

FOUR OFFICERS "GO ROYAL"

The following officers have been selected by the Royal Engineers for transfer at an early date:—

Lt. R. M. Corning, C.E.,
Lt. K. A. Farrell, C.E.,
Lt. R. Hamilton, C.E.,
Lt. C. G. Steers, C.E.

WE WANT TO KNOW

How the typhoid germs enjoyed their fire bath on Thursday morning.

Where we are to get our straw hats next summer.

On behalf of the ladies of St. Johns, when Major Milne is going to put on that Blue Cross concert he boasted of.

Just how a man would feel when he met the boys at the front if he had voted against adequate reinforcements, and what kind of an excuse he could possibly make.

How you would feel if, after having "gone over", word came from Canada that you had to play a lone hand—that Canada had done enough.

If there is any truth in the rumor that a communicating trench is to be constructed through "no-man's-land", between the barracks and town. Or is it to be a snowshed.

Who was the driver who, under the impression that it would promote the growth of hair, permitted another to massage his scalp with Red Polish.

Why, in view of his repeated submission to similar acts, he does not change his name to "Simple Sam".

Whether the band will be present at the opening of our rink.

Whether coffee will be served

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HERE'S HEALTH TO YOU, COLONEL!

(Lieut.-Col. W. W. Melville, C.E.)

"Knots and Lashings", our weekly journal,
Proclaims best wishes to our Colonel:—
"May long life, happiness, health, his portion be"—
Is the wish this Christmas at the E. T. D.

THIS CHRISTMAS

No Christmas in the Western World since first Columbus came
Was ever quite like this one. A hot and purging flame
Has knit our hearts and purified: as long as it endures
The War is Mine and Thine and His and Hers and Ours—and
Yours!

We all have tasks from which there is no true exemption claim;
For old or young or rich or poor, the duty is the same:
From Allied hearts seize double strength! And all along the line,
This War is Yours and Ours and Hers and His and Thine—and
Mine!

and ladies invited the first night.

What date has been set for the opening.

When will work on said rink be started, if we are going to have a rink.

What happened at an out-of-town organ recital given by members of E.T.D. Was it a success, and why has a report not been turned into "Knots and Lashings".

What we should do with the man who waits for the other fellow to finish his copy of "Knots and Lashings" and then borrows it.

One single good thing that could come to ourselves, our country, or the boys overseas, by a change in government at the present time.

Capt. W. A. Bishop, 19 year old aviator of Owen Sound, Ont., hero of 58 fights, is the only man living who has the V.C., D.S.O., and M.C.

THE FIGHTING ENGINEERS

We dug up husky mountains by the roots;
We spanned the rushing torrent with a bridge;
We laid the rails to guide the steam-charged brutes
That fed the men and guns at Cambrai Ridge.
We built a road through slush and soupy mud,
While dodging shells the German "minnies" sent;
We did the Job and saw that it was good—
And then we heard another call—and went.

The pick and shovel dropped from every hand;
We didn't even notice where they fell;
We crawled or climbed or ran in No Man's Land
To bring back tortured souls from worse than Hell.
And then the Germans came—we had to fight;
With something near to joy we grabbed the guns;
For this we'd waited many a day and night
To send our deadly greeting to the Huns.

With British Tommies we stood face to face
With Death—and counted it the Chance
Of all—to be with them in that red place,
To live and fight and maybe die for France.
So shot for shot and ball for ball we gave,
From trench and shell-hole till the fight was won;
Then we came back, each from his living grave—
Save those whose living fighting days were done.

So when the story of the war is told,
Let one small chapter tell our little tale.
Say that we helped the thin first line to hold—
That when the Big Test came we did not fail.
But do not call us "heroes"—do not give
For those who died "out there" your futile tears,
But, smiling proudly, let their names still live
Upon the Roll—the Fighting Engineers!
—H. Varley.

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