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THE ROMANCE OF AIR-FIGHTING

Now that thousands have enlisted in the Flying Corps, and other thousands are debating in their minds whether or not to follow their example, a few facts concerning the work of British flying men may prove of special interest. When the War began, flying was a side-line; with all its fascination, it appeared to most people to be of minor importance, compared with the traditional tasks of strategy and the problems involved in the employment of vast bodies of men. Is there anybody alive who still holds that view?

What is the truth of the matter? The flying men will win the War. Victory depends, of course, upon a large number of factors—upon the plans of generals, upon the supply of munitions, upon the use of marvellous inventions (the "tanks," for example), upon finance, food, domestic economy. But the historians of the Great War may conceivably tell us that the final rout of the Central Empires was brought about when airmen in their thousands arrived in France to destroy the enemy communications and cut off the German trench-dwellers from all their sources of supply; and the time has now come when we are realizing that fighting the Prussians in the air is one of the noblest enterprises permitted to the youth of the present day.

The Pilot's Training

There are plenty of handbooks on the subject of practical flying, and no need exists to devote any part of this article to technicalities. The novice, when he reaches the Flying School, will be surprised to

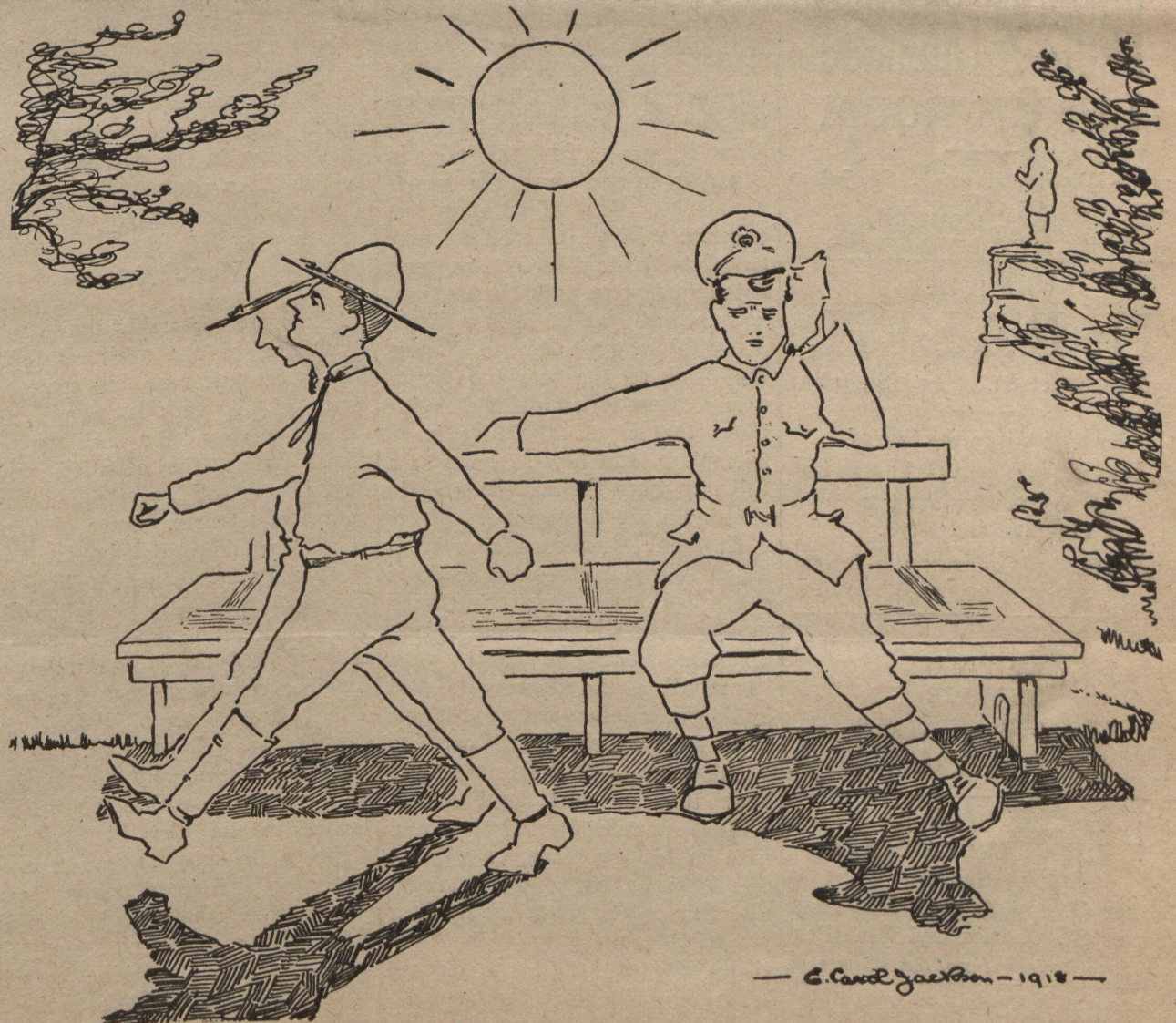
discover what a tremendous array of hints and instructions are given him, but he will be more surprised when he finds how easily they can be understood and remembered, and how simple is the task of mere flying. Later on, when he comes

to study the art of war flying, he will encounter something different—something that really tests his qualifications and decides whether he is worthy to mix with the world's supermen.

The candidate for the post of

fighting airman may be as young as eighteen or nineteen. He should not be much more than thirty-two, the age at which the English football player finds himself knocked out of the selected teams for "Rugger" and "Soccer". It is

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true that S. F. Cody flew magnificently at forty-eight; but the authorities pick out men younger than that, and only men really in the prime of life; anyone tending to come into the category of the "aged" is rejected.

As has already been indicated, the first stages of tuition are simple. The pupil goes in the morning to the sheds and arrays himself in helmet, overcoat, leather jacket, leather waistcoat, etc., adding gloves and goggles and muffler—protective devices against the cold above. With his instructor, he mounts a machine equipped with controlling levers in duplicate, so that any blunder that he may be guilty of is immediately corrected by the instructor, the "dual control" enabling the latter to pounce at any moment. "Pounce" is, however, not the right word, for it is usually by the most delicate and almost imperceptible action that the machine is righted when trouble threatens. Awkward and dangerous as the aeroplane was in the early days, it now possesses a stability of its own so automatic that the machine seems to help the pupil more than puzzle him. When the instructor has taken his seat behind the pupil, a mechanic, with his hand on the propeller, gives instructions—"switch off," "suck in," intoned ritual somewhat akin to that familiar to the learner of motor-car driving. After the big swing of the propeller and a short run over the ground, the pupil has the wonderful sensation of finding himself many feet aloft, and climbing briskly into the upper regions. A first flight may last only ten minutes; the height may be a few hundred feet. The pupil is taught how to work the controls, how to deal with deviations in the machine's course, how to depress the head of the machine for a descent, how to cut off the engine when the actual alighting is to take place, and how to come to a full stop when the machine is again running along the ground.

At each lesson something additional is explained—what to do if a strange noise from the engine indicates something wrong in that direction, how to deal with "bumps", as the air-waves caused by the sun's action are termed, how to choose the right spot of earth to alight upon. The beginner gets to know that he must never ascend without examining every strut and wire on his aeroplane, or without ascertaining that every working part is in order. Thus for the first few flights the programme only varies slightly, until the learner knows how to steer the machine himself, taking turns to the right

and left, and, in course of time, being permitted to bring the machine to the ground. A few more days, and the eventful moment arrives when the teacher says cheerfully: "Now you can just go up by yourself." However long a man lives, and whatever may be his adventures, his first "solo" flight will remain an exciting memory.

Then come the tests for the "ticket". The candidate must prove to the testing observers that he can cut figures of eight in the air, that he can land without bursting a wire, and that, generally speaking, he can handle his machine correctly. The "ticket", once obtained, proclaims to all and sundry the joyful intelligence that its holder is a certified aviator; in course of time the Press may begin to speak of him as "the intrepid bird-man". In England this acquirement leads to an appointment as probationary Second-Lieutenant, and one of the next tasks set is generally the flying of types of machines different from that to which the "ticket"-holder has hitherto been accustomed.

Three months or thereabouts must be allotted to the "advanced" course of training, and while that stage is being gone through, the candidate presents himself before the examiners to obtain his "wings", a further guarantee of capability that may cause him to be sent across the Channel to join in the fight for the liberties of the world, or, perchance, he may be simply allotted the responsibility of assisting in the defence of the British Isles against the raiding aircraft of the enemy.

War Flying

There are censorship limits to a discussion of the aviator's daily life in the war zone, but some account of his work is permissible. In preparation for military or naval duties, the certified pilot has, first of all, to attend a new course of lectures. Some of them will "bore him stiff," but most of them may even enchant him by virtue of their direct relationship to his coming work. Dull theory is swallowed up in the practical details of many branches of science. The airman must indeed be scientist as well as pilot. If his work is to be merely the steering of the machine, with a comrade on board to do the scouting or fighting, the subjects that he must study will include maps, compasses, and meteorological conditions. To a mastery of the technicalities of his machine he will have to add a knowledge of clouds and rain, of line-squalls and

electrical disturbances in the air. He must know how, when a gale is blowing, to climb out of its delaying power. He may have to encounter sea-fogs or the smoky haze that hangs over a "black country".

The complete air-warrior must learn another dozen sciences. The information that he seeks in scouting must be accurately collected and intelligently reported; it is thus essential that he should understand, not only map-reading, but also photography and wireless telegraphy. It is the duty of the aerial photographer to provide his side with section pictures of the enemy's lines of communication, of the lay of the country miles and
(Continued on page 11)

Thuotoscope

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RAHND BARRICKS.

'Av yer piked the steps they're buildin', ahtside the Kernel's door?
They ain't for you nor me to use, but for them as 'olds the floor.
The wood steps as was there before, was busted up for fair;
I guess the 'evvy weights brought on their last despair.
It's concrete that they're usin' of to build the new ones wiv,
The Kernel sez 'e wants 'em strong, so 'e can use them steps an' live.

The Canteen Sekretary too, is pullin' off a job,
'E's puttin' up a fountain, yes 'e is so 'elp me bob.
It's in the recreation room, just'andy-like me thinks,
An' there you can get fizzy stuff, and other tee-to drinks.
'E's a wonder, everybidy sez that Loot that they call Phil,
Where ten cents used to last a week, it takes a dollar bill.

Wot tikes my eye though rahnd this place, is that 'ere boulevard,
Ahtside the Stibles where you'd look to find the blinkin' yard.
I ain't been froo, cos I ain't class enuf to go that w'y;
But blimee wait until that cop goes blind or shuts a eye.
I s'pose I'd wake the 'orses up, or swipe a flower p'r'aps,
I cawn't see any other thing that mikes 'em bar us chaps.

I been on the tennis courts to knock the balls arahnd,
But couldn't 'it the blinkin' ball fer fallin' on the grahnd.
The scoring seems so foolish fer men to use in gimes,
They talk of love near all the time, an' call each other nimes.
I busted up the ribbon what I thought was white-wash marks,
An' if the net was took away, there'd be less rude remarks.

But don't I like the movies just, especially Friday nights,
Wen they 'aves some blokes a singin', an' some blinkin' fights.
I gets there good an' early, to get a first row seat,
So there ain't no one in front of me a treadin' on my feet.
I think that Phil. a wonder, I do so 'elp me bob,
I only 'opes the war shuts up wen that guy quits 'is job.

GIDDY.

HEARD ON RICHELIEU STREET.

First Young Lady:—"Why do these men have so many little pockets in their belts?"

Second Young Lady:—"Well, dear, all they ever spend down town is their time and they must have somewhere to carry their money."

And, who is the young Sergt. of the — Draft Co. who goes down town to let the girl in the Ice Cream Parlor play with his Bayonet?

What Sergt. Major Evans really said:—

Scene—Outside the Sergts. Mess.
Sergt) Major Evans:—"Some of you fellows ought to be reporting to the Sanitary Corporal. He said nothing about Siberia."

And look out for the Sanitary Corporal's new dog.

They were gazing out of a window in the Sergeants Mess and he said wearily, "I do so much want to go Overseas," then he paused a minute and added, "Let's row over to Iberville in Corporal Firth's boat."

Maybe it was he who pinched the Jessen craft.

"Bartank".

A CERTIFICATE.

If the question were asked,—
"Whose name has appeared most persistently in the columns of 'Knots and Lashings'?" I think one would be fairly safe in replying — "Sergt. Barr's." In poetry, in prose, in serious vein and in jest we have seldom gone a week without some mention of or some communication from our old friend.

At last we have found just cause for bringing our friend out and as you might say for getting back at him. With this end in view we have great pleasure in congratulating him on the receipt of a much coveted Veterinary certificate, earned no doubt at the expense of the 'puir wee basties' in the stables.

(Post Script).—It is rumoured that Staff Sergt. Barr has been offered a stupendous salary as consulting 'engineer' in the medical office.

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WAR LOAF**

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Vol. 1. No. 43.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, August 24th, 1918.

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GERMAN BUSINESS AND GERMAN AGGRESSION.

Among the many things revealed by the war, one of the more important is what may be called the omnipresence of the German. Other nations, both those now belligerent and those now neutral, have suddenly discovered that German influence played a much larger part in their economic life than had been thought possible. As a consequence many wild statements have been made, and the slumber of many peaceful folk has been rudely disturbed by nightmares of the most violent kind. Business men, however, are not in the habit of accepting statements without properly testing them, nor are they prepared, without evidence, to believe that every one of those Germans with whom they may have rubbed shoulders in the past was a double dyed villain. But enough has been seen and said to rouse legitimate doubt in the business communities of many lands as to whether German business methods are compatible with the economic development of the world as a whole.

ENGLAND—THE HOME OF THE ALIEN.

There are two things that must be pointed out. First, that natives of England, the traditional home of exiles from all foreign lands, are not naturally prejudiced against the foreigner in their midst, nor is it the English way to object to the immigration of natives of other countries for business or political reasons. Second, that it is important to distinguish between legitimate economic expansion and illegitimate politico-economic expansion. We all of us desire sufficiency—enough clothes and food and shelter and leisure for the development of ourselves and our children, that "necessary equipment of external goods" without which the old Greek philosopher denied that a full life could be lived. We desire this for ourselves and we respect the desire in others. Therefore we cannot reasonably object to the Germans because they are energetic in pushing their business all over the world.

BUSINESS AIMS AND FOREIGN POLICY.

What we in common with the rest of the world would find intolerable is that sort of business expansion which aims not at legitimate profits, but, in part at least, at making itself the instrument of an aggressive foreign policy. If we find that German economic expansion bears this character we are justified in objecting to it, whether in our own country or in another. For expansion of this sort is not compatible with the best interests of the world as a whole and of international relations.

GERMAN SEEKING CONQUEST.

Moreover, the present is a time when the matter has acquired particular importance. For the German publicists have been talking of nothing more than the unaggressive character of German policy, and how peace on terms suggested by Germany would be the signal

for economic recovery, and for an ideal development of international relations. Take, for instance, Herr Maximilien Harden, the journalistic repository of the Bismarck tradition. Who could be more emphatic than he now is that Germany seeks no conquests, territorial or economic? Yet on October 17th, 1914, when the full effect of the Battle of the Marne was perhaps not yet realised in Germany, he wrote as follows in regard to Belgium. "A noble Germanism must here conquer new provinces . . . Antwerp not opposed to, but in conjunction with Hamburg and Bremen; Liège alongside of the munition works of Hesse and Berlin; Cockerill allied with Krupp; Belgian iron, coal and tissues under one management. . . . From Calais to Antwerp, Flanders, Limburg and Brabant, right beyond the line of the Meuse fortresses: all Prussian." If we are to pay attention to what such folk are writing now, we must remember also what they wrote when victory seemed within their grasp.

GERMAN EXPANSION DANGEROUS.

If we find adequate grounds for believing that German economic expansion is guided by the will to promote such political ideas as these, we, the business men of countries outside Germany, shall be forced to accept the opinion that German economic growth has to be regarded quite differently from the growth of any normal type of business. We shall even be bound to place obstacles in its way. For, whatever temporary profits may be made out of war by certain classes, business prosperity is based on plentiful production, rapid communication, and freedom from political disturbance. None of these conditions is satisfied by war or by a state of "Peace" in which one country is promoting political strife and violent change by politico-economic means.

THE PROPOSED RAID.

In the midst of the intense interest evidenced in the preparation of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, little is heard of the secret preparations we are making for another raid on the Dental Parlors. Our genial Captain Simpson has failed us, and we must take stern and bold measures to obtain another Dental Poster for publication.

It will be noted that for several long weeks this famous poster has been lacking from the pages of our "Knots and Lashings". How can we carry on the good work and spread the information so badly needed in this old world of ours, that the Dentists are waxing fat, and why, unless Capt. Simpson gives us a chance and produces another of his educational posters? It is true that a week, or perhaps two, will be necessary for the full and complete preparation of this grand raid. One of our Scouts was paraded yesterday under pretext of agony in a molar and reports blissful unconsciousness and absolute lack of preparation for the defence of the few remaining posters, on the part of the Dental Office.

We appeal to the kindly Captain to do something in the matter at once so that "Knots and Lashings" may do its bit in making widely known the evil consequences which follow the failure to clean one's teeth.

Speaking of posters what do you

think of the following:

OUR FLAGS.

(Here is shown the flags of the Allies being carried against the enemy. They were in colors and prominent among them are the flags of the British Empire and of the Land of the Rising Sun—Japan.)

Beat Germany
Support **Every Flag** that
opposes Prussianism.
Eat less of the food the
fighters need.
Deny yourself something.
Waste Nothing.
United States
Food Administration.

These posters appear in the coaches of the American Railroads, or Canadian Railways serving American territory.

The first to come to our notice was in a C.P.R. coach on yesterday's train from Montreal.

It made one feel good to read this poster, and the expression "Our Flags", and to realize that the Government of our great Neighbor and Ally is doing so much to blot out prejudice and cement that international friendship which has so wonderfully strengthened since the outbreak of the Great War.

"Canada".

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

Twinkles from the Mounted Section

Oh Piquet, Piquet why did you roam,
 Away from your home far over the foam;
 To work in the Stables at St. John's Camp,
 Away from the hum of the City's tramp?
 Now, I'll tell you what we'll do today,
 And go half and half when we get our pay.
 We'll hire a man to brush those stalls;
 We'll hie us away to join some dolls,
 Maybe Mary, Susie, Louise or Nell—
 We're away from the Stables and all goes well.
 "No. 4 Stable".

Dear Editor,—
 Some of us sufferers would like to know when Woodman will wash his toe—also, if the Sergt.-Major intends to make him. We humbly suggest that the Imperial Munitions Board might possibly arrange for a curtailment in the manufacture of a certain class of shells. Simply send Woodman and his toe and we'll end the war by overcoming the whole German Front on short notice.

W. R. G. Tent 14.

Those Sappers and Drivers got one stripe from the P.T. and B.F. Course. It was "P.T.", (Physical Torture), and worth a V. C.

Dvr. Fletcher.

They got the Stripes but not their pay—it went to Ottawa!

Dvr. Davidson.

Warning.

Men of the Mounted Section—Don't put on the gloves with McPherson. He has "some punch". He even broke Wilson's wrist-watch the other night.

Good morning glory
 Did you see the rein deer
 How do you dew drop

Driver in charge of Piquet:—"Piquet all present and correct, Sir."

O. O., (after a careful inspection of Piquet):—"Alright, Sergeant, Carry on, please."

New Recruit, to C.S.M. Sims (not knowing that famous gentleman):—"Say, Billy, I can't ride this horse."

C.S.M.:—"Oh, you can't, can't you! The only 'cant' around here is a 'canter'—'Op to it!"

The Mounted Section would like to know the truth of the rumor that Staff Sergt. Barr has invented a Snow-plough for the use of the Engineers in Siberia. How many horses will be needed to pull it? The horses are hoping that it is an improvement on the one used here last winter.

Just off the Pottery highway,
 Is an old gnarled apple tree;
 And the sight of all that luscious (?) fruit,
 Does sure look good to me.

Our gallant Corporal Finney,
 Rides nonchalantly by;
 But all the time he's looking,
 Out the corner of his eye.

May be those apples are not ripe,
 But they sure look a treat
 And even if they're sour,
 Dear Andy's smile is sweet.

Piquet to Cadet, (just returning from ride in the Stables):—"Did you wash off your bit?" "No, I haven't any saliva left after two months of Riding Lessons!"

While sitting at the Picture Show, a Sapper asked me, "Did you know of Bunny, the Movie Actor?" I told him that he was with Barnum of the B. and B. Circus. He said to me, "Why, you're crazy! he's dead." He looked at me when I told him that Barnum also was dead.

"One on a Sapper."

Did you hear of the Sapper who tried to get off to bury 1 mother and 3 fathers. In 2 months time, he tried to bury another mother but the O.C. said, "Can't be done, my boy,—only one mother that you're sure of!!"

"Carry On".

OFFICER V. N.C.O.

We don't wish to put our nose into anyone's private affairs, neither does "Knots and Lashings" desire to expose any 'confidence' trick artists around the barracks; but we would like to know why the winner of the shooting match at the Windsor Gallery should have to cough up 75 cents. Mac feels quite peeved to think he beat his opponent and had to pay. Just think how many drinks that would buy and anyway he says he wasn't responsible for the bad lighting.

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

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"Five Roses Flour"

CANADA

"Flour is Ammunition—Don't Waste It."

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

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A. Patenaude

Barber Shop and
Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St. St. Johns

CASEY UP TO DATE.

It looked extremely doubtful, that great and glorious match,
With Bethmann-Hollweg in the box and Hindenburg to catch,
With Zimmerman at second, he of the gumshoe plot,
And Hohenzollern coaching and yelling "Me und Gott".
And then when mighty Nicholas, emerging from the trench,
Struck three times at the atmosphere and sat down on the bench,
Believe me, little children, 'twas then no time to shout—
It seemed as if those dear Allies were really down and out.
The Neutrals all got up to go—Big Norway and the Swede,
Dutch Holland and Kid Switzerland, Alfonso in the lead.
Said they: "This Hohenzollern guy shows us where we get off,
There isn't any chance to cheer for Nich and Haig and Joff."
And we could hear them growling as they walked through the gate:
"If only they had sent old Montenegro to the plate.

That bird he would have copped for us a few Teutonic scalps!
Remember what old Monte did to them Tyrolean Alps!"

The last half of the ninth arrived, and here is what occurred:
John Bull had lined a single out and France was safe at third,
The score was tied, two men were out; Roumania's turn to bat,
Roumania from a minor league and very weak at that!
Then Captain Liberty spoke up, remarking, "I suppose
It's up to me to pick a guy who'll crack one on the nose.
I'll trust no bushier in this spot with victory in view,
Sit down, Roumania. Old Sam goes up to hit for you!"

Beth Hollweg looked at Wahoo Sam, and he was nervous now.
He took his sweaty hanky, and he wiped his sweaty brow.
He wondered whether Sam preferred a fast one or a curve.
He couldn't see Gus Hindy's signs, for he had lost his nerve.
And now Beth Hollweg tries to sneak a fast one o'er the pan,
And now the crows are hollering as only Yankees can!
And now the bands are playing from Frisco to the Hub,
For Wilhelm's asked for waivers on his whole verdammte club!

—The Little Stick.

WRINKLES FROM THE UN- MOUNTED SECTION.

Little drivers trotting
Speedily down town
Bandoliers not with them
Girlies turn them down.

Yes, Mr. Quarter Master, hurry
up those riding breeches, the
Mounted are out of lunch without
them.

We know that the Drivers like
ripe fruit, they have two big Bins
of it at the back of their stables.

And wouldn't two husky Drivers
look good with Japanese Kimonos
on "under their Bandoliers of
course" in those nifty little cham-
pagne bottle protectors that are
stationed at each end of their own
particular thoroughfare.

And when you wipe your feet
before taking a chance on their new
road, don't wipe them on a Driver.
The Sergt. Major will be angry if
you do.

Daring Driver Driving
Behind the Q. M. Stores
Tries to make his horses
Do a good form fours
Waggon bumps like anything
What the h— is that
Looks back o'er his shoulder
Finds he's killed a cat.

Corporal Wylie.

LEST WE FORGET.

Von Kluck's right wing, out-
flanking the British left, bore
down from Brussels upon Tournai
with the Death's Head Hussars in
the van. At Rumilles, where they
encountered French dragoons they
dragged the inhabitants out of
their houses, and with this screen
in front of them they made their
way into Tournai itself. Two of
them who did not move quickly
enough were shot by the Germans;
and as the French fell back through
the city the Germans recruited
their screen from the suburbs of
Chateau and La Tombe. In the
suburb of Morelle, where the
French troops made a stand they
seized and shot a number of
civilians as reprisals. They shot a
middle-aged civilian who was
helping a wounded French soldier,
a lame boy 13 years old, and a girl
whom they had raped in public.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO SIBERIA

(With apologies to "Tipperary")

It's a long way to Siberia
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Siberia
To the place I want to go
Good bye St. Johns City
Farewell E. T. D.

It's a long way to Siberia
But my heart's right there.

Arranged by the "agony quar-
tette" of the Military Hospital.

WHEN NEXT IN
MONTREAL
STAY AT THE

PLACE VIGER HOTEL

For comfort, a cheerful atmosphere,
and reasonable rates.

The Place Viger is operated
by The Canadian Pacific Rail-
way, whose fine coast-to coast
system of hotels is of the highest
Canadian standard.

For rates and reservations
apply, THE MANAGER.

The

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MONTREAL, P.Q.

Wholesale Tobacconists.

Canteen
Requirements
Supplied.

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COMPLIMENTS OF

THE JAMES ROBERTSON CO. LIMITED.

142 William Street,
Montreal.

Now you can get Philip Morris Cigarettes in the Canteen

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

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

THE MUSER OF SIBERIA.

Have you ever met him? If not, you've surely heard him. He has been a soldier all his life. He received an honorable discharge from the Boy Scouts about the time the war broke out. He's a bird with the ladies too; they can't resist him. I know its true because he says so himself, and he can't tell a lie, he's too damned modest. He has been volunteering for wars all his life. He's going to Siberia now that Doug Haig has finally assured him that his services are far more valuable to the army there than by going to France. We at once thought that the true school of soldiering was war, but he says "No darned fear; true soldiering consists of learning how to choke a man off and be able to tell him stirring stories of hard soldiering at the Citadel, Quebec," and showing the birds how to do a guard. Oh, he's a ferocious soldier—he has medals and bars galore—he once carried a full pack and a Ross rifle three-quarters of a mile. Another time, at Petewawa, he saw a horse fall down. He's been through the mill alright, what he doesn't know about soldiering, fishing and mashing isn't worth talking about. He's some fighter too; I myself once heard him offer to fight a blind man. This Siberian thing has got him going. Everybody's pulling his leg and he can't feel it. He hasn't really volunteered yet; you see he's going to spring this as a surprise about half an hour before the draft pulls out, and then everybody, including the general staff, will be so flabbergasted that he will slip in unobserved and get away with it. He knows more about the work of Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Infantry, Mechanical Transport, Dental Corps, Postal Corps, Railway Construction, Aviation, Submarines, Warships, Gyroscopic Machinery, Ceremonial, Guards, Picquets, Girls, Batmen, Grooms, in fact knows nearly everything; there's only about one thing he hasn't found out yet, and after he reads this I guess he'll know that too.

This is just a little friendly article, there's no need to go up in the air, you'll be alright one of these days; believe me, if you only do make up your mind to go somewhere else besides Quebec and Petewawa, everyone will quit pulling your leg.

One of these days you must write the story of your life and put the book on sale, you'll make a pot of dough—not.

Dish out some more guff, me boy, "Knots and Lashings" is

selling like h— when you're in the limelight.

Three guesses allowed. To those who guess right the prize will be a place on the Siberian draft.—Ed.

CONCERNING ERNIE.

We wonder why Sergeant Johnson allows himself to be "cut out" in his love affairs by a mere Corporal. Can't you get something on the Corporal! All is fair in love and war, you know. Do you wish to pick up a few endearing phrases in French, if so call at No. 1 tent No. 1 Co's draft lines.

To Our Ernie.

Oh! Ernie! a gay deceiver, I know thou art;
And know that thou and I must part.

But when or where or how we met;
I own with me 'tis a secret yet.

Oh! Ernie! why didst thou fly
Before that Corporal brave and gay.

Or didst thou only hide from sight,
To wait, like some spell-bound knight?

Oh Ernie! Sgt. Ernie, dost thou await as ever,
Wait to break this trance and reassume thy power,
Canst thou part from friends so dear,

And, (in spite of Corporals), steal away without a sigh, a tear?
"No. 1 Draft Co."

Oh! Ernie, Ernie, what do we hear,
Are you in love with a demoiselle fair?

We are anxious to know if you 'parlez-vous',
For how otherwise can she be in love with you!

Perhaps it's your wonderful shapely arms,
Added to the rest of your numerous charms,

That have given her those heart-some thrills,

Which may necessitate you paying the bills.

Oh! Ernie, Ernie, do break the spell,

You may get in wrong, who can tell.

Your charms are so great, that she might propose;

But how could you know, 'sans comprenant les choses'.

Beware! Beware! Before too late!
Stick to English and know your fate.

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

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL
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TARIFF
Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.
Double Room and Bath from \$5.00 up.
Canada's Finest Hotel
For reservations apply to Frank S. Quick, Manager.

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A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.
Make this Hotel Your Headquarters while in St. Johns

Wines Spirits & Liqueurs
Excellent Cuisine
Spacious Dining Rooms
RATES MODERATE.

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N. Lord, Proprietor.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT GUESTS.
ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
REASONABLE RATES

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Jobbers of
MILITARY SUPPLIES
Our lines are sold in your Canteen
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A. C. Poutré, Prop.
You know it as the CITY Hotel.

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The Guarantee of Quality is in
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CHOCOLATES and BON BONS
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PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR

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The place to get your

CHOCOLATES,
SOFT DRINKS
AND FRUITS.

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Edouard Menard, - Proprietor.

Albert Bourada

Caters to the Soldiers of the E.T.D.

We have a splendid ice cream parlour
and serve lunch; also we sell fruit and
candy. Everything is clean and neat,
and we guarantee satisfaction to the sol-
dier boys.

ST. JAMES STREET

(Near the Catholic Church)

WAFTS FROM THE DRAFTS.

No, Sir. The lightweight is **not**
accepting challenges, he is training
hard at present and won't be ac-
cepting challenges for another
month.

How many batmen **does** that
fellow want?

Who mistook Draft Lines No. 3,
for Rosedale Cemetery, the other
evening, and passed that big monu-
ment bareheaded?

Say, Mr. Lethbridge, what time
did you get up when you were Or-
derly Officer; and what actually
did happen that day? Send us the
full details, there's a good chap.

Mr. Haines, **will** you kindly send
us full information of what you
did on that short leave when you
purchased that nice new uniform?
And have you **really** met a chicken
in St. Johns?

One of these days, Mr. Ellis,
Doug Haig may retire, so keep
your eyes skinned and pinch his
ruddy job.

Congrats Mr. MacDougall, we
are all glad to see you wearing a
Sam Browne.

Say, Roddy, when **are** you going
to apply for that last leave, and
how fast **can** you drive a new car?

And what are your **real** impres-
sions on returning from leave?

Well, Major, the stables are
looking fine. The other evening
I managed to get up that road
when that policeman wasn't look-
ing, and I'm going to ask your
permission to have my picture
taken alongside one of those Hono-
lulu huts, would you mind lending
me your ukulele.

Who **is** that Sergeant who put in
for farm leave and **what was** his
profession before he joined?

What have Bradshaw and Rillie
got on their minds this week? This
Montreal leave has got to be cut
out.

Can you inform me **when** those
Clearing Company Sergeants are
going to do a guard.

Say Frank, who was the bird you
had last Sunday?

Jimmy Barr is looking for a well-
domesticated, one-eyed, wild-goose,
male gender, object matrimony. No
widows need apply.

By the way, he has christened

the old standby Robinson, because
he 'crew so'. Wow!

Harry has traded four hens for
four cockerels; how's chances for
a wishbone, Harry?

Hesford and Jimmy Barr pulled
a good one last Tuesday night.
They had a date, in fact they de-
parted in great style; had a Ford
by George. They tried to bribe
Harry Evans with three bucks if
he'd stay home and mind the lady's
baby. Fact.

Ernie Johnstone, the shirtless
boy, is striving very hard for jour-
nalistic honors. He's got his ears
to every keyhole, watch him, fel-
lows, he's going to have you all in
Knots.

Shall I send a copy to the girl
this week, Ernie?

Joek has to be on his best these
days. Ask him.

Is it a fact that Jimmy Boyd is
sending all his lady friends a copy
of this week's Knots?

When is H. M. S. Neverbudge
going to be launched? Is it a fact
that she is being saved for Siberia.

Say, Jimmy: "What in H—
is the matter with that goose?"

Jessen and Parr have got their
heads together quite a lot lately,
and I'll betcher we can contem-
plate dirty work at the cross roads
soon.

How big **was** that fish, Jimmy,
and which end of the troll were
you talking about?

When are they going to pay
space rates for all this junk?

It's no use blaming that cucum-
ber, fellows. Other things cause
tummy ache.

Anybody got a good story on the
following?—

Hesford,
Collier,
Coley,
Jimmy Boyd,
Ernie the shirtless,

And last but not least, the little
Boy Scout Mallison, and if anyone
has **ever heard** tell of the last
named having his picture taken, let
the Editor have a copy for the
Dominion Archives.

That's the lot, Mr. Editor.

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

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of

John MacNaughton

Advocate, Barrister and
Commissioner

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is the Boy to sell you a
Watch, or to repair the one you
have. He also has some nice gold
rings and a good line of Engineers'
badges. Stop in and look them
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CANTEEN JEWELLER,
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Photo supplies, printing and develop-
ing for amateurs.

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NEED IN A

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You'll find it at

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Special attention given to
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Soldiers of the E.T.D.
Come to Our

Shoe Shine Parlor

We guarantee satisfaction to
the soldier boys and like to
have them visit us.

John Malinos, Prop.
21A St. James St. St. Johns
(Same street as Post Office)

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Paid-up Capital, . . . \$15,000,000
Reserve Fund . . . \$13,500,000

A supply of British notes on hands which will be found of great convenience for those going overseas. Denomination, £1, 10s., at current rate of exchange.

Travellers' Cheques issued, which will be found a most convenient way of carrying money when travelling.

Use Foreign Drafts and Money Orders for remittances to Europe.

The Merchants Bank of Canada.

Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital. . . \$7,000,000
Reserve Funds, . . . \$7,421,292

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Start a Savings Account with us. We welcome small accounts of well as large ones. Interest allowed at best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager.

The Molsons Bank

Incorporated 1855

Capital, - - - \$4,000,000
Rest Fund, - - - \$4,800,000

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MONTREAL

Has 97 Branches in Canada, and Agents and Correspondents in all the Principal Cities in the World.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Savings Bank Department
at all Branches. Interest allowed at highest current rate.

H. Bernard & Son

52 Richelieu Street,

Dealers in **Military Supplies**
OF ALL KINDS.

Cards, Pennants, Cushions, Magazines, Military Brooches, Stationery, Fountain Pens, Searchlights, Baseball and Tennis Goods, Sporting Goods, etc.

"French at a Glance" the best book to learn to speak French.

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TUNIC, SLACKS & BREECHES
MADE TO ORDER.

FOXES PUTTEES FOR SALE.

Established in 1876. Tel. 65

C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Glass, Oils, Pants, and Cement.

Wholesale and Retail,

ATHLETICS.

E. T. D. VS. VERDUN AT SOCCER.

The very few spectators that turned out to see the Depot team do battle against Verdun were treated to a splendid exhibition of clean and clever football. Draft Companies were detained by the military authorities but there was nothing to prevent a goodly crowd from Clearing Coy. and Employed Section being in attendance.

Let us see a few more at the game today against Canadian Vickers.

The Depot boys have nothing to be ashamed of in their defeat of 3 to 2, in fact if their finishing in front of goal had been up to the standard of their play in other departments, Verdun would have been trimmed.

As it was, we were beaten and we can take a licking too.

LAWN TENNIS.

There seems to be very little life in the Athletic Committee these days. Many of the tennis contests scheduled have been played off but there seems no indication that the competition is going to be completed. We understand that the first competition was held in order to obtain some indication as to a man's play so that handicapping might be introduced into the real competition. Are we going to see this thing through?

THE STORY OF AN INTERPRETER.

Mesopotamia is a country of smells, and the identification and prevention of them are matters which drive men to desperation.

The colonel was in his tent when a terrific effluvia blew in the door. "What's that?" he gasped.

"I think it's the goat, sir," said the orderly. "It's either the goat or the interpreter."

"Bring in the goat," roared the colonel.

The goat was brought in, and the colonel immediately fainted.

They brought him round after a time, and asked if he were strong enough to see the interpreter. After donning a gas-helmet, he said he was, and they fetched the Turkish interpreter—a weird looking creature with a plentiful lack of clothes. As soon as he entered the door the goat fell down dead!

This talk of a draft for Siberia Makes us grow wearier and wearier.

Why can't our Headquarters Send us over the waters

If it's only across Lake Superior.

SIBERIA.

Vast and mighty country
Lonely, bleak and cold,
Nerveless, heartless, soulless
Merciless and old.

Oft the writer seeking
Tales of human woes
Found his inspiration
Buried in thy snows.
On thy gruesome bosom
Godless tyrants built
Dungeons for their exiles,
Monuments of guilt.
None can grasp the horror
Of thy fiendish spell,
And the hopeless madness
Of the exiles' hell.

And thou smiled and waited
Till they reached thy door—
—Broke their hearts—and waited
Hungering for more.

But wait—Siberia, damn you wait
—Siberia

The Engineers are coming
And they're coming on the run.
They'll rub you
They'll scrub you
And if you kick they'll drub you
And they'll clean your guilty
bosom till it sparkles in the
sun.

E. Carol Jackson.

PARODY TO THE CHORUS OF BLUEBELL.

Goodbye my Sweetheart,
Farewell to you.
When I get Overseas,
I'll write to you.
And when the war is over,
And back to you I'll come,
To live a life of happiness
Forever more.

ROSIE.

Rosie, O you little darling Rose,
Rosie, won't you come on home
with me,
Going down the stream in the
moonlight gleam,
Singing as we go along.

Chorus

Rosie, beautiful Rosie,
You're the only R-R-R-Rosie that
I adore
For my heart longs for your
coming
I'll be waiting at the Church door.
Pte. L. C. E.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW—

When are the men going to move out of the Depot to make room for the Pay Office and Medical Staff?

When is Bds. Fanstone going to sing another one of his patriotic songs? Isn't his voice in tune these days?

When is the Band going to Sherbrooke? We hear they are going to Siberia instead. What is the matter with Sgt. Cook?

OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s and MEN of E. T. D.

Wearing Glasses should have a duplicate of their lens before going overseas.

Come And See Us.

Arm. Bourgeois,

OPTICIAN

84 RICHELIEU STREET
Next to 5, 10 & 15c Store.
GUARANTEED WORK.

J. C. CHENEY

SANITARY BAKER

Supplies the Soldiers with Pastry of all kinds, and of recognized quality.

Get this pastry at the Canteen or at my Store

No. 35 CHAMPLAIN STREET

Boys,

Come and See Our Large Stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps.

L. Dubois & Co.

128 RICHELIEU STREET.

J. H. RACICOT

Importer of Watches, Jewellery, Cut Glass and Silver Ware.
126 Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

Meet your friends at

SAM'S BOWLING ALLEY

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

Ed. Papineau

Importer of

HATS AND FURS

Fur Repairs:—A Specialty.
66 RICHELIEU ST.

Tel. 121 St. Johns, P.Q.

Buy Your

WATCHES

And Military Necessaries and your Military Souvenirs of all kinds at

J. P. MEUNIER'S

108 RICHELIEU STREET
St. Johns.

"We also repair watches."

A. FOISY

Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Country Produce, Fruits, Lard, Soap, Candied peel, etc.

MARKET SQUARE, St. Johns.

A. D. GIRARD, KC.

ADVOCATE

41 ST. JAMES STREET
St. Johns, Que.

GAVE FINE EXHIBITION AT ROCKCLIFFE CAMP.

At the Gymnastic School's exhibition at Rockcliffe camp yesterday the programme was divided into two parts. Clad in white jerseys, white trousers, and rubber shoes, the class aroused great admiration as they marched past the reviewing stand, for which the club house at the Rifle Range was used. In front of it the class deployed in open order for a physical training display which was directed from a raised stand by Sergt. Major R. Sanderson, school sergeant-major and warrant officer of Aldershot, England.

For nearly half an hour he put the class through some of the most severe muscle trying exercise, which tested the strength and endurance of the men to the utmost. Part of the manoeuvres consisted of a shadow boxing display. The class went through all the motions of a brisk boxing bout with invisible opponents. The work was vigorous and the men were right on their toes throughout the drill. The exhibition of recreational games calling for speed and endurance.

Winners V. C. Race.

One of the most interesting numbers of the programme was a V. C. race. It was intended to show the training which the class receives in rescuing wounded men under fire. There were twelve entries. Each man had to run 50 yards at top speed, pick up a comrade, and run with him back to his starting point. The competitors in this handled their supposedly wounded comrade as gently as possible in the operation. The winners were Sergts. Creighton and Hunter, Skelly and Gotch, Alexander and O'Reilly.

A bayonet fighting display was also put on, in which the winners demonstrated how much can be done with cold steel in a hand-to-hand encounter. Each contestant put up a clever exhibition. This bayonet competition has been going on for the past three weeks. The honors in the finals, which were pulled off yesterday went to Sergt. Grady.

Boxing Exhibition.

Following this were three clever boxing exhibitions. The first was put on by Pte. Bird, a returned soldier, and Sergt. Ford. There was no decision, but Bird seemed to make the best showing. Sergt. Freedman won the welterweight bout, and Pte. Dent, the featherweight. The finals were also pulled

off later, the fighters being Sergt. Gutzke and Sergt. Grady. Both men put up a good exhibition. The decision went to Gutzke.

"Hunting the Hun"

An intermission of ten minutes was allowed before the second part of the programme was staged. It opened up with an exhibition called "Hunting the Hun". The whole class marched out below a ridge, hiding them from the view of the spectators. Suddenly, with a wild cheer resembling what is raised when the boys "go over the top", they came up over this ridge with fixed bayonets. Half way across they drop and fired a volley, then continued their charge, gaining their objective. This item took exceptionally well.

The bayonet training competition also took well. Wave after wave of the boys left their trenches and charged the dummies, under fire. Each wave went across in fine fashion, plunging the steel into the bags with a precision which showed the result of their training.

Following the sports the winners were called to the front of the club house and presented with prizes, consisting of silver cups. The presentations were made by Mrs. Martin Burrell, wife of the Acting Minister of Militia.

The latter spoke briefly complimenting the class on their magnificent work. The accuracy and ability shown, said Hon. Mr. Burrell, was an excellent indication of what they were going to do when they got overseas. They had shown spirit, pluck and energy here at home and there was no doubt as to what would be the final result once they met the enemy. General Gwatkin, Chief of the Militia Headquarters' Staff, was also among those present at the display, besides a number of other officers, their wives and friends.

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.

TENDERS FOR BROKEN STONE.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to and including the 6th of September for sixty thousand, (60,000) cubic yards of broken stone. Stone to be delivered in the City of St. Johns in lots as required between the 15th September and the 15th November, 1918.

Specifications may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of

Lieut. Colonel W. W. Melville,
O.C. E. T. Depot,
St. Johns, Que.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

TWO PASSES.

"Oh, I'm going to shine up my buttons, old man,

"And I'm going to look just as slick as I can;

"I want to look nobly, yes, I want to look good,

"I want to go home as a good soldier should.

"For I've got a pass to my home for six days,

"And I'll show the boys there that the Old Khaki pays,

"When me and my girl march off down the street,

"They'll throw up their jobs and enlist with both feet.

"They have given me a pass and I in return,

"Will make the boys at home for the Old Khaki yearn,

"I'll bring some back with me, and do what I can,

"To show that a soldier is now the best man.

"So I'll shine up my buttons as bright as the sun,

"And make for my home like a shot from a gun."

Another young man got his pass the same day,

He was anxious to speak so we gave him a say:

"I won't have to hustle my buttons to shine,

"It says 'go in civies' on this pass of mine;

"So I'll buy an old suit for a dollar or two,

"And a last summer's straw from Ikey the Jew.

"I'll get off through the gate and catch the last train

"And my khaki leave here, till I come back again.

"I'll tell all my friends of the privilege I've got,

"And cut my girl dead, if she starts to get hot,

"Because I'm not dressed in my khaki and brass

"I'll pretty soon tell her and show her my pass.

"If my friends look at me in a strange kind of way,

"I'll know what they think and to them I will say,

"Think what you like, and say what you choose',

"Then I'll go to the corner and lick up some boose.

"Oh it's nice to go home on a pass to the States,

"You may be in disguise, but explain to your mates

"They may think you 'jumped-out' and say you're 'no class',

"But that will be fixed when you show them your pass."

Corporal Wiley.



Garrow Acetylene Light

8,000 Candle Power

Strong, Safe and Efficient,
Puts the light at the right place in
the right amount.

FAIRBANKS MORSE

Railway and Contractors Supplies
are complete.

—A tool for every purpose—
and are reliable.

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co. Limited.

84 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL

Windsor Shooting Gallery

OPPOSITE
WINDSOR HOTEL.

John Donaghy,

Customs House Broker
and Shipper.

Dealer in

Hard and Soft Coal,
Hard and Soft Wood,
Kindling, &c.

21 Richelieu St., St. Johns, Que

Second Hand Store

29 CHAMPLAIN STREET
(At Market Square)

We buy your civilian clothes and
pay highest prices.

We also unfit discharged men
and guarantee satisfaction to all.

THE ROMANCE OF AIR-FIGHTING.

(Continued from page 2)

miles behind the enemy's front line, and of the zig-zag ramifications of the enemy trenches. Piecing the sections together, a commander has ready to hand a kind of ordnance survey map of the whole of the enemy's territory. Of course, the old-fashioned ordinary camera is quite out of date; to-day, a special telephoto lens is held at the shoulder and aimed at the scenery as a man aims a gun at a bird, or, in other cases, a camera hangs below the plane and, automatically, by the mere pressure of a button, takes whatever landscape is being travelled over.

Wireless telegraphy is an immense aid to aerial reconnaissance. By wireless means the aviator now directs and corrects artillery fire, reports the disposition and movements of troops, and flashes back warnings of sudden emergencies. Men in the Royal Naval Air Service have heavier responsibilities of a long-distance nature; the wireless work that they carry out over extensive stretches of sea is invaluable to the Fleet, and to the Anti-Aircraft command on shore.

Let us now regard the aviator purely as a combatant. Bomb-dropping may seem a fairly easy game to play. Will it surprise anyone to learn that it has to be elaborately studied as a separate art? The bomber who hits such objects as a railway train, a convoy of motor lorries, or a submarine on the surface of the water, is a genius. If he gets on his objective in a fair proportion of attempts, he is probably a man who has studied diligently the theory of falling bodies and the exact effect of his aeroplane's speed on the parabola described by his bomb in its descent. Should an aerial bombardment be undertaken by a squadron of machines, success or failure may depend entirely on special manoeuvring, quite distinct from that involved in ordinary scouting. Finally, the air-fighter must be competent to use a light machine-gun rapidly and accurately, and know how to circle and dodge around cleverly in an engagement with a flying adversary so as to get him placed at an angle at which a "bead" can effectively be drawn upon him.

Duellists Of The Air

Here we touch upon the one thing that distinguishes battles in the air from all the other fighting

in this War. It is the revival of the honourable courtesies of the duel—nay, more, the revival of the ancient chivalry of the Knight Templars. As he soars aloft, the airman has at the back of his mind the idea that he is out to meet a champion belonging to the same knightly order as himself, one possessing qualities resembling his own—trained skill, daring, the power of swift decision. In most of the land fighting the enemy's personality is indistinct, perhaps entirely invisible. The gunner who fires shells from afar off can hardly command our respect in any particular degree. The sniper, industrious as he may be, is no very heroic figure. The military chemist, projecting his gas waves, is a comic creature if he fail in his plan and a somewhat revolting sort of foe if he succeed. Even in the bayonet charge, where the combatants do at least face one another, the gallant deed is to a great extent merged in the rough-and-tumble of the crowd.

It is quite otherwise in the air. From their respective hangars Ivanhoe and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert sally forth to personal combat. Each has his machine-gun couched along the upper ridge of the fuselage of his mount and pointed at his antagonist. Each knows that on the quick manoeuvring for position and on the ingenious anticipation of the other's movements the issue of the fight mainly depends. Now consider the feelings of the victor, as he sees his adversary hurtling down to the ground. Did any tournament of old provide encounter more picturesque or more sublime?

Although the aviator detests the Government and system with whom he is at war, his own particular calling appears to him so noble that he can manage to retain some shreds of respect for the aerial foeman who comes out against him. When the youth Immelman, after a long series of triumphant duels, lay dead himself in the lists, the British honoured his memory by despatching one of their aeroplanes with a wreath to be dropped over the German trenches. Again, when two British airmen failed to return from an exploit on the Balkan front, the enemy hastened to dispel anxiety as to their fate. "Your brave men are safe," said a message that fell from an enemy machine.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned here that no honourable aviator attacks an aeroplane that is already on fire. Such a foe has enough trouble to deal with; he is regarded as out of the fight.

(To be concluded next week)

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Russia's opportunity—now or never.

With Lenin and Trotsky taking refuge from their friends on board a man o' war, and vainly calling on their German masters for help, there is yet a chance that the Russian people may realize who are their true friends.

We have often wondered which of the two evils was the greater. Having a Czar, or a Bolsheviki Government.

If it were possible to see the mind of one of the Bolsheviki (when once made up) we could imagine it to look like a crazy Patchwork Quilt.

During the next few months Russia will receive quite a number of British, Canadian, and American, tourists.

How the War has changed things—Fancy men rushing to volunteer to go to Siberia.

We have noticed in the recent running events reported from the Western front that the Whippet has beaten the Dachshund.

The Rookie

Six months ago I thought of the Army
As the last place for a man to be.
But the Government framed a military act
With a clause that applied just to me.
I used every means to evade it,
I tried every way to escape.
I asked for exemption on this ground and that,
Thinking things were bound up in "red tape".
But they got me at last, and my heart broke.
And I thought at the time I'd go mad,
I was thinking of Minnie, and Ada, and Flo.
And the joy rides, and dances we'd had.
Of the money I'd earned at munitions.
Which to give up just now, made me weep.
I was sent on join with the Engineers
For a dollar and ten and my keep.
I was sure I was doomed for a failure,
That I hadn't the grit to stand up
And drill with a rifle and bayonet.
I was drinking life's bitterest cup.
But the change in my life was a Godsend.
Here was life! Where I thought I would find
A monotonous kind of existence,
Making up one continuous grind.
I found men of all kinds in the unit.
And of Sportsmen I met not a few.
I tackled the tennis, and football,
And at quoits quite proficient I grew.
In the evening we had our amusements,
There was boxing, and music, and song,
And the Pictures were always exciting.
But the day never weary or long.
Now, I'm "one of the Boys," and I'm aching
Just to help in this war, all I can.
For I'm changed from a gol darsted Slacker
(Without boasting too much) to a Man.

Felicia says she knows a lot of girls who would be willing to "do their bit" if they had a new gown, and could get into the lime light.

A true patriot is not the man who takes his hat off to the flag, but rather the one who takes his coat off for it.

A coat of paint may be a great improvement to a house, but it looks bad on a woman.

Wonder if some of those Russians, (?) who took our civilian jobs when we joined up, will want to go to Siberia.

—PAT.

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