

## Col. Melville's Rise

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and man who has gained distinction on merit alone in this war.

The Colonel is reluctant to speak of his experiences at the front except in the lighter vein, but it requires very little imagination to appreciate those qualities and deeds which so well fitted him, in the eyes of his country, for the responsible charge which he now holds. His armour of silence is however sometimes penetrated when the benefit of his experience can be beneficially reflected upon those under his training in order to better fit them for carrying on the work he so well commenced.

The Colonel's slogan is "Results". "What I want is results!" he says to his instructors, "I don't care how you get them, but get them!" I haven't seen the Colonel's family coat of arms but if the motto is not "Results" it certainly should be.

Colonel Melville was recalled from France after some eighteen months service to take over command of the Engineers Training Depot, then in Ottawa. More engineers were called for, to be fully trained at that, so it became necessary to have a commanding officer just from the trenches. Colonel Melville was approached and offered the command and after due consideration accepted the responsible post. In bringing the Depot to the high standard of efficiency at which it stands today he has achieved wonders. Upwards of 5,000 men and 400 officers have passed through the Depot for service abroad, all fully trained and not a single man has been sent back from England as being unfit either physically or for the lack of training. The Depot has at present some 1000 men undergoing training and waiting the call, but the responsibility of this lies apparently easily on his shoulders owing to the splendid organizing power he has.

The Colonel we understand is one of the Mounted Section, with a strong bearing towards the Sapper. Horsemanship is one of his many qualifications acquired in his early days on the farms of New Brunswick. Possibly some of his most exciting days on horseback were experienced in the execution of his many calls to the advanced posts at the front or perhaps on the mud plains of Salisbury with his friend Colonel "Sandy" McPhail of Queen's renown, and it is problematical which of these was fraught with the most danger and excitement. Esteemed and

honoured by all who know him "Knots and Lashings" voices the feelings of the Depot in this as in other matters and salutes our Chief and wishes him life's best.

C. N. G. MILNE, Major, C.E.

### OVERHEARD IN THE MEN'S MESS.

(In reporting the following little dialogue, we do not consider that we are guilty of any betrayal of confidence. And what is more, we do not believe that anyone else will think so either.)

Sapper (seating himself in a leisurely fashion and picking up the latest number of "Knots and Lashings")—"Good morning, Orderly."

Orderly—"Good morning, Sir; pleasant morning, Sir; lovely day for the "Fours". What do you wish this morning, Sir?"

Sapper—"Oh, you may bring me half a Catawba melon (be sure that it is just off the ice); boiled eggs, (and remember, I simply can't touch them if they are not boiled exactly three and a half minutes); dry toast, marmalade and coffee. Yes, you may set the percolator on the table. No, don't bother about the finger bowl, as I have a rather important engagement shortly with a particularly dear friend,—awfully jolly fellow, too!—who has been good enough to invite myself and a few of our 'set' to join him at a little game of P. T.'s this morning!"

(Note.—And now, on the level, which one of our bright young readers can tell teacher what the Sapper really did get. Also please do not all speak (or shout) at once!)

### JOIN THE ENGINEERS AND WORK AT YOUR TRADE.

You joined the Engineers with hopes

To follow at your trade;  
But first you'll have to know the ropes,

And learn how knots are made!

You'll have to learn to "watch your slope"

And dress up by your right;  
So get a line on all the dope,  
And keep your buttons bright!

If you can show that you can dance  
To orders on parade,

Maybe you'll get an even chance  
To follow at your trade!

Spr. D. K. WOODHOUSE.

She writes to the paymaster:—  
"You have changed my little  
"girl into a little boy;—will it  
"make any difference?"

## THE ENGINEERS' ALPHABET.

- A—stands for "'Shon!"—we all know what that means,
- B—stands for Breakfast, Bread, Bacon and Beans.
- C—is for Canteen, and Cash (and for Clink!)
- D—is for Dry Daily Duty and Drink,
- E—stands for Engineers, Evans, and Eat.
- F—is for Fatigues, which we all rush to meet.
- G—is for Generals, and Germans, and Guns,
- H—is our Hurry to Hammer the Huns,
- I—is for Iberville, Idle, and Ink.
- J—is our Joy (when we're offered a drink!)
- K—"Knots and Lashings" and Keefer and King.
- L—is for Leave, (when we get it we Sing!)
- M—is for Major Milne, Melville, and Mess.
- N—is for Nothing (it can't stand for less!)
- O—stands for Orders we promptly Obey.
- P—is the Physical torture each day.
- Q—is for Quiet, (only known in the tomb!)
- R—is the Racket that Reigns in (our) Room!
- S—is the Sergeant who Sings Comic Songs.
- T—is the Top-notch to which he belongs.
- U—is Untidy (not Us!) on parade.
- V—is the Vermin of which we're afraid.
- W—is Whiskey, Work, Woman, and Wine.
- X—the Xperience we get in the line.
- Y—is our Yearning to go overseas.
- Z—is for Zero when our fingers will freeze.

—PAT

## LASHINGS

If you want to hear a good story get Sapper Morrissey to tell you how the Cavalry captured the Navy. Catch him in a talkative mood. He's not a braggart by nature.

Some of the mounted section attended a funeral at Montreal recently and were fed at the barracks up there. We understand they have ceased to grumble at the food here since that occasion.

There are others though who don't know when they are well off.

Our editor is modest to a degree but his remark at our first meeting is too good not to pass on.

The electric light went out on the occasion and he opened the meeting by remarking, "Gentlemen, it is strange that our newspaper was born in darkness and that (K)night was appointed chairman.

We believe the Sergeants' mess is an institution beyond criticism, being run on absolutely perfect lines.

To an outsider though some of the conversation would at times appear strange.

One member asserts himself by the statement, "I do like my beer, and I'm not ashamed of it.

Bets of fifty bucks to one are not unusual.

The boast of one member is: "I

am an agnostic, and I know more than the parson does, so why should I go to church? (Experience tells us that parsons as a rule know quite a deal. Ed.)

Pandemonium reigns when there is a competition between the two tables as to which can make the more noise. The advent of the chairman however has a beneficial effect.

There is one of the senior members named "Solomon" who is dogmatic to a degree laying down the law on all possible occasions. Come to think about it we are not sure of his name but at any rate he is David's son.

Sergeant Lowman reports he saw Sergeants Francis and Smith at the Grey Nuns Hospital a few days ago.

Sgt. Francis was cocky as usual and full of business but Sgt. Smith is not progressing as well as we had hoped. There are others who could be better spared from the depot and our sympathies are with him!

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