

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, OCTOBER 12, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

Four Years' War for Peace

(Continued from last week.)

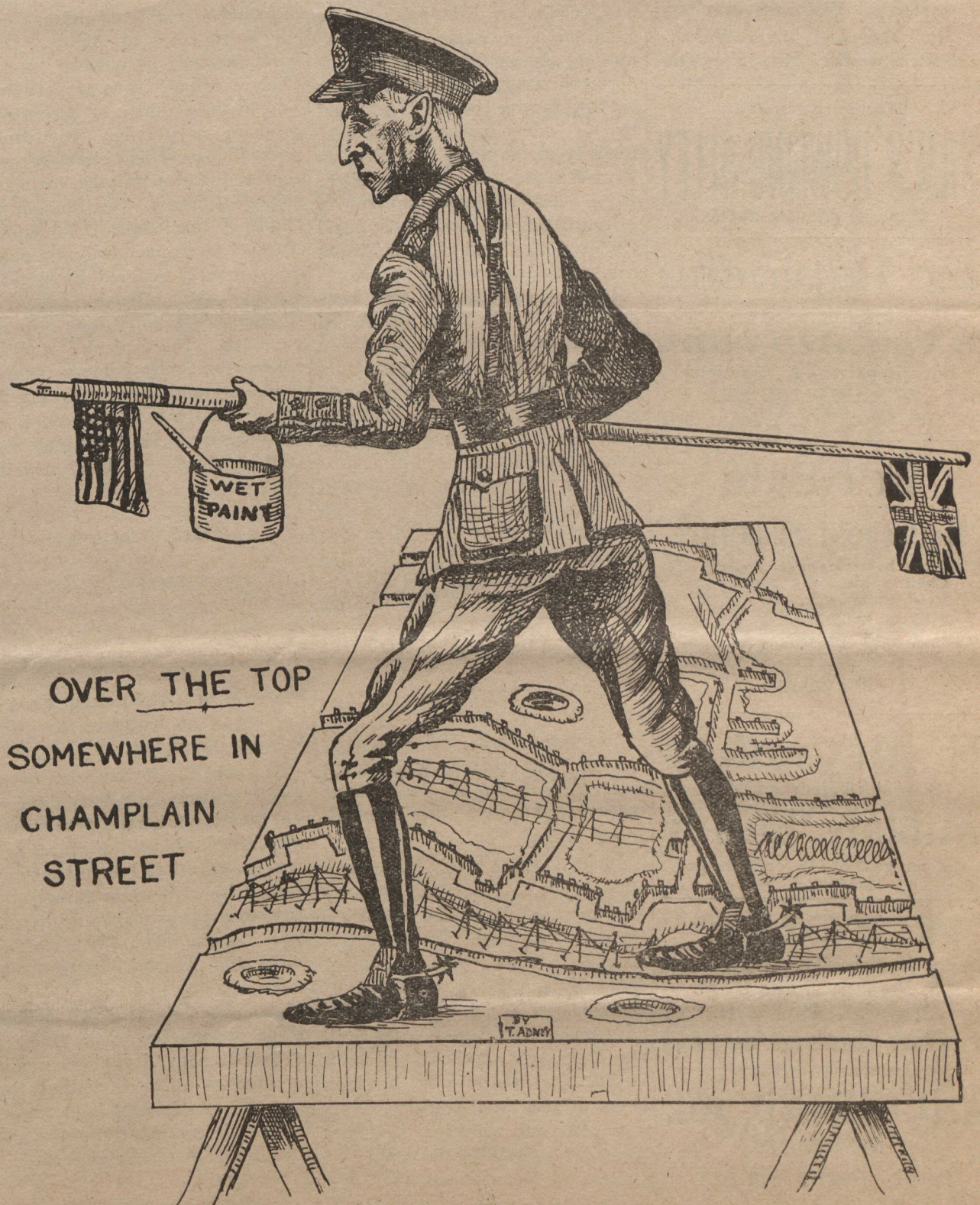
The War On The Land

The forces of fourteen nations, including many millions of men of the European, American, Asiatic and African peoples, are wrestling on the soil of three continents on nine fronts covering thousands of miles.

To attempt the study of such a war in detail numbs the mind by the multiplicity of its factors and the bewildering variety of its forms. Yet the colossal dimensions of the conflict—not only its sheer bulk, but the enormous forces of the human spirit that it has called into action—give it, when looked at in perspective, a certain staggering simplicity. If we climb to some sufficiently lofty ridge of contemplation we get a view in which the details are lost and the outlines become clear; an outlook from which we can determine the main tendencies of the fight, and—it may be—can catch, through the mist and smoke, some sufficiently convincing glimpse of the goal to which it is surely moving.

The First Phase.

The true test of the fortune of war does not lie finally in the occupation of territory, the capture of fortresses or the penetration of lines. These things all have their measure of importance. But vie-



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tory does not rest on geographical facts. Ultimate victory lies in putting the enemy's armed forces finally out of action. The promise of victory lies in the possession of the instruments that will achieve military decisions of that order.

Germany's 'initial' plan in the War rested on that sound strategic principle. The scheme was, first, to put the forces of France out of action by a swift, irresistible, decisive blow, and then, to swing round and smite Russia. The plan failed. The Marne broke it. That is why the Marne is the most decisive battle in modern history.

The Second Phase.

The Aisne witnessed the initiation of the "second" plan, which was less sound in principle, but was forced on Germany by the situation as a whole. This plan was to break through on the northern sector of the west (while holding the rest of the front) and by a double movement to take Paris from the north and threaten Britain from Calais and her sister ports. The enormous superiority in munitionment that the Central Empires then held gave sufficient hope of the success of this plan.

How near the second plan came to success on the West the Allied peoples were never told, and even now have hardly understood. Only the men who survived the unspeakable strain of the battles of Ypres know—and they cannot express it. The German forces stormed against a British Army of less than a fifth of their own numbers, and with still less adequacy in artillery. The tension was so terrible that the line was all but snapped. Yet, by that miracle of spirit which inspires free men in supreme emergency, the high-tempered steel held.

The Third Phase.

The Kaiser, who had personally watched this contest with intent interest, put up his field-glasses and turned away. The "third" phase opened.

Baffled on the West, the German tide—though it covered Belgium and most of industrial France—surged Eastward. The Central Empires threw their strongest forces upon Russia. Smitten at Tannenberg, the sweeping Russian advance in East Prussia and Galicia had been checked, and now ebbed. Hindenburg's breakers swept Russia from Galicia. Warsaw fell, and with the fortresses went guns that Russia could not spare. By consummate skill, she again and again extricated her

armies when it seemed that the German forces had all but gripped them in its giant trap. But Poland was submerged. Russia was constantly in retreat, but a military decision was never actually reached. Russia at last stood her ground. The third plan had failed.

The Fourth Phase.

So there opened the "fourth" phase, a tremendous and confused wrestle, swaying to and fro, that finally extended in one vast arc in the East from Riga through the Carpathians to the Black Sea.

The oriental ambitions of Germany involved "hacking a way through" to Constantinople. In this direction also all looked bright. Turkey had entered the war in October, 1914, lured by the dangling of glittering prizes along the north coast of Africa. Bulgaria, secretly a member of the Central Alliance, was preparing to join in the stabbing of Serbia and to share the plunder. Our diplomacy in Greece and elsewhere was confused and paralysed by many subtle influences. Our lines on the Gallipoli peninsula held up a Turkish force, gave Bulgaria pause and probably relieved Egypt of a strong Turkish offensive, but failed to compass its immediate military objective. The control of the advance into Mesopotamia moved from muddled daring to unmitigated disaster. Egypt stood on the defensive. In South and West Africa alone we had achieved victory.

Allied Offensives.

In the meantime, at Loos and elsewhere, we attempted advances for which our preparations were still (as the event proved) inadequate. Following the German blockade of Britain and France, our own sea blockade was confessedly incomplete.

The wealth of our man-power was, it is true, potentially decisive. But though our armies were trained with what would, in advance, have been described as incredible swiftness, neither they nor their munitions were yet available in adequate force for the field. Worst of all, while the Central Empires had throughout acted under a unified High Command, the Allied military effort was on the whole, uncorrelated, without unity, either of aim or direction—a series of brave but doubtful experiments inadequately conceived, carried through sporadically at high cost and backed up ineffectively.

Looked at as a whole, these draw-

backs were inherent in a situation in which Powers that had directed their thought for decades to the problems of such a war, and that were fighting on interior lines in a war made on their own initiative and at their own time, met other Powers fighting on external lines, divided from each other by enormous distances and by enemy and neutral territory, whose separate High Commands had never envisaged as a whole the problems of strategy, diplomacy, man-power, munitionment and economics.

Preparedness.

The benefits of preparedness are most obvious at the beginning of a war. By the end of the first year these benefits began to lose their effect, and throughout the second year the advantages of lack of preliminary preparation began to be visible. Fully conscript nations are powerful in a short war, but if they can be held through the early days their very preparedness creates drawbacks. As their man-power diminishes and their men become stale and lose morale, the flower of less military peoples comes freshly into line. That is precisely what began to happen in 1916 and is developing with increasing momentum.

(To be continued)

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PRESS REPORTS.

St. Johns Election Inquiry

(Reprint from Montreal Gazette, October 4th, 1918.)

A brief and apparently conclusive end was arrived at yesterday in the investigation by Mr. Justice MacLennan.

A feature of the closing session of the enquiry was the fact brought out by Mr. E. Fabre Surveyer, K.C., that several officers who had been named to depart with a draft for the Siberian expedition had been prevented from doing so, owing to the refusal by Mr. Jos. Archambault, the accuser, that they should be excused from appearing at the enquiry. As a result of this refusal it was stated later by Mr. Surveyer that three officers, Major Powell, Lieut. Trow and Captain Knight, had been prevented from leaving with a draft for the Siberian Force.

CHARGES STRUCK OUT.

After deciding that he did not care to hear any argument on the case, Justice MacLennan intimated that his report on the enquiry would be forwarded to Ottawa within a few days, or a week at the outside, so as to get the matter disposed of. Judge MacLennan also circumscribed the scope of the enquiry to the specific charges of subornation to perjury and perjury made by Mr. Archambault, M.P., the other charges in the long and involved bill of particulars, including charges as to the use of liquor at the regimental mess, being struck out.

Lt.-Col. Melville, Officer Commanding the Engineers, was the first witness called, and was briefly examined by Judge MacLennan as to his previous evidence, his statements not involving any new material.

Mr. Chadwick, Deputy Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, once more appeared from Ottawa, and formally produced the envelopes containing the ballots of 150 soldiers at St. Johns, marked during the last election.

Lieut. James C. Armer, formerly of the Engineers, who appeared in civilian clothes, stated that he had lived with his family for eight or ten years in Toronto previous to joining the Engineers. He explained that he had voted at the election under the belief that a soldier could allocate his vote wherever he wished, providing that he was not familiar with the riding or ridings in which he had previously lived, and that he had voted as he did sincerely believing that he was within his rights. He said he had voted in Chambly-Vercheres because he wanted to support the Union Government and place his vote where it would do the most good. He had heard a good deal of talk amongst the officers as to the election, and most of them had been of the opinion that Mr. Rainville, as a supporter of the Union Government in Chambly-Vercheres, was the man who needed their support, therefore he had voted in Chambly-Vercheres.

Capt. Arthur C. Wright, who was

brought here from Halifax, said that he had acted as a Deputy Presiding Officer at the election at the St. Johns barracks, and denied any knowledge of any attempt to influence officers or men. As to himself, he repeated the answer he had made when he voted as to residence, "I cannot state." As a railroad engineer he said that previous to joining the Engineers he had lived at fourteen different places within seven years.

REJECTED WIDER CHARGES.

This ended the taking of evidence, and Mr. Surveyer, for the accused, asked if Judge MacLennan proposed taking up any of the wider charges, such as the alleged use of liquor at dinners in the officers' mess. Judge MacLennan at once replied that he did not propose to do so, as his commission did not extend to such matters, while the evidence produced was all to the effect that no liquor had been permitted or used at the officers' mess.

Mr. Surveyer then intimated that he understood that several officers had been delayed from joining the Siberian expedition owing to this enquiry, and asked as to whether the witnesses were now free. Judge MacLennan stated that the work of the Commission was now over, so that the witnesses were free from further demands.

FROM "DERE MABLE"

**The Love Letters of a Rookie
An Entertaining Book of Humor.**

Dere Mable

Rainin today no drill so Im goin to rite you if I dont get no exercise I go all to pieces Im back into casualty company again Leftenant an I had different iders about runnin things, one of us had to leve hed been there longest I left Hot headed thats me mable all over. We're doin baynit drill now I cant say nuthin about for wimens ears we have one place where we hit the Hun in the nose and rip all his deekorashuns offen his uniform all in one stroke then theres another where you give him a shave and a round hair cut and end up by knockin his hat over his eyes. then the wipersup come over and do the dirty work and I and the rest of the fellos go ahead and take another trench I havent been able to find out where we take it It's all worked out scientifick the fello who planed it had some bean the principle of the thing is to get the other fello and not let him get you If the alleys had some skeme like this the war would be over now there wouldnt have been no huns left It will take us to do the trick Eh Mable? Some one say we was the highest paid army in the world. Besides all the money we get our bed and board. I guess they dont kno that in the army bed and board mean the same thing.

There always inspectin us I feel like a prize beef they never inspect a man right through. One day its

his teeth then its his hart then its his lungs. the other day we was all lined up and the Sergeant he says "Inspect arms". so I lays down me gun and rools up me shirt sleeves. Just to show you how tecknickle they are in the army he didnt want to see me arms at all but me gun Hows a fello to kno Mable? I went up the other mornin for some more coffee and the cook he says "You seem to like coffee." right away without stopin to think or nothing I says back to him "Yes thats the reason Im willin to drink so much hot water to get some" Eh Mable? I havent been very well lately. I guess Ill cut out eatin at meals it spoils me apetite for the rest of the day. I kno youl be glad to kno my feet aint hurtin much. Remember me to the hired girl and mother Yours through the winter

Bill.

THE BOYS OF COMPANY B.

By Lyn, No. 1Platoon.

Here's to the boys of Company B
Ready to fight for Democracy
They've given up mothers
Sweethearts and wives,
And if necessary,
Will give up their lives,
For they're the Sons of Britain
And men of all sorts,
They're a motley crew,
But they're dead game sports.

Some come from Banks,
From Farms, and from Mills
And they're going to stick
'Till they swallow their pills
They're drilling morn and night
To fit them for the fight,
And they'll see it to the finish
'Cause they know its right
For they're the Sons of Britain
And men of all sorts
Their teeth they're grittin'
For they're dead game sports.

Some of them are fat men
And some of them are thin,
Some of them are black men,
But each one's here to win,
Although they kick about the work
And growl about the stew
They wouldn't quit B Company
If invited to.
For they're the Sons of Britain
And men of all sorts,
The Huns they'll git 'em,
For they're dead game sports.

The sentiment is fine but the poetry—well we don't mind that and if we had lots more of it we'd get along fine.—Ed.

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

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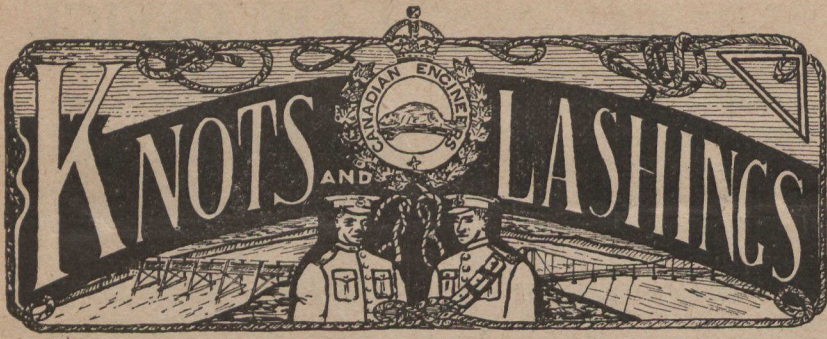
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ALIENS IN CANADA.

Elsewhere in these columns will be found an article on the question of the Alien in Canada. There is no doubt but the evil pointed out is serious, and one that is well worth the whole-hearted support of the soldier.

Quoting from the Manitoba Free Press we have the general view of the question.

"It did not require the war, however, to reveal to Canadians the fact that the inclusion in the population of large alien strains has brought social and political evils that off-set in large measure the economic advantages resulting from their presence. It is indubitably true that the responsibility for these evils must be borne in large part by the Canadians themselves. The foreign settlers from Central Europe were mercilessly exploited by our "commercialists", and systematically debauched by politicians. The Canadians were the prime factors in creating the problem of the foreign settler, which must now be faced and dealt with."

It matters little who was responsible for the alien in Canada at this moment, but rather let us get together and see that he does not get a greater benefit than he deserves in comparison to the soldier.

THE TANK.

The tank was a British invention and was first used at the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

In some of the most fiercely contested struggles of that campaign the tanks were of great value in sheltering the attacking British infantry and in dealing with German machine gun posts, which even at that early period were scattered along in front of the main enemy trench line in shell holes and carefully concealed redoubts.

The tanks ceased to be of much value as the season advanced and the shell holes in the area of operations were filled by the autumn rains, which transformed the battle fields into morasses. Many tanks were bogged and abandoned last summer in the region of Warlencourt, rendered immobile by the mud. Others had been subjected to heavy bombardment by the German artillery and put out of action.

The tank was regarded by the British infantry during the early part of 1917 as a costly fad useful under certain conditions but not useful enough to warrant the spending of millions of pounds upon.

One or two tank successes were scored in the battle of Arras, but generally speaking the mud at Vimy during April put the tanks out of business. They were very valuable in the second stage of the battle of Mesines but in Flanders during the Passchendale operations the mud and the shell holes combined were too much for them.

The Germans asserted after a few weeks experience that they had taken the measure of the tank and found it of little practical use. But that was camouflage, for we know now that the German arsenals were given orders to produce in large numbers tanks which they claimed to be a better type than the British—more heavily armed and armour-

ed, with the caterpillar propellers more carefully protected and with space inside for storing munitions to be carried to the front in case of need. Sir Julian Byng's victory at Cambrai, in which British tanks played so conspicuous a part, doubtless confirmed the Germans in their opinion that the tank had a future. They themselves used tanks in the Aisne operations and in the fighting in the Valley of the Somme, but their "landships" have proved no match for those of France and Britain.

While they have been constructing movable forts, heavy and difficult to manoeuvre, the Allies have been evolving a tank that can be used on the battlefield to attack machine gun positions either by gunfire or by crushing them into the earth. These new armoured cars probably have not weight enough to smash a "pill box" of the Flanders type, but in a war of movement there is no time to construct concrete machine gun emplacements.

The later British tanks are easily steered and have much greater speed than the original tanks, which weighed from thirteen to fifteen tons and took a curve very slowly. They appear to have solved the problem of attacking lightly-entrenched forces depending for protection largely on machine gun outposts in shell holes and concealed earthworks. The loss of life in the capture of Vaux and the Wood of Vaire by the Australians is reported to have been astonishingly small because of the service rendered by the tanks silencing the enemy's machine guns in the fore-field. In still later French attacks the tanks seem to have been equally useful. As a weapon of offensive in dry weather the landship is proving its value. And the superiority of the Allies in tanks is proving as great as their superiority in the air. Canada has already sent one tank battalion to the front and will probably send more.

M.P.'S TAKE NOTICE.

Why is it that some of the huskies who prefer the duties of an M. P. to going overseas and facing the Huns use the tactics of the enemy when bringing in a soldier who has happened to fall from the straight and narrow path. We would like to know if it is necessary to disfigure a man for life.

It has been conceded that brute force is no longer the ideal way of correcting an error. Remove the cause of the error and we won't need so many M.P.'s but until that is done let the representatives of the law remember

that the soldier is just an ordinary human being with many faults yet a few virtues, and he will find his unpleasant job much more enjoyable if he thinks twice before using his "black jack".

"Brum".

NATIONALITY OF CANADIAN ARMY AT THE FRONT.

Someone made a statement that half the force sent by Canada to the front is composed of men born in the United States and someone in England claims that more than half are British born. A statement prepared by the Department of Militia and Defence classifies the 364,750 men of the C. E. F. who went overseas up to March last according to the country of birth as follows:—

Canada, of British descent	147,505
Canada, of French descent	16,268
England	121,571
Scotland	37,496
Ireland	12,657
Wales	3,574
Other British Possessions	3,648
United States	12,000
Other countries	10,031

These figures show that nearly half the men are native born Canadians. The United States born form a considerable number. Many of these were allowed to transfer to the U. S. army as soon as it was mobilized in France.

LIEUT. A. PINSONNAULT RETURNS.

(From The News)

Lieut. A. Pinsonnault, who proceeded overseas with the 163rd Regiment, recruited by Lt.-Colonel O. Asselin about two years ago, returned to his home on Thursday evening of last week. Lieut. Pinsonnault, who has been twice wounded and once gassed is on a three months furlough to recuperate his health.

He was met at the station by a large crowd of friends. The band of the Engineer Training Depot being in attendance, also Lt.-Colonel Melville, O.C., Major Keefer and a number of other officers and men of the depot.

Mr. Jos. Demers, M.P., made a speech of welcome which was replied to by Lt. Pinsonnault in a few words, after which, accompanied by his father, Mr. J. L. Pinsonnault and a number of invited guests, he proceeded to his home, where a further welcome was extended.

Lieut. Pinsonnault reported his return to headquarters in Montreal on Monday of this week.

It is the sincere hope of his many friends that he will soon regain his accustomed health.

A negro soldier from the United States, being asked why he was fighting overseas when it was not his country or his race that was being oppressed, replied that he was fighting for his race. "What is your race?" was the question. He replied, "The angry Saxons."

In Memoriam.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to announce the deaths of the following N.C.O.'s, Sappers, Privates, from causes immediately dependent upon Influenza. To the immediate relatives of these, our comrades in arms, we extend our deepest sympathies.

Much regret is felt throughout the Mounted Section through the deaths of four of their number.

2006150 L/C. Weldon, Medley, a general favourite among all the Drivers, had only recently been promoted to the first step on the ladder as a N.C.O. His cheery manners and good advice to the new Drivers will be greatly missed. "Pop" Weldon was one of the "Big Eight" and was among those selected for the Siberian Draft. Was born in Nova Scotia.

2011744 Driver Ramshaw, Harold C. Born in Acton, Ont., was working as chaffeur to Mr. Harris of the Harris Packing Co., Toronto, when he enlisted for the Engineers in July of this year.

2014342 Driver Scott, Patrick J. Born in Castlerea, Ireland, was a moulder by trade before joining. Enlisted at Philadelphia on 21st August, 1918. Driver Scott was another of these men who made friends wherever he went. Was also on the Siberian Draft.

2710632 Driver Newton, J. Wm. Cumberland, England. Enlisted at Vancouver, joining the Depot 31st August, 1918. Driver Newton had a brother here and left recently with the Siberian Signal Company.

3311140 Sapper Norman Frank Roberts. Aged 22 years, single. Enlisted at Brantford, 14-5-18. Died October 5th, 1918.

THE LATE

LIEUT. S. A. LANG, C.E.

During the early hours of Sunday morning last (the 6th inst.), there passed from our midst one of the most affable and estimable officers who during our brief connection with the Depot it has been our fortune to meet with.

Sidney A. Lang was born in Ontario in the year 1884, lived in Toronto for a number of years. He attended Toronto University, where he displayed remarkable ability, and after graduating followed the profession of civil engineer.

Being then young, and endowed with the spirit of adventure, he followed his profession in the mines of Chili and Peru. He could speak Spanish fluently. Always a reserved man, of refined tastes, it was difficult to draw him out into relating some of the adventures in those countries so shrouded in mystery and romance. He joined up with the Canadian Engineers in Vancouver as a Sapper and shortly after came to this Depot.

We remember him as a mess mate, as a room mate, and when we rubbed shoulders with him on the square, for his kindly thought and unassuming manners.

The Spanish Grippe has claimed many from our depot. The list published last week was a lengthy one. Again this week we regret its length.

As we read down the names we pause here and then to recall some incident to establish permanently in our memory as a link to bind us, the living, with the dead.

—"And there's one name we cannot pass

So we pause, and ponder awhile. And recall all his cheery words,

And his smile—his perpetual smile."

Men detained in the Quarantine Camp will have cause to remember him too, for he displayed his gentlemanly bearing and courtesy to all he came in contact with.

L/C. D. C. P.

2023691 Sapper Andrew Forrest. Aged 23 years, single. Enlisted at Vancouver, 20-5-18. Died October 5th, 1918.

2011407 Sapper Oliver Clifford Gardener. Aged 22 years, single. Enlisted at Toronto, 8-6-18. Died October 6th, 1918.

2013288 Sapper Irvine Lewis Wallace. Aged 25 years, single. Enlisted at Ottawa, 14-6-18. Died October 1st, 1918.

2013589 Sapper George Harvey Walker. Aged 35 years, married. Enlisted at New York, 1-7-18. Died October 2nd, 1918.

2014402 Sapper Hezekiah Bannister. Aged 41 years, married. Enlisted at Philadelphia. Died October 2nd, 1918.

2140467 Sapper William Dick. Aged 26 years, single. Enlisted at Victoria, B.C., 17-7-18. Died October 2nd, 1918.

2024876 Sapper Harry Deacon. Aged 27 years, single. Enlisted at Vancouver, 31-7-18. Died October 2nd, 1918.

2014832 Sapper Thomas Wardsworth. Aged 26 years, married. Enlisted at Cleveland, 10-9-18. Died October 2nd, 1918.

2014852 Sapper Robert Summer-son. Aged 24 years, married. Enlisted at Cleveland. Died October 4th, 1918.

4051784 Sapper Joseph Dugas. Aged 30 years, single. Enlisted at Sussex, N.B., 15-7-18. Died October 3rd, 1918.

2014372 Sapper William Bustin. Aged 32 years, married. Enlisted at Providence, R.I. Died October 3rd, 1918.

3091336 Sapper William Shorrock. Aged 25 years, single. Enlisted at Montreal, 30-8-18. Died October 3rd, 1918.

ALIENS IN CANADA.

The question of conscription, in so far as British subjects are concerned, having been settled by the passing of the Military Service Act, the treatment of aliens is the most pressing problem awaiting solution in Canada.

Aliens may be classified in three groups,—

- I. Enemy,
- II. Neutral,
- III. Friendly.

I. Enemy aliens are those born in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and the Turkish Empire, residing in Canada and not naturalized.

II. Neutral aliens are those whose birthplace is Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Spain and certain South American states, and who have not become naturalized British subjects.

III. Friendly aliens are the un-naturalized subjects of France, Italy, Japan, Greece, Portugal, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, China, Brazil, and various other South American states.

Aliens of Russian birth are omitted from this classification, as they may be unfriendly or friendly, according to whether they hold Bolsheviki views or not.

I. An enemy alien is a menace to this country, however innocent he or she may appear to be. If this war has proved anything, it has demonstrated beyond possibility of doubt the truth of the old saying that "blood is thicker than water", and that however well a German or an Austrian may have been treated since he left his native land, and however he may have prospered (whether in the British Empire, the United States, or elsewhere), his nature is unchanged thereby. As a German officer once remarked, "You British will always be fools, and we Germans will never be gentlemen." He will always remain a consistently heavy feeder, unchivalrous and gross towards women, and brutal and over-bearing towards those whom he considers weaker than himself. We frequently hear people say,— "Oh, the Austrians are not as bad as the Germans, they have been misled," and nonsense of a similar character. These sapient individuals have probably never heard of Bosnia-Herzegovina, a European province which was stolen from Serbia by Austria not so very long ago. The account of the treatment of the hapless native women by the Austrian army of occupation would not make pleasant reading for "Knots

and Lashings", so will not be dwelt on further.

Aliens of enemy origin, if naturalized, come under the Military Service Act, and if un-naturalized should be conscripted and compelled to do work of national importance, such as farming, road-making, etc., under strict surveillance and for the same rate of pay as the Canadian soldier receives, i.e. \$1.10 per day. This would be much better treatment than British civilians have received and are receiving in the Central Empires today, but on the other hand would be more logical than allowing these gentry their freedom, and a daily wage of five dollars and upwards, as is being done in some parts of Canada at present, while British subjects man trenches and face death for the somewhat smaller remuneration of \$1.10.

II. Aliens hailing from neutral countries, who have come to Canada to improve their condition, or to escape military service, and who have not become British subjects are a favoured class and must be treated tenderly. Nearly two score soldiers of British origin may die in a week at St. Johns, or a few thousand Canadians may be killed and wounded in France or Flanders in one month, but not a single Swede or Dutchman living in Canada must be injured or even inconvenienced. "These things are not done in the higher circles." Shortly after the outbreak of war the writer asked a Swedish engineer living in Montreal how his country stood in regard to it. "To tell you the truth," he replied, "Sweden is not pro-Ally. Our army is officered by men who have been trained in Germany, and we hate Russia." Last year it was proved that the concrete "pill-boxes", which form a defensive zone behind the German front line trenches, were constructed of cement imported from Holland. These have caused the loss of many British soldiers, and the Imperial Government adopted a rather sharp tone towards the Netherlands, which resulted in putting a stop to a profitable traffic for Dutch neutrals. Similarly it has also been demonstrated that, before the entry of the United States into the war, the food supply of the Central Empires was largely augmented by foodstuffs exported in good faith by the great Anglo-Saxon Republic to various neutral countries, and by them transmitted to Germany.

An organization has been formed in Montreal by civilians over military age and by discharged soldiers



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badges. Stop in and look them
over.

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"Knots and Lashings" is printed by
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and Advocate") St. Johns, Que., Can.

from overseas known as "The
Sons of the Empire", and one of
its aims is "that all aliens, enemy,
neutral, and friendly, be either
naturalized (and thus come within
the scope of the Military Service
Act), or be conscripted for work
of national importance at the rate
of pay now received by Canadian
soldiers."

The writer devoutly hopes that
this aim may be realized, and that
other officers and men returning
from overseas will not be insulted
by the sight of sleek, over-fed
foreigners enjoying a security
which they are too cowardly to
fight for.

III. The alien of friendly national-
ity is a somewhat difficult cus-
tomer to deal with, as his attitude
towards the war varies so much.
The natives of old France, North-
ern Italy, and other of the Allied
countries need no urging along the
path of duty, but the numerous
Greeks and other Southern Eur-
opeans domiciled in Canada are
displaying no zeal in the prosecu-
tion of this war, and should be
treated as outlined in the previous
paragraph.

The determination of the future
of Canada depends very largely
upon the present action of the
Government, the women of Canada,
and the loyal male civilians who
are unable through age or physical
disability to fight her battles,
towards the aliens within her
gates. In common gratitude to the
46,000 men who laid down their
lives prior to the commencement
of the Allied offensive last August,
to those who have since done so,
to the men of the Canadian Corps
of the British Expeditionary Force
now fighting or who have fought,
there can be only one answer,—

"Canada was British, is British,
and will be British as long as the
British Empire remains as it is
today, the Champion of the Weak
against the Strong and the Ally of
Christ against the Powers of Evil,
be they represented by Germany
or by any other Power that seeks
to enslave men."

J. H. E.

MORE DETAILS, PLEASE.

Last Saturday afternoon there
was a court of inquiry in room 30
orderly room, to inquire into the
illegal presence of a dead mouse in
O. R. S. Samuel's tobacco can.
President: Sgt. Williams
Witness: Cpl. MacPherson
Witness: Spr. Bayard.

It is not fair to our readers to
have this bald statement of fact.
Give us the report of the Court.
Ed.

THE TRUE BLUE BOYS IN KHAKI

And the True Blue Boys in Blue.

By Lyn, B. Coy.

From every city, every town,
From villages large and small,
The boys have rallied to the Flag
In answer to the call,
There's thin men, and fat men,
Tall ones, short ones too,
Some are dressed in Khaki
And some in Navy Blue.

Chorus

So here's to the boys in Khaki,
And the boys in Navy Blue,
Ready to do their duty
And defend both me and you,
And when you pass them on the
street
Don't be too proud, just stop and
greet,
The True Blue Boys in Khaki
And the True Blue Boys in Blue.

Some have left their mothers,
Their sweethearts and their wives,
And in this fight for freedom,
Some will give their lives,
There's young men and old men,
And there's a place for you,
Either wearing Khaki,
Or wearing Navy Blue.

(Chorus)

FOUR LEAF CLOVERS.

The sapper who disappeared
after pay day, was A. W. L. for a
month, returned, was admonished,
drew his full-pay and left again.

The lance corporal who recog-
nised in one of the visiting V. A.
D's the cause of a former con-
flagration.

"Dear Mother,

I am enjoying an attack of the
'Flooie' and am getting along
fine."

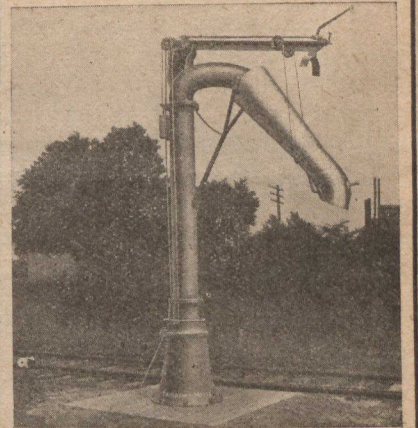
The sergeant major who believes
in and preaches Christian Science
as a cure for Spanish Influenza.

The sapper in the N.C.O. class
who has an original and extremely
effective way of notifying the ser-
geant when his rifle is loaded.

Judge:—The complaint against
you is that you deserted your wife.

Prisoner:—I ain't a deserter,
judge. I'm a refugee. Look at
these welts on my head and this
black eye:—Bug's.

We respectfully urge the men of
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pay highest prices.

We also outfit discharged men
and guarantee satisfaction to all.

JOTTINGS FROM K. COMPANY

About a dozen of K Coy were standing at the Mess table. The Sergeant enquired the nature of their complaint and all appeared confused until Spr. Rille explained it was nothing the Sergeant would remedy. The men belonged to the Mounted Section and were just back from drill.

Names are funny things: We have a big Little, a little Zine, a Nickel that buys a lot, and Gee but there's Hogg—who isn't.

One of our best known Sappers lost a bout with John Barleycom. In fact "demon rum" scored a clean k.o. This raised the ire of C.M.S. who took drastic but effective methods to stop importation of contraband.

We are all proud of our C.M.S. but we felt rather peeved the other day when he started to instruct us as to the best thing to do in case we were in mortal combat with a Fritz. He said: "Now boys, if you are fighting with a big Hun with bayonet and you suddenly find yourself disarmed and the enemy lunging at you with the bayonet, do you know the best thing to do?" We answered as one voice: "Yes, and you bet we will do it."

The bathing facilities at College Barracks are the acme of simplicity.

Ever notice how many have the cigarette habit and not the "makins".

The Siberians have the "Flu" on run at this writing.

The Kaiser's ball team is about due for a home run.

The Bulgarian show has closed for the season.

The Vancouver bunch wants to go home where it never rains over 30 days in a month, whilst in St. Johns—. It simply pours.

Cpl. W.'s disappointed air is due to the failure of the film to develop the pulchritude of his subject. (Must have swallowed a dictionary.—Ed.)

"Be easy on me, Sergeant, I'm one of the London draft." And the Sergeant was as "aisy" as could be. (Perhaps he meant daft?)

One of our most popular Sergeants was marching along, with

one of St. John's fairest by side. He was marching like a "plumed Knight of old," when he was overheard saying: "I have been where the desert sands are hot, where the Gila Monster roams at will, and am going where the Aurora Borealis lights the pathway of the Polar bear through trackless wastes of snow—and never have I seen a prettier sight—"

It was here we moved out of earshot. But, say Sergeant, our Company is proud of you. Go in and win, old top.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

If there is any truth in the rumour that Lt. H. S. P. is to take the place of the Editor of "Knots and Lashings" when the Siberian draft eventually leaves. If so, if that gentleman will need as many secretaries to assist him in the Editorial office as he now uses in other departments.

If the nursing sisters recently arrived to assist our sick are in need of an orderly, as we learn there are a number of Sergeants ready to forgo their stripes in order to secure the job.

If Staff Sergeant Barr is still in the Depot as he has not been called over the Coalsby the wits of the Sergeants Mess for at least two weeks.

If the Sapper in Casualty Coy. who openly boasted of his intention to "beat it" has changed his mind since reading the German peace offer.

If the Mounted Section are going to continue the good work of road building all through the Camp, during the fall and winter, in order to prepare for a clean start in the spring.

A Companion.

An American war correspondent was on a trip to the front line trench to see how war really looked first hand. Just as he got there, the Hun started a raid but was repulsed by a terrific barrage put up by the British gunners. The noise was terrific and the sight terrifying to one unused to such things.

"Well, guv'nor, wot do you fink of it?" asked a Tommy with a grin.

"Snakes!" said the American, "It's just like Hell."

"Blimey," said a voice behind him, "'ow these Yankee blokes do travel!"

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Agents--Lackawanna Coal.

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A WORD FROM HOME.

There's a fellow needs a letter,
Will you write him just a line?
It will make him feel much better
To receive this friendly sign
That we march in love beside him
Wheresoever he may roam,
Share his life, whate'er betides him,
As we think of him at home.

He has borne his country's burden,
Sailed away to face the fight;
Will you cheer him with this
guerdon?

You are with him day and night,
Just sit down and write a letter,
Full of vim, and news, and cheer,
It will make him feel much better
For your thinking of him here.

Just sit down and write a letter
Full of happiness and mirth,
It will make some boy feel better
As he burrows in the earth,
Make his dugout one fine mansion,
Make his night-watch bright as
day,

Sit right down and send good
tidings

To the boys who sailed away!
W. T. H. Salter.

THAT BUG QUARTETTE

The 'Bugs' would like to know why their contribution regarding the treatment accorded their vocal efforts at the last concert was not noticed in "Knots and Lashings". This communication complained that the accompanist 'balled up' their turn we believe, and it was our full intention to investigate the matter, but we regret to say that the editorial staff of "Knots and Lashings" is in a very bad way just now with the death of its most active member and the editor on sick leave.

We would ask the 'Bugs' to write us another letter on this subject setting out just what their complaint is as we have mislaid their other contribution.—Ed.

"GONE WEST"

Was it only last September,
That I used to write to you?
Now the sun is just as golden
And they sky is just as blue!

And the tasseled corn is waving,
As it waved a year ago,
And the apples in the orchard
Bend the slender branches low.

But my heart is not as happy,
And my laugh is not as gay,
And I know there's something
missing
From the gladness of the day.

Corpl. W. Grose.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who are the M.O.'s that stayed
in bed to spite the O.C.?

"O ssifer! a'west that man."

Its not our fault

God made him
Even though he does
Bury swords and scabbards.
What about the Flag?

Blue noses are noted for brains.
But some (not all) fall by the
way side.

Who are the inmates of the snake
room? Three knocks.

Captain _____, Batt. 13. Grand
viggar of snakes.

Who supplied special diets for
two M.O.'s. Was it Q. M. Hos-
pital?

Batt. 15 is anything but a Sun-
day School. They have parties and
music.

Batt. 15 is anything but a
Church.

My favorite fruit
A date with a Peach.

Rumor has it that a military
wedding will take place shortly at
St. John's. A box of candy is in
order. Mike you son-of-a-gun turn
on that crank.

By Smile.

Too Bad.

Two Scotch soldiers were crossing
London on top of a bus. Presently
a very pretty girl got on and came
up on top.

The two soldiers were very
smitten, and one whispered to the
other:

"What d'ye think of her,
Jock?"

"Ay, an' she's a braw lassie,
that she is."

"I should like to talk to her, I
should, Jock."

"Why don't ye go and ask where
is St. Paul's Cathedral, then maybe
if ye bide a wee bit she'll talk to
ye."

The Highlander was just getting
up to avail himself of this advice
when his friend pulled him back.

"Just a minute, man, just a
minute. She hasna' paid her fare
yet."

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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A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

**Make this Hotel Your Headquarters
while in St. Johns**

Wines Spirits & Liqueurs

Excellent Cuisine

Spacious Dining Rooms

RATES MODERATE.

NATIONAL HOTEL

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N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND

PERMANENT GUESTS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REASONABLE RATES

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ICE CREAM IN CANADA

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Lymburner,
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**Barber Shop and
Shoe Shine Parlor.**

Richelieu St.

St. Johns

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor
"Knots and Lashings".

Sir:—
Kindly tell us who the French boy in the Post Office is who uses the sink for other purposes than a sink,

and oblige
Yours

?????

We can give no answer to this. We never go into the post office if we can help it. It's no use nine times out of nine.—Ed.

A WILD NIGHT.

Spr. Murty was pacing his beat. It was that hour of death-like stillness just before St. Johns awakened. It was just before dawn of another of our glorious Northland days. Not a leaf stirred, nor a glow-worm glowed to light his way.

It was at this time, while carrying himself erect and in a soldierly-like manner that on the far side of street he espied a man walking along.

The Sapper sprang to attention, trusty swagger-stick in hand, ready to defend at all hazard, King's property entrusted to his care. The man passed along, Company "K" slumbered on, secure in the knowledge, one of her sons was on guard.

It was a wild night at College Barracks.

ECHOES FROM THE EMPLOYED SECTION.

Please tell us:—

Who the N.C.O. on the Pay Parade was who said, "Now you fellows don't get out of yer wrong places!" How could they?

Who the fellow is in Room 65 with the terrible laugh? Really he needs a lubricant or poison.

Who was the Sergeant who stole a Sapper's girl one evening and next day gave him squad drill? Dirty trick, eh?

Who was the bugler at the Hospital who was to receive some "smokes" from a nice little skirt from Montreal? and why?

"Imp."

J. P. MEUNIER

Jeweller

108 Richelieu St., St. Johns

Wishes to announce to the boys at the Barracks that he will deliver at the door any military goods they wish to have.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR SURE.

This Boy is in the E. T. D. He's feeling awfully blue. He thought of going "O'er the Sea",

But the Kaiser is "All through".
B. W. W.
Co. D.

Mac To The Rescue.

In a little estiminet on the borders of Belgium a British soldier was having an argument with the French girl behind the bar on the question of change. His vocabulary was limited to about six words, and even these the girl didn't understand.

Just when there seemed to be no possible chance of clearing up the matter, a Scotchman came to the rescue.

"Parlez-vous Francaise, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oui, monsieur," said the girl eagerly.

"Then why the hell dinna ye gie the mon his change!" said Jock wrathfully.

Coal By The "Sac"

A soldier whilst out in France had managed to pick up a smattering of the French language. After some months he was badly wounded, and eventually discharged from the army. He man-

aged to scrape a little money together and bought a coal business, which he soon worked up into a flourishing state. He was awfully proud of his French, and took every opportunity of showing it off to his customers.

A woman came into the shop and asked him:

"How do you sell your coal?"

"A la carte or cul de sac," was the reply.

SLASHINGS.

No, Sapper D-g-l-s. You can't get over the difficulty that way. Why did you put your query to the Montreal Star? "Knots and Lashings" could have given you the same information.

We hear that a Sapper asked the Colonel if 'Hello' was all he could say. The Colonel's answer is not reproduced.

Now Lieut. Adney, you'll have to be good for a while.

Did you hear how that little jaunt to Montreal of two senior officers was balled up by over-entertaining?

Some of St. Johns aborigines still maintain that the spell of wet weather was exceptional. We'll have to stay here at least another ten years to get a chance to believe them.



Line Orderly:—"What yer lookin' so glum about, chum?"
Recruit:—"I promised my girl in Kalamazo six German helmets and I'm dawning if I know where I'm going to find 'em around here."

To Officers and Men,
E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in Montreal you DINE at the

Edinburgh Cafe

436 St. Catherine St., W.
(Next door to Loew's Theatre.)

TRY OUR

50c Club Luncheon.

Dancing each evening, 10-12 p.m.

The
H. FORTIER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

67 St. Paul Street, East,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

Wholesale
Tobacconists.

Canteen
Requirements
Supplied.

Now you can get
Philip Morris
Cigarettes

in the Canteen

Virginia Ovals, 15c
Navy Cut, 3 for 20c

"—not only the flavour, old chap!—tho that is remarkably good!—but, er, they're so dashing-ly smart, y'know!"

GET IT AT
H. RALPH,
136 Richelieu St., St. Johns

Everything in the line of
Clothing and Gents'
Furnishings
For Men and Boys.

Suits Made to Order at the lowest prices.

AT YOUR
SERVICE
Toilet Laundry

OVER THE TOP.

(Written for "The Listening Post")

(Front Line Trenches)

Foreword.—He came to the hospital to visit me, and gee! but he was keen. I think he must have been a Jew, for he didn't make a noise like loose money when he walked, and I noticed when he proffered his cigarette-case there were only two in it. The following ensued:

"Did you ever go over the top?" he said,
 "Did you ever go over the top? Did you sweep along, an unbroken line, With bayonets gleaming and eyes ashine, And a feeling that went to your head like wine, The time you went over the top?"
 "Did you ever go over the top?" he said,
 "Did you ever go over the top? Did the flare-lights shine on the glorious sight As they stabbed the Stygian blackness of night; Did you thrill with a feeling of savage delight, The time you went over the top?"
 "Did you ever go over the top?" he said,
 "Did you ever go over the top? Oh, tell me!" he said, "how you held up your head Of the things that you thought and things that you said Of your glorious pride in the men that you led, The time you went over the top?"
 "Oh, yes, I've been over the top," I said,
 "You bet I've been over the top. But I felt alone in the flare-lights glare, And Mauser bullets were singeing my hair, And my knees were knocking together for fair, The night I went over the top."
 "Oh, yes, I've been over the top," I said,
 "You bet I've been over the top. But it's lonesome out there in no man's land, And you miss the crowd and you miss the band, And your feet take root in the place you stand,
 "Oh, yes, I've been over the top," I said,
 "You bet I've been over the top. There were yards of wire got attached to my clothes,

And how I got out of it God only knows!—
 A secret I fear He will never disclose
 Till I'm finally "over the top".
 "Oh, yes, I've been over the top," I said,
 "You bet I've been over the top. The artillery raised a continuous roar,—
 They'd been at it, it seemed, for a week or more,—
 And, mate, I was sweating at every pore,
 The night I went over the top."
 "Oh, yes, I've been over the top," I said,
 "You bet I've been over the top. The noise and confusion, the shouts and the groans
 Had paralyzed action and frozen my bones
 When a fellow went past me,—I think it was Jones,
 He was headed back over the top."
 "Oh, yes, I've been over the top," I said,
 "You bet I've been over the top—
 And since Jones had a blighty and wasn't napoo,
 "If they're handing them out," I thought, "me for one
 And blest it I didn't—in fact I got two,
 The night I went over the top."
 L. McK.
 (Note.—We regret that the young Officer who wrote the above went "finally over the top" a few days later, leading his men gallantly, and falling mortally wounded when in sight of the objective.)

—o—

OWED TO THE FLU.

Unscrupulous, exacting you're worse than shot and shell.
 You claim the best among us to fill your ghastly maw.
 Our bones you make to ache, that feeling known too well
 Your ravishings upon our lives seems to know no law.
 You leave us weak and feverish and quite susceptible
 To chill that brings pneumonia immediate in its wake
 You're a stealthy filthy enemy, and one contemptible
 Your 'grippe' is one the strongest man has difficulty to shake.
 A fighting chance is all we ask but you are loath to give.
 Your appetite insatiate is, and death alone can purge
 Your greedy maw of that desire to fell the ones that live
 You're cursed not once but thousand times in every funeral dirge.

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"NUTS AND RATIONS."

"All dressed up and nowhere to go." The most popular song in camp these days.

History repeats itself. "The retreat from Moscow."

The Kaiser recently told his army that the most decisive blows of the war would fall about October. Guess the army must have great faith in the Kaiser as some prophet.

He the Kaiser still assures his people that he is near the front. If he stands still for a few days, he may be right on the firing line.

Many a man seems to think he's taking the bull by the horns when he's only getting somebody's goat.

Oh dear! Oh dear!! What a mix up. The Allies are fighting the Russians, the Germans are fighting the Russians, and the Russians are fighting the Russians. The Russians don't seem to stand a dog's chance.

When Kaiser Bill went down below
He sat in a fiery chariot.
And the devil gave him a seat between
Ananias and Judas Iscariot.

Said the devil: "We're full as we can be
But this I'll do with a will:
I'll set Judas and Ananias free,
To make room for my old pal Bill."

Say, did you notice, a short while ago, that the British troops had reached the outskirts of Suzanne?

Those of us who learned geography before the war wouldn't pass a Kindergarten Examination now.

We were reading the other day that a certain doctor advocates snuff as a safeguard against the 'Flu'. Might do at a pinch.

Germany asks us to believe that she can keep fourteen articles of faith, when all along we were under the impression that she was unable to keep one.

PAT.

MELTINGS FROM THE SNOW-BALL UNIT.

Why does Sister Woolcock always look for a cushion before he sits down?

Why are C.S.M. York and Corpl. Courtenay so often seen on the Canal bank, in the evenings, now that the residential districts are out of bounds. Wha' do you s'y, Bill, wha' do you s'y?

One of our Sergeants is never out of Bound. Willie Woolcock says he is H'L. Bound.

"K" Company can certainly boast of an efficient pair of mail carriers. The Quarantine Camp should be jealous of the "Educated" boys.

It is intimated that Corpl. Motherwell is getting along well with the ladies these days.

Who skinned the Sergeant's nose?

Heard at the "Students" Frisking Party,— "Where's my bottle, I want my bottle."

Why was Sergt. Harris meeting all the trains on Saturday?

Was there ice on the stairs the other night, when Corpl. Collins was climbing, or was it ease of glassware?

It is a queer Butcher (Boucher), that hasn't a few bones on hand.

What is all that squealing we hear from the Sergeants' room, when Sergts. Harris and Urquhart are in there?

There is a reason,—why they always call on No. 2 Section to mount guard with rifles. They are the lads.

"Oh, the cream of society lives down our w'y."

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