



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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## Bolshevism Foreign to British Ideals.

IT IS AN ENEMY TO THE RETURNED SOLDIER AND HIS WELFARE.

By

Bernard Rose.

Foreign born Bolshevists who found a refuge and opportunities for employment at good wages in this broad dominion, appreciate the advantages they enjoy here to the extent of seeking to create a feeling of discontent, that will bring about that disruption of society so dear to the hearts of all who are obsessed by anti-capitalist delusions.

The student of society knows, that there are at all times elements in every country that no amount of reasoning with, will convince of the utility of bringing about reforms by ordinary constitutional means.

Revolutions are generally brought about by the bold and fanatic groups that temporarily secure control of the government as a result of the fear with which they inspire the indifferent majority. Events in Russia prove this beyond any doubt. The Kerensky regime, while designated

as revolutionary, was nevertheless favoured by the classes that would make for internal stability. Kerensky foolishly thought that the exercise of leniency would be sufficiently appreciated to induce a state of mind that would make for that order necessary to rescue Russia from the chaos into which it had fallen.

However, he knew little of the ambitions and designs of men who, professing to be more revolutionary than himself, determined to utterly destroy every vestige of ordered government and introduce, in the name of the common people, an indescribable anarchy that was based upon murder, assassination, and crime.

The champions of the proletariat, although denouncing in the lurid language characteristic of all maniac revolutionists, the parties and classes to which they were previously opposed, believed that fire and sword must be used without stint in order to make Russia and the world "safe for democracy". Not content with fomenting disorder and promoting anarchy in the land which unfortunately is subjected to their rule, they have subsidized disorder in

adjacent countries and are encouraging through their emissaries, with funds at their disposal, the carrying on of a propaganda in countries beyond Europe.

With the cunning that distinguishes the shrewd, illiterate, and fanatical demagogue, they are well aware that their reign and power will be brief unless their views permeate the mass of the people in their own and other countries. Hence their feverish activity in stimulating the neurotic revolutionists in the new world.

Great Britain, for centuries the home of liberty and refuge of the oppressed of all nations; the land that extended hospitality to Karl Marx and thousands of political refugees from the oppressed continental countries, has also been favoured with visits from Bolshevik propagandists who think that they can easily upset the life long convictions of the average Britisher who at no time favoured reform by bloody revolution.

The Briton is temperamentally phlegmatic. He is practical. His idealism has taught him to go slow in all that affects his own welfare and the bringing about of such changes as are deemed expedient in the social, political, and industrial interests of the masses.

The average British workman cannot be so easily swayed into losing his self control as is the worker in continental countries. These latter, once freed from the

restraints imposed by a tyrannical and extremely paternal government, flounder as if in a bog, and easily become victims of the appeals that are passionately made by eloquent leaders who have learned the art of exciting the emotions rather than advancing practical arguments that appeal to the reason.

The present is undoubtedly a time of change. Institutions are in the melting pot. Men's views are broadening and narrowing. Human nature is exhibiting its worst and best. All that is brutal in mankind is coming to the surface, judging by the exploits of the Bolsheviks in unhappy Russia. Notwithstanding the campaign of murder carried on by the Trotsky-Lenine despots, numerous apologists for Bolshevism are making their presence known. They are no longer carrying on a constitutional propaganda. They profess their contempt for constituted authorities and think that the seeds which they are sowing will fall on fertile soil, and within a short time the whole country will subscribe to their doctrines and repeat their catechism.

The problem, if such it may be called, of the Bolshevik, is not a social but a psychological one. The average dupe infected with the bacteria of this new cult, loses all sense of proportion and the fitness of things. If he is sufficiently roused, he would not have the

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slightest hesitation, providing he obtains some support, of rushing into the street and striking down those who he deems belong to the hated bourgeoisie or professional classes. As for the manufacturer and capitalist, he would show him no mercy. He would not even give him sufficient time to make his peace with his god but strike him to earth without any compassion or compunction.

The respectable members of society who believe in orderly government, are therefore justified in taking any and all measures to protect themselves against the actions and ravings of these social renegades in the same way as they would if mad dogs were running loose.

We are living in strenuous times and heroic measures are necessary. No matter how much we may criticize the evils of society as at present constituted, those who have some knowledge of history, will admit that greater good from which the majority will benefit, can be accomplished by a rational discussion of projected and needed reforms than the irrational destruction without rhyme or reason, of those institutions and forms to which we have become slowly accustomed and which seem part and parcel of our very being.

Bolshevism is a case of nerves, but the last man in the world that the Bolshevik consults is the specialist in nervous or mental diseases. In his opinion, the only prescription that can cure him, is the contemplation of society in ruins and the owning classes looking up into the sky with staring eyes, their shirtfronts stained with their bourgeoisie blood and the wives and children of the hated better classes weeping for their lost ones and begging for a morsel of bread.

Bolshevism, according to the Russian formula, knows no mercy. It believes in wholesale slaughter. It will not tolerate opposition even from those who, claiming to be radical, suggest the adoption of means better calculated to secure recognition of Bolshevism.

The Sans Cullotes of the French revolution were mere children in comparison of their modern imitators. There was at least some chivalry occasionally shown by the Bolsheviks of the French revolution to their victims. The average Russian is, however, a mere child and easily goes from one extreme

to another. He can one moment be influenced into offering succor and the next act as an executioner. Yet, those who are responsible for his present state think that men in other lands can be as easily dominated as the poor Russian moujik and workman is, by the Soviet leaders.

It would certainly aid the Bolsheviks very considerably if in the United States and Canada they could induce even a small percentage of the returned soldiers to help them in their propaganda. They will, no doubt, insidiously and furtively rouse the anger of the returned soldier against the government and the so called propertied classes and magnify any little grievance he may have into a mountain of protest. They will declaim with a venomous eloquence against those who feasted while the soldier fought. They will endeavour to demonstrate to the returned soldier that he simply fought to save capitalism. That his comrades in the part they took in the great war, were simply the victims of financial exploiters and that if they will only join with the oppressed proletariat, that control of the government can easily be secured and the proletarian revolution achieved.

Whilst some may be found amongst those who fought who can be seduced from that reliance upon reason which is every intelligent person's safeguard, very few amongst the men who went over to fight to save the British Empire, liberty and civilization, will so far fall from grace as to permit themselves to associate with or become inoculated with the virus of the social contagion which has spread through Russia and which "carriers" are seeking to convey to the masses of this country.

The Canadian soldier by his willingness to lay down if need be, his life for the land of his birth or extraction, proclaimed himself the champion of those ideals, institutions, political principles and traditions in which all those of British descent and nationality take so justifiable a pride.

If liberty was worth saving from the Hun it is certainly not worth losing to the Bolshevik. There is very little difference between them. Both endeavour to control. One in the name of the King who rules by divine right aided by military satellites, and the other by the threat of death and imprison-

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ment. Lese majest is a crime which is punished by Bolshevik dictators. They exercise their authority with the utmost ruthlessness in order that they may inspire a fear that will make those whom they seek to control, subservient to their wishes and command.

No Britisher and no American will permit himself to be tyrannized over by long-haired, bespectacled fanatics, claiming to be the intellectuals of the proletariat and who believe that the millennium can be brought about by walking on corpses and wading through rivers of blood that flows from the body of the despoiled, oppressed and brow beaten workers of the world.

The British Empire has always been the cradle of liberty. It will continue to remain such. Its political maxims were religiously adopted by those who sought to obtain freedom for the lands in which they dwelt and were oppressed. This, for the moment is forgotten by the very men who would decout it a great victory if they could smash the British Empire as they have destroyed the land of the Czar's.

Our returned soldiers are the sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers of British women. In the anarchy that results from the overturning of society it is the women who suffer most from such conditions, as they do in time of war.

The men who have fought and have been privileged to return, have a claim upon their fellow citizens. The Government recognizes this claim. It will undoubtedly endeavour to the utmost that its resources will permit, render what assistance it can to the returned soldier in order to show its appreciation of the sacrifice he made and his willingness to die to save the world.

The returned soldier, the saviour of civilization, has nothing in common with the Bolshevik. They are poles apart. They are mutually antagonistic. The one sought to construct, to save, the other to destroy and impoverish. The brave men who went over to Flanders and came back are entitled to ask that their future be bright with promise. They have earned it. They deserve it. They will get it—but only so long as they cooperate with their law abiding fellow citizens who advocate an increased production that will permit a distribution of the good

things of life that will verily make it worth living. The social ghoul, with a devilish leer on his hideous countenance, with matted hair, blood-shot eyes, and wolf like teeth ready to sink into the vitals of society and humanity, is death to all the best hopes of mankind.

The returned soldier and his patriotic fellow citizens embody within themselves that humanity called the Christ, that if properly directed, can redeem the world.

**A Train Hog.**

An officer returning from leave by the last westward bound train from Paddington, was disappointed to find almost every compartment full up. At last he succeeded in finding what appeared to be a vacant seat, but on entering the compartment he found that in the corner of the seat was a small attaché case. He looked at the sour-faced man on the opposite seat interrogatively.

"Is that your bag, sir?"

"No—er—it's my friends. He's buying some magazines."

"Very well," said the officer; "I'm afraid I must stand as there are no vacant seats anywhere."

His resolution to stay seemed to cause the man a certain amount of embarrassment. The minutes flew by, and still the alleged missing man did not appear. The officer began to get suspicious.

"It's getting on time—your friend will miss it if he's not careful."

"Yes," said the man hesitatingly, "it—it looks like it, doesn't it?"

The whistle blew and the train began to move out of the station. The officer looked out of the window and then at the man.

"He's—lost it," stammered the latter.

Without a word the officer suddenly grabbed the attaché case and hurled it out on to the platform.

"What did you do that for?" cried the man indignantly.

"Well," was the suave reply, "if your friend has lost his train there's no reason why he should lose his luggage as well."

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### THE ATTITUDE OF THE RETURNED SOLDIER TO THE GOVERNMENT.

The announcement that Canada is to have two representatives at the Peace Conference has been hailed with a good deal of satisfaction throughout the Dominion, if one is to judge by the comments in the press. That the presence of our representatives at the Conference will do good, goes without saying. In the first instance, it will put Canada in the position of having a direct voice and vote upon subject matters under discussion, and the wishes and desires of the Government upon the final settlement of the peace terms will be laid directly before the Conference. In the second instance it will give our statesmen a broader and larger view of international politics, rubbing shoulders, as it were, and exchanging views and ideas with the representatives of the other countries. They will get their viewpoint upon international politics, and at first hand be able to study their different economic and social conditions. This is all to the benefit of the nation, and will certainly help our leaders in dealing with the many and difficult problems that the aftermath of the war has created; they will see how other countries are facing the problems and be able to study the methods of adjustment, and will be able to compare other methods with those that have been adopted here.

The returning soldier will also bring with him some different views and ideas, to what he held in pre-war days. He has been taught many things that were strange and new to him. He has been taught to be patient under difficulties, and to be cheery under most depressing circumstances. He has learned the value of the Fabian policy of waiting, waiting for the right moment to strike, and when he did strike, to stick with all his force, so that it would be effective. He has also learned how to discipline himself so that he can obey commands or give commands, and he has learned the value of discipline. He knows that an undisciplined army is nothing but a mob, without a leader, or any sense of direction. He knows that some men are fitted for command and others have no sense of initiative; and no teaching, no matter whether it is the Marxian theory or the more idealistical teachings of Tolstoi, can convince him that all men have an equality of intellect. He knows that some men are born commanders and that the majority need sense of direction, otherwise he is like the man from "Missouri", he must be shown. But the Canadian Tommy has a quick sense of what is right and equitable, and he has the apt manner of contrasting rapidly the conditions of things as he sees them. He will contrast the conditions of municipal and national life as he has view them in Flanders, France and England, as he sees them at home, and he will compare the cost in dollars and cents, he will contrast the conditions of the streets in the places he has journeyed through with we-will suggest; the condition of the streets

of the commercial centre of Canada, Montreal, and compare the cost of same with, say, London, Liverpool and Boulogne. He will want to know how you propose to deal with the unemployed problem, and will contrast the methods he has observed, that obtain in England and France for dealing with the problem. He has no sort of use for the noisy agitator who cheers for the Bolsheviki at Labour meetings; indeed Tommy will be inclined to handle him rather roughly, because he knows that he is a product of that German Culture he has been up against for the last four years. He is wise enough to know that. The apostolic injunction, "That if a man wont work neither shall he eat", is just as true today as when it was uttered almost two thousand years ago. He has learned that only by obedience can anything be achieved and that we are interdependent one upon the other; otherwise the world's work cannot be carried on. So that he having been schooled in the hard school of adversity, will not be inclined to subscribe readily to the teaching of the Bolsheviki, but will wait with patience the cloud that seemingly obscure his effort, and not want to overturn the Government because his desires are not at once realised, because he has suffered and sorrowed and triumphed over his suffering and sorrows.

We feel sure that the returning soldier will bring with him a broader view of things international and will help, by his patience and his training, the Government and our statesmen, to bring the good ship of state safely into harbour.

We regret to have to inform our readers that Lieut. Col. Melville's son, Earl, died on Thursday night, the 23rd of January, after an operation for appendicitis.

The heartfelt sympathy of all ranks of this Depot is tendered our Commanding Officer and his family in their bereavement.

### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What is the name of the officer who, when changing his abode from the Officers' Club to the Windsor Hotel, found in his new room the following epistle in feminine handwriting, "My Darling Baby, I am sure sorry for the way I left you last night, but you was so luving that I felt I had better went home. I sure do miss you and I hopes you will not take it wrong like, but fix up a date soon with

Yure affectionate little girl,  
Margreete."

Who is the gentleman referred to in these lines,—

There came a complaint from a  
Captain called Bill,  
The coffee had made him ex-  
ceedingly ill,  
And he urgently needed a Number  
Nine Pill,  
For he couldn't keep food on his  
stomach.

Which St. Johns' hotel proprietor is the hero of this true story? One of his guests, having had a perfectly good party "the night before", called him aside one morning and whispered that he would like a pick-me-up from the druggist. Our friend tiptoed to the nearest shop and with great secrecy obtained the required medic. Then he gumshoed back to the hotel and, standing at the door of the large dining-room which was well filled with people at breakfast called out in stentorian tones to the unfortunate guest who was some distance away, "You take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before each meal."

Who is the officer who found a lady in his bed at the Club on New Year's Day, after the Dance? Do not blush, gentle reader, she was made of plaster, though otherwise quite charming.

What is the weight of "Little Eva", the Star chorus lady of Mack's Big Show, which delighted the youth of our fair city a few nights ago, and does she buy her stockings by contract or by the acre? Even "Old Bill" confessed he had never seen such substantial "limbs", while Tom and Jock were struck dumb with admiration. Come again dainty little one, what price Baby Elephants?

Observer.

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Detection by British army investigators of German "booby-traps" saved the lives of many an officer or man of the British armies during the period when the Germans were retreating from France. "I am convinced," says one officer, "that we nipped many of the Hun's favorite plans by capturing near Bray a little factory where he made his booby-traps. When we occupied it we learned much from the partly completed traps we found lying about the place.

"One of them was an iron plate. This the wily Hun dropped in a roadway so that it would likely be trod upon by soldier or horse of our advancing troops. The plate was in two parts, with a spring inside, and usually contained a detonator connecting with a heavy charge of explosive. When the weight of the foot was removed, the spring sprang into place and exploded the detonator, and the damage was done.

"These spring detonators were the Germans' specialty. They consisted of a tube containing a little spring with a hook at one end. Attached to the hook was a string or wire connecting with the explosive charge. Any arrangement by which the spring could be distended and then suddenly contracted served to jerk the string, and the charge was exploded.

"One night I received a call from our lieutenant-colonel who had spent the day directing movements from a recently captured German dugout. He told me he was nervous, and believed he was associating with a 'booby', and asked me to send him a squad of engineers to look it over. I went myself.

"The colonel sat in the dugout, about ten feet down, on a chair by a table. Directly in front of the chair was a petrol can and it was the can he feared. He had noticed it early in the morning when the dugout was first occupied, but had been so busy during the day he had had no time to examine it until evening. Then he found nothing, but he had a 'hunch' that it was a trap and wanted expert assistance.

"I dug a little trench around the can, but could find no wires, and then tapped it, but received no sound other than that which might come from any old empty can. There was nothing to do but

open it, and borrowing the colonel's can-opener I went at it as gingerly as I could.

"It was partly filled with about eight pounds of one of the most deadly powder explosives known to science. This I removed very carefully, and in the bottom of the can found the spring detonator. It had been fastened to the bottom of the can in such a way that if the can had been lifted from the floor of the dugout the charge would have exploded and the colonel and his party would have been blown to bits.

"The colonel paled a little when I showed him just what he had been associating with all day, and very fervently thanked himself for obeying his 'hunch' to let that can alone."

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## AN ENGLISH WAY.

(London Times.)

The following letter, received from a correspondent, gives an account of friendly feelings evoked in a young American naval officer by his stay in this country.

The officer writes:

"Let me say before I go any further that while I used to have a great admiration for England and the English, the associations of the past year have taught me to love the country and its people very deeply indeed. And this is another peculiar opportunity of the last year. In ordinary times, due to the English reserve, it would have been quite unusual to have formed so many intimate friendships in one year. Yet I feel almost as much at home in glorious old England as in my own home-land in the West—the land of romance.

"Perhaps I can show you . . . my real appreciation by telling of an incident which occurred in Liverpool one spring evening. I was sitting alone at the Adelphi Hotel one evening just as dusk was settling. An English gentleman approached me, and noticing I was alone, asked me to come to his home for a quiet dinner. I was very much attracted by his winning personality, and during the ride to his home found to my pleasure that he was a retired colonel from the South African wars. During the course of the evening the talk turned to France. Several times they spoke quite naturally of the work of their son at the front. You may judge my surprise when I found out the next morning that their son had been 'killed in action' just a week before our quiet little dinner. To one who really understands, this explains and analyzes my feeling for the English. If America can learn this spirit and preserve it for the generations to come our costs will be small indeed."—(Journal of Commerce Montreal.)

## An "Irishism".

"And what struck you most?" said the benevolent old lady, who had been listening with awe to the wounded warrior's exciting story.

The Irishman scratched his head with the arm that remained intact.

"Shure," he replied, "what struck me most was the number of bullets that missed me!"

## Didn't Know His Own Mind.

A newly formed company of a Lancashire battalion was under the vocal fire of a red-faced drill-sergeant. For hours he had roared and raved, and used up all his verancular in the English language. Towards the end of the afternoon his commands grew more and more rapid and involved.

"'Shun!" he yelled.

The company froze with fright. "Left turn!"

About fifty per cent turned with an air of indecision, then, before the rest could follow, he cried in quick succession:

"Right turn! About turn! Quick march! Halt!"

He glared in disgust at the extraordinary result, and started with surprise as one yokel left the ranks, and made for the barrack-room.

"Hi, you!" he roared. "Where the devil are you off to?"

The youth turned and looked at him pityingly.

"Aye, and it's real sick of it I am an' all," he drawled. "Thou doesn't kna' tha own mind for tea minutes together."

## The "Better Home".

It was a case of suspended animation. He was quite a young boy, hardly out of his teens, and the mother had come "across" to see the last of him.

"My poor woman, the dear boy has gone to a better land than this," said the military doctor, attempting to comfort her.

To everybody's amazement the boy opened his eyes, and said in cockney tones: "No I ain't!"

"Albert," said the mother gravely, "don't contradict the doctor; he knows better than you or me!"

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**The Untruthful German.**

After one of the advances in Flanders, a party of English soldiers were told off to bury the German dead. While they were thus engaged one of the burial party suddenly called out:

"Hi! sergeant. Here's a bloke wot says that 'e ain't dead. What shall I do with him?"

The sergeant spat contemptuously.

"Can't believe a word they say," he replied. "They're all born liars. If he says he's dead, you can bet he ain't; if he says he's alive, you can bet he's dead. Shove him in!"

**A "Happy Man".**

In a certain Artillery Cadet School it was the regular practice of the C.O. to "put the wind up" new cadets as they arrived. He would go through the whole squad, individually asking questions, and generally making the new-comers feel uncomfortable. One morning he felt in just the right mood for it.

"What were you in civil life?" he asked the first man.

"Lawyer, sir."

"Lawyer, eh! Well, you'll find it best to be honest in the army."

"And you?" to the second man.

"Draper, Sir."

"Draper! Do you take this for a ladies' seminary?"

One by one the men received their dose, and finally he came to the last man in the squad.

"And, pray, what were you before you joined up?" he asked jountily.

The man looked at him sadly, and replied:

"A moderately happy man, sir!"

**Cause For Amusement.**

The C.O. of a certain Scottish battalion was in the habit of reading letters for several of his men who couldn't read or write.

One morning a brawny Scot handed him a long epistle, and begged him to read it. The letter finished, the officer remonstrated:

"It's too bad, Jock, your wife says she hasn't heard from you for over a month—is that so?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jock, "I canna write."

"That's no excuse; you know I am always happy to write for any of you. Come along, we'll send a

letter now. You dictate and I'll write it down."

He took a sheet of paper and waited, but Jock remained absolutely tongue-tied. At length the officer became impatient.

"Come on, fire away, we must make a start. What shall I say?"

No reply.

"Shall I begin, 'My Darling Wife'?"

"Ay," said Jock, "put that doon, that'll amoose her."

**A New Use For Gas Helmets.**

A young artillery subaltern had had a busy day at the observation post, and was preparing to go back to his battery, when to his surprise the group commander came in. After asking a lot of questions about the "shoot", the commander concluded:

"I suppose you brought your gas helmet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

The sub. pointed at it, hanging over his left shoulder in the canvas bag.

"You know how to put it on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show me."

The sub. drew the helmet from the case with his fingers in the corners in the correct manner, and threw it over his head. To the commander's great surprise, and to the sub's utter humiliation, out dropped a pair of dirty socks!

**Certain Proof.**

At the British Base in France a certain Canadian regiment held the record for the use of the vernacular. It was pay night and troops were coming in from the town.

"Halt!" said the sentry. "Who goes there?"

"Seaforth Highlanders."

"Pass Seaforth Highlanders."

A few minutes later and another challenge.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"King's Royal Rifles."

A little later somebody stumbled over a tent-peg, and swore fiercely.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"What the blankety-blankety-blank has that got to do with you, anyhow?" answered the voice.

"Pass, Canadian," said the sentry promptly.

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### THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF ENGLAND

The fighting ships of England, they sailed the seven seas,  
From the Clyde and rainy Cornwall to the sunlit Cyclades,  
Vancouver, Yokohama, Pacific isles forlorn,  
The Orkneys, Nova Scotia, 'round Good Hope and the Horn,  
And everywhere men wondered and everywhere men saw  
That the fighting ships of England brought Anglo-Saxon law,  
Not the law of lawless rulers, misruling in the name  
Of God o'er godless kingdoms; but where those great ships  
came

Was certain death to tyrants, and so the saying ran:—  
"Trade follows the flag—and justice and the ancient rights  
of man."

The fighting ships of England, those good gray men-of-war,  
Were gathered once at Whitby, from cruising fast and far,  
When sudden and clear at daybreak the call to action rang,  
For the German Midgard serpent had struck with his iron  
fang—

Struck, and the whole world shuddered, as if with a mortal  
wound—

But quietly sailed at sunrise the Grand Fleet, eastward bound;  
And the North Sea kept the secret—how the hell-born powers  
recoiled!—

And the world was saved for freedom, and Fafnir's brood was  
foiled,

While many a distant harbor and many a far-flung key  
Saw the good ships of England as they kept the ocean free.

The right arm of Great Britain—who'd shorten that arm  
now?

The Fleet—who'd grudge the splendor of one victorious prow?  
Behold our fenceless coast line by foreign foe untrod;  
Behold our unspoiled cities, our vast inviolate sod;  
Then rail not at the glory that 'round the Grand Fleet clings,  
For the Sea Hawk held the Vulture till the Eagle found his  
wings;

More power to the Sea Hawk, however strong we be—  
To the fighting ships of England, that kept the ocean free!  
Wm. Hurd Hillyer, in New York Herald.

### The Trials Of A Sub.

A young sub. sat gazing into the fire of his billet with an expression of dire despair on his countenance.

"Cheer up," said his company commander; "what's wrong with you?"

"Well," said the sub, "I'm in a devil of a mess. I think I've overdrawn at Cox's, and they may stop a cheque that's out. I don't know how to ascertain how the account stands."

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about! Just drop them a line."

The sub looked doubtful. "I'm not much of a hand at writing," he explained.

"But there's nothing in it," was the reply. "All you have to do is to write them an official letter asking after the balance of the account. Just imagine you are

writing a report for the C.O. I'll go away and leave you to wrestle with it."

Three hours later the company commander came back and found the sub. with oceans of crumbled paper all round him, sitting in exactly the same position. He tiptoed and looked over his shoulder. After three hours brain work the sub. had written:

"I say, Cox——"

### An Oversight.

1st. Private:—"Say! Have you heard that Ted Smith has got the DCM.?"

2nd. Private:—"What for?"

1st. Private:—"I dunno."

2nd. Private:—"Blimey, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the same dug-out!"



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