

After "Lights Out."

At a certain military camp, where several of the officers' wives were staying in the vicinity, the following was overheard:—

Newly-arrived Major: "Er—Sergt.-Major."
S.M.: "Yessir."

N.A.M.: "Er—have you seen my er—baggage—er—anywhere around this bally place?"

S.M. (absolutely fed up with similar questions): "Yessir; I saw her walking down the road with the new chaplin a minit ago, sir."

[5/- prize.—Will writer please forward name and address to Editor.]

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Scene: C.O.'s. Orderly Room.

Inquisitive clerk to O.R.S., after a certain Private Stocking had been marched out: "What'd he get, Sergt?"

Irate Sergt.: "Socks."

Clerk: "Alright, don't get your shirt out."
Sounds more like a clothing parade.

[2/6 prize.—To Capt. Barrett, to be forwarded to author.]

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He was a new recruit, and the sergeant was giving him his first lesson in infantry drill. For a quarter of an hour, the orders "Form Fours," "Form Two Deep," "Right Turn," and so on and so forth, in wearisome reiteration.

Suddenly, to the astonishment of the N.C.O., the recruit dug his hands in his pockets and started to trek off.

"What the devil are you playing at?" roared the sergt. in thunderous tones.

"I'm 'oppin' it," replied the recruit laconically. "This job's no ruddy good to me. You don't know your own damn mind from one minute to another."

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A certain Bishop whose knowledge of horses was limited to riding them, sent his ostler, a new hand, to examine a horse he thought of buying, and told him to report on the animal when he returned.

The ostler examined the horse and found him wanting, but was at some loss to know how to report the matter to the Bishop in suitable clerical language. Finally he had an idea.

"Well, John," said the Bishop; "do you like the horse?"

"No, me lord," said John, "I don't. I don't like neither 'is 'ocks nor 'is hass nor anything that is 'is."

The Canadian Sapper

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS

Published by the Canadian Engineer Training Depot.

Editor—CAPT. G. R. CHETWYND, D.C.M., C.E.

Advertising Manager—CORPL. C. J. R. LEWIS.

¶ "The Canadian Sapper" is published monthly, price 6d., with the idea of keeping the several units of the Corps in touch as to their social and sporting events, and entertainments, together with illustrations, articles, and items of general interest to the Engineers.

¶ Articles, photographs, and correspondence of general interest to the Canadian Engineers are invited from all members of the Corps, at home or abroad.

¶ All copy and photographs, etc., will be returned if requested.

¶ Correspondents are requested to use one side of the paper only, and to post copy to reach Editor not later than the 6th of each month.

¶ Advertising rates can be obtained from the Office of the Magazine.

¶ Communications to be addressed to The Editor, "The Canadian Sapper," C.E.T.D., Seaford, Sussex, England.

"Sprucer" sees Seaford's Seven Sisters.

It was close to "Lights out" when Spencer straggled in. I was too busy fixing my bed to take much notice of him until I tucked in and the lights went out. My neighbour was still in the preparatory state of going to bed, but the high explosive language he used was altogether unfitted to the occasion. Moreover, he was using naughty words anent one called Jonesie, and that person's ears must have burned, even as "Sprucer" desired his soul should.

"What seems to be the trouble, old man?" I asked, during a lull in the stormy mutterings.

"Matter. You know that blinkety blankety Jonesie? Well, after dinner I was having a snooze, when in he comes and wakes me up. 'Let's go down and see the Seven Sisters,' he says. 'Jake a loo,' says I, and I spent an hour getting fixed and shined. Then (an unprintable torrent of words followed) then, after me getting all dolled up, what do you think? We walked three or four miles, and I was just figuring whether the two of us shouldn't toss for the odd sister, when we came to a range of cliffs, and Jonesie says: 'Here we are; what do you think of Seaford's Seven Sisters?'"