

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. 1. No. 46.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

Four Years' War for Peace

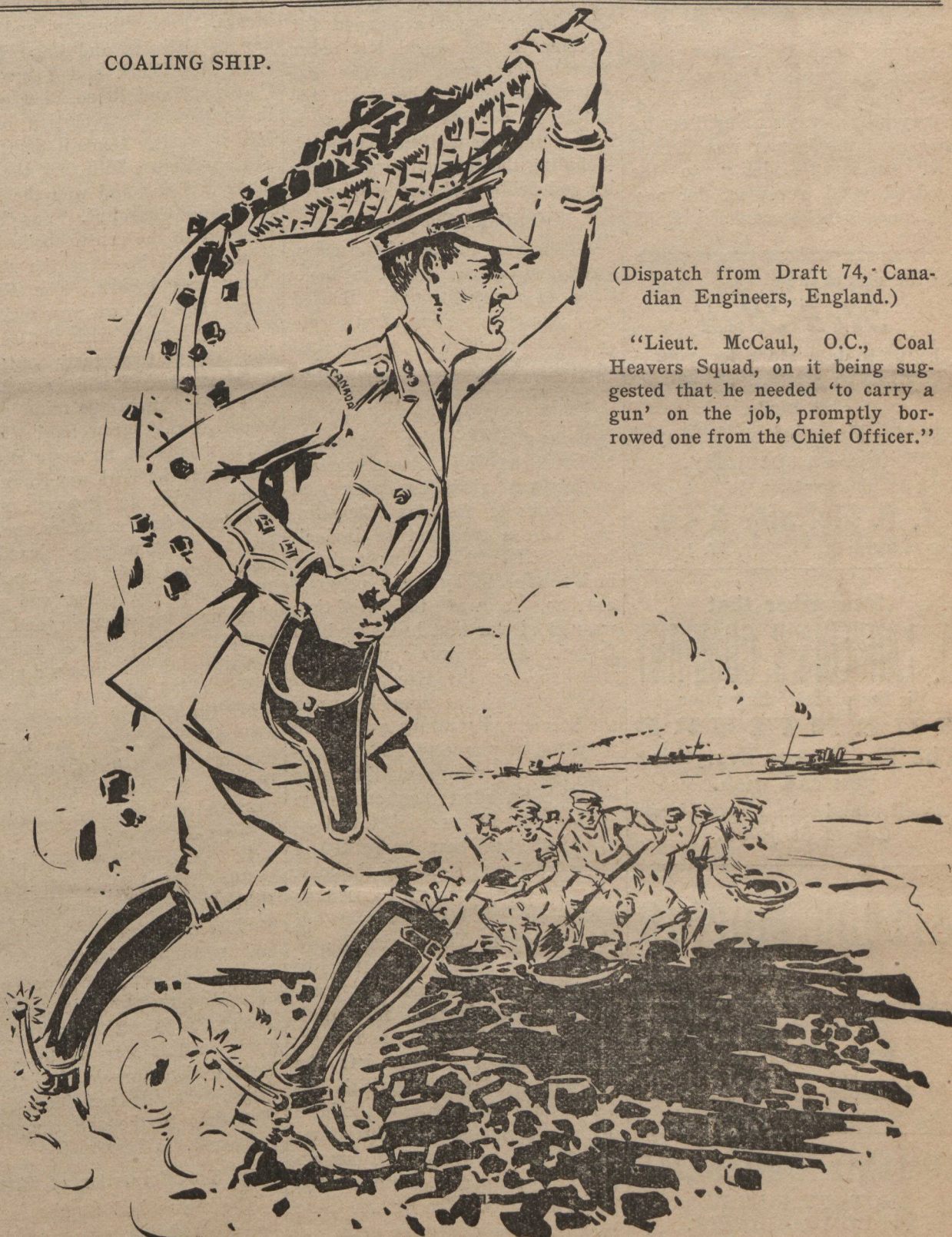
(Continued from last week.)

When the British Expeditionary Force landed, Belgium and France had already been fighting for ten days. On the very day when the German Ambassador in Brussels declared that his Government would respect Belgian neutrality, three Army Corps in the German field-grey were massing against her frontiers. The swift thunderbolt of Thor was to smash France through Belgium and then to swing back on Russia. Speed was of the first moment to Germany. A day lost might turn the fortunes of the world-war. We must, said the German Chancellor, "hack our way through."

Liège stood in the path. A scratch force hurriedly swept together manned its defences. Germany flung her men upon it. They were repulsed again and again. In two days the David of Europe had broken the long legend of the Prussian giant's invincibility. Then the mighty German guns smashed the twelve-foot concrete and the wrought-iron cupolas of the Liège forts like egg-shells. The guns had not been brought up at the outset because arrogant Germany despised her tiny adversary. That pride was a cause of the great fall; for it lost priceless days to Germany. From the south-eastern forts to the city, from the city to the north-west forts, General Leman drew back his men, but still held the gap. At last the heroic General was dragged from the "débris" of his last fort and the long retreat began.

To recall and record the story

COALING SHIP.



(Dispatch from Draft 74, Canadian Engineers, England.)

"Lieut. McCaul, O.C., Coal Heavers Squad, on it being suggested that he needed 'to carry a gun' on the job, promptly borrowed one from the Chief Officer."

of the reign of "frightfulness" in Belgium would be to chronicle the incredible, were not the facts overwhelmingly substantiated in all their details. In that verified record we see, not merely that savagery is reduced to a science, but that the world can never be safe till this new cancer is cut clean out of the body of humanity.

The cold catalogue is enough: a baby crucified with hands and feet outstretched, nailed like a rat to a barn; another baby carried aloft, skewered on a bayonet in a regiment of singing soldiers; girls violated again and again until they died; matrons, old men and priests slaughtered; men mutilated in ways that one man can hardly whisper to another; women and children thrust forward as a screen between "the gallant troops of Germany" and their enemy; organised massacre; the abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag. Everything that we thought secure among civilised men was defiled and destroyed—fidelity to the pledged word, reverence for age, the sanctity of womanhood, child-

hood and weakness; standards of honour, of justice and of clean fighting. And they were destroyed, not in an access of passion, but on a deliberate and calculated policy of "frightfulness." The soldiers who had, when they went to China, been ordered by their Kaiser to emulate the Huns under Attila, now outdistanced their model. The orders of the General Staff and the execution of those commands stand without parallel.

The "frightfulness" was carried out to inspire a terror that would paralyse resistance. But the men of "blood and iron" had no imagination—they lacked elementary brain power in ultimate things. They had forgotten the soul of the world. So they are amazed that instead of inspiring terror they have lighted such a passion for freedom as the world has never known. The world now sees that a truly damned Thing is in the saddle in Germany, and if it is not unseated it will ride mankind, including the German people, with bit and bridle and bloody spur.

On Came The Huns.

So the grey armies of Germany, stretching across the Continent, "hacked a way through." Backed by a complete system of strategic railways, fitted with a plentiful supply of complete personal equipment, with every form of weapon in profusion from the rifle and the machine-gun to the monstrous cannon drawn by thirteen traction engines, with aircraft ranging from the Taube to the giant Zeppelin, and with a tradition of invincibility, stiffened by fine training and reinforced by great personal courage, it was the mightiest weapon of war that had ever been forged. And it was a weapon in the hand of the Great General Staff in which the finest brains of the specialised military caste were perpetually planning and replanning the very campaigns that were now being put to the test of reality.

The immediate sequel, the story of which has been re-written a thousand times, is one of the most amazing epics on a grand scale in the history, not merely of war, but of civilisation. The miracle is still inexplicable on rational grounds. The David of Belgium had hampered the giant's stride across Belgium, though the swift and unexpected fall of Namur left the Gideon's band of the British Expeditionary Force to fend the blow of five German Army Corps. Some 240,000 men converged on our exposed, unsupported, outnumbered ranks at Mons. The British flung back the advance attacks again and again. To have stayed would have

made Mons a British Sedan. News came that the French line had been broken on the Sambre on the British right, and that their armies were in retreat. So the perilous withdrawal began, the story of which even to-day leaves a man aching with the anguish of those intolerable fatigues and thrilling with pride at the unbroken spirit of the men. Back to the west and the south the tired troops moved, holding up the foes in the costly battle of Le Cateau, trailing away over the rolling hills and running rivers, and with the enemy always at their heels, till the Eiffel Tower revealed to German eyes the goal they sought. The line-up between the Marne and Paris began.

At that hour the world stood on the tiptoe of suspense and held its breath. From Shanghai and Sydney to Calcutta and Cape Town, from New York and Toronto to Petrograd and Rome, men waited in intolerable expectation of the fall of Paris. General de Castelnau on August 25th took the Germans in flank and won the battle of Grand Couronné. Von Kluck swerved to the centre, believing—it may well be—that the British Army was broken. The French armies and our own were locked in a deadly wrestle with the German line through those early September days—days that will loom larger and larger upon the mind of the world as they grow more distant. There has been no more decisive hour since the Turk was flung back from Vienna by Sobieski nearly two and a half centuries ago. At last the German grip relaxed and they turned their backs upon the Paris which lay so near and yet on that day for ever beyond their grasp. That it was so and is so remains and will remain a miracle.

The allied advance began. We drove the German forces from the Marne across the Aisne into the trenches of that tortuous line from Dunkirk to Belfort which is now engraved with acid on the mind of the world.

The German victory as planned by the General Staff was smashed, although from Tannenberg to the Sambre they had fought successful and resounding battles. Victory in war is to put your opponent out of action either by smashing or containing his forces. Germany could never in this war do that. The Entente had fought for and secured time. It remained to use that time to the full compass of the event.

The Transformation of Britain.

The Allies had fought for and had secured time—time so priceless that to waste an hour of it was

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E MESSIER,
CANTEEN JEWELLER,
83 RICHELIEU.

(Next to Pinsonnault the photographer)

treachery. Behind the thin line of tested steel in Flanders and France and behind the shield of her Navy, Britain began that transformation of her whole life which stands without parallel in history.

Britain's unpreparedness, which stood as an unimpeachable witness to her innocence of planning the War, made the needed change of her entire way of life greater than in any other nation involved in the War. The revolution transformed

(Continued on page 11)

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DRAFT 74 EN ROUTE.

July 29th, 1918.

Coaling At An Atlantic Port.

About 24 hours before taking wings unto ourselves we received orders to supply 500 men for coaling ship. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the way the boys grubbed in among the black diamonds. The boys coaled for 16 hours straight with different shifts, carting up the foresaid diamonds in shallow basket trays during which one or two amusing incidents occurred which are best explained by sketches attached.

McCaul was detailed on this coal shovelling stuff, and as it was an all night job, the boys began to chaff him about it being dangerous; thereupon McCaul hunted high and low for a shooting iron, finally borrowed one from the chief officer, who warned him not to cut himself with it. Mac sure was a busy man chasing around like that cat on the marble floor and it was too bad that he had a tray full of coal dropped on him.

Notes In General.

Our two Nursing Sisters from our own Depot are more than holding their own with the bevy of Nursing Sisters and V.A.D.'s ("very adorable darlings"). It is really wonderful to see Chrysanthenum "N. S. Pollard" holding court on boat deck with never less than half a dozen sapper officers sitting at her feet, open mouthed, drinking in the Gilbertian remarks as they fall from her coral lips. It really is the funniest sight in the world to see her knitting those everlasting socks with her life preserver on. We know who was to be the recipient of those pedal coverings but would dearly like to know to how many other people she has promised them. We have heard that she has promised them to five different men between St. Johns and Montreal and to fifteen languishing swains between there and Halifax. There is always the morning excitement which generally sees five or six Engineer Officers frantically trying to unravel dear sister's wool. Baby Doane, as she affectionately calls him, is becoming quite an adept. She is getting along very nicely, thank you, though we usually notice a wistful far away look in her eyes when Lieut. H— with brown 'orbes' is not present. Our other little sister "N. S. Perry", "Bless her", is not quite so loquacious as Chrysanthenum but she is just as successful in

having as good a time and getting in lots of good work quietly. We wonder why she always takes that little trip to cabin 15 every morning at 11 a.m. We know the sea is not rough every day but we guess prevention is better than the cure.

One V. A. D., "Miss Roanes", seems to have got the angora of several of the nursing sisters. We do not know what it is but she got at least 20 of our susceptible males absolutely eating out of her hand. Little "N. S. Ada" was sitting with her latest capture—"such a lovely artillery man"—when up comes Miss R—. Tips him the 'high sign' and away goes the gunner. Ada has confided her views to us on the question. Evidently it is not jealousy but it must be a microbe of even greater ferocity. Miss R— is now showing Lieut. G— around who by the way has evidently forgotten all he ever promised his loving and trusting wife. Ada has bucked up quite some this morning and to hold him down is manicuring his nails. Quite a cute kid, Ada from M. D. No. 4.

Disembarkation.

We reached our boat destination at 4 p.m. and disembarked in a rain storm of some intensity. We boarded a train and started across country, receiving cheers and welcomes from all sides. Our last train arrived in camp about 12.30 and after a light refreshment we were allotted our blankets and slept in the large Y. M. C. A. tent for the remainder of the night. Our camp is well situated and we are now living in our tents enjoying real camp life. The weather has been favorable with the exception of a fierce electric storm accompanied by hail. Unfortunately one of our men was struck by lightning and instantly killed, making the second casualty in our convoy.

Yesterday we had a long route march which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, giving us an opportunity to get rid of our sea legs. At the time of writing we are expecting to be released from our ten day quarantine and given our landing leave, which will furnish material for another edition.

WANTED.—An interpreter for the Band. ("Knots and Lashings".)

A mere Sapper offers the suggestion that this is a most unkind thing to say about the Band. Why not try one for the listeners? Tell your head writer, Mr. Editor, to be less reckless with his talent.



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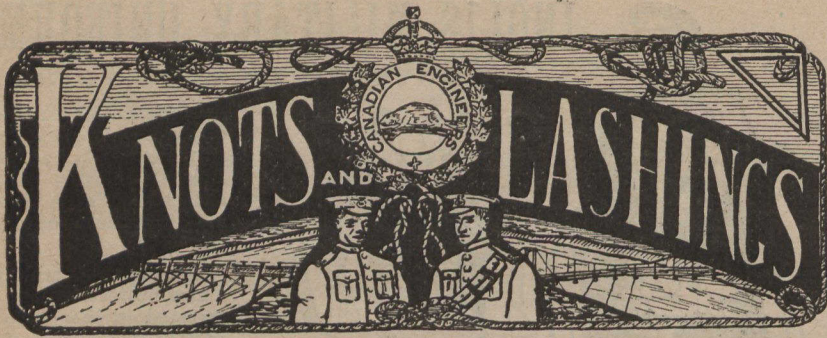
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Vol. 1. No. 46. St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, September 14th, 1918.

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Founded Oct. 1917

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JOHN BULL'S WAY.

Great interest is indeed focussing upon the fight for air supremacy during the recent offensive on the Western front; and many are the electrifying incidents we read of in later descriptive articles of our correspondents in the battle area; but we are not told who are the aces or super-aces responsible for the discrepancies between German successes and our own. It is John Bull's way to hide his light under a bushel. He avoids publishing names of his heroes, whereas it is known that one airman shot down twenty-five enemy machines in a month bringing his total victories up to seventy-five. Other British airmen have over fifty victories to their credit.

With such unheralded heroes as these there should be no doubt in our minds as to which side will eventually claim as its right, the air supremacy.

THE WAR AND GERMAN TRADE.

The economic condition of kaiserdom ten years hence is anybody's guess, but, meanwhile, a few facts can profitably be noted. Germany's pre-war trade no longer exists. She has lost her best customers—Great Britain, France, and the United States; she has lost also the means of reaching them, for not a German merchant ship is now on the seas, and the French frontier is littered with German dead and closed to the living. The furs of Alaska and Canada no longer go to Leipzig to be manufactured. Australian zinc and other metals are freed absolutely from the control of Hamburg and Frankfort. Dyes are now made in huge quantities in this country and in Great Britain. Alien enemy property is now being rounded up throughout the entire United States. What German interests have already encountered and now suffer most heavily under is not economic discrimination, but economic destruction and exile. The tremendous commercial apparatus by which the Kaiser's group were conquering the world in time of peace now exists only in shreds and patches in a few of the countries not yet at war. No peace treaty imaginable can put the Teutonic powers under so blasting an economic curse as that now imposed. Will it continue? We do not know, for history shows that, in the long run, men will trade if the prices are right; but we do know who will have the final say. It will not be the politicians or the publicists, but the successful business men of ten and twenty years hence, most of them now enlisted under one or another of our Allied flags.

'CHEST A LITTLE HINT'

Has anyone noticed how many chess games are being played in the recreation of late? For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the game, it may be well to maintain that conversation

has never been considered an aid to its conduct, especially when administered from spectators.

Furthermore, it is not considered good form to offer gratuitous advice to your opponent, unless he asks for it. The game demands courtesy quite as much as brains.

LETTER TO LIEUT. COLONEL MELVILLE.

(Published by Permission)

Sherbrooke, Que., Sept. 4,

Lieut.-Col. F. W. Melville, O.C.
Canadian Engineer Training
Depot, St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir:—

I am instructed by my directors to express to you on their behalf their heartiest appreciation of your kindness in permitting the Band of the Canadian Engineers to attend the Sherbrooke Fair, they wish me to assure you that the music was greatly appreciated by the numerous visitors and doubtless tended greatly towards the success of our exhibition.

Yours truly,
(Sgd) Sydney E. Francis,
Sec.-Treas.

BEREAVEMENT.

On Monday night, September 9th, occurred the death of Jeannie, the eldest daughter of Depot Sergt. Major Johnstone, W.O.

The funeral took place at 3 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, from St. James Church, Major (Rev.) A. H. Moore, M.A., officiating.

The depot joins, as one man, in condolences to D. S. M. Johnstone in his sad bereavement.

HARRY'S COME-BACK.

Well Major—and I don't mean the dog—I am making my debut into journalism. You were, possibly, not aware that I had a come back in that direction, or you maybe, or maybe not, would have gone a little easier with that pen of yours.

Talk about me taking equitation, will ye? Just to settle that point, I'll tell you I was riding when you were running around without any pants on as there were no knicks wide enough in the legs to get your feet through.

And coming back to the horses. They tell me you have to take Jimmy around the stables with you to tell the mares from the horses.

I'd like to know too whether you still get your ice cream cones for nix, and coming down to the question of my occasional beer, I don't remember one single occasion that you've asked me to have one on you.

I don't feel inclined to ask you publicly about the girls of St. Johns, but lots of them are wondering about you and hints are flying around that you have as hard a heart as that Yankee M.P. you have at the stables.

Well, Major, I guess now I'll have to walk around back of the stables from now on.

Yrs.

Harry Evans.

WAFTS FROM SIBERIAN DRAFT.

Vrooman had a sweet time in Montreal. Lost the dear girl's address and had to walk around town half the night, wondering whether it was Esplanade or Boulevard.

Some girls in town last Sunday. What? I notice the Sergeants were particularly busy. Everyone seemed to have a girl except some of those young officers, and I believe they are grouching like h—l. Is that a fact, Mac?

Young Bob Lewis is all tickled up the back this week. I wonder why?

Parr says Vrooman is having a most unlucky time lately. A Lance-Corporal pinched his girl in St. John's. (Said Lance Jack sings better.) He lost a day on his pass. Lost the girl's address. Lost his train. Nearly lost his platoon between the Q. M. Stores and the Dentist. Parr says, "Say! that feller's got no more home than a rabbit."

Come across with a bona fide challenge, Sergt. Cook, and put down the plunks. The Sergeants think they can produce a team to beat you.

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

"A" COMPANY'S PAGE NEXT WEEK.

In next week's issue one whole page (number five) will be allotted to the scribes of A. Company. The following week will be B. Company's turn, then C. Company and so on through the Barracks.

Remember this! If you don't fill your page blank space will be left to your company's disgrace.

Anything in the way of Company jottings, quips, punk poetry, etc., will be acceptable.

—AT—

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PRESS REPORTS.

St. Johns Election Inquiry

(Reprinted from Montreal Star.)

The Royal Commission named by the Federal Government to inquire into certain charges made at the last session of the House of Commons by Jos. Archambault, K.C., M.P., for Chambly-Vercheres, opened at St. John's Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, presided over by Mr. Justice MacLennan, of the Superior Court, especially appointed Royal Commissioner to take the evidence with regard to the charges made by Mr. Archambault.

The accusations are made against eighteen officers who were quartered at the St. John's barracks at the time of the last general Dominion elections, as follows:—

Lieut.-Col. W. W. Melville, Major T. C. Keefer, Capt. R. W. Powell, Capt. A. C. Right, Capt. L. Pettigrew, Capt. J. F. Hazzard, Lieut. R. R. Knight, Lieut. D. B. Armstrong, Lieut. A. T. Adney, Lieut. R. M. Trow, Lieut. H. G. Young, Lieut. H. S. Phillips, Lieut. J. V. Culvert, Lieut. H. Blackadder, Lieut. P. Bourget, Lieut. J. C. Harmer, Lieut. H. P. Duthie, and Capt. H. H. Pinch.

The charges made against these men by Mr. Archambault are: Conspiracy to violate the Dominion Elections Act of 1917; conspiracy to violate the Military Voters' Act of 1917, in order to cast their votes illegally and have their subordinates vote illegally in favor of J. H. Rainville, Unionist candidate in Chambly-Vercheres in the last election; perjury and subordination of perjury; violation of the King's Regulations and Orders for the Canadian Militia in a general way, and especially Sections 408, 409, 410, 418, 430 and 438; violation of the Dominion Elections and Military Voters' Act of 1917 in a general way and especially sections 252, 258 and 269 of that act; authorizing the publication and publishing certain newspapers called "Knots and Lashings" containing articles in violation of the King's Regulations and Orders for the Canadian Militia.

Names of Witnesses.

The names of witnesses called before the Royal Commission, besides those already named in the charges, are: Francis Chadwick, Deputy Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for Canada; Sir Eugene Fiset, Deputy Minister of Militia; Robert Dodds, St. John's; Alex. MacLean, editor of the St. John's News; Gedeon Fredette, Jacques Cartier, Gregoire Guillette, A. N. Deland, P. A. Chasse, K.C.; Charles Romeau, Stanislas Poulin, K.C.; Geo. O'Caïn, A. M. Golden, Narcisse Lord, Albert Camaraine, Sergt. C. Davidson, Lance-Corpl. P. B. Milon, Sergt. A. P. Lowman, Lance-Corpl. S. C. Ellis, Pte. E. Carroll Jackson, Pte. J. McDonald, Sapper W. P. St. George, J. P. Meunier, John Donaghy, J. A. Manseau, M. Thuot, A. C. Poutre, C. O. Gervais, Arsene Moreau, L. C. Laberge, O. Langlois, E. Hovey, J. L'Homme, J. H. Racicot, J. L. Pinsonnault, L. McNulty, H. A. St. Georges, all of St. Johns and Iberville, at the time of the election; Lieut. A. L. Guina, Valcartier Camp; Lieut. F. C. Corbett, Major W. Johnson, St. Johns Barracks; Lieut. H. R. McBeath, Major C. N. G. Milne, St. Johns Barracks.

Besides these, Mr. Archambault has filed before the Royal Commissioner a list containing the names of more than 350 soldiers, whom he claimed to have been unduly and illegally influenced to give their vote in favor of his opponent, by swearing falsely as to their last residence.

Fabre Surveyer, K.C., and John MacNaughton, Montreal, appeared on

behalf of the Crown, and Aime Geoffrion, K.C., Montreal, acted for Mr. Archambault.

The calling of names of the military witnesses disclosed the fact that a number wanted were not available, having gone overseas. The majority sailed in February, 1918. Among the military witnesses who are in attendance at the court are Lieut.-Col. Melville, Major T. C. Keefer, Captain R. W. Powell, Captain Pettigrew and Lieut. A. T. Adney, all of the St. Johns Barracks.

The majority of the officers against whom the charges were made were found to be present in the court.

Mr. Geoffrion said that the evidence of some of the officers overseas was important.

The commissioner ordered that steps be taken to secure their testimony. He said he desired the enquiry to be an exhaustive one.

Difficulty Over Ballots.

F. Chadwick, deputy clerk of the Crown, was then called and asked to produce the ballots cast in St. John's barracks during the election.

Mr. Chadwick said this was impossible, as it would entail bringing the envelopes containing every ballot cast in the barracks. He explained that in order to comply with the request it would be necessary to find out every place the vote had been allocated to. They had, under the Act, been allocated all over the country, which had 320 electoral districts.

The commissioner said if the documents needed were not to be produced it was no good going on with the enquiry. He thought it should be easy to find the ballots.

Mr. Chadwick said he had been advised by the Department of Justice that the ballots could not be identified.

After a conference between the witness, counsel, and the commissioner, it was decided to send Mr. Chadwick to Ottawa to secure the envelopes containing all the votes cast in Chambly-Vercheres constituency.

Mr. Surveyer said that the ballots themselves could not be examined without an order from the Superior Court, and to do this it would be necessary to secure oaths that an examination was necessary.

The Commissioner said that probably the information required as to the votes that were the subject of the inquiry would be found on the envelopes.

The Commission then adjourned till tomorrow morning.

APPLY THE GOLDEN RULE.

A Hint To The Mounted,

By A Sapper.

Would you have a gentle mule?
Then apply the Golden Rule;
If he's full of pep and vim
He'll do to you as you do to him;
Cuss him less and curry more,
He'll repay a hundred score;
Pet him more and pound him less,
He'll return each fond caress;
But kick him—and his muleship
waits
To land you through the Pearly
Gates.

By J. A. M.

ROOKIES—BEWARE!!

What a blessing to the camp is the newly arrived recruit. If he has no uniform, so much the better, as he is more easily spotted. About

To Officers and Men, E.T.D.

We would suggest that when in
Montreal you DINE at the

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three times out of six he has a little money with him, and this is always worth an experiment.

How popular he is, especially before his funds give out! What offers of friendship he receives from old timers, what valuable tips, what constant advice, what tender solicitation.

And, in return, you shall see, any night down town, some generous old hand, wise to the ways of the life, who has temporarily adopted some luckless innocent, being entertained at one or another of the restaurants, by that same unsophisticated sheep.

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A Lecturer on Prohibition, to prove the causes of the use of liquor, brought a worm with a glass of water, and also a glass of whiskey. He first placed the worm in the water and it squirmed around. "Now," he said, "watch the effects of the whiskey on the worm." The whiskey killed the worm.

"What kind of liquor is that?" asked Jock from the rear of the audience.

"Johnny Walker," came the reply.

"Alright," said Jock, "I've been looking for a cure for worms for some time."

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TWINKLES FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION.

"And It Died—It Did"

E. T. D., number twenty one,
Off the map to Kingdom come;
But we sincerely hope and trust
He didn't go via the mess room
"fust",

Though inquisitive drivers—over
the transom—

Watched the carving, by Barr
and Henson.

That's bad enough but there's
worse beside,

For a mystery enshrouds and all
doth hide;

What they've done with him I
cannot tell—

But I may, some day, by aid of
smell.

Now we'll say farewell and shed a
tear,

For a good old horse no longer
here;

And if on Sunday the meat's not
tough

This little hint should be enough.

So let's give thanks to Barr and
Henson

And the drivers who saw them
over the transom;

I could say more but it's better by
far,

That I limit my story of Henson
and Barr.

Bovril.

Driver to Dvr. Celone:—"Aren't
you going to Siberia?"

"No."

"Why aren't you going?"

Dvr. Celone:—"I'm a qualified
driver and that's why Sergt. Major
Sims can't send me."

"Carry On Celone."

To Sergeant Doylan.

Doylan, we rise to laugh in the eyes
of you,

Grip of your hand and your grin
and the size of you,

Courage and Strength and all that
we prize of you—

Doylan, here's draining the
whole of the glass!

Oh, not a lass but would linger a
while for you,

Linger a bit, just to blarney and
smile for you,

Never a lad but would travel a
mile for you,

Divil a one but is glad when you
pass!

Doylan, we fell for you,
Glory! we'll yell for you,
E'en go to hell for you,
Doylan, my buck!

Here is our hand on it,
Strike up the band on it,
Faith! we will stand on it—
Luck, or no luck!

"Canary".

Dear "Knots and Lashings":
please remind "Pop" Weldon that
we would like to see him buy some
cigarettes and chewing tobacco.
No one has seen him buy any since
he got that stripe!

Did you hear about McCarthy?
They wont let him sleep in the day
time. "Well," says he, "I must
do my sleeping at nights."

After eating of a certain splen-
did dinner some drivers were heard
to remark: "Say, you Sappers,
don't you wish some more horses
would die!"

Warning:—Don't fall in love
like a dear lad in the Mounted
Section. He prefers to stand and
coo with a fair friend in the shadow
than eat his supper. Think of it!
Love is some dizziness when one
gets it bad!

Young lady, passing the stables
for the first time:—"What place
is this?"

Friend:—"Why! this is the
Stables."

Young lady:—"Stables? Why
this is the cleanest place in the
Barracks!"

"Join the Drivers and take your
Pick."

WRINKLES FROM THE UN-MOUNTED SECTION.

Did you know ten Icelanders
are in camp with us? and two
more of them in the band.

One of them is a master
mechanic; they say he can make
an automobile out of a wheel-
barrow.

Maybe that is why Quarantine
is collecting all the wheelbarrows.

A Sapper is anxious to know if
the Drivers are going to get tele-
phones installed in their pic-
turesque little booths.

Our Electrician had
A helper, who took
Hold of a line wire,
Which, fortunately was
Not highly charged, he
Told his helper that
He should be more
Careful, his helper said,
I was careful, I felt
It, before I took hold of it.

This week's best laugh: "Drivers
with picks."

Bartank.

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the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

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

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

BASEBALL

QUARANTINE WON THE GAME.

The Quarantine Camp baseball team secured sweet revenge from the Depot baseball team Sunday afternoon on the Sports Field when in a free hitting contest they were returned the victors by the score of 11 runs to 9. It was a great game and the Quarantine players were kept on their toes by the rooting of their supporters, who were much more in evidence than the rooters for the depot team. The features of the game were two home runs, one in the second inning by Fraser, which brought in two runs, chasing home Montgomery who had been given a base on balls, and a second in the seventh inning from the bat of Ellis, which sent three runs across the plate. This hit however never should have been a home run, as Curry, the right fielder for the Depot team made a wretched error, allowing the ball to go between his legs, when he should have easily held Ellis at first.

The depot team made 15 hits off Brynelson, while the Quarantine players slammed Johnston's offerings for 14 safe hits. The heavy stickers for the depot team were Johnston, with 4 hits, one a triple; Thomas with three hits, one of which was also a triple. For the winning team, Grant made 4 hits, and Ellis, three hits one of which was his fluky home run. Buchanan at short stop for the depot played a splendid game, making some remarkable stops. Both pitchers twirled well and with better support, Johnston might have won his game. The errors were numerous, the depot team making nine, and the quarantine team, five, the depot errors coming at the most crucial time, and all helped in the run getting.

QUARANTINE TEAM

	A.B.	H.	E.
Grant, 1b.	5	4	2
Morrow, 3b.	5	1	1
Skelly, 2b.	5	0	2
Montgomery, c.	4	2	0
Fraser, s.s.	1	1	0
Masters, s.s.	4	2	0
Grimes, c.f.	2	0	0
Ellis, 1.f.	4	3	0
Gowan, r.f.	4	0	0
Brynelson, p.	4	2	0
	38	15	5

DEPOT TEAM

	A.B.	H.	E.
Buchanan, s.s.	5	1	1
Rodgers, 2b.	5	1	1
Thomas, c.f.	5	3	1
Johnston, p.	5	4	0
Pearson, 1.f.	5	2	0
Emmett, 3b.	5	1	1
Wilson, c.	4	1	2
Frank, 1b.	4	0	2
Curry, r.f.	4	1	1
	42	14	9

DEPOT LICKED THE 'BUGS' AT 'BALL'.

The Depot baseball team got sweet and ample revenge from the Quarantine team for their defeat on Sunday when in a seven innings game played Monday night, they were returned winners by the one sided score of 10 runs to three. The depot team was strengthened by the addition of Sergt. E. Johnston who pitched a good game allowing the Quarantine sluggers three hits. He weakened perceptibly however in the fourth inning, passing three men, which coupled with a clean hit by Masters brought in three runs. The losers started Morley in the box, but he was easy picking for the depot men and was taken out in the first inning after four runs had clattered across the pan. Brynelson then took up the burden and two more runs were scored from his slants and curves before the disastrous inning was over. In this inning the entire depot team batted round, Gervais the lead-off man making two clean hits. The feature of the game was a fine running catch in left field by Pearson of Montgomery's long fly, which looked good for at least three bases. Pearson was off at the crack of the bat, and just as the ball seemed to be going over his head, he made a leap and snared the pill with his back to the diamond. The Quarantine played a slovenly game in the field, making 10 errors, of which number Masters the short stop was responsible for three.

Play by innings.—Gervais made a clean hit and stole second as Buchanan struck out; Ellis dropped Pearson's fly, Gervais scoring; Pearson stole second; Johnston lined to Skelly; Pease walked; Emmett drove the ball right at the pitcher, it was too hot to handle and Pearson scored; both Pease and Emmett crossed the plate on Field's safe hit between short and third; Brynelson went into the box; McCarthy hit to Masters but was safe when Grant dropped the throw; Fields stole home; E. Johnston drove a clean hit into centre field, scoring McCarthy; his second time at the bat, Gervais again hit safe but was stranded at first when Buchanan was thrown out, Morrow to Grant. On the first ball pitched by Johnston, Grant lined to Emmett; both Morrow and Skelly struck out.

2nd inning.—Pearson out, Brynelson to Grant; P. Johnston tripled; Pease hit one to Brynelson and was safe at first when the pitcher fumbled the ball; he stole second; Emmett fell a victim to Brynelson's curves; Fields hit to

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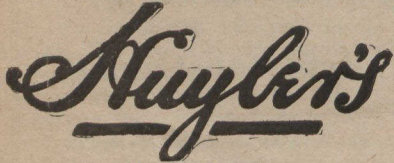
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Near the Catholic Church)

left field, which Ellis fumbled, scored Johnston and Pease. McCarthy popped to Brynelson.

Pearson made a sensational catch of Montgomery's long fly; Fraser out, pitcher to first; Gervais made a good catch of Masters short pop fly.

3rd inning.—E. Johnston reached first on Morrow's error; Masters allowed Gervais hit to go through his legs, but a good throw from Fraser in centre field nailed Johnston at third; Buchanan safe at first, when the first base man was pulled off the bay by a bad throw from Masters; Gervais was forced at third after Morrow had dropped Pearson's line drive, should have been easy double play; Skelly captured Johnston's line drive.

Ellis was hit by pitched ball, and took second and third on two successive passed balls; Fields caught Gowan's long fly and doubled Ellis at third, who had run home before the ball was caught, due to bad coaching at third base; Brynelson out, Emmett to Johnston.

4th inning.—Pease hit safely down the third base line, stole second; Emmett flied to Fraser; Fields safe at first on another error by Masters, Pease going to third, and scoring on McCarthy's line drive over second; Fields was run down between third and home, when he took too big a lead from the base; in an attempt to catch McCarthy at second, Montgomery threw the ball into centre field, but a quick return by Fraser caught McCarthy who tried to go to third on the error.

Grant was given a free ticket to first; Morrow flied to Pearson; Grant stole both second and third bases; Skelly walked and went to second unmolested; Grant scored the first run for the Quarantine team on a passed ball; Skelly taking third; Johnston was having difficulty locating the plate and passed Montgomery, who was also allowed to steal second, the catcher holding the ball to prevent Skelly coming home; Fraser struck out, biting on three high balls; Skelly threw the quarantine rooters into a frenzy of excitement by stealing home while Gervais held the ball; Masters line drive over second scored Montgomery; Ellis flied to Fields in centre.

5th inning.—E. Johnston hit safely to centre but was caught trying to steal second; Gervais was safe to first on Masters error and scored on Buchanan's double past third base; Pearson popped to Morrow; Johnston whiffed the ozone three times.

Gervais got Gowan's pop fly

back of second base; and also threw out Brynelson at first; Grant bunted in front of the plate and was out; McCarthy to Johnston.

6th inning.—Pease out, Masters to Grant; Emmett spanked a solid single to centre; Fields was hit by a pitched ball; both moved up a base on a passed ball; McCarthy out, Montgomery to Grant; E. Johnston performed the Casey act; Morrow drove the ball past Buchanan for two bases, but was caught at third in an attempted steal; it was foolish base running, as he was off on the first ball pitched, when there was nobody out and a man on second; both Skelly and Montgomery fell before Johnston's curves for strike outs.

7th inning.—The light was getting bad and it was difficult to see the ball. Gervais popped to Brynelson, Buchanan struck out; Pearson out, Skelly to Grant.

Fraser lined to Buchanan; Masters doubled to left field; Ellis out, Gervais to Johnston; Gowan got a base on balls; Brynelson ended the inning and the game by flying to Pearson.

DEPOT TEAM

	A.B.	H.	E.
Gervais, 2b.	5	2	0
Buchanan, s.s.	5	2	0
Pearson, l.f.	5	0	0
P. A. Johnston, 1b.	4	1	0
Pease, r.f.	3	1	0
Emmett, 3b.	4	2	0
Fields, c.f.	3	2	0
McCarthy, c.	4	1	3
E. Johnston, p.	4	2	0
	37	13	3

QUARANTINE TEAM

	A.B.	H.	E.
Grant, 1b.	2	0	1
Morrow, 3b.	3	1	2
Skelly, 2b.	2	0	0
Montgomery, c.	2	0	1
Fraser, c.f.	3	0	0
Masters, s.s.	3	2	3
Ellis, l.f.	2	0	2
Gowan, r.f.	2	0	0
Morley, p.	0	0	0
Brynelson, p.	3	0	1
	22	3	10

Bases on ball.—Off Johnston, 4; off Brynelson, 1.
Strike-outs.—Johnston, 5; Brynelson, 5.
Three base hit.—Emmett; Fields, 2; Buchanan; Morrow; Masters.
Umpires.—On balls and strikes, Lieut. Smith; Bases, Lieut. Rodgers.
Spr. R. W. Emmerson.

END OF A MEATLESS DAY.

I have eaten a bale
Of spinnach and kale,
And I've never raised a row;
I've swallowed a can
Of moistened bran
And I feel like a brindle cow;
I'm taking a snack
In the evening shadows gray,
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
To the end of a meatless day.
By J. A. M.

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41 ST. JAMES STREET
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TO FRIENDS IN ST. JOHNS.

I heard the thundering of guns
And saw the battle's glare
I saw the horde of murdering Huns
Burning, pillaging, everywhere.

People crazed with wars alarms,
Murdered children, strewed the
ground,
Houses wrecked, and burned out
farms
Where ravished women oft' were
found.

Men I knew were fighting there,
Fighting for the right to live;
Canada's sons were everywhere
Giving all they had to give.

'Twas then I thought of old St.
Johns
And happy days that used to be
Its lovely sunsets, and its dawns
That oft' times thrilled the heart
o' me.

I never more may pass that way
To feel the clasp of friendly hand,
For long before my Soldier day
I'd settled in another land.

But still my thoughts must ever be
With days I spent in training there
And all the boys, so dear to me
That now are scattered everywhere.

In other lands my feet may tread
I may meet other nations' sons
Still anywhere I lay my head
I'll dream of friends in old St.
Johns.

Bartank.

LET THE KAISER LIVE.

As long as flowers their perfume
give,

So long I'd let the Kaiser live—
Live and live for a million years
With nothing to drink but Belgian
tears,
With nothing to quench his awful
thirst
But the salted brine of a Scotch-
man's curse.

I would let him live on a dinner
each day,
Served from silver on a golden
tray—
Served with things both dainty and
sweet
Served with everything but things
to eat.

And I'd make him a bed of silken
sheen,
With costly linens to line between
With covers of down and fillets of
lace

And downy pillows piled in place;
Yet when to its comfort he would
yield,
It should stink with rot of the
battlefield,

And blood and bones and brains
of men
Should cover him, smother him—
and then,
His pillows should cling with the
rotten cloy—
Cloy from the grave of a soldier
boy,
And while God's stars their vigils
keep,
And while the waves the white
sands sweep,
He should never, never, never
sleep.

And through all the days, through
all the years,
There should be an anthem in his
ears,
Ringing and singing and never
done
From the edge of light to the set
of sun,
Moaning and moaning and moaning
wild—
A ravaged French girl's bastard
child!

And I would build him a castle by
the sea,
As lovely a castle as ever could
be;
Then I'd show him a ship from
over the sea,
As fine a ship as ever could be
Laden with water cold and sweet,
Laden with everything good to eat;
Scaree may he reach his eager
hands,
Yet scarce does she touch the
silvered sands,
Then a hot and hellish molten shell
Should change his heaven into hell,
And though he'd watch on the
waveswept shore,
Our Lusitania would rise once
more!

In "No Man's Land," where the
Irish fell,
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;
I'd jab him, stab him, give him
gas;
In every wound I'd pour ground
glass;
I'd march him out where the brave
boys died—
Out past the lads they crucified.

In the fearful gloom of his living
tomb,
There is one thing I'd do before I
was through;
I'd make him sing, in a stirring
manner,
The wonderful words of the Star
Spangled Banner.

Esther Hoffman.

(Handed in by Dvr. G—).

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the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
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Barber Shop and
Shoe Shine Parlor.

Richelieu St.

St. Johns

DON DUBBIN

(With apologies to Lord Byron)

By Spr. E. W. Comfort, B. Coy.

There was a sound of polishing ere noon;
 And new made Engineers had gathered there
 With brass strips and their Soldier's Friend,
 And strove to make reluctant badges shine.
 A thousand throats cursed lustily,
 but when
 Mess call arose with its salubrious smell,
 Rich mulligan revived their flagging zeal,
 And left them merry as the movie crowd:
 No rest till tea, where sons of freedom meet
 To chase the filthy Hun with flying feet.
 But hark!—

(To be continued)

(Not if we know it.—Ed.)

Note:—It would appear that the bugler had eaten of the mulligan in order to produce the above result.

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

ALL SORTS.

One morning in Simla, the Viceroy of India wanted to speak to the commander-in-chief of the Indian Army before the latter started work for the day, so he set off unattended to pay an early call. When he arrived at the commander-in-chief's official residence he found his way barred by a sentry, who apparently did not recognize the visitor. Lord Minto explained that he wanted to see the commander-in-chief, but the sentry declined to allow him to pass.

"But I am the Viceroy!" protested his lordship.

The sentry looked at him with a pitying smile.

"Ah!" he said thoughtfully, "we gets all sorts 'ere. Last week we 'ad a cove wot kidded 'isself 'e was Queen Victoriar's godfather. We 'ad to put 'in in a strait-waistcoat, so you'd better push off!"

HE GOT IT.

This amusing story comes from Egypt. In the fighting against the Senussi on Christmas Day, a British monitor was on hand and kept a running fire on the agile Arabs. After the scrap a New

Zealand non-com. was struck with an inspiration. There was no tobacco in camp, and he thought it would be a pretty good notion to hold up the quartermaster on the gunboat for some plug and cigarettes for his platoon. He was on his way thither when he was confronted by a stern British officer, who halted him, desiring to be informed as to his mission.

"I am going aboard to get some tobacco for my platoon," replied the youngster.

"You are a New Zealander, aren't you?" questioned the officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the man.

"Well, it's like your damned impudence. You New Zealanders are more trouble to us than the whole British Army!"

"That's what the Senussi say, sir," was the prompt reply of the Maorilander.

N.C.O., to civvy who is just being outfitted:—"What size shirt do you wear?"

Civvy:—"Don't know."

N.C.O.:—"What size collar have you got on now?"

Civvy:—"Nine and a half."

N.C.O., to assistant:—"That must be the size of his necktie. Nine and a half necktie; give him a fifteen and a half shirt."



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"You need a shave," the Sergeant Major said,
 The Rookie stood and shivered—shook his head.
 "You don't, eh? Why, upon your chin there's hair
 Enough to stuff a comfortable chair."

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FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE.

(Continued from page 2)

her social, industrial and political life with a completeness that defies analysis and baffles imagination. The change is not simply, as it were, either mechanical or chemical; it is organic; it goes to the roots of life. The most continuous, unbroken national life in the world has not suffered revolution, but has perpetrated revolution upon itself.

The first and deepest element in that change is the personal dedication of life. There is nothing known to us which we can set up by way of comparison with that voluntary enlistment of over five million men. If the sacrifice of everything for others is the moral principle of religion, the enlistment of these millions of our men stands as the greatest religious act in British history.

The Universities for the first time in their long centuries of history emptied themselves. They did so instantaneously. Irresponsible, high-spirited, pleasure-loving undergraduates swung in without a breath of hesitation, took unspeakable hardships without a murmur, shouldered responsibilities on which great issues hung, lived strenuously and died gallantly. From factory and warehouse, city office and farmyard, schoolhouse and shop-counter; from tram and omnibus, railway and mine, the men poured in till the enlistments of a single day surpassed the pre-war enrolment of a year. The flood of men overwhelmed the military machinery of the country. When the news from Flanders was at its worst, enlistment swelled to its best. In thousands of homes where the advocacy of world-peace had been the genuine absorption of all the thought that was given to foreign affairs, every male member of military age sprang to his place in the new Army.

If that personal enlistment on a national scale was the first and most dramatic element in our revolution, the adoption, with hardly a dissentient voice, of compulsory military service was a stern witness to the national determination to carry the War through to a victorious conclusion.

(To be continued.)

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.

WE WONDER—

Whether that drummer in the band realises he changes time at least three times during one march piece.

Whether Sgt. Cook appreciates the fact that he marches us on and off parade at from 130 to 140 paces to the minute.—Too quick—120 is o.k.

Whether we are to get another blanket per man, now that the chilly nights are coming along.

JOTTINGS.

Well, Alec, what do you think of the birds you have now? Make a fellow cry.

Those poor Cadets have had to relinquish those nice bed cots and one fellow swears he has corns growing on his ipergastrum since he slept on that cruel tent floor. It's a rotten war, Alphonse, we'll have to stop it sure.

I wonder who's kissing her now? Who does that get?

Anybody's seen those nice sign boards outside "B" Coy's Marquees? Some class, what?

Why will that Sergt. take your seat at meal times?

Please, Sir, may I go to Siberia? I want the highest rank you can give me, please.

What do you know about this for poetry!

"Your eyes of blue,
Match the Richelieu."

Wow—kill it!

Well, Harry, I guess that'll keep him quiet.

Cheer up, Jimmy, we're all with you.

Yorkey's pretty quiet these days! Have to get his room mate to use his weight.

Got any lamps to spare, Yorkey? How will he get along in Siberia?

No, madam, we're not serving out umbrellas to the Siberian draft. But I think they will have everything else, madam, Good morning.

O, Frank, how divinely you one step—it makes me almost forget myself; I feel so giddy and reckless, get me a cone.

Joekski Ewingovitch is going to Siberia. No beerski there, Jock.

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"NUTS AND RATIONS."

The ukreign of Terror.

All we need now to complete the Victory is a new Finnish army. Anyway the Kaiser is at last taking steps in the right direction. "Where do we go from here?" is the most popular song in the German army these days.

Some of the war critics are suggesting that all the ideas of the Allies should be pooled. Yes! a League of Notions.

Felicia wants to know if the Allied Food Council will deal with such allied foods as liver and bacon, steak and onions, sausage and mashed, pork and rabbit.—I s'pose!

Speaking of food stuffs, here are a few that have been very badly treated:—Whipped cream, sliced tomatoes, smothered chicken, roasted beef, pounded steak, pulled taffey, and deviled eggs.

There was a young lady named Ida
Who did not know rhubarb from cider.
She drank up a quart
Which was more than she ought
And had very strange feelings inside her.

Smile when you miss your train.

Smile when you get C.B. for being late back from pass.

Smile when you turn on the wrong faucet in the shower bath.

Smile when you stab your toe, or bring the hammer down on your finger.

Smile when your laundry comes back shrunk enough to fit your little brother.

Smile when your razor acts like a piece of hoop iron.

Smile when someone else pinches yours and leave theirs.

Smile when you lose the bet.

Smile when your lip is split.

Smile when you get up and you find your tent flooded.

Smile when it blows down.

Smile when your puttee comes undone.

Smile any old way and always.

Many a man who can hear pleasure whisper a mile away, cannot hear duty when it shouts into his ear through a megaphone.

—PAT.

THOSE REGULATIONS.

A sergeant was instructing a squad of men on the component parts of the rifle. They were really a smart lot of recruits, but the sergeant was fed up and wanted his dinner.

"Now then," he said, "can any of you tell me what kind of wood the butt end is made from?"

"Walnut," volunteered a soldier.

"Quite right, and why is walnut used for the purpose in preference to any other kind of wood?"

"Because it has more resistance."

"Wrong!"

"Because it is more elastic."

"Wrong again!"

"Perhaps it is because it looks nicer than any other kind," volunteered a man timidly.

"Don't be an ass," snapped the sergeant. "If you want to know why walnut wood is used, it's simply because it was laid down in the Regulations."

GOOD SHOOTING.

The following dialogue on "Sharp-shooting" took place between an Australian and a Canadian picket:

"I say, can you fellows shoot?"

"Well, I reckon we can, some."

"In our country we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle-blow at three hundred yards."

"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shoot up in our village! I belonged to a company there,

and we went out for practice every week. The captain draws us up in single file and sets a barrel rolling downhill, and each man takes his go into the bunghole, the member up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go into the bunghole, the member who missed it is expelled. I have belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

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