

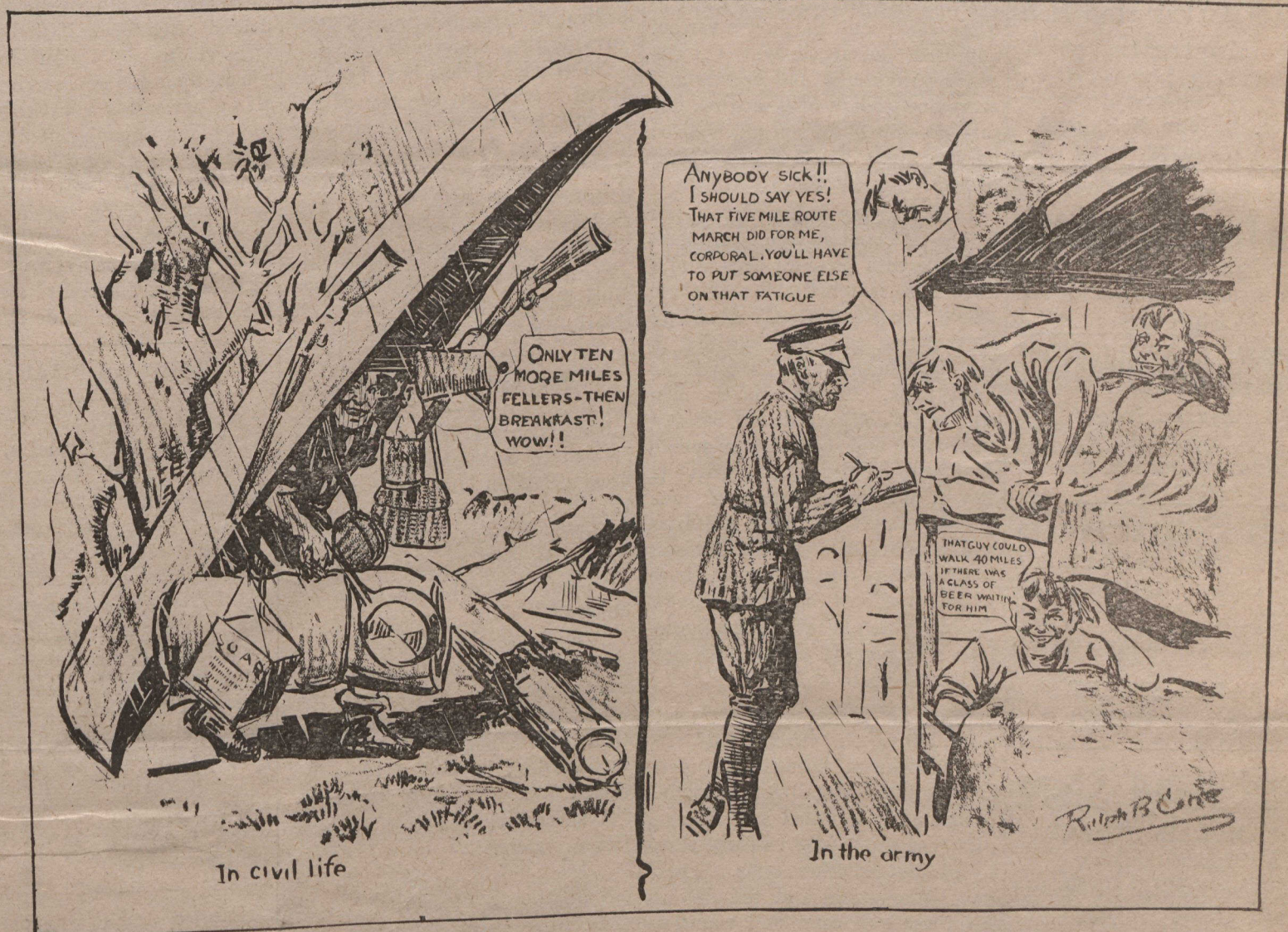
NOTES & TALKING

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

Vol. 2. No. 6.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1918

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DEMobilIZATION.

During the past week the Demobilization force has been extremely busy returning the soldiers of the E. T. D. back to civil life. Since this work began there has been a perceptible speeding up of proceedings and the scribe has it from one of the staff that men are being discharged at the rate of about 100 a day. Virtually all of the railway men and students here have been demobilized and now attention is being paid to married men and men who came to St. Johns through the British Canadian Recruiting Mission, branches of which were scattered through the larger cities of the United States.

Demobilization is on every tongue these days and Daily Orders were never in greater demand than they are today for it is then only that the prospective discharge gets information which means a great deal to him. Some men have described the interval between Supper and six o'clock to a law court with the jury's verdict expected momentarily. Crowds congregate round the boards and there are whoops of glee when one man sees his name up and a silent turning away by those who seem disappointed.

Last Tuesday orders were given by the C.O. that men going through the gate with their kit bags should have these searched and only those whose certificates of discharge showed that they were entitled to their uniforms were allowed to keep them. A good many men still to be discharged and wishing their tunic and slacks as a memento of their soldier days went to the trouble to bargain with men willing to part with their uniforms and bought them, with the result that there are quite a few who have a full uniform on their hands. Their position is akin to the gentleman who was all dressed up and had nowhere to go.

The staff of non coms and officers has been considerably increased for it necessitated more men to parade the different groups to the medical board and later to different shops in St. Johns, there to procure civilian suits. There have been trials and tribulations for these non coms and countless questions to answer. Last Wednesday morning the Demobilization office was transferred to more commodious quarters, from room 36 to room 53 much to the chagrin of Sergeant Webb, and Lance Corporals Gordon Bell and Whiffin who last Saturday night went to great pains to decorate their new

abode with original "Knots and ashings" cartoons, flags bunting and lamp shades. On moving they carried out the task again.

The demobilization has been threatened with the insidious influenza which has broken out in a mild form thanks to the damp weather which preceded the Christmassy weather now being experienced. The prevailing low temperature combined with the precautions which every man should take at this time will probably be efficacious in stamping out the sporadic cases which are now being treated by the M.O. staff. Everyman owes it to himself and to his comrades to guard his health at this particular time. It is of prime importance that those who experience the earliest symptoms of influenza should at once seek treatment for, if taken in time, it can be warded off. It is obviously wrong for a man to 'try and tough it out' in the fear lest he should be denied his discharge. In this way the patient becomes seriously ill before the medical staff can treat him, besides carrying the contagion to others.

No official advices have been received concerning the use of the Depot when the present strength has been cut down to a permanent force or garrison. It is reported however that next Spring may find a large number of men here, these being the laddies who fought and won on their way back home from Europe and sent here as a clearing station.

Hot Not To Boil Eggs.

The corporal had been lucky enough to commandeer four eggs from a Belgian farm on his way up the line, and on arriving at the trenches he handed them over to a private to cook.

"Now," he said, "ever cooked an egg?"

"No," was the reply.

"Oh! it's easy enough—you borrow a "Primus" stove, put some water in a canteen, wait till it boils, then put the eggs in."

"But how long do I leave 'em there?"

"Three minutes each exactly. Got a watch?"

"Yes."

"Right-o—carry on."

A little later the eggs were brought to him as hard as lead.

"Great Scot!" he roared, "how long did you boil 'em?"

"Twelve minutes."

"Twelve minutes! I told you three minutes."

"Well," said the private, "there were four of them, and you said three minutes each!"

SUCCUMBS TO PNEUMONIA.

It is with painful regret that we announce in this week's issue the death at the Military Hospital of Sapper Ovide Begin, a French-Canadian volunteer who succumbed last Sunday night to pneumonia an influenza after a short illness. Aged 22 he enlisted on July 12th in Montreal, coming at once to the E. T. D. in St. Johns. He was a blacksmith by trade, and unmarried his birthplace being given as Wotten in this Province.

The gravity of his condition was realized on November 27th when he was taken from his bunk and admitted to the hospital where Medical Officers labored in vain to pull him round.

Sapper Begin was a "C" Company man and popular with his comrades, who saw him laid to rest on Wednesday morning in the Roman Catholic Cemetery following the service in the church of that denomination at eleven o'clock. The funeral cortege was formed in the square where he had drilled often, the coffin being enveloped in the Union Jack and placed upon the gun carriage. The firing party was composed of men of the Non Commissioned Officers' Class in charge of Sergeant Mallison, the men of "C" Company following at slow march.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to the mother of the deceased, Mrs. Alexandre Begin who resides at St. Adrien de Ham, P.Q.

CARD OF THANKS.

We are asked by Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd of Crumlin, County Autrim, Ireland, to express their deepest appreciation to the Commanding Officer, Officers and men of other ranks at the E. T. D. for many kindnesses extended to their son, Sergeant James Boyd who recently died from influenza while attached to this command.

(It will doubtless be a source of satisfaction to the bereaved parents to know that all that skill and loving hands could accomplish was done during his illness and that an unusual display of floral tributes attested to esteem in which he was held here.—Ed.)

Sapper Burn" departure for Rochester leaves a large gap in the ranks of the Brotherhood.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

The following verses, In Memoriam, were suggested by the opening words, "Pugnativus ensibus"—"We fought with our swords", of the death song of a celebrated Danish king and scald or poet Ludbrog, preserved in a Latin manuscript translation of the 12th century. The author lived in about the 8th century. But the warrior's spirit was not different then from now.

THE FALLEN

(By Edwin Tappan Adney.)

"PUGNAVIMUS ENSIBUS"

Speak soft! The Hallow'd Dead lie buried here!
 They fought with their swords, in the din of arms, the
 battle's fear;
 Lovers, young, hating not, brave they fought the fight.
 A Nation weeps, but smiles through tears at Sons who knew
 the right!
 It is the precious boon of Liberty that men should be
 Esteemed to know what most is noble and be free
 To ponder, make decision, the path of Honor choose,
 Spurning the choice of cowards, who give nothing, nothing
 lose,
 And nothing gain that Manhood prizes, will Virtue want;
 Whose trembling lip but poor conceals its boastful vaunt;
 Feathered Knights, shirkers, "mother's pets"—
 Shame, the coward's Mistress, all that valiant brood begets!
 In the Halls of Time in Children's song will the Hero's
 name
 Resound; and soon forgot both coward's name and shame.
 Unhonored, unsung, Oblivion's the shirker's bier—
 Speak soft! The Hallow'd Dead lie buried here!

A SUCCESSFUL DANCE.

The promoters of the dance given in the Oddfellows Hall on Friday last have every reason to be pleased with the result of their efforts, judging by the numbers who attended, and by the quality of the entertainment provided.

Dancing commenced about 9 o'clock, and from then on to the Grand Finale, there was not a dull moment. The celebration of St. Andrews day is dear to the hearts of most Scots, but the occasion was used by others who were evidently aware that the spirit of the gathering was sure to permeate all who attended, and it mattered not if it were a waltz, a set of quadrilles, or a Highland Fling, there were always enough lovers of the terpsicorean art to fill the floor. The band left nothing to be desired, and their efforts met with many a demand for encores.

C.S.M. Macaren was a very capable M. C. and kept things lively throughout the evening. "Barb's" familiar "get a move on" was not necessary as things were moving very quickly. Vernon Castle had nothing on Major Keefer when it comes to

"tripping the light fantastic toe".

Major Milne went right after the Scotch dances in fine style.

Although handicapped by the loss of a leg Capt. Edgar was seen in every dance as well as Lieut. Orr who is likewise unfortunate but still full of life.

Jimmy Barr, Barbwire Mae and George Roxburgh were right in their glory in the Scotch Reels. Jimmy was stepping around like a fairy.

Refreshments were served at about 1.00 a.m.

During the evening Sapper Martin, who is also known as "Miss Thorne" ("Salome") entertained the guests to an exhibition of Spanish (onion) dancing which was exceedingly clever. L/C. D. C. Patterson also sang.

The committee of workers included Mrs. McRobb, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Thompson, C.S.M. McLaren, S.S. Jas. Barr, C.S.M. Ritchie, L/C. T. H. Pendrich and Spr. Rodgers.

Dancing was continued until the "wee sma' hours". When "God Save the King" had been sung the party broke up after a most enjoyable evening.

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A REPLY TO FINANCIAL TIMES: November 23rd 1918.

We always appreciate criticism that is either instructive or constructive, but the adverse criticism upon the town of St. Johns which appeared in the columns of the "Financial Times" November 23rd, 1918, appears to us to exceed the bounds of good taste. Let us examine the Genesis of the writer of the article in question who describes himself as a 'Repatriated Soldier'.

He comments in no unsparing terms upon the township and the physique of the men. Having arrived, presumably from the U.S.A., he speaks in no uncertain terms about the defects of the City. Does he realize that we have been at war since 1914 and whilst his country was making money out of the conflict and amassing wealth, we in Canada were spending of our wealth to prosecute with vigor the great campaign; consequently the bulk of public improvements was suspended because essential materials were required for the equipment and upkeep of the armies in the field? We therefore had to do without these. Secondly, our manhood went overseas and St. Johns added its quota to the rest of Canada, so that, first, want of material, second, paucity of available labouring men explain very largely the bad condition of the St. Johns streets.

He comments upon the arrangements for the comfort of the soldier. Let us say right away the object of the Depot is to prepare and fit the men for the strenuous conflict overseas and the nearer these conditions approximate to those overseas, the better it is for the men. Essentially the soldiers are there to learn the whole business of a soldier and that in the shortest possible time without having Y.M.C.A. Reading Rooms, and Rest Halls placed all over the place.

I am afraid that the "Repatriated Soldier" is one of those individuals who is the bane of both officer and N.C.O. that is a perpetual grouser. Let me state that so far as this Depot is concerned the wants of the soldier have been anticipated in every respect—a first class canteen is maintained and run by the E. T. D. where almost everything from a button to a wrist watch can be obtained at a reasonable cost. Refreshments of all sorts (excluding alcoholic drinks) can be obtained and an admirable ice cream parlour is attached to the canteen, during the summer months. Open air Cinema entertainments were given, and since October the Market Hall, (which has been kindly lent by the people of St. Johns,) has been used nightly, where cinema shows and concerts are given free to the soldiers. Besides that, through the courtesy of Rev. Major Moore the "Baldwyn Hall" attached to St. James' church was placed at the disposal of the soldiers nightly as a reading and writing room. Unfortunately this hall was recently destroyed by fire. In this Hall was a good stock of literature always at the disposal of the soldiers. The Victoria Hall has also been placed, fully provided by the Methodists for the soldiers.

The writer has had considerable experience in the Canadian camps at Bramshott, Whitley, Shorncliff and Seaford in England, and can say that in all essential details the comfort and care of the soldier was, and is looked after just as well as in any of the camps. But suppose they were not, why blame the good people of St. Johns. Why should they mother and father every soldier that passes through St. Johns. Ought they not to be a charge to the whole of Canada and

not just one small community. The Daughters of the Empire, the Canadian Red Cross, and other kindred organizations, look after the upkeep of the Camps in England, but here in St. Johns, without any aid from these organizations, I assert the comforts of the soldiers are just as well looked after as over there. It is to be regretted that the "Repatriated Soldier" had not the privilege of experiencing the discomforts of soldiering overseas. Surely he must have imagined when he left his home in the U.S.A. and its sweet comforts that he was going on a Sunday School picnic, and not to a life and death struggle. I am afraid that in his case 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing'. Then the cheap sneer at the physique of the men that he saw left in St. Johns—Does he realize that whilst he was safe in the U.S.A. and enjoying the benefits of life there, the country of his birth was engaged in a life and death struggle for its very existence. The men of Canada, among whom are included the men of St. Johns, were away fighting his battle, to turn around and sneer at those left behind ill becomes one who was so tardy in coming forward to do his undoubted duty. It would have been better had he omitted the sneer—his plaint would have been more weighty then, but I much fear that his article was only a peg for someone else to hang his hat upon, because in another column of the same issue another scribe rushes into the fray with an attack upon the Depot itself. "The voice is the voice of Jacob but the hand is the hand of Esau." The cat being out of the bag and scratching around, we see plainly what the scratching is about. "Get after the E. T. D., get it fairly if you can but get it" is evidently the motto of this journalist.

He states that he visited St. John's some four or five weeks prior to writing the article, and the scenes he describes, fills one with wonder. He would have his readers believe that life in St. John's, so far as the soldier is concerned, was one drunken orgy; and his soldier friend stated that after 10 or 11 o'clock, he would see hundreds of soldiers, in various degrees of demoralization. His soldier friend was either deliberately lying, or else he was filling this scribe with hot air; because, unless a special pass is issued, all the soldiers have to be in barracks before Tattoo to answer their names, if they do not, they are marked down as absentees, and are brought before their Company Commanders and punished. The Tattoo roll is called at 10.15 p.m. He asked, Could he see the Barracks; and his mentor said, Yes, but leave the Ladies behind. The innuendo being perfectly obvious, the men were not to be trusted when ladies were about. This is a deliberate insult to every person in the Depot. The members of the Engineering Training Depot, with all their faults, are at least Gentlemen; true they are not plaster paris saints, nor yet do I anticipate that many of them are sprouting wings, but they know how to treat ladies; now what was the reason? That Ladies were not admitted some six or seven weeks ago; Did this Gentleman, who handles a muck rake so gracefully, know that there had been an epidemic at St. John's and also at Montreal, and that the Medical Authorities, to prevent the spread of infection, closed the Barracks to the general public? The information may be somewhat belated, but proper inquiries would have established the fact the time of the scribe's visit, and it would have saved him maligning and insulting an earnest body of men, who evidently have more patriotism, both local and national than he has. Then he was told the dishes used by the soldiers were thick with grease, etc. I want you to note the number of things this gullible person was told. He was told, that soldiers were demoralized between 10 and 11 p.m. He was told, "That he had better leave the ladies behind when visiting the barracks." He was told "the dishes were thick with grease," and because he is told these things, he did not understudy the angles, but like the other parties, he rushes into print. In any English Court, heresay is not evidence. We would like to know why this attack at the eleventh hour was delivered. What is the motive? We can safely say that the dishes, tables and food handed to the men in the Mess Hall will bear comparison with any other Depot on this Continent, or in England. This is not heresay, but an absolute fact. Our scribe lifts his hands to Heaven in holy horror at the vision which a diseased imagination has conjured up before him, and in pious wrath, he asks, "What are you going to do about it?" He demands that some one's head should be presented to him as charger. Well when he has something real to investigate at the St. John's Depot, we will be delighted to help him any time he calls. The only thing that we would ask of him is this, "If coming along, come direct to the barracks, don't take in the Bar rooms before you arrive, or else you will be seeing more visions, and dreaming more dreams."

THE GERMAN'S DIRGE.

By Bernard Rose.

Why did you not let us finish our work? What availed our preparation for more than forty years when taking advantage of what we deemed the psychological moment we engineered the massacre of Sarajevo in order that we might have good cause to permit Austria to declare war? Don't you think that since we have been chosen to teach the world how valuable and humanitarian is the kultur of the Teuton, that in carrying out our self-appointed task, you, of the Allied nations, hurling armies upon us, have interfered with our divine mission?

Do you think for a moment that if our devout Kaiser was not in partnership with the Almighty that we would have attempted to fulfill what was our destiny? You knew well that we were the world's super nation. Our professors told us so. Our pastors preached from their pulpits that we were to take the place that was once occupied by the people of Israel as the chosen of the Lord.

We cannot understand why you should have so maliciously and unjustly upset our cherished plans. We knew what we were about. We intended crushing France beyond hope of redemption and in six weeks taking up our abode in Paris. While we are not perhaps as refined and polite as degenerate British men, we do things in a more manly way. We haven't as much sympathy with the failings of men and women as the French and the English, but, you must not forget that we are a strong nation. We are Prussians. We were born to rule. Our Kaiser held his kingship by divine certificate. It was a veritable flying in the face of Providence to interfere with him in what he sought to do for his subjects. They were very glad to serve him. He and his ministers, teachers, and professors, taught them how to be servile and servicable in the efforts of the great cause.

Our mission was to spread our beneficent teaching and do away with the possibility of war as a result of a Hohenzollern ruling a world at peace. Our army was the best equipped and trained that any nation ever possessed. Our navy was the second in point of tonnage and personnel. Our diplomats and diplomacy was as far superior to anything suggested by Machivelli as the highly educated German is when compared with an African pigmy.

It may be true that the pigmy may be more of a gentleman than the world is ready to admit the German is, but you must not forget that our kultur is so superior to everything else that such a comparison should not be made.

You know that our navy could have easily beaten the British if it was only given the opportunity. But if it was not, it is because in the kindness of our hearts we did not want to kill so many poor British sailors. Yet, they say that we are not sympathetic and we are brutal Huns. What a libel on the gentle Prussian!

I am sure the world will repent because we were defeated. We are still fully convinced that we were entitled to impose our will upon the nations of the earth. When we broke the Belgian treaty did we not admit that it was wrong? What is a scrap of paper when it is a question of a great nation like the German, seeking to reach its objective in the shortest possible time? The Belgian people have only themselves to blame if we killed and tortured a few hundred thousand. Why should we be blamed for sticking little Belgian children on our bayonets when they were in our way and impeded our march to victory?

If certain of us were responsible for violation of moral law that affected the virtue of some of the women, surely, no exception will be taken to this. We may not conform to the foolish Englishman's code of being a gentleman. We know better than that. It was never expected for a moment that a German should act like an Englishman. It would be a reflection upon his good sense and humanity.

We had striven all these years peacefully to penetrate every country in the world and secure control of its governments by means of our political propaganda and crooked diplomacy. So great and rapid was our progress that we were highly thought of on this ground. Even our enemies were prepared to concede that we were a great people and in spite of the preparations we were making, refused to believe for a moment that we had any intention to start a world war.

If Belgium, France and Russia, would have immediately surrendered when the great German legions marched into their respective countries, all this bloodshed would have been saved and the German flag would have been waving in such countries and German soldiers would see that peace was maintained.

We were not afraid of the Bolsheviks. We would have quickly shot them down or else put them into German uniforms and compelled them to recognize the Kaiser as the All Highest. The atrocities that were committed were not our fault. The barbarities charged against us were simply in accordance with what we were taught Germany can do when it went to war with inferior and decadent nations. If we ill-treated the prisoners we took there is no ground of complaint. They ought to have been very glad indeed that they were permitted to breathe the pure German air in the camps that were specially set apart for them.

If some of our nurses when wounded prisoners asked for water offered it to them and then spat in it, it was in order when drinking this water they might be able to appreciate its Teutonic flavour and find how palatable the saliva of a German she-cat is, when mixed with water or some other beverage.

As a good German, I cannot help wondering why the Allies should have been making all this fuss. One would think that we committed a horrible crime when one of our brave sub commanders sank the Lusitania. Was it our fault if the American people refused to listen and pay attention to the advertisements in the New York papers telling them not to sail? Are we to blame if a lot of little children were drowned in the sinking of the Lusitania? Their parents should have known better and it ill becomes a strong nation to even show sympathy for innocent children.

Why did you not let Graf Von Tirpitz do all that he promised? He with his submarines and Zepelin with his air balloons could have easily destroyed Great Britain in a very short time if it was not for the obstinacy of these people. Our kaiser was right when he said the stubborn British were so hard to get along with and would not give way as quickly as we anticipated.

Some of the people in the Allied countries took offence because we bombed hospital ships. Is there anything wrong in drowning wounded soldiers and noble nurses when they belong to the enemy? We did not recognize any human code or law and therefore we could do as we pleased. Our people were quite satisfied; in fact, they celebrated our victories in this respect.

You know that when the Lusitania was sunk that a special medal was the commander's reward and the church bells were rung throughout Germany. Still, the foolish Yankees would not profit

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by this lesson that we wanted to teach them and still continued to allow Americans to travel in the ships belonging to a neutral nation, and in spite of all this, after notifying them that we were going to carry out unrestricted warfare, instead of expressing their appreciation, they entered the war. Our great Hindenburg was thus stopped in the success that he was sure his offensive would bring.

Our soldiers as a result of the refusal on the part of the Allies led by that man Foch, commenced to complain and said they were not going to fight any longer for the Junkers. What presumption on the part of these low bred men. How dare they talk in this way. One would think that they were as good as the officers in our brave army. These boors were simply the instruments for our Kaiser to use in making the Allies realize their inferiority. The good German was born to be cannon fodder. He knew that his body would make good manure from which would spring an incense that would go up to Heaven in thankfulness for Germany's supremacy.

Now, what will become of us. Must we commence all over again? Will our kaiser and his six sons, such tall, graceful well-built men who were too proud to fight, have to go and mix with the multitude. Must our Kaiser leave Germany? I am sure that if he is allowed to resume his place that he will be able to still do a great deal of good for Germany. He will tell his people that while the partnership between himself and the Almighty has been temporarily dissolved, some agreement may be effected later on and then the German people will get all that they were working for all these years. It is so hard for a poor German to understand why things happened as they did. Think of giving back to France the billion marks that they made us a present of in 1871 and this has got to be supplemented by Alsace-Lorraine.

What makes us feel very bad is that the piggish Poles will be able to take away such a rich part of Germany. We treated them well for so many years and we are very anxious to give them all the advantages of a German education, yet, they were not satisfied, and now they are going to re-organize the Polish people.

No nation was ever insulted as Germany has been. All our time and money in creating such a big army and building a fine navy, has been simply thrown into the sea. There must be something wrong. It is not possible that the

children of the Fatherland should once again be regarded as no better than the people living in the countries that border some of our professors and kultur and then sent a lot of rough soldiers to fight us.

I am sure that the angels in heaven are weeping when they look down upon my countrymen and think how low we have now fallen that French soldiers whom every good German despised, will be quartered on sacred German soil until any indemnity imposed is paid. This is all the fault of that England which always talks of liberty and interfering with the German officials when they were trying to teach the Blacks how to behave. What does that England want with her liberty and freedom? They are like that Professor Wilson who is the President of the United States, and who is talking about making the world safe for Democracy. The German does not want Democracy. He believes in an Autocracy because no other system of government will give him such a clever man as our Kaiser.

In spite of all that we have suffered and the loss of our navy and guns and other things with which we made war so superbly, we are now told that they want to bring the culprits to justice. What do they mean? Why can't they leave poor General Stenger alone? He did not want to have too many prisoners and he told his officers and soldiers not to bring any, so that they would not eat up too much German sausage and sauerkraut. It was a privilege for any Englishman, Frenchman, Belgian or Russian to be killed by a good German bayonet. They were simply offerings to our German god who loves the smell of blood that is not German.

If we stole the women we were no worse than the Turks and some of the ancient nations. Who said we were a moral people. We have no morals but we have "kultur". The women whom we stole or maltreated (as you say) know what a fine man the German soldier is and if it is an honour for a British or English soldier to be stabbed with a German bayonet, it is still more honour for a Frenchwoman of good birth and breeding to be violated by a German boor. That was all in the plan and everybody should be satisfied.

We are not downcast. We know that the Allied nations can be deceived. Our clever secretary Self is now asking for sympathy and food and he is being helped by the pacifists in the Allied coun-



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tries who want their people to have mercy on the Germans. These pacifists who are the true friends of Germany, know that the German people only wanted war if they were going to succeed and they would divide up the spoils which they expected to get when the Allies were defeated. These pacifists would have had very good positions in the Allied countries. Their propaganda was very nice. The Kaiser liked it and it was his intention to suitably reward them. Now they will have to wait until we get strong again. This will not be very long if the Allies are not too hard on us.

We are going to have a republic and later on when things get quieter our good William Hohenzollern will become the hereditary president and when he dies his position will be filled by the Crown Prince. In the meantime, we will try and get all the business we can because with business we will be able to build up a big army and another big navy and then we will try again.

The New Style.

A certain English general made an unannounced call upon an Australian regiment on Salisbury Plain. He was a very even-tempered man, but before the day was over he was very angry.

He crossed the parade-ground, where a lot of Australians were lounging about, but nobody saluted him. Arrived outside the orderly-room, he found a sentry on guard. To his amazement the man made no attempt to salute him.

"I want to see your colonel," he said abruptly.

"Who?" queried the sentry.

"Your colonel, my man—your colonel."

The Australian put his head inside the door and growled:

"Hi, Bill, 'ere's a bloke wants to talk to yer."

An Oversight.

In a section of trench near Lens some Canadians having captured twenty-five half-starved Pomeranians in a night raid sent them back the following day with a polite note:

"Dear Fritz,—Herewith we return prisoners. In the circumstances they are hardly worth keeping. We would remind you that they usually bring their rations with them; would you kindly put right this oversight?"

A SALVE TO CONSCIENCE.

As I lay here tonight just thinking
Of days that have not long gone by
I seem to think I've been sleeping
While my comrades were willing to die
To die for the world's greatest freedom
And to fight till the last man falls
While I stayed at home just listening
To the appeals of my Country's Calls.

I was then what the world calls a slacker
Afraid of my comrades' call
Because of the days that were blacker
Caused by the cannon's roar
Until one day I was walking
In a town in the U.S.A.
Wondering what I should do with myself
On Declaration day.

When I came to the British mission
Where the Union Jack was on high
And it was then that I stopped to listen
When I heard somebody cry
Your King and your Country needs you
We are fighting the world's greatest war
Come do your part in this "Batt."
And show you are grit to the Core.

It was then that I started thinking
And thought that maybe after all
Perhaps our allies were sinking
And our flag was beginning to fall
No, not if my could help save it
Even if I had to fight through with my fists
So I proudly walked inside
And damned if I didn't enlist.

Then they gave me my transportation
And sent me here to St. Johns
But when reaching my destination
I found that my friends were gone
Then my name was called out one day
To proceed with a draft overseas
But just as they were ready to go
Eleven pulled off—one was me.

And so I have been here ever since
Doing nothing but forming fours
But whenever I stop to consider
I have played my part for the cause
It is true I was four years late
Although it is too late to mend
But I am sure you will all agree
That I did what was right in the end.

Harry E. Yeomans
2013720, B. Coy.

A Faux Pas.

She was an ultra-patriotic American, and had come across the Atlantic to be near the brave "Sammies". England pleased her, and France charmed her so much that she began to learn French.

"Yes," she said to a male friend one night, "I think England and

France are perfectly ripping. I'm all for the encinte cordiale all the time."

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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old chap!—tho that is
remarkably good!—but,
er, they're so dashingly
smart, y' know!"

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LEST WE FORGET THE UN- BOASTING ENGLISH.

Some time ago there appeared in the Philadelphia Public Ledger a remarkable editorial, "Lest We Forget the Unboasting English"—reprinted below. To many Canadians it seemed curious, even in a country that produces such sane war editorials as the New York Times, the Springfield Republican, the San Francisco Argonaut and the North American Review, that a paper like the Public Ledger should publish so broadminded and even generous an estimate of the British nation:

We must not let our delight in the astonishing achievements of our boys, bearing themselves like veterans on the bloodiest battlefields in history and against the most intensively trained troops even sent into action, blind us to the other "big things" that have been and are being done in this tremendous tournament of the nations. Even in our appraisal of the great deeds of our allies we have naturally dwelt chiefly upon the unexpected and gloriously bizarre—the slaying of the Goliaths by the daring Davids. We have not stopped to comment on the solidity of Mont Blanc.

But it is, after all, on the solidity of the Mont Blancs that we build. We all knew the stuff of which Old England was made. What she has done in this war—quietly, unboastingly, as is her wont—has surprised no one who knew English character, English stamina and English history. Imaginative writers have mentioned various moments at which the blundering bully of Berlin lost the war and his chance to conquer and enslave the world; but those who take long views of things and recognize the primal forces which have shaped the destiny of nations since the disintegration of the Roman Empire will agree that the doom of Germany's despotic ambition was sealed on the day that Britain's councillors wheeled that nation into line with the forces of freedom.

If the Kaiser possessed prescience or had read his history he must have shivered—as tradition says we do if some one steps on our grave—when he knew for certain that his spies had lied and that the stubborn, stick-to-it, bulldog British had decided to live or die with the French.

The British have a bad record for an ambitious despot to face. They brought Philip of Spain to his knees—they curbed the power of Louis the Great of France—

they grappled with the mighty Napoleon and never let go.

So they entered upon the task of bringing down—to paraphrase Kipling—the Beast that walked like a Man. They were under obligation to send some 80,000 soldiers to help the French. The Kaiser, measuring their honor by his own, thought they would perfunctorily and literally redeem this pledge, and let it go at that. Hence his remark about their "contemptible little army." The fact is that Great Britain alone has sent on land and sea a total of six and a quarter millions. Her Empire has added two and a quarter millions more to this. Over eight millions instead of eighty thousand—a hundred in place of one. That is the British way. When we send fifteen millions we will have done as well—but not till then.

England was no more a military nation than America when the war began. She learned to fight by fighting—and dying. We are profiting to-day by her tragic experiences. Thousands of American lads will come home to us alive and whole because thousands of our blood-brothers from the British Isles have been killed and mutilated—and have taught us how to escape. Britain made her armies while France and her own navy held the gap, and then she poured them into France and Flanders by the million to fight back the eruption of Cave Men that threatened civilization.

What the English have done in this war is too recent to need recapitulation. They gradually took over greater and greater sections of the front. They first fought defensive actions with all the dogged courage for which the British are famous—then they created that early turn in the tide which released the series of allied offensives that finally sent the Germans back to the Hindenburg line—and beyond. They rose to the rank of a full military partner of France—and there is no higher rank.

For all this they paid. There is hardly a home in Great Britain which does not have its unvisited grave in France or Belgium—not a street on which the permanently maimed do not limp to unaccustomed tasks. And the figures show that the percentage of casualties from the Mother Country exceeds the percentage from the overseas Dominions, thus disposing of one of the vilest, meanest, most dastardly lies of the whole Satanic German propaganda which charged that the English were putting their Colonials and their allies in the

forefront of the battle. Lord Northcliffe estimates their killed alone at 900,000!

England's contributions outside the Western front have been worthy of a great nation, even if they stood alone. Her navy has kept the seas free for the commerce and the troop transports of the allied world. It has bottled up the German navy from the first. Her ships have coaled, fed and munitioned the Italians—for a time fed and munitioned the French—brought legions and food supplies from the Seven Seas. We are proud of our own swift shipment of troops to the firing line during the days of the soul-shaking danger this last summer; but well over half of them went in British bottoms convoyed by British warships.

Then where have not the British fought? The Suez was in danger. It was the British that protected it. There were German naval stations in the Pacific. The British mopped them up. Russia asked help by way of the Dardanelles. The British tried to give it. Intervention was needed on the Tigris. The British supplied it. The British were at Saloniki. British ships were in the Adriatic. The British Colonial troops freed Africa from the Germans. British diplomacy steadied the Moslem world when the Turkish Sultan and his Sheik-ul-Islam proclaimed a holy war. The British to-day are moving south from Archangel and are at Vladivostok.

British financed the allied nations till we came in to share the titanic task. Her industries have clothed, munitioned and supplied them in various vital ways. The Germans say that she has "prolonged the war." By that they mean that she has kept up the fighting spirit of the allies and supported their morale. The Briton is a dour fighter, and knows no end to a struggle save victory or death. He never fights a limited liability war—he goes in with his whole soul. The day that British Khaki appeared upon the battlefields of France it was decreed that there could be but one of two ends to this conflict—the collapse of the British Empire or the final failure of Germany's dream of world-conquest.

But no one, save the German Intelligence Department, has known or ever will know half of what Britain has done. When it comes to self-laudation the British are the poorest advertisers the world has ever seen.

Why is a ship always polite?—Because she advances with a bow.

DIARY OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER

Of The Sixtieth Battalion, Ninth Brigade, Third Canadian Division, British Expeditionary Force, France, 1916.

Feb. 20th.—We left Bramshott Camp, Hants, England, for Southampton. Arriving there we had a long march to what was called a Rest Camp. The men were very tired, and there was no rest for them in the tents, as a cold rain was falling.

Feb. 21st.—In the afternoon we marched to the wharf, where we embarked on a small cross-channel boat. This was very crowded and the crossing was rough, so that many were sea-sick. I slept on the deck in my trench coat, and felt very cold and hungry.

Feb. 22nd.—We landed early in the morning during a snow storm at Havre, France. Here we had a long, hard march up hill to another "Rest Camp". This was a collection of tents, surrounded by slush, mud and water. Everybody was wet and cold, however we were given stew and tea which improved matters somewhat. In the evening we marched in a blinding snowstorm to the station at Havre, where we entrained for "somewhere in France". The men were put in box cars marked "8 horses or 20 men". The officers were put in a third class coach with many broken windows. I slept on the floor of the passage way, as the seats were all occupied, at least I slept a little while as it was very cold. I had had my hair all shaven off before leaving Bramshott and my head felt naked.

We travelled 24 hours on this miserable train, stopping once for coffee which helped a whole lot.

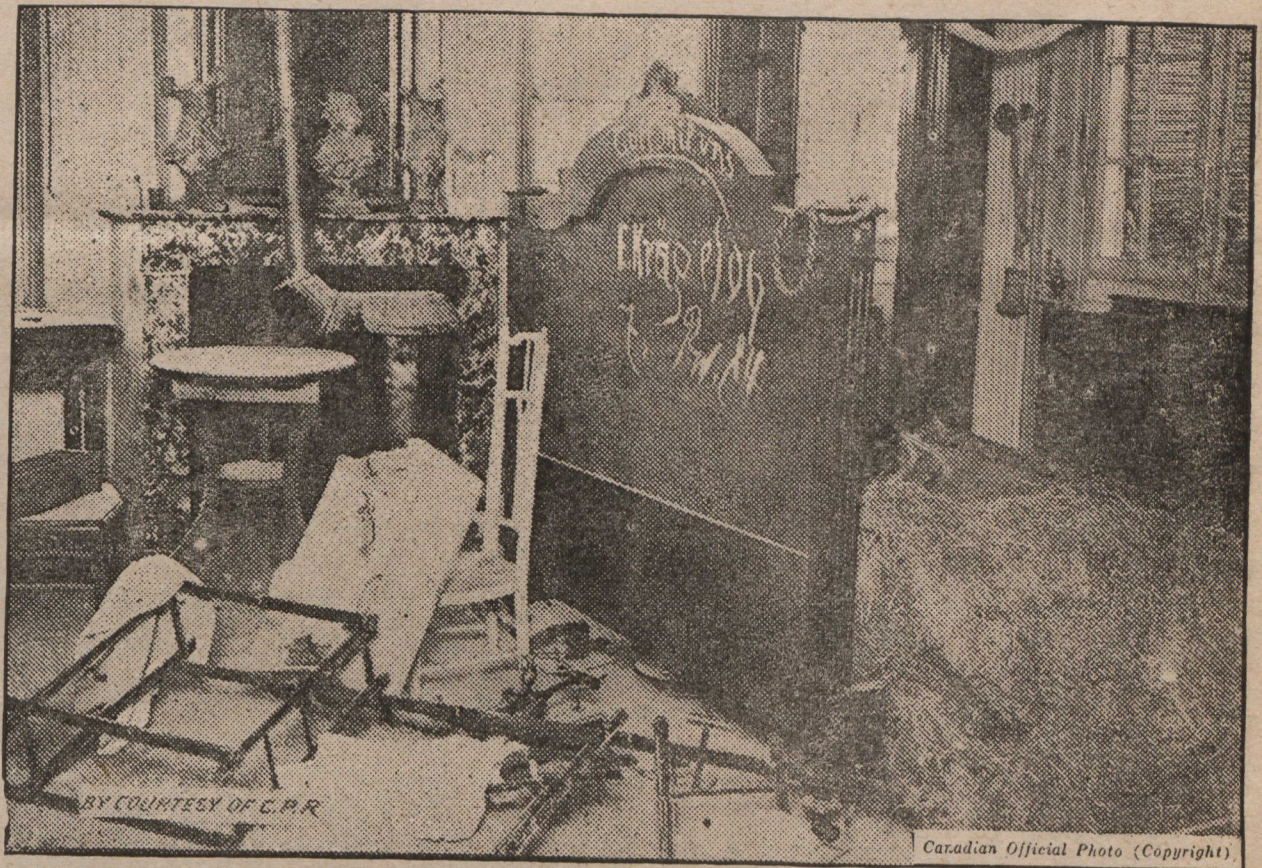
Feb. 24th.—We arrived at Godewaersvelde, France, about 2 a.m. It was very cold and everything was frozen. We were billeted here till March 1st (the men in barns and the officers in farm houses, etc.)

March 1st.—We had a long march over pavé roads to Loere. We had our kitchens with us and had a meal on the road. Here we met the 24th and 42nd Battalions from Montreal, and had pleasant reunions with many good friends. I slept the first night on a stone floor, and was kept awake by the roar of some of our heavy guns which were near. We also met here the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and were

FUNERAL OF GENERAL LIPSETT



Funeral of General Lipsett near the lines. Taking the coffin from the gun carriage. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales following the coffin.



"Got Mit Uns": This German hall mark chalked by one of the Cambrai vandals on the bedstead of a pillaged room is a good example of German humor.

billeted much the same as at Godewaersvelde. The weather was sleety and wet.

(To be continued)

The Morning After.

The battalion was out of the line, and in fairly comfortable billets. Several farm-houses had been commandeered to accommodate the men, and on the first evening in this comparative paradise a ser-

geant and one or two "bloods" had a night out.

The sergeant dined not wisely but too well, and his companions had considerable difficulty in getting him home. Arrived at the farm-house he refused to go inside, and insisted on making his bed in the centre of a heap of straw in the courtyard.

Realizing that it was impossible to shift him his companions left him in his primitive nest. He

awoke in the morning still feeling dazed and extremely bad tempered. He looked round, endeavoring to remember what had happened, and suddenly looked up and saw the grinning face of a corporal gazing at him from the top window of the building. He shivered in the keen morning air, and shouted to the figure at the window:

"Shut that damned window. Do you want me to catch my death of cold!"

THE NURSES

The tortured life that fights to go—
 The shattered flesh that blood-flushed lies—
 These have ye taken for your foe,
 These for your valiant enterprise,
 Ours is the shrapnel and the steel,
 Ours is to slay within the law,
 But yours the gracious task to heal
 The aftermath of bloody war.

Yours is to fight with tireless Death
 Who will not lightly yield his prey,
 Yours is to heal the pain-torn breath
 That drags the spirit from its clay,
 Safe in your certain hands it lies
 To rob the death lust of its worth—
 To smooth the way to Paradise,
 Or hold the far-spent soul to earth.

For strength that ever stronger grows,
 For life that holds fair promise yet—
 He who has willed our battles knows
 We do not lightly hold the debt.
 And we, who work a nation's will,
 We who may slay within the law,
 Proclaim you worthier warriors still
 Who wage with Death your endless war.
 R. F. W. Rees.

Now I'm home I don't think bad of St. Johns. The boys were good fellows and the D Company officers were all fine and the experience has been good for me. But I'll never forget the Mission and them promises of Patriotic money and extra dough and how I was the very guy they wanted in the army and all that bull about being in England in a week's time. Give my love to the boys.

Yours always,
 Steve.

N.B.—The reader is asked to note the article in this issue entitled "A Christmas Dream" which is supposed to be an interview with Driver Williams by a journalist in the U.S.A. It is reproduced here for our edification.

Obvious!

Two sergeants were discussing the batch of new recruits. "I bet you anything," said one, "that that tall fellow Williams was only a clerk before he joined, in spite of all his swank." "What makes you think that?" asked the other. "Well, every time I say 'Stand at ease!' he tries to put his rifle behind his ear!"

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 J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What is the destination of the proceeds of a certain Concert Artistique et Patriotique, which the men of the Depot were recently importuned to patronize.

When will Iberville be placed in bounds.

What have ALL the people in that charming suburb done to be debared the pleasure (?) of our company.

Why charge for admission into a bum show given by outsiders, when the men in the Depot can (and do) provide excellent entertainment free, gratis, and for nothing.

Why the cleverest and most efficient member of our Band was overlooked during the recent distribution of Honours.

Was it because of his modesty.

Was the cheese passed at the banquet on Thursday night.

Has "Happy" left the Hooligans.

Why did the management of the Concert "Artistique" only play the National Anthem on demand.

LETTERS FROM RETURNED MEN.

Somewhere in the United States
 December 1st.

My dear Bill,
 I arrived home O.K. two nights ago after having safely bilked the immigration officer of those eight bucks I expected to lose. My wife sez I have improved a lot since she last saw me but lor Bill she don't know nothing about the party at the Frisco caffee a few nights ago. The quart you give me before I lef came in allright but the cork come out in me kit bag and the missus was all put out when she smelled me clothes and said "I wonder what kinder aplace St. Johns is."

Well Bill, my first meal at home was some feast. When we got into supper I stood up at the Home table waiting for that bugle to blow and Mary asked me what I was waiting for. It was the first time in three months that I had an un-contested feast but I must confess that I grabbed the ham and eggs before anybody else. Them Rhode Island Reds I told you about is moulting but I expect to pick a bone on Sunday. It's darned funny to sleep in a bed again and I couldn't help but think on that hospital and old Maynier, Tet, Ward and the other boys that helped to make things happy.

Well Bill I guess I'll close now.

THE RECRUIT TO HIS LADY.

Beyond the Depot wall grows mignonette:
And I have seen your face in every cloud;
And, in the West, your hair waves lovelier yet;
And heard your voice above the bugles loud.

There is no tedium in the day's dull round,
No guard, no dull fatigue, no sharp command.
But you have eased them; and the sodden ground
Blossoms with dreams of your far fairyland.

Stern is our business here, and grim the road
That leads through training to the battle's roar.
Duty hath set the task; Love lights the load;
Hope gilds the outcome with the hues of yore.

So, Loveliness, this old St. Jean's a shrine.
They say, War's spirit haunts it; I say thine.

William E. Comfort,
Canadian Engineers Training Depot.
(In the Montreal Star.)

St. John's, Que.

LET THE ENEMY STARVE FIRST.

(Washington Post, Nov. 18, 1918)

The Germans are drawing a little too heavily upon the abundant store of American credulity and magnanimity when they ask Americans to regard them as genuine converts to democracy, deeply offended victims of their late militaristic rulers and especially deserving of the fatted calf of forgiveness. If the German women who are appealing to American women for special favors would kindly hold aloof until some evidence is forthcoming that the German nation is not still a rapacious wolf, harmless only because overpowered, there might be a better chance for them in the forthcoming drastic rationing of the world.

The German people's conversion is too sudden and too voluble to be convincing. Four years of accumulated proof of savage delight in atrocious crimes and robberies cannot be wiped out by a week or two of internal disorders and declamations on the beauties of democracy. The truth is that the German people supported their imperial assassin of nations until his murder machinery was smashed and Germany in danger of invasion. Then they affected a change of heart. Probably they will change their form of government. Very good; so a man can change his coat. But the leopard cannot change his spots, and the German people cannot convince their victims in other nations that

they have become humanized overnight. There is so little repentance visible; so little real evidence of a change of heart. The voice that goes up from Germany is one of regret, but not for crimes committed. It is regret that victory was not achieved—that France and Belgium and the other allied nations were not put in a position to be exploited to the utmost.

When any American is inclined to go out of his way to exhibit his generosity toward the German people, let him reflect a moment upon what those people would have exacted of France, England and Italy if the kaiser had been victorious. Let him glance at what was done in Belgium and Serbia, and what was prepared to be done in Russia. Let him bear in mind that the German people profited greatly in the looting of allied countries, and that no voice in Germany was raised against the robbing of allied countries to feed Germans.

It is not for the purpose of advocating a brutal or cruel policy toward the German people that these remarks are made. Two wrongs do not make a right, and it is not in the nature of Americans to rejoice in the calamities of their neighbors. But it is the nature of Americans to be entirely too generous to a beaten foe. The tendency is not toward retribution and reprisal, but toward an excessive generosity which, unless checked by common sense, swiftly runs into a combination of maudlin slobber and boastful charity. The quality of mercy deteriorates

(Continued on page 15)

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"The men in Khaki."

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and Advocate') St. Johns, Que., Can.

FROM THE PICKLE VAT.

Latest Rumors From The E. T. D.
Front.

"They are going to discharge the Railroad and College men first."

"Married men will be discharged first."

"Volunteers from the United States will be discharged first."

"They are going to charge a head tax on entry to the States."

"We will be allowed to purchase our uniforms for \$10.00."

"We will be allowed to purchase our uniforms for \$23.00."

"We wont be able to purchase our uniforms at all."

"Twenty cases of Flue have broken out at the E. T. D."

"The quarantine at the Pickle Works will be lifted on the 4th December."

"The Quarantine at the Pickle Works was not put on for Measles."

"The Quarantine will stay on at the Pickle Works."

Somebody wanted to know the other day whether it was a fact that Sparrow had got another stripe. Sparrow nearly contracted Measles worrying about it for five days that he reported to the M.O. It is said that Sparrow used to meet the Orderly between here and the E. T. D. and ask him for the orders because his anxiety was increasing every day. Is this correct Sparrow?

Congratulations to Sergt. Mundell on attaining his third stripe.

Who was the Sapper at the Vinegar who mustered twenty men together the other day, pinned a stripe on his arm, ordered them to form fours, and marched them down town right past the Guard. Some Quarantine eh! what. It must have been "A" Company on Guard that day, because they all got back safe.

Sergt. Bradburn:—"Here comes C.S.M. Est-y, let us cheer!"

Rest of gang:—"?? x) ('& x."

We regret to lose Sergt. Bradburn, Sergt. Hensy, Corporal Bradshaw from our midst at the Vinegar, also the numerous other men that have been recently discharged, and hope that they will have all the success possible in civil life and never forget the "Pickle Works". Another one of our noted contributors, Sapper Linney the Cartoonist, obtained his discharge the other day and is on his way to England. Sapper Linney just re-

ceived word, before leaving, that a brother of his was killed in the war before the armistice was signed. Sapper Linney worked hard for this paper when he was here and was very popular amongst the men of "B" Company. We extend condolences on account of his bereavement and hope that at some future time we will run across him in Little Old New York.

"Vinegar Scribe".

UP IN THE BUSH.

Scene — Stockbroker's office, Montreal, the morning of November 11th. Stockholder sitting on office reading 'Gazette', the charwoman busy dusting the desk.

Stockbroker to Charwoman:—"Marie, the war has finished."

Charwoman:—"Wha' da yer mean, war finished?"

Stockbroker:—"Take a look at the paper," (points his finger to headlines 'Germany Asks for Armistice'.) "There it is, don't you see?"

Charwoman:—"Thank goodness my brother can come home now."

Stockbroker:—"I didn't know you had a brother in the war?"

Charwoman:—"War, no fear, he is up in the bush." (Climax).

(We wonder how many brothers Marie had up in the bush!—Editor "Knots and Lashings".)

Discretion.

General Joffre's chauffeur was chatting with a group of soldiers who were hopeful of extracting anything in the way of "news" from him.

"I suppose the general talks to you a good deal," said one of them.

"No," said the chauffeur, "he doesn't say much."

"But at times——"

"Well, yes," said the chauffeur; "the other day, for instance, when getting into the car he said: 'How are things, Pierre?'"

"But, surely," said another soldier, "there are times when he speaks openly to you?"

"Yes, I remember on one occasion he said, 'You have a very pleasing appearance, Pierre.' Of course I was——"

"But," interrupted the first speaker, "does he never speak about the war?"

"Not often," replied Pierre; "the other day he did mention it; he said to me: 'Ah, my brave Pierre! and when is this war going to end?'"

SLASHINGS.

There is no difficulty now in getting Sappers to read Daily Orders these days.

Who is the Sapper who applied for discharge on passionate grounds?

How funny we look when we get our civy suits on.

The tower of Babel has nothing on the corridor outside Room 36 at about 7 p.m.

Back to the old grab-and-snatch-it game in the Mess. Some of the old-timers haven't lost their cunning.

The window fatigue figures out that on Christmas day it will be time to take the storm casements out again.

Who was the full Corporal who rode home in a sleigh the other night.

Murphy Scores.

The sergeant instructor of musketry was really at a loss to know what to do with Murphy. Five times running he had hit the wrong target—he couldn't hold the rifle correctly and it was doubtful whether he saw the target at all.

His sixth shot was a bull's eye.

"Look here, Murphy," said the instructor, "what target did you aim at?"

"Number seven, sorr."

"Yes, and you've got a full on number eight. It'll never do, Pat. What on earth am I to do with you? You'd be a danger at the Front."

"A danger, sorr," said Pat, "Shure an' I moight be the salvation of the regiment—I moight aim at a privit and hit a general!"



"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

FROM VALCARTIER WITH THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of October 14th the fleet stopped outside Plymouth and began to file slowly into the harbour. The port is situated in a bay whose shores at the mouth are high and steep. Our transport did not enter the harbour but anchored just outside the entrance. While we were lying outside numerous Torpedo Boats and Destroyers were manoeuvring around the fleet. These little boats are even smaller than I imagined and cut through the water at an amazing speed, most of them going over thirty knots.

Away off to the south west we saw a large battleship at target practice. We could see the flash and the smoke of the gun, and, a moment later, the splash as the shell hit the water. Closer in there was a fishing fleet with all sails set. On our way in we passed close to a large battleship. We were able to get a good view of its two large guns, probably twelve inch, at bow and stern, and its smaller guns looking out of the embrasures along the sides. The harbour proper lies inside a breakwater, which cannot be seen very distinctly to-night. Numerous searchlights are placed at different points along the shore. They are continually playing on the entrance to the harbour and the open sea. Up on the cliffs signal lights are flashing and we can see the answer returned from ships away off in the distance. All these lights with the different colored lights on the ships presented a very picturesque appearance. It was a sight that alone was worth the trip across.

Naval Barracks, Devonport, October 21st, 1914.

We have been quartered here since Monday with a party detailed to help unload a ship with some of our supplies on board. The boat has been in harbor for two days but as it has not docked yet we have been here longer than we expected.

Thursday, the 15th, there was a slight fog when we came on deck in the morning but we could see the forts along the shore and numerous tents on the hills. Two submarines passed out to sea, only the coming towers and periscopes showing. About nine o'clock we were towed up from the entrance to the harbor and tied up beside the "Manitou" at one of the docks. On our way up we passed a training ship, where boys are

trained for the Navy. This one has, I believe, 1500 boys on board. They were hanging all over the ship, the rigging was filled with them, jumping around like so many monkeys, each one trying to be at the highest point. They came rushing out from between-decks, those that could not get out waving through the port-holes. It certainly did our hearts good to see the youngsters. They seemed to be from fourteen to sixteen years old. In the afternoon about one hundred and fifty of them passed on a ferryboat. They had their band with them, and as they passed it played the National Anthem, everybody standing at "Attention". Looking from the boat everything reminded one of Spring in Canada. There was that same

balmy feel in the air, while the grass and trees were quite green. Most of the transports had already been brought up to the inner harbor. Tugs were towing them to their anchorages. Launches were darting to and fro between the different ships, and ferryboats, their sirens going full-blast, crowded with people cheering and waving flags and handkerchiefs circled the harbor. Occasionally a launch carrying some high Naval Officer would pass, those on board seeming to take no notice of the noise and excitement.

Nobody allowed ashore from the ship.

H. M. S. "Birmingham", a cruiser, which "drew first blood" in a naval engagement in the war, when she sank a German sub-

marine, was lying in dry-dock near where we tied up. Several of her plates were strained.

Friday we remained at the dock all day. The ferryboats, every one crowded, were busy again all day.

Saturday afternoon we were moved up to the Government dockyards and tied up close to H. M. S. "Tiger", a battle cruiser, about the largest battleship afloat. Although a floating fortress with her four 13.5 in. guns each fore and aft, she has developed in a trial run a speed of 28 knots. She was not quite ready for action but was being rushed forward to completion with all possible speed. There was also a super-dreadnought nearing completion, H. M. S. "Benbow". She was more powerful but not as fast as the "Tiger".



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ing for amateurs.

Sunday, the 18th, we went for a route march in the morning through Devonport and Plymouth out to the Hoe, where Drake, while bowling on the green, heard of the approach of the Spanish Armada. We led the march followed by the 9th Infantry Battalion headed by their band. A short service was held at the Hoe. The total distance covered was about six miles. We were quite glad to get back as we were very soft after being so long on board ship. Everybody enjoyed the march, the people giving us a great reception. In the afternoon I was detailed with a party to unload horses from the "Monmouth". The horses had to be coaxed, pulled, and chased up the gangways from the lower decks to the main deck from where they were led out on to the dock. Then they had to be taken a quarter of a mile to be tied up in a field with a lot of other horses. We did not consider this much of a picnic. The party arrived back at the "Zeeland" at nine. We were informed that the Engineers were disembarking at 1.30 in the morning but that our party was to remain behind and go into Naval Barracks here to await the arrival of the "Manhattan" which we had to help unload.

We left the "Zeeland"* at 9.30 Monday morning, the main body having entrained for Salisbury Plain, and marched to the Naval Barracks where we are now quartered. Half the party had leave in the city in the afternoon.

This afternoon we were allowed out on pass from four o'clock to nine. We met the 6th Canadian Infantry Battalion on a march in Devonport. Saw "Foghorn" MacDonald in the rear section of fours. We had a good time, and incidentally, a good meal, in the city. Everywhere we went we were asked for Canadian coins or buttons as souvenirs. The two towns, Plymouth and Devonport, are quite old, the streets being narrow and crooked.

We were told this morning that the "Manhattan" has docked, but we do not know when we will have to start work.

It is very interesting talking to the sailors here about the Navy. They are an intelligent, clean looking lot of men.

They tell you, not boastfully, but in a matter-of-fact way, how much superior the British Navy is to the German, of which they seem

* The "Zeeland", name changed to "Southland", was torpedoed and sunk some time later in the Mediterranean.

to know a great deal. One of them told me of a visit, he made to a German warship several years ago, and how, by keeping his eyes open, and asking questions, he was able to find out considerable concerning the ship and the training of the men.

Except that we have not received any mail, which is probably at Salisbury Plain, we are much better off here than in camp, as we will miss the inconveniences of getting settled down in a new location.

(To be continued)

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Thomas Williams of Pond Hill section, serving with the cavalry of the Royal Imperial army of Canada, leaves to-morrow to return to St. Johns, Quebec, from which place he expects to sail for Siberia reaching that desolate country by Christmas.

Williams is one of a large family, three sons of which are serving at the present time.

He talked most interestingly of his past months of training in the Canadian camp. He looks forward with considerable pleasure to the new adventure which is about to unfold for him in far-off Siberia. Williams presented a picturesque figure this morning uniformed in cavalry trim with spurs on and ammunition belt slung over one shoulder, a cap resembling the American major's cap, and silver buttoned khaki colored blouse, trousers and woolen puttees.

Speaking of life at camp for the raw recruit, Williams says but one explanation is made by an officer previous to a command, and 'obey' is the only thing to be done. The new fellow finds it a bit hard to ride a horse bareback steady for six weeks, the first days being hardest when it is difficult to assume the straight attitude of attention after harrassing hours trying to keep on the back of the smooth groomed animal. Woe betide the recruit who brings out a horse upon whose hide a speck of dust can be found.

Williams has become so used to the high bred horses of the camp that the uncared for horse here does not seem in the same animal kingdom.

A soldier has just six minutes after the bugle calls in the morning to get himself out in full uniform, get horse out and saddled and ready for orders.

After a recruit has spent six weeks trying to ride bareback, he is given a saddle and a new ordeal is undergone. Then comes shooting

in the saddle, then bayoneting in the saddle, then the throwing of hand grenades. The strictest sort of rules are enforced. Williams tells of an incident which occurred last week in New Haven, where he visited just after his return here from camp. He had not struck the city more than ten minutes when he unbuttoned a flap to his outside jacket to get out money for some chocolate. Scarcely had he done this when he was approached by military police with the Canadian uniform who had spotted him. He ordered Williams to "button up". The small button on the flap had not been rebuttoned by the young man during that minute, but he saw to it that not another second elapsed ere it was buttoned. Had this occurred in camp Williams could have been sent to the guard house for twenty-eight days. The same imprisonment, without pay and sustenance on bread and water is meted out to a soldier seen with his hands in his pocket on a cold day.

Williams asserts he has no fear of cold in Siberia, that land which Americans have ever thought of as the coldest and most forsaken of all countries, as Canadian climate is not of the warmest. When he came home a week ago snow was heavy on the ground and winter had set in. He has been trained to stand at attention absolutely stiff for two hours and a half, and cold or not, the men never flinch.

The young man says that the camp is outside of St. Johns a little, and that the tents for the soldiers are pitched where the winds sweep through from all sides. When snow lies on the ground the men have but a board floor and a blanket between them and the white covering over the earth. Each man has three blankets, that composes the bedding. Nobody kicks. Everybody seems satisfied, and if they are not they have brains enough to appear so at any rate, says Williams.

When asked if he had enlisted until peace was declared, Williams said he was in it until His Majesty pleased to discharge him.

He munched chocolates while he talked this morning, but said that he could live on three slices of bread a day. He will be neither here nor there on Thanksgiving day, but on board a train, due to arrive at St. John's at midnight Thursday.

A trip to Siberia does not seem unusual to the young man, and he says that it is not a case of whether he wants to go, but that he is told to go, and go he will.

Large quantities of iron ore have been found in Queensland, about fourteen miles from Warwick.

LET THE ENEMY STARVE FIRST.

(Continued from page 11)

bing of allied countries to feed Ger-
the giver and the receiver.

The German people deserve no
tenderness at the hands of Amer-
icans or any other of the allied
peoples. They do deserve justice.
It has been wisely said recently by
a prominent American that mercy
without justice is even more in-
jurious than justice without mercy.

Justice should be observed in
dealing with the German people.
But the other peoples deserve
justice also. The peoples of the
allied nations, who have suffered
at the hands of the German
government and people, should
have more generosity extended to
them than to the German people.
If that is not justice, then the
allies are allies to no purpose, and
righteousness is not worthy of
reward.

The world will soon be on famine
rations. There need be no doubt
that millions of individuals are
doomed to die of hunger. The best
that the civilized nations can do
will not enable them to reach all
the stricken ones. If the German
people had sooner quit their effort
to rob other nations, there would
have been a chance to produce
more food this year. Now the
world's millions must get along
with what they have. Are the

WAILS FROM AN ORDERLY ROOM.

Tw'as after the war was over,
And we thought our service was done,
When a Sapper came down, with the measles,
The 'bloomin' old son of a gun'.

There's Morley, he's got his new tunic,
And Thompson his breeches so neat,
But 'gol darn' our luck we are C.B.
And our hearts sink down to our feet.

There's only one man here amongst us,
That whistles—without any fear
That's Sparrow, who chirps as he flies by
"A sergeant at the end of the year."

"Damnitall".

once and told us the truth."

There was no reply for ten days,
and then the following letter was
received from another hospital:

"Dear Mother,—I interview the
surgeon this morning. You will
be interested to hear that in future
my expenditure of foot-gear will
be halved."

A Dear Old Thing.

A military chauffeur was
driving like mad through the coun-
try lanes to get to the town, where
he was to pick up the colonel, who
had been out inspecting. Sudden-
ly he discovered that it was neces-
sary for him to stop the car, and
he pulled up and knocked at the
front door of a very pretty cottage
and asked for water to fill his
radiator.

A very dear old soul came to the
door, and was only too glad to do
something for a soldier, so she took
the can away.

Presently she brought it back
and said:

"Water isn't very good in these
parts, so I thought I would fill it
with cider for you, my boy."

Both Bearing Arms.

The war-working wife of the
Tommy at the front was very terse
with the "nosey" lady repre-
senting some committee or other.

"Oh! you needn't worry your-
self," she said; "we're both doing
our bit. He's bearing arms, and
I'm baring mine!"

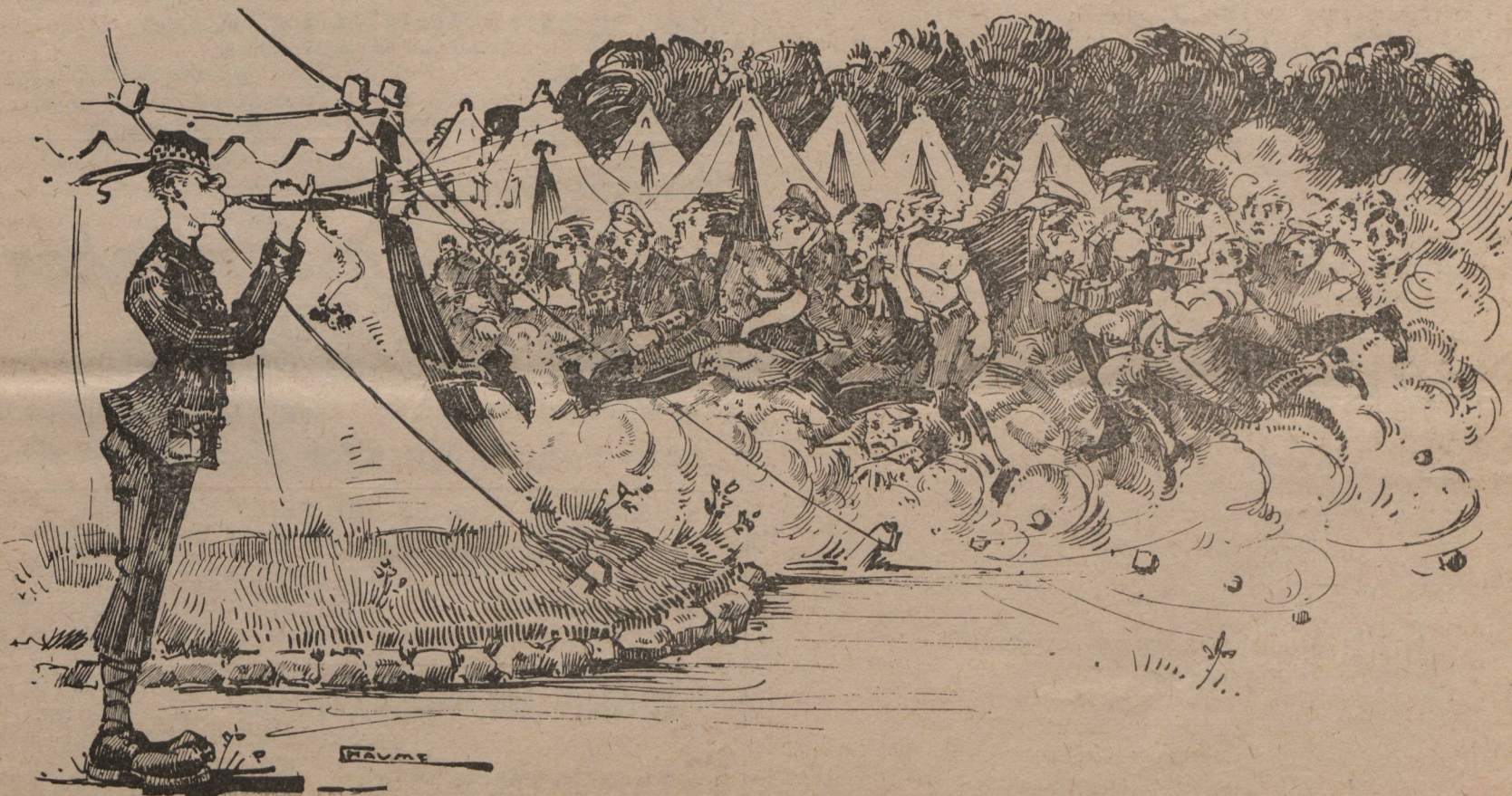
Belgians and the French and the
Russians and the Roumanians to
be starved in order that the Ger-
mans must be fed? That question
is now before the allied govern-
ments, and it will be before the
allied peoples before another
month.

The German people see the
specter of famine and are howling
already. The allied peoples are not
quite so quick to howl, but the
United States of America will be
a devil of ingratitude, a murderer
comparable to William Hohen-
zollern himself, if it diverts to the
Germans any food that is necessary
to keep the peoples of allied nations
from starving to death.

A Cool Customer.

During the repulsing of an
enemy counter-attack, a British
soldier was wounded rather badly
in the leg. His relatives received
the usual telegram from the War
Office, and instantly wrote to him
to know if the wound was serious.
He replied stating that it was only
a scratch. After a lapse of several
weeks, during which the wounded
one was kept in hospital, his rela-
tives began to get anxious.

They wrote: "Why are you still
in hospital? We think you are
making light of your wound, and
that it is more serious than you
led us to suppose. Do write at



Fall in! at Seaford, England.

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

We are looking in the new Geography book for "Lostria". They call it the Duel Monarchy now. We hear the Germans lack food, would suggest Humble Pie with Peace Pudding. It is reported that the Huns are absolutely without wool. But they cannot say they have not got "worsted". The Kaiser is said to have once described our Elizabethan seamen as "nothing better than pirates". All the same just now he would be glad to have a Raleigh to rely upon. Mr. H. G. Wells has been advocating the naked truth with regard to all reports concerning the Peace conference. Possibly it is the Nudiplomacy he is hinting at. "Now the war is over," writes a correspondent, "Sir Douglas Haig should have a bust in Westminster Abbey." For our own part a quiet little vacation in our own home town will be good enough. The German Kaiser is said to be morose and taciturn in his retreat. Sometimes he comes out of these moods and paces his chamber muttering to himself. If one could but get a report of his soliloquy it would probably be much the same as that uttered by Macbeth.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

Taken from the columns of a recent issue of an Ottawa newspaper: "The King held an investiture at Buckingham Palace one day last week and conferred 255 decorations, including the Victoria Cross on Lieutenant Hubert Moons." It sounds too many decorations for one man, however brave he may be.

From another paper we extract the following interesting report of an exciting week: "Mr. and Mrs. Paul Freeman are the proud parents of a fourth son since last Thursday."

The Swan Song.

The good old Depot is gradually breaking up. Men are leaving us daily. Whose turn next? Who knows? It may be yours! It may be mine. Here's wishing you all the best of luck and a safe and satisfactory return to your civilian occupation. May your memory ever keep one green and tender spot dedicated to the men and events in the Depot.

I have done,
Put by the lute.
Song and singing soon are over,
As the airy shades that hover
In among the purple clover:
I have done, put by the lute.

Once I sang as early thrushes
Sing among the dewy bushes;
Now I am mute.
I am like a weary linnet,
For my throat has not song in it.
I have had my singing minute:
I have done. Put by the lute.

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