

404012 Sergt. J. E. Barker, Engineers.

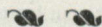
The services rendered by this non-commissioned officer during the whole time—over two years—that he has been in France, have been of great value, and on one occasion, when the construction of important dug-outs had to be carried on, under most adverse circumstances and heavy enemy shell fire, the example of his courage and determination inspired the men working under him, and the work was completed in spite of every difficulty.

706 Sergt. D. C. Johnstone, Attd. Div. Engineers.

During the two and a half years this non-commissioned officer has been serving in this capacity in France, he has set a very fine example of a high standard of conscientious devotion to duty under difficult conditions. When the office in which he was working was continuously exposed to shell fire, and bombed by hostile aircraft every night for three weeks, he worked night and day with imperturbable composure and unremitting diligence in the compilation of urgent and important reports, setting a very admirable example of coolness and courage to the remainder of the office staff.

63482 Corpl. L. D. Johnson, Engineers.

He has rendered particularly valuable service as non-commissioned officer in charge of divisional wireless stations when there was a shortage of officers, and a large part of the organization of the wireless system was left to him. On several occasions, having established stations in forward areas, he himself has made several journeys under heavy shell fire to maintain the supply of technical stores, and his energy and intelligence in training a very efficient station have been worthy of great praise.

**A Hard World.**

"Mother," said Helen, "when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the mother.

"Mother," said Helen, after a pause, "when I grow up, if I don't marry, will I be an old maid like Aunt Gertrude?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," repeated the mother.

"But what queer questions for a little girl to ask."

"Mother," after another pause, "this is a very hard world for us women, isn't it?"

**Doing it up Right.**

A coloured woman recently lost her son, and she immediately swathed herself in black, even to the extent of buying, at quite an expense for her, black underwear. "Isn't that overdoing it a little, Ellen," asked her mistress—"wearing black underwear?"

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am," said the bereaved mother. "When Ah mourns, Ah mourns clear through."

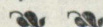


"I am an American-born," said a man to a foreign-born. "You were an immigrant."

"True," said the foreign-born, "but I really have more right to be proud of my Americanism than you. You came into this country naked, and I came here with my pants on. You came here because you couldn't help it; I came because I wanted to."

**R.S.M. RIDGWELL, M.C.**

Enlisted with R.E. in February, 1888. On Foreign Service in the Sub-Mining Service, India, 1890 to 1894, and Singapore, 1894 to 1898. With Aldershot Balloon Service in 1901, and was selected to tour the Australian Commonwealth with that section during the Federal celebrations, a tour lasting seven months. Was transferred to "A" Compy., Chatham Depot, 1903. Proceeded to Canada with 18th Fortress Compy., R.E., as C.S.M., 1904, and returned home 1905. Promoted Field Work Instructor with rank of Q.M.S., 1906. Discharged to Pension, 1909, and went to Ashanti as Road Foreman for Crown Agent for Colonies, returning to England in 1910. Enlisted for duration of war in September, 1914. Transferred to Canadians and proceeded to France. February, 1915. Mentioned in despatches twice, and awarded M.C., 1916. Returned from France, February 1917, and was posted to Crowboro' as R.S.M. Fieldworks. Posted to C.S.M.E. as R.S.M. Fieldworks, on re-organization, May, 1918.

**A C.E. to the M.G.**

We know that old Fritz don't love you,

You men with the M.G. dart;

But the chalk lies solid above you,

So sleep with a tranquil heart.

Above the ladders and hatches,

Your sentries watch and wait:

Should he come in mass, or in batches,

Your guns must guard the gate.

Then revile not the humble sappers,

But treat them as your peers;

And when hell's bells start wagging their clappers,

Shoot a belt for the Engineers

March, 1918.

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