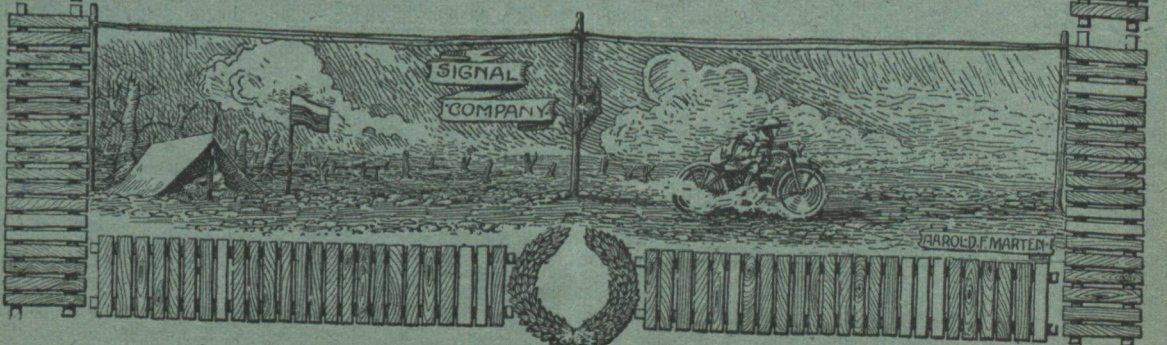


February
1919

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OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS



Vol. 3.—No. 13

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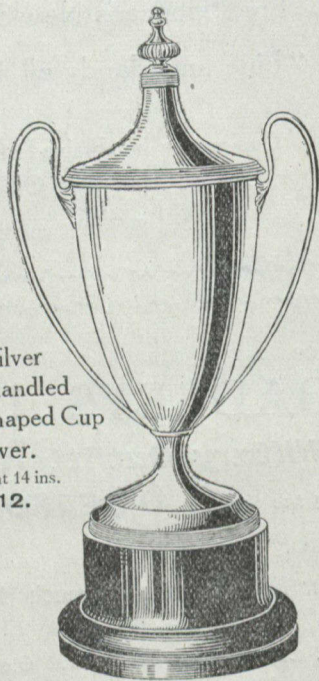
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THE CANADIAN SAPPER

VOL. III. No. 13.

FEBRUARY, 1919.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Editorial.

This number of THE SAPPER begins the second year of the Journal's existence.

In spite of rumours to the contrary, we are still going strong. We would welcome more support from contributors in France, as interest in that quarter has fallen off since the Armistice.

We desire to take this opportunity of rendering our heartiest thanks to all those contributors of all ranks who have put their shoulders to the wheel, and helped to make our Magazine a success.

Among these, we find outstanding the names of Lieut. Baxter, the inimitable author of "Sinbad"—now, alas, removed to a high sphere of activity in London, and out of touch with the personalities of the depot; his humour is infectious and priceless.

Major Collins has been an indefatigable writer in our recent numbers. He has a "puuch" when he tells soldiers the truth about themselves, that makes them recognise a real friend and a fighter.

Sapper O'Leary and Driver Marten have loyally supported us with their versatile pencils—Sapper O'Leary's allegorical cartoon in the July issue being a universal success.

R.S.M. Carpenter has been perfectly priceless with his Depot H.Q. news and notes. As a writer of humorous verse he is inimitable.

This month we would draw especial attention to a special article from the pen of Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Commanding the C.E.T.C.

He sets out very carefully the possibilities, and suggests means for continuing and cementing in civil life the bonds of comradeship that have grown up around us as Engineers during the strenuous times and shared dangers of the past four years.

Another special feature is the article on "Canadians in Germany."

This arrived at the last moment, and delighted us by its keen portrayal of daily life in the occupied towns. As an old traveller with much experience of Germany, we are able to vouch for its correct estimate of the German character.



Capt. J. B. MASON, M.C. Capt. J. F. INDERWICK.
 Capt. Col. Capt.
 J. B. MACPHAIL. T. V. ANDERSON, D.S.O. L. A. KENNEDY, M.C.

The Future of the Engineers.

By COL. T. V. ANDERSON, D.S.O.

Now that we are approaching the end of our service overseas, it might be well to give a few moments' consideration to ourselves—the Canadian Engineers.

We can ask many questions regarding the future, but we can at present only speculate upon what the right answers are.

What were the Canadian Engineers in Canada before the war, what are they now, and what are they going to be in future?

Before the war the Corps of Canadian Engineers consisted of four Field Troops and ten Field Companies. Each Field Company had a Telegraph Detachment, and there were no Signal Companies—the Telegraph Detachments being expected to do the necessary signalling work. These Field Companies and Troops were spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it was they who recruited for the Canadian Engineers for overseas in the early days of the war. Something like 1000 proceeded to France with the 1st Canadian Division, while now the authorized strength in France is over 19,000.

The Field Companies were not found to be a very suitable formation for work at the Front, and they were in consequence abolished, and C.E. Battalions formed instead. These proved so thoroughly satisfactory that it is reasonable to suppose that the Field Companies in the Canadian Militia will be similarly re-organized into Battalions. During peacetime they would, of course, be run on reduced establishments, as are the units of other arms, but they would provide the nucleus of Engineer requirements should we ever be called upon again to mobilize.

As regards Signal Companies, their work has proved of such primary importance that it is not improbable that their future in the Militia will be as self-contained units, instead of as detachments of Field Companies.

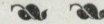
As regards Army Troops Companies, Tunnelling Companies, Tramway Companies, and other C.E. units existing at present in France, it will probably not be necessary to have these in peacetime. Before they are urgently required again, there would be sufficient time to organize and raise them, if another mobilization were ever necessary.

It would be a pity if some means were not devised to keep all who have been in the C.E. in touch with one another. It may be possible to find a way through some of the Veterans' Associations which have already been formed in Canada, but a more satisfactory way, from the point of view of the Canadian Engineer, would be through some sort of a C.E. "Old Comrades' Association." As our men have come from all over Canada, and will be similarly dispersed after discharge, such an Association would have to be Dominion-wide. That is to say, there would have to be one head committee for the whole of Canada, but for the same reason the actual management of such an Association would have to be decentralized, with perhaps Provincial sub-Committees to run its affairs in each province. This, again, might be sub-divided into club rooms in the various cities and towns where there are sufficient Old Comrades to make it worth while. The Association might publish a paper, such as THE CANADIAN SAPPER, as a means of inter-communication, and the advisability of establishing a benevolent fund for the benefit of C.E. veterans should be carefully considered. It would be necessary to charge an annual subscription for membership, but this should be of small amount, so that nobody would find its payment a hardship. The one

essential to make such an Association a success is that all who are eligible should join it. So I would appeal to all C.E. Officers, W.O.s, N.C.O.s and men, if they hear of a C.E. Association being formed, to make a point of joining it for the sake of the Association, for their own sakes, and for old times' sake.

I would also appeal to all ranks not to be backward in joining the C.E. Militia units in their own towns in Canada. Where only a few days each year are available for training, the help that would be secured from having a backbone of veterans would be inestimable. In that way can war service experience be made of great future use to Canada.

T. V. ANDERSON.



A Mathematical Nightmare ; or Demobilization Made Easy.

Let C=Any Canadian soldier.

B=Each tin of bully beef he has consumed.

D=Each time he has tripped over some wire.

L=Each month elapsed since the Armistice.

Q=Each wife he has in the British Isles.

Y=Each child he has in the British Isles.

c=Each month's service in Canada.

e= " " " " England.

f= " " " " France.

g=Each time he has been gassed.

s= " " " " sick.

w= " " " " wounded.

Then X=The number of months before he may expect his discharge, may easily be found by the formula below, with the assistance of the Q.M. Staff, the Assistant Adjutant, the R.T.O., and the Grace of God.

$$X = \frac{79B^7(C+3c+10e+17f)^{cef}}{10D^{13} + \left(\frac{w+sg}{5L}\right)^3 - \sqrt[4]{w^2} (2Q+17Y+2^3L)^2}$$

K is a variable, being the latest news from Argyle House. No value can be assigned to it.

NOTE.—(1) If Wz=QY the problem has no solution, and the man cannot be discharged. The Army is the safest place for him, anyhow.

(2) If Wz=0 then X=0.

(3) If Q or $\frac{Y}{3}$ is greater than 7, the man must be discharged in Utah or Cardston.

(4) If X is greater than g+f+s+w+W+z, it's a dam shame.

(5) If K is inconsistent with any or all of the other terms of the equation, do not be surprised.

(4) If any of the above seems obscure, apply for assistance at Room O, Khaki College, between the hours 24.00 o'clock and 00.01 o'clock any day when Mars is below the horizon, Venus and Mercury are in conjunction with the C.P.R., and when there is no Pay Parade on.

LIEUT. B. C. AFFLECK,
A Co. 2nd C.E.R.B.

A Few Hints for ex-Soldiers.

BY MAJOR G. R. N. COLLINS.

The war is over at last, and we all turn our eyes towards the cupboard, or other place, wherein we deposited our "civvies," praying that the moths, or other birds of prey, have left something that we can don. Such items as a possible misfit, loss of fashion, or change of taste, do not affect us for the moment, but all we think of is, the tremendous relief that will attend our discard of military clothing. It is all a dream, and we shall awaken soon enough; but meanwhile there is that tedious period of waiting called "demobilization," wherein every barrack room lawyer propounds his views as to the responsibility for delay, and the thousands of dollars which he is losing as a result of the "red tape" of the Army. It is all so easy to him, and as long as his reviling reaches healthy soldiers, healthy in mind as well as body, it does nobody any harm. There is, however, an undercurrent of deeper feeling which cannot be ignored, and which is dangerous to everybody; and as it reacts against the originator eventually, it is something to be guarded against in the most decisive manner.

I propose to speak a few words of sound advice to the men amongst whom I have spent the greater part of my life, and for whose intelligence and judgment, like everyone who knows his soldier, I have the utmost respect. In doing so, I know there are many who will at once say that I have been inspired to do so by higher authority, capitalists, etc., but I hope it will be sufficient for me to say that these words come from myself to the soldier, because I respect him, and because I wish to do him a service, as many of them have done for me in the past many years. The words carry a wisdom which is not my own, but is merely a recapitulation of what history has handed down through the ages, and which she will again repeat to our joy or sorrow, according to our deserts.

Let us first realize what the Army means to Canada, now that peace is practically in sight. It is first and foremost a dead loss. For every soldier in the forces Canada is paying dollars which have no earning power, which are spent outside the country, and for which she cannot expect any return. We are, therefore, so many drags upon the Canadian Exchequer. This is evident to every person who has anything to do with the Government or with the Army, and as a result their united aim is to *get you back to civil life as quickly as possible*. Every effort of all concerned is therefore toward the early accomplishment of that difficult task. Let us now try to appreciate a few facts about that task itself.

It is a matter for our regret, that the available shipping is almost entirely owned by Great Britain, and we have no Canadian passenger fleet whereby we can ship our troops home, even supposing that we could adopt a policy of selfishness wherein we did not recognise the world necessities and pool our resources. The ships that we do own, however, are pooled with those of the whole British nation, and allotments are made according to the needs.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the factors which govern the allotment of shipping. There are two distinct factors which dominate the whole: first, the necessity of procuring increased stocks of food-stuffs for Europe; and secondly, the collection, concentration, and demobilization of the troops.

The first item naturally directs the attention toward the granaries of the world, to the cattle raising districts, and to the points of discharge for cargoes. Canadians are fortunate in the fact that they offer one of the nearest markets for wheat, and therefore obtain an increased allotment of shipping for transport of troops. The United States has a larger output of grain, however, and has a larger demand for transport, but the fact remains that the shipping allotted to the American Continent is probably greater than that given to other areas. In any case, we have a distinct advantage. When we stop to consider the ports of discharge, however, we find certain quantities of supplies entering the French, Belgian, and German ports, in order to meet the demands of those countries, but when supplies for Austria-Hungary, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, Turkey, Russia, etc., are considered, it is evident that the ports of discharge will be situated in southern waters. For this reason, the shipping will probably collect supplies from southern countries, such as India, Africa, Australia. We find our shipping divided, therefore, into two distinct hemispheres.

The next question to be considered is the time occupied in making the round trip, and that will vary from the three weeks taken in making the journey to America and return, and the round trip of four to five months required for long trips to Australia.

If we now consider the second factor, namely, the demobilization of troops, we have to remember that our troops are to be found in every latitude and longitude. In the Arctic regions, in all tropical countries, east and west, wherever you look on your atlas, there you find British troops waiting to be demobilized. First, they have to be embarked, and then transported, not to any one country, but to every point of the compass; and here again the length of the journey varies with the distance to be travelled, but all demand the use of shipping for extended periods.

If your imagination will now reach to the extent of being able to place these two chief factors in their true relationship to one another; to appreciate the gravity of the food situation in the war areas; to grasp the total bulk weight necessary to relieve the strain; to envisage the distances which separate the sources of supply; to estimate the number of troops in distant countries; to calculate the time required to transport them to their various homes; and having done all this, to allot a very small amount of tonnage of shipping to the mighty task that confronts you—then you have no right in the Army, but should direct the International Conferences that are wrestling with the problem. If you can do all this, though, your fame would have changed your element long ago.

From all this, one thing stands out clearly, namely, that the amount of shipping available for Canadian demobilization is not to be worked out by a simple sum such as: Divide the number of troops by the number of men per ship, and the answer is so many ships, to which you add the time required to make one trip to Canada, and you have the actual time for demobilization; but on the contrary, the problem is a huge one, which says that you can only do a certain small amount of transportation per month, and that that figure is uncertain as the weather, which affects it by fog, storms, shipwreck, etc., apart from labour or other difficulties.

These few facts size up the situation, and any intelligent soldier will appreciate the situation sufficiently to realize that it will necessarily take time to demobilize the Canadian Forces. We have fought side by side with comrades from all over the universe, and we must

remember that they too have homes and dear ones, often much farther from them, and in less constant communication with them, than is the case with ourselves; and if we are true soldiers, we will wait patiently, in order that they may share a happy return at an early date.

So much for the situation as it is. Let us now suppose that it were possible to transport the whole of the forces at any one time, and to suddenly drop them down in Canada. Can you conceive what the result would be in regard to employment? Winter now enshrouds Canada, and consequently forbids work on the land, in the forest or mine, or new exploits in that vast unknown to which our future should direct our gaze. All that can be done for a few months is to prepare for a summer campaign to open up new enterprises in order to absorb the returning soldiers. This again takes time. The old industries carried on whilst you were away by the aid of our women, a large number of whom have enjoyed a better financial condition than they ever did before. Will they give it up? Personally I do not think they will. They have proved their efficiency, and are in touch with the work in hand. They cannot be lightly dispensed with. You have been away for years, and have lost touch. Frankly, you are not worth your old rate of pay until you do get into touch again. Perhaps you have never thought of these points, but nevertheless they ought to occupy your attention. There are facilities at your disposal to make you efficient again, and you might well utilize them to your own advantage. Realize the conditions at once, and recognize the fact that if the whole of the Canadian Forces were returned, even in a period of say three months, the inevitable result would be a complete chaos in business, and unemployment of a most serious nature.

I have heard many complaints from men that they are what they call "one man business men." Undoubtedly there are many in the Canadian Forces, and no doubt they could be usefully employed in their own businesses, but how are you going to decide who should, and who should not, be given precedence? Perhaps you suggest that the soldier should be allowed to state his case. Would you like to be the man to attempt to decide? I have been a Company Commander, and some of my happiest recollections are those wherein a soldier has tried to wangle some privilege. Have you ever sat and listened to the argument of a good healthy soldier in regard to a back door method around some order which does not suit his own ideas? Have you ever tried to spring one yourself? You know, without my telling you, that the chief aim of every soldier is always, to slip one over on his O.C. Company. That method will not do; no man could ever try to eliminate the lead-swing from the real thing, and remain sane. If you are honest, you will admit the truth of this.

Now there is one more injunction I want to lay down, and that is this: that no good will ever be acquired by any demonstration of force or defiance of authority. You can read your history, not only of England, but of other countries, and see what is accomplished by organized force. At the present time there is a wave of unrest through the country, undoubtedly inspired by men whose proper place is to decorate the most convenient telegraph post; but these men are endeavouring to agitate all trades and industries, in order to force some concession from the country or their employers. I do not intend to go into the question of the rights or wrongs of each case, but two facts will always stand out clearly, namely: that increased cost of production means an increased cost to the consumer.

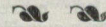
You cannot change that law, and the consumer means you. Bill Jones can force an increase in pay at his trade, but Sam Smith will pay his extra wages when he buys the goods which Jones made. The second factor is an important one, namely: that the man who creates trade is the man with skill, industry, and capital. If he operates his plant on sentiment or patriotism, he will go broke, and be of little use to you or me. He will sink his money, and devote his energy toward making more, incidentally giving employment to you and me, when he can safely invest. The present labour troubles have had one serious effect: they have shaken the confidence of all men who are responsible for the conduct of business, and they are afraid to start any new enterprise. You cannot blame them. Would you invest your money at a time when you did not know whether men would work or not? That is the result of the present situation, and the statement which I make is true: "You cannot gain anything by force!"

Now, you and I are in the same position exactly. I have ruined my career by five years' absence. I must start afresh, and I want to secure what I have lost at the earliest possible moment. I must rely upon my own efforts and skill. What I want is the big men to start new industries to give me an opening. I want them to invest and make a job for me. Is that not the very thing you want? Very well, do not take any action that will help to shake the confidence of men who can help us all.

Now, boys, I am proud of the privilege of being associated with the Canadian Forces, and I am particularly anxious that nothing shall mar our records; and the quickest way in which we can get back to our homes, re-establish ourselves in civil life, and prove that our country is worth fighting for, is to obey orders implicitly, demonstrate our worth by cleanliness in mind, body, and in our appearance, and intelligent appreciation of the task before us. For our personal benefit we can subject ourselves to self discipline, mental improvement, and for our physical welfare, careful attention to habits and clothing. Remember that civil life demands conformity with laws and decencies of life which are just as exacting as any Army regulations.

In making this appeal to all readers, please remember that I do so from a purely sentimental motive, inasmuch as I know the material of which our forces are composed, and only temporary blindness to fact can render it other than what I know it to be; but idleness breeds discontent, which leads to worse evils, and you and I value our reputation too well to sully it with any dishonourable method.

Wait patiently in the assurance that Canada will be more pleased to see you in "civvies" than you will be to wear them, despite your present scepticism on that one point.



Marriage.

On the 25th inst. the marriage will take place of Lieut. F. J. Clarke (late of Edmonton, eldest son of J. A. Clarke, of Halifax) and Miss Bessie Lord (eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Lord, of Hove, Sussex).

Lieut. Clarke, who, among his other activities, is O/C this journal, is an old timer, having served with the First Divisional Engineers in France. He is a graduate of the McGill University, and has a fine mental equipment, in addition to the knowledge of the world that is acquired by officers from overseas serving in the great war.



[Editor's Note.—I would like to take this opportunity of pointing out to all scribes, correspondents, poets, and artists still with C.E. units in France and Germany, that THE SAPPER is still a live and going concern, and that it *will* be live and going for some time.

The flow of news, notes, and sketches from the line was wonderfully kept up until the armistice; when we were busy fighting we could also produce art; but since that date nothing has been received from the new fronts, with the exception of an article we print below on "The Canadians in Germany." Now, buck up, fellows, and lets have some stuff. We'll print it.]

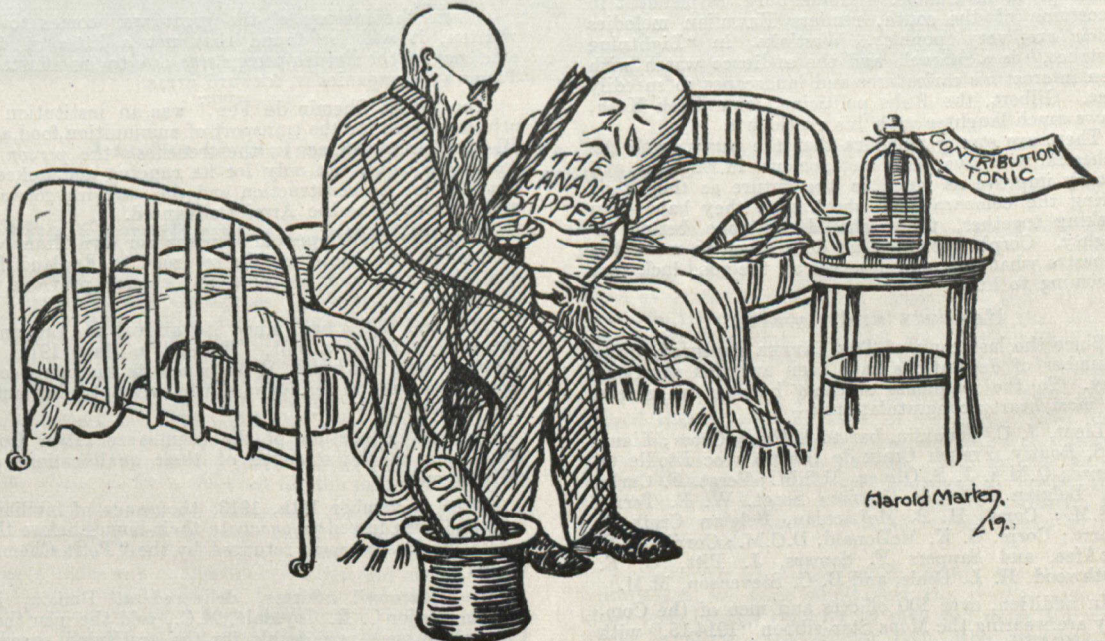


Our Musical Efforts.

In preparation for the gaiety of the civil life to be ours in a short time, and in response to the demands of the men who are waiting to be demobilized, the Company has succeeded in gathering together consider-

able musical talent. We have now an orchestra, a concert party, and a bugle band. The orchestra consists of fourteen members, and the seven members of the concert party have staged several concerts, which have been highly praised by everyone who has heard them. The buglers are well on the road to efficiency, and if they have not the popularity that is their due, it is because of their unavoidable association with route marches.

It was in Bonn, Germany, where the orchestra and concert party achieved their first success. Playing in the Stadt Theatre to crowded houses, they created a good impression, resulting in numerous requests for the continuation of their concerts. Since our return to Belgium, all have been practising assiduously, and recent shows have shown a great improvement. Padden



Patient: "Do you think I'll ever recover, doctor?"
 Doctor: "You might, if you get the tonic regularly."



The Sapper who—"Didn't see the Officer, sir!"

and Garden, in the "Burning Castles," show the latest steps with considerable gracefulness. Armitage as the talkative Dutchman, is a prime favourite. In all he undertakes he displays exceptional ability. Hunt, the latest addition to the party, possesses a fine voice, and should prove invaluable. Goldenburg, resplendent in a costume of the south, renders Hawaiian melodies which are very popular. Westlake, in "Lightning Sketches," is a marvel, and the audience watch with keen interest his caricatures and landscapes so speedily done. Gilbert, the Rube politician, from Hosh Kosh, draws much laughter with his rustic wit.

There are strong rumours that the party, with the orchestra, will have many engagements in England, and if they improve as much in the future as they have during the comparatively short time they have been working together, there should be none better in Blighty. Corpl. Brownlee has done much to make the orchestra what it is, and deserves all the good luck that is coming to him.

Honours and Awards.

Since the last copy of THE SAPPER appeared, quite a number of decorations have been awarded the Company. To the recipients of these honours we extend our most hearty congratulations:—

Lieut. J. C. Franklin, bar to Military Cross; Lieut. F. S. Routly, French Croix de Guerre avec Etoile en Bronze; Q.M.S. J. S. Oliver, M.S.M.; Sergt. F. Carleton, Belgian Croix de Guerre; Sergt. W. E. Terry, M.S.M.; Corpl. H. B. McLachlan, Belgian Croix de Guerre; Corpl. G. K. McDonald, D.C.M.; Corpl. A. E. MacAfee, and Sappers F. Somers, J. Pitt, G. E. Northwood, H. L. Beals, and B. C. Stevenson, M.M.

In addition, over 100 officers and men of the Company are wearing the Mons Star ribbon "1914-15," with a few 1914 Stars thrown in just for good measure. The Company now resembles a veterans' association—veterans in experience if not in years.

The Linemen's Song.

This is the song of the linemen, hoofing it all the day,
Out where the shrapnel's bursting—out where the big
guns play;
Lines upon lines to follow, pairs upon pairs to span,
Sometimes we find a hell of a mess, which once was
a perfect span.
But we are the "trouble shooters," and the "O.C.
Lines," he knows
That it's not our fault if he can't get through—
It's something more than a shell or two—
And we'll tear it down and build it anew,
For the sake of the Signal Service.

Sometimes we're working day and night, we don't
consider the time;
There's often a hundred joints to make, and a hundred
poles to climb;
Whether it's zero weather, or whether it's hot as hell,
It's not like a city job, you know, when you quit for a
breathing spell.
There's always a route to follow, always a job to be
done,
Tho' the boast be big, the Canadian Sigs are second
only to none.
Yes, we are the "trouble shooters," and the burden
of this, our song,
Is, "Sharpen your pliers and fix the wires—
It isn't our buttons the boss admires—
We're a dirty bunch, but he sure requires
Communication amid the fires,
For that is the Signal Service."

The Tramway Companies.

When the history of the great war comes to be written, it will be found that not a little of the efficiency of the British troops was due to the efforts of Tramway Companies in forward areas.

The "Petit Chemin de Fer" was an institution of priceless value for the transport of ammunition, food, and all supplies to the men in the trenches; the *personnel* were responsible not only for its running and upkeep, but also for its construction and the carrying forward of its activities as the Armies advanced.

With the near approach of peace our own Tramway Companies have been mostly returned to England for demobilization, and are now at Seaford, previous to going on leave.

The 2nd T.C. has, since its arrival in England, ceased to exist as a unit. Formed in May, 1916, to supply a long felt want, it has since its inception constantly operated in the forward area without relief until the armistice.

The major portion of the men were taken from Battalions on the strength of their qualifications as railway men.

After November 11th, 1918, thousands of civilians who had been forced to evacuate their homes before the retreating Bosche were returned by the "Petit Chemin de Fer."

In a farewell address, delivered at Denain, in France, Major C. R. Crysdale, M.C., told the men that they alone were responsible for the gratifying success of the unit. General Horne warmly praised their work in a letter, and the Company has received many other words of praise from high quarters.

*Canadian Special Photo.*

Canadian Corps Tramway men repairing a German railroad over which they are running their trains.

The Canadians in Germany.

When we were first asked to write a few generalities concerning the Canadians in Germany, we considered our task a hard one. After some deliberation, however, we find it not so difficult. We suppose it is because man seems to take a delight in criticisms that we take a pleasure in describing our sojourn with the Germans. Perhaps, too, the fact that the Censor has begun to pack up, will make the story easier in the telling. At any rate, dismissing the cause, we take great amusement in saying just what we like about the people whom we have observed for the past five weeks.

The hike towards the Rhine was, for the most of us, both interesting and exciting, but for many it proved uncomfortable and wearisome. And as there are grouse under any circumstances, a few did not appear any too enthusiastic to see Germany and the people against whom we have been fighting for the past four years. But we cannot find anyone, at the present time, who is really sorry that he made the journey. To have the privilege of crossing the famous Rhine, to be able to observe the effects of defeat on a few of those who are responsible for the years of torment to the

entire world, are the finishing touches to a work well done.

During the few weeks spent in the district, Canadians have seen a great deal. They have gone up and down the river and observed for themselves that which the Germans in their boastful way have praised for years. They have felt the contrast between the snug comfortable look of the territory hereabouts, and the desolate ruin back in France and Belgium. They have judged that while the poets of the Rhine have had reason to be proud of their river and its surroundings, there is just as good in Canada. And in this, as in many other cases, they are learning to credit the Dominion with natural beauties, just as wonderful as any of the world-famed, well advertised places to be found in Europe.

In order to keep this article within the limits of truthfulness, we must admit that the average man in khaki feels himself superior to each and every German whom he meets. One of our men, who, previous to the war, earned his wages in the summer by cutting grass, and in winter by shovelling snow, was seen sitting at a table drinking beer. Opposite him, at the same table, sat a portly German, also busy with his



A Hot (?) Bath in France.
How a "Shower" looks to "Tommy" in February.

noon drink. As the latter rose to depart, he had the misfortune to disturb the equilibrium of the table. With the lurch of the table, over went the glass belonging to our friend the Canadian, and the frothy fluid flowed in all directions.

It was a silent tragedy. The German muttered an apology of some sort, and our friend, perhaps because of the lack of a suitable vocabulary to suit the case, said nothing. But the look on his face was wonderful. He appeared not so much angry as disgusted, and if ever one showed better, by facial expression, such a display of scorn, pity and superiority, that person has escaped our attention. Figuratively, we patted our friend on the back, for we, too, have the conviction that the humblest of us is worth more than the stateliest German. So much has been revealed to us during the war; we have seen so much of their barbarity and their bungled efforts, that even though the soldier who passes judgment may be far from perfect himself, he consciously places himself on a higher level than these people, with whom he mingles every day.

We still see evidence of German stubbornness. They do not seem to realize their place in the advance of the world towards enlightenment. A man who will

admit that Germany was in the wrong, is a rarity in the territory occupied by the Canadians.

The majority assume an injured expression, which would almost appear natural were it not for the crafty look in their eyes. And, talking of stubbornness, reminds us of an incident which took place at a small railway station near the Belgian border.

We were standing on the platform, when along came the stationmaster, wearing a uniform and braid enough for a general. Passing the time of day, he stopped apparently for a chat, but as he said nothing, we likewise had no word for him. We pulled out our pipe, and were about to fill it from our pouch, when he demurred. He offered us some of his tobacco, "Made in Germany," which we accepted; and, in turn, gave him a pipeful of ours, which nearly emptied our pouch. After lighting up and drawing a few puffs, we remarked: "Your tobacco is stronger than ours."

Deliberating for a moment or two, he replied: "No, I don't think so!"

We said nothing more, yet we felt like pointing out that he was about as capable of telling the truth as his former Kaiser.

It has been established long ago, that wherever the Canadians are, fun and amusement will be found, and Germany has not proved to be an exception. The other evening we entered a café, whose very name is enough to rouse resentment—"Kaiser Café." It was near closing time, and the place was filled with soldiers. The orchestra was busily engaged in an attempt to make itself heard above the buzz of conversation, and the waiters were hustling to and fro, endeavouring to meet the demands of the last ten minutes preceding the hour of closing.

We seated ourselves in a corner, where we commanded a good outlook on the vivacious crowd in the café. Close at hand, on the right, was the main entrance—a revolving door affair, which swung merrily with the continual incoming and outgoing of the soldiers. We had not settled down for more than two or three minutes, when, from the direction of the door, came a series of grunts. Looking around to ascertain the cause of this unusual noise in the vicinity of a café, we saw through the glass partition a soldier who was pushing with all his might to force open the door, which, by some means or other, had become stuck. The unexpected happened. The door suddenly gave way, and the soldier entered the room on all fours. His face marked him as a good natured sort, but the indignity of the situation would have been annoying to anyone, and our new arrival did not act as calmly as might have been expected. He stood, surveyed the laughing crowd, and in an impressive voice, cried: "To — with the Kaiser!"

However, he spied some friends, and walked to their table. We observed the subdued way in which they talked, and their glances towards the orchestra, which looked very suspicious. Suddenly, as if by common consent, they jumped up from the table, and went over to the orchestra, and with dramatic gestures requested that "Rule Britannia" be played immediately.

Confusion reigned among the musicians. The air was filled with intense expectancy, and a hush fell on the crowd. Standing irresolute for a moment, the leader took one look at the faces of those who made the strange demand, and then himself took up the air. The others followed suit, and they managed to finish the tune with some sort of musical nicety. The mirth makers walked solemnly out of the door.

*Canadian Special Photo.*

The famous Canal du Nord, showing the construction and cutting across which the Canadians crossed with their support and supplies.

Nevertheless, the work on hand has been taken seriously by the Army of Occupation. Our men walk the streets of the cities and towns in a manner which truly bears out the spirit of righteous conquerors. One finds a smartness of bearing which does not seem to be the result of military training, so much as an expression of right prevailing over wrong. Having heard that formerly the civilians here gave up their place on the crowded sidewalks to those who wore the uniform of the Kaiser, the Canadians are seeing that the same is done for them. And many a civilian of military bearing has been seen to step off with great reluctance. But that is only a small item in their punishment.

Most of us have mastered enough French to be able to carry on a conversation in that language with some show of dignity. But the journey into the realms of "Ach's" and "Nein's" is a hard one. The guttural growls of the Germans have no attractions after the soft, silvery "Ah Oui's" and "Jamais's" of our friends in France. However, the soldier has long since become proficient in the sign language, and he can quickly make himself understood when necessary.

Women were always an enigma to us, and we leave them to be judged by others. But it is an obvious fact that soldiers are deeply interested in them. Canadians have respected womanhood here in Germany as elsewhere. Though what worries us is that these women, who do not appear exactly savages, are the same who,

but a few months ago, spat in the faces of our prisoners, and jeered them as they passed along the streets. But, as we said before, we do not attempt to understand them.

Bonn, aristocratic in appearance, and shrivelled in its aristocracy, will, no doubt, be better known to us than any other town in Germany. Austere and reserved in appearance, it seems an appropriate home for a University which for years has expounded German Kultur. Formerly, when this Kultur was inculcated without interference on the part of the remainder of the world, there were at times as many as fifteen thousand in attendance, and to have taken the University away from Bonn would have been to leave the city but a stopping place for tourists. Now, less than five thousand students attend. These we see daily on their way to and from lectures—a strange group to us, who, by reason of various adventures in France and Belgium, have gradually submerged student life into the realms of unreality.

Be it known to all readers that we have one fault, and that is inquisitiveness, and furthermore, that this fault often leads us into awkward situations. Not long ago we were travelling in a street car, one wet sloppy day. In the same car was the conductor and a young student, who carried with him the inevitable pile of books. A new arrival jumped aboard, bringing along with him a dripping umbrella. It struck us at

the moment that we should like to learn the word for this rainy weather article. So we asked the owner. The latter supplied the information, but the student, in a typical German fashion, suggested that the French called it "parapluie." We agreed, and soon found that he spoke French fluently. He went on to say that he had finished his course in chemistry at the University, and wished to learn whether it would be possible to set up a business in Canada.

"That depends," we replied. "All you would have to do, would be to learn the English language so well as to speak it without a trace of the German accent. Forget that you ever were a German, forget that you ever obtained a degree at a German University. Learn the manners and customs of Canadians, become naturalized, and perhaps" (we enjoyed using that word 'peut-etre') "perhaps you might eventually succeed."

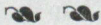
He got off at the next stop without even saying good-bye!

Of course, we have not heard much concerning German Kultur. We would not listen, should anyone attempt to talk about it. The Germans are taking their place as secondary to the victors. For the time being, at least, they have stepped down from their pedestal on which they represented the "Super Man," and, on a level with ordinary human beings, may learn that they are even a little lower than the rest of us. But as far as we can judge from our short stay in their country, the Germans have much to learn, and will need many hard lessons taught them before they can attempt to pass the standards required in the tests of civilization as made out by the Allies.

Our sketch would not be complete were we to forget to mention the work of the Y.M.C.A., who settled here just as well equipped to provide for the enjoyment of our men, as the Army was to guard the Bridgehead. Through their agency and by their management, we have been enabled to enjoy the best of motion pictures imported from civilized countries, instead of the half-perfected films which the Germans show. The Y.M.C.A. stationed in a country where good biscuits, chocolate, canned goods, and cigarettes are practically unobtainable, have brought up car load after car load of these for the troops—sold at prices which are the envy of the astonished Germans.

Despite the interest which this strange country affords, and the satisfaction obtained by the realization of that which we have striven for during the war, our departure will be welcomed. It will be pleasant to spend the remainder of our time on the Continent with the French and Belgians, who have proved their friendship throughout the long weary months of hardship. And inasmuch as we appreciated Canada, after a prolonged absence, so shall we see France and Belgium in a better light after our stay with the Germans. Further, when we leave Germany, we shall be taking our first step towards home. With hearts set ready for "The Day" when we shall again walk on Canadian soil, we leave Germany without a regret. We leave her to herself to repair the havoc which her foolishness has caused, and . . . to repent at leisure.

W. H. G.



Magistrate: What was this prisoner doing?

Policeman: 'E was 'avin' a werry 'eated argyment with a cabman, yer wuship.

Magistrate: But that does not prove he was drunk.

Policeman: Oh, yes, it do, yer wuship! 'cos there worn't no cabman there.

After "Lights Out."

A dear old lady, unaccustomed to the busy London streets, stepped into the middle of the road and addressed the policeman on traffic duty.

"Constable," she said, "I want to get to the 'Elephant.' Can you tell me where I shall get a tram?"

"If you don't hurry up, ma'am," replied the obliging official, "you'll get one in the back of the neck in a minute."

Two self-educated brothers were being entertained by a merchant, who was anxious to secure orders from them.

As the conversation lagged somewhat, the merchant, seeking a line of interest, tried literature.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" he asked.

"Pretty fair," responded one of the brothers; "but I prefer Benedictine."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"I say, Jack," said one, "a nice mess you made of it this evening."

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, Omar Khayyam ain't a wine. It's a cheese."

The son of the house had heard that there were no fools like the old fools.

On the first of April he decided to fool his mother, she being the most likely member of the household to succumb.

Accordingly, he rushed wildly into the drawing room and exclaimed:

"Mother, there's a man in the kitchen kissing our cook."

His mother, roused to indignation, at once proceeded to the kitchen to settle matters, but just as she reached the door the young hopeful called out:

"April fool! April fool! It's only father."

Why do women talk more than men?

Adam was made of dust of the earth. Eve was made from a rib.

Take a bag of dust and a bag of ribs, and shake them together, and see which makes most noise.

A dear old lady in a train leaned over to Sapper 402 Bill Smith, out since Mons, and asked him what the red chevron and the four blue ones were for.

"Why, ma'am," he said, "the red one shows as how I'm married, and the blue ones show as how I've got three kids."

The old lady beamed with happiness, and said how nice it was to be reminded of one's domestic circle in that way.

Then she saw another sapper with only three blue ones. Her old eyes twinkled, as she reached over and tapped him on the knee.

"Oh, you naughty man," she said; "where's your red chevron?"

"Lady," he said, "I'm a widower."

But when she went home, she cut her nephew out of her will, because he was wearing two blue. "And I know quite well," she said, "that Tom *isn't* a widower."

Demobilization.

Number 13.

"Seeing as 'ow the H'Allies have won," said our Sgt.-Major majestically, surveying his satellites (at the mess) — "there's this 'ere demobilization. The 'old man' is more worried than any time this four years," he continued, putting down his gratuitous glass with a soliciting sigh, "and wants some educated other ranks to 'elp with the clerk work. And now it's up to you fellows to get 'em." That started the conspiracy. Our Sergt. got hold of my particular chum and asked him, without ceremony, what sort of an education he had had. My chum, who is very self depreciative, mildly said he had his A.B. Harvard. "That's no good," said our Sergt., "if you haven't passed the ex-seventh!"

Comment is superfluous on such a melancholy exhibition of class ignorance and gross stupidity, so we just keep on "the even tenor of our way." He hooked Jackson, though. Jackson is a man whose talents are below mediocrity, but capable of improvement. He might be termed an excellent "Tommy." He made a meteoric rise in this new sphere of erudition though, and is now at the giddy heights of a L/Corpl. Another "coup de main" of our Sergt.'s secured Brentley. My chum (who piques himself on his scientific bent) stated the valuation of this individual as — physical properties *strong*, mental qualities *weak*, which I consider a remarkable appraisal. Our indefatigable Sergt. next approached me, enquiring if I could read and write. To which hackneyed interrogation I replied that my difficulty consisted in stopping reading and writing, and that I had been known, on the slightest provocation, to forthwith read and write to the neglect of every other essential of life. His discerning eye, however, did not select me (his allumini) otherwise I should have been spared a lot of worry hereafter related.

It must be first of all narrated that I have never been considered anything in the Army but a pauperized civilian. The solution is that some men are leaders in action, others in thought. Parading before this accumulated array of preponderating talent I met with the following impassé: After stating with facility my name, number, rank, and other items of military nomenclature—I was next asked, my length of service. This was rather awkward, and unable impromptu to estimate the fatigues I had performed, against those I had dodged, I was greatly embarrassed. But commencing in true Parliamentary style—"Sir, this is a matter that cannot be answered in a single expletive," to my intense relief, this sentient individual copied my attestation date from my pay book. The next question was equally difficult: "Where do you wish to be demobilized?" Had the question been when, I should have experienced no difficulty. Finally, I respectfully requested permission to defer my decision until I knew the future arrangements of my mother-in-law. The next came like the sword of Demosthenes on my head. "What occupation do you intend to take up after the war?" Now, I had secretly resolved to take up none, believing that the gentlemanly art of being indolent an artistic cult much in the decline. My ingenious clerical friend said he would leave the question open, and put me in the way of advisory bodies. They have inundated me ever since. I am mentally deranged by papers, pamphlets, brochures, and lampoonists on the felicities of every occupation from a shoe black to an archbishop. The question is still open. Yesterday I went before my O.C., who assured me it would mean a dishonourable discharge. This has caused me some relief, for at least I cannot then get any position under the Crown—and that's an appreciable gap,

There has been a lot written and spoken about the ill influence of the number 13 on human existence and activities.

I used not to take any notice of such tosh; I used to spill salt with a gay heart, and walk under ladders in a spirit of the most irresponsible bravado, and would sit down thirteen to dinner every day in the year, and think I was lucky to get the dinner, never mind the number of guests—and even if one of them did die in the next year, so much the better for the rest of us.

But now I know what this number, this pariah among all numbers, really can do to a man. I will never speak disrespectfully of it again. If I see it I shall shudder and pass along on the other side of the road.

It was quite a simple thing that brought this about; a thing which the good Government has repeatedly assured us was the simplest thing in the world, and was, in fact, all arranged beforehand. In short, I tried to get demobilized.

I reported to the officer in charge of these matters, and his manners were perfect; he spoke softly, and even smiled. This should have warned me, but somehow I was beyond noting such details. He assured me the thing was simple; I must leave my pay book and have my groups entered in it, and routine orders, with a little assistance from Providence, would do the rest.

Right.

That was the start. When I got my pay book back I looked at the entries in it and saw, among other hieroglyphics "occupational group 13."

This puzzled me for a moment, because I hadn't learnt the list; so I obtained a copy of this remarkable document, and now I am on the verge of insanity through trying to find out what I am in civil life.

I should explain that in my attestation papers I am described as "a spare hand."

I don't know how that got there. In fact, I never did really get to find out how anything got into that remarkable document at all, because at the time it was apparently drawn up, there was a wave of "G. and W." struck our town with more than ordinary violence, and when we woke up we found we were in the Army.

Anyhow, here I am now, occ. group 13, and puzzling as to what I really am. I find the Army has done this much for me, that whereas before I joined I had no trade at all, I now have over one hundred trades, every one of which is a good sound paying proposition.

If I am able to take my discharge paper to a shop foreman in any one of these trades, and say to him: "Here you are, fellow, here is my Government guarantee that I am a qualified Albata worker; a competent alloy man, a really good carbuncle cutter ("rough" in brackets), a topping artificial fly maker, a mattress finer," or fifty other fine and highly specialized trades, I shall be all right.

But will these employer people be satisfied with the demobilizers' decision? Of course, if they only give a week each on trial, I'm good for two years, and I might really pick up a few sound tips in that time.

The only thing that is worrying me is whether they'll want to demobilize me under any one of the special sections which are all numbered 13.

In the meantime I'm not even a soldier, there's too much mud, too many N.C.O.s, and too much of everything else for that.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Corporal Stagg.

We regret to announce the death of Corpl. Stagg, on his way home. After escaping the perils of the front line with the old 10th Field Company in France, he met his end in a train smash in Canada.

Corpl. Stagg was well known in the Depot as a gas instructor, and also in connection with church and Y.M.C.A. work in the area.

We reprint a notice of his untimely end that appeared in a Canadian paper:—

SAVED TOYS FOR "DADDY"

WHO WAS KILLED IN WRECK.

Little Three-and-a-Half Year Old Daughter of Corpl.

W. F. Stagg Received Telegram from Him.

The loving fingers of his little daughters had fashioned a "Welcome Home" motto, with flags about it, for Corpl. A. F. Stagg. The children, with the mother, had hoped he would pass beneath it, alive and well, at the home, 704 Ossington avenue, when the train bringing returned soldiers arrived at North Toronto yesterday. But the living form of "daddy" will never come to his children again, for when the cruel accident happened at Edmundston, N.B., Corpl. Stagg was one of the victims of the wreck.

To his little three-and-a-half year old daughter, Eleanor, came a telegram on Monday, "Arrived Carmania—watch out for train—Dad"—and happily the baby had prattled of the father whom she knew only by his picture, for she was just eight months old when he left Toronto to fight in the great war.

Saved Them for Him.

"I saved those to give daddy," she said yesterday, a smile dimpling her face as she pointed towards some Christmas toys placed upon the plate rail in the sitting room. She did not realize the anguish that had settled upon the little home with the brief death message of the day before. When it came, the oldest daughter, Margaret, had just brought in a bouquet of flowers to add to bright decorations prepared for the father's coming. Thirteen years ago Wednesday had been the parents' wedding day, and the celebration of this anniversary was to have been part of the general joy of the home coming.

Came When Nine.

The father, whose body will arrive on Saturday, came to Canada from Scotland when a boy of nine, and settled in Western Canada. Fourteen years ago he came to Toronto, and was married the next year to Grace Smith. Margaret, twelve; Grace, ten; Dorothy, six, and Eleanor, three years old, are the four children born to them. Corpl. Stagg went overseas in 1915 with the Canadian Engineers, and after some months in France was wounded and returned to England. He was at Haywards Heath eight months after being wounded, and was made instructor.

In Ossington Avenue Baptist Church, Corpl. Stagg was leader of the "Standby" Bible Class. He was first to enlist, and one by one his boys followed him to France, until scarcely one of the original number was left. "He had a chance several times to speak to some of them 'over there,'" the wife said, bravely smiling through her tears. "My husband had planned to do much work in the church when he came back."

Corpl. Stagg's two brothers, Robert and Albert, are in khaki, and one brother and four sisters reside in Western Canada.



Lieut. J. C. Brown.

Lieut. J. C. Brown, who is Adjutant to the 3rd C.E.R.B., enlisted with the 62nd Battalion in Vernon, B.C. He transferred to the 2nd Tunnelling Company, and proceeded to France with this unit. While a Sergt. in France, he won the French Medaille Militaire.

This medal is the highest honour a French soldier can obtain. It was founded in 1852, and is only awarded to Privates, N.C.O.s and Generals. There are many privileges attached to this medal in the French Army. They include salutes from equal ranks, presentation of arms by sentries, and a pension of one hundred francs a year.

Lieut. Brown, who was then Sergt., returned to England, and after taking an O.T.C., was gazetted on July 1st, 1917.

He has four brothers serving with the Canadians, two of whom have won D.C.M.'s. This was the first family of five brothers to leave B.C. for France.

The Poet's Column.

Remember Me.

Though deprived of the privilege of meeting the Hun,
Or winding my watch on the Rhine,
I still claim a part of the glory that's won,
Though I reached not the firing line.

I was held in reserve, with the same iron nerve,
That distinguished men out on the field;
I was waiting the call to enter or fall,
In case that our front had to yield.

Since our victory's gained, and Battalions are famed,
And joy may be mingled with tears;
But boldly and true, neath the red, white and blue,
Fought Canada's brave Engineers.

A. GINGLES.

A Game of Soldiers.

We used to play at soldiers,
Not many years ago:
Me and my brother Willie,
We used to love to go
Out to the woods and green fields
With other little friends,
There by the winding river
That turns and twists and bends,
With its wooded little islands,
And its rippling rhythmic streams.
We used to play at soldiers—
And yet it only seems
As if the years were minutes
And the hours we used to play
Were but a fleeting vision
Of a distant summer day,
When we fought our little battles,
And there echoed through the trees
The sound of children's voices;
And there wafted through the breeze
Confused and hurried orders
As to where we should attack,
The weapons we should carry
To drive the foeman back.
There were so many orders,
'Twas hard to understand
Who was the friend or foeman,
Or who was in command.
But I used to love those battles
And to hear the bugle blow,
When we used to play at soldiers,
Not many years ago.

Now Willie lies in Flanders,
In a simple little grave,
With many other heroes,
The bravest of the brave.
And on a little hillock,
Where the grass is growing green,
And the daffodils are budding,
Just a wooden cross is seen.
I would have been with Willie
When he fought and died out there,
But I'm just a helpless cripple,
And they wheel me in a chair;
But I'd like to have been with him,
Just to call to mind, you know,
The times we played at soldiers,
Not many years ago.

But one day I'll be with Willie,
And I'll see him face to face,
And he'll be amongst our heroes
In a brighter, happier place,
Where the birds are ever singing,
And the night is as the day;
Where the joyful bells are ringing,
And all tears are wiped away;
Where the trees are ever budding,
And the gentle breezes blow;
And perhaps we'll play at soldiers
As we used to years ago.

JOHN LIGHT.

The Secret.

(From "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," by "Woodbine Willie," M.C., Chaplain to the Forces.)

You were askin' 'ow we sticks it,
Sticks this blarsted rain and mud,
'ow it is we keeps on smilin'
When the place runs red wi' blood.

Since you're askin', I can tell ye,
And I thinks I tells ye true,
But it ain't official, mind ye,
It's a tip 'twixt me and you.

For the General thinks it's tactics,
And the bloomin' plans 'e makes.
And the C.O. thinks it's trainin',
And the trouble as he takes.

Sergeant-Major says it's drillin',
And 'is straffin' on parade.
Doctor swears it's sanitation,
And some patent stinks 'e's made.

Padre tells us it's religion,
And the Spirit of the Lord;
But I ain't got much religion,
And I sticks it still, by Gawd.

Quarters kids us it's the rations,
And the dinners as we gets.
But I knows what keeps us smilin',
It's the Woodbine cigarettes.

For the daytime seems more dreary,
And the night-time seems to drag
To eternity of darkness,
When ye aven't got a fag.

Then the rain seems some'ow wetter,
And the cold cuts twice as keen.
And ye keeps on seein' Boches,
What the Sargint 'asn't seen.

If ole Fritz 'as been and got ye,
And ye 'aven't got a fag on,
Why it 'urts as bad again.
Wen there ain't no fags to pull at,
Then there's terror in the ranks.
That's the secret—(yes, I'll 'ave one)
Just a fag—and many Tanks.

Which?

A DILEMMA IN MESOPATAMIA.

If you were shut at Kut in a hut,
With your kit in a hut at Hit,
Would you shut your hut at Hit, or cut
From your hut at Kut for your kit?

A Prayer in Time of War.

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
To-night a world that turned from Thee
Is waiting—at Thy Throne.

The towering Babels that we raised,
Where scoffing sophists brawl,
The little Antichrists we praised—
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said . . . The fool hath said . . .
And we, who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead,
How waiting we seek Thine eyes?

How should we look to Thee for power
Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart once more,
That mocks no sacred thing,
The Sword of Truth our fathers wore,
When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
Our deep unspoken prayer,
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
We know that Thou are there.

ALFRED NOYES, in *The Fra.*



"OH, WHERE? OH, WHERE?—"

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

Dear Sir

I would like, if you can spare the space, to use your valuable columns for the ventilation of a great grievance.

I do not know at the moment who or what particular person or body of persons, or Order of Council, my grievance is against, but I do know it wants airing. It is this:—

There are upwards of seven thousand nice young girls like myself in and around Brighton, and until quite recently we were more or less attached for better or worse (not for rations and discipline, however) to a similar number of seven thousand more or less handsome young Canadian soldiers in the Seaford Area.

Where are these soldiers? Where, and by whose orders, have they been removed to? They seem to have vanished overnight as it were, like a June snowstorm. They have gone without a word of explanation or farewell.

We can only suppose that the inconsiderate people who stopped the war have carried their pushful policy so far as to send these dear fellows home. This we could understand, but our grievance is this: that while they have taken away our cavaliers, they have made no arrangements to replace them out of the ranks of those soldiers who, I am told, are still present at Seaford in considerable force.

Please, Mr. Editor, will you do what you can to remedy this wretched state of things, and drop a few crumbs of comfort into this Adamless Eden?

Yours in tears,

A BRIGHTON GIRL.

[I do my best, but I must be in Camp *sometimes*.—
EDITOR.]

Concerning that which befel Budos.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO "ARTEMOS THE SCRIBE."]

1 Now it came to pass that a host of armed men did gather them together at a place called Seaford, which is by Brite. And because each was *skilled* in a trade, therefore were they called Engineers.

2 Now, the host was divided *into many parts*. And the division thereof it was very strange.

3 They that were two thousand or more in number, yea, even three thousand, then were they known as a Battalion. And they that were not more than a score in number, they were called a Division. For it did *so please* the rulers.

4 Now it came to pass that a ruler bearing a shining crown, yea and a star *that glittered*, he was appointed to rule over a Battalion.

5 And because he did maintain peace among the multitude, and did do that which was right, therefore his name it was Law.

6 And when Law was unable to get him from his couch, or did leave the camp *to enjoy him* in another part of the land, then did another ruler bearing three glittering stars take his place.

7 And to the multitude *his name* it was Adj.

8 But the real name of this ruler it was Budos, which, being interpreted, means "Do it." And many men were wroth, *because of it*—for to them it did mean much work.

9 Now Law and Budos they did challenge one another. And the conditions thereof *were these*:

10 They would get them unto a place where there was grass. And each would place on the earth an object that was round. Then would each at his *appointed time* smite with a stick the object that was upon the ground.

11 And they would pursue the object and smite it yet again. And he that pursued it longest and yet had *smitten it least*, yea, he was the winner.

12 And it came to pass that Budos did place the object that was round upon the earth, and did smite with a strong blow. But it departed from its place *not an inch*. And he did smite again and yet again.

13 And the stick with which Budos did smite the earth it was broken. But Budos spake not a word.

14 But when he did perceive that Law did mock him because of that which had happened unto him, then did he become exceeding wroth, and did speak *with violence* in a strange tongue. And men fled from his presence because of it.

15 But he did get him another stick, and smote yet again. And the ball it did go upon a *long journey*. Wherefore Budos put his wrath from him.

16 Now at the close of the day Law and Budos came back. And as Budos did approach unto the house he fell down in a faint. For he had smitten many times, and his strength it had departed *from him*.

17 And they carried him into the house.

18 Wherefore Law was exceeding glad, and said "Behold the skill of Budos, it is not so great as mine. Therefore shall he render unto me viands *and wine* and other things which are good."

19 And it came to pass that on the following day that Budos was wroth, because of that which had happened unto him.

20 And he summoned all those that did command the Companies and *said unto them* "Do it."

21 And they did it.

—❧— **ROUND THE DEPOT.** —❧—



Headquarters.

No sooner do we seem to get settled and comfortably quartered, free from "flu" and all other infectious germs, than, without a mighty blast of trumpets, we are called upon to welcome about 700 of our friends from France. Now, 700 men cannot be very well put into one hut, so poor Capt. Mason was called upon to give an exhibition of his sleight of hand manipulations, and produce quarters for them. This is not the first time Capt. Mason has had to show what wondrous things can be done. Only a few months ago he had to find accommodation for the 3rd C.E.R.B., who were at that time under canvas, and there was not even a packing case left to put them in. Once again he has accomplished his well known trick of making a camel walk through the eye of a needle.

Capt. Inderwick, who is known very well in the C.E.T.C., has been the cause of a great deal of rumour of late. We are now able to state that these rumours have absolutely no foundation whatever. The reason why Capt. Inderwick's presence was so much in evidence about the end of January was none other than a coal shortage at home.

Two Officers, we know them well,
 Their brains they kept on turning,
 To fathom out the ways and means
 To keep the home fires burning.

One thought of this, one thought of that,
 They sure were in a hole;
 They'd send someone to Canada
 And buy his blooming coal.

Now that the policy for discharge in England has been settled, several of the boys are busy filling out their papers. There is some talk of quite a number of them applying for positions as telephone operators. We could mention more than one man who is taking private lessons, not at the Khaki College. Probably an unexpected visit to the Seaford or Lewes Exchanges would find some of them, so now you know why the trunk calls take a little longer to get through than usual.

We wonder how many cases of bigamy will be brought to a head now that the order has been issued stating "All wives must be returned to Canada unless certain conditions are fulfilled."

We have been asked to state the difference between Sergt. Quin, Corpl. McRae, and Sergt. Pain:—All the girls run after Quin; McRae runs after all the girls; Pain won't run after any girl, and none of the girls will run after Pain.

To Brighton once three N.C.O.s went off upon a spree, Sergts. Quin, McRae, and Pain, as happy as could be. It wasn't long before McRae started his googoo eyes;

Then Sergt. Pain spake up and said, "My word, I am surprised."

The girls' affections soon were changed: at Quin they all did stare,

Pain's left that trio now, they say, and joined another pair.

McRae tells us that weddings are the best functions of the day, especially when they are not your own. He went on leave to his sister's wedding to occupy the position of giving away the bride. All we can say is that it is a jolly good job for him we were not there, otherwise he may have been given away himself. Never mind, Mac, if the cake comes through as promised, we will let you off this time with a caution.

Thank heavens, Stenhouse is back from leave. Our stove only smokes us out six days out of the seven now.

Cawthorne and Hawkes have left the flock. Cawthorne, who has been a stenographer in this office for some time, has left us for Canada. We wish him the very best of luck and a safe voyage. Bill Hawkes, who has left us to take up new duties in the Pay Office, London, leaves a lot of good friends in Seaford. Bill was very popular with the boys, and a hard worker. We are all sorry to see him go, but no doubt he will be much happier in London, where it will be possible for him to see more of his future wife.

Who is the man of the 1st C.E.R.B. who was born in the parish of Scotland, County Yorkshire? (Go it, records).

Who was it that phoned from the 3rd C.E.R.B. to the station and said, "What time does the 3.55 leave to-day? ; and was he surprised to be told, 5 minutes to 4 o'clock?"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

deer editor

it dont seam posible to git no satisfacton from annione so i ave bin advise to rite to you as the guy wot told me sez you can git things put rite for a guy wots in trouble. furst of al i listed the day befor the military servie ackt was browt aut and the very fust day I arived in england a non cumishund oficer cums up to me to say the cornel wonts to see me wot for sez i nun of your biznis sez he so i sez if the cornel wonts to see me he better cum hear hisself so this ere non cumishund oficer sez you gol darn draughtees "or words to that efect onnie wurser" ave got to be tought disiplin and ise the guy wots going to teach yer so wen he said that i thinks to meself i would like to see the cornel and see if this ere non cumishund oficer was rite in caling me a umty. needless to say the cornel was no friend of min and give me forteen days "ef pip." i gues you no wot that is A! wel i didnt so wen i gits outsid an the ordurly surjent puts me at on i sez to the surjent majer wots e meen ef pip so e sez to the guys wots standin rownd tel im sumone so the ordurly surjent sez feeld puneshmunt me lad so i sez wich feeld do i do it in and then e sez sumthin wot sowns lik a lot of wurdz all bangd into wun wich i took to be abusiff, so pleez tel me wot i can do so as to anoy the ordurly surjent and cornel and mak em sorry they up sit a good soljer an not a umty as this non cumishund oficer caled me.

berlieve me your effechunate comraid,
 200348794973 N. O. Good.
 Ackting Saper.

No doubt you've heard the saying,
 "What we have we hold."
 It's even practised to this day,
 Although it's very old.

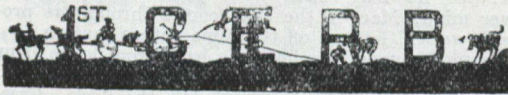
A letter from Headquarters—
 We shouted "Hip Hooroo!"
 "Some maple sugar just arrived,
 Five cases are for you!"

"Toot sweet" we sent a wagon
 To get our share—oh, Lor!
 Someone had waved his magic wand,
 So we got—only four.

PEN.

Headquarters Query: "When do two halves don't make a whole?"

"When two half fare vouchers don't make a free transportation."



Headquarters.

During the past month another change has taken place in the formation of the Depot.

The 1st C.E.R.B. has absorbed the 2nd.

The new formation consists of three Companies and a Headquarters.

Lieut.-Col. A. S. Lawson, M.C., is in command, with Capt. Osborn as Adjutant, and Lieut. Brown Assistant Adjutant.

"A" Company, commanded by Capt. Berkeley, consists of a receiving platoon and a draft platoon.

"B" Company, commanded by Capt. Ashby Edwards, is made up of Khaki College students and instructors, and men available for general duties.

"C" Company, commanded by Capt. F. T. May, M.C., is the mounted transport and regimentally employed Company.

The change was made with very little trouble or dislocation, and the new formation is now running quite smoothly.

"C" Company.

In the Battalion shuffle, this Company has gained the services of several new officers.

Noticeable among these are Lieut. McLeod and Lieut. Parsonage, two old time soldiers from the beginning of the war, hardened veterans of the trenches, who have now taken up the administrative pen in the Company office.

The whole sub-staff join in congratulating "Mac" on his convalescence, and in thanking him for his hospitality, although he has a lot to answer for.

After a long run of success with the water wagon, the C.Q.M.S. took the pin out of the wheel, with the consequence that the whole staff came a prolonged and melancholy cropper, and we had the harrowing spectacle of an otherwise perfectly respectable scientist and author groping about on the floor looking for his teeth.

"Windy" was giving the junior N.C.O.s a lecture on discipline, and touched upon the necessity of making all ranks respectful.

"I remember," he said, "when we even had to address a soldier with over eight years' service as 'old soldier.'"

"How would you tell an old soldier from others?" asked a young lance Jack.

"Why, smell his breath, you darn fool," was the reply.

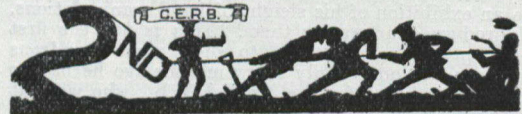
We have had quite a few comical messages on the 'phone one time and another, but the climax was reached the other evening when we answered the bell in the usual manner, only to get the following:—"Will you please tell Sergt. Illidge there are plenty of soft drinks in the mess."

Poor Casey! The higher they fly the harder they fall. Fancy starting to go to Eastbourne, and waking up in Brighton to count the change. Never mind, Casey, we have even fallen ourselves at times.

The pass clerk seems to have a good home in Newhaven. We understand he is to join the Navy for the next war.

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to Corpl. Bell, on the temporary loss of his "little home on the hill." We do not think, however, that he is right in spending a week end in London to solace himself.

On meeting one of our new officers in the "wee sma' hours" of a recent morning, we discovered that he is indeed a real true "Mac."



Although the 2nd C.E.R.B. will not officially cease to exist for some time yet, this will, in all probability, be our last appearance in THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

On the re-organization of the C.E.T.D. in May of last year, the 2nd C.E.R.B. was formed from "A" Company, "B" Company, and Tunnelling Company of the C.E.T.D., and carried on the work of that organization with regard to the dismounted *personnel* of the Canadian Engineers on this side of the Channel.

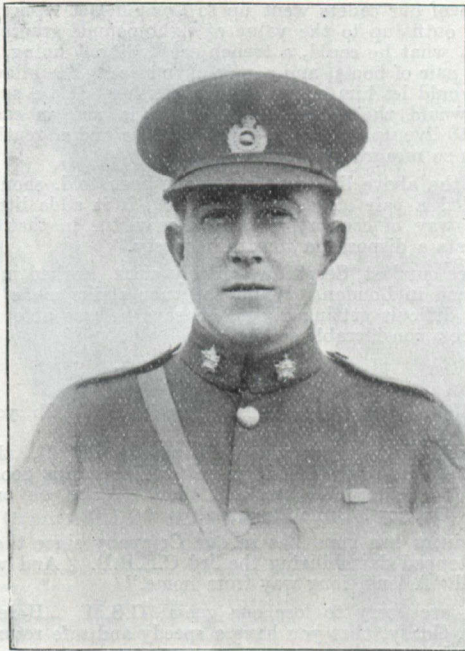
Drafts kept arriving from Canada, and were gradually trained and made into Engineers fit to take their stand with the other members of the Corps in France. The training was in the hands of the very efficient staff of the C.S.M.E. They trained while we looked after their comfort, food, clothing, etc.

The high standard of the drafts sent over to France, and the efficient handling in preparation and dispatch was favourably commented on, not once, but many times, so that the 2nd C.E.R.B. took a very desirable place as a draft finding unit for the newly formed Engineer Battalions "over there."

In August of last year the second dismounted unit of the C.E.T.C., viz., the 3rd C.E.R.B. was formed. A large draft from Canada gave them sufficient men to go on with, and the officers, N.C.O.s and men required to form the administrative staff were mostly drawn from the 2nd C.E.R.B.

During the summer months the Sports Committee, under the presidency of Major P. Ward, made a great effort to interest the men of the Battalion in all forms of outdoor sport. New equipment was obtained, and the effort of the committee met with great success, and the 2nd C.E.R.B. did a lot towards upholding the reputation of the C.E.T.C. in the sports field. A novelty was introduced in the form of a pushball, which gave rise to many exciting and exhilarating contests.

On the signing of the armistice we began to look westward. Our men started to go that way. First the "B's," then the "A's." The new forms, the new methods, were closely followed, and learning by experience our drafts to the west were soon dispatched with the same success as those to the east.



R.S.M. Knight.

R.S.M. Knight is an Englishman by birth, and served as Sergeant in the Territorial Force with the Devon Fortress Engineers. He enlisted with the C.E.F. in February, 1915, and proceeded to France with the 24th Victoria Rifles in September, 1915. Was returned to England in October, 1916, and transferred to C.E.T.D. as a sapper.

Became A/Sergt Jan. 31st, 1917, and C.S.M. of Signal Company in December of same year.

Was appointed R.S.M. of 1st C.E.R.B. on the re-organization of the Depot in May, 1918.

With the cessation of hostilities there followed the wind up of the major part of the training. Those men who wished to attend Khaki College, and thus better prepare themselves for return to civil life, were kept together in one Company, where they were assured of every assistance in their studies, and no interference by duties.

Towards the end of January, it was decided that the 2nd C.E.R.B. would be wound up, and with the exception of a few officers who were necessary for the actual winding up, the Battalion was transferred—a few to the 3rd C.E.R.B. and the remainder to the 1st C.E.R.B.

And so, after a short but useful existence, the 2nd C.E.R.B. came to a close. During its life it received "plums," and it received "knocks," but usually the machinery ran very smoothly. One of the biggest compliments paid to it was by the clerk at Headquarters, who said that if he did not know what to do with anything, he sent it to the 2nd C.E.R.B.

The officer commanding, Lieut.-Col. J. P. Fell, and the Second-in-Command, Major P. Ward, who are returning to Canada, carry with them the best wishes of all ranks who have been connected with the 2nd C.E.R.B.



Headquarters.

The war diary, we understand, has given up all hope of keeping up with the weather changes, and is now merely recording a series of dots and dashes.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have in the office, in the person of the Assistant Adjutant, an authority upon the subject of wireless telegraphy, there has recently been installed an alarming system of bells. A code of calls was worked out, and copies stuck here and there about the building. It is as simple a thing in practice as one could wish to meet with. When the bell rings the last man to shout "that's not for me!" must respond. It is a fair game, and, if anything, adds to the alertness of the staff.

The Cadets, having been placed in an independent Company with a regular commander and all that, are taken out of Sergt. Bruce's hands for paternal guidance and leave. Now Sergt. Bruce has resumed his custom of cabling home for money.

Speaking for the Quartermaster's end, bouquets have been passing pretty freely in connection with the manner in which drafts for Canada are being handled. Keeping up with demobilization regulations is a dizzy enough job in itself, but we understand the Q.M. has held the pace with satisfaction all around, which, you must agree, is going some.

Whether by nature of his department, or by early personal training, the educational officer is considered the office authority upon matters which concern the "Gee-Gees." Wet weather brings disappointments, he avers, and this opinion appears to be shared by the Major and others. On the dry days there is a generous exchange of tips, followed by rather anxious telephoning and casting about for the morrow. Bobs and Bradburys figure in these consultations, the full import of which has not been divulged by the intelligence department.

One thing that speaks well for the staff at Headquarters is that in the occasional visits to Brighton they invariably put up at the "Y." Besides, it leaves more money for looking about town.

A correspondent writes to remind Headquarters that there was no cessation of P.T. at the M.O.'s hut. Indeed, during the period of relaxed training, it was more active at the place mentioned than at other times.

Congratulations are in order for the Orderly Room Clerk, who, upon returning from a recent visit to London, admitted he had a "finneece" there. He further committed himself by saying meaningly "we are on our way."

Many troops are coming in from France. Invariably they report that while they had a good war and all that, they rather fancy the idea of a return to Canada.

In the graceful English demanded by this publication, we remark that the Orderly Room staff have to hum some these mornings to attend P.T. and be on the job at the usual early hour.

The last paragraph, we say in parenthesis, was inspired by one of the several brilliant wits employed in this department. The idea is that the C.O. will see it

What with strikes, and rumours of strikes, and the things Headquarters N.C.O.s are saying about being shifted to another mess, these are indeed stirring times.

Former Orderly Room Sergt. Moody will be back in Canada by this time, doubtless comparing the sights of

St. Thomas, Ontario, with those he used to pick up in Brighton.

There is rumour to the effect that the Second-in-Command, Major J. D. Gunn, is shortly to return to Canada. During many months, as acting C.O. of the Battalion, and later in his present capacity, he gained much popularity, and will be missed. On Saturday, February 8th, he and Mrs. Gunn were the guests of a number of the officers of the Battalion at a dinner at Brighton. Regret was expressed that the Major finds it urgently desirable to take advantage of the demobilizing situation to resume affairs in private life.

Harking back to the subject of demobilization, a C.M.P. says the most popular dispersal area he can think of is that which is bounded by the north, south, east and west of London. (For those who wish to pursue this any further, with a view to establishing its identity as a joke, they are referred to File Awl.)

It is now understood that Sergt. Gibson has volunteered to remain for the completion of demobilization of the Battalion.

Among the officers who moved out Canada-wards early in the month were two old Company Commanders, Capt. P. H. Lazenby and Lieut. N. Wilson. Their places in "D" and "H" Companies, respectively, are being taken by Lieut. F. L. Hill and Lieut. N. A. Creeth.

Extract from Battalion war diary: "Tea arrived late. New orderly needed. Flowers for the 'Y' girl might help." We have lost the name of the officer who keeps the diary up to date. The tea function has become a serious business up this way.

There is a limit to the high-brow stuff, thinks one of "B" Company's men. Pilfered from the orderly clerk's file is a story of a man who was transferred to the Khaki College Company, which is "H," presumably with a view to attending Khaki College, which he did for two days. "I have just interviewed him," writes the O.C. of "H" Company, "and he states that he does not want to attend Khaki College, and does not know why he was transferred. He states that he is anxious to return to his old job of cleaning latrines. In view of this, may he be transferred back to "B" Company."

Erudite one, haranguing the hut fireside circle after brushing up at Khaki College, "And now, what do you say is the finest of all languages?"

"Succinct English!" icily returned the silent man, who had been trying to dope out his balance for the next pay day.

The officers, 'tis said, are competing in a bridge tournament these odd evenings. Not much being heard of the hands or misjudged bids, your correspondent is unable to furnish much in the way of a progress report, but reckons the silence to have a greynish aspect.

DEMobilIZATION.—As for the spelling of the m—n word, observe that we continue to use a "zed" or "zee," and will continue to do so until there is a count on the proposition submitted by this office last month. So far units have been very dilatory in the matter of making their returns in this connection, not a vote having reached this office to date. Units will please see that this return is expedited, not forgetting to enclose stamps. In the meantime, spelling it with "esses" will be considered a breach of form, the idiosyncrasies of Western English not being permitted.

We were expecting a contribution from the O.T.C. wing, but after a cadet had bought an officer's outfit out of the allowance of eight pounds, we are not altogether surprised at their being indisposed to make contributions of even so humble a nature.

One of our cadets went up to London last week to get an outfit up to the value of eight pounds granted. He got what he could, a trench coat without lining, a cap, a pair of boots, and a pair of puttees. The allowance would let him go no further, neither, do we suppose, would the police. Anyhow, it is not an easy thing to live up to the part of an officer and a gentleman in so meagre a rigout.

To the above list, we have since been told, should be added a pair of suspenders. This, if it adds little in the way of comfort, at least has virtue in that it manifests a disposition toward modesty.

Since our last, Sergt. Lee, orderly clerk, worked in a week end in London. While the tube strike made it rather difficult getting about, he says he was able to embrace a considerable section.

"A" Company.

Draft Company (not open window draught)! Oh, you flu!

More parades, but the best parade of all, the G.O.C.'s. He says "Good-bye-ee," which means good-bye-ee to Seaford for us, and then "We're on our way." Oh, joy! Hullo America!

Business has gone flat in our Company since they have stopped demobilizing the 3rd C.E.R.B. And we are still "A long, long way from home."

We are sorry to lose our genial C.S.M. Here's hoping, Gordy, that you have a speedy and safe return to Canada.

Who is the par-lez-vous corporal who is in love with a Windsor, Ont., girl, and who, when he gets a letter from her, decides that they should send a draft to Canada at once for his own convenience?

There is a sergeant in this Company who comes in late at night and wakes us by hollering "I'm here," and then starts that pathetic song, "Glorious, Victorious." There is general opinion to the effect that he would make more of a success on the stage than as a road builder. What about it, Dog?

Has anybody seen our C.Q.M.S. and his new Kitcheners lately?

"Weir, have you Part 2 Orders handy?" and then the look on poor Weir!

"B" Company.

We extend a hearty welcome to all the N.C.O.s from the C.S.M.E. Such hale and hearty warriors were ne'er yet beheld.

Our C.S.M. is sporting a Military Medal.

One thing is very conspicuous in this Company of late, inasmuch that consolidation is an essential constituent of procrastination and vice versa. N'est ce pas?

One of the by-phrases of the troops of late is "They give us black coffee for breakfast, and an hour later make us P.T."

This is the permanently employed Company.

We are fast becoming the best clothed Company in the Battalion—we don't think. However, we are still hoping.

Who was the N.C.O. over in the Sergeants' Mess who tripped over a crack in the floor and fell downstairs with a dixie of cold water and scalded himself?

Supposing a goose started laying eggs at Christmas, would it mean a mild winter or an industrious goose?



Capt. ASHLEY EDWARDS,
Commanding "B" Company.

Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve (Intelligence Branch, H.Q.) Aug. 1914-Aug. 1915. Commission, Canadian Engineers, Aug. 1915. Left Canada, March 9th, 1916, 3rd Field Coy. C.E.



Capt. HERBERT TRU MAY, M.C.

Commanding "C" Company

Reported Valcartier Camp, August, 1914. Left Canada as Company Sergeant-Major 1st Canadian Divisional Signal Company, Sept. 23rd, 1914. Arrived in France with 1st Canadian Division, Feb. 12th, 1915. Appointed to Temporary Commission, April 30th, 1916. Signal Officer, 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade, until July 12th, 1917. Promoted to Temporary Captain on that date, and appointed Signal Officer, 2nd Canadian Division Artillery until June 27th, 1918. Returned to England, and appointed to command "C" (Mounted) Company 1st Canadian Engineer Reserve Battalion, June 27th, 1918. Awarded Military Cross, and the Russian Cross of St. George. Mentioned in Despatches.



Capt. BERKELEY,
Commanding "A" Company.

"C" Company.

We will be sorry to lose our O.C., Lieut. E. R. Woodward, M.C., but here's wishing him the best of luck, and a safe return to Canada.

We all say good-bye to Sergt. Jimmie Reay who, we understand, is leaving for Canada shortly with his family.

One of our noted N.C.O.'s, who has for some time been convalescing in Eastbourne, is with us again. But that is not all; he must have some attraction, for he is going on leave there for a few days. Folk are wondering if another marriage is coming off in the Company.

Why was it one of our N.C.O.s took a French leave? It must have been because he wants to be a sapper, so that he can get back to dear old Canada more quickly.

And who is the burly N.C.O. who does not wear puttees when on leave? Looks classy, but how does he get away with it?

The Company is very sorry to lose the efficient services of Corpl. I. J. Clark as Orderly Sergeant. He is now assisting our Q.M.S.

One parade all our N.C.O.s attend is tea parade.

"D" Company.

We bid farewell to our O.C., Capt. P. H. Lazenby, and we hope that his last impressions of Brighton leave nothing to be desired. Here's hoping he may have a pleasant journey, and all success attend him in his future civil life. In his place we welcome Lieut. F. L. Hill, who, we know, will carry on the good work. It may be an uphill job, but in such case he should be the very man for it.

It is with regret that we have to say "good-bye" to C.Q.M.S. Jeeves, who has been with us since the formation of the Battalion. We didn't even mind supplying him with cigarettes, so long as he took only one at a time. No doubt he anticipates his return to his family with much pleasure, although he has been noticed recently as a popular figure at all the leading dances. Some matinee idol, what!

I see we have dear old Moss again in our midst. The old proverb that a "rolling stone gathers no moss" is not always exact. In this instance, the stone has gathered so much moss that it may take 28 days to get rid of it.

"E" Company.

WANTED, energetic young subs. to open windows and air blankets. Must be early risers. Light work, but heavy responsibilities. Good salary to irresponsible men.—Adv't.

I am quite sure the C.O. did not realise there were so many officers in the Battalion till the bugler caused that rush on the B.H.Q. by adding another "G" to his solo, presumably to see if it was still working. Is the increased coal ration responsible for this?

Is it not time the N.C.O.s of the 3rd Battalion gave a dance, to be held on restricted lines?

Did the C.S.M. and staff who purchased the chairs, etc., for the mess look ahead in regard to furnishing their homes on demobilization.

How did the sergeant like the show at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. Did he manage to camouflage when he got hit during the performance?

When next is the Q.M.S. to come home and tell his staff that he is on a Canada draft, and is his pal, the sergeant, going to accompany him?

Did the Q.M.S. of — Company like the Highland schottische at Newhaven? And how did he like the cushions?

Would the Mess Committee like to go shopping at the Brighton Co-operative Stores, every day?—if so, for what reason? Maybe they would like some soup.

"F" Company.

"F" Company is not only a shining star in military routine, but also in the theatrical world. We wonder if a certain officer thinks he can sing, or is it the thought of the grand event coming that makes him give freedom to his lungs. We all appreciated it, and hope you have as much success with the coming fête. Maybe you will require the singing ability in the near future, around the wee sma' hours.

Wouldn't it have been a sad misfortune if that special leave hadn't been granted? How many days would we have had to carry him on the A.W.L. report?

Our C.S.M. is again on the war path, and on the night of January 31st launched a strong offensive on the Western Front, but, as usual, was on the job next morning feeling better than ever.

We can see where some of our new sergeants will ring in now, since P.T. has again started. The brick-layer by trade, but pick and shovel artist by request, will have to throw away his tools and resume his 1—1.2. Also, Percy will have to lay aside the duties of Orderly Sergeant and don his favourite colour sweater, and then we shall hear that old familiar voice that crieth: "Around me, double!"

Bruce is still on the job with his usual welcome "Fall in the church parades, and all other fatigues, and everybody."

Congratulations, Lifty! Was it the promotion that induced you to raise that misplaced eyebrow?

Who stole the stovepipe elbows? Tell the truth, Bent.

We see where McConnell will ring in as a tax collector when he returns to civvies, as he now runs around with his receipt book *trying* to collect mess fees.

Mabel, why did you not go to church on Saturday? It looks suspicious now, you limping about with that game leg.

A certain member in Hut 26 must think himself again a boy, as we notice he is now clean shaven. Although he says he is going to do the trick as soon as he gets home, appearances are sometimes deceiving.

Say, Bert, who is the attraction at Eastbourne? Is she married or single, or both?

Dusty, you had better see the M.O. before the next muster parade, as it is not all convenient to answer the call.

Who was the young sprat who took the flapper home from the 3rd C.E.R.B. and returned a casualty, with lacerated jaw? Those R.P.s will get in the wrong.

Oh, you officer, who had 25 for Orderly Room one afternoon.

We regret that owing to the departure for Canada of our late and esteemed C.Q.M.S., "MacDougall's Hotel" is now permanently closed.

Mac, we miss your roasts at night,

And the fire pails full of beer:

And the good old Black and White.

That we killed when you were here.

His old patrons wish him good luck and God speed, trusting that he will have a wee drop in the bottle when they pay him a visit at "Shamessy" Heights.

"H" Company.

Since the last issue our O.C., Lieut. N. Wilson, has left for Rhyl, *en route* for Canada. We wish him the best of luck on his return to civilian life.

We welcome Lieut. S. W. Bulman on his return from hospital. We understand that he has left a small portion of his anatomy, preserved in spirits, at the hospital on which he conferred the light of his countenance for some weeks.

This Company, always particular about its *personnel*, takes pleasure in welcoming its new O.C., Lieut. N. A. Creeth, "one of the best."

The epidemic of saluting has started us thinking (Yes, of course we do, for we are the intellectuals of the Battalion). Why shouldn't we, as the brains of the 3rd Battalion, be entitled to a salute also from the common garden variety of sapper?

Latest rumour has it that we are to be allowed to wear soft felt hats, loud ties, fancy socks, and all members are to qualify in the College yell. But the yell we're most familiar with is "No, you blighter, the *Army Right*, not the other one," as performed by the C.S.M.

When is that extra coal ration to begin?

The Australian chicken has vanished from our menu. It may have mourners, but the Brighton brand always has appealed to us.

We always understood that Lieut. Woollam was an engineer by profession, but lately, we understand, he has shown great talent in the law. So, when you get into trouble, boys, you know where to get expert advice—free.

Why did the messing corporal rise so early on the morning of the 4th?

Who is the N.C.O. who likes butter and toast between meals?

Take Notice. Sapper McD—— received five days C.B. for loving his girl too long on Sunday night. Example for others.



Back Row—N. Riedy, A. R. Melton, P. W. McLean, R. J. Laidlaw.
Front Row—Cpl Fraser, Sergt Mann, Sergt Coxall, Cpl Gill.

Why didn't our clever million dollar hut orderly get a chance to return to Canada?

It's a funny thing that pals cannot return from Brighton together.

This is "H" Company's grace, sung before meals to the tune of "Indiana":

"I had never been a soldier till the war broke out! Anybody would have told you I was rather stout.

But now I am so thin,
 My ribs won't fit my skin."

CHORUS:

When I get back to dear old Canada
 I'll become another size, I'll
 Live on ham and eggs,
 And turkey's legs,
 And girdle cakes and peas.
 The sort of folk that I will stay with
 Will let me through the pantry roam.
 Oh, I dream about the meals I'll do away with,
 When I reach my old Canadian home

GOOD NIGHT.

Canteen Notes.

During last week a great gloom was cast over the happy lives of the old timers in No. 3 Lines.

On enquiry this proved to be due to the fact that in order to welcome our friends of the Tramway Companies from France, we had to close No. 3 Canteen for its ordinary services, and make it into a dormitory.

No longer at morning, noon, and night could we go and sit by its cheerful fire and see our old friend Annie serving out tea, cake, and smiles with an impartial hand (she didn't serve out the smiles by hand, but you know what I mean).

After a long search we ran her to earth in No. 2, where she said she felt like a square stick in a round knot hole, and hoped she would soon be home at No. 3 again. So do we!



Bramshott Signal Detachment.

It is the usual custom to return from leave, leaving the cash behind, but when an N.C.O. returns from leave with an addition to his wardrobe in the form of a new cap, enquiries are sure to be made. His explanation needs a great deal of salt to aid its digestion, and as the N.C.O. who accompanied him is in the dark as to the facts of the missing cap, our young corporal is in for a great deal of chaffing.

Can anyone tell us why everyone was so loth to return to camp after the last leave? At least, they all had the same story to tell: "The best leave I ever had."

No one can say that we are not a hardy lot. After our hut roof had let in a goodly portion of the "occasional showers" that bless this part of the country, the boys were offered the material to cover the air-holes in the roof; but we have seen no change in the appearance to date.

We have been threatened with heart failure since the news of the Camp moving to Ripon was announced. Argument *pro* and *con* has been the evening topic "after lights out"—some saying that we would have a "rippin' time," while others seem to have gained a warm feeling towards this part of the country, although it is not the spot one would choose to spend a holiday in. Still, there is no accounting for tastes, and according to the latest bulletin we stay here for the present.

Foolish question, No. 3000003: "When am I going to be sent back to Canada?" Heard any time between reveille and midnight.

Canada and the Peace Conference.

The League of Nations—The Russian Situation.

On Saturday, Feb. 1st, the Peace Conference developed Parliamentary characteristics. It was in appearance and character a Parliament of Man. An International Executive submitted its programme. The lesser members voiced the complaints and championed the special interests of their constituents, acutely conscious of the presence of the world's Press, prepared to give publicity to their protests. The Executive remaining obdurate, the Opposition accepted the situation. The final touch of similitude came at the end, when something uncommonly like the closure was applied. Every one of the protesting nations—Belgium, Serbia, Greece, Bohemia, Rumania, Portugal and China—was able to make out a plausible case for special consideration in constituting the five Conference Committees which are to report on important subjects assigned to them.

The only contribution to the discussion which was not a plea for particular consideration in the representation on the committees was a few remarks on procedure by Sir Robert Borden.

Impressive Speeches.

The passing of the resolution calling for the creation of a League of Nations, last Saturday, was deeply impressive. The opening address by President Wilson was formidable in its gravity. If somewhat academic in form, there was no lack of practicality in his warning that the Conference, which represented not Governments but peoples, must satisfy the opinion of mankind by setting up permanent processes which will safeguard the world from a repetition of the horrors of the last four years.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech had an accent of sincerity that was deeply moving.

All the great Powers in succession gave their assent, the French declaration by M. Bourgeois being a convincing presentation of the necessity for the League if the civilised world is to endure.

During the discussion which ensued not a note of dissent was uttered, and the project of the League will take form with the complete support of the thirty nations represented here.

Canada was represented at Saturday's sitting of the Conference by three delegates—Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Foster constituting the direct representation, while Mr. Doherty was a member of the British Empire delegation.

The British representatives on the League of Nations Commission will be Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts.

It is becoming apparent that the honours of the situation are going to be carried off by General Smuts. His State paper outlining the proposed League has made a profound impression upon the delegates to the Conference, and particularly upon President Wilson and his associates; and it is an open secret that the American plan, which is now being prepared for the Commission which is to be set up, is largely an adaptation of General Smuts' proposal.

Sir Robert Borden and the other Dominion Premiers will ask that the precedent established by the Peace Conference shall apply with respect to the League of

Nations, and that the Dominions be given representation as national entities, and also as partners in the British family of nations known as the British Empire. The composition of the League of Nations is as yet a matter of surmise, but it is assumed that there will be for each nation representation in keeping with its strength and importance. In that event Canada will ask for direct recognition as a smaller nation, while also having representatives upon the panels from which the British Empire delegates will be drawn.

The British Empire Delegations.

Among the matters discussed at a joint meeting of the British delegations was the probable length of negotiations, and they gave earnest expression to the view of the Canadian delegation—Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Doherty—that the proceedings of the Peace Conference are being unduly and unnecessarily delayed.

The British Empire delegations met twice during last week. At the first meeting Canada was represented by Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Doherty, and at the second by Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Sifton.

The British Empire delegations are served by a strong secretariat, upon which Canada is represented by Mr. L. C. Christie, of the Department of External Affairs, and Colonel C. M. Biggar.

Mr. Sifton is one of the British representatives on the International Waterways Committee.

Canadian Troops in Siberia.

The British proposals with regard to the Russian situation were made as a result of decisions reached by the Imperial War Cabinet after a series of important meetings held in London in December, at which the Dominions were represented. The Canadian public will be interested to learn that it was the Canadian Prime Minister who first suggested that the wisest course to follow was to invite all the sections of Russia to appear by delegations before the Peace Conference, with a view to inducing them to compose their differences by mutual agreement, with the observance meanwhile of a truce by all parties. This was accepted as satisfactory by all the British representatives, and it became the basis for the British proposition which has now been accepted by the Great Powers, with one important modification, which requires the Russian delegates to meet under the auspices of the Peace Conference, not in Paris, but on an island in the Sea of Marmora.

It has been very generally known that the British Governments, since the signing of the armistice, have been reluctant to retain the forces in Russia, which were sent there in furtherance of the plan of campaign against Germany, and that they have desired some adjustment which would permit their recall. Canada is particularly interested in this, as the majority of the British detachment in Siberia is made up of the Canadian contingent. It is understood that the position taken up by Sir Robert Borden in the discussions was that, with the military operations against Germany ceasing, the reason for the presence of Canadian troops in Siberia had lapsed, and that arrangements must be made for their early return to Canada. If some such policy of adjusting internal differences in Russia as had been suggested were adopted, it might be possible for the Canadian troops to remain in Siberia for a few months, not later than the end of spring, but continued participation by Canada in the occupation of the country was not practicable.

—“CANADA.”

Roll of Honour.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

Died.

502633 R. A. Partridge, 2008381 G. A. Stewart, 2008118 R. Brown, 3131092 A. Aitchison, 76157 L/Cpl E. L. Cashmore.

Back from Germany.

503472 A. Berry, 503478 G. S. Gibson, 503287 F. Parker, 503239 W. Dixon, 541958 E. Sheppard, 53547 J. Bromley, 503387 W. Liddiment, 503503 J. S. Gunn, 503501 C. Stewart.

Commissions, Promotions, Etc.

- Temp. Lieut.-Col. C. W. Allen, D.S.O., from W. Ont., to be Temp. Lieut.-Col.
- Temp. Major W. E. Manhard, D.S.O., to be Acting Lieut.-Col. while commanding a Battalion, *vice* Temp. Lieut.-Col. E. J. C. Schmidlin, M.C. (November 22nd).
- Temp. Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) H. L. Bodwell, C.M.G., D.S.O., to be Temp. Lieut.-Col., and to remain seconded (May 24th).
- Temp. Major R. W. Coulthard ceases to be seconded for duty with the Ministry of Munitions (December 20th).
- Temp. Major W. B. Anderson, D.S.O., to be Temp. Lieut.-Col. (September 20th, 1916).
- Temp. Major H. W. Tate, from W. Ont., to be Temp. Major.
- Temp. Capts. to be Acting Majors—A. Baird (July 15th to August 13th, and from September 23rd, 1918), R. M. Robertson (August 24th to October 22nd), R. J. Casement, D.C.M. (September 18th), A. G. Riddell (October 15th), W. L. L. Cassels (November 2nd), S. D. Robinson (November 8th), A. McK. West, M.C. (November 22nd), and A. H. Smith (November 26th).
- Temp. Capt. (Acting Major) K. M. Campbell to be Temp. Major.
- Temp. Capt. H. E. Taylor, from W. Ont., to be Temp. Capt.
- Temp. Lieut. (Acting Capt.) C. H. Barrett to be Acting Major while O.C. of a Regimental Depot Group (Seaford) (December 14th).
- Temp. Lieut. G. H. Wilkes to be Temp. Capt. (July 28th).
- Temp. Lieut. H. C. Jenkins to be Acting Capt. (August 24th).
- Temp. Lieut. H. P. Buckingham resigns his commission (January 9th).
- Temp. Lieuts. to be Acting Capts.—G. A. Bennet (June 16th), H. A. Dawson (July 15th to August 13th, and from September 8th, 1918), G. E. Full (August 14th to October 28th), W. S. Cole and W. H. Wylie (September 18th), K. A. Murray (September 23rd), K. Brydon (September 25th), W. Youngman (September 28th), F. P. Steers, M.C. (October 15th), R. W. Gouinlock and D. B. Gow (October 24th), R. H. New (November 8th), H. W. Lindsay (November 19th), and J. Stevens (August 13th).
- Temp. Lieut. F. L. Clayton to remain seconded as Asst. Anti-Gas Instructor (May 24th).
- To be Temp. Lieuts.—342094 Spr. G. H. Wood (December 9th), 2765132 Pte J. H. Garneau (November 30th), 502771 Acting Sergt. F. J. Bartholomew, 333836 Sergt. W. D. Proctor, 2353312 Gnr. E. E. Freeland, 502761 Corpl. W. W. Peppers, 23390 Sergt. H. H. Goodall, 503110 L/Cpl. B. H. Johnston, M.M., 337921 L/Cpl. W. A. Fletcher, 510 Sgt. J. H. Clements, 234890 2/Cpl. A. Cox, 183907 Acting Sergt. B. Wilkie, 504135 Acting Sergt. A. B. Waterman, 504074 Corpl. H. S. Burnyeat, 2005257 Sergt. C. A. Stewart, 408077 Acting Sergt. G. C. Fidler, 502794 C.S.M. T. H. Burrows, 308681 Acting Sergt. W. M. Anderson, 45015 Sergt. R. A. Allison, 133022 Acting Sergt. L. N. Conran-Smith, 2125 C.S.M. A. Bainbridge, 2006863 Acting Sergt. W. R. Williamson, 493 L/Cpl. E. F. Browne, 5038 C.S.M. A. Avery, 2353318 Pte M. D. McCloskey, 215 Acting Sergt. G. E. Vrooman, 85129 Sergt. E. Parsonage, M.M., 153 Sergt. R. R. Hutchison, M.M., 5714 Sergt. V. McLeod, M.M., 107599 Acting Sergt. G. N. Worsley, 5605 C.S.M. W. D. F. Henderson, D.C.M., 504475 Sergt. H. Banks, D.C.M., M.M., 504315 Acting Sergt. C. A. Ryder, M.M., 117081 Sergt. K. H. Montgomery, 301878 Corpl. W. C. Marnoch, and 458503 Pte R. E. Cumming (January 8th).
- Temp. Lieuts., from W. Ont., to be Temp. Lieuts. (May 24th, 1918)—G. W. Ghewy, J. S. Leete, N. L. Powell, S. G. Haxell, W. H. A. Hamilton, R. W. Gouinlock, W. H. Hunter, C. A. Scott, D. H. Balmain, M. B. Alexander, L. M. Larsen, G. C. P. Montizambert, I. W. Solloway, R. H. Goodchild, H. J. Marshall, and W. Youngman.
- Temp. Lieuts., from 1st C. Ont., to be Temp. Lieuts. (May 24th, 1918)—T. L. Bruce, L. R. Parsons, F. G. Price, W. C. Warren, G. W. Suter, A. E. Fisher, F. A. Upper, R. F. McIntosh, F. E. Steel, and H. S. Parkinson.
- Temp. Capts. cease to be seconded for duty with the Air Ministry—E. S. Hill (January 1st), and M. S. Parnell-Smith (January 6th).
- Temp. Lieut. J. S. Godard ceases to be seconded for duty with the R.A.F. (January 4th).
- Temp. Capt. G. H. Whyte, M.C., to be Acting Major.
- Temp. Lieuts. to be Acting Capts.—C. H. Balm, G. W. Nicholson, G. H. Hambly, C. S. Speirs, and C. J. Fox, M.C.
- Temp. Capts. to be Temp. Majors—C. B. Handcock, G. O. M. West, and R. M. Henning.
- Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Capts.—A. A. Page, (Acting Capt.) G. A. Bennet, W. B. Steers, R. G. Sneath, D. H. Balmain, M.C., and W. Youngman.
- Temp. Lieuts. to be Acting Capts.—L. I. Easton, H. B. Miller.
- Temp. Lieut. H. D. Serpell to be Adjutant, *vice* Temp. Capt. R. H. Neilson.
- Temp. Lieut. (Acting Capt.) H. S. Cooper ceases to be seconded for duty with the War Office (Jan. 16th).
- Temp. Lieut. A. P. M. Barclay to be Acting Capt. while commanding a Company (August 5th to August 30th, 1918, and from October 1st, 1918).
- Temp. Majors to be Temp. Lieut.-Cols.—F. O. Hodgins, D.S.O., and R. P. Rogers, D.S.O.

Honours for Engineers.

D.S.O.

Major Lorne Treleven Tweed, 1st Batn. Engineers (Brandon).

During an attack on the Drocourt-Queant line on September 2nd, he established a report centre in an open trench which, owing to a check in the advance, was subjected to heavy machine-gun and artillery fire. Despite this, he got into touch with the engineering companies working on the forward roads, collecting information as to the work, and reporting to Battalion Headquarters. The same afternoon, when the position was obscure, he again worked forward and ascertained what further work was required. His initiative and resource were a great asset.

Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) John Mitchell Rolston, 2nd Batn. Engineers (Vancouver).

During the attack on the Drocourt-Queant trench system on September 2nd, he made a reconnaissance under heavy fire prior to the attack, and obtained information which enabled him to make the best disposition of his Companies for the ensuing operation. During the attack he went forward with the infantry, and personally superintended the work of his Companies in the removal of road mines and the repair of roads under shell fire, thus facilitating the advance of the artillery in support of the infantry. By his fearless energy he produced the best work from those under him.

Bar to M.C.

Lieut. James H. Ramsay, M.C., 5th Btn. Engineers (Toronto).

When detailed to assist the guns of the artillery to advance in support of the infantry, he displayed great courage under fire, and admirable resource, pushing tracks for the batteries over ground heavily shelled by the enemy, and very materially assisting the success of the operations by the rapidity with which he completed the work. (M.C. gazetted October 18th, 1917).

Capt. (A/Major) Guy Roderick Turner, M.C., D.C.M., 1st Batn. Engineers.

During the attack on the Drocourt-Queant trench system, on September 2nd, he followed the infantry advance with his Company, and, under heavy fire, made roads passable for lorry traffic, until the advance was held up, and there was no infantry in front of him. He then placed his Company in the trenches to repel any enemy counter-attack. Next day, under heavy fire, he reconnoitred the road to be repaired, and pushed forward the work as the infantry advanced. His courage and initiative prevented any delay in the traffic (M.C. gazetted August 19th, 1916).

M.C.

Capt. Hubert Raymond Banks, 7th Batn. Engineers (Toronto).

On August 28th he displayed great gallantry and determination in going forward with the attacking infantry, and making reconnaissance of a demolished bridge over Cojuel River, west of Remy. He then sent for his section, and although the bridge was under direct observation, and was constantly subjected to heavy machine gun and rifle fire, he completed the bridge. The successful completion of the bridge was due to the skilful supervision and excellent example set by this officer.

Capt. (A/Major) (now Major) James Dunlop Paterson, 1st Batn. Engineers.

On the Drocourt-Queant line, on September 2nd, he commanded a Company working on roads in an attack. Several trees had been blown across the road by shell fire, which was intense, but he kept his men at work and soon cleared the way for motor machine gun traffic. His example under shell and machine gun fire inspired the men in their task.

Capt. Robert Archibald Rogers, 10th Batn., Engineers.

On the night of September 3rd, in front of Sauchy-Cauchy, he was in command of a Company detailed to repair the road from the Arras-Cambrai road to Sauchy-Cauchy, the route by which material for bridging the Canal du Nord would go forward. He made a daring reconnaissance, and brought back information which enabled him to dispose his Company so as to complete all necessary repairs within the time allotted. Throughout the reconnaissance the enemy was shelling the whole length of the area through which the road passed.

Lieut. Francis Paul Steers, 2nd Batn., Engineers (Ottawa).

For great gallantry and devotion to duty during an attack on the Queant-Drocourt line east of Arras. More especially on night of September 1st, when in charge of 100 sappers called out for work in consolidating front line. Though warned that a counter-attack was imminent, he delivered shovels to the infantry in the front line under trying conditions. The following day he led his men through with the infantry and worked all day under heavy shell fire on the roads, enabling ambulances and guns to go forward.

Lieut. John Stevenson, 11th Batn., Engineers.

For gallantry and initiative, on September 3rd, in making a reconnaissance of the road east of the Drocourt-Queant line through the villages of Dury and Sandemont, and up to our outpost line at Ecourt-St. Quentin. He went over the entire length of the road, organised the working party, and in spite of heavy and constant shelling, was able to get the road into condition for traffic, enabling rations and ammunition to be brought by lorry to within 500 yards of the outpost line. There were several casualties in his party, and it was only through his example that the work was successfully completed.

Lieut. John Rome McColl, 11th Batn., Engineers (Caledonia, Ont.)

In making a reconnaissance of the Canal du Nord for the purpose of building infantry bridges across the canal on September 4th, he with one runner worked his way up to the canal bank in daylight and made sketches and plans for the construction of bridges, and marked out a route for transport to be brought up. This reconnaissance was especially difficult, owing to the opposite bank of the canal being manned by enemy snipers.

Lieut. Henry William Wray Johnston, 1st Batn., Engineers (Russell, Man.)

During the attack on the Drocourt-Queant line on September 2nd, he was sent forward to reconnoitre the approaches and bridges on the Canal du Nord to ascertain the possibilities of crossing at night. He had to advance beyond the infantry outposts, and came under heavy machine gun fire from the enemy on the further bank. In spite of this, he made a thorough report, with inventory of the material on the spot, and also gave useful information of the infantry situation.

Lieut. Henry Belfrage Miller, 11th Batn., Engineers.

On September 3rd, when engaged in a reconnaissance of water supply in the captured area east of Drocourt-Queant line, he with a party of six men, proceeded through Dury to Ricourt and Ecourt St. Quentin. In these two villages they located twelve wells which had been repaired by the enemy. They repaired these and put up signboards. During this reconnaissance the enemy shelled the villages very heavily, and two of the party were wounded.

Lieut. Douglas Black Holman, 4th Divl. Signal Company, Engineers.

For conspicuous gallantry from September 2nd to 5th in the vicinity and forward of Triangle Wood. He was in charge of the line of communications in the forward area. He established the report centre at Triangle Wood. From these points he superintended the laying and maintaining of the forward lines to brigade headquarters. Throughout the operation he displayed great coolness under shell fire and bombing, and by his energy and devotion to duty set a fine example to his men.

Lieut. Samuel Arthur Hutchinson, 7th Batn., Engineers (Ottawa).

On August 28th he, accompanied by an N.C.O., made an examination of the bridge over the Sensee River on the Cambrai road east of Vis-en-Artois, under very heavy shell fire, and in face of machine gun fire at a range of about 200 yards. Finding the bridge mined, he destroyed the leads. The next day he, with a non-commissioned officer, returned and removed the explosives. Although the bridge was in "No Man's Land" at the time, and being subjected to a continuous bombardment, he worked for two and a half hours under these conditions, removing the explosives. He and the non-commissioned officer, in spite of very heavy machine gun fire, then carried in a severely wounded man, who had been out for one and a half days.

Lieut. (A/Capt.) Gerald Musgrave Hamilton, 7th Batn., Engineers (New Hamburg, Ont.)

On August 28th, he had charge of the erection of a bridge over the River Cojeul on the main Cambrai-Arras road, in the vicinity of Vis-en-Artois. He went forward with the infantry in attack, made his reconnaissance, and sent for his section and completed the bridge in eight hours for the artillery to cross. This work was done when the line was very close, and under very heavy shell and machine gun fire. The success of the enterprise was due to his skill in making an excellent bridge out of salvaged material, and his own fearlessness and the fine example he set his men.

Lieut. Henry Alexander Golwynne, 4th Divl. Sig. Coy., Engineers, attd. 12th Infy. Brigade (Toronto).

During the attack on the Drocourt-Queant line on September 2nd, he was in charge of the Brigade Signal Section, and by his resource on all occasions maintained communications with the Battalions, often personally repairing the lines broken by shell fire. His arrangements for visual communication were excellent; he also assisted a neighbouring brigade with its communications for the best part of a day.

Capt. Hobart Rodney Carscallen, 11th Batn., Engineers (Toronto).

On the Hendecourt-Dury road, on October 2nd, the road on which he was engaged on repair work, was the target of many of the enemy guns of large calibre. His Company Commander was wounded, and he exposed

himself in giving immediate assistance and rendering first aid. He then took command of the Company, and until seriously wounded directed and encouraged his men to complete this essential task.

Capt. G. Rowland Chetwynd, D.C.M., attd. 1st Brigade, Engineers H.Q. (A/Staff Capt., S. and T.)

On September 4th, when lorries had been prevented by heavy shelling from delivering tools to the infantry at Buissy after their advance, he went forward and found the lorries on the crest of a hill, and, under shell fire, in full view of the enemy, conveyed them down the hill to Buissy, where he delivered the tools to the infantry. He showed marked courage and devotion to duty under trying circumstances.

Lieut. (A/Capt.) George H. McCallum, 4th Batn., Engineers.

He showed marked example of courage and determination, superintending the construction of an important bridge over a river, working under heavy and continuous shell fire until the task was completed in an unexpectedly short time. His devotion to duty was very conspicuous.

Lieut. Robert Black Gibson, M.M., 3rd Div. Signal Company, Engineers.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty east of Arras from August 26th to 28th while in command of the Signal Company's cable detachments. The country over which it was necessary to build the lines was most difficult for cable carts, and was heavily shelled. In spite of all difficulties, he pushed ahead with his work, and by his coolness, energy, and fine example, accomplished what often appeared impossible feats.

Lieut. Frank T. McPherson, 4th Batn., Engineers.

He greatly assisted in clearing up a village during an attack, personally leading a small party of men into an enemy dug-out, where he captured fourteen prisoners. He continued throughout the day with great gallantry, under heavy fire, to examine the enemy dug-outs, and ensure that they were cleared, and in a safe condition to be occupied by our troops.

Lieut. John E. A. Warner, 4th Army Troops Company, Engineers.

Under continuous shell fire he supervised the repairing of a bridge, and enabled an important road to be opened for traffic in time for further operations. He showed great disregard of personal safety while remaining on the spot after the work was done, to see that it was satisfactory.

Lieut. (A/Capt.) Frank R. Purvis, Engineers.

The enemy had destroyed bridges and blown up railway tracks over a distance of 25 miles, thus holding up the complete column. This officer collected small parties of men, and pushing forward under heavy fire, repaired both bridges and tracks, and thus enabled the column to proceed. The success of subsequent operations was largely due to this officer's efforts.

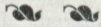
Lieut. Frank Barber, D.C.M., 3rd Div. Signal Company, Engineers, attd. 7th Brigade.

As Brigade Signal Officer he laid and maintained communication between Brigade Headquarters and Battalion Headquarters and report centre, during the operations lasting eight days. On several occasions, he in order to relieve exhausted linesmen, personally proceeded, under intense hostile fire, to repair breaks.

His coolness, energy, and resourcefulness inspired all ranks, and maintained uninterrupted communications with all advanced stations.

Meritorious Service Medal.

830409 2/Cpl R. W. Anderson, 423416 C.S.M. W. Baird, 2484 Sergt A. N. Burden, 45082 C.S.M. C. Clarke, 506485 L/Cpl C. T. Cochrane, 166740 S/Sergt. W. Connors, 331121 S.M. F. Creswick, 541536 Farrier Sergt J. W. Crocker, 500193 C.S.M. W. F. Deeks, 504240 Sergt. J. H. Dominy, 500031 R.Q.M.S. (w.o. 2nd cl.) J. D. Easton, 706338 A/2/Cpl J. C. Foote, 166046 R.Q.M.S. J. Gray, 37322 C.Q.M.S. A. W. Jones, 171137 Sapper J. A. Jowsey, 500125 Sergt E. Keech, 109520 Corpl J. McKee, 117081 Sergt. K. H. Montgomery, 624399 2/Cpl S. Morissette, 766274 C.S.M. A. W. J. Nixon, 629912 Sergt M. Rosenbaum, 102408 C.S.M. R. T. Roxburgh, 500463 C.Q.M.S. W. Scott, 504117 A/Sergt F. G. Sheppard, 505028 Sapper A. Stokes, 289 A/Sergt W. E. Terry, 541878 Corpl. F. D. Welsh, 45001 A/Q.M.S. A. K. Whyte, 228 C.Q.M.S. C. J. Williams, 767114 Sergt. R. D. Williams.




A Canadian Engineer V.C.

Capt. Culson Norman Mitchell, M.C., 4th Batn. Canadian Engineers.

For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty on the night of October 8th-9th, 1918, at the Canal de l'Escaut, north-east of Cambrai.

He led a small party ahead of the first wave of infantry in order to examine the various bridges on the line of approach and, if possible, to prevent their demolition.



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On reaching the canal he found the bridge already blown up. Under a heavy barrage he crossed to the next bridge, where he cut a number of "lead" wires. Then, in total darkness, and unaware of the position or strength of the enemy at the bridgehead, he dashed across the main bridge over the canal. This bridge was found to be heavily charged for demolition, and whilst Capt. Mitchell, assisted by his N.C.O., was cutting the wires, the enemy attempted to rush the bridge in order to blow the charges, whereupon he at once dashed to the assistance of his sentry, who had been wounded, killed three of the enemy, captured twelve, and maintained the bridgehead until reinforced.

Then, under heavy fire, he continued his task of cutting wires and removing charges, which he well knew might at any moment have been fired by the enemy.

It was entirely due to his valour and decisive action that this important bridge across the canal was saved from destruction.

Capt. C. N. Mitchell is a Canadian by birth and upbringing, having been born in Winnipeg 30 years ago. He is the son of Mr. C. N. Mitchell, 310, Furby Street, Winnipeg. The latter is himself a war veteran. He served in the suppression of the Rebellion organised by the half-breed Louis Riel in 1885, and was one of the organisers of the "Little Black Devils," the Winnipeg regiment which earned its fighting sobriquet in that uprising. Capt. Mitchell, who is by profession a civil engineer, left Winnipeg in December, 1914, as a private in the signalling section of the Engineers, and has served continuously without being wounded. It did not take him long to attain commissioned rank, and in February, 1917, he was awarded the Military Cross for "great courage and skill in counter-mining against enemy galleries, on one occasion being cut off from his own lines for twelve hours." Two of his brothers have served. The elder, Lieut. Stanley Mitchell, died in 1915 whilst in charge of a draft of men being returned to Canada; and Lieut. Ivan G. Mitchell, a younger brother, who served with the 78th Battalion, is now attached to the "Syren Party" of the Canadian Force in North Russia.

British Branch of G.W.V.A. Formed.

"TO SAFEGUARD RIGHTS OF CANADIAN SOLDIERS DISCHARGED IN ENGLAND."

The inaugural meeting of the United Kingdom Branch of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, was held

Mr. C. F. Gifford, of Montreal (late Lt., 42nd Bn.), was voted to the chair, and the Hon. Organising Secretary (Mr. R. W. Trowsdale, 4th Bn.) having explained the purpose of the proposed Branch, it was proposed by Mr. H. Amos (43rd Bn.), seconded by Mr. A. A. Gemmell (19th Alberta Dragoons), and carried unanimously, that a Branch be organised in Great Britain.

A committee of seven was appointed to draft by-laws based on those of the parent Association in Canada, and to report to a general meeting to be convened in the near future.

Mr. Gifford was unanimously elected President of the Branch, and Mr. Trowsdale appointed Secretary-Treasurer pro tem.

A resolution was passed strongly denouncing the manner in which post-discharge pay has so far been withheld from Canadian officers and men discharged (in Great Britain) on account of wounds.

Applications for membership—from Canadian officers and men already discharged in Great Britain—should be made to the Secretary-Treasurer, U.K. Branch, G.W.V.A. Room 85, 113, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Entertainments.

C.E.T.C. Concert Party.

During the week of February 3rd—9th, the Pierrot Troupe, who are on tour under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., paid a visit to Seaford. Concerts were given every evening during the week, and packed houses greeted the troupe everywhere. Comment on all sides was to the effect that the entertainment provided was the "peppiest" seen in this area. The Myriow, Holden, Howe, Gouin, "Jazz Band" brought down the house. They are in a class to themselves. Bentley has kept his turn well to the front by his latest ballads. Smale and Deneau continue to earn encores by their "snap and ginger," and up-to-the-minute rag songs. Doncaster continues the humorous part of the shows, and is earning big applause. Wilson, with his tricks, is always good for 15 minutes of mystery and merriment.

The Troupe visited Bramshott Camp for a week's engagement. Shows were given at various "Y's," also at Bramshott Hospital and the Officers' Club.

Witley Camp also received a week's visit, a similar series of concerts being given. At both hospitals the "boys" were especially appreciative of the lively music and songs. After the show at Bramshott Hospital the "Jazz Band" played for a dance, which was greatly enjoyed by the patients and nurses, who had a "turn" on the floor.

The Troupe is certainly doing a good work, and we hope they will continue to meet with further successes during their tour.

Dances.

A series of brilliant dances is being given in No. 4 Canteen, under the auspices of a strong committee, drawn from the Sergt.-Instructors of the late C.S.M.E., consisting of Sergt. O. S. Farmer, Sergt. K. M. Brown, and Sergt. V. E. Andrews.

The first dance was held on Wednesday, January 29th, and a second on Wednesday, February 12th.

Both were distinguished by the high quality of the entertainment provided, and were a great compliment to the splendid management and hard work of the Committee.

An average of 80 couples were able to enjoy each item on the programme to full advantage, cases of overcrowding being rare or non-existent.

The floor was in splendid order, and the C.E.T.C. orchestra, under the baton of Bandmaster Gorse, provided a programme of new and seductive music.

The lighting arrangements and decorations were excellently handled, with special talent displayed in the staging of moonlight waltzes by Sergt. Farmer.

The ladies of the Canteen assisted at the refreshment tables with their usual and well-known efficiency.

An evening of perfect happiness, good dancing, good music, and good fellowship ended with the home waltz danced to the strains of "This is the end of a perfect day."

The next dance in this series will be held on February 28th, in the same hall. The tickets are strictly limited in number, and may only be obtained from members of the Committee by direct application.

We learn with considerable pleasure that the old "C" Company's dances are being revived.

A Committee has been formed, consisting of C.S.M. Stern, Sergt. Darvid, Corpl. Cummins, Drivers Locke, Ward, and Butterfield, and the first dance was held in No. 4 Canteen on Friday, February 14th. It is proposed to continue the function fortnightly.

The tickets, which are limited to 50, will be sold at 1s. 6d. each, and may be obtained from the Committee.

The first dance was a great success, sixty couples taking the floor. The gathering was graced by the presence of Lieut.-Col. Lawson, M.C., and Capt. F. T. May, M.C., the O.C., accompanied by Mrs. May. Dancing continued till about 2.00 o'clock, when the gay assembly broke up.

Demobilisation and War Gratuities.

Third Division to be Quartered at Bramshott.

The work of transferring the Canadian Corps from France to England is expected to commence immediately.

The Third Division, whose present location nearest the ports of embarkation will facilitate their transport, will be the first of the four Canadian Divisions in the field to reach England. Arrangements are now being made for their reception at Bramshott Camp, Hants, and to that end some of the Reserve Battalions there are being transferred to camps at Ripon, Yorkshire. Once the transport of the Third Division commences, it is expected that they will reach England at the rate of 1000 men per day.

Following the demobilisation by the unit system of the Third Division, the remaining Divisions will come to England in their numerical order, namely, the First, Second, and Fourth Divisions.

The strike of shipworkers in London, at Belfast, and on the Clyde, is seriously affecting all transatlantic shipping and transport. One result of the several strikes is that the ships used for the conveyance of troops to Canada are being held up for lack of dockside facilities. This means that the date of sailing of transports with Canadian soldiers, as well as those conveying soldiers' dependants, has had, in several instances, to be changed, thereby creating a situation in the work of demobilisation which may be characterised as stagnatory.

Repatriation of Soldiers' Dependants.

The special ships which are to carry back to Canada the wives and other dependants of Canadian soldiers, will have accommodation only for first and third class passengers.

No distinction whatever is made between the dependants of soldiers who are returning home. The wife of an officer will receive the same voucher, entitling her to a third class cabin berth, as the wife of a private soldier. The only difference made between such dependants is that the shipping companies will give preference to officers' dependants in the matter of travelling first class if the latter desire it. Dependants of other ranks wishing to travel first class may, provided there is sufficient accommodation available, transfer from third class to first class by paying the difference in fare, namely, £5-10s.

When first class accommodation is limited, officers' dependants will take precedence according to their husbands' rank, and in proportionate ratio warrant

officers' dependants will similarly take precedence over the dependants of private soldiers who wish to travel first class.

Travellers will also have the option of paying the difference between tourist and first class fare on the railroads in Canada.

Lieut.-Col. J. Obed Smith, Commissioner of Emigration, who is in charge of the repatriation of soldiers' dependants, has this week been in conference with a representative of the Canadian Section, G.H.Q., France, respecting the policy to be adopted in the repatriation of Canadian soldiers' dependants who are resident in France.

War Gratuities.

Comparison Between Canadians and Imperials.

O.M.F.C.		Imperials.	
		Lt.-Colonel.	
Period.	*Gratuity.	†Gratuity.	Period. Gratuity.
Under 1 year ...	£118 3 0	£155 2 9	1st year £142 12 0
If in command add	18 18 1	18 18 1	2nd .. 213 18 0
1 year and under 2 ...	156 13 7	205 19 11	3rd .. 285 4 0
If in command add	25 1 5	25 1 5	4th .. 356 10 0
2 years and under 3 ...	196 9 10	258 2 8	5th .. 427 16 0
If in command add	31 8 10	31 8 10	
3 years ...	235 0 4	308 19 10	
If in command add	37 12 1	37 12 1	
Major.			
Under one year ...	£94 10 6	£125 6 11	1st year £111 12 0
One year ...	125 6 0	166 7 11	2nd .. 167 8 0
Two years ...	157 3 10	208 11 3	3rd .. 223 4 0
Three years ...	188 0 3	249 12 0	4th .. 279 0 0
			5th .. 334 16 0
Captain.			
Under one year ...	£75 8 4	£100 1 6	1st year 483 14 0
One year ...	100 5 6	133 3 0	2nd .. 125 11 0
Two years ...	125 15 1	166 17 0	3rd .. 167 8 0
Three years ...	150 8 4	199 14 8	4th .. 209 5 0
			5th .. 251 2 0
Lieutenant.			
Under one year ...	£56 14 3	£81 7 5	1st year £71 6 0
One year ...	75 4 2	108 1 8	2nd .. 106 19 0
Two years ...	94 6 4	135 8 3	3rd .. 142 12 0
Three years ...	112 13 2	161 19 6	4th .. 178 5 0
			5th .. 213 8 0
Warrant Officer, 1st Class.			
Under one year ...	£43 9 7	£65 1 1	1st year £15 0 0
One year ...	57 13 2	87 8 6	2nd .. 21 0 0
Two years ...	72 6 2	108 5 4	3rd .. 27 0 0
Three years ...	86 9 8	129 12 8	4th .. 33 3 0
			5th .. 39 0 0
Other Ranks Below Warrant Officer, 1st Class.			
Under one year ...	£43 3 0	£61 12 11	
One year ...	57 8 6	82 3 10	<i>(low)</i>
Two years ...	71 18 4	102 14 9	
Three years ...	86 6 0	123 4 3	

* No Separation Allowance. † Including Separation Allowance

Imperials.

	W.O., 2nd Cl.	Sergt.	Corpl.	Private
1st year ...	£12 0 0	£8 0 0	£6 0 0	£5 0 0
2nd ..	18 0 0	14 0 0	12 0 0	11 0 0
3rd ..	24 0 0	20 0 0	18 0 0	17 0 0
4th ..	30 0 0	26 0 0	24 0 0	23 0 0
5th ..	36 0 0	32 0 0	30 0 0	29 0 0

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THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS

Published by the Canadian Engineer Training Centre.

President and Manager—LIEUT. F. CLARKE, C.E.

Editor—DRIVER J. BUTTERFIELD.

Advertising Manager—DRIVER F. TUCKER.

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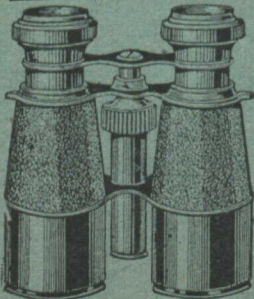
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