

March
1918

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OFFICIAL MAGAZINE
of the
CANADIAN ENGINEERS



No. 2

ESTABLISHED 1854.

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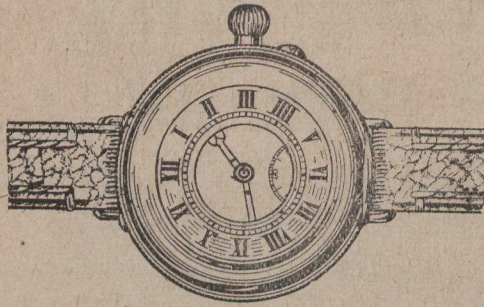
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VOL. I. No. 2.

MARCH, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Editorial.

Your magazine is now an accomplished fact, and well on its way to a successful future, on a sound financial basis. Everybody has been very kind, and with the continued support of our correspondents and subscribers, and any words of advice (be lenient!) you may have to give, we will do our best to increase and improve it from time to time.

✻ ✻ ✻

All you fellows round the Depôt ought to be jolly pleased that the Sappers have been doing so well at sports. You have had good results at football, and there are several good boxing men who did well in the championships at Shorncliffe and elsewhere. The winning of the Hackbridge run last month, against some very hot teams, was quite a score. It just amounts to this, that if everyone takes an interest in things generally, it is as good as a pat on the back. I think that we all need a little encouragement these days.

✻ ✻ ✻

Within the last few days I have had several inquiries on different matters: requests for information, and also for advice in obtaining some material. I was very pleased to be able to carry out these commissions. There may be others in the same boat, so I should like to let our readers know that I shall be very glad to be of any assistance in answering questions, or obtaining any information within reason. Naturally, this is not a detective agency, nor am I a "Datus"; but I may be in a better

position to do some things than are some of you now in France. There are two things that you are requested *not* to forget: your O.C. is always your best friend if you want anything, and that this office cannot deal with matters of discipline.

✻ ✻ ✻

I have been trying to get some information with regard to the wearing of the red or blue service chevrons, but can hear nothing except that the regulations do not apply to the Canadians, and that a ruling is expected soon. I have seen several of our men wearing the red stripe who were not entitled to do so. It isn't cricket for men to claim the word "overseas" as applying to themselves when they did not leave this country until 1915.

✻ ✻ ✻

We were all glad to see so many of the old school returning for three months' leave home. There are many, many more whom we should have liked to have seen. To see those old faces of the "originals" brings back to us memories of those whom we shall never see again.

✻ ✻ ✻

There will be several competitions arranged from time to time, which I want to see everybody enter into. I think that they are a great thing for finding the latent talent which abounds in all ranks of our Companies.

✻ ✻ ✻

I am sorry that there are still several Companies which we have not yet heard from, except that they have a correspondent. Some of them must have an attack of stage fright. Now, show up; you need not have the "limes" unless you want them.

✻ ✻ ✻

I want to thank all those readers who have been so kind as to pat us on the back with regard to the first number.

SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 1 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

Sunday, 1918.

DEAR HORACE,

Ive got a good job to-day on air rade piket. After church parade there aint nothing else to do but just hang round till parade to-morow. Of corse I cant let you in on our duties because thats sekret and conferdenshul (its so conferdenshul that every time the piket perades the officers have to hold a counsul of war to see whos in on the sekret of what to do in case Fritz ever came over). Its all a lot of camerflage I think which is what they say over here insted of well you know what old Buggy Webb used to giv us back in Ottawa. If you want to reely insult a friend and still be a perfect gentulman just tell him he's a creeping baraje of Camerflage. Of corse if you dont have no asperashuns of being a gentulman the other words is just as good.

We got to England in December with Leftenant Pengelley as the boss. it was awful ruff coming over and I didnt see no food hording being done. Gee the first nite out I was sitting down sters beside the Enjun room (you know what a nice smel that is when the ship is looping the loop) well I was sitting down sters and wundering if Id live throo the nite when along came Leftenant Gilley. "Hello Kid" says he, but I pade no attenshun I wouldnt have salooted Tommy Powers himself that nite. I had trubbles of my own. "Had any supper" says he.

SUPPER! gosh Horace some officers don't have no tack. say Horace the girls over heer are some queer janets. Either theys queens like

we used to see on Sparks st or else they look like Bertha the little Boiler Maker after she become a Presbiterannean. Most of them have feet like Cinderella Hodggers used to have when he was on stabels with me at Lansdown Park, but Gee when they are jake they are sure jakaloo old thing (thats english for old scout).

England is awful small and is sure backwards. they call the sidewalk a pavement and a hardwore store is a ironmongrels and candy is called sweets. gee no wonder we aint won the war yet. england is so small that a yankee in London woodnt go out at nite because he sed he might fall off the island. HA HA.

Our camp is in Seaford which was intendid for a determent camp for Germans but Lord Gorge sed it was inhumint to put them in so they give it to the Canadians. the idea of these canadian camps over heer is that after a fellow gos to france hes so sore he kills evry German he finds. the only plase neer heer is the town of seaford which aint a town at all its a punishmint. theres another plase called Alferstown wher King Alfred the Grate after loosing the battle of Hastings ran awy and burnt some buns but Alferstown is out of bounds.

i gess they's afrade we might get a bun on HA HA but traveling around sertainly teeches a fellow histrey. when a draft arives here you hav to learn all over agen in B cumpany. thay call it B cumpany becuz a fellow thinks hes going to the war when he leevs Ottawa but when gets into B cumpany he finds that hes STUNG. gee thats a good joke i think ill send it to THE CANADIAN SAPPER next month. all the nco's and

sarjantmajurs hav to take down their stripes and we all wair little white patches and aint allowed to mix with other guys gosh its sure grate. The c.o. of B cumpany is a good scout and told us we was a smart lot of fellows which we knew anyway. hes awful sarekastie sumtimes tho, for last Tewsday he came out on perade and looked us over then he went out in frunt and looked at us again until I begun to think my braces was off and my buttins undun or sumthing horibul. then he sez just like a guy in Ottawa who acted Hamlick you know sort of dignufide and impresive.

"I have nevah in all my life (long pawse) nevah in all my life seen so much hayah" (he ment hare). gee ther was sum run on the barber shop next day.

I gess we go to the signal cumpany soon now i think ill go in for a teligraf operater becuz on stabels ther they make a fellow get up at haf past five. i met a guy who used to be at otawa and he is there now I meen at the signal cumpany. who is your o.c. i sez. he lit a sigeret and sort of thot for a while. "IVAN the TERRIBLE" he sez then went away. i dont see no sens in that do you.

Well Horace ill sure write agen soon. how is the pigs and the old cow. gee id giv a lot to hav a skate on the old creek down by Saunders and how is mary smith. give her my luv. sumtimes a fellow gets a bit homesik and dont have much appetite for a meal or so but we sure got to lick old fritz and nun of us is going back till we do it, good bye old scout. rite me a letter to

your old sidekick,
SINBAD.

B cumpany, Canadian Engineers,
Seaford, England.



A few copies of the first issue of THE CANADIAN SAPPER are still obtainable, post free 7d.

Our Portrait Gallery.



[Swaine]

[London]

LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW MACPHAIL, D.S.O.

Lieut.-Colonel Andrew MacPhail, D.S.O., sailed with the Canadian Engineers in September, 1914, with the 3rd Field Company. In the early part of 1916, he took over the 1st Division from Brig.-Gen. W. B. Lindsay, as C.R.E. He carried out these duties most efficiently until January, 1918, when he was transferred to the 5th Division.

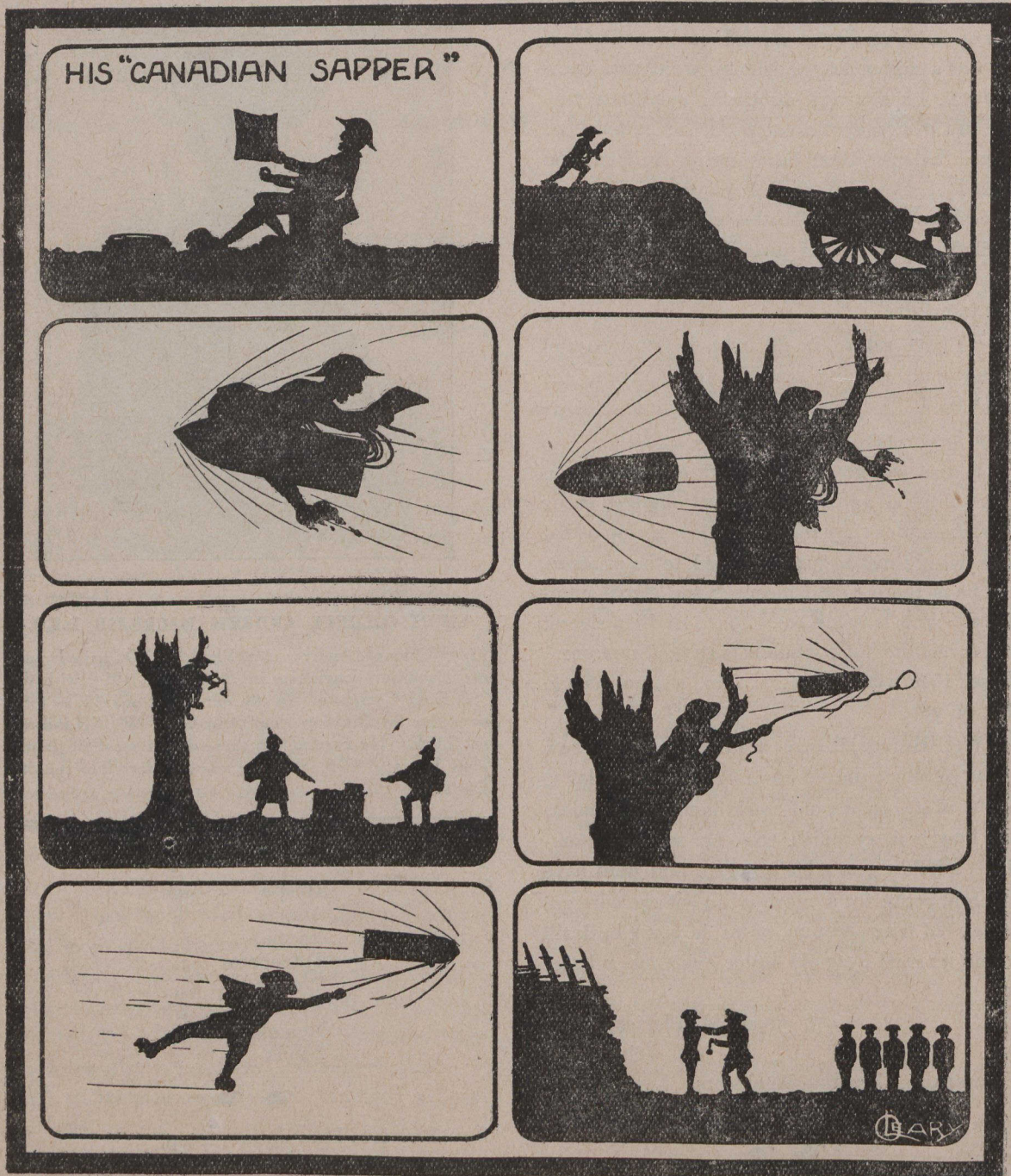
"Shun."—The Army Life.

Hesita	-	tion
Attesta	-	"
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Transporta	-	"
Prostra	-	"
Vexa	-	"
Demobiliza	-	"
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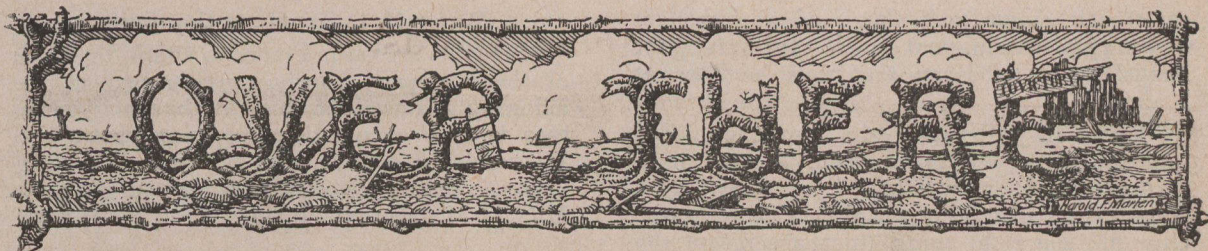


A curious Hun up in "Yeep,"
O'er the parapet took just one peep,
But a sapper so fine,
In the Canadian line,
Took a shot which put Fritzie to sleep.

A Story without Words.



For the best "Yarn" based on the above sketches—not to exceed 300–350 words—the Editor offers a Prize of 12 months' Free Subscription to "The Canadian Sapper."



Major J. M. Rolston's Company.

We offer our congratulations to Captain Chetwynd, D.C.M., on the first issue of THE CANADIAN SAPPER. We well remember him at Ploegstratte, and wish his new venture every success. The "Old Red Patch" will give him every assistance.

Sergt. E. J. Bridgewater now wears the D.C.M. and M.M. These decorations were late in coming to "Bridget," but if anyone earned them, he did. Congratulations, Cupid.

Question: Is a railway crossing harder than a man's nose?

Captain G. R. Turner, M.C., D.C.M. (the little man of iron), our Second-in-Command, now dangles a presentation "crop" when out riding (Hush!) It was very carefully taken away from Captain Bell, of Major E. Pepler's Company, in open competition. Clean horses, harness, and waggons did the trick. We hear Major Lynn's Company means business next time.

Sergeant T. G. Terriss received the Belgian Croix de Guerre. Lucky old Terry. We just wish you had a few more decorations, for you got through some real "dirty" sessions, and they were not all in the Sergeant's mess either. Loved one, you are real smart at "Right" and "Left" hand salutes by numbers.

Our old friend Q.M.S. English (anything you want?) is now on his way to Canada. We miss his after-dinner speeches badly, and no more do we hear of "This most auspicious occasion." Have a real good time, old scout.

A book is about to be written by Lieut. L. M. Sinclair, entitled "How soon a man can become war worn."

Mackintosh of Mackintosh has lost his whistle. Can any of our readers please send him a tin whistle, and his Bull Cook a drum?

R.S.M. Botting has become a regular entertainer. His rendering of the "Veteran Song" at the smoker just brought down the house. We visit him often, for he always keeps something on his "hip."

Congratulations to Lieut.-Colonel H. F. H. Hertzberg, D.S.O., M.C., on winning the coveted D.S.O. Who more worthily earned it than he? Ask the Sappers, who still swear by him as far as line work is concerned.

The name of our new O/C is not new to us, and very ably has he taken over the duties of handling this F.C. He has an excellent second in the person of Captain G. R. Turner, M.C., D.C.M.

Major J. M. Rolston and the officers are all feeling two inches taller since this Company got such a big boost in the Transport inspection, held on February 24th, so they very kindly supplied the liquid refreshments, smokes, etc., for a smoking concert which was held in Pontoon Chateau (the wagon shed), which was tastefully decorated with camouflage, corrugated iron, and not a few homely faces. The musical programme was a huge success; in fact, some of the boys have not yet stopped weeping after hearing the pathetic rendering of the Marseillaise by "Lady" Gough. The air was taken up by the Drivers, also the pontoon chesses, which acted as seats greatly to their regret.

Lieut. "Jimmy" Staples' maiden speech brought down the house. Why blush so much, "Old Thing"?

✱ ✱ ✱

Major E. Pepler's Company.

Major Pepler, D.S.O., had four days' leave in Paris. It is understood that he will forward a report to the "Lord's Day Alliance Committee," on certain matters that came under his notice.

✱ ✱ ✱

Major H. D. St. A. Smith's Company.

"What was the outstanding feature during the time you were in Paris?" was the query handed to Driver Joe Poliquin, of "Pop 'em down" fame, who has just landed back from the French metropolis. "The only feature," says Joe, "was the garcon bringing in my breakfast

at 10 ack emma each day, and the thought of you guys standing out in the rain waiting for Bradshaw to hand out the bacon and tea at 7 a.m."

Driver Guy Bryant had a new one handed him the other afternoon when, dressed in a slicker coat, he was given "Eyes right" by a sergeant in charge of an R.E. Labour gang. Guy did the right thing (to the sergeant) by looking around into empty space for the officer.

The many friends of former Sergt. Jim Fraser, formerly of the 4th Field Company, will be glad to learn of his promotion to W.O. rank while posted to the C.E.T.D.

Talking about aeronautics, one can get posted on all the inside stuff as to zooming and buses, etc., from several members of the Company who have fallen victims to the flying bug. Here's hoping they get by in the interviews, and make the grade to the senior arm.

* * *

Major A. L. Mievil's Company.

Congratulations to Sergt. David Wilson.

Corpl. Harry Joyce has returned from his course.

Congratulations to Lance-Corporals Jackson and Noble, both good men, who will do credit to their lofty appointments. Likewise to Sergt. Chandler who—ditto.

Mac is running the cook-house while Jimmy is enjoying himself in Blighty.

What happened to Carroll?

Mullock does not want a pass to-morrow.

Denny has made Canada. Congratulations, Joe. By the way, we enjoyed the box that came for you three days after.

Corpl. Gorrill (Harry Lauder II.) is expected back shortly. The sooner the quicker.

Only one item in this column this month: Sapper Walters.

It has been suggested that we write a biographical sketch of Lieut. Wilson; but, as the subject is a lengthy one, we regretfully hold it over for a future issue.

What are the troops to wear in the place of P.H.?

Recreation of the troops on rest:—Polishing brass, mounting guard, saluting.

Amusements in the forward area:—Dodging whiz bangs, reading the shirt, salvage.

"MINENWERFER."

Major H. L. Trotter's Company.

Since its arrival in France as a unit, the work of this Company has been recognised in the following bestowal of honours by the powers that be:—Four mentions in despatches; one Distinguished Service Order; seven Military Crosses; one bar to Military Cross; eighteen Military Medals; one Belgian Croix de Guerre.

* * *

Major E. T. C. Schmidlin's Company.

Our sergeant has been pretty busy distributing a liberal supply of Player's Navy Cut cigarettes, received from the C.E.T.D. St. John's P.Q. A neatly embossed card accompanied each gift, bearing the Canadian Engineers' crest, and best wishes of the season. Thank you, St. Johns; we all have a very warm spot in our hearts for you, and in return reciprocate the compliment.

It was most gratifying to the men of No. 1 Section, and the —Field Company in general, to learn of the promotion of Sapper C. S. Thompson, who, it will be remembered, gained recognition in the form of the Military Medal and congratulations from a C/O in the 12th Brigade, for a very daring exploit carried out some few months ago.

A happy man indeed is our new Lance-Corporal C. S. Thompson, and we all heartily join in wishing him and his blushing bride a long, happy, and prosperous life.

Under the excellent supervision of Private P. Fletcher, M.A., of Cambridge University, England, our school of the French language is in a flourishing condition. In some of the billets, it is almost impossible to get in a word of English. Good luck to you, Professor; you are a valuable asset to our unit.

[These notes were received too late for publication last month.—EDITOR.]

* * *

Capt. Worsley's A.T. Company.

The boys are very sorry to hear that Lieut. H. Davey has made the extreme sacrifice. While with the Company, he was popular and well liked by all. He came out with the Company in 1915, and obtained a commission in the 44th Battalion during the spring of 1917. We offer our sincere sympathy to his people.

Well, we have lost Dad Jones. One fine morning he shouldered pack and rifle, and started on his journey for fair Canada. Oh, to be him! But now, when we come to think of it, who is

the sapper or sappers who took over his business? Mums the word.

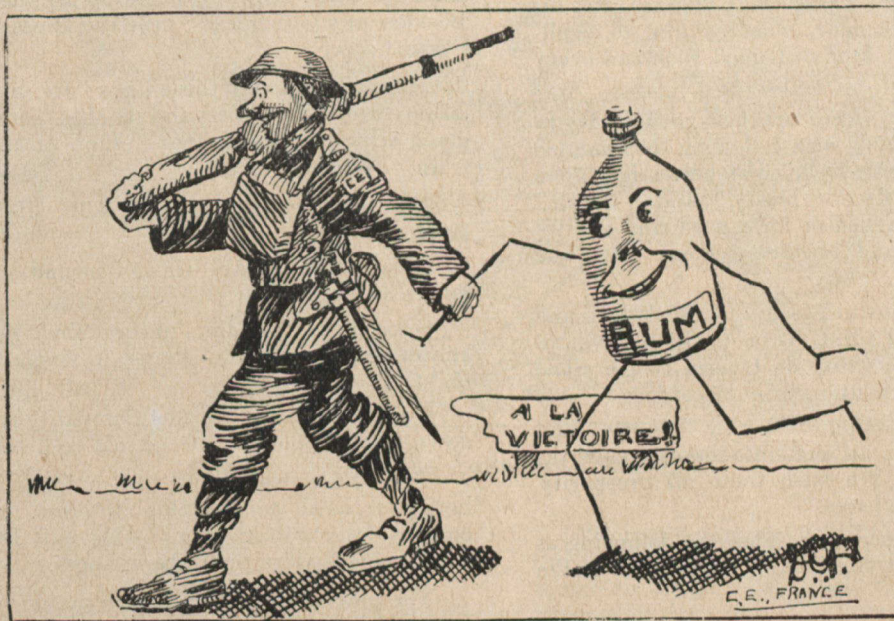
We have our eye on the driver who invested a few francs on hair restorer, and because it would not give satisfactory results, applied it to his poor horse. He is paying for his joke now, as he has to clip the horse twice weekly.

It appears that a certain officer cannot understand why certain female entertainers should make love to him. Well, surely a man of his age ought to know before this, why married men sit in the bald-headed row in theatres.

The Company is proud of the fact that two of its officers have been mentioned in despatches, and that the Croix de Guerre has been awarded to one of its N.C.Os.

Everyone was sorry to lose C.S.M. T. W. Scott, who was called to Blighty to take a commission. We all wish him well, and hope that his career as an officer will be as successful as it was when he was S.M.

Officers and men have felt much saddened by the death of Sapper J. D. B. Rae, and they sympathise with his relatives in their loss.



Read what the Canadians are doing on one swig of rum; then figure out what would happen to "Fritz" if each Canadian carried about with him a full jar!

A "Rum" Proposition for Fritz.

(To be worked by Rule of Three.)

"If you want to learn a new trade, join the Engineers." It appears that the S.M. has a position waiting for him apres la guerre. It leaked out that it was at Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, in Winnipeg, putting tights on sausages.

* * *

Major C. B. Russell's A.T. Company.

An anniversary was held to commemorate the arrival of this Company in France, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Nevertheless, the general hope is that another anniversary will be unnecessary.

The football team hope soon to get going again. The ground is drying, and some good games are hoped for.

* * *

Major E. R. Vince's A.T. Company.

Those who imbibe declare that "Vinn Blink" is more procurable, and greatly reduced in price, since a certain ex-Royal Highlander of Canada was placed on the "Keg."

Dame Rumour hath it that "Peddler" thrilled the natives (while on leave) with his vivid first hand accounts of how he took the Bellevue spur.

Fred, in response to many anxious enquiries, wishes it to be known that his "chicken" is doing nicely, thank you.

Lieuts. Holman and Dougherty, who swapped with Lieuts. Brooks Adams and "Scully" McCullough, are the latest acquisitions of the Company. The two latter have returned to Blighty to shed fresh lustre on a fortunate Depot.

"AK TOK."

✻ ✻ ✻

Major P. Earnshaw's Signal Company.

We are sorry to lose Sergt. J. R. Jeffrey, who left for England on February 25th. "Jeff's" quiet and unassuming manner, and his invariable good-humour, endeared him to us all. We wish him all kinds of good luck and every success in the R.F.C.

The Company loses another good D.R. in Corpl. G. H. Pound, who, following the example of his former "side-kick," Batchelor, has gone to England to fly. "Dusty" and "Batch" could always be relied on for a good run, and we wish them success in their efforts with the R.F.C.

Congratulations to Lieut. J. A. M. Young and Corpl. (now Sergt.) N. C. Turnour, both of whom were awarded the Croix de Guerre Belge. The former was also mentioned in despatches.

"Duffy" Lawson, "Charley" Stowe, and "Spud" Murphy, all took unto themselves wives while on leave. We wish them all prosperity and lots of future leave.

Suppose we ought to label the following as a joke, to prevent the Editor including it in the news column:—

Scene: Q.M. Stores.

Sapper:—"Say, Quarter, how's chances for a couple of identity discs?"

Q.M.—"Where are the ones you were issued with?"

Sapper:—"They were shot off my neck by a sniper at Vimy Ridge."

Q.M. collapses. Sapper wins.

I'm not going to criticize the stuff

That's shot in this old war—

One half of it, we know, is bluff:

The other we've heard before.

One hears of many curious things

And happenings these days,

And when you've been here over a year,

You're used to peculiar ways.

The strangest thing that's happened to me,

And I tell you, I've travelled some,

Is—I've just got a parcel from Canada,

WITHOUT ANY CHEWING GUM!

The canteen seems to be doing good business. We did hear rumours of the profits made during one week, and although we are not divulging trade secrets, a good dividend should be declared.

HEARD AROUND THE HORSE LINES.

The fine weather brought out horses, and in some instances some riders.

If you wear infantry serges and not riding breeches, no apologies or explanations are necessary for being stiffened up for a week or two, after an hour on horseback. Great thing, infantry serges—no puttees and a nice crease; ask Pop, when he's all dolled up for the 9 p.m. Besides, any "itchiness" near the knees is more "get-at-able."

He really is busy these days; we mean the tailor—such nice collars and patches, not repairs, green ones. When the boys climb on the leave train. What, what!

You've got to hand it to the S.M. He's some horse dealer.

Some shine, Daisy—Gas 14 seconds. Why you're all dead.

Good bye, Aladdin: never mind, William knows all about it, and stages it single-handed nightly.

Quite a number of the Company are now downstairs Corporals. Good old contemptibles.

The O/C's inspection and judging of the horses aroused considerable interest. Here's congratulations to Sappers Quigg and Delaney, whose horses were the prize winners.

The parcels were jake. Cheerio to the Hon. William, his colleagues, and the people.

WITH APOLOGIES TO R.W.D.

Post Card Pete on the mail no more;

How he is missed by the boys.

'Tis said that his — is a wee bit sore,

But think of a D.R.'s joys.

He rushes along with a cynical air,

No one is prouder than he;

He looks at his pals with that frozen stare,

As he lets the clutch out free.

They say he's a snorter on the road,

As he overtakes tractors and runners,

And handles with ease a heavy load,

This wonder of twenty summers.

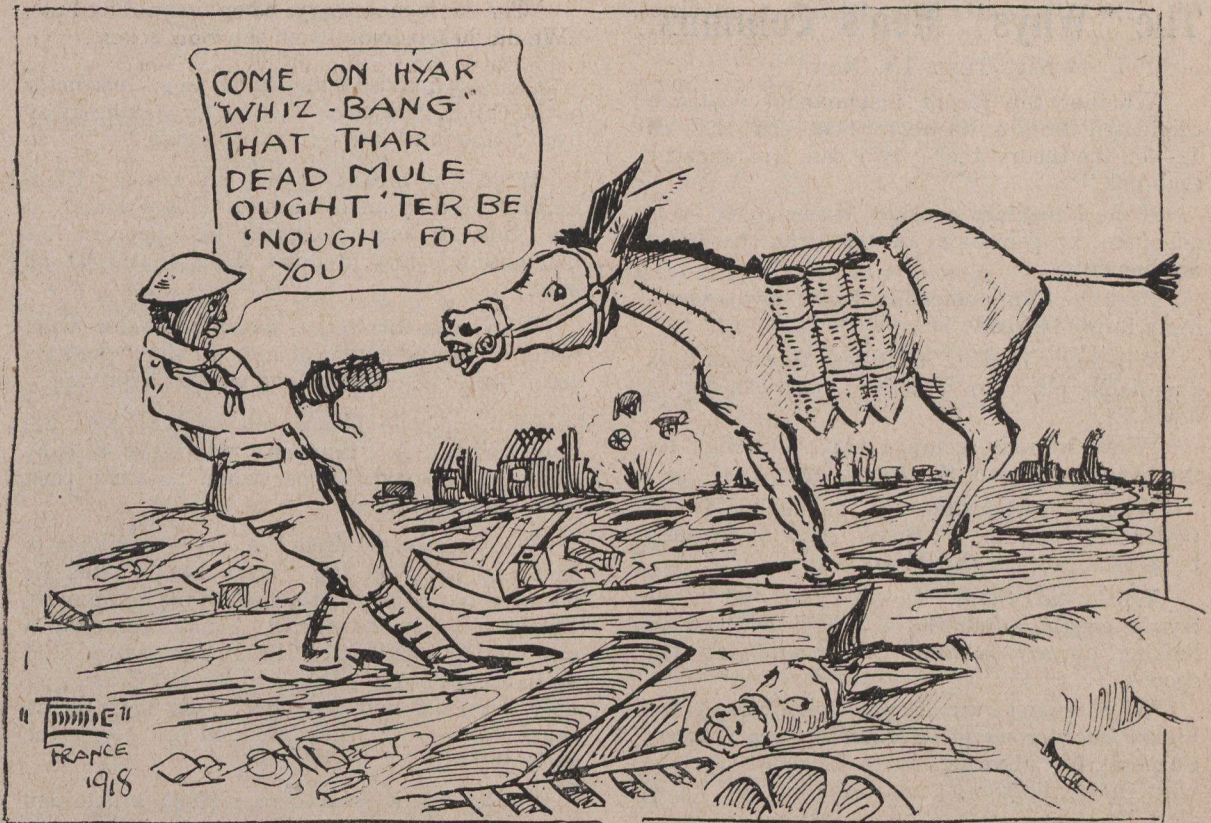
Oh, there's a class to our D.R. Section bon,

Such as Van and Lorry and Paton;

But now there is added our wonderful Don,

The youth who has never been sat on.

C.H.S.



“ On the Zonnebeke Road.”

Surprising what a number of Ontario men there are in the Company.

A line is the shortest distance between two points, if my memory of Euclid is still good. But a while back, when the weather was bad, I overheard a lineman say that a certain line was a (deleted by censor). I think that he must have been right.

When does your leave start? Ask Charles.

* * *

Major A. A. Anderson's Signal Company.

We learn with the greatest pleasure that Mr. Genet has attained the dignity of a third “pip.” This officer certainly has “a way wid him” that ensures a warm corner in the hearts of all.

Let's hope that “three of a kind” will bring him pots of luck.

We regret that we have heard nothing from the Tramway Companies C.E. We shall have to call on Major “Pat” Goldie, and ask him to whisper in their ears.

* * *

The silence of the Tunnelling Company is equal to their work; let's hope they will soon fire something: we shall then hope for some of their “fragments.”

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Copies of THE CANADIAN SAPPER will be sent, securely wrapped, to any home, colonial, or foreign address, post free, at the following rates per copy:—

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6 ,, ..	3/6	90 cents	5.00 ,,

P.O.s and cheques should be made payable to “The Editor, THE CANADIAN SAPPER.”

The "Whys" Men's Columns.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Whether the recent matrimonial epidemic originated from a desire to beat the H.C. of L.—on the theory that "two can live cheaper than one."

If the Benedicks consider extension of leave adequate compensation for the risks that they are incurring?

Does the Camp comedian know how screamingly funny he really is?

Whether "Darkie" considers the duck walk a suitable place to practise "on the hands down"?

Where we may secure a hat big enough for the badge in front of the Depot Office?

Who is responsible for publishing Depot Order 226 2/11/18: "Boots, *steps* to be taken to economize"? I should say not.

What did Sergt. Lewin think when he *nearly* caught a rabbit the other day, and on looking up saw a Staff Officer enjoying the sport?

Why wasn't the Sergt. who owned the highly odoriferous goose crimed by the Sanitary Corporal, for allowing it to be hung on the western signpost without sounding the "Gas alert"?

Who taught his spinster hostess in Bicester the gentle art of poker?

Why had Sergt. McCoster a monopoly on osculation when the 15th left Weston?

If Sapper Wade didn't think he was riding the logs again when he jumped into the ditch on the march to Weston?

Why Corpl. Fleming won't allow THE SAPPER to publish the photograph that was taken in front of his billet?

Why does Sapper Gilbert Smith scale the timber in a goosebury bush by the running *foot*?

Why did "Wully" Rae find the parting at Bicester so hard?

If C.S.M. Morley and Sergt. Gould received cigarette cases from the vicar at Weston when they left their billet, why did they not pass a few "cigs" round the mess room?

Why the men out here who have borne the brunt are not given more opportunities to qualify for promotion with the new units?

Whether the men with "pull" don't make rings around those who have only push?

Why is it necessary, when inspecting huts, to stand 20 feet away from the fuze boxes?

Can any married man furnish an ex-Instructor of the C.S.S. with fresh excuses for staying away from home until late on Friday nights?

What was meant by the expression "Chignelled," used by an officer in a billiard match at the Club not long ago, when his opponent lost his nerve? [Ed.: I don't think that is at all kind.]

Who was the Sergt.-Major-Instructor who, while taking a party of men to the "pontoon area," said "Eyes left," and saluted a private?

Will someone please tell us who was the Sergt. from "A" Company who gave a baby soother to a certain sapper when he came back from his honeymoon?

What reason prompts the average soldier to sniff and sneer at the "brass hat"? Has he not even more brass attached to his equipment, which, properly burnished, constitutes him a scintillating member of the British Army, and partially, if not totally, eclipses our friends of the "brass hat and red tags"? So there is no cause for envy; what grounds bring out the antipathy?

How comes it that there is such a shortage of good Scotch whisky? The question becomes doubly insistent when we recall the fact that the bulk of Scottish manhood is now living in France, or has found a permanent resting place there. As a matter of actual fact, the shortage is alarmingly serious. We heard recently of an officer whose birthday could not be celebrated either by himself or his friends, owing to the conspicuous and lamentable absence of the liquid that cheers.

Does every soldier in France or in England realize the debt we all owe to the officers and men of all branches of our Navy? There is a tendency amongst soldiers to think that they alone are bearing the full brunt of the war. In reality, if it were not for the men of the sea, we would be unable to "carry on."

Whether each unit is supposed to grow all their rations during the coming spring and summer?

Who was the sapper who, when asked by his O.C. why the surnames of himself and his son were different, explained that he enlisted under a "nom de plume"?

Roll of Honour.

[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

Died.

69258 Emmerson, E. 193086 Jones, W. T.

Accidentally Killed.

231 Wilson, R. S.

Wounded.

Lieut. W. H. Stewart.	469428	MacIntosh, Sergeant
5039 Austin, L-Cpl. H. L.		W. T.
505893 Besforth, A.	108371	Marsh, R.
500362 Bell, W.	541940	Martin, E.
105234 Caines, C. E.	1679	Murray, H.
503333 Chisholm, R.	788889	Pappin, J.
1009735 Clift, J. R.	459659	Parsons, G.
706943 Demicheli, E.	898031	Patterson, G.
636381 Ellis, V.	629527	Patterson, T. C.
503496 Ferguson, D.	808626	Poole, R. F.
502816 Firkins, W. H. C.	471030	Pushkar, J.
624206 Forbes, C.	123986	Ridealgh, H. W.
506376 Fiske, J.	443569	Ritchie, W. J.
469263 Gillis, A.	500079	Ross, R.
700938 Johnson, A.	460154	Rowell, G.
490604 Kerr, R. C.	5197	Sanderson, W. J.
503386 Kennedy, A.	440815	Scott, G.
240 Lang, S. V.	1051345	Shaner, S. W.
17243 Linton, J. S.	108567	Swan, J.
646014 Linton, L-Cpl F.	71322	Todd, J. A.
415457 Lyons, J.	1078170	West, C. A.
1006298 Lyons, E.	716019	Wood, G.

Our Officers in Hospital.

Lieut. W. A. Balfour and Lieut. J. B. Mason, M.C.—Prince of Wales' Hospital, Marylebone.
 Capt. D. F. Dewar and Lieut. A. B. M. Barclay—Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Buxton.
 Lieut. W. B. Donoghue and Lieut. H. M. Lewis—13th Canadian General Hospital, Hastings.
 Lieut. V. M. Meek and Lieut. G. B. Morley—2nd West General Hospital, Manchester.
 Lieut. C. E. Richardson and Lieut. Topping—Daughters of Empire Hospital, Hyde Park Place, London, W.
 Lieut. J. H. Challacombe—Officers' Convalescent Hospital, Hillcote, Tower Hill, Dorking.
 Lieut. H. W. Craig—Military Orthopedic Hospital, Shepherd's Bush.
 Lieut. M. F. Fredea—4th London General Hospital.
 Lieut. W. W. Raymond, M.C.—Grove Military Hospital, Tooting.
 Lieut. W. H. Stuart—1st West General Hospital, Liverpool.

Commissions and Appointments.

Temp. Lieut. L. I. Johnson, from Eastern Ontario Regiment, to be Temporary Lieutenant.
 Temp. Captain A. Hibbert, M.C., to be Acting Major while commanding the Canadian Tunnelling Coy.
 Temp. Captain A. M. Stroud to be Acting Major while specially employed.
 Temp. Captain M. S. Parnell-Smith is seconded for duty with the War Office.

Honours List.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve the following:—

Engineer Officers awarded M.C. for Gallantry in the Field.

Lieut. W. E. Bull.	Lieut. R. D. Kinmond.
Lieut. H. R. Christie.	Lieut. V. S. C. McClenaghan.
Lieut. G. H. Ferguson.	Lieut. (A/Capt.) M. A. Pope.
Lieut. H. J. R. Jackson.	

N.C.Os. and Men awarded the Military Medal for Gallantry in the Field.

[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

SECOND BAR TO MILITARY MEDAL.

418834 Smardon, Cpl. L. P.	108271 Harper, Sergt. R.
106072 Ball, 2/Cpl. (A/Sgt.)	171786 Hibbert, A/Sgt. A.K. C. W.

MILITARY MEDAL.

5034 Eddy, Serat. A.	292209 Lovett, H. R.
500685 Allen, C. V.	504668 McFie, Corpl. J. A.
475 Armstrong, Sgt. W. D.	58214 McDonald, L/Corpl. J. C.
504530 Bates, J. E.	500335 Mallinson, Cpl. W.
506488 Beatty, J. M.	150151 McArthur, 2/Corpl. A. J.
18 Blyth, Serat. J.	504790 McDaniel, Dvr. M. G.
506489 Brazier, H. J.	228234 McDonald, W. J.
502695 Bull, H. W.	709080 Morgan, J. T.
418875 Burgess, Corpl. F.	541615 Morton, C. O.
501 Campbell, Cpl. (Sgt.)	503173 Mount, H. T. R.
M. J.	502051 Natale, L/Cpl. G.
541534 Choate, L/Cpl. W. H.	165 Ogilvie, Sgt. F. W.
271 Constant, L/Corpl. (A/2/Corpl.)	5317 Ollivier, 2/Cpl. R. H.
502442 Cottrell, W. H.	8258 Patmore, C. M.
54172 Curtis, L/Cpl. G. E.	193523 Potter, Sergt. M.
109296 Davis, C. J.	501115 Reid, 2/Corpl. D.
669107 Dawson, W. J.	505217 Reid, G. C.
442974 Donahue, P. J.	504212 Riddoch, Corpl. J.
501316 Dorey, L/Corpl. N.	192322 Robertson, W. D.
434913 Eastcott, E. J.	500082 Shand, 2/Corpl. (A/Cpl.) W. B.
541554 Evans, M. G.	502880 Shepherd, A/L/Cpl. W. V.
71 Fettus, 2/Corpl. W.	454 French, L/Cpl. W. G.
113014 Flanagan, L/Cpl. J. E.	192347 Stephenson, R.
431120 Fleming, T. A.	144710 St. Louis, J.
552380 Goldie, T.	501253 Trutch, G.
503199 Howey, G. G.	503083 Underwood, Dvr. W.
506419 Johnson, O.	541681 Vines, H. G.
159116 Jones, J. G.	89530 Ware, R. H.
345 Joyce, L/Cpl. J. C.	303 Watson, Sergt. G.
190331 Joyner, P.	192631 Wilson, E. W.
108329 Kitchen, I.	541974 Young 2/Cpl. W. A.
121 Lea, Corpl. W.	
45142 Lewis, Sergt. G.	

Marriages.

CALEY—LAMPOR.—At Shoreham, Sapper F. Caley to Constance May Lampor, daughter of Mr. George Lampor, of Hove. February 8th, 1918.
 KERSEY—WEAVER.—At Hastings, Sapper S. W. Kersey to Mildred Ruth Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, Hastings. February 12th, 1918.
 TURNER—KENT.—At Louth, Lincolnshire, Sapper Richard Turner to Mary Kent. February 9th, 1918.

ROUND THE DEPOT.



MAJOR J. P. FELL.

Major Fell sailed from Canada in September, 1914, with the 1st Field Company. He was engaged on special work with Divisional Headquarters for some time. In February, 1916, he took command of the 1st Field Company, and in October of the same year took over command of the 7th F.C. He was transferred to C.E.T.D. in March, 1917, taking command of "A" Company, and afterwards acting as Second-in-Command of the Depot.

He has always taken a great interest in all forms of sport, and has done a great deal to further the sporting side of the Depot's work.

Headquarters.

Having read the first issue of THE CANADIAN SAPPER from the first to the last, upside down and inside out, I failed to find a column headed "Headquarters." I have then, for the past few weeks, been hunting through all the wastepaper

boxes, pigeon-holes and files, to find something to get in on it, and so show that we are still on the map. Headquarters boys are hereby requested to wake up to the fact that there is a place in the Magazine at their disposal.

Exit Mr. Airey, enter Mr. Osborne, our "new" Adjutant. Mr. Airey has been presented with a ring from the boys in the office, as a little memento before starting for France. Our best wishes go with him.

Tommy Miller and P. C. Knight have gone to the R.F.C. We trust that they will eventually be issued with wings (upon the earth). The best of luck to both of them.

"Scottie" Hunter has just returned from leave, and, yes, he got married. We wish him all that he wishes himself, and hope that he will be seen some day in Seaford with a carriage and pair.

The following N.C.Os. have been detailed to attend a course in brass polishing and shaving in the Signal Lines at 4.30 daily: Sergt. Lewin, Corpl. Sedgley, Corpl. Bates.

It is notified for the information of Sergt. Withenshaw, Corpl. Burnie, and Sapper Webster, that licences will not be required to drive motor cycles on water, or a substitute.

Bounds: owing to the prevalence of death, France is hereby placed out of bounds.

"DEXIEL PATER."



Best wishes to Lieut. C. St. B. Sladen and Lieut. F. P. Steers, on their return to France. A note has been made by certain officers of the route taken, namely, *via* Canada. This appears to be one sure way of returning to the Front (with "U" permission). Where did they get the pull to work so enjoyable a trip?

Reports from certain sources (reliable or otherwise) show that the party at Littlehampton are enjoying the change of climate, and have no particular wish to return.

We are pleased to welcome Lieut. Gardner in our midst, and hope that his health will improve under the sedentary treatment prescribed.

It is satisfactory to note that the larger portion of the prize money in the recent bombing competition went to the men under orders for overseas.

“TRACING TAPE.”



Boys, oh boys, what are you doing in this Company? Where are the brilliant flashes of humour, the warlike poems, and the trenchant sketches we expected of you? Still in the limbo of stillborn effort, they haven't reached us. Not even a limerick about a corporal, or even a rough caricature of a Company officer; no poems and no records of experience. This must be seen to; we must wake up. This is the strongest Company in the Depot, and should have a high average of production. If you have an idea, and don't know how to work it up, give it to someone who does, because an idea is a thing that should never be lost. The world is poorer by every lost idea.

“PLUG.”



We have an A.L/C. in this Company who is desirous of obtaining a side-saddle to be used *this summer*. Any driver whose wife has given up hunting as a pastime, and has forsaken the “upper ten” class, might seek this N.C.O. and get to business. [Ed. note.—We are doing all we can to help this N.C.O., and are inquiring of the M.F.H. if he's hunting this summer.]

Well done, the batman who refused to beeswax the soles of the Q.M.'s boots. He was not punished for his sanity.

A definite date is being arranged to relieve our transport of any outside Company duties, to enable us to put at the disposal of our old Q.M. the *whole* of the transport section for the purpose of removing his goods and chattels to his new

abode. The C.A.S.C. has kindly consented to supplement our vehicles with their entire service for this important purpose.

Orderly Officer (at 9 a.m.): I'm—Depot—Orderly—dog—to-day. What—time—do—I—have—to—report—up—there?

Casey: At six o'clock, sir.

Orderly Officer: What? In—the—evening?

There have been several changes in our officers lately. Mr. Clarke left us all of a sudden, and Mr. Tett came in to help us out.

Capt. Greening has been posted to the Company from “A” Company.

“Back in five minutes.”

“ROUGHREIDER.”



THE SIGNAL COMPANY'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- 1.—The skipper is thy boss, and thou shalt have no other boss before him.
- 2.—On parade thou shalt make of thyself a graven image, lest his wrath fall upon thee.
- 3.—If thou paradest in improper raiment, thy name shall not be taken in vain; the Sergeant-Major will be thy accuser, and verily thou shalt be up against it.
- 4.—Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, and on the seventh day cometh Church parade.
- 5.—Salute thy skipper and thy Orderly Officer, that thy days may be long in the Signal Company.
- 6.—Thou shalt not murder thy bugler who bloweth Reveille before any other bugler in the land.
- 7.—Thou shalt not make friends on the seashore.
- 8.—Thou shalt not steal an hour's sleep while the wise men of the land lecture on Fullerphones.
- 9.—Thou shalt not bear false witness as to the presence of one who is absent, when the Orderly Officer cometh through the huts at Tattoo.
- 10.—Thou shalt not covet the jobs in the Army Service Corps, nor their meals, nor their longevity, nor anything that is the Army Service Corps'.

The St. Valentine's party given by the Signal Officers was an affair of much magnitude. Most of the celebrities of the C.E.T.D. were there, and fair ladies to delight the eye were in abundance.

During the evening the skipper was presented with the freedom of the North Camp, and the padre with the freedom of the Bar.

The quiet atmosphere about the Company is not the lull before the storm—Sergt. Darling has gone away for a six weeks' course in wireless. That is all.

If it weren't for the Censor, we would like to welcome in this column the ——— Signal Company, which has been at ——— since ——— 1917, and which arrived last ——— with ——— officers and ——— other ranks. When we heard that they would take seniority for France, we ——— wished the Censor had refused to let them come.

“BAX.”



Coincident with the report of Gen. Wilson's appointment to the General Staff, comes news of Lieut. Pete Green being sent across the Channel. Naturally, certain rumours have been circulated around the Depot regarding Pete's new appointment.

Lieut. E. R. Woodward arrived back in the Depot from a P.T. course at Shorncliffe. He was decorated with the M.C. by the King in London on his way home.

Lieut. W. W. Ritchie paid a flying visit to the Depot a couple of weeks ago. He was taken on the strength of the C.E.T.D. a couple of days after he had left for France again. One case of coming back and meeting yourself going over again.

Lieut. George Hambly, also of the Tunnelling Company, has again gone to France. No more worrying over getting drafts ready for Headquarters inspection.

Capt. C. O. Richards, a recent casualty from France, is in charge of some constructional work at Littlehampton.

Major C. B. North, M.C., D.S.O., spent leave in London recently.

“THE MOLE.”



The regimental tailors have been working overtime this last week, fixing ornaments on the sleeves of our popular “Chief.” Congratulations on a well-merited promotion.

Lieut. E. E. Jordan, 1st Canadian Reserve Battalion, and Lieut. C. J. Oram, 17th C.R.B., are at present attending the eighth Course at this School.

Major G. A. Cline, D.S.O., chief instructor of the Signal Company, gave a very able and interesting lecture on the communications at Vimy Ridge, to the pupils of this School last Wednesday morning.

A competitive map reading contest for the Instructional Staff was held on Feb. 27th, and resulted in favour of the following N.C.Os. :— 59275 Sergt. W. G. Drake; 59659 Sergt. J. Milky; 1613 S/Sergt. C. W. Johnson.

“ESSES ESSES.”

♦ ♦ ♦

MATTERS OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

Japan wakes up and is trying to do the same to China.

Major Ward defeated Lieut. Brown for the championship of the Depot. The excitement was so intense that one of the waiters swooned away.

Sergt. Doncaster takes unto himself a wife. Among the presents for the happy couple was a bill from the Quartermaster for four missing buzzers.



5th Division.

15th Field Company.

DEAR OLD BICESTER.

In all its Cook's tours of Southern England, it is safe to say that nowhere did the —th Div. Engineers get such a warm welcome and make so many friends as at Bicester and Weston. The natives were a little ahead of the Canadians before they arrived, but when they left there was no man who hadn't made warm friends. On the other hand, the people were unanimous in asserting that the Engineers had in no case abused the hospitality that was so freely offered them. There were many sore hearts when the time for parting came, and quite a number of Canadians who went to Oxfordshire single, left there in double harness. It is a safe bet that whenever leave is given, a great number of the passes will be made out to the place that the boys have just left, and where they have made “homes.”

The men of this Company are particularly grateful to the good people of Weston.



The C.E.T.D. Musketry Staff.

- Front Row** (Left to Right)—Sergt. Lilly, Sergt. Hay, Sergt. Hola, C.Q.M.S. Downton, Lieut. Bethell, Sergt. Stewart, Sergt. Hill, Corpl. Fuller.
- Middle Row**—Sergt. Watts, Sapper Gulliford, Sergt. Nutt, Corpl. Farmer, L/Corpl. Johnston, Corpl. Linekar, 2/Corpl. Lawrence, Corpl. Short.
- Back Row**—Sergt. Miller, L/Corpl. Munro, L/Corpl. Buttery, L/Corpl. McEwan, Corpl. McLeod, Sergt. Lockett.

Lieut. R. A. Bolton has returned to France.

Lieuts. Adams and Hayes have reported from France, and taken up duties with the Company.

No. 2 Section were very sorry to lose Mr. Walley as their Company Commander. He is now Messing Officer, and in charge of the drivers. Mr. McAfee takes his place with No. 2 Section.

Sapper L. J. Proctor, of No. 3 Section, has received a commission, and is taking a course preparatory to service with the Artillery.

Sergt. G. M. Butters, Sergt. Stevenson, and Corpl. Grieve are taking a course in the R.N.A.S. Sergt. Butters and Corpl. Grieve visited their old Company while it was at Weston.

General Orders.

The Brigadier compliments the Sappers on their smart appearance and drill, but notes several grave instances of slackness in the band. The trombones were not pushed out together, nor were they of equal length. The keys of the clarionets were not pressed in unison, nor were the instruments uniform in size or volume of sound. The bass was played in different notes to the alto. These deficiencies must be remedied, and all lack of uniformity must cease forthwith.

❧ ❧

“GET YOUR HAIR CUT” by Louis Hyman,
the Court hairdresser.

Shearings from Shorncliffe Signals.

R.E. BARRACKS, SHORNCLIFFE,
March 3rd, 1918.

DEAR EDITOR,

Our duly appointed Scribe having vainly endeavoured to push a "Henry" off the road with his head, went off to sleep, and when he awakened found himself in Beachboro Hospital. As he is not likely to take more than a passing interest in mundane things for a considerable period, we have elected ourself his successor, so that Signal Details, Shorncliffe, may not be forgotten.

Perhaps you will ask the local Sherbolt Gnomes to find out who the Engineer W.O. was who proceeded to Seaford a few days prior to the move, self-avowedly to arrange "COMPETITION" for his wife?

The following excerpt from the well known comedy, "Orderly Officer's Inspection," by K. Arno, may serve to tickle the risibilities of any save those of Scottish origin:—

Dramatis Personæ: Orderly Officer, Orderly Sergeant, Hut Orderly.

Scene: A hut, No. 3 Lines, North Camp. Time, 11 a.m. Date.....

Orderly Officer and Orderly Sergeant enter hut, and coming down centre, find Hut Orderly energetically endeavouring to get as near godliness as possible, and using a firebucket in the endeavour. Orderly Officer (severely, in the tone of one accustomed to command), "What are you doing there?" Hut Orderly, "W-w-washing, sir!" Orderly Officer, "What! don't you know that you must not wash in those buckets? step it at once. Company Order 41144 expressly states that the only purpose those buckets are to be used for is to bring FIREWATER into the huts."

Sundry giggles from various occupants of the hut bring to the Orderly Officer's mind a realization of his "faux pas," and he beats a hasty retreat.

We have had a bit of a shake up here. Several of our old timers were recalled to Seaford, and new men have taken their places. However, they are all likely looking chaps, and no doubt things will soon settle down in the old rut, and we will "resume normal."

Our late O/C, Lieut. C. B. Elliot, having spent a period in hospital swallowing rubber

tubing, etc., succeeded in convincing the Board that he was a sick man: as a result, he has gone to Canada for two months.

Lieut. Cunningham, the new O/C, professed a determination to master the intricacies of the Indian motor cycle, but the recent accidents to Sappers Dunbar and Wallace have proved more or less of a deterrent, I fear.

We had a visit from Major Stroud a few days ago. He poked his head inside our Orderly Room, inquired after our health, drew our attention to one or two details, and having explained that he was in a hurry to get to Bramshott, was off again. Sort of "Hullo—Goodbye" business, you know.

Lieut. Payne, who brought up the relief from Seaford the other day, *was actually in a hurry to get back*. Ye dots and little dashes! We could scarce believe our ears.

We saw two P.T. Instructors from Seaford up here on a refresher course t'other day. Remembering many 4 p.m. parades in the Seaford mud, perhaps our gloat was pardonable.

We regret that two of our D.R's, P. G. Dunbar and P. A. W. Wallace, got the worst of encounters with the product of Henry Ford.

Dunbar was not very seriously injured, and will be out soon. Wallace, however, was more badly hurt, and will likely be in hospital for some time.

UMPTY-IDDY UMPTY-IDDY.

Little Willie and his sister,
Watching a parade,
Saw a bomber show his skill,
Handling a grenade.
Willie slyly snaffled one
And passed it to his sister:
Willie's doing quite well now—
But sister—my, we've missed her!

Canadian Military Badges.

Special Prices on Quantity Orders for Canteens, etc.

HEMSLEYS (MONTREAL)

178, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C. 2

BRANCHES—BASINGSTOKE & BUXTON.

The Silencing Eye.

It may be open to doubt whether the humours of a regimental orderly room are a basis for legitimate laughter—but Carlyle has said that humour is a “sense of brotherly sympathy with the downward size”: and viewed from that standpoint, a good many humorous sidelights on human nature may be obtained from orderly room incidents.

It requires a combination of several very strong forces to reduce a talkative Irishman to silence; and I call to mind a case where this was accomplished almost entirely by the Colonel's eye.

It was an ordinary case of an A.P.M. charge of drunkenness—varied by the fact that the victim of joy was an Irishman, and the occasion the 17th of March.

The evidence was conclusive; the Colonel, with his arm on the table and his eye on the charge sheet, told the prisoner that this was the second time in a month, and asked him if he had anything to say.

He had. Lots.

“Sore, oi wuznt reely drunk. It's thim pollis. If they'd 'av left me alone oi'd not 'av bin here at all, at all. Oi wuz just quietly comin' home whin one ov thim comes up to me——”

“Do you question the evidence?” the Colonel murmured, without looking up.

“Well, sore, it waz the 17th of March, an' oi wuz comin' down the middle uv the road as stiddy as cud be whin——”

He stopped suddenly in mid-torrent as the Colonel, for the first time, raised his eyes and looked straight at him for a second, and then, lowering his eyes, picked up his pen, dipped it in the ink, and slowly approached the charge sheet with it.

The eye removed, the floodgates of eloquence were once more loosed.

“Sore, ye'll remimber in yer leniency it wuz the 17th av March.”

The Colonel paused.

“Sore, oi've bin in a cold damp cell this last night an' oi'm sober now, an' I askes ye to remimber——”

Again the Colonel looked up, and again the talk stopped abruptly.

Leaning back in his chair, the Colonel gazed fixedly at the prisoner, who, realising the close scrutiny he was under, stood steadily in the most perfect attitude of attention—as laid down—and gazed fixedly at a point above the officer's head.

He had become the exemplary soldier, and the Colonel, satisfied that nothing could be read, in that blank and innocent countenance, resumed a writing posture.

Paddy unbent at once; he also looked down, and saw the pen—a mightier weapon than the sword, and a recorder of decisions against which he knew all appeal to be vain—getting nearer to its dread work.

“Sore, right from the Royal Family down on the 17th av March——”

“Will you take my punishment?”

“If thim pollis——”

“Will you——”

“But, sore——”

The Colonel looked up for the last time, and he looked more determined than before.

“Ten days F.P. No. 2,” he said, “and fined \$2. March him out.”

✱ ✱ ✱

Famous Sayings by Famous Tunnellers.

“The whole thing is this.”—Capt. McK.

“Put me Orderly Dog for Friday, Brownie.”—Lieuts. Bloomfield and Greene.

“Is the Major coming down to-day?”—E. E. McC.

“Have I got your chair, Sergeant?”—Most Officers.

“So and So is no good as a partner.”—The Bridge Fiends.

“What time is Church Parade?”—General.

“I'll tell you why.”—The S.M.

“Howd'ye like an easy job, Hambly?”—The Adjutant.

“How many officers on P.T. this morning?”—The Major.

“Who the —— swipes all the pencils in this office?”—O.R.S.

“What about this 'ere man?”—The Return Clerk.

“What are the spurs used for?”—Mr. Cole.

“Holy Cat, by Jiminy Heck.”—Lieut. Rolfson.

“How many for the mines today, Sergt.-Major?”—Lieut. C. A. M.

“I'm over at the mess if I'm wanted.”—Orderly Officers.

The Poet's Corner.

Beware, Bill!

Is it Blighty you're going at last, Bill,
Or off for a spell to Rome?
Is it fourteen days in Paris,
Or invalided home?
Wherever it is, here's luck, Bill,
For a good time and a free;
But beware of a smile on a pretty face,
And remember what happened to me.
You have waited 12 months for the day, Bill,
Twelve months for 14 days;
So live like a king in his palace,
And bask in the sunshine of praise.
You'll peddle a line to the girls, Bill:
How you fought with the Huns 1 to 4,
Of the slaughter you caused with a Mills
grenade,
And then you'll think of some more.
Fourteen days isn't much, Bill,
But don't make it more for fun;
'Cos such things as good eats and kisses
Don't go with F.P. No.1.

C.H.S.

* * *

A Plea Against Putting Alfriston Out of Bounds.

Come, may a bard in unassuming lays
A plaintive theme in urgent moment raise,
To point a censure and to sing a praise
To Alfriston?
Why 'holden is that dear sequestered spot?
Is it because some sad delinquent sot
Despoiled thy citadel and enslaved our lot?
Dear Alfriston!
How fondly sought I in those days before,
Thy lovely precincts and their ancient lore,
And thus forgot the trammels of the war,
Fair Alfriston!
The sylvan beauty of thy fair domain,
The verdant meadow and the winding lane,
Alone did ease my one-time woeful bane,
Sweet Alfriston!
Yet do thy rustic charms allure me still;
I often hie me to a neighbouring hill,
And from afar adore thee to my fill,
Fond Alfriston!

F. H. ROWAT.

Our Hospital Togs.

O you get a good Blighty, cold feet or bad
boose,
And they dope you, and put you in hospital
blues—
Wonderful clothing of wondrous designs,
Built on sublimely ridiculous lines.
O those homely old hospital togs.
They look like the country had gone to the
dogs:
They would fit had God shaped us like turtles
or frogs,
Those homely old hospital togs.
If you're six foot or over, you draw a small
size,
And your ankles and wrists are out looking
for spies;
But if you are short, you must flounder about
In a suit that is turned at least half inside out.
They are baggy and saggy and, sad to relate,
They fit you too soon or they fit you too late.
And you go about blessing the hospital crews
Who fitted you out in your hospital blues.
O the times we have had in those hospital
clothes!
Sometimes we've sweltered and sometimes we've
froze;
The feeds and the concerts, and sometimes
the boose,
And what other indulgences—God only knows.
Yet we say that we long for our khaki once
more,
And the hospital blues are a terrible bore,
So we hustle them off, and line up in the queue,
Get re-punctured, and start in to wear them
anew.

L/CPL. T. W. MORDEN.

* * *

Who can tell?

Some people were made to be "soldiers,"
The Irish were made to be cops,
Sauerkraut was made for the Germans,
Spaghetti was made for the waps.
Fish were made to drink water,
Bums were made to drink boose.
Banks were made to keep money,
And money was made for the Jews.
Everything was made to be useful,
Everything we know—but a miser.
God made Wilson for President,
But whoever in h—— made the Kaiser?

The Dud.

They found a harmless little dud—
 Its nose cap glittered bright,
 The copper band was quite intact :
 It gave them much delight.

Said Bill to Mack, "I'll get an axe
 And break the copper band,
 While you can screw the nose cap off—
 Such gifts are in demand."

So Bill, he salvaged for an axe,
 And Mack a monkey wrench—
 For each bethought him of the gift
 Long due a comely wench.

Deep is the hole where once a dud
 Lay resting safe and sound,
 A little cross doth mark the spot
 Where those two chums were found!

Take heed, all ye who seek to find
 Some souvenir so rare,
 And let a sleeping dud lie still,
 Or write on it—"BEWARE."

* * *

"Blighty."

There's emeralds in the hedgerows where
 feathered choirs sing,
 In ancient elms the rooks are building homes,
 The children's carefree laughter makes joyful
 echoes ring.

Oh, it's down along in Devon where my
 restless spirit roams :
 I'd like to be in Blighty in the spring.

There's a lane all twists and turnings, where
 shades and sunbeams play
 Fantastic hide and seek as soft winds stroke
 The tapering blackthorn fingers, reaching out
 across the way
 To form a fairy bower where a man can
 dream and smoke
 In Blighty, where my wayward fancies stray.

There's a tiny whitewashed cottage beside the
 winding lane,
 And climbing tender ivy tendrils shyly peep
 Through quaint old dormer windows, whose
 every diamond pane,
 As an eye alight with eagerness, a vigil
 seems to keep,
 Against the day when I'll be back in Blighty
 once again.

A. B. LONGMAN.

Nellie's 'elmet.

(Written on the eve of a raid)

We're agoin' across to Fritzie in the mornin',
 We're agoin' to bomb old Camerade in 'is lair,
 We're agoin' to cross the wire the T.M's busted—
 An' you bet yer bloomin' tuppenny I'll be there.
 Ye see, I promised Nell at 'ome a German 'elmet,
 An' Gawd 'elp the 'un wot only wears a cap
 When I tickles little Fritzie in the mornin'—
 Nellie's 'elmet—or 'e's off the blinkin' map!

There's a little 'elmet, Nellie,
 Wot'll fit in just a treat
 About the middle of the sideboard
 When our 'appy 'ome's complete ;
 An' w'en the kids is playin' soldiers,
 An' my girl, we're growin' grey,
 Then we'll tell 'ow daddy got it
 At the breakin' of the day.

Yus, we're agoin' across to Fritzie in the mornin',
 'Es been askin' for it long enough, ye see,
 An' I'm tired of trenches, trenches, always
 trenches,
 And a up an' over's good enuff for me.

There's a gun o' which I never liked the sound of,
 Apherched so saucy—just about 'is second line,
 An' I think the gunner's wearin' Nellie's 'elmet,
 An' in the mornin', that there 'elmet will be
 mine.

There's a lot of things wot's waitin' in the
 mornin',
 Praps a Blighty—or a little R.I.P.,
 But I'm figerrin' my leave for Monday fortnight,
 An' the parson bloke's been warned for Nell
 and me.

Well—I only 'opes we gets a double issue
 Afore the Captain's whistle goes at screech of
 dawn,
 An'—well! strike me pink—if 'e aint got a 'elmet,
 That there 'un will wish 'e never 'ad been born.

Yus, we're a comin' over, Fritzie,
 We'll be there at break o' day ;
 So get yer little 'elmet polished,
 Cos' I'm takin' it away.

Its yer weddin' gift to Nellie,
 An' if yer wants to save yer 'ide,
 'Ave that there 'elmet ready in the mornin' by
 yer side.

LIEUT. G. B. FIELD.



When in Seaford, and if you are fond of
 sweet things, don't fail to go to the "Dorothy,"
 in High Street, for nice pastry and fruit cake.

After "Lights Out."

The prize of 5/- has been awarded to Sapper ———, and that of 2/6 to the office boy. [Printer's Note:—I have been unable to print the Office Boy's story, as my compositor refuses to burn his fingers. I suggest that the prize be given to the story at the top of next column.]

Last month, the 5/- award for the best original story went to the contributor of the second item on the first column of page 19; and the 2/6 prize was given for the last story on the same page.

The instructor was not satisfied with the way Private Rookie was going through bayonet exercise. "Look 'ere, my man," he snapped, "s'pose you was in a German trench, an' s'pose a woppin' big 'Un came for you. Imagine him pointing 'is 'orrid bay'net at-teher—*wot* would yer do?"

"I t-t-think I should imagine it was time for me to beat it, sir."

Jarge was home on leave, and feeling the occasion demanded something more "posh" than Woodbines, called into the general village store for a couple of cigars. "Well, Jarge," remarked the shopman, mindful of the "Bull" George had peddled on joining up, "still a private, I see." "Yes," replied the man, "yes, like this 'ere seegar of yourn—one of the rank and file."

A country parson, driving a high two-wheeled gig at a distance from his own parish, overtook a young woman carrying a bundle.

Being a kind-hearted old gentleman, he offered her a lift—which, with a curtsy of thanks, she accepted.

Having arrived at her destination, she got out and thanked the parson for his kindness.

"Don't mention it," he said.

"No, sir," she answered with a little blush, "I won't." [Awarded 5/- prize.]

Archie, home on furlough, was holding forth about the hardships and discomforts he had experienced in Belgium. "Do you know, auntie," he said, "the trenches were under water, and we would have been drowned only for the trench mats." Across the genial face of auntie flitted the beatific smile of one who dreams of glorious deeds for charity. "Oh, Archie, how splendid," she murmured, "do give me a pattern, and our guild will knit some for you dear boys."

An Echo from the Somme.

It was a dark dismal night, and the tired truck driver was speeding homewards, when suddenly he noticed a weary pedestrian trudging along through the deep mud ahead of him.

Being of a different caste from the average truck driver, he pulled up, and called out to the traveller in the rough and ready style of a sympathetic Tommy:

"I say, Steve, do you want a ride?" Whereupon, the gentleman thus addressed sternly replied:

"I wish to inform you that Steve is not my name. I am an officer in His Imperial Majesty's service."

"Is that so," replied the ruffled driver; "well, if your name ain't Steve, you can bally well walk."

COMPETITIONS.

The following prizes are offered for contributions to the next number of THE CANADIAN SAPPER:—

Half-a-guinea for the best article on the training or work of a Canadian Engineer, descriptive or humorous.

Half-a-guinea for the best pen and ink drawing or caricature with reference to the training or work of a Canadian Engineer.

Five shillings, and two-and-sixpence, for the best jokes for "After Lights Out" column.

HORACE JACKSON & SONS

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The Editor's Letter Box.

DEAR EDITOR.

Thanks for the privilege extended to us. I am permitted to extend a few words of timely advice to my fellow comrades now in training at your Depot. It has been said, and rightly so, that experience is a good teacher and that some are lucky enough to buy it cheap, while the majority unfortunately pay very dear for it. Hence I seize this opportunity for emphasizing the necessity of careful attention, concentration, and hearty co-operation on the part of the man in training at your Depot, in view of saving him needless embarrassment and anxiety when he comes out here and bumps into the real thing.

In my own experience while in training at the C.E.T.D., England, I presumed that there were many minor matters included in our training that seemed quite unnecessary to the vital issue. But I have since learned "by experience" that it is the minor things that count, and that to excel in the larger exploits one must first learn to master the lesser.

Here, a man is very often left to his own resources, and sometimes he finds himself in a tight corner. It is then, when too late, he regrets the time misspent and lost when the opportunity presented itself.

So my advice to my fellow comrades in England is to "make hay while the sun shines": "now is the accepted time." You have the best instructors the army can provide, men who have had practical experience at the front. Do not place a stigma on their good name by coming out here only to be found wanting:

Faithfully your friend,

"EXPERIENCE."

♦ ♦ ♦

DEAR EDITOR.

Jim and me been keeping company since a year ago last Tuesday. Course I couldn't think of marrying him on his pay. They calls him a sapper, but he don't get any more money for doing it, being in the Canadians.

He tells me hes a batman since he cum to France. Is that higher than a Captain? I don't suppose it will be long before hes a general. I'm going te marry him then. Does a General get good pay as we couldnt live on less than 30/- a week.

Yours truly, SARAH JONES.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

DEAR SIR.

I read an article in your paper the other day and I would like to say what I think about the writer of that article. I am a flapper, one of the tenth sort that he talks about—the sort with brains.

I don't know if this cocksure and self-satisfied person is a Major-General or a batman, and I don't care, but I do know that he is an ignorant and flippant trifer; he juggles with words and strings out sentences in the belief that he is writing sense—whereas he doesn't know any more about sense than he does about flappers.

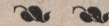
We are not stupid and dull as he says. If we were stupid we wouldn't get what we want—and everybody knows we do get it—especially in war time. We spend all our time trying to make people happy, and it's very hard sometimes, I can tell you.

We are not anything he says we are, and most likely he hates us so because he is so ugly no one would talk to him. Please, Mr. Editor, tell him what I say.

Yours truly,

A FLAPPER.

P.S.—This is not an advertisement.



The Sacrifice.

It was a freak of chance that James and Thomas Helmsly belonged to the same Company of the Unteenth Canadians, where circumstances also combined to bring them into close contact officially. James, older by a year than his brother, more sedate, and something of a book-worm, had gone straight from college to "take up" a commission; while busky Thomas, to whom fitness was almost a religion, had been well content to join the ranks.

Thomas had been a scout, before fate took a hand at the game and saw to it that James was transferred to the unit as Scout Officer.

In spite, or perhaps because of, the dissimilarity of tastes, the brothers were almost passionately devoted to each other.

They had been in the line for three days this trip—three days of monotonous inaction—and then it was whispered that the Brigade would "pull off a stunt." Everyone was pleasantly excited, and the scouts were not surprised to receive orders to carry out special reconnaissance. Just before

they went over into "no man's land," James, according to invariable custom, had a friendly "pow-wow" with his brother, in the course of which he described in glowing terms the object and scope of the proposed "show," even letting Thomas see the plans and confidential details.

In extended order the small party crept steadily over the ground, worming their way slowly from shell hole to shell hole, hugging the ground whenever a star shell went up from the enemy's lines.

James was slightly ahead of the party, when suddenly a shadow, little more opaque than the surroundings, rose up to give combat, and before assistance could arrive other shadowy forms fell upon and overpowered him. Outnumbered by the hostile patrol, the scouts put up a spirited fight, but one by one went under.

Thomas felt a red-hot stab in his left arm, a curious numbness gripped him; but he was thoroughly roused by hearing his brother exclaim, "My God, the plans!" For an awful moment Thomas cursed his impotence.

Contrary to all rules and precedent, James had actually carried the whole scheme of the Brigade raid in his pocket—and he was a prisoner, being dragged to the enemy's Intelligence Department.

Sick of soul, Thomas took a bomb from his pocket, withdrew the pin with chattering teeth that fumbled pitifully, and with a sobbing cry, half prayer, half curse, hurled the death-germ straight and true at the spot where his brother must be.

In the grey dawn a search party found Thomas, a babbling, gibbering idiot. "Shell shock" pronounced the M.O. in his infinite wisdom.

A. B. LONGMAN.

If you are looking for an evening's amusement, take it in the Queen's Hall, Seaford.

Personal.

Lieut. Van Buskirk is back from the Signals in France. Other comparatively recent arrivals in the mess are Lieuts. Pengelly, Graves, Ferguson, Armstrong, Seeds, Gilley, Burden, and Sutherland.

Capt. T. V. Plews, our senior Medical Officer, has left us, taking with him the esteem and best wishes of the entire Depôt. That he may be favoured with health and strength to continue his arduous medical duties in France, is the sincere wish of us all.

Lieut. E. A. Bennett, formerly the C.E.T.D. M.F.H., is credited with the statement that the "hunting spirit" is in evidence "over there," and on rare occasions he has collaborated with Mr. James Walker with no little success. The "quarry" is invariably removed from a Divisional canteen in a mess cart under the directions of the ex-M.F.H.

Major Ellis, who has done such excellent work overseas, is now in the Depôt. We understand he is trying to get back there. They all try to get "home" again.

We note that Lieut. W. H. Brunning has been retained for duty in Canada.

The appointment of Lieut. J. C. Chignell as Food Controller of the Depot is apparently a popular one with the men, and all concerned. He has denied the rumour that he will accept the offer of Lord Rhondda as his Chief-of-Staff.

Lieut. Bloomfield, late Tunnelling Company, and "Cinema King," has left for parts unknown. Best of luck, old timer. Your efforts in the cinema were appreciated.

Major Vince, who is at present on leave in England, is I believe the youngest officer in the Canadian Forces to have the Long Service Medal.

LLOYD & SON, Gun Makers, Athletic Outfitters, Cycle & Motor Cycle Factors.

Cricket, Tennis, Croquet, Football, Stoolball, and all Sports. Special Discount to Regiments.

Phone No. 6 Lewes. 2 & 29, Station Street, LEWES.

The Vigilance of the Sappers.

And behold it came upon a day that the Intelligence Officer said unto himself: "I will go into the forward area, and see with my own eyes what precautions are being taken that no spies or strangers are permitted to roam at will and learn of our defensive methods; and also I will find out what these Sappers do, that they require so many men for working parties."

So he girt about his loins, and laid aside his hat of brass and his sanguine raiment, and he did camouflage himself so that he could not be distinguished from any other strange officer. And he begat himself to the forward area with a map whereupon the defensive works were shown. And it came to pass, as the day was wet and the trenches were muddy, he climbed out upon the top, where he lost himself, and bye-and-bye he met a Sapper officer, and he inquired his way; and having identified himself, he was supplied with the information that he required, and directed upon the route that he should follow—and as the day was far spent, the Sapper officer also invited the stranger to partake of some nourishment, yea, even bully beef and biscuits. But the Intelligence Officer would not hearken, and went upon his way. And behold, he fell among strangers, yea even Sappers, who knew him not. Of them he asked many questions which aroused their suspicions, for he was a strange officer, and behold, he was not accompanied by a runner, even as it was provided he should be. So they said unto him, "Hold up your hands, and come quietly with us. You are even as a spy—we know you not." So they took him, and led him away to Battalion Headquarters to be identified.

Here he produced a parchment to show that he was an officer of the Intelligence Department, but they said unto him: "We know you not, nor can we tell whereof you have obtained these writings, yea you may even have purloined them." So the Intelligence Officer waxed exceeding wroth, and gnashed his teeth, but they heeded him not, and held him prisoner until he was properly identified by Headquarters. And it is even so that the Sappers "carry on."

✻ ✻ ✻

In the line of boots, Faulkner & Son are certainly there with the goods. See illustrations on page iii. cover.

Salvage.

In the British papers we read much of food saving; in France we hear about salvage. Lest the unsophisticated reader should think of derelict ships and other such vast treasures, we hasten to explain that salvage, in the military way, has been defined by an esteemed contemporary as "a glorified rag and bone business." Anything from a broken down howitzer to a discarded bully beef tin is staple of the trade.

Our O.C. is strong on salvage. It is, when indulged in in moderation, a harmless and to a certain extent praiseworthy hobby. To return from the line with a hundred and fifty rounds of salvage '303 is a pastime in which the Canadian soldier simply revels (what are you smiling for?) But our chief's zeal knows no moderation. He never returns without a few screw stakes, or a coil of wire at least, while his orderly—well, gun wheels and 9.2 duds are the least of his troubles.

One day the O.C. returned to his dug-out in great glee. He had discovered a vast treasure trove of salvage. Iron bars, angle iron, spades, Mills bombs, potato mashers—all sorts. A fatigue party was detailed for the work. They had nearly cleaned up the lot, when an officer with the legend "Salvage" on his left arm appeared from somewhere, and demanded "What in the ——— we meant by removing the Divisional salvage dump without authority?"

We had a most delightful afternoon's sport restoring the loot.

Still our O.C. is not discouraged, and the good work goes on.

✻ ✻ ✻

A Gotha, so fleet on the wing,
Met a "camel" whose M.G. could sting;
Said the 'bus pilot "Gee"
(And he chortled with glee)
"I figure that's gotha ole thing."

◆ ◆ ◆

A U boat sneaked out from its base,
Some hospital ship to erase,
But a sea-plane flew by—
You can sea-plane-ly why
A new boat his U boat must replace.

◆ ◆ ◆

Little snorts of "vin blink rum and other booze"
Makes you see queer animals not in any zoos.

—A. B. Longman

The Soldiers' College.

THIS Institution has now been open for some months, but it is, perhaps, less known and used than it should be. Its object is to enable the soldier—while serving his country—to improve his position. The idea of the commencement of the College may be expressed under two heads: first, by attending classes during the hours not devoted to training, the soldier will keep in touch with subjects which are of interest in civil life; second, during the period of demobilisation, by attending more advanced classes, he may return to Canada better equipped for his chosen civilian occupation.

The fact that men who are not well educated attend the classes, shows that the work of the Institution is being appreciated.

Three courses are offered: Agricultural, commercial, and general. Concerning the first, the instruction is as complete as means will allow. The second anticipates the needs of Canadians in the coming economic war. The third embraces all the ordinary public and high school subjects, from reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic, to the Matriculation and University courses. Of the four classes in languages, viz., German, French, Italian, and Spanish, the two first-named are particularly recommended. A thorough knowledge of either will, in the future, be of the greatest value to the individual in making himself proficient. In the case of Spanish, the coming trade between South America and Canada will doubtless demand a knowledge of this language.

Of more direct interest to Engineers are the classes in mechanical and engineering subjects. The classes comprise electricity, wireless telegraphy, internal combustion engines, mechanics, draughting and surveying, and mining engineering.

Teachers and students from this and every other unit in the Seaford area are welcomed alike. If the curriculum does not include a class of instruction upon any subject which a soldier is desirous of taking up, application by letter, stating therein the required subject, must be made to the Y.M.C.A., when due consideration will be given to such application, and a class formed should it be found advisable to do so.



DRIVER RUPERT MAR.

Few persons there are who have more deservedly earned the respect and appreciation of both civilians and soldiers alike, than the subject of our portrait, Driver Rupert Mar.

It may interest many of our readers to know that Driver Mar was, in earlier years, an actor by profession, and a valued member of the late Sir Henry Irving's company.

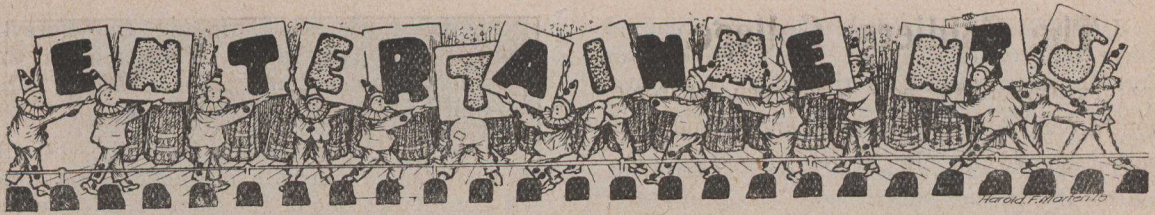
Shortly after the outbreak of war—in the month of April, 1915—Driver Mar joined the colours at Ottawa, in which city he was always a social asset. Coming to this country in November of that year—in addition to fulfilling the many arduous, and sometimes exacting duties of a soldier—he has at all times taken the most practical interest in matters of entertainment appertaining to the welfare of wartime charities, with the result that by his generous efforts the funds of many of these organizations have very considerably benefited.

His recitals in story or song reflect the simplicity and charm of a gifted and sympathetic artist, to whose refined talents many a grateful audience has borne witness.

Driver Rupert Mar is giving a farewell recital, prior to leaving for Canada, on Wednesday afternoon, March 20th, at 3.0, in Clinton Hall.

*War Dept. home fund raised
to date £947 (pounds)*

for interest of 6% I bought very in March 2 1/2 years



Major Rolston's Company.

Owing to our Press representative having availed himself of the 7.45 a.m. parade on the morning following this "perfect night," we are unable to inflict upon our readers the usual dramatic criticism it would have been his pleasure to impose.

IN THE FIELD.

SMOKER AND CONCERT,

PONTOON CHATEAU, FEBRUARY 26th, 1918

Chairman ... C.S.M. MELVILLE.

PROGRAMME.

1. The reason for all this ... C.S.M. Melville
2. Chorus—"Another little drink" By the entire Company
3. Piano Selections ... Sapper English
4. Song ... R.S.M. Botting
5. Recitation ... Pte. Conder
6. Chorus—"Here's to good old Ale" By the entire Company
7. Song ... Driver Howard
8. Dance ... Corpl. Sutherland (Bagpipe Accompaniment, Farrier-Sgt. Durham)
9. Impersonations (with apologies) C.S.M. Melville
10. Song ... Sapper J. S. Porter
11. That little hen "again" By the entire Company
12. Cornet Solo ... Driver Branch
13. Recitation ... L/Corpl. Bibby
14. Song ... Sapper Gough
15. Song ... Farrier-Sgt. Durham
16. "Old Soldiers never Die" (with liquid refreshments) By the entire Company
17. Song ... Driver Kent
18. Spiel—"What I Did" ... Sapper Evans
19. Song ... L/Corpl. Stokes
20. Song—"I want to go home" By the entire Company

Above Programme liable to change without notice. Please keep clear of the exit. Someone may feel inclined to go out.

The Officers will "drop in" (SECRET) during the evening, and are privileged to have their "say" any time prior to "dropping out."

Extract from Intelligence:—"McIntosh has lost his whistle."

All present will join in the Chorus of popular songs. Don't forget "The Battle of Maisnil Bouche."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Sick Parade at 7.45 am. 27/2/18.

Major E. T. C. Schmidlin's Company.

The success attending this Company's concert, held in the Y.M.C.A. buildings, must have been most gratifying to its promoters.

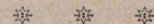
Corporal W. Craddock, Sapper Emmerson, the Hutchinson brothers, Private B. Fletcher, A.M.C., and Sapper Brown, are to be congratulated upon their work, which certainly augurs well for the next entertainment.

Captain Luck, of the Y.M.C.A., gave a very interesting talk on "Current Events," taking for his subject, "Happenings in Russia in the last twelve months."

An earnest appeal is made to the boys to step out and lend a hand, and help to make the next concert as great if not a greater triumph.

The new theatre for the use of the boys on rest is now an accomplished fact, and we owe this splendid building to the initiative of Captain Luck. By his untiring efforts to have all things ready, eleven members of the Field Ambulance Corps were enabled to present a clever little comedy entitled "Ship Ahoy"—playing for three nights, in succession, to a large and appreciative audience. Private F. C. Jefferys, in the role of "Aunt Elizabeth," was one of the joys of the evening. The rest of the company, in their different parts, were also excellent.

WAG.



Mounted Company's Dance.

Take fifty pretty faces, add fifty others in equal parts, one excellent floor, sparkling music *ad lib.*, and mix together lightly over the floor, with a little flirt to taste, and stir around gently until done; and you have the recipe of Wednesday (February 19th) night's enjoyable dance.

An efficient orchestra under the leadership of Bandmaster Slatter, of the 1st Reserve Battalion, dispensed a wave of pretty music, which was in itself a most exhilarating tonic.

During intervals, solos, duets, and minstrel songs were rendered by the Brothers (Sappers) Forsyth, accompanied on the piano by Sapper Rhodes. These attracted a deal of attention and were heartily appreciated.

The whole make-up of the night's amusement reflects the greatest credit upon the promoters, Drivers Brogan, Nelder, Turgeon, Lyon, Watson, and Corporal Anderson, to whom are due our many thanks for providing so splendid a time.

✻ ✻ ✻

Major Vince's Company.

A minor operation of considerable import, recently carried out by the Company Glee Club, was in every way successful. The main attack, entrusted to Sergts. Aedy and Hayman, Cpl. Cox, and Sapper Buchanan, was carefully planned and admirably executed. Subsidiary thrusts were delivered with grim determination by lesser luminaries, accompanied by violent demonstrations with the feet of a well-pleased and highly satisfied audience.

"WAG."

✻ ✻ ✻

"B" Company Dances.

Following the successful example of the Mounted Company, "B" Company has elected a strong dance committee, under the presidency of Lieut. Huyck, and will organise a series of dances to be held in No. 2 Canteen fortnightly. The first was held on Tuesday, March 12th, and there was a large turn out. The tickets will be issued at 2s. 6d. each—a nominal charge to cover expenses. A good orchestra will attend, and there will be no lack of partners.

Floor Managers will be announced later.

✻ ✻ ✻

"B" Company N.C.O.'s Mess Concert.

The reputation of "B" Company Sergeants' Mess for hospitality and high class entertainment was well sustained on the evening of February 22nd, when a smoking concert was given by "B" Company's Concert Party.

Col. Anderson, D.S.O., attended the concert and remained nearly to the end, while many visiting officers from other Companies, and Major Ward with most of his officers, were also present.

An excellent programme was rendered, in the course of which Lieut. Huyck sang with considerable feeling, Lieut. Rutherford gave two

of his inimitable sketches, and the Forsyth Brothers and party again ministered to the enjoyment of the evening. The C.E.T.D. Band was well represented.

C.M.S. "Dusty" Miller filled the difficult position of chairman with distinction, and himself contributed one of the gems of the evening when, at Major Ward's request, he rendered "Annie Laurie" as only that lady's countrymen can render it.

Towards the close of the evening Lieut. Mitchell was prevailed upon to give that celebrated little poem entitled "The reason why," and brought down the house.

The party dispersed in good order, and at a respectable hour. There is no truth in the rumour that a visitor from a Field Company in France kissed the Adjutant and called him "Mabel."

✻ ✻ ✻

The C.E.T.D. Pierrot Troupe.

Success is indeed dogging the footsteps of these talented entertainers. At the Catholic Hut and the Basingstoke Hospital they carried all before them. Their songs and gags never failed to "hit."

There is little doubt that a considerable amount of talent is lying dormant in our midst, and it is earnestly hoped that all those who are not victims to "twilight sleep," or not overburdened with modesty, will volunteer their assistance, and so help to keep the programme up-to-date. Application should be made to R.S.M. Carpenter.

The members of this troupe desire to express their many thanks to all friends for the kindly way in which they have from time to time been received, and to the staffs in particular who have on all occasions so generously provided for their comfort.

✻ ✻ ✻

The Camp cinema continues to draw big houses, the excellent choice of pictures shown being mainly responsible for its continued success.

◆ ◆ ◆

GUEST NIGHT AT THE MESS.

A delightfully *refreshing* evening was spent on February 6th, in No. 1 Lines Officers' Mess. The casualties, though many, were but slight.



Hilton

Brighton.

The C.E.T.D. Band.

Back Row (Left to Right)—P. Jeacock, S. B. Pascoe, J. C. Ritchie, H. Russell, W. McDonnell.

Second Row.—T. H. Jones, R. Moore, W. H. Chisholm, D. Sheret, W. Orr, J. S. Cummings, J. May, W. C. Aston, J. H. White.

Sitting.—W. H. Morkey, R. Rounsefell, Sergt. J. Reading, Bandmaster F. G. Gorse, Corpl. A. G. Griffin, W. H. Perryman, E. V. Sainsbury, W. Hammett.

Front Row.—G. B. Coleman, J. Chappell, A. A. De Jansserand, W. Cant, P. E. Gottlieb, T. Sullivan, G. E. Walker, R. Sargeant.

"IN THAT HE did on various occasions, and at divers places, with wilful intent, incite, aid, and abet thirty of His Majesty's soldiers to instrumentally perform such acts calculated to promote unlimited enjoyment and soul-consoling satisfaction to be felt among all ranks of this Depot."

Such is the charge against Warrant Officer Fred. G. Gorse, the accomplished leader of the C.E.T.D. Band. The evidence being overwhelming, there is no defence. Sentenced by a Court of Admirers to "carry on" for the duration.

Our many thanks are due to the leader and members of the C.E.T.D. Band for their talented services, and for the photo we are pleased to reproduce herewith.

Ricochet.

A very foolish Sapper, he
Consumed a whole Maconochie,
We guessed he'd get an R.I.P.,
But the M.O. marked him M. & D.

WORTHING—Westward Ho! Hotel

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SPORTS.

THE SPORTING SPIRIT.

Those who have not spent a lifetime in studying English weather conditions, will be startled out of all their prepared opinions by the suddenness with which winter changes into spring and summer.

In normal peace times, the English summer sportsman begins about this time of the year to get out his cricket bat, and to practise forward hitting in his bedroom. He knocks the dust out of his tennis racquet, and steals out in the early dawn to run a couple of miles just to limber up for the approaching season.

As Canadians, of course we don't go in very much for cricket, and as soldiers we have not much opportunity for tennis; but we have our own game of baseball, and field sports, to think of, and now is the time to begin warming up.

Keen sportsmen in the Depot must get busy and show some enthusiasm in order to wake up the slumbering athletic talent among the boys, or things will start before we have any men ready, and we shall be left behind.

Already I have heard reports of great try-out work among the Reserve Battalions, and it would never do to let the Canadian Engineers be behind in this respect.

Everything will be provided, and every facility given for picking out and using the best men in all branches of sport. There will be costumes and all the necessary paraphernalia for all games and sports provided. It's *not* even a "money back if not satisfied" proposition. All you have to do is to produce and play the game, and the authorities will see that you get a chance to play it.

The great Duke of Wellington gave it out that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but he didn't know anything about this kind of war. The idea, however, is sound, and an athlete makes a better soldier and a more enduring fighter than a slacker.

Again, we might point out in a quiet sort of way, that if a fellow is working out in a ball team, or any such sporting proposition, he cannot possibly do as many drills as he would otherwise have time for. That's worth thinking about.

You can get the best training, the best games, and the best time, by getting into something *now*. In civil life you would be working ten hours a day, six days a week, and have no chance of becoming a big League man. If you gave up your work to learn ball, it would cost you money.

Now, the Army *is* the big League, and you're in it—if you like—and everything paid for. "It's a rich company," as the lumber jack said when he threw his peevie in the river, and beat it for the cook shack.

So get your muscles limbered up, and get in touch with the Sporting Committee at once. "Do it now."

J. B.

SOCCER.

Major J. M. Rolston's Company

has started in, and up to date have played two games. The first was against the Northumberland Fusiliers, and this team had the pleasure of trimming the celebrated "Trench Dressers" by 4 to nil. This game, however, helped to show up deficiencies; but practice will make perfect, and



An Army Troops Company Team.

Standing (Left to Right)—Capt. Worsley, L/Corpl. Wurdie, L/Corpl. Ramsay, Sapper Newell, Sapper Cuthbert, L/Corpl. McKenzie, Corpl. Baird, Lieut. Booker.
Sitting (Left to Right)—Sapper Beckett, L/Corpl. Thomas, Sapper Johnston, Sapper Crook, L/Corpl. Todd.

as last year's players are up to form there is no need for worry. The best of the new arrivals were Pritchard and Sutherland.

The second game played was against the 3rd C I. Battalion, when we were returned victors by a score of 3 to nil. It was a cake walk for the "Trench Dressers," who romped around the "Mud Crushers" in fine style. "Scotty" Greenan at centre, and "Big Andy" Gillespie of the Battalion, were a whole side show in themselves.

Dave Hill, of 3rd Lanark fame, was again at left back, and showed great form.

Divisional championship games are awaited anxiously by all to commence, as we were winners last year; and now that Seaford is sending some first class men over, we expect to come through again.

Every Sunday afternoon the sappers and drivers meet in mortal combat. After playing four games, which each ended in a draw owing to "Captain" Kettle's strict refereeing, next Sunday's game should show more bloodshed than ever.

Who said John Ross Mitchell couldn't play goal?

"Rosie" Souter works hard, but seldom kicks the ball.

McIntosh of McIntosh still imitates the step dancer.

♦ ♦ ♦

Capt. R. S. Worsley's Company.

The following is a summary of games which were played by the above Company's team, and which certainly shows that they must be in splendid condition, as well as a team of the first water:—Number of games won 13, lost 7, drew 1. Total goals scored, for 39, against 18.

At the top of this page you will find a photograph of this team, who certainly seem to be open to all kinds of engagements.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fifth Division.

Fifth Divisional team has only played one match since our last issue. This was with the Boubing Britannia Works. The game ended in

a 1—1 draw. The team was composed as follows:—Gallagher, goal; Brown and Leyland, backs; Conlan, Jones, and Miller, halves; Norton, Fielding, Hallam, Walker, and Connor, forwards.

The results of the games in the inter-Company League are as follows:—On February 13th, "A" Company beat the Tunnelling Company by a score of 2—0 in the first game. The second game, between the champion "C" Company team and the "B" Company eleven, turned out rather a surprise for the champions, as they could only manage to obtain a 2—2 draw.

On February 20th, "B" Company were in fine fettle, and trimmed the Tunnellers by the score of 4 to nil. Depot Company came through and whitewashed Signals to the tune of 3—0.

On February 24th, Signals played a postponed game with Headquarters, and managed to win out by 1 to nil.

On February 27th, whitewash was the predominating colour, and "A" Company beat Depot by 2 to nil, and "B" Company took a tumble out of Headquarters by 3 to nil. "C" Company, not to be outdone, and being assisted by the flying proclivities of the Miners, trimmed Tunnellers by 7 to nil.

The final games of the schedule were played on March 3rd, and what was thought to be a star game turned out to be a walk-over for "B" Company by the score of 4 to 0 over Depot, thereby clinching the championship of the second series of games. The second game, between Signals and "A" Company, ended in a win for the former by a score of 2 to 0. The "B" Company team lined up as follows:—Sergt. Rogers, goal; Sergeants Taylor and Roberts, backs; Sapper Hallowell, Lance-Corpl. Pryke, and Sergt. Burgess, halves; Corpl. Mackie, Sapper

Jardine, Lance-Corpl. Nicoll, Sapper Mercer, and Sergt Hill, forwards.

The following is the League standing:—

Company.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
"B"	4	0	2	10
"C"	4	1	1	9
Depot	4	2	0	8
"A"	3	2	1	7
Signals	3	3	0	6
Tunnellers	1	5	0	2
Headquarters	0	6	0	0

Exhibition games played by the Depot team are as follows:—

On February 19th, 16th Reserve beat C.E.T.D. by a score of 4 to 0.

On February 21st, our team travelled to Chatham, where we succeeded in downing the Chatham boys by a score of 5 to 2. The boys were given fine treatment at Chatham, and it is hoped that we will have the pleasure of returning the kindness shown in the near future.

February 28th brought still another victory, when the R.G.A team from Shoreham turned up and were beaten by 3 to 1.

RUGBY.

On February 23rd, the C.E.T.D. Rugby team travelled to Maresfield, where they were defeated, in what turned out to be a practice match, by the Mounted Machine Gun Corps, by a score of 20 to nil: five tries and one goal.

On March 2nd, a return game was played on C.E.T.D. ground, and this time the result was reversed. Our team was returned a winner by 6 to nil, as the result of tries by Ardiell, of Signal Company, at three-quarters, and Allan, of "A" Company, at half. These two

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CUTLERY.

GENERAL STORES.

players put up a stellar game, but the rest of the team must not be overlooked. The excellent work of Lieut. Murdock at full back was admired, and Sweetman's defensive work in the forward line was tip-top. The credit of organising the team is due to Lieut. E. C. Bloomfield, of the Tunnelling Company, who has since proceeded "Over There." The team at present, however, is under the able direction of Lieut. Beatson, of "B" Company.

In passing it might be noted that most of the team have been quite adept at the Canadian game, but have since learned the English game, and are taking to it like ducks to water.

On March 6th, our team received a beating at the hands of the Chatham Sappers, when we failed to score, and they put over one try and one place goal for a 6 to 0 victory. We could not take a beating from a better "school."

RUNNING.

Hackbridge Meet.

It is with much jubilation that our previous results, printed in last month's issue, have to be altered. Owing to the winning team having ineligible runners out, the C.E.T.D. team were declared winners. We desire to congratulate the team on their splendid win, and wish them all success in their future runs.

The Depot cross-country run, held on February 18th, was for teams of six men from each Company. The race for places was very closely contested, but the winning team was never in doubt. Headquarters team won by a margin of 54 points, and the winners had something in hand if there had been any need of it.

The course was a stiff one, having three hills; conditions for the run were ideal. The run to the railway station saw all the runners well bunched but feeling the strain, with Pryke, Sargeant, Crook, Lambden, Currie, and Wareham leading. The winner, however, turned up in Lance-Corpl. Pryke, of "B" Company, who finished in good condition, with Sargeant, of Headquarters, next. The first eight runners to finish were as follows:—1st, Lance-Corpl. Pryke, of "B" Company; 2nd, Sapper R. Sargeant, Headquarters; 3rd, Sergt. P. Crook, Headquarters; 4th, Sapper H. Lambden, Headquarters; 5th, Sapper J. Currie, "A" Company; 6th, Sapper F. Wareham, "A" Company; 7th, Lance-Corpl. S. Crook, Headquarters; 8th, Driver C. Perrin, "C" Company. As will be

seen, Headquarters had four men in the first eight, and this left only two men to come in, making a good win with a total of 44 points. "A" Company was second with a total of 95, and "B" Company third with 98.

Our team of novices went to Epsom Downs to compete in the three mile team race, in which there were twenty-five teams entered. This was won by the C.M.G.D. team, with the R.N.A.S. team second, and the Machine Gun Corps third. It is understood that our team only made fifth place.

A four mile first class level race, held the same day, in which Corpl. Tandy, Sappers Floyd and Gordon entered, resulted in Sapper Gordon coming sixth, and Corpl. Tandy ninth.

On February 27th, a five mile team race, held by Seaford Headquarters, resulted in a win for the C.M.G.D., with our team second.

GOLF.

On February 17th, the C.E.T.D. team had the pleasure of a visit from the team at Bexhill, and the result of the matches gave the C.E.T.D. the games by six holes up and five to play.

On Sunday, March 3rd, the C.E.T.D. played a team match (ten a side) against the C.T.S. at Bexhill. The weather was cold and wet, but a good day's golf was enjoyed. In the morning, Bexhill won the singles by 6 to 3 (one halved).

Four ball foursomes were played in the afternoon, and resulted in a win for Seaford by 3 to 2, the C.T.S. winning by 8 matches to 6.

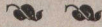
The C.E.D.T. team consisted of:—Major J. P. Fell, Sapper K. Keffer, Lieut. T. B. Pemberton, Lieut. R. J. Casement, Capt. J. J. Stock, Lieut. R. L. Greene, Sergt. A. W. Lawson, Capt. Cameron, and Lieut. Anderson (of Headquarters, Seaford), and Lieut. Young, 1st Reserve Battalion. The Bexhill team was captained by Lieut.-Col. A. A. Critchley, D.S.O.

BASEBALL.

Major H. D. St. A. Smith's Company

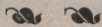
have troubles of their own, owing to the loss of Sapper A. E. Ecclestone, who practically shouldered the whole of the twirling for this Company last year through being classed as a minor, and his services have been found hard to replace.

Owing to the lack of interest in indoor baseball at the Depot, several games have been cancelled; but as the weather looks good, it is hoped that all ball players, and those who would like to be, will hand in their names to Lieut. C. B. Huyek, who is in charge of this game and will endeavour to turn out a winning crew.



WRESTLING.

It is hoped that the coming wrestling championships will hold out some inducements for the Depot wrestlers to shine, as it is felt that there must be some of the elite of this sterling pastime in our midst. Come on boys, and let us have some of the Canadian championships in the C.E.T.D.



BOXING.

The championships of the Canadian Forces of England were held at Shorncliffe on February 27th, in the Garrison Gymnasium. Proceedings began at 2 p.m., and concluded soon after 10 p.m. with the presentation of medals.

Lieut.-Col. Mayes, Canadian Army Gymnastic Staff, acted as referee. The judges were Lieut.-Col. Greer, Major Fell, Major Clarke, and Capt. Warn. Major Smith and Capt. Miller, of the Y.M.C.A., acted as time-keepers.

Most of the bouts were well contested, and were good exhibitions of skilled boxing, as well as of endurance and pluck. The heavy weights were not up to the standard of the rest.

The C.E.T.D. were unfortunate with their representative (Sapper Gordon) in the welter weights. He was sent to hospital two days before the competitions.

Private Arnell, of Witley, won the bantam weights. He is a particularly promising boxer.

Private McCracken, of Shorncliffe, won the feather weights, with Driver Smith, of Seaford, as runner-up.

Privates Jones, Bramshott, won the light weights from Private Wright, of Seaford.

The welter weights was won by Corporal Maycock, of Shorncliffe.

Sergt. Alexander, of the C.E.T.D., who is at present at the C.T.S., Bexhill, won the middle weights fairly easily.

Sapper Goodson, of the C.E.T.D., was beaten in the final of the light heavies, by Corporal

Arkell, of Bramshott, who had about twenty pounds the best of the weights, and a considerable advantage in reach.

The heavy weights was won by Corporal Borthwick, of Witley, but none of the heavy weights showed to advantage.

The gymnasium was crowded with spectators both afternoon and evening, and the keenest interest was shown in the contests.

BOOKIE.



SPORTING NOTES.

Major P. Earnshaw's Company.

It is good to see the revival of interest in sports shown by the Company during the past month or so. There was quite a good attendance at the sports meeting held the other night, to select a committee for the ensuing season.

The committee is comprised as follows:— Hon. President, Major Earnshaw, M.C.; President, Corpl. Davidson; Baseball, Corpl. Humphrey; Soccer, Sapper Callery; Indoor, Sapper Murphy.

The programme is an ambitious one, including most games that can be played conveniently under existing conditions.

Considerable enthusiasm has been shown throughout the preliminary arrangements, and it only needs a continuance of this interest to ensure a successful season.

Several Soccer games have been played already, and good talent has been noticed.

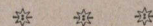
It is hardly baseball weather yet, but the arrival of the outfits is eagerly awaited.

Lieut. Copeland, of the Y.M.C.A., assures us of every possible support and assistance, and all the officers of the Company are taking a keen interest in the games.

It is hoped that several of the latter will be induced to turn out as soon as the trial stage is passed.

Now that the evenings are becoming lighter, indoor sports will naturally give way to outdoor games, and we look forward to meeting the teams of the Corps Signals, and also those of the other Companies, in baseball, Soccer, Rugby, and field hockey.

We have not yet reached the challenging stage, but we invite challenges.



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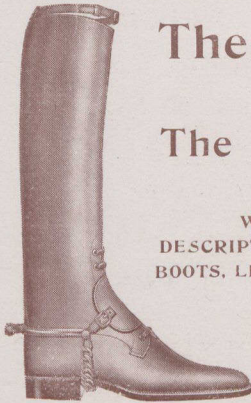
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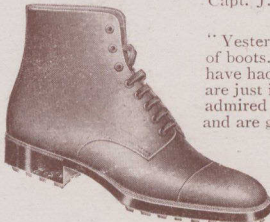


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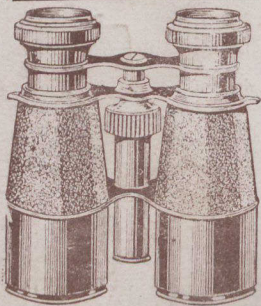
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