

not be taken as an actual true statement of his condition, because we venture to think it is only a camouf—. There! We nearly wrote the forbidden word.

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Don't forget the Seaside Y. It is not an ordinary Y; it is really a comfortable club house with lawns and reception rooms, and real good cake like mother makes. You will find a description of it in our Entertainment column. Go and look it over.

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The Sapper.

My ideas concerning the duties of a sapper were very vague, that is they were before I became a member of that important unit known as C.E. For the benefit of the layman, I may say that C.E. in this case does not stand for Christian Endeavour, nor yet for Church of England, and being qualified for one does not necessarily entitle you to membership in the other. However, to go back to what I intended to say. I had a sort of confused idea that a sapper was one who "sapped," but have found that this idea is entirely erroneous. In fact, I have seen sappers engaged in almost every conceivable work but sapping. Mind you, I do not say positively that a sapper never saps. I will not swear to it (as a self-respecting sapper I am not much given to swearing), but we of the Signal Branch prefer to forget the fact, if it is so. To our mind, there is something degrading about sapping. It cannot be denied that the work is lowering. Yes, decidedly lowering.

Now, there is the ordinary (I use ordinary in the broadest sense) signaller, Battalion signaller, I mean. Doubtless he has his uses, but we are inclined to regard him much in the same light as a lance-jack regards a private. You know the attitude. We can hardly be blamed for this. Do we not daily hold sweet converse with Brigadiers, Staff Captains, not to mention an occasional Sub-Lieutenant or an honest Q.M.S. True, some of the aforesaid conversations leave much to be desired from our point of view, but our knowledge of English is greatly increased, and we also learn many words which I feel sure Webster never dreamed of.

There is a general impression at the Front that a sapper is another name for "bomb-proof." I hasten to correct this mistaken idea. No later than yesterday I saw Sapper So-and-So, sending "esses-beers" and "emmas" under a most terrific barrage of shrapnel and other things. I certainly did admire the man's courage. Says I to myself, says I, "This is the indomitable spirit which is described at such length by PHILIP GIBBS." I repeat, Sapper What's-His-Name, I mean, So-and-So, was working directly under the falling shells. To be exact, he was about thirty feet under the ground.

I should like to add a word about the linemen. They tell me they make frequent visits to the front trenches. I do not doubt their veracity, but I will not guarantee the statement, having never met them there myself. That is not their fault of course. Occasionally a lineman is given an "emma-emma," but why a man should be given a medal for joining two pieces of wire is more than I can say. I have frequently fixed wires at home.

I will not describe in detail the various duties of the sapper in the field. We try to avoid publicity, and anyway, to the ordinary sapper, the work in the field is of secondary importance. It is on a fourteen day

leave that we shine—buttons, boots, and everything shineable. I have heard weird tales from sappers returning from Blighty, but why write of them? No doubt, dear Editor, you have done fourteen days yourself leave, of course; what did you think I meant?

A. VIMYIST

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The "Discovery" of the War.

Most old timers in this New Army will recall very easily the days when cheese and jam were rampant among the troops, especially in France.

Jam was carefully picked over, and only the superior brands tolerated, the rest being disposed of in the usual manner—mostly in the estaminets. Men got so fed up with the sight of cheese, that they often expressed the wish that the Government would call up all the cheese makers, and so put a stop to this nuisance.

The men, on the whole, were very keen, and worked hard, besides bearing all the strains of the campaign with fortitude. They went the whole hog in everything, as far as it was humanly possible to do so, but there was something lacking.

All of a sudden a great change came over everything—due to a startling announcement in all the leading daily papers—something had been promised the Canadian troops by Sir Sam Hughes.

Tongues started wagging, bets were made freely, and earnest discussions took place as to the pros. and cons. of this new announcement.

We had to wait a long time for the result—and we have all seen it for ourselves, in the recent brilliant work of the Canadians.

We had noticed for a long time how everything had been tuned up; men seemed to have boundless energy that they never possessed before; grouches gave way to cheerfulness, and everything went along merrily and well. The sappers put their backs into their fieldworks and other duties. Drivers groomed away at their horses, and polished their steel as it had never been before, and all seemed to have a new lease of life.

Most people put it down to the greater efficiency of the P.T. and B.F. Staff and other instructors, to whom, no doubt, a great deal of the credit is due. Our worthy Corps Commander told us all in his Special Army Order that it was due to discipline. This is all true enough, but there must be something more than the mere evolutions of man, something deeper than most of us imagined, so we decided to get right down to the root of the whole question.

After making a very exhaustive study, we are very pleased to be able to announce the result to our readers. It is the finest boon ever extended to the Canadian troops—FISH DIET.

BUM.

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Winning the War.

(A SOB-FUL DRAMA IN ONE ACT.)

Dramatis Personae:—Lieut. E. G. Weeks, M.C., M.M., Inspecting Officer. Sapper M. Callery, Company barber, newly brought in from Report Centre.

Scene: Headquarters. Parade Ground. Time: The present.

(Curtain rises. Thirty war-weary soldiers discovered, making valiant but vain efforts to stand at attention.)

Enter Lieut. E. G. Weeks. Commences inspection. Reaches Callery.

Officer: Get your hair cut! No excuse! The barber's here now!

(Curtain falls, amid choking sobs.)