



Colonel MacPhail's Brigade.

The sad death of Capt. P. V. Binns, M.C., killed in action during the last operations on the 28th August, has been deeply felt by all ranks here.

Colonel MacPhail was on leave, but owing to the operations it was curtailed.

A rather serious question has arisen. "A & Q2" is trying to find out the link between 30 gas casualties and 30 yards of gas cloth. We cannot see the "Union."

Capt. G. R. Chetwynd has assumed the duties of Staff-Captain S. and T.

Capt. O'Sullivan, C.F., has joined the Brigade as Chaplain.

Col. Allen's Battalion.

Yes, boys, we are seeing France; a great deal more of it than we would have chosen to see in so short a time. Well, anyhow, we're winning—even "Cas" admits that, and Cas is always about 90 per cent. below the official communique. Let the good work go on.

What do you think? Blighty leave is opened up. At the present rate we figure on getting over somewhere about the summer of 1921.

However, Sapper Jouvenat is doing Gay Paree (and being done). Sapper Thomas is looking better for his fortnight among the moutons, mountains, and maidens of dear old Wales.

Lieut. Hunter, who has been enjoying himself after his own methods somewhere in Great Britain, is back again at the war.

Corpl McCready is back from the Lewis Gun School and will, we hope, soon get a big bag of Gothas, for the pesky things are interrupting our slumbers too much of late. By the way, does Captain Whitman's M.G. need greasing, or what?

What do you think? Since last budget we have been paid. What an influence THE CANADIAN SAPPER must have with the powers that be.

The order of the day: Battle Order.

Lieut. Simpson has taken to the timbers (the plank road).

Have you seen our two scions of the aristocracy (the count and the nobleman) out on the gasoline trail?

Jackson and Laud are back from the camouflage factory. The art of camouflage is a most useful one, but to get real practical points a close observation of the boys when a fatigue is called beats Abbeville all hollow.

Major Mieville's Battalion.

The old Battalion has been sadly neglected in the last two editions of THE SAPPER, but they have not gone under by any means.

Sergt. Ormiston has lost his old partner in arms, "The Duke," and has now taken on painting as a speciality. He is somewhat handicapped at present, as the salvage people do not carry the right hues; nevertheless, the P.P.s have to be put in the limelight at any price. Our O.C. says he has seven hundred men that he can throw into the transport struggle at any moment.

"Swat the fly" is now the drivers' password. A well-known expert on horseflesh told the boys recently that a fly would not light on a well-groomed horse. Now comes the problem: Old Joe, our Q.M., cannot keep the skimmers supplied with swatters.

The O.C. of "A" Company is a happy youth these days. He has a motor-cycle all his own. Road blockades are nothing to him when there are any narrow gauges at hand.

Several hundred of our sappers are now engaged on the completion of a new saddle patented by one of the officers. This saddle is equipped with flanges to fit different kinds of horses.

Erbert Stot says it is not the ard usage wot urts the orses oofs, it is the ammer, ammer, ammer of the orses oofs on the ard ighways.

Who is the sapper who lost his eyesight, and painted the muddy wheel?

SUNNY JIM.

Lieut.-Col. Trotter's Battalion.

Some little cup the C.R.E. presented us with for the best Battalion on parade. After we win it the next couple of times we will be able to keep it. So shine up, boys, next time we go out for a rest.

Since our last contribution, Lieuts. Burland and Blackwell have joined us.

August 4th, at Twyford, near Winchester, a son to Mrs. Thexton, wife of Capt. R. D. Thexton, C.E.

Owing to all the extra crowns and pips that are floating around, we expect to report great doings in the social column next month, under the heading of "BANQUETS."

"A" Company.

Capt. Thexton joined us, after trying his hand at instructing at Bexhill. This was at engineering. He now instructs us in general knowledge.

Our genial (though fierce when he talks of Huns) Company Commander has got his majority. Congrats.

The boys had been wearing their gas masks, having been rudely awakened from their sleep by the rattle of the gas sentry. "Say," yelled the Sergeant, "Is the gas still about?" "I haven't smelt any yet," was the sentry's bland reply.

The Engineers certainly did some deadly work: the smell of the dead horses was killing.

Major Gordon's Company.

In view of the abundance of literary talent known to exist in the Company, it is only with the greatest reluctance we pen these few notes, hoping that later on others will overcome their natural modesty and continue the good work.

Congratulations to the O.C. Battalion on his promotion, and may good health and good fortune stay with him.

The heavenly twins, BRASSO and SILVO, are not so much in evidence as formerly, but, strange to say, have been very little missed.