

Canadians were so little heard of. But when the record of the last six weeks' work comes to be written, it will be a record of achievement to be proud of; more crowded with incident and real accomplishment than in any corresponding period since the Canadians have been in France. Even the third battle of Ypres will have to take a back seat with the smashing of the famous Wotan barrier, Hindenburg's insurmountable switch.

Yes, we're "making it fast" these days. Two battles on two different fronts fought and won in one month, including transport from one sector to another, 20,000 prisoners, hundreds of guns of all calibres—and souvenirs, what?

The Engineers have done their share, and done it well. The beautiful weather has made it easier for everybody, and considering the immensity of the operations, and that the 7th Battalion in the offensive south of Amiens were working forward in touch with the infantry, the Battalion in that fight were extremely lucky. The majority of our casualties have occurred on the new front.

Battalion Cossip.

There is a big grumble on just now as to who is doing the least work in the Battalion. The Companies think that the bombproofers on a test will meet the rest of the Battalion and win out in a canter. It is believed, however, by the bombproofers, that there are one or two dark horses in the Companies—no tips at present.

The Band have left us—temporarily—and joined a higher formation. The last we heard of them, they were entertaining Brigade Staff by selections from "Tannhauser" while at dinner. Our best wishes go with them. We feel their loss, not only because of their musical accomplishments, but also because we cannot now enjoy their arguments (sic). Should a band be called upon to use a shovel occasionally, or be left to discuss the latest operas while others labour in the rain? Nevertheless, we shall be glad to see them back again sometimes, even if it is just to play a few bars of the "Regimental."

Before closing our little grouch for the month, we won't omit to mention that several of our officers have changed their rank badges during the past few days. Those we have noticed are:—

- Capt. K. P. Macpherson, to rank of Major.
- Capt. R. S. Worsley, M.C., to rank of Major.
- Capt. R. A. Spencer, M.C., to rank of Major.
- Lieut. F. M. Pratt, M.C., to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. H. Kennedy, M.C., to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. C. H. Hopkins, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. (A/Capt.) H. M. Steven, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. G. D. Sharpe, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. H. R. Banks, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. G. M. Hamilton, to rank of Captain.

Headquarters.

Since the last notes were sent in, things have been quieter with us. That is to say, the "troops" hereabouts have been holding on to what they've got in true British style, and are just waiting the opportunity of taking another bite. We had been looking to go back and take a rest, but the Division has honoured our Battalion by allowing us to remain forward, and improve the shining hours by making light railways.

The weather is fitful and chill in this part of France. Nevertheless, the C.R.E., Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg, has selected this quasi-rest period for his leave, and the C.O. of this unit—Lieut.-Col. J. L. H. Bogart—is Acting Brigadier for the time being. Following up the changes, Major K. Stuart is in command of the Battalion.

During the month, Major-General J. Lipsett paid us a farewell visit, and spoke a few words to the men before taking up his new duties with an Imperial Division. A hearty well-meant series of cheers sent the G.O.C. away smiling, and looking happy, although he said he was very sorry to leave us all. General Lipsett's sympathetic interest in the welfare of all ranks has made him very popular during the 2½ years he has been with this Division. When at Passchendael last year, the General spoke to some of the boys who were working on the forward roads, and told them what darned good work they were doing, and how they were paving the roads to success. Perhaps it was just such little words of encouragement that accounted for so many of all ranks in the Division knowing him not only by name, but by some incident of generosity and thoughtfulness.

Amiens seems a long way off at the moment, but we are pleased to say that the work done by the Battalion on the morning of the 8th August did not go unrecognised. Major Worsley's boys came off with honours, and they certainly deserved it for the way they bridged the River Luce at Hangard. The following awards have come through orders:—

- 401803 Sergt. S. H. Lee, bar to M.M.
- 192614 Sergt. D. F. Wayman, M.M.
- 138602 Corpl. F. Hilton, M.M.
- 438880 2/Corpl. J. A. West, M.M.

Sergt. Inglis, of "B" Company, we are pleased to note, was awarded the Croix de Guerre, in connection with work on the Amiens front, and previously.

There was plenty of the same kind of good work done on the Arras front, if not more of it, and we would like to see some recognition coming along.

"B" Company.

WHISPERINGS FROM "VILLAGE DE CRUMP."

The boys are hot after souvenirs, but our transport absolutely refuses to carry Fritzie wash-boilers. Aqua is scarce, you know.

The "Prussian Guard" has returned to our midst, after a recent attack of "dumpitis." The M.O. states that this ailment is perfectly safe. We all agree. Don't you?

The venerable tool cart chambermaid has fallen in cupid's battle, and desires a side kicker for life.

Don't catch this disease, boys, otherwise we won't have a single man to take back on our steamer next year. Fritz says it will be a pontoon!

"Dad" Thacker is taking lessons from the "General" in handling a peculiar article known as the "Muck Stick." Tutoring will do it.

Fitz has returned to the water wagon, so now indulges in a daily wash, instead of the former semi-annual practice. He calls it working on the allotment.

"Duggy," our camp-fire tactician, has issued orders to prepare our baggage, as the war is due to finish to-morrow. Duggy knows, so don't hesitate a moment.

Can you tell us when to expect the next attack on the "Hawfers" by Spud?

Keep away from the barrage, Spud!

Congratulations to our warriors on gaining the following honours:—

- Sergt. W. W. Inglis, French Croix de Guerre, with silver star.
- Corpl. J. A. Grant, M.M.
- L/Corpl. J. McCarroll, M.M.

Abey spends his time sprinkling the fields with a leaky pipe line at present, but — (?) swears that he refuses to be a "clover kicker" apres le guerre.

Our "Tactical Expert" would have a better name if he changed the first letter. Get busy, old chap.