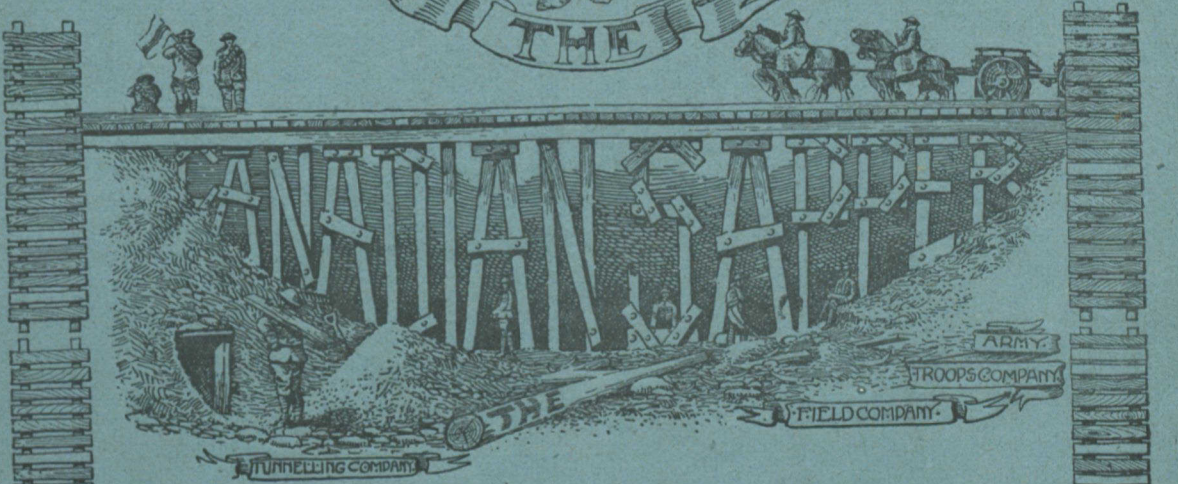
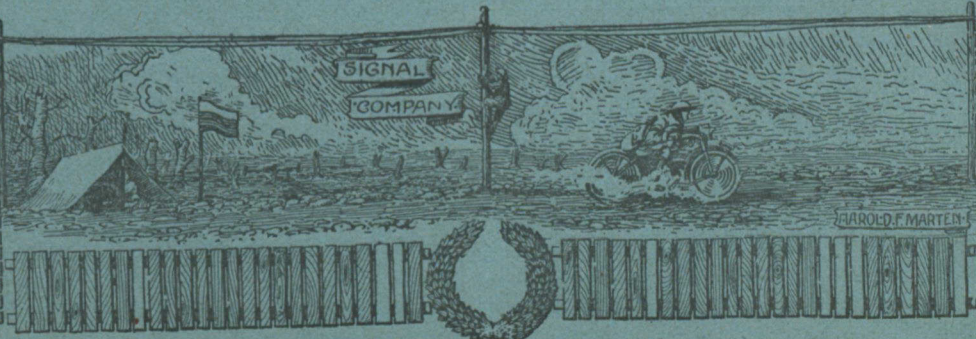


April
1919

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Vol. 3.—No. 15

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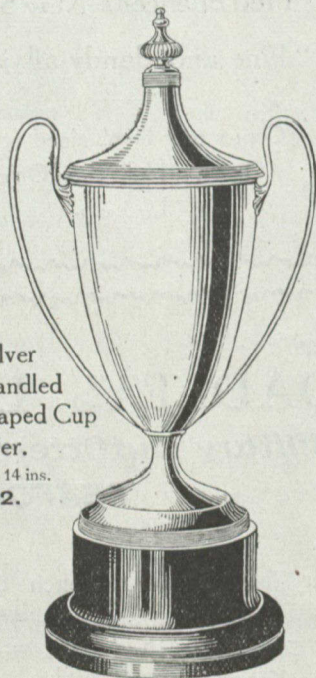
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VOL. III. No. 15.

APRIL, 1919.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

When the Boys Get Home.

By Major G. R. N. Collins.

One has only to spend a little time amongst the boys, and listen to their dreams, to realize the many and varied events that are to follow. As I have stated in previous articles, the individual soldier makes his plans of a very rosy nature, and as I have also said, will probably find them far from the pictured dream. His personal interests will naturally have a first call upon him, and for a time he will be fully occupied with them, but after a while the call of his old associates will be heard, and he will long to mix with men from "over there." At this time he will turn toward the various associations formed by the returned soldiers, and will enrol as a member. The call of which I speak will be so insistent that there need be no fear of failure on his part. On his first enrolment it will be the desire to meet his former associates that will call him, but after arrival he will find much to interest and hold him.

I have too often condemned the "conquering hero stuff" to need to dwell upon it at any great length at this time, but I do not want to make the soldier feel that there is no true appreciation on the part of the Canadian public, and that consequently he must merely merge his identity with the crowd, and forget the part he has played in making history. Far from any such intention, the soldier can, and should, play a very prominent part in the future history of Canada. It is in regard to the afterdays that I want to speak now, not so much as far as they affect the individual, but more in regard to the effect upon the whole of the future Canadian life.

Without resorting to camouflage in assessing the reasons why we all enlisted, it may be truthfully said that several factors carried a proportionate weight. The forces may be said to be composed of the finest citizens Canada could produce. There is no need to get "swelled head" over this description, because in many cases we did not even appreciate the fact when we enlisted. What our actual feelings were, we alone can say, and we are not likely to be strictly truthful if we do. In our hearts, however, certain things were felt, although we did not perhaps call them by their proper names. To make a successful Army it is necessary that it should be composed of fit men, and be supported by the moral assurance of necessity and right. That we are fit men can be safely assumed, as a result of the medical examination that we had to pass, and that our cause was a just one, and further that our part in the game was a necessity to the country we love, we all know and believe. As a consequence, it is truthful to say that the Canadian Forces were composed of a num-

ber of men who were morally and physically fit, and further, that the land of their birth or adoption, and the cause in which they fought, was such as to warrant the gift of their lives if that should be required.

Was it always, however, a mere question of moral right? Was there not a sense of insecurity behind the whole? We realise to-day what would have happened to Canada if the Germans had been able to dictate the peace terms to the Motherland. We have only to look back to the days of 1870-1 and recall the severity of the terms given to our ally, France, to know how much more severe would have been the terms of Germany to the "hated British." We responded in self-defence, and therefore as a duty in defence of our rights. Again, discarding the camouflage, we have therefore a body of Canadian citizens defending something that they considered worth fighting for, and that something was of immediate value to themselves. It was in defence of our rights and privileges that we fought, and it was our duty to do so. The conquering hero business fades into a duty performed, and apparently has no basis in fact. Such is not strictly the case, for Canada does appreciate a duty well performed, and is anxious to show her gratitude.

It is just as well to be quite honest with ourselves, and if we admit the truth of this situation, then we shall only make our demands in such reasonable spirit as to ensure a ready ear and response. It is no good trying to build up a lifetime of hero worship that will never mature, and even if it did it would become pretty tiring and silly. We shall want something more substantial to live on than words of praise.

What are we going to get out of it, then? That is the one question that everybody is asking, and it is that which we should try to think out for ourselves. The answer is simple. It is simply this: "All that we deserve." What we shall deserve is not decided by past history, but is for the future to show. We did our duty, not only to Canada, but also to ourselves, and our immediate benefit to the country at large is an equal benefit to ourselves as individual citizens. That is the primary principle, and cannot be denied or enlarged upon. We did our duty.

Is the past all dead, and is there no hereafter in regard to our sacrifice? No! The past can never die, nor will it ever do so. The call that will bring us together in times of peace makes past history indestructible. The chums we knew; the unit to which we belonged; the hardships we endured; all make the bonds too strong to be broken, and despite ourselves we shall

drift back to the fold, and we shall all be heard of again in our peaceful organization and assemblies. The veteran associations will be the council wherein we shall gather to swap yarns, more or less truthful; to fight again the wonderful battles of the past; and to maintain our contention that we, individually, were the deciding factors in the campaign. We shall get together and live again the stories of the past, and certainly they will not grow stale by repetition, but on the contrary will improve with the resourcefulness of our imaginations. Will it be for this alone, however, that we shall assemble? If it is, we shall fail Canada in her hopes and desires, and we shall miss the golden opportunities that we are so anxiously anticipating at this time.

The Canadian Forces were composed of men who had assembled to fight for and protect the principles of

cannot lose the atmosphere in which that something was bred. That atmosphere was built up on the principles I have mentioned before, and if we realize the power of a body of men actuated by such sound material combined for the purpose, not only will they individually gain, but the country at large will be indebted to those who fought to protect their mutual interests.

In the mass of returned soldiers, therefore, we have a weapon of the finest material. If that weapon is used for good purposes, it will be of lasting benefit to the country. If the uses to which it is put are bad, it can bring disaster in its train. Which of these two alternatives will the future show? If the soldier is properly guided by the right type of men—and our forces are lucky in having hundreds of them—then there is no fear for the future. The chief point that should be



Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Company, Canadian Engineers, France, March, 1919.

Photo by Hilton.

Canadian citizenship. We may claim to be the best and fittest. Mentally, morally, and physically we were of the best, and because we considered the privileges that were ours were worth defending, we were the best of Canada's sons. Canada looks upon us in that light, and sees in us a brighter future. She realizes that the associations of the battlefield have bound us together in ties of human blood, and she knows and feels that we shall foregather in our assemblies, and from those assemblies she looks for wisdom and strength. "What a funny idea," you may ejaculate. Why is it funny? If a body of men of the calibre that we claim to be is assembled, surely it is not asking too much to expect that they shall further serve the country. Have you ever thought of this aspect of the subject? Certainly not. You imagine that when you lay aside your uniform you can lay aside the past in a similar way, but the Army leaves something implanted within our hearts that ripens and grows, and despite ourselves, we

considered being the selection of the right men, it behoves the returned soldier to see that in electing his officers in his local organization, and in selecting delegates to the Dominion organization, men who will be truly representative of the high principles for which the forces fought so well, are chosen. Given the right type of men to lead them, there are unlimited possibilities before the returned soldiers, when assembled at their meetings. Their elective power is such as to command what they desire. If that vote is to be governed by party or creed, then that power will be immediately lost. Unity is strength to the returned soldier. It will undoubtedly be the aim of those who have cause to fear the power of the returned soldiers, to weaken them by internal strife and division of votive power, and it is against this that the soldier must be prepared. Exploitation of the power is another danger which must be closely watched, and the credentials of every man who seeks to wield that influence must be closely

scrutinized. From this we gather, therefore, that the soldiers may exercise a weapon of great strength if they remain united, and do not allow themselves to be used for party or unworthy causes.

The very fact that such power exists makes it all the more important that we should appreciate the moral side of our fight. If the weapon at our disposal is unworthily employed, it will be a sad day for the country. Extravagant demands that injure the interests of the populace as a whole, in the favour of the few, will soon render the weapon impotent to do good or evil. We claim to have fought for Homeland and our kinsmen, in which case we must maintain our clean record by strict observance of the same clean principles as directed our forces during the war. Any use of the power for ulterior motives will destroy the faith of the country in her soldiers, and that faith is too grand to be destroyed by thoughtless action. It behoves us to jealously guard that faith and inspire increasing confidence in ourselves. Already there have been many thoughtless acts and ridiculous claims made in the name of the returned soldiers. Here we have the striking lesson of bad leadership. No leader, worthy of the name, would permit the rash acts that have unfortunately done so much to injure the interests of those whom the country desires to honour. The limit of patience of the country may be measured very accurately if the reasons which I have given for our original enlistment are appreciated. The margin of safety is very small, for, after all, our past simply expresses the story of duty well performed. Our fight was as much in our own interests as for others. It is well for us to never forget this very important point.

To return to our organization then, we must insist on the right type of leaders, selected from the midst of those who proved their citizenship in the field, and carefully examined as to their credentials and fitness to represent those for whom they speak. Such men should make the finest representatives which the country may desire, and through them much can be done in the cause of the country we serve. The extent to which we may seek for improvement is only limited by need. If our organization is to merely become a social organization for the assembly of old soldiers, wherein they may swap yarns, then it will have little value, but if it is awakened to its responsibilities and accepts the call of the country to maintain the fine principles for which they fought, then there is much to do, and a broader platform will need to be considered.

The first and probably most important duty would be, to assist the soldier to become an even better citizen than in the past. That may be accomplished by education. Not education of the kind dispensed in the public school, although that should not be neglected, if required, but the broader education that helps to make citizens who appreciate and vote intelligently on all public matters. Such matters as civics, political science, technical improvement, development of the country, etc., which affect indirectly the interests of all. The institutions which I hope to see established, not under the control of any outside organization, but distinctly controlled and run by the returned soldiers, should afford places of recreation, not only of a physical, but mental type. Through these institutions, with carefully selected governing committees, subjects of general interest should be presented, and capable men invited to lecture upon them. By careful selection, instituted by business men of sound principles, matters of immediate moment to the country may be considered, and a well balanced expression of opinion presented to the representatives of the people. In industrial, agricultural, and commercial development, the organization

may have a far reaching effect, but the greatest care must be taken that the grand principles for which we originally organized, may never be lost sight of. Let the shibboleth of the veteran organizations become "Our country and her needs," and let that be the guiding factor in all transactions, and we shall never betray that trust which the country places in us, and which she is so closely watching, partly in fear but full of hope. We have earned the right to speak for the country, and it will be well for us to carefully and jealously guard that privilege. To do this we must take the greatest care that no power to speak in the name of the returned soldier shall be given to any person until he has demonstrated his fitness for the task.

It would be impossible to cover the whole field which offers itself to us, but we can at least appreciate the tremendous power which it is our sacred duty to guard, and we should be remiss in our duty to the nation if we ever allow that trust to be betrayed, either by unworthy action, or by allowing that weapon to become the property of those who have not earned the right to share in its use. Unity is essential, and since all parties claim to serve the country, it is surely not contrary to the belief or creed of any man to cast his weight with the comrades in whom he had enough confidence to join them in a life and death venture. We have it in our power to make a better Canada. It lies in our hands to combine to that purpose, but the weapon we wield is too powerful to utilize for any cause contrary to the principles upon which we first embarked in the great war. If once we betray that trust, then the country will assuredly remove our power for further ill, but as no soldier who has served his country in the field will ever do anything to sully the name of his comrades in the great venture, it is from the outside and not the inside that we must be ever on the alert.

What is the purport of this long screed then? It is to impress upon the soldier at once the necessity of realizing his responsibilities. These may be summarized as follows:—

1 The principles for which he fought were those which gave him the rights and privileges of a Canadian citizen.

2 The place which he won and held in the ranks of the Canadian Army amongst the best of Canada's sons.

3 That he has established his position as a citizen who not only appreciates the advantages of Canadian citizenship, but who considered them worth his life blood, should fate so decide.

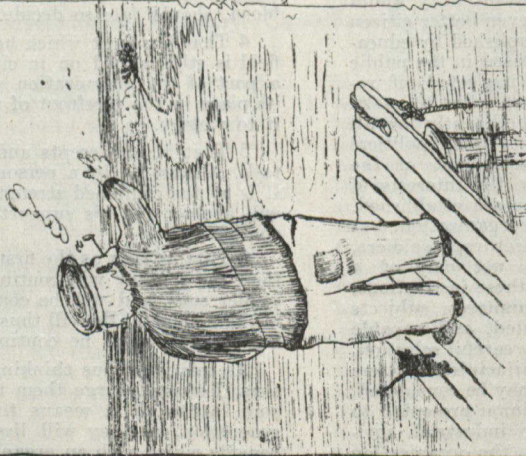
4 That the fight which he commenced in the battlefield is still carried on in civil life, and that he forms a part of the organization which can, if it will, take its place in the forefront of that battle, and again lead it to victory.

5 That if he accepts and undertakes this immense task, it must be by a personal share in the enterprise. It is by the combined strength of the whole that results will accrue, and his support is as necessary as that of another.

6 That as long as the first principles are maintained, then the country will continue to place reliance in her soldier sons, and will be content to entrust her future in their hands. He will thus benefit indirectly, through the country which he continues to serve.

As this is serious thinking for many of our younger sons, I strongly urge them to think over the problem, and realize all it means to them and to the future generation, as they will live the longer to enjoy the benefits which such an organization might create.

"It was a Famous Fishstory"



They leave with sealed orders (just did read from Robbins & Co)



The seals were broken en route
2 (Full details of the expedition are still without mystery
Another Mystery Ship!!
(-Just released by censor)



The Chest was an/a/w/o
is locked it would be shellfish

My First Day in "Civies."

After hanging about camp for several weeks, awaiting my discharge in England, the powers that be, after a considerable amount of pow wowing, allowed me to proceed on indefinite leave.

As I was to start work at once, it was necessary for me to procure a suit of civies at the shortest notice. I take me to a departmental store, where they sell everything from a flea to an elephant, to get me a hand-me-down. "Good morning, sir," says the man inside the store, who walks like a duck, "what can I do for you? "I want a suit of civies," I said. "Walk this way," he said. Well, I tried to, but as I had only learnt the goose step, I found it rather hard to do the duck waddle, which I had been requested to do.

However, at last, after mounting several sets of stairs, we arrived at the top of the building, where I was left with a little fat man, who wore pince-nez on the end of his nose, and looked over the top.

"Yes, sir, what kind of suit would you like?"

I nearly fainted. I had forgotten it was now my choice, and not the choice of the Q.M., who would have thrown a coat and a pair of trousers at me, and said "Sign here."

After trying on several suits, which fitted me better than any I had been issued with, I decided on a suit which made me look like a Sporté Boyee (apologies to the boy).

Having found the coat and vest a splendid fit, the little fat gentleman assured me that the measurements of the trousers were quite all right.

Feeling very satisfied with myself, except that my Bradburys had been reduced by five, I went to buy collars, etc.

Here I was served by a damsel who blushed worse than I did.

"I want some collars."

"Yes, sir, what size?"

"You've got me there," said I.

Then, after another little blush, she put a tape round my neck and said 15½.

At this I began to wonder what would happen when I asked for shirts. However, she seemed to know more about shirts than I did, and declared they would fit me, as the collars were 15½.

My next adventure was in the hat department, where an Irishman served me. I must have tried on every hat in the place, and after thinking what a fool I looked in all of them I took his word for it that the first one I tried on suited me best.

On my way home, with parcels hanging all over me like a pack mule, I carefully studied every man who was wearing a hat like the one I have bought, to enable me to get the correct angle, etc.

No sooner did I get inside my house than the wife had all my parcels undone and commented on my various articles of clothing. Nothing would satisfy her until I dressed up in them.

Now, I could have broken that little fat man's neck, because he had vowed the trousers would fit me. So they did in a way, except that there was no room to sit down. I was then advised by my wife to let out the braces a bit, which I did, and success followed, except that there was too much on the end. Feeling more or less satisfied with everything except the trousers, I went to bed wondering what people would say next day when I went out in my new outfit.

About midnight I woke, after a most awful dream. I am not sure that I can describe it, but I will try.

There seemed to be a lot of little imps dancing about with suits for me to try on, which I did. After trying on about a thousand, and every one having trousers of

the sailor type, I took one. Then thousands of collars and hats came in on legs. When I put the collars on I felt as if I was looking over a high wall. The hats either covered the whole of my body, or sat on my head like a pea on a drum. And to finish the dream I was at work in overalls, with the same trousers on underneath. On taking off my overalls, the knees of my beloved trousers were in holes, and the part which had worried me so much had a six inch split right across.

On rising I got my wife busy with needle and thread, and she made my trousers comfortable and decent looking at last. So off I go for inspection by the public in general. The first person I come in contact with says: "Good morning, why I didn't know you." If she had left it at that I should have thought nothing, but she finished by saying: "You do look funny." Personally I expect I did, but it was not making me feel very happy, for everyone I met had the same thing to say, except my old grandmother, who said the same as the rest, but added she liked me in a white collar. So, of course, I began to think I did look all right, after all.

After parading the streets for about an hour I returned home, to be told I still had the ticket hanging from my coat. So now, I don't wonder why "I looked funny."

ONE OF THE BHOYS.



The Canadian Permanent Force.

The Canadian Permanent Force is to be re-organised on a peace basis with a force of 5000 of all ranks. As reconstituted, it will consist as follows:—

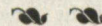
CAVALRY.—The Royal Canadian Dragoons, with headquarters and two squadrons (Toronto); the Lord Strathcona Horse (Royal Canadians), headquarters and two squadrons (Calgary).

ARTILLERY.—Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, brigade headquarters and three batteries (Kingston); Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery, regimental headquarters and five companies, with four coast defence companies and one heavy battery (Halifax, Quebec, and Victoria).

ROYAL CANADIAN ENGINEERS.—Two companies (Halifax and Victoria).

INFANTRY.—Royal Canadian Regiment, regimental headquarters and five companies (Halifax); Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, regimental headquarters and four companies (Toronto).

In addition to these there will be the regular departmental services, with headquarters at Ottawa.



Owing to the vicissitudes of life, I am liable to lose my equilibrium, but due to my recuperative powers, although feeling somewhat unsophisticated, I regain my equilibrium in a rather characteristic manner, but this also refers to the stupendous momentary and voluptuous circumstances surrounding the aforesaid epistle, concerning hereditary facts, stating verbal circumstantial evidence. I may be a little grammatical in my consolidated opinions, if not emphatic, but that is due to the ecstasies of redeemed power, gifted through democratic upheavals. Well, nevertheless, all my grace and power surround the ecclesiastical action undertaken by authoritative committees, and sanctioned by church disestablishment—*areism* this is quite feasible, if not anologically practicable.

Progress of Demobilisation.

Statement by Shipping Controller and Government Representatives.

The attention of the Shipping Controller having been called to statements in the Press with reference to the delays which occurred during February in the repatriation of Canadian troops, he states that these delays were due to circumstances over which the Ministry of Shipping had no control, some hundreds of vessels being held up in the ports for several weeks awaiting repairs and refit, owing to labour disputes, to the serious prejudice not only of the repatriation of Imperial and Dominion troops, but also of the country's food supplies.

The majority of these disputes having now been settled, the Shipping Controller is hopeful not only that the normal rate of repatriation may be resumed, but that some substantial part of the arrears may be made good in the near future. He also thinks it desirable to correct the suggestion which has been made that the British Government is giving to the Americans facilities for repatriation which it is withholding from the Dominion troops. The facts are that Canadian repatriation has consistently been given the first claim on all suitable shipping in the North Atlantic which, under normal conditions, is sufficient to provide for the conveyance of considerably more troops than the Canadian authorities require. After the allotment of the ships to carry Canadians, the balance of shipping available, when Imperial needs have been met, is placed at the disposal of the American authorities for repatriation of their troops.

First Claim on North Atlantic Shipping.

In the House of Commons last month, Viscount Wolmer, M.P. for Aldershot, asked the Parliamentary Secretary to the Shipping Controller whether American troops are still being repatriated in British ships, and, if so, whether he was aware of the complaints by Canadian soldiers that insufficient shipping has been allotted for their return to Canada, with consequent rioting at Kinmel Park and elsewhere.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping (Col. Wilson) stated in reply:—Canadian repatriation has the first claim on the shipping in the North Atlantic, which, under natural conditions, is sufficient to provide for the conveyance of considerably more than the Canadian authorities require. The Canadian authorities notify the Ministry of Shipping in advance of the numbers for whom they require conveyance each month, these numbers being limited by the capacity of the railways in Canada to deal with the men. Having allotted ships to carry the numbers required by the Canadian authorities, the balance of shipping available after meeting Imperial needs is placed at the disposal of the American authorities for the repatriation of American troops. In the month of February this procedure was followed, but owing to a prolonged strike of ship repairers delaying the preparation of the ships, the programme for Canada could not be carried out in its entirety, vessels forming part of the month's programme being detained until March. In order to meet the situation which has arisen, the Government has specially allocated the "Olympic" to convey 6000 Canadian troops to Halifax, although the vessel would not, in natural circumstances, be considered suitable for this service.

Repatriated Dominion Troops.

Capt. Guest, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, replying to Major E. Wood, M.P. for Ripon, who asked what were the numbers of Australian, Canadian, and South African troops respectively who

had been returned to their respective countries since the commencement of the Armistice, said: I asked my hon. and gallant friend to repeat this question, as I regret to say there were inaccuracies in some of the figures in the answer given previously. It should also have been pointed out that the figures for Canada, Australia, and New Zealand included men in process of repatriation, who have been evacuated from France and are *en route via* the United Kingdom, and that the South African total included men repatriated direct from East Africa to South Africa. The detailed figures are as follows:—

CANADA.—Returned to Canada, 73,439; evacuated from France, and *en route via* United Kingdom, 43,671—total, 117,110.

AUSTRALIA.—Returned to Australia (including 1,582 repatriated direct from Egypt), 42,982; evacuated from France, and *en route via* United Kingdom, 22,172—total, 65,154.

NEW ZEALAND.—Returned to New Zealand (including 932 repatriated direct from Egypt), 17,243; evacuated from France, and *en route via* United Kingdom, 8,961—total, 26,205.

SOUTH AFRICA.—4,816 repatriated, of whom 3,807 were repatriated from East Africa.

Demobilisation Scheme Working Well.

Information has reached England that the demobilisation of the troops of the 3rd Division is working out to the entire satisfaction of the military authorities in Canada.

A cablegram received by Sir Edward Kemp, Overseas Minister, from Major-General Mewburn, Minister of Militia and Defence, says:—"The 42nd Battalion reached Canada on time. Arrangements most satisfactory. Hope scheme can be carried through until the conclusion." This appreciation was conveyed to Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie, the Corps Commander, and to the heads of the departments engaged on the work of demobilisation in England.

Sailed for Home.

On Wednesday, March 12th, the steamship "Baltic" left Liverpool with 2,230 soldiers of the 3rd Division, comprising the following units:—1st C.M.R., 58th Battn., 2nd C.M.R., 43rd Battn., 10th Field Ambulance, and a number of *personnel*, as well as 500 civilian passengers.

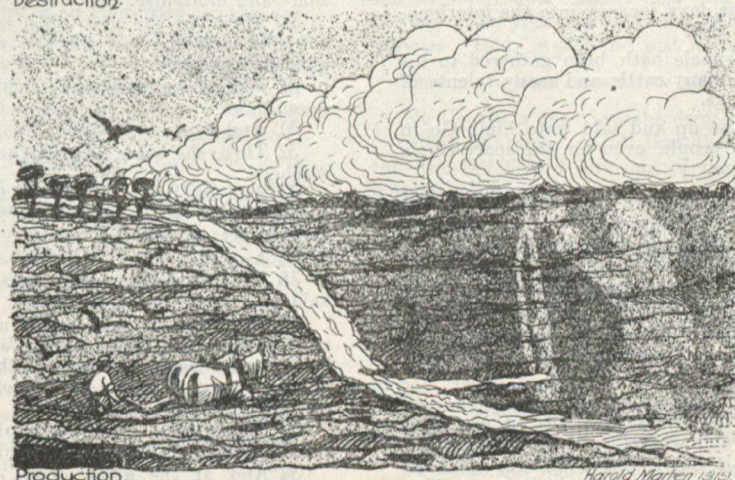
On Thursday, March 13th, the steamship "Cretic" left Liverpool with 1,600 troops from Kinmel Park, Rhyl, on board.

About 1,700 Canadians left Liverpool on Saturday, March 15th, on the Cunarder "Royal George," for Halifax and New York. The C.P.O.S. "Metagama" also left with a large number of troops and their wives and families.

On Monday, March 17th, the White Star liner "Olympic" left Southampton with 207 officers and 5,170 men of the 3rd Division, comprising the 52nd and 116th Battns., the 36th, 39th, and 45th Batteries, C.F.A., and details, as well as 310 civilians. Members of the Corporation attended in their robes. The Mayor delivered a farewell address, in the course of which he referred to the great gallantry of the Canadian Forces, and conveyed the gratitude and admiration of the Mother Country for their part in achieving the greatest victory in the world's history. There were 310 civilian first-class passengers.

The embarkation was carried out under the supervision of Brigadier-General D. M. Hogarth, Q.M.G., assisted by Lieut.-Col. S. Bosworth and Major Courtney. —From *Canada*.

“Back to the Land.”



Humour in Advertising.

The war has been responsible for many “brain-waves” in shop window signs. The following notice appeared in a London suburban hairdresser’s window, on the occasion of his one and only assistant having been “called up” :—

“Kind friends, put off your shave to-day,
For Archibald is called away,
He’s gone to London like a Lord,
To be examined by the Medical Board.”

The shortage of beer was responsible for the following sign in an inn :—

“Patrons, patrons, don’t be offended,
You’ll get more beer when the war is ended.”

A provision shop provided merriment in exhibiting a window sign with the words :—

“No cheese and no wonder ! !

and when the stocks were very low, and the proprietor thought fit to take a holiday, he announced the fact thus :—

“We are not dead or fast asleep,
But gone to Brighton for a week.”

The following sign, exhibited by a tailor, might well apply to all tailor shops and the poor civilian in search of a cheap suit nowadays :—

“Step in here and have a good fit !”

Now and again rival shops cause much amusement in endeavouring to outdo one another in the way of advertising. A proprietor of an establishment, who considered that a rival establishment about to open could not possibly survive more than a month or two in competition with his own business, exhibited a huge sign, which proclaimed :—

ESTABLISHED 1835.

The next day the new shop over the way displayed in even larger letters :—

ESTABLISHED YESTERDAY.

NO OLD STOCK.

The sign in a hairdresser’s shop to the effect that

A hair in the head is

Worth two in the brush

will surely appeal to the Editor of THE SAPPER by the time he is ready to go to press with this month’s “copy.”

Concerning What Befell a Sapper and a Maiden.

1 Now it came to pass, during the time when it was war, that there was a certain man in the Hosts of Can that did linger in the land of En, and his name it was Jeff.

2 And behold, he was exceeding full of beans.

3 And a certain maiden that was of his acquaintance sent unto him tablets of writing from the city of Lon—that is the Greater Smoke—saying unto him :

4 Come, I pray thee, unto thine handmaiden upon the ending of the week, and comfort her in her loneliness, for behold, she is very lonely, and the light of thine eyes hath not cheered her these many moons.

5 And the heart of Jeff was lifted up within him, and he said : Behold, I will go unto the maiden, for she is a goodly maiden and comely withal.

6 Then went he unto the captains of the hosts and said unto them : Grant thy servant, I pray thee, permission to proceed four days journey into the interior—even an Ack-off-Beer 295.

7 For behold, my uncle hath been gathered to his fathers, and hath left many cattle and many talents of silver—also other things.

8 And they all rose up and said unto him : Go in peace unto thine own people, even for the space of six days and two extensions.

9 Then did he salute the captains of the hosts and departed to make him ready.

10 He did shave off his beard with a knife and anointed his body with sweet smelling oils ; also did he spread fine powder of talc upon his face, and took fine linen, even issue linen, and cast it upon his limbs.

11 And as he prepared himself he did whistle and gambol about for joy that he should have blinded the captains of the hosts.

12 But the captains they did wink privily the one upon the other, and they did say : Verily, it was good stuff being very old, and wherefore should he not go, for he doeth but little here. Peradventure, when he hath seen the maiden—for beyond doubt it is a maiden—he will be content.

13 Now, as he made him ready and whistled for joy, a thought came unto him, and his joy was stilled.

14 For it came to his mind that he had arranged with another maiden that he should go unto her in the city of Bri, that is the Lesser Smoke, and make merry with her on the morrow.

15 And his heart was downcasted, for she also was a comely maiden and very sociable.

16 Now there was another man of the host, and his name was Mutt, a man exceeding full of guile, and a great warrior.

17 And in the extremity of his grief Jeff came unto Mutt, and said unto him : Wilt thou do a thing for me ?

18 And he said : Verily.

19 Then said he unto him : Go, then, I pray thee, upon the morrow unto the city of Bri, to the place of arrival and of departure, at such a time, and wait by the bookstall.

20 And thou shalt there see such a maiden, and by such and such shalt thou know her.

21 Then Mutt said : Behold, I may not do this thing. Is it meet that I should speak with my brother's handmaiden ?

22 And he said : It is meet.

23 Thou shalt say unto her : Behold, my brother Jeff hath sent me unto thee to ask thee to excuse him his presence this day, for he goeth unto the Greater Smoke to bury his father's brother, and will see thee another time.

24 Then Mutt, being a man of guile, said : Nay, this that thou wouldst tell the maiden is of those things which are said by many, therefore will I rather tell her that thou art sent by the captains of the hosts upon the business of the regiment.

25 And he said : It is well, tell her all that is in thy heart to tell her, but see that she believeth it, and is not cast down.

26 And he departed unto Lon and came unto the place where he would be.

27 And on the morrow Mutt arose and put on fine raiment and much shining brass, and came unto the city of Bri as Jeff had appointed, and met the maiden.

28 Then told he her all that Jeff had spoken unto him—and more also.

29 Then did she look upon him covertly and from the side, and she saw that he was well favoured and good to look upon.

30 Wherefore she sighed, and said unto him : What doest thou ?

31 And he said : Naught.

32 Then she said : Let us therefore walk upon the seashore.

33 And he, being mindful of the old proverb which sayeth a bird on the sand is worth two on the bus, did make reply, saying : Let us.

34 And they did.

35 Even unto the going down of the sun, and they held much converse together.

36 For he spake soft words and flattery unto her, saying : Behold, thine eyes are as twin lakes of lambent flame beneath the ivory of thy brow, and thy hair is as a crown of glory, and falleth as a golden cloud around the beauty of thy neck.

37 Nevertheless was he careful lest he should offend the maiden, for behold, she was his brother's maiden.

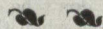
38 And at the going down of the sun they did refresh themselves with meat and wine.

39 And after that they had eaten they did go upon that place which is called the prom, and he did seat her upon a seat and did place his arm around her, for the night it was parky.

40 And he spake more soft words unto her and did kiss her upon the cheek, lest she should say within herself : Behold, this man is slow.

41 And they continued there until the going up of the moon.

42 And the rest of the doings of Mutt they are written in the book of the Chronicles of the Men of Can, and that which happened unto him, is it not written in that book which is called Par Too Orders.



I'm Here.

We regret that in publishing four views of Seaford Camp, last month, we omitted to acknowledge the photographer. The pictures were taken by Mr. Hilton, of Brighton—better known to the troops as "I'm Here." We hasten to rectify our incivility to that well-known and genial gentleman.

General Macdonell's Farewell.

Final Order of the Day to First Division.

Major-General Sir Archibald C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding the First Division—"The Old Red Patch"—has issued a striking address to the officers and men of his command. This address, which takes the form of a Final Order of the Day, is as follows:—

In returning to God's own country—Canada—I want you to do so with your hearts full of love and gratitude to our ain folk, the Canadian people, for the splendid, unflinching faith and loyal, whole-hearted support they gave us throughout the long years of war.

There is nothing finer in the world's history than the free people of Canada voting for conscription. Women who had lost husbands, sons and relatives voted for it, knowing more must go; employers of labour voted for it to their own detriment: a wondrous act of self-abnegation on the part of all concerned, so that we should not be lacking in support in our time of need. We know, you and I, how it uplifted our morale and put the "pep and ginger" into us, which enabled us to do great things. It has been hard for us at times on the battle-front, but we had an active part to play, and were fully occupied fighting the foulest and most unscrupulous enemy the world has yet seen. And nothing we have been through, in my judgment, begins to equal the agony of mind, tension of nerves, and daily anxiety endured by the sweet-faced women of Canada, who sent their men to the war, if not gladly, resolutely, to fight for Right *versus* Might.

Take into civil life with you and practise the same loyalty and *esprit de corps* in your business that you have displayed towards your units in the war. If you are an employer of labour, exercise the same fatherly care and interest in the well-being of your employees that you did in your Battalion, Company, or Platoon—you always fought up to see they obtained fair play—and if you are an employee, give your employer the same hearty co-operation, hard work and loyal support that you gave your officer of yore. Rest assured it will stand for success from all points of view.

We have been through great things together, seen much, endured much, accomplished much. Let us so conduct ourselves in civil life as to bring further credit on the "Old Red Patch," the proudest of them all, the one the Huns knew best and liked the least.

In entering civil life again think well over it; put the question in all seriousness and solemnity to yourself: "What am I going to do with this life that has been left to me by the Great Quartermaster above?" Decide upon your course of action, concentrate on it as you did in the past upon defeating the Boche, exhibit the same splendid qualities of faith, courage, initiative, hard work, and tenacity of purpose, and you will succeed, no doubt of it. Get your backs into it. We don't want charity. All we ask is a fair chance and

a square deal, and our fellows will make good. Remember we *must* make good. Every returned soldier who does so makes it easier for his comrades to obtain good jobs, and *vice versa*.

But success to a man is of little value unless he has wife and bairns to share it with him, and enable him to partake of the real joy of life—his own happy home. Therefore, my advice to each single man of you is, get married to some nice, capable girl, who will be a real helpmate, and has no cowardly notions about bearing children. Get busy. Make a home for yourself as soon as possible.

And this brings me to the wish of your hearts, that units and battalions should be perpetuated in Canada by units and battalions bearing our names and numbers, as the custodians of the glorious records gained in so many stubborn battles. I believe that this will be done, and that our Canadian counties will insist that our records and traditions—their own most valuable assets—do not fall to the ground. And I hope you will all live to see the day when your son wears the "Old Red Patch" the same as "Dad" wore, and just as proudly.

This is a solemn time for us all.

No Canadian can view the demobilisation of the 1st Canadian Division, and all that that means and stands for—the Old Guard Division of the Canadian Corps—without emotion.

Memories crowd fast upon us; our victories, our glorious dead—who fell battling for the Right, and therefore fell in the Peace of God, and live to-day as never before—our maimed and mutilated comrades, Canada's care, and ours, through life.

The 1st Canadian Division has proved on many a bloody, triumphant field that it is the last word in military efficiency—for nearly four years front line assault troops, and uniformly successful.

One does not know which branch or arm to praise most, all are so splendidly gallant, loyal and efficient, of proved worth and valour.

I cannot view the breaking up of my beautiful 1st Canadian Division, the men of the "Old Red Patch," with equanimity. It breaks me up too. That is the truth.

I shall soon only be a memory to you. It will, however, I trust, be the pleasant memory of a Canadian General who believed in you, trusted you, cared for you, gloried in your steadfast courage, discipline, and truly wonderful achievements, and who hopes none of you will be the worse for being "Macdonell's Men."

Canada is proud of you, and Canada is grateful.

For myself, my pride in my Division is immeasurable, my gratitude complete.

God bless and protect every one of you in the years to come, and give you each happiness and success.

Remember that we of the 1st Canadian Division—Canada's "Old Guard"—stand present for the King.



Headquarters Staff, 1st Canadian Engineer Brigade.

Standing (left to right): Capt. Chetwynd, Major Turner, Capt. O'Sullivan (C.F.), Lieut. Birket, Lieut. Weir, Capt. Bate.

Seated Colonel A. Macphail, Lieut.-Colonel J. P. McKenzie.

Victory Ball.

What was undoubtedly the big event of the dancing season was held in the large central messing hall in No. 5 Lines on the evening of March 31st, when the widely advertised Canadian Victory Ball took place.

The ball became an accomplished fact, as a result of the initiative and work of Sergt. Jones, C.E.

This indefatigable impressario made all the necessary arrangements, and did all the "donkey work," and was ably backed by a strong Committee, consisting of R.S.M. Knight, R.S.M. Anderson, R.S.M. Rogers, and R.S.M. Dibnah, of the 18th Reserve.

Among a thoroughly representative gathering of all ranks we noticed that the event was graced by the presence of Lieut.-Col. A. G. Lawson, M.C., Commanding the 1st C.E.R.B., Lieut.-Col. Dunbar, of the 3rd C.E.R.B., and a large number of other officers from various arms of the Service.

To the strains of the C.E.T.C. orchestra, augmented for the occasion to fourteen pieces, and under the bâton of Sergt. Reading, a splendid programme was carried out.

The note of hope and gaiety that the near approach of peace has instilled into the lives of all classes, was

wonderfully illustrated in the bright and varied colouring of the ladies' gowns; every shade of colour, and every variation of form might be seen mingling with the khaki of the troops, and gyrating happily over the floor in the mazes of the newer and more modern steps—while the ancient glories of the waltz and one-step more than held their own.

During the earlier part of the dance the floor was not in such perfect condition as might have been hoped for, but this was remedied at half-time by a squad of specialists.

So great was the enthusiasm and enjoyment of the guests, that the length of the dance was twice extended, and one of the most perfect nights we have ever spent in camp came to a close at 5 a.m. with a large number of energetic couples still in the ring.

The catering was very successfully carried out, and the experiment of serving light wines between dances more than justified itself.

Sergt. Jones was his usual unimitable self in the rôle of M.C., and his efforts to see that everybody enjoyed themselves were indefatigable, while the R.S.M.s composing the Committee attended to the business of finding partners for the more retiring troops who were not well acquainted.

Roll of Honour.

" Dulce et decorum est: pro patria mori."

Died.

[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

871535 H. Jenkins, 210427 A. H. Hellyer, 541344 G. E. Monroe, 913317 J. Ryan, 115934 G. F. Venables, 711 W. D. Chilton, 2022430 C. H. Abbot, 2010607 A./Corpl. L. K. Tuck, 500266 F. Wiles.

Engineers at Investitures.

At an Investiture held at Buckingham Palace on March 20th, Capt. Angus Richardson received the O.B.E., Military Division. Others officers decorated were: M.C.: Capt. Oliver McCuaig and Ezra Savage.

On March 22nd the following were decorated:—M.C.: Capt. Albert Cavanagh and Lieut. Harry Bunting.

At an Investiture held on April 3rd at Buckingham Palace, the greatest honour fell to Capt. Coulson Norman Mitchell, M.C., of Winnipeg, who was decorated with the Victoria Cross for his brilliant exploit at the Canal de l'Escant on the night of October 9th, 1918.

Capt. Mitchell is the first and only Canadian Engineer to receive this high honour.

Honours for Engineers.

Second Bar to D.S.O.

Lieut.-Col. John Percival MacKenzie, D.S.O., 1st Brigade Engineers.

Second Bar to M.C.

Capt. Frederick James O'Leary, M.C., 1st Brigade.

Bar to M.C.

Major Edmund Hooper Birkett, M.C., 2nd Battn. Engineers; Lieut. Robert Angus Hay, M.C., 11th Battn. Engineers; Capt. Gerald Bristol Latimer, M.C., 8th Battn. Engineers; Capt. Vivian Stewart Cass McClenaghan, M.C., 4th Battn. Engineers.

M.C.

Lieut. Ralph Fleton Allen, 4th D.S. Company; Lieut. William Henry Cain, 2nd Battn.; Lieut. Donald Darling, 7th Battn.; Lieut. Leslie Gordon Eastman, M.T. Company; Lieut. John Alexander Ferguson, 1st Battn.; Lieut. Edward Arthur Hanley, 2nd Battn.; Lieut. James Archibald Knight, 11th Battn.; Capt. William Henry Miller, 8th Battn.; Capt. William Campbell Murdie, 9th Battn.; Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan, attached 1st Brigade Engineers; Lieut. Austin Craig Prott, 2nd Battn.; Capt. Herbert Leslie Roblin, 5th Battn.; Lieut. James Hastie Scott, 2nd Battn.; Lieut. Donald Angus Sutherland, 7th Battn.; Lieut. Frank Whitham Taylor-Bailey, 3rd Battn.

Bar to M.M.

541688 L./Corpl. F. H. Wilkinson, M.M., 4th D.S. Company; 292209 2/Corpl. H. R. Lovett, M.M., 4th D.S.

Company; 45104 A. E. Gregory, M.M., 3rd Battn.; 500703 L./Corpl. R. E. Leavitt, M.M., 1st D.S. Company.

M.M.

541501 Sergt. W. G. Acheson, 4th D.S. Company; 45422 Corpl. A. Charlton, 3rd A.T. Company; 2265315 L./Corpl. G. H. Davis, 7th Battn.; 102308 Sergt. E. Doherty, 1st Tramway Company; 507245 r. B. Eagleson, 2nd D.S. Company; 207568 W. Fairfield, 11th Battn.; 505053 W. W. Finlay, Corps Signal Company; 541557 2/Corpl. J. J. Fleming, 2nd D.S. Company; 142036 Sergt. P. S. Gil, 6th Battn.; 504087 Corpl. G. O. Green, 10th Battn.; 769841 Sergt. J. Greenwell, 10th Battn.; 541579 Corpl. D. W. Hardy, 4th D.S. Company; 405281 Sapper r. W. Harkness, 5th Battn.; 464099 A/C.S.M. W. F. Hastie, 11th Battn.; 504524 L./Corpl. K. W. Heaps, Signal Reinforcement Depot; 541584 F. Hilliard, 4th D.S. Company; 322907 A. F. L. Harrison, 3rd Brigade Signals; 231009 A/Sergt. O. Inkster, Corps Survey Section; 187607 D. F. Irvine, 1st D.S. Company; a/40184 A/Sergt. G. Johnson, Engineers, N. Russia; 503808 2/Corpl. R. E. Jones, 11th Battn.; 505619 W. C. Keedy, 4th A.T. Company; 110289 G. A. Kelly, 3rd D.S. Company; 500783 Sergt. G. W. Kneen, 7th Battn.; 755148 Sergt. J. Longlad, 1st Tramway Company; 114032 T. P. Lumb, 3rd D.S. Company; 191 Corpl. E. H. MacKay, 2nd D.S. Company; 853589 A. W. Marks, 9th Battn.; 166944 Sergt. S. H. McLaren, 6th Battn.; 541610 A. D. Martin, 4th D.S. Company; 68256 Sergt. W. Newstead, 3rd Tunnelling Company; 156397 Sergt. N. O'Connor, 4th Battn.; 412303 Corpl. R. Snell, Corps Signal Company; 551428 Corpl. J. M. Spiers, Corps Survey Section; 505735 Sergt. J. Somerville, 4th A.T. Company; 541680 L./Corpl. C. A. Upshall, 4th D.S. Company; 505030 Corpl. R. P. Wales, 11th Battn.; 784771 W. H. Walker, 11th Battn.; 301794 Corpl. I. J. Welsh, Corps Survey Section; 301 Corpl. S. G. Warren, 2nd D.S. Company; 503749 T. Watson, 11th Battn.; 304 J. H. Watts, 1st D.S. Company; 1096285 J. H. Wiley, 11th Battn.

Foreign Decorations Awarded to Canadian Engineers.

Awarded by the King of the Belgians.

Croix de Guerre.

Col. Alexander McPhail, D.S.O., 1st Brigade; Major Alan Bruce Ritchie, M.C., 4th Battn.; 79232 Sgt. J. W. F. Carleton, Corps Signal Company; 50562 2/Corpl. C. V. Craik, 1st Battn.; 505050 Sapper H. R. Cummings, 2nd D.S. Company; 502615 Corpl. G. Frame, 8th Battn.; 553 Sergt. H. T. Hazelden, 6th Battn.; 1078490 2/Corpl. Kirkpatrick, 7th Battn.; 5421 R.S.M. McAndrew, M.M., 2nd Battn.; 14999 Corpl. K. G. McDonald, Corps Signal Company; 500135 Corpl. H. G. McLachlan, Corps Signal Company; 853589 Sapper A. W. Marks, 9th Battn.; 505066 Sapper L. J. Moore, 2nd D.S. Company; 500082 S/Sergt. W. B. Shand, 5th Battn.; 180988 C.S.M. H. E. Smith, 5th Battn.; 503003 Sapper H. W. Smithers, 3rd A.T. Company; 443322 Sergt. N. Sykes, 5th A.T. Company; 503214 A/Sgt. J. West, 3rd Battn.; 512381 A/R.S.M. C. L. Wilcox, 4th Division M.T. Company.

Commissions, Promotions, Etc.

Problems.

Temp. Lieut. (Acting Capt.) F. Thornely to be Temp. Capt.
 Temp. Lieut. J. A. Ferguson to be Adjutant, *vice* Temp. Lieut. H. D. Serpell.
 Temp. Lieut. H. S. Cooper relinquishes the Acting rank of Capt., and ceases to be seconded for duty with the R.E. (January 16th).
 The following Temp. Lieuts. relinquish Acting rank of Capt., on ceasing to be seconded for duty with Air Ministry:—G. E. Bell, H. J. A. Bird, V. M. Lavery.
 Temp. Capt. R. G. Barnes ceases to be seconded for duty with the War Office (March 4th)
 Temp. Lieut. L. H. Scott ceases to be seconded for duty with the R.A.F. (March 16th).
 Temp. Lieut. C. H. MacNutt relinquishes his commission on appointment to R.A.F. (July 23rd, 1918).
 Temp. Lieut. F. T. Bush retires in the British Isles (March 15th).
 Temp. Major N. W. C. Hoyles, from W. Ontario Regt., to be Temp. Major.
 Temp. Capt. J. A. Wood, M.C., to be Acting Major, while specially employed (May 24th, 1918, to August 29th, 1918).
 Temp. Capt. D. C. U. Simson to be Adjutant, *vice* Temp. Capt. J. L. Melville, M.C.
 Temp. Lieut. D. McDougall is seconded for duty with Corps Survey Section.

Any Sapper, Driver, or N.C.O. who can satisfactorily solve all or any of these antiquated problems will be at liberty to spend three days in Brighton, London, or Borstal—providing he can procure a pass, and has sufficient stand in with the Paymaster to get his train fare:—

Supposing that it were possible to stretch a rope round the earth at the widest part in such a way that it touched the surface during its whole length, what would be the difference in the fit if ten feet were added to the length of the rope?

If a rope were hung over a pulley, with a monkey at one end and a weight exactly equal to that of the monkey at the other end, what would happen if the monkey started to climb the rope?

A man went into the bank with a cheque for a certain amount. The cashier made a mistake, and gave him pounds for the shillings and shillings for the pounds. On his way home he spent half-a-crown, and on arriving there he found he still had exactly double the amount of the original cheque. How much was the cheque drawn for?

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, then who is she?

Re-arrange the figures in this square in such a way that each row—either vertical, horizontal, or diagonal—will add up to 175.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

An article in a recent English newspaper states that it is the intention of the French and Belgian Governments to present portions of famous battlefields in France and Belgium to Canada.

How about England presenting the valley of the Cuckmere to the C.S.M.E.?

With apologies to Major Collins.

"VETERAN."

In view of the present shortage of furniture, the following advt., culled from a local publication, is interesting: "For sale, twin beds. One nearly new."

Scene: Civil Re-establishment Bureau.

Time: Filling in Re-establishment forms.

Officer i/c: "What was your trade or profession previous to the war?"

Sapper: "Soda dispenser, sir."

Officer i/c: "What?"

Sapper: "Soda dispenser, sir."

Officer i/c to Sergt.: "Put down bartender in a drug store."

8	9	10	11	12	13	7
39	41	37	38	40	6	14
42	36	43	44	5	15	24
35	46	45	4	16	47	23
33	34	3	17	32	30	31
48	2	18	49	22	29	25
1	19	20	21	28	26	27

On the train journey between Montreal and Vancouver there are nine miles of track over which the train travels without any rails. Where is this hiatus?

For solutions to these problems apply at THE SAPPER office. The Editor's decision is final, and no argument is allowed.

Right to Wear "Battle Patches."

A Routine Order (No. 5365) issued last month permits the wearing, by all ranks, O.M.F.C., of the "battle patches" which were previously only worn by units in the Field. The Order will be most cordially welcomed by the Canadians who have been returned from France as casualties, and who, on evacuation, were compelled to take down their "patches."

The Queen of Watering-Places : Past and Present.

A Few Views of " Bri "—or " The Lesser Smoke "
(Known the World over as Brighton)



The West Battery in 1810,
Fronting the site of the Grand Hotel shewn below.



An Old-Time Canteen.
" Jolly Jumbo's " Rest-House in West Street, as it
was a hundred years ago.

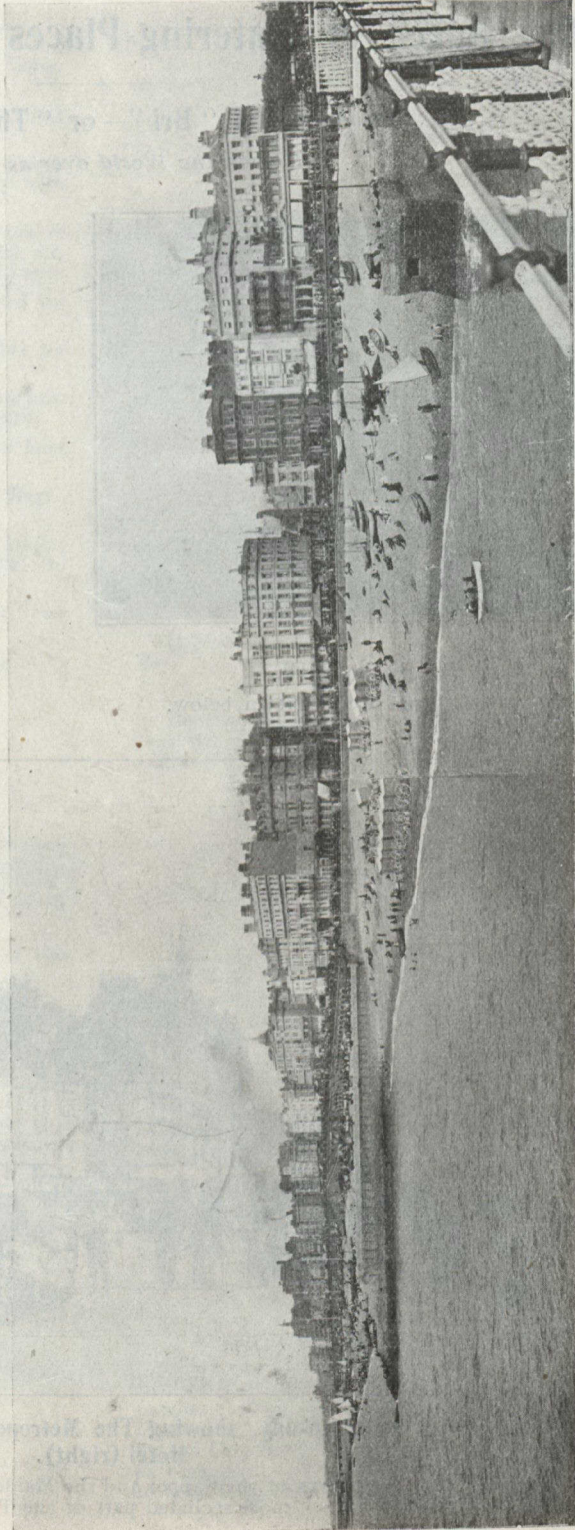


The Sea Front of to-day, showing The Metropole (centre) and The Grand
Hotel (right).

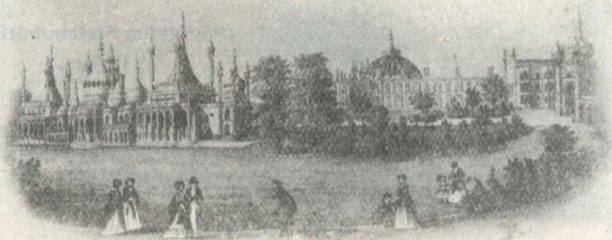
The adventures of the Sapper and the Maiden (p. 216) occurred in a
more secluded part of the Parade.



Brighthelmstone as it was in 1743.



Brighton's "Front," as seen from the Palace Pier to-day.



*The Old Home
of Royalty.*

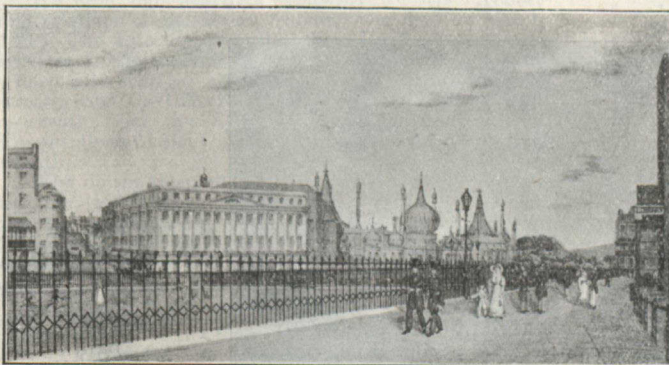
The Royal Pavilion in 1835.

For the last four years the buildings have been used as a Military Hospital.



The "Queen Mary Workshops," where disabled soldiers are taught skilled trades in preparation for their return to civil life, are erected in the grounds.

The Pavilion as it was just before the War.



The Old Steyne in 1820.

A favourite trysting place for Sappers and Maidens in the present day. As will be seen from the picture, the Military were *en evidence* even in those days.



A Glimpse of the Dome from the Pavilion Grounds.

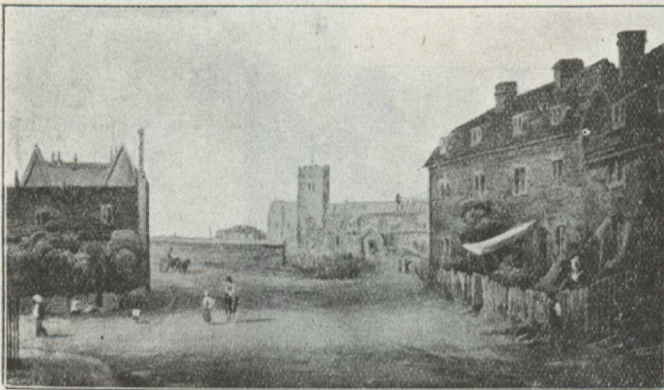
Alas, now "out of bounds."

"The Place of
Arrival and
Departure."



Brighton Station in the
"Forties."

A place dear to the
heart of the Sapper
from Seaford Camp.



The Top of North Street in 1790.

Showing St. Nicholas', the Old Parish Church of Brighton.
The Clock Tower shown opposite stands approximately on
the ground in the right-hand corner of this road.

Willing's Clock
Tower.

Another landmark
for "slow" Sappers
and "Brother's
(and other)
Maidens."



The "Pullman"
of long ago.



Travellers on the
road from London
to Brighton, before
the Railway was
built.

ROUND THE DEPOT.



Headquarters.

We must congratulate the following on their promotions:—Steve Rutherford, McArthur, Taffy Hughes, MacRitis, Brownie, Mutch and Green. The question now arises, what is the difference between a Ford car and two stripes? No, you're wrong, the answer has changed since the war; Fords are not so easily gotten as they used to be.

We congratulate Col. and Mrs. Anderson on the birth of a daughter.

The 1st of April came as usual this year. Of course, the people who had kept awake all the night before, were right on the job in the morning, trying the old gag. Even some of them were caught at their own tricks. Ask Brownie.

Sergt. Pain, since winning a bit on the Lincoln, has jumped on a wonderful idea of making money. He intends to raffle a £1 note, for which he requires 25 entrants. Splendid idea, we assure you Pain, but the war has taught us something, you know, even though we don't look the part.

It seems a pity that some of our gang did not join a Kiltie regiment, as we have seen several photos of some of them in kilts. One in particular is very noticeable. It looks like Brutus defying his mother-in-law, but in reality it is MacArthur after a hard day's work on returns.

Lieut. Mandley, who is taking his discharge in England, expects to leave us immediately. Our best wishes go with him for a happy and prosperous future.

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Abbott and relations of Bandsman Abbott, who died on March 18th. The 18th Reserve Battalion Band offered their services at the funeral. Among the wreaths, etc., was a harp with a broken string from the bereaved widow, a wreath from the Officers of Headquarters C.E.T.C., and a wreath from the Sub-Staff Headquarters C.E.T.C. The members of the C.E.T.C. Band gave an everlasting wreath.

Why do the telephone operators, when putting a call through, say "Speak on the phone"? Do they expect you to use the receiver as a drinking cup, and the transmitter as a looking glass. However, this is easily understood, when you hear a certain member of our staff on the phone, who will insist on saying, "Look." Those kind of phones are not perfected yet, Doug.

Dusty they call me, I'll tell you for why, I could look quite smart, if I only would try, But I won't, so why worry, it's none of your biz, Get your hair cut yourself, wash your own dirty fiz.

R.S.M. Carpenter.

"Chips" has left us!

He has left the Army and donned the "solemn suit of customary black"—or its modern business equivalent; he has beaten his sword into a ploughshare, or

his spurs into a pen—I am not quite sure which—and hurled himself into the greater battle of life, the battle in which one man fights the world, instead an army fighting an army.

It is a big move, it wants nerve, it wants brains, and it demands an unceasing concentration of mind.

I am sure, however, that the personality and humanity of our late Sergeant-Major will carry him in time to just as commanding a position in civil life as he so justly occupied while he was amongst us here.

I was conscious of a sense of great personal loss on having the news suddenly fired at me two weeks ago, when I went up as usual to have a chat with him in his office, and found another seated in his place.

He was a very great help to us all in the compilation of this journal month by month. He had a peculiarly virile and active mind; a point occurred to him, and he pursued it along definite lines until he had made what he wanted out of it.

His mind did not travel in self-involved circles, but in straight lines from the centre outwards, with the consequence that it reached most points of the compass.

"Chips" was a man who had the rare quality of getting along well with people of all classes and all types of mind, without in any way involving or compromising his own principles and opinions.

As a Regimental Sergt.-Major he had a very difficult course to steer, as a man who would fearlessly do his duty and also remain popular.

He did this.

On behalf of the staff of this journal, I wish him a long life, material success, and happiness in his new venture.

Signal Staff.

A few dots and dashes from the Headquarters Signal Staff.

Enter Signallers: Buzzers at the high-port, switchboards rolled bandolier fashion.

Ladies, gentlemen, and sappers, let me introduce the nerves of our Area—plug-jugglers and brass pounders.

Our little office, as well as what we do there, is not very generally known throughout the Area. It is even known to be the opinion of some that we "don't do anything," or, in other words, that we are a bunch of loafers always to be found loafing round the old hut stove. This terrible opinion may be especially noted struggling for existence in the rather flimsy grey matter under the cap of the O.R.S. to whose Company, not altogether to our good fortune, we happen to be attached for pay, discipline and rations. And I might add that the forthcoming of the latter is largely a dubious affair. And I might also add that we are, greatly to our sorrow, very well known at the cook house.

We don't wish to convince these persons that if it were not for us the O.M.F.C. would be a failure. But we think a trip to our little office, which is humming day and night, would at least convince them that we earn our rations, and would show them how this little staff is not only the means of Area inter-communication, but also with practically any part of the British Isles, by means of our telephone, telegraph, and D.R.L.S. service.

I wonder why we all love our Sapper *i/c*?

How is it that our G.P.O. Exchange is known to all the G.P.O. girls in the South of England as "Jake?" And did the original "Jake" break diplomatic relations with our local "Hullo?"

"Zedd-Ack": For the love of mike, "C-Don" don't try to buzz it. Bring it over in a wheelbarrow.

Oh, that "Pip-Ack" crew! 'Nuf sed.

Our famous detective has been acting rather funny of late; nothing very unusual, but I wonder—has he found a new clue?

Welcome back to the old stand, Jimmie and Eddie. We hope you had an enjoyable time on your short vacation.

"G. M." That is what the night shift always say at about 18.30. Then the game begins.

"ZED-ACK."



Pay Office.

This being our first appearance, we trust everyone will pardon us if our premier attempt at breaking into the literary game is a little poor.

The "flu" has got nothing on a new disease that has broken out amongst our staff—"Brightonitis." All the boys are badly stricken with it, with the exception of one, and he is far too interested in a certain "Irishman" somewhere between here and "the Smoke," to pay much attention to Brighton. How is Paddy, any way, Bob?

We would like to know what Bob said when told he was attached to the C.A.P.C.?

Why is our registry clerk so set on having a wheel, and why did he walk all the way to Brighton on Sunday? Come, Ed, tell us what you've found?

Our loyal steno. is running his mill hot these days, turning out L.P.C. returns and like documents connected with the demob. process.

Copy of letter from "other rank" to Paymaster:—

"Sir, I have the honour to apply for an advance of £10, for the purpose of proceeding to Hull immediately, on account of my mother-in-law being sick unto death, and unable to die until I get there."

"C" Company.

Everything moves rapidly in this Company nowadays, including promotions. The latest congratulations we have to offer include Serjts. Doig and Williams, Corpls. Burton, Seward, and Johns, 2/Corpls. Rafter, Farr, Bloomfield, D. Smith, and last, but not by any means least, our esteemed friend, Jules Fortin.

We noticed one or two very peculiar telegrams emanating from the office recently. One to London read: "Can you meet me? Wire approval Darling."

Another was to Canada, and evidently expensive, read: "Please address my mail in future L/Corpl —"

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Sergt.-Major Saunders, who was called home recently on a special errand, and on arrival found a bouncing boy awaiting him. This is indeed devotion to duty. We might add that it has not been definitely decided as to whether he will follow in his father's footsteps, or whether it will be the other branch of the Service.

We would like to point out to one of our well-known members of this Company that season tickets are still procurable to Eastbourne, in spite of the restricted railway facilities. It saves stationery, you know!

We admire the unadulterated gall of the man who submitted the following for approval:—

"I have the honour to apply for four days' leave, beginning on the 16th inst.

"My reason for this leave may be found in Musketry Regulations, para. 1466."

Being curious, of course we looked this up, and found the following:—"All ranks should be given occasionally an opportunity of revising their impressions of the visibility of the human figure at close range."

We trust he was granted 14 days, but hope it was not at Wandsworth Sanatorium.

It has been repeatedly argued in the Orderly Room that if things in general return to their pre-war state, the war will have been lost!

We wonder if sitting on the jetty in Brighton until 2 a.m. was responsible for one of our officers being admitted to hospital recently.

Lewes is just as popular as ever with a well-known member of this Company. Going strong, as the old saying is. Should anybody be desirous of visiting there, look for the "Green Sign."

Referring still further to this subject, it is peculiar how one green makes another green, even if it is only with envy. With apologies to others.

MARRIAGE.—Our congratulations and best wishes to the Sports Officer of "C" Company, Lieut. G. E. Slater, upon the occasion of his marriage at Willesden Parish Church, on April 5th, to Miss Mabel Trant.

Hut 37.

Where for, please? Chorus: "Brighton."

Go and borrow the iron from "Annie," Gillie.

I wonder if she will be there to-night, Harvey?

A batman to the "Pest," eh, Harvey?

Have you seen the S.M.'s new hat?

Is it true that a certain young lady in Brighton wears extra high heeled shoes in trying to even matters up?

The latest in books — "My exalted position," by H. W. Bonner. "To Worthing in Civvies," by T. Bootland. (Try the "bike" next time, Thomas)



Headquarters.

'Tis a caution, when one sets out to reckon it up, the number of fortunes going to pot in Canada, if certain members of all ranks do not get back on the next boat.

In addition to their customary early morning exercises, the Headquarters Staff have taken to indoor baseball, orthodox baseball, football, and other modes of physical exertion. So proficient have some of the radiant youth become, that Headquarters is fairly well represented in the Battalion team in the Area indoor league.

Minor casualties, natural outcome of this break into athletics, are reported. Sappers Levy and Kelly have each cast a tooth. In order that the natural beauty of our young manhood be preserved, it is here urged that the rules of K.R. and O. be adhered to more strictly.

Shortly the Battalion is to have a new Second-in-Command. In that great day will the problems of demobilization visibly diminish? At any rate, there is still a modicum of virtue in hoping.

The only 1st of April joke of a practical nature recorded within these precincts was perpetrated by Sapper Levy. He was first up in his hut that morning.

The officers of the Battalion are a bit chesty over their prowess at billiards just now. The reason for their feeling that way lies in the fact that they engaged with about a dozen units of the Area in a tournament played off at the Seaford Officers' Club, and finished up in first place. They are surely to be congratulated on their cue work. The players for the 3rd were: Lieut. H. O'C. Jones (capt.), Capt. F. Thornely, Capt. J. H. Munro, and Lieuts. W. F. Lees, W. F. Brownlee, W. R. Keys, H. A. Bartlett, and N. J. Vadeboncoeur.

Sergt. Barnard is back with Battalion Headquarters after several months in hospital fighting attacks of the "flu" and pneumonia.

The Records Department has been working overtime, getting documentation (that word "documentation," by the way, should live as one of the military triumphs of the war) completed for the troops going home. To get a man "documentized" for return to Canada is more than a day's job, especially if the man happens to have been in France recently. Even so, things appear to be running with a degree of smoothness that is cheering to at least the staff engaged in this work. One of the largest drafts the Battalion has yet sent left during the first week of April, and others are moving at reasonably close intervals. Word comes back from a port of embarkation telling of a recent draft of veterans who were on board ship the day after leaving Seaford.

With reference to demobilization, it was observed in glimpsing last month's SAPPER through that the C.E.T.C. correspondent essays to set up an "sses" cult in the spelling of the word. In view of previous correspondence on this subject, we feel that it is in order to ask for authority for the introduction of so drastic a step.

One wonders if the Forestry Corps troops who about turned, left turned, right turned, formed fours, and retired and advanced through Battalion Orders are yet out of the woods. We mildly suggest that C.E.T.C. supply guides for wandering parties of this kind in future.

Symbolic of spring is the number of budding moustachios to be seen around these parts. It should be taken as a matter of course that we make no reference to the one the Adjutant is cultivating.

A rumour floated this way to the effect that an institute of kindly purpose, having a quantity of soldiers' comforts for dispersal, has been inviting suggestions as to the most suitable for distribution at this period of demobilization. Speaking generally and somewhat offhand, we opine the troops' pyjamas are becoming a bit frayed about the edges.

Your correspondent is in a position to state that another edition of the Office War Diary has gone to press. In general outline it does not greatly vary from previous numbers, although it might be said that in meteorological detail its historic pages are not what they were under the direction of Lieut. H. O'C. Jones, or even during the brief and active régime of Lieut. D. A. McBeath. When these officers took pen in hand to bring the Diary up to date it was well to don slicker and waders, for it fell to them to dilute current history with astonishing spells of moisture. The records of Noah could have little on our War Diary in those days.

Sergt. Vail, of the accounts department, has returned after a much needed rest.

The old machinery department of Headquarters, Seaford, has gathered in the decrepit Underwood upon which some of our last batch was typed. It is to be hoped that a fitting place be found for it among war relics.

There is serious report of a couple of forthcoming weddings, in which members of the Headquarters Staff are to figure as principals.

If the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina were sappers in this Battalion, the burthen of their conversation these days would be: "It is a long time between pays."

It was in 1933, and demobbing had settled into a smoothly working routine. They were reminiscing on the hardships of war.

"Lying in a filthy shell hole for thirty odd hours, with both legs shot off, and the rats biting pieces out of one's chin, that's tough," grimly remarked the veteran with the stiff walk.

"Rotten," commiserated the man who had merely been gassed and creased into the earth by a rampant young tank that passed his way.

"Well, I dunno," somewhat sheepishly joined in a leathery faced chap. "Stickin' it through for four solid years, never missin' a trip, with lots of night carryin' thrown in, and the cold and the wet and the bugs, and all that, never knowin' when your own special packet was comin' across—well, that's bad enough, even if I ain't been hit," and he looked as for approval towards the tragic visaged person who had not yet spoken.

The latter was breathing hard. It could be seen that he was conscious of a feeling that somehow something unusual had occurred in his career: that at some time he had been at grips with a great tragedy which, though he had survived, had left its mark upon him. He gulped, and there was a moment of tense expectancy. The gassed man moved to open wide the outer door, letting in the fresh spring air, and thereby winning a grateful glance from the man of distressful mein.

"Gentlemen," the poor fellow gasped at length, "for three and a half years, s'help me, I shav-v-ed with an Ar-r-my is-s-sue ra-a-zor."

"What?" howled the legless man.

"How he has suffered," wept he of the gassing experience.

The veteran of the trenches had fainted.

By the way, a question that has not yet been settled around here relates to the length of that hour the Daylight Controller cut off the other night when he switched on summer. Several have undertaken to demonstrate by snoozing the distance through, and are at present several laps ahead of the dial of the office clock.

One of the busiest men around the Battalion these days is the Sports Officer, Lieut. H. F. Christie, and to all appearances he takes a deep interest in his job.

Is there not something sheerly perverse about a lighting system that goes out of action on the nights we have to stay in and dope out this SAPPER stuff. Having gone through the Company contribs, we have now about four candles worth complete, and must let it go at that, but before finishing there are these things we would like to know:

What does a certain Major think is contained in a bottle of beer?

What is the price of chutney these days?

The name of the officer who slept with another officer because that other officer was wearing a silk nightdress?

How much did that trunk really cost Mr. Davis?

"A" Company.

Very sorry we are late this month with our correspondence, but only one job at a time, and that's "demob."

The Company is sorry to be losing some of its old permanent cadre N.C.O.s. Sergt. Lawseth has just left for Canada and his sweetheart in Vancouver. Sergt. W. R. Bagnall, better known as the D.O.S. King, at the time of writing, is anticipating his early greeting of a Winnipeg girl. Good luck, Wilf—what's Brighton's loss is Winnipeg's gain. Glad to hear you are investing your gratuity in "The Home Investment Company." It sounds good.

Who are the corporal and hut orderly who answer canteen defaulters every night. It must be great to have a Rose and a Doll.

Any person wishing to lead a quiet life when going to Brighton should enquire at our Q.M.'s stores, and ask for Pugh. Get all your documents prepared, old timer, for there's sure to be a rush.

Every person is asking why Stanley washes three times a day, shaves (only once so far), and creases his slacks four or five times a week. Tell us, Stanley, is it the attraction at the canteen?

One of our tall and massive clerks proceeded on leave to Scotland recently, and after being away a few days sent a telegram asking for an extension, stating "Am having a good time, please grant extension." Who could refuse such a pathetic appeal?

Well, our former orderly corporal is sure becoming famous. An account of his first great race was published in last month's SAPPER. He applied for a pass to go to Buxton (not for return to Canada) and started the same day to shine his buttons on his "going away turn," as he calls it, and when the morning to go came around what a noise—Norman was ready to proceed about daylight. He took all the morning to doll up, and after the train was due to pull out, lo and behold, there was his pass lying on his bed. Take the advice of an old man like Bingham, and leave your love sickness until you get home. Isn't that right, Willie?

Who is the N.A.C.B. girl that the aforementioned Stanley and an Orderly Room Corporal are having a lively competition over? And do they wear the same pair of slacks on their respective calling nights?

"B" Company.

A short time ago we were issued with the famous Handbook No. 2, in which was outlined the necessary procedure in procuring land under the Soldier's Land Settlement Scheme. One enterprising young other rank answered the blank question form as follows.—

- 1 Name in full: Geraldine Joseph Youngster.
- 2 Clink Number: B9x, C8r.
- 3 Rank: Confirmed Kipperal.
- 4 Regiment: 3rd Canadian Ginger Beer Reserve Battalion.
- 5 Where Served: In a Restaurant.
- 6 Canadian Address: Seaford, Sussex, Hingland.
- 7 Married or Single: Part ii. Married at times.
- 8 No. of Children, Sex and Age: Four illegally, Sex and Age unknown.
- 9 Previous Occupation: Four fine nights of Matrimony.
- 10 Farming experience, whether as Owner, Renter, or Labourer: Master in my own house for several days at a stretch.
- 11 Province you wish to settle in: Franklin District.
- 12 Land Option you prefer: The land of the Bonnie Frozen Heather.

- 13 Amount of capital at hand to invest: I.O.U. and Two Pence.
- 14 When you wish to settle on land: Immediately after Demoralization.

This information is considered confidential.

Say, talk about feet ball. Well, it is hard lines on the Corpl. i/c Sanitary Fatigue when he takes his men from their work, goes out on the field, beats the other team, and then has to forfeit the game for being late on parade. Then, when we were to play them indoor baseball, they didn't even show up.

Big Pete? Poor Pete?

The boy that won the prize for feet.

Now, if he'd chanced a girl to meet,

He couldn't get near.

Let's all compete.

(I mean co-operate).

"C" Company.

Our O.C. is enjoying a two weeks' leave at a golfing tournament. Hope he brings back the bacon.

We would like to have it distinctly understood that the C.S.M. was not sick on the 3rd—far from it. He walked off. Ham and eggs and duty, it seems, do not mix very well. However, the ham and have been eliminated.

Does anybody want to buy Dave's flat iron? It seems to have caused the owner many anxious moments, and only recently was he able to escape bloody combat over it by diplomacy.

Sports.

Good ol' "C" is winning quite a lot of fame on the sporting field. Besides having a team that speaks for itself in every line of sport agoing in the camp, we are providing the bulk of the stars in the different Battalion teams.

Yes, we have a football team, and have been beaten but twice. What's that? Only played two games? Anyhow, practice makes perfect, and we haven't had any practice yet. Well, we have a great future, and it's up to Capt. Devlin to get busy.

The baseball team is maturing. So far they have been excused fatigues. But don't stop there, boys. By the time this is in print our record will be standing at the top of the ladder, and we'll be cleaning up everything around here, including the Battalion Orderly Room, if they have a team.

Speaking of sports, athletics, etc., we wish to give the feats of Sergt. Dim. special mention. Sergt. Dim. in some all-round athlete. In the big game at English rugby on Thursday, the 3rd, with the South Africans, Dim. was the stone wall of the team. Did you see that long field run? End runs, flying tackles, bucks and field kicks are all in Dim's line, and his speciality. The fact that the game was just lost was not his fault—no support is the reason.

Mack, who came to this Company very quietly and secretly, is no other than the famous Mobile College coach, and later the chief training advisor of the famous Olympic Club of America to the world's athletic meet at Rome in 1093, B.C. His chief, in fact, only, under-study is Dimmie. The training is certainly strict in every way, and Dim. never looked finer or more in the pink now that Mac. has taken hold of him, making him the "all round" one in Battalion and Canadian Army sports.

The Mess Orderly of "32" loves to walk over the hills to Eastbourne, but then, look at what he gets besides the exercise. (M.S.A. papers please do not copy).

One of our Company runners is on a well earned leave, with much money and an address furnished by the C.S.M. in the cutlery city. We expect him to be much sharper on his return.

Corpl. Case is on leave, too. 'Nuff said. Pays to be sick once in a while.

All six "lucky hooks" must have come up the day that tall sergeant was born.

Do any men of the Company want a clothing parade? Look out, you will get trampled to death. One man in Hut 28 says if it wasn't for his buttons he'd be naked. How about Corpl. Aiken's cap, isn't it a dandy?

April has been a very quiet month. We have nothing to report from the Quartermaster's this time, nothing of personal interest of the chief, we mean.

Dave, our worthy southern gentleman, has stopped all communications and thoughts of Portsmouth and its fair queen. We wonder why. Please forward an explanation.

All aboard for Canada. "C" Company not yet. Didn't know there was a war on till 1918. I want to get home to my mummy.—D.H.C.

Brighton is getting a chance to recuperate and return to something like its pre-war days, since a number of our N.C.O.s are returning to Canada.

"My Merry Mary—I'm off to Canada at last. I hate the idea of leaving you, and think the pleasant times we have had are at an end, but I must leave you. I shall dearly hold in memory for ever all these little times that have been the sunlight of my sojourn over here. Good-bye-e-e."

The Company certainly suffered a distinct loss in the going of Corpl. Tyler, who is now in Canada. Frank sure was a good friend and a live wire.

We almost forgot this. Our worthy neighbour has certainly done himself credit in remodelling his office into such a cosy businesslike place. Have you visited it lately? Some big ideas, but the architect forgot a big electric sign outside and an outer department as an information bureau. "D" Company helps us in this, so that is all fixed. Demobilization is their business, so no wonder they want to be all closed up by themselves.

WANTED—Somebody, an essayist or poet, with good ideas, to make our next contribution a hummer. Make a start, you Shakespearians. All contributions are gladly received by the Company pen artists.

"D" Company.

Parades.
Regimental details.
Receiving.
Despatching.
Matrimony.
Separation Allowances.
Leave.
Medical Boards.

What next? No wonder we are compared to a certain successful London production, entitled "The Chinese Puzzle." "Oh, Joy," or "Joy Bells." Keep a stiff upper lip, Mr. Hill—new N.C.O.s will be made in the next war.

'Tis better to have been buck sapper wearing one stripe, than never to have had a stripe at all.

Our Company promises well to rival a Battalion in strength. What with those desiring discharge in England, those wishing to return with their dependants to Canada, others desiring both, some as yet undecided, and yet others contemplating matrimony, we should certainly take off our hat to Mr. Brownlee, and the untiring cool and collected manner in which he patiently deals with each individual case, and credit should be paid to his sense of humour.

The "flu" seems to be drifting into oblivion, and in its wake follows a more disturbing and serious, as yet not diagnosed disease, which is infecting the Company. Until investigated it is known as "Indefinite-leavitis." The M.O. has not yet sanctioned such cases appearing on sick parade.

We wonder if the new leave regulations have made the appearance of Engineers' badges any less in Brighton.

We have heard a good deal of talk on the part of certain of our N.C.O.s as to their merits as football players. Their appearance on the field would be interesting and, let us hope, welcome, for if talk could make a team we should certainly have one of international quality.

Born, April 4th, 1919, to "D" Company, a snappy baseball team. May we suggest an inspection of same by the Sports Officer?

"E" Company.

"E" Company, 'shun. Welcome to our new O.C. At the same time, Captain, you have our sympathy. What do you say, Mac?

We wonder what was the attraction for our genial Second-in-Command in Seaford last week? And, also, are the "Gypsies" in Brighton this week? because someone has gone on week end.

Who will give our little clerk a horse to match his bandolier and spurs when he goes on leave?

Welcome to our new C.S.M. We wonder what is the attraction down at Newhaven?

When is Corpl. Merkley going to Basingstoke again? Why not marry the girl, Merk?

If Mississippi gave to Missouri a New Jersey, what would Delawar in Alaska?

Say, Pag, I think that girl looks like Helen White.

"E" Company sapper on sick parade.

M.O.: What is your trouble, my man?

Sapper: I have a sore heart, sir.

M.O.: All right, take off your shirt, and let me see it.

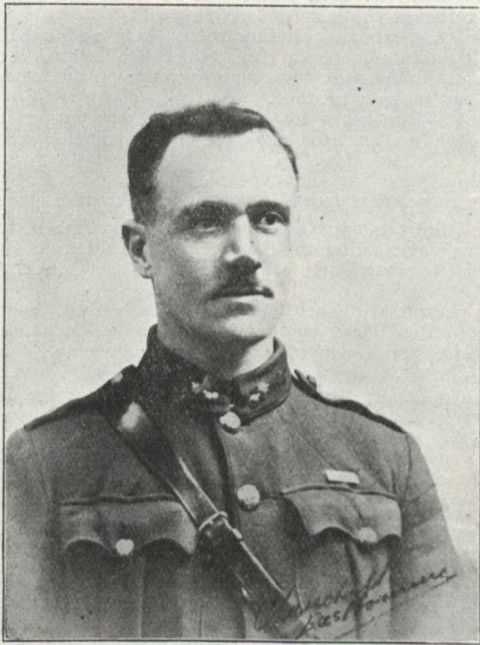
Demobilization questions usually asked in chorus: "When do I get a medical board?" "How do I get married?" "Can I take my wife with me?" "Can I get an extension of leave?" "My grandmother has the toothache." "Are my papers here?" "Can I see the M.O.?" "Was my name called to-day?" "C.I. parade to the O.C.?" No wonder we get short tempered. Still, we are handing them to "A" Company now at a good rate.

Who is the sapper who wears the Seymour (see more) overcoat to make aeroplane trips to Newhaven?

Who is the guy of "E" Company hash slingers, who, in carrying grub to the clink, gets all the inside dope on demobilization questions and peddles same to his co-workers?

Who is the corporal from Peace River in No. 12 hut who says all good ball players chew tobacco, and why do all his team wear ground sheets when he details instructions to them?

R.S.M. Anderson.



This popular warrant officer was originally a sergt. in the 50th Battn. Highlanders, "Gordons" of Canada, but left that unit in November, 1914, and proceeded overseas with the 30th Battn. Transferred to the 15th Battn. in France, he was wounded at Festubert in May, 1915. On discharge from Hospital, he joined the C.E.T.D. in February, 1916, and later was made C.S.M. of "B" Company. On the formation of the 3rd Army Troop Company, C.S.M. Anderson proceeded with that unit to France in June, 1916, where he remained until September, 1917. He was sent back to England to join the C.E.T.D. Instructional Staff, and later the C.S.M.E. On the formation of the 3rd C.E.R.B. in August, 1918, C.S.M. Anderson received his 1st Class Warrant rank, and was made R.S.M. of the Battalion, where he is still to be seen as cheery and popular as ever, always ready to adjust any differences, and holding the respect and esteem of all ranks. When he joins the great army of "demobs" he will still have with him the best wishes of a host of friends.

Why did the runner from our Orderly Room, who went away to get married, wire for four days' extension? Our congratulations, old scout.

Who is the sapper, formerly of "E" Company, who carried a sack of coal several miles in the streets of Newhaven, and why? We didn't know aeroplanes needed coal.

Who were the two herring chokers of the Company staff who went on leave and missed Friday's dinner?

We would be much obliged if anyone would come forward with information leading to the recovery of our friend "Unc.," or Regina'd Rufus Ruggles, from Hull, lost in the Battle of Littleton, or gassed on the field of baseball.

Since when did Peace River Sim's eyes grow dim or his knees and elbows rattle in watching the flight of a baseball or listening for the decision of the umpire.

Where is "E" Company sports officer? Someone suggested a coffin, under the impression that he must be a dead one.

Who is the orderly sergeant who runs the "prom." and fails to find his lost love. Give it up, "Swin," there's nothing in it.

Congratulations to our Quarters on his newly arrived. Instructions to camouflaged corporals when making love to barmaids at Seaford:—

1 Strut into the pub. with chest stuck out and medals shining; rap on the counter and buy a drink of beer, telling the pretty barmaid to keep the change (it is a ha'penny).

2 Write an appealing letter to her, stating that you can buy and sell all the men in the Battalion. It always helps.

3 Don't sign your name to the letter, because sometimes they go astray, and perhaps one of the men you asked a loan of a quid from might see the letter.

Watch out "A" Company, D... has a good line.

"F" Company.

It is with sincere regret we record the loss of two of the Company officers, in the persons of Lieut. L. G. B. Davis and Lieut. F. S. Smith, who are returning to the land of the maple. Although sorry to lose them, we wish them the best of luck upon their return to civil life.

Welcome to our new officer, Lieut. Clayton. Glad to know he has at last located the Company.

WANTED—An evangelist for Lieut. Bainbridge. From all appearances he is falling from grace, having missed church for two Sundays.

Please tell us who is the ex-rancher who has visions of a nice fruit farm in Ontario? Our first order will be one barrel (Ben Davis) No. 3.

"F" Company still carries the sports championship, both for indoor baseball and for football. What's the matter, "E" Company, got the wind up?

Please tell us when did the secretary of No. 5 Mess go into partnership with the seaside Y.M.C.A.? Must be silent partnership, as he says he has never been there. Maybe he hasn't.

Who is the ex-P.T. artist who carries a bottle of creosote around with him? Let them go, Willie, spring is coming.

Sorry to hear it was Jackie's bad foot that caused his failure in launching his big offensive.

Sorry to hear that our football king, Lieut. Templeton, has received orders from the M.O. to refrain from the game.

Who is the N.C.O. who had orders to place two men in detention, and after a private interview with them, decided the following morning after breakfast would be more convenient? Can't find his name on our nominal roll. Try "E" Company.

Fall in, "E" Company, there is an N.C.O. in "F" Company wants to fight.

Scene I., Act I.:

The old man smiles again. Hit me, Willie.

Scene I., Act II.:

A trip to the Mess: "One long one, please."

What do we care for expenses? Bang! There goes another fourpence.

"G" Company.

Well, well, look what they've done. Taken our good looking base off to London. That means our harmony four is broken up. But good luck in the big city, Walker.

Who is the sergeant we used to have who hates W.A.A.C.s? She played a mean trick that time, didn't she, Stuart? You had better board the next boat for home, or you'll be getting hurt.

Wonder when the boys of Hut 38 are going to hold a mess meeting, as the grub requires attention. Ask the old sergeant, the star boarder. He knows.

How about our baseball team? Ask "H" or Headquarters Staff.

Who is the N.C.O. who just came back from leave, and is now meeting the 06.20 from Brighton daily? It's about time you were putting in for another pass, just to show that you don't want her to do it all. Be a sport, Harold.

Our late Q.M. has started to roam. Watch your step, Bill, he may meet you in the dark, and is a bigger man than you.

What is the matter with our runner? He has failed to proceed to the farm for his Sunday dinners lately. Did you eat too much, or, perhaps, they struck you off strength?

Our congratulations to Sapper Gasharth on his coming marriage. All ranks wish him every success.

Our sapper who lost his heart to the fair one in the north has at last been rewarded, and we have news of a great love match in Brighton. When is it to take place, the boys would like to know?

Our Orderly Corporal has made quite a name for himself at the dances among the young ladies, but we must really congratulate him over his acquaintances at Newhaven. Boys, I do not think, after all, we shall be invited. There will be some tears.

Our Orderly Room Corporal cuts quite a dash when walking on the promenade at Seaford with his young lady from the "Haven." We must hand it to you, Mac.

We hear of a new concert party known as the "Jolly Jumbos." It is said they made quite a hit at Brighton. Who is the tall soloist?

We hear rumours of more applications for discharge in England. There is a reason.

Mac, what has happened to your young lady at the "Y"? Was it too serious, or was she attached?

We will miss that old familiar face among the boys, Sapper Walker, who is proceeding to London. Say, Walk, I hear you are going to teach jazz in your spare time. Best of luck in the enterprise.

We will miss Sergt. Liddell, who is soon to return to Canada. Well, Stuart, the boys will wish you well and every success.

"H" Company.

Well, "G" Company, we guess you have been satisfied, both at baseball and football. Any more challenges coming, but remember goals scored in Brighton do not count?

By the way, where did you get your football team from? The Orderly Sergeant must have quite a time keeping track of the men living in South Camp and other places outside the 3rd C.E.R.B. lines.

Among the interested spectators at the match with "G" Company was a well-known Scottish international, who might have been a tower of strength had the touch line been properly chalked. Unfortunately, the chalk line was absent, likewise the brilliant play.

A certain corporal shown in orders as in hospital had, in place of a diagnosis, the letter "Q." Can he give any explanation? And where was he when the search party called at the hospital?

The O.R. who is parading with a lady and a £100 pug dog wants to be careful lest he gets bitten. For your information, the dog generally walks on the inside, so do not make a mistake.

Isn't £3 rather a lot of money for one sapper to donate to another for one roll of the dice? Exit N. toute de suite.

Can anyone furnish an explanation as to why a certain sergeant proposes to change his Christian name?

How did the two O.R.s enjoy sipping coffee in the wee sma' hours, after the dance? And are the same two gentlemen particularly fond of Brighton Y.M.C.A. beds?

To pervert a proverb, he who laughs hardest, laughs best, eh, Reid? Dad could not have known that Capt. Sweeney was on duty that particular morning. "M. and D." only.

Is it necessary for an officer to be present at the dry canteen at 22.00 o'clock when there is a sergeant on duty?

It's no use, Bobbie, there's no hope for you at No. 4. The corporal has you beaten.

As the C.S.M. forbids a further reference to himself we will just congratulate him upon his speedy recovery, and let it go at that.

Sports.

The Colonel's query: What's on for this afternoon? Good weather, plenty of games.

The South Africans can sure play soccer, but what about their national game of rigger? They just managed to beat us in the last by five points. We're sorry they couldn't let us have return games, but "demobilization" waits for no man or team.

Our baseballers are warming up, so look out for a real classy, capable team to represent our Battalion.

We can also play and win at indoor ball. What a slam the M.G.s got. Even if they were all dressed up, they didn't know where to go. The ground is our sporting element, not the air. We leave that to the other fellow who goes up in a plane.

Our officers' team had some excitement last Thursday in their game with the 13th Reserve, and just got home by the odd run.

We shall see about Easter, whether our distance running team are as good as being worth the gold medals. One who knows thinks so.

There was a good game of ball on Monday, the 7th, when a team picked out of the Battalion met the "D" Company nine. There was some really good ball, promising for the coming games. The game ended in a narrow win for the combination against "D" by a score of 9-8.

Dance.

The fortnightly dance of the 3rd Battalion was held in No. 4 Lines Canteen, on the night of April 16th, under the tutelage of Lieut. Hegedon, who has been responsible for these dances for some time past.

While regimental dances have become very popular during this demobilization period, and of quite frequent occurrence, it might be well to mention that from time to time a great deal of criticism on the conduct of dances finds its way into this office.

As a general rule, we have found it politic to ignore these critics, as their grouch is usually too obviously small.

A/S.Q.M.S. W. Douglas.



A/S.Q.M.S. Douglas joined up with the old 6th Field Company, 2nd Div., and proceeded to France with this unit in September, 1915.

He was seriously wounded, and returned to England in 1916.

On becoming convalescent he joined the Depot, and was employed at Headquarters.

He became Depot Clerk on the re-organization of the Engineers formations in May, 1918, where his smiling and efficient personality still dominates the Headquarters Sub-Staff.

There are many cases, however, where dances are advertised as being features of the social life of a certain definite Battalion or Company, and many well founded kicks are registered because the members of such definite units are placed at a disadvantage in obtaining admission by reason of the influence of certain dancing cliques.

A further ground of complaint concerns itself with the treatment that has been accorded the C.E.T.C. orchestra by the 3rd Battalion Committee.

At previous dances, this Committee has always employed an orchestra—the C.A.S.C.—from outside the Depot.

Now Sergt. Reading—who is in charge of the C.E.T.C. orchestra—has been at great pains and some expense to form and train his party, and it appears to us a little invidious that this Committee, who have at

last employed our own orchestra as the result of pressure being brought to bear on them, should have submitted that orchestra to the indignity of a public vote in the dance hall, as to which is the best orchestra.

It is up to the Engineers to support their own institutions. Let the spirit which kept us together in battles, spite of divergent opinions, in spite of possible mistakes, also keep us together in peace.

Even if our orchestra is not the best—and we maintain it is—our own men should support it.

It is also worthy of note that the orchestra which bears the name of the C.A.S.C., when employed in this connection, is mostly borrowed from Sergt. Reading's C.E.T.C. orchestra.



Headquarters.

In record time, and without any hitch, the last of the Canadian Engineer Corps Troops left the C.S.M.E. Lines on April 16th, en route for Liverpool, where they embarked on the s.s. "Belgic." During their stay with the C.S.M.E. the boys had been favoured with good weather, which allowed them to indulge in outdoor sports and enjoy a pleasant leave, and, in fact, did much to keep them in good humour while awaiting the completion of documents.

The work of preparing the nine units for despatch to Canada, no mean job, especially when it is mentioned that this was the first demobilization work carried out by the C.S.M.E., was safely navigated, solely through the combined efforts of all ranks of C.S.M.E. Every branch pulled together, from the Chief Instructor, Lieut.-Colonel D. S. Ellis, D.S.O., down to the runners, the staff working night and day during the six weeks the units were stationed in No. 1 Lines.

No department in itself can be singled out for praise. The work of outfitting the men was admirably carried out by Capt. W. S. Gordon and his staff. The Records Office, in charge of Lieut. Stirling, worked night and day preparing documents, and credit can be handed to Sergts. Burgess and Palmer, and also to Sapper Harold Marten, for the absence of delay in securing any man's documents. Lieut. J. H. Kerr, Corpl. A. Morrison, and the Pay Staff were on the job every minute, first paying the men and allowing them to get away on leave, and later handling Last Pay certificates. The Medical Officer, Capt. McLarty, had no mean job in looking after the health of the men, and the countless examination each man had to undergo before being declared fit for travel.

At Headquarters, C.S.M.E., Lieut. Craig, D.C.M., Adjutant, and Lieut. P. Daniels were to be found hard at work, many a time up till midnight.

No one derived much pleasure in preparing the Corps Troops for return to Canada, but it was some satisfaction to all ranks to receive special commendation from officers of London Headquarters Staff to the effect that in no other instance had they found documents in such splendid shape as those prepared by the C.S.M.E.

The Canadian Corps Signal Company, Canadian Corps Survey Section, and Anti-aircraft Searchlight Section, left at 2.30 o'clock Saturday morning, April 12th, proceeding direct to Liverpool.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of April 14th the 3rd Tunnelling Company, under the command of Capt. H. S. Keyt, left Seaford for Southampton, to sail on the "Olympic." The Tunnellers were unfortunate as to weather, arriving from France in a downpour of rain, and were forced to depart when old Jupe was in bad humour. Major A. Hibbert, D.S.O., M.C., Officer Commanding 3rd Tunnelling Company, and his Adjutant, Capt. G. C. Cole, travelled as far as Southampton with the unit, but afterwards returned to obtain discharge in this country.

The Army Troops Companies were the last to go, pulling out of Seaford early on Wednesday morning, April 16th.

With the Corps Troops out of the way, it is expected that the "break-up" of the C.S.M.E. will take place at an early date, the staff being transferred to one of the Reserve Battalions, there to await despatch to Canada.

The Corps Troops are away, boys.

Who ever called the Empire a typewriter? It was as good as C.B. to mention that wide carriage Underwood to the Adjutant.

Guess the C.S.M.E. and *attached* (heavy on the attached, Mr. Printer) were right there, when it comes to soccer. The 3rd Battalion met defeat in the first game, the same result being sustained by the 1st C.E.R.B. The boys would have given the 3rd C.C.D. team a good run, had the latter team been available to play.

Brother's wedding was sufficient excuse to allow Sergt. Vic. E. Andrew to spend a few days in Zomerzet. "Some county," was his remark on his return, and one would concur with him, when it is discovered that the pubs. down there keep open throughout the day, no food restrictions, and summer tourists beginning to fill a neighbouring watering place.

Despite the breakdown of the lighting system, the Committee handling the fortnightly dance of the C.S.M.E. came through in the pinch on April 9th, candles being used to good effect. The dance was well up to the standard, the music being all that could be desired.

R.S.M. Crabtree is down with a severe attack of spring fever. The call of Victoria B.C. and the coast climate is too strong to remain unanswered, so that in a few days we expect to be shaking hands with him and wishing him "Bon Voyage."

Former Instructors are being heard from in Canada. Sergt. Bill Lea is again on the C.P.R. run out of Winnipeg, while Sergt. Bill Lincoln is operating a "hog" out of the Transcona yards, Winnipeg.

Sergt. Jimmy Heughan left for Kelowna B.C. last week. Jimmy's presence will be missed at the social affairs at the Barley Mow, Selmeaton, he having made a path of his own over the downs.

In the spring a young man's Was it his visit to "Oh, Joy," at the Apollo that has made Capt. W. S. Gordon cast off some half-dozen years.

Occupants of No. 1 Hut, "B" Mess, were startled some evenings ago. It was Lieut. Craig dreaming of an intruder entering the Records Office, C.S.M.E., and raising merry Cain with the documents of the Corps Troops.

Some nifty looking headgear the Assistant Adjutant is sporting these days. A Brighton product, we understand.

Heard in the office following the departure of the Corps Troops: "What's the betting that the Colonel will be out on the links this afternoon?" No takers.

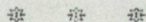
Plans of a trip to British Columbia at the expense of the Canadian Government, and one to the Orient, Australia, and home to Rhodesia at his own expense, on the part of former Instructor Sergt. Kidd, received a rude jolt at Kimmel Park last week. Rapid work at Argyle House on the part of the South African Government resulted in Kidd being yanked off the draft for Canada, and being returned to Seaford. How does it feel to return to the 1st C.E.R.B. after wishing your friends good-bye-e, Mr. Kidd?

Dame Rumour is busy with mention of the Adjutant being transferred to Headquarters on demob. work. We venture a guess that he can handle it.

The huts formerly occupied by the Army Troops Companies have been taken over by the 2nd Motor Machine Gun Brigade. This unit is practically ready for return to Canada, and appears to be enjoying indefinite leave, pending sailing orders.

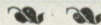
Here's a free advt. for Staff-Sergt. Lewin: "For rent, one bicycle."

It is not understood why an article on "Missing Documents" has not yet been received. This was promised by one who resides in the lion's den, and we would remind him that going to bed in full marching order, including spurs, does not give one the literary inspirations required to enlighten us on this subject.



Perhaps the Khaki College can inform us:—

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell "Su,"
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?
Then, if an S and an I and a G,
And an H E D spell "Side,"
There's nothing much for a speller to do,
But go commit Siouxyesighed.



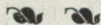
Cadet Company.

Who is the Lieut. who cancels leave after having been O.K'd by Colonel? And whether the "necessary authority has come through yet" for this procedure?

As we find it inconvenient to repeat ourselves, we take this opportunity of making our good wishes permanent to Cadets Suttie and Bevan, who have been on draft for the short period of six weeks.

Information desired.—Will someone well versed in military training kindly inform us what is the correct method of marching the Cadet Company on parade, when said Company consists of a Company Commander, one Cadet, and one marker?

"In answer to above query, our military correspondent informs us that the procedure would be same as in forming fours with three men and a blank file."



Jottings from Khaki College.

The Bureau of Information connected to Khaki College is well under way, and is filling a long felt want amongst the men. The Bureau is prepared to answer all questions pertaining to transportation, and re-establishment of the Canadian soldiers.

The elementary class is now leading in numbers attending, with a daily total of over five hundred pupils. Sergt. V. Crocket, head of this department, and his staff, are working like beavers. The College is to be congratulated on securing the services of such earnest workers.

Sergt. Evans and his staff, in charge of the business and commercial classes, are also going strong, and especially the advertising department. If the pupils follow the teachings of this wide-awake staff in time to come, we may see over their places of business such signs as this: "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come in here."



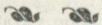
C.E.T.C. Cinema.

The trouble with the lights has made trouble with the Cinema. Playgoers at our Depot theatre have been greatly disappointed, but all will soon be well.

The Great William Fox production of "Camille," that was to have been shown last week, will be returned, and shown at an early date.

On April 28th, "Cleopatra" will be shown, and you will have an opportunity of studying the world's greatest story of love, power, and ambition.

"Over the top," a world famous picture, featuring trench life, will follow at an early date, and should provide a splendid entertainment for the troops.

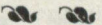


Canadian Engineers' Association.

The 1st Divisional Engineers are organising an Association, with headquarters at 216, Peel Street, Montreal, and a Western office at 15, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg. The name proposed is the Association of Canadian Military and Civil Engineers.

The following officers have been elected:—Hon. President, Major-Gen. Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., G.O.C. First Canadian Division; President, Col. A. Macphail, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.C. 1st Brigade C.E.; Vice-President, Major E. F. Lynn, D.S.O., M.C., A/O.C. 3rd Battn. C.E.; Council, Lieut.-Col. J. P. Mackenzie, O.C. 1st Battn. C.E.; Lieut.-Col. J. M. Rolston, D.S.O. (Vancouver), O.C. 2nd Battn. C.E.; and Lieut.-Col. E. Pepler, D.S.O. (Toronto), O.C. 3rd Battn. C.E.; Secretary-Treasurer, Major F. J. O'Leary, M.C.

A military Committee, consisting of Col. Macphail, Major O'Leary, and Major G. R. Turner, M.C., D.C.M., will answer any question from members dealing with their military records, pensions, gratuity, rank, honours and awards, etc.



Hats.

The Orderly Sergeant—that great functionary—stepped down to the Mess for breakfast. When he had fed, he looked for his hat.

It had been removed.

This was not enough indignity to inflict on "C" Company.

At church time on the same day the Editor of THE SAPPER lifted up the light of his countenance upon the same Mess as the guest of the said Orderly Sergt.

And they stole *his* hat also.

An editorial hat!! Who has it? We wonder. And will it be retained? We hope not.

We have a better one. Ha! Ha!

C.E.T.C. News Stand.

IN THE ORIGINAL RAILROAD
COACH.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD CABOOSE.

All the favourite American Mags.,
including—

COSMOPOLITAN

RED BOOK

BLUE BOOK

McLURE'S

SATURDAY EVENING POST

New York Newspapers

S A Y!!!

You talk about a C.P.R. Newsey.

We got him Faded off the Map.

Fresh Stocks of Pre-War Chocolates
every Tuesday.

Oranges every Wednesday.

Chiclets, Chewing Gum, and Cigars.

Tooth Paste in endless variety.

Toilet Articles of every description.

Writing Materials.

Writing Tablets, with Engineer Crest
a Speciality.

Playing Cards always in Stock.

Best Quality.

If you see what you don't want in the
window, come INSIDE.

The Poet's Corner.

The Towers of St. Eloi.

I love thy tower grey rum,
And to lay upon the hills,
They shadow down the Artois,
Where morning sun distils.
The mad'moiselles are different, and
The town was built for joy;
Just happy legends weave around
The towers of St. Eloi.

They may be slightly ragged,
'Cause Heine strafed a slide
Of umpteen dozen tons of stone,
And left the windows wide.
The stars light clear inside at night,
The winds play organ things,
And all around to decorate
The walls, the ivy clings.

I'm happy only when we camp
Just near that raise of ground;
A lady friend, Yvonne, lives there,
And has champagnes around.
Their 'staminet at any time
The abriz stocked with vin.
The brasserie is underground,
And never gets "tout fin."

Our names are carved 'long winding stair,
The rooks squeak 'round the stone;
Yvonne and I go down unto
Her garden all alone.
By chateau or on verdant ridge
The breeze waves grass and flowers,
When'ere I travel France encore
I'll turn unto the Towers.

THE DUD BALLADS.

Ecclesiastical William.

Kruppism and Meinselbe-und-Cottism Have Cotta Co.

Originally published in *The Listening Post*, and now
included in the "Dud Ballads," by Sapper Nelson.

A mighty fortress is our Gott,
To helmet the other kinds;
I will draw all men by their hypkens,
Blest be the tie that binds.
Hold the fort for I am coming,
With Kultur's melting pot.
'All power is given unto me
And my understudy Gott.

And lo, the Clown Prince was born
'Neath Taurus his star on high;
It has been unto us a sign,
And spies from the East drew nigh.
He's the bull onto the slaughter,
And goes through the town like Lot,
And little children suffer,
For such is the kingdom of Gott.

In the great Iron Cross I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of Fame;
And I use Eve's loose-leaf system
To bind the deeds of shame.
I run plagues of Subs and Gothas,
And a new munition plot.
I'm an economic Moses,
With a wilderness, by Gott.

If I get fired out of Eden,
And the Gentiles come our way,
Let treaty papers rend in twain,
Turn the gas on, watch and spray.
Should a hand come strafing on the wall,
And Kruppism start to rot,
Never mind the Medes and Persians,
Hoch der Kaiser! hoch der Gott.

THE DUD BALLADS.



Issues, Celestial, Queries as to.

When I have heard the last Retreat,
And climbed the Golden Stair,
I wonder if I'll chance to get
Issue: "Wings. White. One Pair."
I wonder if the Q.M.S.
Who handles things in heaven,
Will issue me without demur,
"Halos. One. Size Seven."

If when the sentry is asleep,
Perchance I may get through,
I wonder if they'll send me back,
To get my D.O.S.2.
And will they scan it over then,
As though I were a Hun,
To see when last I issue had
Of "Harps. Golden. One."

And will I go upon parade
In costume bright as morn,
Or will the Q.M. issue me
With "Robes. One. Part Worn."
Just what is issue will confuse,
I worry more and more.
Will the cloud I'm forced to use,
Be personal, or barrack store?

But if perchance I miss my way,
Or F.C.S. is quoted,
And sundry entries thereon made
Are duly noted,
Whose cleanly state some C.O. stern,
Has made the very deuce of,
Will I get, "Outfits. Asbestos. One.
Soldiers for the use of."

"THE SQUIB."



Aftermath.

The men from France they pass us by,
With big bright patches on their coats;
We look at them with envious eye,
While in their gaze we see reproach.

Although our sleeves they are devoid
Of bars of gold, or chevrons blue,
We enlisted, yes, to do our best,
And would have carried on as true.

For when we heard, our sheets will show,
Around the world they sent the call,
British blood calls British blood,
These men were backed up to the wall.

Well, now, the great big war is won,
And if the boys do swank a bit,
It's coming to them. "Yes, you bet,"
I am pleased to see them proud and fit.

C. W. FEEVAN.

The Song of the Knitters.

(Found in a pair of socks from Sudbury, Ontario).

We are knitting, knitting, knitting,
From a skein of tangled hue,
And our eyes are sometimes blinded,
But our threads are knitted true.

We're spinning love, and hope, and faith,
And we twist their subtle strands
Into silver threads of comfort,
Knotted in by willing hands.

We're knitting cheer, and help, and strength,
While our hearts beat out the time
That our fingers quickly shuttle
Into low and mystic rhyme.

We are weaving out the courage,
That our Homeland love shall spread,
As a mantle for the living,
And a promise for the dead.

We are spinning, and we're knitting,
With our needles flying fast;
And we're weaving, and we're praying
That each garment be the last.

We are knitting, knitting, knitting,
From a skein of tangled hue,
And our eyes are sometimes blinded,
But our threads are knitted true.

The Canadian Sapper

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