that voluntary recruiting was carried on, in order to make good the waste it suffered, those who counselled their fellow citizens to enlist, promised in the name of Canada's honour that nothing would be left undone by the people of this country to show their appreciation of the sacrifices made. These promises must be redeemed—and in no mean way.

The soldier that went from these shores was given a pledge that if he lived to return nothing that a grateful country could do for him would be omitted. He was likewise assured that if fate required the supreme sacrifice that those he left behind would be adequately cared for. That the widows and the orphans would want for nothing. That the sacrifice of the parent and husband would call for the immediate fulfillment of the obligation undertaken by the Government of this country.

It cannot be too often emphasized and repeated, that Canada owes its existence and safety and the prosperity which so many of its citizens have enjoyed during the past four and a half years and will continue to enjoy in the future, wholly to the citizen soldier who, instead of staying in this country and taking advantages of the opportunities that were presented to enrich himself, went over in order to share the discomforts and dangers of his comrades from Great Britain and other parts of the Empire. The men in khaki are the men of Canada. They are in the first rank of our proud citizenship. We must give them that respect that we owe all those whom we admire because of their sacrifice and heroism.

We must make this a country that it will be a privilege to belong to and reside in. We must not forget that to the same extent as

the Mother country is indebted to us for our participation in the great world conflict, are we indebted to it. The partnership must continue and the people of the Dominion and the Old Country share its fruits.

In order that they may, it is necessary—and but just, that the future of this country be safeguarded and fashioned by the majority of the men and women who are loyally British and whose hearts beat as one. They constitute the most valuable asset that this country possesses. From their loins will spring those generations of Britishers who will maintain those traditions that have made the Empire what it is today. Legal discriminations must be exercised in their favour. There cannot be for many decades that political equality that would otherwise exist if the peace had not been broken.

From many forums was heard the slogan that only those who are willing to die to save our common heritage are fit and entitled to govern it. The slimy, sneaky Hun will undoubtedly endeavour to penetrate into the homes and councils of the Allied nations. He will smirk and fawn upon those who are now his conquerors and whom he detests with a vindictiveness terrible to behold when seen in its nakedness.

We must beware of him! He is still, and will be for some time, a danger to our peace of mind and a threat to our future. He must be watched and constantly warned. No half measures will suffice. He must be told in very positive language that the government that will rule this country will be chosen by the men and women who fought and downed the Hun. That he cannot be trusted with or given the rights and privileges of fellow citizenship until his mind and that of his immediate descendants will be thoroughly sterilized and purged of the Teutonic superstition that induced the belief of Hun superiority and its mission to dominate the world.

Nor must we tolerate for an instant the securing of place or power by the destructive elements that hitherto suppressed, are now coming out into the open. The Sinn Feiner and the Bolshevik will, by the means peculiar to themselves, do their utmost to disrupt society. They expect success if they can bring about an era of disorganization and demoraliza-

tion; then, like the vultures of the desert, their unclean claws steeped in the blood of their fellow citizens, will fasten upon the remains of the societies and communities which they destroyed.

The disloyal and unpatriotic element that brazenly refused to assist in sending reinforcements or helping the land of its birth, should be taught a well deserved lesson. The difference between it and the Bolshevik is one of degree but not of kind. The disloyal and unpatriotic citizen who refused to defend the land of his birth, the laws of which protect his wife and children, mother and sisters, should not be included or permitted to exercise the same political power as the men and women who did assist in the defence of their common country.

The unscrupulous politician will seek to secure the support of those belonging to the degraded elements above mentioned. To him it matters not whether those whose votes he gets did or did not do their duty. To him place and power are of more importance than patriotism and Empire. He will go to any lengths to get converts. He will make any and all promises that an opportunist thinks is calculated to win him the suffrage of those who make and unmake governments. If the citizens making up the population of this country, whether they were privileged to wear khaki or assist in the ways they did to help secure victory, will stand together and place on record their unflinching determination to aid the men who did all that was required and more, we must rest content knowing that the best and bravest of our citizenship will "never let the old flag fall".

RELATIVE DISTANCE

Allotment Officer: — "Who is your closest relative?"

Kentucky Rookie:—"My aunt."

"To whom do you wish this money sent?"

"My mother."

"Why I thought your aunt was your closest relative?"

"She is, you see, I'm a fisherman and Aunt Maggie lives by the river and Ma lives way up on the hill."

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So long my dear old lady, don't you cry,
Just kiss your grown up baby boy, good-bye;
Somewhere in France I'll be dreaming of you,
You and your dear eyes of blue.
Come let me see you smile before we part,
I'll throw a kiss to cheer your dear old heart,
Dry the tear in your eye, don't you sigh, don't you cry
So long, Mother, kiss your boy, good-bye.

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BRITAIN DAY, DECEMBER 7

A Tribute :: By Nixon Waterman

Glad hail to you, Brave Britain! In God-like grace still stands
The splendid strength of pride that runs through all your far-flung lands.
From out your skies, from all your seas, is swept your every foe,
And in her heart America thanks God these things are so.

O Britain! Through the war-swept years your fleet patrolled the sea,
We felt the arm that made us strong, the truth that made us free,
The hand that stayed the Hun; until our flag with yours unfurled,
We, too, went forth with God to save the honor of the world.

We saw the awful cost of war in blood and gold; we saw
The price your men and women gave for liberty and law;
Yet went we in to that red hell; for less the lasting smart
Of war than years of blood-bought peace in which we owned no part.

O lovely land of Britain! You knew rare Shakspeare when
He dwelt within the flesh and moved among earth's common men.
His is the soul that makes you great—his and his noble kind—
Your splendid strength is centered in the majesty of mind.

O far-famed town of London! I hear your deep-voiced bells
Roll forth your name as round the world the music sweeps and swells;
No broad blue water yet so wide, no island so remote,
But "London, London, London," to the farthest shore shall float.

O splendid town of London! Your name so full and round,
So rich in time and circumstance, with meaning so profound;
A thousand years proud England's flag, upborne by every breeze,
Has waved its way to every land beyond earth's Seven Seas.

O mighty land of Britain! Great mother, you, of men
With genius rare to set you forth with living brush and pen;
We love you, Anglo-Saxon dame in history impearled,
And make you ours to crown anew Queen Mother of the World!

O cherished land of Britain! New-lit with valor, you
And yours for us and ours have fought to make the truth stand true;
And we with you have striven to make the world from error free,
Till now in surer Peace we clasp our hands across the sea.

GOING UP.

The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in an airplane.

"Wait a minute, George," she said, "I'm afraid we will have to

go down again."

"What's wrong," asked her husband.

"I believe I dropped one of the pearl buttons from my jacket. I can see it glistening on the ground."



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