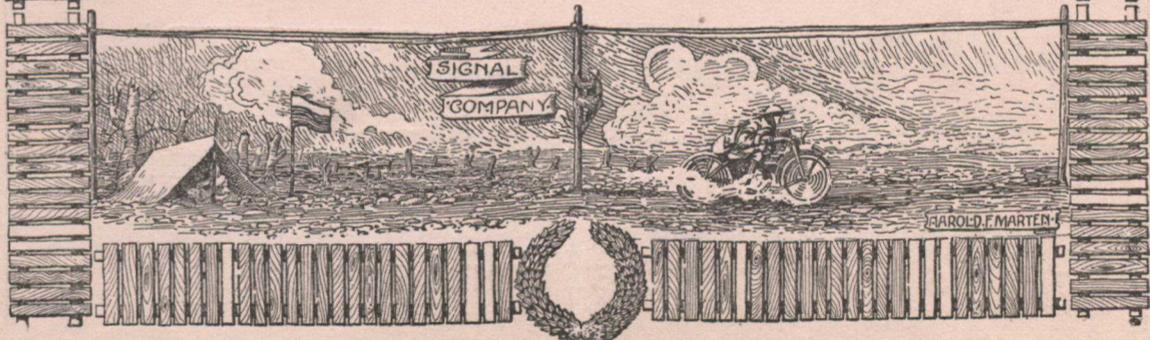


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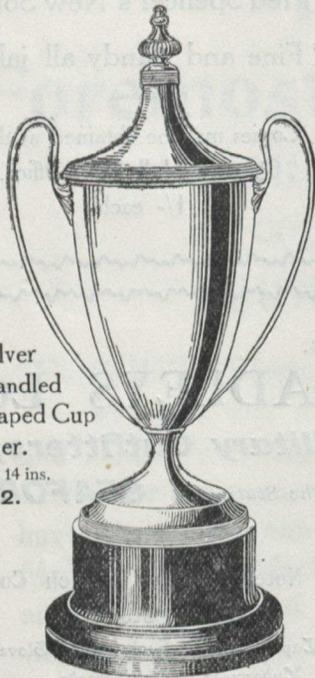
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VOL. II. No. 10.

DECEMBER, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

### Editorial.

It only shows you what rumours are worth.

\* \* \*

We heard it definitely stated by "one who knew," that there would be no more "Sappers." And yet . . . .

\* \* \*

And there very nearly wasn't. We don't know whether it was a result of the Armistice excitement, or draft excitement, or pure lassitude, but it is a fact that until the 11th of the month not a single line of matter reached this office. The springs of inspiration appeared to have dried up at the source, and we were faced with the horrible alternative of going to press with only the casualty list and the advertisements, or not going to press at all.

\* \* \*

Then Corps Signals came to life with a contribution, promptly followed by the 7th Battalion (how nice it is to be allowed to state in print that there *is* a 7th Battalion). That gave us hope, and we got to work.

\* \* \*

One of the first results of the new era is the loss of a very striking figure from the Centre. Major Shergold has been moved on, to carry out work in connection with demobilization for which his great experience and personality especially fit him.

The Major's military record is well known, and his administrative work here brought the Signal Company to a high order of efficiency.

\* \* \*

The chief question of the moment among a large part of the troops is "How to get away

as soon as possible, but not before Christmas."

The situation reminds us of St. Augustine's celebrated prayer (before he became a saint): "Oh, Lord, save me—but not yet." Considerable ingenuity is exercised by individuals in trying, from very scanty data, to fathom the mind of the Government, and find out by processes of pure reason what "THEY" (that mysterious "they") are going to do with us.

Our own policy in this matter coincides with the celebrated war cry of a well known politician. We shall "wait and see."

\* \* \*

We recently had the pleasure of an interview with Capt. G. R. Chetwynd—the founder of this magazine—who was on leave from France. Capt. Chetwynd is a Staff Captain with the 1st Brigade, and spoke in glowing terms of the splendid order and efficiency with which the troops have marched forward into Germany.

Discipline, he says, while being maintained at a high level, is cheerfully recognized by the troops as the first essential of an army on the march; and as a result, every arm of the service moves to its appointed place with the precision and regularity of ordinary manoeuvres.

\* \* \*

It is pleasing to note that the same order and co-operation among all ranks obtains in the Centre during what is admittedly a trying period. No one knows from day to day whether he is "for" Canada, or for leave, or for just the common round; but it seems that the proper spirit of armies has taken sufficient root in individuals of the unit to continue bearing fruit.

# SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 5 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

Seaford Dec. 10/1918

Dear Horace,

I no its sumtime since I rote but I've sure been bizzy wot with being took with floo and saying gud bye to Ivan the Terribul and keeping up my corrispon (male I meen) with Mary Smith who sure handed that guy Bill Simmonds one.

You will see by my lettur that I am wunce more enjoying Seaford and visiting the Engineers for the wintur (ha ha) gee this is sum joint and I wuz sure glad to see it again I don't think as Hamlick's goste sed to MacBeth when he shot him in the bagpipes. If you notis any improovmint in my edukashun blame it on the Khaki College. I went there for to days and then did like the rest of the guys but the Sarjint-Major cot me and now I am in the ordurly room but more anong as Mister Brown sez when they close the bar at to thirty.

I was sorry to cum away frum France becuz I wuz beginning to like a lot of the guys and sum of the officers to—but sum of the uthur kind of officers Bill was a sort of accuired taist like sertun kinds of chees and I aint having any kiddo.

Officers Bill is a big subjick. If you reely want to no what an officer is like ask his men after lights out. they no—beleeve me Percy they no.

Now thers Ivan the Terribul and hees bawled me out so ofin I used to think that sumtimes he wuz almost persinal, but looking back I think hees the best officer I seen during the hole gerr (thats germin for war).

He didunt go in for the soft pedil much and he didunt sit up at nite thinking what he cud do to maik us happy but he was a man—I meen it Horace—a reel man and as Hamlick says unce more “a man's a man for all those.”

Gee Horace dont eddication count a heluva lot.

When I cum back I went in to see Ivan the Terribul and salooted reel smart.

“For Gawd's sake” sez he “who have we heer?”

I told him.

“Say” sez he “Wot the xx!x!xx! brot you back?”

“Incompatybility of tempamong” I sez.

“With wot” he sez obviusly impresd “With your officers?”

“No” I sez “with the climut.”

“How did you get back” he sez.

“Flu” sez I.

“B—— pity you didunt wash” sez he. Now I call that reel frendly of him and there was Agnes still going strong with the aggytato stuf and Leftenant Brown looking anxiously at the clock and gee it felt kind of gud to see them familiur old dials wunce more.

“Sarjunt-Major” says Ivan in a sort of modyfide fortissymo “Sarjunt-Major!”

In comes the esses emmer and saloots.

“Sir” sez he.

“Sarjunt-Major” sez the skipper “here's this d—— bag of wind back again wot can you use him for?”

“What about putting him on demobilizashun work?” sez S.M.

“The very thing” sez Ivan so I wuz put in charge of catogory men for return to Canada and it sure wuz gory belev me.

It was Leftenant Baxter who told me what to do and you no how loosid he is like a Sweed explaining the incum tax to a Jew.

“Married men” sez Leftenant B “for purposes of facylitee is dividud into groops, divishuns. carter-gares, complexshuns and moruls—is that cleer?”

“Everything but the facylitee” see I.

“That cums last” sez he.

“I belev you” sez I.

“Dont be clever” sez he.

“I'll try not” sez I.

“So will I” sez he.

But I refrayned from the obvius retort Horace which shows the effeck of Army trayning. One of the first things you hav to lurn in the army is not to improov on the brains of yor officers but Horace belev me it is difficult sumtimes.

Well about to oclock (I meen 1400 p.m.) I wuz alone in the orderly room and in cums a guy with a sort of worreed luk and I knew he wuz a married man.

“Say” sez he “Wat about returning to Canada?”

“Sure” I sez “rank?”

“Very” sez he.

“Married?”

“Yez.”

“Wat sex is your wife?”

“Scotch.”

“Any children?”

“Six.”

“Sex?”

“Yes six.”

“Don't be fasheeshus” sez I “What sex is they?”

“Mine” sez he.

“For Gawd's sake” I sez sturnly “wot sex is they?”

“Mine” sez he.

I breethed hard.

“I'll put 'em down as seven” I sez.

“Right” sez he “I'll arrange that when I get back.”

“Wot” sez I “aint they heer?”

“No—in Canada.”

“Then you ain't married?”

“I'll xx!xx!x! show you whether I am” sez he.

“Now keep yor savvy fair” I sez “as far as the Governmint is concerned you are not married.”

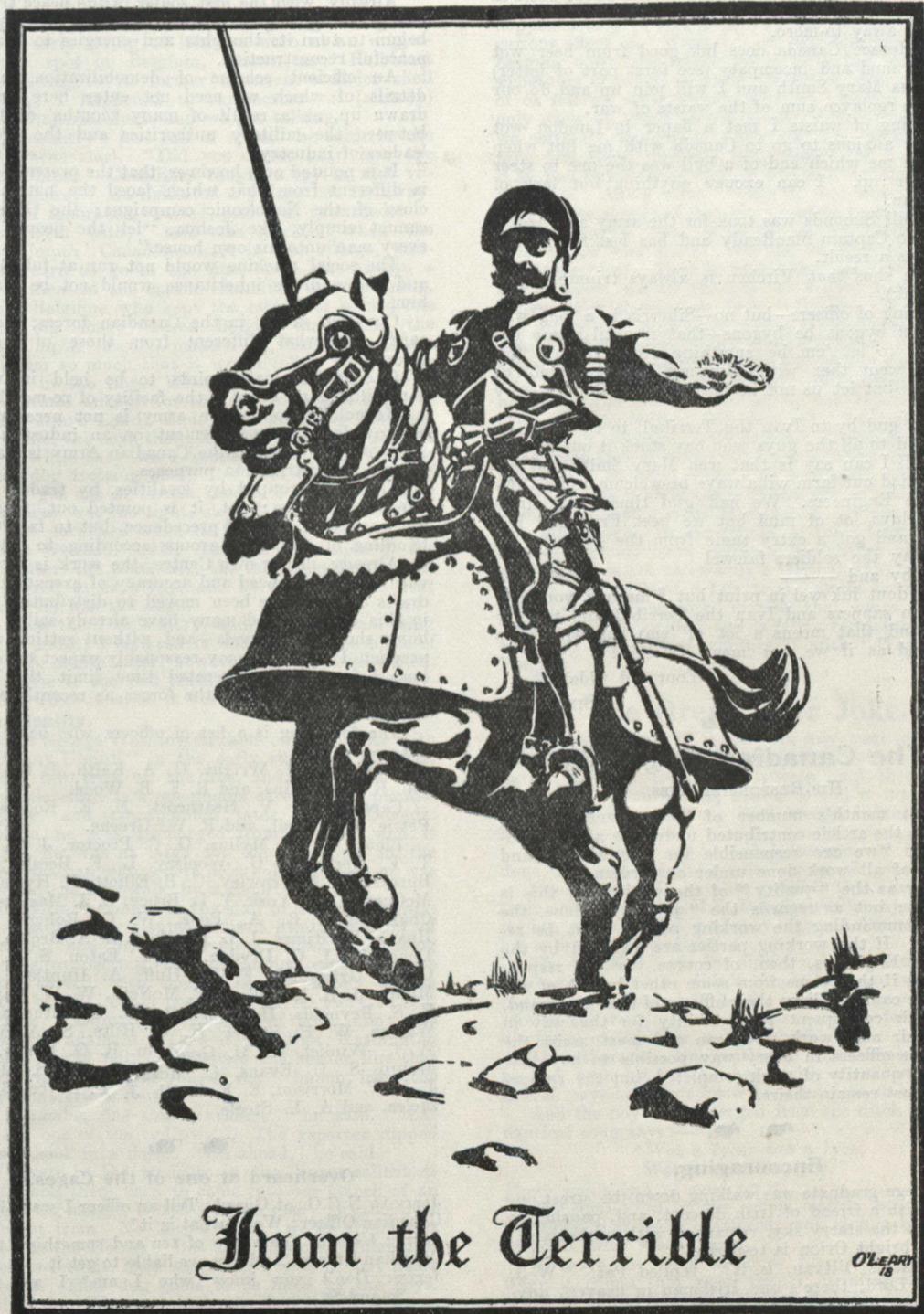
“The Governmint” sez he “can go to ——”

And Horace he has the rite idea belev me.

“You” I sez “are in catogory XR243 which sez ‘All married men with dependints in Canada are single men and will be treated as such.’”

That beet him. He caim back fore times but hees losing his punch and soon we'll send him to Canada convinsed he aint married at all.

The Gymkhana Genii.



Ivan the Terrible

O'LEARY  
18

It's a grait job and is surtinly hyl developin ecksercise for the payshunce.

Well Horace there is a hole lot to rite about but I'm in an oful hurry as I hav to get all married men with no wives away to-moro.

Gee Horace Canada does luk good frum heer wot with the mud and incompaty (see furst part of letter) and I gess Mary Smith and I will join up and do our bit for to replayce sum of the waists of war.

Speeking of waists I met a flaper in Lunden wot wuz very anxious to go to Canada with me but when she asked me which end of a bull was the one to steer I giv her up. I can excuge anything but lack of eddicashun.

Gee Bill Simonds was took for the army and hees a batman to Captain MacReady and has lost for pounds in wait as a result.

Which shos that Vircheu is always triumphant (I dont think).

Speeking of officers—but no—Sibeeria is a long way of and let bygons be bygons—that is until a guy has a chanst to let 'em be sumthing else. If only Bill Simonds went ther with him my hapyness wud be complete—but let us not be harsh. Bill don't deserv that.

So its gud by to Ivan the Terribul, to the Sarjunt-Major and to all the guys who hav stuck it out all this time. All I can say is that wen Mary Smith and me gets married our farm wil always be welcum to any guy frum the Engineers. We had gud times, bad times and a heluva lot of mud but we beet Fritz and Bill Simonds and got a extry tunic from the ¼ Master so lets all say the soldiers fairwel

Gud by and ———

No it dont luk wel in print but I meen it you guys so cheerio sappers and Ivan the Terribul and to evry officer (and that meens a lot of 'em) has treeted us strait and as if we was men. Cheerio!

Your old Sidekick

SINDBAD.

## The Canadian Engineer.

### HIS RESPONSIBILITIES.

In last month's number of THE SAPPER it was stated, in the article contributed under the above heading, that "we are responsible for the quality and quantity of all work done under our orders."

As far as the "quality" of the work goes, this is always so; but as regards the "quantity" done, the officers commanding the working parties must be responsible. If the working parties are supplied by the Canadian Engineers, then, of course, we are responsible; but if they come from some other branch of the service we cannot relieve their officers of their command, or of their consequent responsibility for the way in which their men work. We can and must assist the responsible officers in every way possible to have the maximum quantity of work completed, but the responsibility must remain theirs.

### Encouraging.

A College graduate was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and, pausing to look up at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm:

"How bright Orion is to-night."

"So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thank the Lord, there's one Irishman in heaven, anyway."

## Demobilization.

Already, with the first sound of the peace trumpets, the great fighting machine of the British Empire has begun to turn its thoughts and energies to matters of peaceful reconstruction.

An efficient scheme of demobilization, into the details of which we need not enter here, has been drawn up, as a result of many months' deliberation between the military authorities and the accredited leaders of industry.

It is pointed out, however, that the present situation is different from that which faced the nation at the close of the Napoleonic campaigns; the Government cannot simply, like Joshua, "let the people depart, every man unto his own house."

The social machine would not run at full pressure, and the soldier's inheritance would not be ready for him.

Our own needs, in the Canadian forces, are necessarily somewhat different from those of the home forces.

One of the main points to be held in view in demobilizing an army is the facility of re-mobilization.

Re-mobilization as an army is not necessarily incompatible with re-settlement on an industrial basis, and with this in mind the Canadian Army is classed in groups for distribution purposes.

They are grouped by localities, by trades, and by length of service; not, it is pointed out, to indicate any particular order of precedence, but to facilitate the handling of industrial groups according to demand.

Already, in our own Centre, the work is proceeding with incredible speed and accuracy of execution. Large drafts of men have been moved to distributing centres in this country, and many have already sailed for the home shores of Canada—and without setting up as a prophet, I think we may reasonably expect to be home long before the exaggerated time limit that was a popular rumour among the forces as recently as three months ago.

The following is a list of officers who have already left:—

Majors A. M. Wright, G. A. Keith, J. H. Martinson, R. L. Jenkins, and R. F. B. Wood.

Captains R. V. Heathcott, E. E. Rogerson, P. Petrie, J. E. Bell, and P. W. Greene.

Lieuts. L. A. Mylius, G. C. Proctor, J. P. Boyce, T. F. Gerry, A. G. Woolsey, L. F. Beesley, A. C. Burgess, E. A. Crawley, C. B. Elliott, E. Hyam, C. H. McCrae, J. W. York, T. L. Bruce, E. J. Masters, J. H. Challacombe, R. A. Pook, W. C. Roberts, C. B. Huyck, P. Grimes, J. L. Bradford, L. A. Brown, W. B. Donoghie, J. C. Dryden, H. T. Eaton, S. H. Ford, O. V. Grimsdick, F. H. Huff, A. Huntley, A. H. Munro, J. R. McColl, J. P. McNeill, W. W. Raymond, E. S. Reynolds, H. L. Scott, W. S. Sutherland, P. Watson, W. H. Stuart, H. C. Hiltz, S. A. Mallett, W. C. Winkel, W. M. Goodwin, R. G. Bangs, J. C. Munro, S. L. Evans, C. McIntyre, H. S. McKean, J. H. T. Morrison, E. E. Smith, J. P. Boyce, B. Geldzaeler, and A. L. Steele.

### Overheard at one of the Cages.

Jerry to N.C.O. of Guard: Tell an officer I want him.

Canadian Officer: Well! what is it?

Jerry: I would like a cup of tea and something to eat.

Canadian Officer: And you are liable to get it.

Jerry: Don't you know who I am? I am Count So-and-So.

Canadian Officer: Well, you count one here.

## Washington's "Wagger."

A Spy Story, by O. Pip.

### I. The History.

In the early spring of 1916 we were at an unpleasant little spot in Belgium, known as "Hell-blast Corner," owing to its former experiences under shell fire. There I happened to run across an (already) war-worn Imperial Jock, and we got talking.

"This country's just full of spies," he said (in the Scottish vernacular). "Did you never hear how the 'Umpty-Umph' Canadians caught a spy in that village over there?" He indicated a village not far away. I confessed ignorance, waited, and was rewarded.

"To begin with," said the Jock, "when the 'Umpty-Umph' Canadians were in that village, waiting their turn to go in the line, there was always a crowd of them in the corner estaminet of an evening. Well, the Belgique who kept the estaminet owned one of those big shaggy-haired Belgian dogs, and the 'Umpty-Umph' used to make a big fuss of it. It got to like them so much that it would follow them when they went in the line. When they got in the line it seemed natural enough for the dog to take a trip out into 'No Man's Land,' and, as it generally returned after a while, the boys thought nothing of it. One day, however, while they were coming down from the line with the dog trotting along the road beside them, it seemed to get out of breath, and a corporal, thinking that its collar was too tight, started to loosen it. You bet he was surprised when he found a paper message, written in German, neatly fixed on the inside of the collar. Later, the same day, the estaminet keeper was easily proved to be a spy, and he was shot the next morning. So was the dog."

That was the Jock's story, and, like countless other people no doubt, I believed it was an accurate piece of history. A month later, however, I was disillusioned, and put wise to the real truth by one of the "Umpty-Umph." Here it is, as it was given to us.

### II. The Reality.

Private George Washington came out to France with the "Umpty-Umph" in the early stages of the war. He had a few trips up the line, and then went sick. On being classified as a pneumonia case, he was planted in Blighty, and transplanted later on in Canada. Ultimately, he was discharged from hospital, and it was when he was at large for the first time in the Eastern Canadian city, where he'd enlisted, that he was accosted on the side-walk by a reporter.

The reporter belonged to the staff of a certain highly-coloured daily. He planted himself firmly in front of Washington, and made aggressive noises, indicating that no self-respecting returned soldier, especially one who had served with such a famous bunch as the "Umpty-Umph," could possibly have no story to tell.

In vain Washington remonstrated with him; the reporter was adamant. Then it was that Washington was tempted and fell. He crossed the border line that separates the "just-like-you or me" bunch from the famous or notorious few.

"I remember one small incident," he said, "that was a bit out of the ordinary." The reporter nipped out a notebook in a flash. "Go ahead," he said.

"We were in the trenches in the Ypres salient at the time, and there used to come into our trench of an evening a big shaggy-haired Belgian dog. It came over the parapet from 'No Man's Land,' so we thought it belonged to the Heines. But that made no difference. We used to feed it, have some sport with it, and make it welcome. That dog came to be liked by the boys. We called it 'Wagger,' and you just ought to have

seen the way he would wag his old tail down that trench of an evening. That is, until something happened that changed our opinion of 'Wagger.'

It began one evening, when one of the boys happened to give him a sip of rum. The liquor had a curious effect on 'Wagger.' It sent him bumping and barging down the trench as if he'd just got to find something or other, or know the reason why. A bunch of us fellows were curious, and we followed him. He only drew up when he got to the S.M.'s dug-out, and we certainly thought it queer that his instinct should take him there, because just outside the dug-out the S.M. had put a jar of rum on one side—in case he overlooked it. Along went 'Wagger,' and when he got to that jar he stretched out his forepaws to it, grasped it firmly between them, stood up on his hind-legs, and took a good long drink. We just stood there watching him, speechless. Then he raised the jar to drink again, and I guess we all thought we'd gone batty in the belfry. For there came from 'Wagger' a noise like the bellow of a bull, only it was a voice speaking German, and he was shouting "Hoch der Kaiser!" At the same time the shaggy dogskin fell off him, and it was a German officer standing there." Washington finished his story, and looked anxiously at the reporter, whose eyes were gleaming. "Is that so?" he said, and he gave a low whistle. "Of course," Washington added, "the German was taken out next morning and shot at daybreak. He died well," he concluded solemnly.

Guess this is an instance of the way in which history is made. Just a word of warning. If any who read this tale should, in the course of their travels on the Western Front, come across a big shaggy-haired Belgian dog, it is not necessarily a German spy, and should not be shot without a fair trial. Quite possibly it is only a certain Company's mascot, that wears, or should wear, two gold stripes, and is fairly respectable. Anyway, it's best not to confuse it with "Washington's Wagger."

O. PIP.

## The Great Beer Joke.

The only way to work up any real excitement around the Depot is evidently to go out and swipe a barrel of beer from the Canteen and then, in the innocence of your young heart, to roll it into the hut where the Headquarters Staff sleeps (when it is at home).

There is only one recorded instance of this being done, and some of the results are worth consideration.

For instance: It is quite possible that the guy who took a wallop at S.Q.M.S. Douglas really enjoyed doing it, but we have not had any opportunity of learning his subsequent emotions.

The S.Q.M.S. says he didn't mind how much beer was swiped, and he didn't mind the boys turning his hut into a saloon, but he did expect an invitation to join in the revelry—and as this was not forthcoming, his sense of injustice was aroused.

Then there was the gentleman who complained that he had been hit on the head with a revolver. The R.S.M. says he didn't know his stick was so heavy.

And the boy who emerged from the ditch!! As the nautical song says:—

"Wot a fyce, wot a fyce,  
Wot a norrible fyce."

There was a foot of mud on it.

The final word on the whole matter, however, and the thing that really mattered, was spoken by a lance-corporal who was present.

He says the beer is more like the real article when it comes that way, than it is after the expert artificers of the Canteen have handled it.

## War.

At a moment like the present, when the world-old hopes of a lasting peace are once more being revived, and when a "League of Nations" against war is being used as an election cry, it might, perhaps, be instructive to examine the human and historical aspect of the matter.

The idea of a League of Nations is not a new one; it has been canvassed by many great minds, and notably, in modern times, by Dr. Emil Reich, whose series of lectures at Claridge's Hotel on the "Foundations of Modern Europe" constituted a startling negative to the possibility of forming a United States of Europe—his main objection being that, in addition to the difficulty of nationality and national history, you have the greater difficulty of the incompatibility of races. This may or may not be true politically. We are not concerned with it here. What we are discussing is the possibility of doing away with war.

I will state here quite clearly, in order that no one may doubt the drift of this article, that I am of the opinion that it would be just as wise to talk of doing away with the eternal verities—such as love, or the blue sky, or toothache—as to talk of doing away with war. War is a part of the scheme of things, and will not be done away with as long as there is a human race.

There are definite reasons for this.

The chief one is that war is an antidote to, or a safety valve for, excessive civilization. I do not wish to enlarge here on the benefits of civilization—they are fairly obvious—but the whole of civilization is an artificial condition. Man is an animal. That is a plain fact, about which no argument is necessary; an animal with all the functions of an animal—except the perfect mentality of the pure brute.

Man in a civilized state is a contradiction in terms and a *tour de force*; he is living under false conditions. He remains an animal, and yet he departs more and more from the fine and pure life of the wilder animals. He loses instincts, and acquires ideals, and is quite oblivious to the fact that instinct is beautiful and useful, while ideals are beautiful and useless.

He has built up states and kingdoms; policies and powers; interests and movements. He has invented art, music, the modern novel, and the *Daily Mail*. He has produced machinery, agriculture, and productive industrial schemes, at different periods through the ages—but at all periods he has produced guns or their equivalent. He does it better now than he used to, because he also produced the late Herr Krupp. This seems curious, but it isn't.

The animal has lost all the primal and beautiful things that belong to him, except two: his love of his mate and his love of fighting.

The natural animal will fight for his mate, for his drinking place, or for his hunting ground—things that are essential to him. He will also fight if he suffers physical hurt or personal affront.

In the same way civilized man will fight for his essentials—the only difference being that he has so many more essentials; and if he has nothing to fight about he will invent something, because he must fight anyhow. If he does not he will become over civilized and decay. Too much civilization is race suicide. A long protracted peace brings a surfeit of idleness and luxury to part of society; poverty, crime, filth, and disease to other parts, and a smug, shopkeeping content to the classes in between.

It is idle to deplore events as they appear at the moment, and to cry "We must stop all wars!" The

plain historical fact remains: A nation that does not fight dies.

The most outstanding example of this truth in modern times is the case of the Austrian Empire. In spite of her promise to Napoleon III., in spite of her geographical position, and in spite of her plain commercial necessities, Austria held her hand from assisting France in 1870. She kept out of the war, she stood aloof, a nation too cunning to fight; the complex brain of Metternich saw its advantage against the "Sturm und Drang" of Bismarck in remaining neutral. The result was that France was utterly crushed, Prussia soared to the first place in the Teutonic Confederation, and Austria—whose word had been paramount in German Europe—sunk to the level of a third rate power, where she remained; but France rose from her own ashes, in less than 40 years, to the proud position among the nations that she holds to-day.

It does not matter in the long run if you win, or lose; the great thing is that you fight. If you win you must be very sure that you can stand prosperity; if you lose, you have the best incentive to start all over again, and build the shattered fabric of your nation into a more perfect and enduring whole than it ever was before.

Man, owing to his numbers, has banded himself into groups or parties called nations, and each group possesses for its own use a certain part of the earth's surface; and that is where the primal fighting instinct gets its work in.

The wild animal has his water hole and his hunting ground; for these he will fight. Man himself, in spite of his cities, his commerce, his ships, his gold, his national bonds, and all his apparent wealth, has no more. He has the land; the dirty, long suffering, much abused old earth is his sole possession, and for that he will fight. That is the last test; the test of territory. Everything man has, or ever will have, is traceable originally to the land, and when the land which belongs to a group or a collection of groups is threatened, man will fight.

In the past, nations have been enbroiled in great wars for an ideal, for a woman, for a religious form—and even for the cut of a coat—but in the end it was always settled by the accession and loss of man's sole actual possession—territory.

So I say that as long as man is divided into national groups, and as long as these groups are human, there will be wars; and as long as there are wars, the majority of individuals in a group will support the war policy. And this being so, whenever a group goes to war with another group, any man who does not offer his whole support to his own people, is rightly regarded as a traitor; a traitor to the father that begot him, and the mother that bore him; to the country that reared him up to manhood, and the God that gave him life.

J. B.

## A Long Journey.

Private Nelson got his leave, and made what he conceived to be the best of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back at the station he gave the gate-man his marriage certificate, in mistake for his return railway ticket.

The official studied it carefully, and then said:

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long journey, but not on this road."



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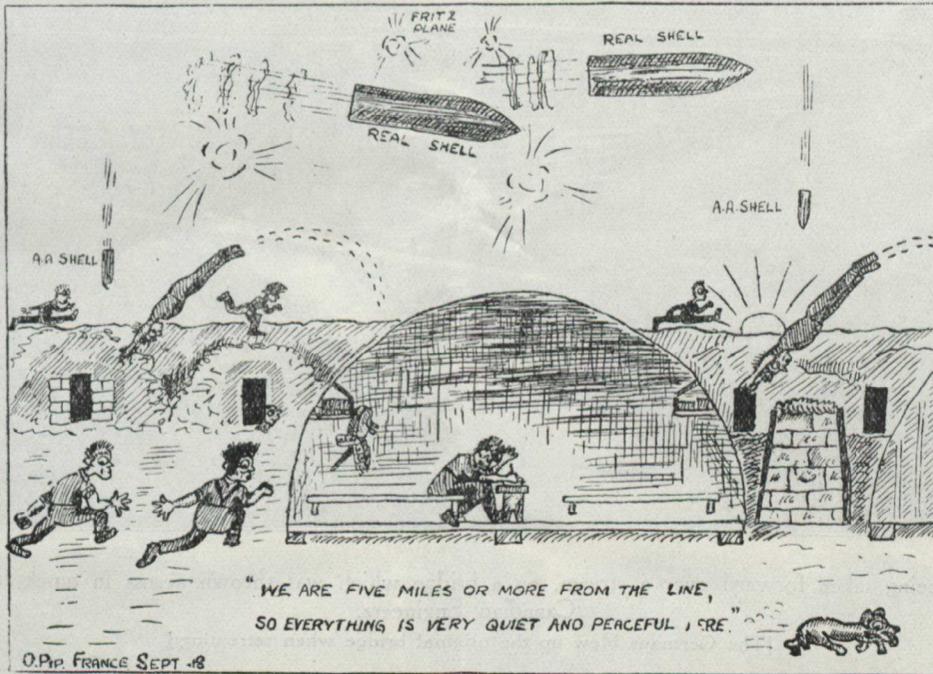
### The Orderly Room.

I have often thought what a fertile field for speculation and analytical investigation the average Orderly Room presents to an enthusiastic and energetic psychologist Johnny.

The Orderly Room is the shrine which contains the spirit of the regiment; the holy of holies, mysterious, awe-inspiring. Even before his "number is dry" the Orderly Room begins to spin its web around the "rookie," a web which will be drawn more or less tightly from the moment of attestation, until he gets his "ticket" (discharge papers). It will be his court of appeal, his guide, ever ready to proffer advice and aid when domestic problems perplex; to consider

at the knees—in a word, to wilt. With an effort I pull myself together, "throw a chest" in the most approved manner, and enter the office. I click my heels together and salute, only to become painfully conscious that the "click" was rather overdone, the sound echoes through the hut, ambulating with horrible insistence the decorous tranquility of the place, and, tough guy from the West as I am, I feel myself blushing to the roots of my hair.

The O.C. turns round with a smile and asks a question . . . it filters through . . . somewhere, obviously mislaid in my boots, is a vocal machine, but I seem unable to bridge the hiatus; the silence is positively ghastly, till finally a voice, which I do not recognise, weakly chirps "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," as the



Sapper Cheerful Liar writes home to the Folks.

applications for leave, etc. Here, too, his little sins of omission or commission will be checked up and punished.

The Alpha and Omega of a soldier's life, the influence of the Orderly Room might reasonably be expected to be great, but I can find no adequate explanation for the terrifying thrills which the very atmosphere of the place distills. Why, for instance, should it happen that the writer, who has led an entirely blameless military life—after nearly four years in the Army—still finds a visit to the Orderly Room a most nerve-trying ordeal, in spite of the fact that it occurs daily in the ordinary course of his duties.

Any morning you might see me strutting towards the Orderly Room, whistling blithely, or serenely smiling. Yet, as I approach it, the smile fades, I nervously twist my moustache, I feel that there is a spot on my tunic, that my brass-work lacks lustre; I become a prey to dismal imaginings; I begin to sag

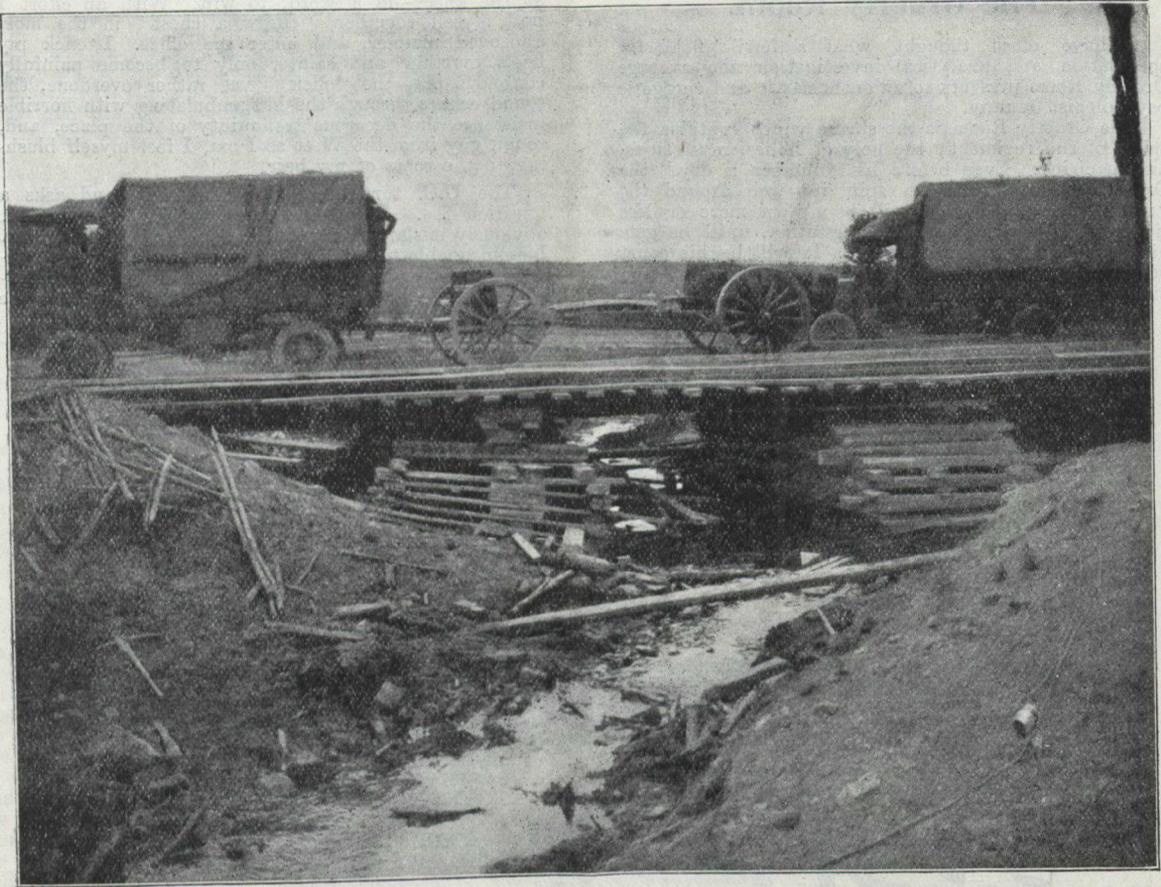
case may be. I salute, 'bout turn, and beat it, looking not to the order of my going, thankful to escape alive and unharmed!

It seems to me that there is an interesting problem here: Why should any institution devised by the mind of man be able to reduce the average person to the verge of drivelling idiocy? A man may boast that he has met all sorts and conditions of men, that he is a man of the world, of vast experience, accustomed to grapple with varied and strange situations, but it is a safe bet that one trip to the Orderly Room will capture his angora, be it never so elusive!

"My sister's feller kicked my dog yesterday," said Willie, "but I'll get even with him all right."

"How'll you get even?" said Willie's friend.

"I'm goin' to mix quinine," said Willie, "with my sister's lip rouge."



Guns being taken forward over a stream, on a bridge which was thrown across in quick time by Canadian Engineers.

[The Germans blew up the original bridge when retreating.]

### A Great Shipping Company's War Work.

It is interesting to record that the Canadian Pacific steamer, the "Missanabie," was the first steamer to sail on her maiden voyage from Great Britain to Canada after the outbreak of war, because when, on the 5th December, the "Minnedosa," belonging to the same Company, sailed from Liverpool to St. John, she was the first steamer to sail on her maiden voyage after hostilities have ceased. The "Minnedosa" is a sister ship to the "Melita," and has a tonnage of 14,000, speed 17 knots, and accommodation for, approximately, 500 cabin and 1500 third class passengers. The Canadian Pacific Ocean Services have carried, from the outbreak of hostilities to October 31st, 1918, no less than 1,041,000 troops and passengers all over the world, embracing all ports in China and Japan, Singapore, Bombay, Mesopotamia, Suez, Gallipoli, all ports in the Mediterranean, Colombo, Dar-es-

Salaam, Delagoa Bay, Durban and Mauritius, in addition to the west coast of North and South America, and the United States and Canadian ports. The total loss of troops carried, caused by enemy action, and irrespective of disease, has been eight in number. The Canadian Pacific flag has flown in the "highest North" in latitude 72.30 N. On one consecutive continuous voyage, one of the Company's vessels steamed 28,441 miles. Over 4,000,000 tons of cargo and munitions of war have been carried, in addition to many thousands of horses and mules. The losses of the fleet have been comparatively small, and this is largely due to the great devotion of the officers and crews of the ships, and the great pains taken by them in gun practice, anti-submarine work, signalling, station keeping in convoy, and so forth. Over 300 officers and engineers were provided out of the Company's service for the Royal Navy, one of whom, Lieut. R. N. Stuart, has won the D.S.O. and the V.C., whilst many others have received decorations and been mentioned in despatches.



**7th Battalion Canadian Engineers.**

JOTTINGS FROM MONS (BATTALION HEADQUARTERS).

Colonel Bogart's Battalion has been in historic Mons since the 11th November. And it's a long way better here than at the rest camp that was instituted some time back for the deserving as well as the weary.

Ah! but we shall never forget the 11th November—*La guerre finis—vive le Canada—vive la Angleterre.*

Neither will the girls of Mons ever forget the 11th of November, judging by the following remarks passed between two sergeants:—

1914 Sergeant (Mons ribbon): "That retreat from Mons was a great thing."

Sergeant 7th Battalion C.E.: "The retreat may have been all right, but how about the capture?" and he hooked on to a pair of dear little blonde Belgians in rear of the band.

Certainly, it was worth a year of one's life to receive a welcome like the 3rd Division got on the 11th.

Space is too limited to even begin to describe it. Emotions let loose like a flood tide, after four years of of restraint and oppression. *Mon Dieu, quelle grande bonheur.*

Just think of it. Some of the boys had not been kissed since they left home years ago. But the girls from Mons were not timid. They would insist, and the officers and other ranks of the 7th seemed to like being kissed by somebody else's sister.

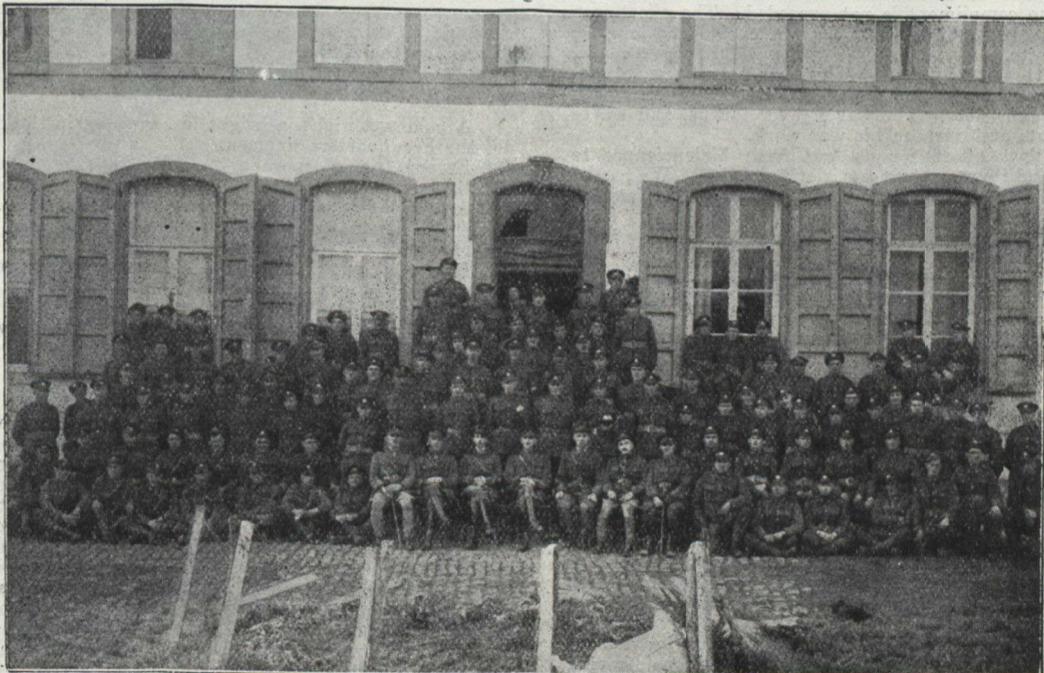
Entertaining the troops: G.H.Q. is anxious to please the troops, and various forms of amusement are on the tapis, including joy rides to Brussels—25 per trip.

Excitement is absolutely guaranteed on this trip, provided you can persuade the Paymaster to fork out.

Some commentaries from three H.Q. Sergeants are interesting, viz.:—

1st Sergeant: See Brussels and die. *Ou, la la.*

2nd Sergeant: Another 24 hours and I should have been ruined (he meant his reputation).



Mons—1918!

"C" Company 8th Canadian Engineers Battalion, B.E.F., France.

3rd Sergeant: Do I look as if I had been out all night (with a frog in his throat).

Moral: Follow the example of the officers, who intend to make a second trip.

Educating the troops: We rather favour the present scheme of instituting classes in popular and useful subjects. It seems likely to meet with far more approval from the men than sending missionaries from over home to teach them the duties of citizenship (vide Canadian Record).

Vive le Paymaster: It must have been pleasant to Capt. Blake to find that he was still alive on returning from Nice. He was reported dead from influenza and other complications. The Paymaster seemed very unconcerned, and said Nice was a nice place to die in.

Les Braves Canadiens: We hear that the R.S.M. of the 74th has reported an Imperial General Officer for failing to return a salute. Gott strafe these Canadians, anyway. Because they took Mons they think they're the whole works.

#### WANTED

New choruses for the following (now defunct): "Deutschland, Deutschland, Über Alles," "Der Wacht Am Rhein." Also a new inscription for German belts marked "Got mit uns."

General items: Col. J. L. H. Bogart has left for the United Kingdom, preparatory to taking a Staff Course at Camberley, England.

Major K. Stuart, M.C., assumes command of the Battalion from the 1st December.

An interesting feature at 7th Battalion Headquarters is the double sentry at the Officers' Mess in the formal guard mounting that has now been resumed. To see two sentries at Battalion Headquarters reminds one of Buckingham Palace, and even for the King the compliment is not exceeded. The effect is a pleasing one, and will doubtless be copied ere long by other units.

To attempt to describe what has been done in connection with work since we left Valenciennes is to hit a discordant note. The war is over for us, and so, to all intents and purposes, is war work.

The last effort for us was from Valenciennes to Mons, and it was a grand, a glorious finish. We passed through Valenciennes on the evening of the 6th November, and found ourselves taking part in a ceremonial entry into Mons on the afternoon of the 11th November.

A whole chapter would be needed to describe in adequate phrases our feelings as we journeyed over the 35 kilometres that separate Valenciennes from Mons. Eager smiling faces and outstretched hands were simple tokens of gratitude that murmuring lips failed to express.

At the gate of a convent the chastened face of a nun peeped through iron bars, and held forth two stems bearing pure white flowers. What did it mean but "Excelsior" through simple faith and triumph, after years of suffering and waiting—and her tribute to the brave.

To even epitomise recent events would infringe upon requirements of space, and one can only feel and say that it was worth while, well worth while, and that the end was noble, and will be for ever glorious. With this we can well leave the reader to gauge within himself the meaning of it all.

As we entered the historic city, the last brave boys lay still and quiet on the environs of Mons, having given all:—

For honour's name, and you and I,  
Resolved to capture Mons or die.

SERGEANT J. DRING.

#### Captain Brickenden's Company.

It was with real regret that we heard our first O.C., and the promoter of this Company, had been killed in action. Major Shaw, then Captain, was always a popular and thoughtful officer, and many of his efforts to promote content and efficiency were recalled when the news reached us.

Lieut. Kingston joins up, but we have Lieuts. Stirling and Stewart on leave, and Lieut. Fitzgerald gone to the Searchlights. We are sorry to lose the latter.



#### Season's Greetings.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Canadian Corps Signal Company join in extending to the officers and men of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Divisional Signal Companies, and the Training Centre, Seaford, their best wishes for the Christmas season.

#### Honours and Awards.

We are glad to learn that Lieut. J. C. Franklin has been awarded the Military Cross, and the entire Company join in extending to him their hearty congratulations. At present he is in the South of France, recuperating from a bad attack of the "flu," but we are in hopes of having him with us again for the Christmas dinner on the Rhine.

#### Those European Names.

A cold wet night, a bright fire burning in the billet of the headquarters linemen.

Enter the Corporal: "—nd Division line in trouble, who's next out?"

A long lanky veteran of many years of war, and of baseball, disentangled himself from the blankets, and prepared for the trip.

It was a long hike through territory but recently occupied by the Corps, but at length the break was found, and the veteran, returning, reported to O.C. Lines: "I had to go clear out to that there town of Achtung Eisenbahn before I found the break."

#### Wireless in the Canadian Corps.

Relieved from the pressure of actual warfare, we are now able to glance back at the tremendous progress which we have made since 1914. Although wireless was an established and reliable means of communication at the commencement of hostilities, and had taken its place beside land lines and cable for commercial purposes, it must be remembered that the stations which performed this were very large and stationary. The question which faced the military authorities was the adaptation of wireless instruments to meet the requirements of the Army. To do this, it was necessary to build sets which would be small yet strong enough to withstand the unavoidable jolts of active service transport. Men had to be trained to handle the new sets. Schools were established, and men, equipped with nothing more than a desire to learn, had to be taught in a short time to be efficient operators. There were



"Are we Winning? Well, I should smile." (Officers, Corps Signal Company)

**Back Row** (left to right): Lieut. F. H. Bates, D.C.M., Lieut. H. W. McPhail, Lieut. G. W. Lawrence.

**Middle Row:** Lieut. F. H. Beck, Lieut. J. C. Franklin, Lieut. G. H. Mills, M.C., Lieut. Boale, Lieut. H. H. Johnson, M.C., Lieut. F. J. Corcoran, D.C.M.

**Front Row:** Lieut. R. C. Croly, M.C., Capt. McMurray, M.C., Major F. G. Malloch, M.C., Lieut. W. A. Steel, M.C., Captain T. Law.

many failures and disappointments, but in spite of all, wireless, as a means of communication for the Army, became more and more efficient.

The upkeep of communication was not an easy thing for those pioneers of the early months. Stations were more or less permanent and manned to meet an emergency. The emergency never came, however, and a waiting game is never an agreeable one. At times, sarcastic remarks were passed by the uninformed, and the men had to sit back and take it. But as time went on, opportunities were afforded the sections to show just what could be done, when shell fire prevented the maintenance of lines.

It was in November, 1917, when Canadians had a real chance to substantiate their opinions. I dropped in at a "Stove Conference" the other day, where five or six old timers were talking of the part they took in the Paschendaele stunt, as old soldiers are wont to talk. They drew vivid pictures of certain in-

dividuals, loaded to capacity with batteries, earth-mats, masts, etc., plodding along the battered duck-walks. They laughed at the number of times the mast of a certain station had been knocked down by shell fire, and the profanity occasioned at the time. But behind this jocular spirit, I noticed the deep satisfaction with which they reviewed their work; satisfaction known only to those who have accomplished something worth while, despite every hardship and discomfort. For hours at a time, when lines could not be kept up, important tactical messages were successfully transmitted by wireless, and it was at this time that we began to realize a greater scope for our work.

In the spring of the present year, after the Boche commenced his disastrous war of movement, wireless was considered no longer an emergency but a necessity. This was more noticeable, subsequent to August 8th. Rapid advances demanded speedy communication such as only wireless afforded, and the Canadian sections



Canadian Signallers using a German Rifle as a Telephone Pole.

gained a fine reputation for the manner in which they responded. You can easily understand the pride with which those men, who have taken an active interest in the development of wireless from the first, regard the achievements during the latter part of the war.

Congratulations have been extended to all Wireless Sections throughout the Corps, and there is a certain comfortable feeling in knowing that hard work has been appreciated. However, the attainment of success is, in itself, sufficient recompense for those who know exactly the work previously done, in order to obtain the final results.

The Section wishes all its friends a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

### An Unrecorded Engagement.

By TEACH BAUMUS.

The following incident, comparatively unimportant in itself, gives a fair idea of the prodigious qualities displayed by many of our gallant soldiers.

The majority of their attacking force having become casualties, an isolated group of soldiers, after dealing the door several sharp blows, succeeded in forcing an entrance to the café garage, situated in the grand place of a little French hamlet, not a million miles from Berlin. A brief reconnaissance of their new

position showed them to be confronted by a large hostile force. There, facing them, stood rows upon rows of light-headed sons of Champagne.

Without a moment's hesitation, stopping not to count the cost, or to reason why, these soldiers immediately flung themselves on the foe. The enemy's first wave was easily disposed of; the second, after a stubborn resistance, likewise succumbed. At this juncture one of the attacking party became non-effective. Staggering, our little band of heroes, with the utmost devotion to duty, then engaged the third row.

Backwards and forwards they swayed, locked in terrific combat. For a period (in which yet another of the attacking force was seen to fall and pass quietly away) the issue hung in the balance; but knowing the justice of their cause, these sturdy lads from the farm, the factory, and the office, gathered together their failing resources, and, with almost incredible heroism, succeeded in carrying to a glorious conclusion an historic day.

The havoc wrought by this homeric struggle would be, to anyone but myself, indescribable. Dead soldiers lay on all sides. Dazed, tottering, half-blind, these Spartan heroes surveyed the pitiful spectacle. Then they came back, but not, not . . . . . till next morning.

[Passed by the International Board of Nonsensors.]

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## After "Lights Out."

BEING PREPARED.

A certain young widow in Seaford, who is a great believer in palmistry, had a friend to see her the other day, who professed to be a specialist in the art. On reading the young widow's hand, she said: "You will have a young naval officer to see you shortly, probably within the next few weeks. He will propose marriage to you, and you will be married before Christmas." The young widow immediately went to town and bought a perambulator.

◆ ◆ ◆

R.S.M., to recruit, who is receiving instruction in duties of a sentry: What will you do after tattoo?

Recruit: Just stick around the hut.

◆ ◆ ◆

A number of recruits thought they would surprise their Instructor. One morning, when their squad was called to attention, and ordered to number off, they started, "One, two, three, . . . . ten, Jack, Queen, King." Now, the Instructor was a wily guy, and, moreover, had no undue proportion of wood in his beam, so, without the least hesitation, he called out, "Numbers one to ten, right turn! Dismiss! Court cards, on the reverse flank, Fall out! Report for duty to the Sanitary Corporal!"

◆ ◆

## The "Whys" Men's Corner.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Who is the C.Q.M.S. of the 2nd C.E.R.B. who so graciously settled the conscription argument in No. 3 Lines Sergeants' Mess, on November 25th? Good old Second Division Signallers.

Who was the C.S.M. of a well-known A.T.C. who, while on leave somewhere on the South Coast, lost his lady friend with the invisible stockings?

If Sergt. Pain suffers with corns on his fingers through counting money?

Why orderlies with despatches to Headquarters, C.E.T.C., will persist in going into any office except the Central Registry? And if they think that Central Registry is a place to get a marriage licence?

Why everybody makes the suggestion to Corpl. McRae, when he is going to Brighton, not to get drunk?

If McKibben and Lambden really went to Brighton to see the fish? Or whether they went to see the chickens? We advise them to read the articles in the *Daily Express* of late re "Drugs and vampires."

Is it true Bill Hawkes is going to take his discharge in this country for the purpose of taking a position as stationmaster at Surbiton? We notice he's cultivating a moustache, and he tells us there is a possibility of his joining the benedicts during the next four or five years.

If the cinema photographer made a success of his pictures? And if some soothing syrup were taken, would it not ensure a better production?

How much did Sergt. Pain make out of his golf clubs that he sold to Capt. Inderwick? He still has eight balls to sell. He says all they need is scrubbing.

What did Corpl. Saunders say to the cat?

The R.S.M. says now that the 11 days' leave is cancelled, he is going to put in for six, and apply for an unsuspended extension. We hope he gets it.

Who is it who is always saying "Have we time for a rubber"? And what does he mean?

## Our Portrait Gallery.



LIEUT.-COL. E. PEPLER, D.S.O.

Held Lieutenantcy in 2nd Field Company, Canadian Engineers, Canadian Militia, at the outbreak of war. Proceeded with that unit to Valcartier in August, 1914. Posted to 3rd Field Company, Canadian Engineers, C.E.F., on formation of that unit in September, 1914, and proceeded overseas. Proceeded with 3rd Field Company, C.E., to France on 9th February, 1915, in command of No. 2 Section. Awarded the Croix de Guerre, 1st Class (French), for services rendered during 1915. Promoted Captain 27th January, 1916. Assumed command of 3rd Field Company, C.E., 5th March, 1916, when Col. Macphail took over command of 1st Canadian Divisional Engineers. Promoted Major and to command 1st Field Company, C.E., 20th May, 1916. Re-posted to command of 3rd Field Company, C.E. 21st May, 1916. "Mentioned in Despatches" and awarded the D.S.O. for services during the war, New Year's Honour List, 1918. Assumed command of 3rd Battalion C.E., and appointed Lieut.-Colonel on re-organization of Engineers, 24th May, 1918.

## Personal.

On Friday, December 13th, Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, M.C., D.C.M., received the Military Cross at an investiture held by His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace.

## ROUND THE DEPOT.



### Headquarters.

Compliments of the season to everybody, hoping you will all be home with your relations and friends early in the New Year. Already some of our boys have left us for Canada, and we hope by now are making preparations for the greatest and happiest Christmas they have ever known. The first two to leave were Wilson and Stewart, who left us about the third week in November. They were closely followed by Fortnum, Pomeroy, Brownless and Dennison. Then we had another call, to which we replied with Barr, Laing, and Bogerd, so that now we are wondering who is left in the gang. Those who still remain have made up their minds to have a jolly good Christmas here, and I am sure they will keep up their end.

At last we have landed into our new offices, and although most of us thought we should be pressed for room, there are apparently no complaints. In fact, everybody looks far more comfortable now than when we were quartered in the Clink.

Scotty Hunter made several trips up to the new office before we moved, with the necessary measuring tapes, etc., and on each occasion he came back looking very forlorn, and wondering where he would put this, and where that would go. From what we can see, he seems to be as well off as anybody. By the way, we hope he had a good time on leave in the land of the Scots.

Before the bunch left for Canada they told us that any parcels which came for them were to be distributed amongst the staff, and seeing that it is getting near Christmas the parcels are arriving in large quantities, to the satisfaction of everybody, and many thanks to the senders.

Some people have a great idea that now the armistice is signed there is nothing to do. This is quite a wrong impression, and anybody on administrative work will vouch for this as being true. As time goes on the work will get harder still, and not until the demobilization is complete—and it has not yet commenced—will the work start to decrease, so don't ring up and ask us if you can go on leave, because you are liable to get the answer you don't want. Talking about asking questions, a certain officer of the 1st C.E.R.B. had a parade of A3 men who were returning to Canada. The officer said "Take one pace forward all men who have wives on this side." This was answered with a smile from the crowd, so the officer said "I mean official wives."

An old friend of ours was on leave from France about the last week in November. He spent two very happy days in Seaford. During his stay he related his experiences of the war, and how he captured Mons.

We think the 5th A.T.C. should have a hot air controller, and the C.S.M. of that Company should be barred.

Everybody was very happy when the leave restriction was lifted. And did we enjoy ourselves at Lewes festivities? Ask our staff.

Since armistice day, the art of "swinging the lead" has been given careful study by many. This charge, however, can hardly be made against Corpl. C. W. Clipfel, who, during the past month or two, has been taking a whirl at the following jobs:—Post Office, Khaki College, Intelligence Department, C.E.T.C. News stall. He is at present N.C.O. i/c last named institution.

PEN.



### Headquarters.

After being interested readers for many months, this is our first effort to start a real live column of our own. So judge accordingly.

Now that such a large number of the boys are under preparation for the Land of the Maple, we are as busy as the proverbial cat. Leave has been held down to the minimum, and one must have "pull with Laurier" to obtain any. Garrison duties also came along and helped to relieve the monotony. Sometimes things were so generally excitable that one of our warrant officers was heard to remark "the horrors of peace," instead of war.

Several members of Headquarters Staff returned to Canada lately. R.Q.M.S. Chapman, whose smile, wit and (in some cases) sarcasm, will be missed very much. Also Corpl. McNeill, the "bright" Corporal who was a fellow conspirator with the R.S.M. in handing out fatigues. L/Corpl. Morden, who was in charge of the dental parades, also made his departure. All went with the best wishes of those left behind to carry on with the work of demobilization.

Worthing must be a bad town for absentees, judging by the attention given to it by our Provost Corporal.

Immediately the leave rumour started, complaints developed in Headquarters Staff. Sergt. Jimmie again began wiping his glasses in a suspicious manner. Another sergeant in the Orderly Room also pined for a change of (h)air. Then came the letter settling the rumour, and things resumed their normal condition.

Corpl. Race managed to get to London very recently for the week end. He reports that the "flu" is abating, and that Virginia is quite O.K. again.

Can someone please tell us why the R.S.M. prefers the "London Restaurant" in Brighton to any other? Has Dolly anything to do in the matter?

Major Shergold has left the Battalion for conducting duty overseas. His old title, "The Skipper," will, therefore, hold. We all wish him luck.



Terry, in the 1st Scene from "September Morn."

### "A" Company.

The Wireless draft from the Company crossed the Channel a couple of days before Heine accepted our armistice terms. One of the draft reports the trip thus: "We had some Channel crossing. At first the old packet pitched, until the rails were lined with the victims of *mal de mer*. Half way over we changed our course, and then the fun began. Roll! At times the promenade deck was within 18 inches of the water, and four or five times we seemed about to turn turtle. Kits slid into the sea, followed by the envious (?—Ed.) glances of their owners. It was a great relief to land at Boulogne." The men are at the Corps Signal School at Coutes.

Demobilization is progressing rapidly. Already about seventy-five of the boys have left us for Canada, and it is anticipated that the C.E.T.C. will be cleaned out within six weeks. In fact, it is rumoured that our Company will lose its identity this week. We wonder what will happen to the Sergt.-Major?

Some thirty of the Wireless Section are still on command at Fenny Stratford, doing their eight hours a day, just as though they expected to help win the war. Darling Gordon joined them a couple of weeks ago. There comes a time when we all prefer new fields. However, we understand they're getting twelve days' leave at Fenny about Christmas time, which is rather putting it over on some of the rest of us.

We love to see the genial face of Mr. Baxter with us again. Now that the war is over he seems to fit in just right—and the story told of his ordering a rubber mat to be placed under the tripod of the Lucas lamp, to prevent signals being picked up on the amplifier, merely reminds us of the funny side of war. We are sure he will make a great success as a "demobilizer"—it's right in his line! And they say he's going to get married. We wonder if the lucky girl is Mary Smith?

The loss of Major Shergold is keenly felt by every man in the Company. Now that we are not faced with serving under his stern command, we realize that he is a real "soldier," and counted more than any officer in England in making the Canadian Signal Corps what it is to-day. Never was the appellation "a rough diamond" more truly applied to a man. He was, above all, genuine.

### "B" Company.

Since the last issue of THE SAPPER, "B" Company has said good-bye to many of its popular members, amongst them being Lieut. Challacombe, Sergt.-Major Leitch, and O.R.S. Bayley.

We wish them all a safe and pleasant voyage, and hope to meet them soon in the Land of the Maple.

Before this paper is published "B" Company will be, minus its "Human Battering Ram," who is now under way for Canada, and we have been informed that the "Gates" at Brighton are closed, never to open again. Never mind, M.G., maybe it's for the best, after all.

We are very sorry to lose our fair-haired boy, the hero of East Dean, but wish him all good luck in civil life in Canada. "A still tongue makes a wise head," Charlie.

"England for ever! I never did have any use for Canada, anyway." We wonder why all this sentiment so suddenly.

Cheer up, Mac, look at the nice boat rides you can have next summer on the Seaford lagoon.

Why does our pet Orderly Sergeant always persist in shaving about midnight, when he comes home inebriated? Does he succeed?

"B" Company has also lost its "Long-faced friend" (the O.C.'s charger) but we wish the old boy good luck in his own phase of life ("cabbying" in the Smoke).

We wonder why a certain C.S.M. of this Battalion doesn't marry the girl, and not have her coming down from the "Smoke" for a week at a time every week.

Maybe she thinks he is going to Canada soon. Well, he isn't, because he goes via "The Panama."

BUSY BEES.

Woman, oh! woman, what a blessing.  
S. E. 22 eh? Chally.

### THE HERITAGE OF A SMILE.

I looked into my mirror,  
Last New Year, and beheld  
Dark shadows in my countenance,  
Which needs must be expelled.

So I set about to do it,  
And working day and night,  
Installed a lighting system,  
Which shines forth radiant bright.

And now there are no shadows,  
But bright celestial day,  
Shines o'er my heart and ever ours  
A master's perfect sway.

How did I work this wonder?  
And how dispel all fear?  
'Twas but a smile I planted,  
And it has grown a year!

F. A. R.

### "The Engineers."

When you're ordered into barracks,  
Someone else has gone before,  
Laid the water, planned your kitchens,  
Passed the ceilings, tried each door.  
If there's aught that doesn't please you,  
If you've got a grievance sore,  
'Phone the-man-who's-got-to-listen  
In the Engineer Corps.

#### CHORUS.

The Engineers, the Engineers,  
They're a pretty useful Corps I'd have you  
know;  
Though they don't parade with bands,  
With their rifles in their hands.  
You will meet the Engineers where'er you go.  
Yes, you'll meet the Engineers where'er  
you go.

When they're building forts or railways,  
Keeping miles of track repaired;  
When the big lights on the harbour  
Through the long dark nights have flared;  
When you've reached a flooding river,  
As the bridge just disappears;  
Who's the man to fix the business?  
Just ring up the Engineers.

#### CHORUS—"The Engineers."

If your Colonel wants some shelves up,  
Or a tunnel made or mined,  
Or a "Tank" repaired, or table—  
For it's all the same you'll find—  
Just hunt up the men who're busy,  
Fret not though their language sears;  
They will fix you up in no time;  
Just call the Engineers.

#### CHORUS—"The Engineers."

When the troops return with glory,  
When the bands begin to play,  
When each regiment fights its battles,  
Showing how *they* won the day;  
Who're the men who've slipped home quietly,  
Not expecting praise or cheers?  
Jack-of-all-trades, always ready,  
Yes, of course, the Engineers.

#### CHORUS—"The Engineers."

A. MAY JAGO.



### Headquarters.

We must apologise for the scanty contribution in this number, but with all our correspondents working at high pressure on demobilization work, we are obliged to condense our efforts.

A hearty welcome to our Colonel. Look out, fellows, the big chief's on the warpath.

Horseflesh is getting scarce. A certain Major we know can verify that. Walking back to Seaford, after a day's work, takes away all the enjoyment of returning to camp the following a.m. a la pied.

Why do some of our clerks visit a certain small village somewhere in this vicinity? And is it that the air is so bracing? There did one of them learn that new table tango.

Has anyone heard our Orderly Room Sergeant's opinion on demobilization? and has anyone courage enough to ask him?

What is the matter with Scott and Co. (Unlimited)? A certain sergeant we know might be able to diagnose the case. Cheer up, Mondy. Some language.

There is only one person we know who is not satisfied with the recent move to 3rd C.C.D. Lines. He only wishes that the Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4 be moved up somewhere in the vicinity of the Battalion Orderly Room.

Very good, Bennie, we'll see if we can manage it for you.

One of us would like to know if our O.R.S. really had to go to town for documents? Or if it was not altogether the call of the crepe de chene?

How many more new Assistant Adjutants are we likely to have? And would it not be possible to keep one for a week, just for acquaintance' sake?

Who said the war is all over? Just step into our office any old time between 8.00 a.m. and midnight, and you'll see the biggest young war that ever was.

We wonder how many times those chaps for Canada have said good-bye over the last pint? And are not some people really looking forward to a long last farewell?

Wanted, someone with umpteen hands and legs, to handle a demobilization job, somewhere in North Camp, Seaford.

Has any person seen our Adjutant within the last two weeks? We have not—just experienced a small whirlwind and a streak of dust.

### "B" Company.

As this is regarded in the nature of a "return," we will make our contribution as concise as possible.

"B" Company's Orderly Room shed a sigh of relief this morning, when thirty eight "contemptibles" left for the Canada lines.

A well-known corporal of this Company went on leave several days ago, and had to wire for an extension, as he was just "consolidating." It has not yet transpired as to what the nature of this was.

### "C" Company.

I will not drink from a German cup,  
Or eat from a German plate.  
I will not deal with a German man,  
All foul with German hate.  
I will use no drug with a German name,  
That grows on German land.  
I will eat no food, and drink no beer,  
If made by German hand.  
I will not use a German tool,  
Razor, or knife, or saw.  
I will not trade with a German shop,  
That lives by the German law.  
I will not sail on a German ship,  
Where German songs are sung.  
I will not breathe where God's clear air  
Is soiled by German tongue.  
I'll not forget those awful deeds  
To girls and little boys.  
No more I'll hang on Christmas trees,  
Those blood-stained German toys.  
I will not take a German's word,  
He'll break it if he can.  
There is no love in a German heart,  
Or faith in a German man.  
This is my oath, when war is done,  
I'll wear to keep it true.  
And since I know you feel the same,  
I'll pass it on to you.

HANG UP AND READ DAILY.



Geo.—What kind of a an-i-mule do y' call that?  
 Jim—That's my watch dog.  
 Geo.—Gee Bo : Some watch dog.  
 Jim—Sure thing : Wrist-watch dog.

**"E" Company.**

We are glad to see that Lieut. Rankin is O.C. of "E" Company. What about a Captaincy?  
 He sure does get along with the boys.  
 Who is the Orderly Sergeant who lost 27 O/Rs in four days?  
 What about the 5 per cent. marriage of our new C.S.M.? How is he to get the other 95 per cent. in instalments?

We are glad to see his promotion has come through at last, and wish him the best of luck, in both cases.  
 We wish that the Q.M. Staff had kept their marquees over in the tented area, for we would sure prefer the weather to be fine.

Who is the man who wanted to buy his discharge from the Adjutant for £4, with a promise of more?  
 How does the new Quartermaster like his job of rounding up blankets from respective Companies?

Here is where we wish all the old members of "E" Company, who are on their way to Canada, a happy Christmas and a safe voyage.

**"F" Company.**

Apparently blankets, rolled bandolier fashion, are an asset when out with Seaford girls. Perhaps two "F" Company N.C.O.s can give fuller details?

The backbone of the Company (Hughie Dey) has departed for Canada. We wish him the best (hooray, my daddy's drunk).

"Jump about Johnson," after several record jumps, has surpassed himself, beating all records, and landing back into "Our Campus" again.

We have unearthed an elocutionist, who thrills us with "songs of a sourdough." We have often wondered why bread was so high, but now we know.

**"G" Company.**

Our best wishes to Major Wright, who has returned to Canada, also to Lieut. Sutherland.

All feel proud of our new O.C., Capt. Clemes.

What is the attraction that one of our Sappers finds when he visits Ravenscroft? Enough said.

We hear frequent rumours about a certain N.C.O. who is about to tie the knot. We would like to know when it is coming off.

We hear that certain N.C.O.s find it very hard to sleep at night, now that they are back in camp.

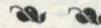
On being asked what his trade was, a certain sapper replied that "he was a mechanical engineer." "What did your work consist of?" "I ran a tractor on my father's farm, sir."

All ranks extend a welcome to Lieuts. Robins, Brownlee, Fraser, and Mitchell.

Who was the sapper who asked our Orderly Corpl. "What time his pay parade fell in?"

We extend our best wishes to Sergt. Blackburn, late of the Orderly Room; and "Blacky," I would just as soon give you a punch in the eye as anyone I know.

All the men feel proud of our N.C.O. who has taken charge of the messing, and is known as "Pop."



**"Always the Little Gentleman."**

A company sergeant-major got an awful shock lately when he asked a social leader from a small Canadian town (now Spr.—umpty—um) for his name and number.

The bright boy sprang to attention and shoved a piece of cardboard at the S.M., with the remark: "My card."

He has been detailed for a course in deportment at Muckleboro-super-Blopton.



She was a new maid, and her curiosity had been aroused by a strange letter "D" displayed on the dustbin.

She inquired of the dustman, the meaning of the letter, to which he replied:—

Damsel, that  
 "D"  
 Displayed on that  
 Dustbin  
 Denotes that the  
 Despairing  
 Domestic of this  
 Detached  
 Domicile  
 Desire that the  
 Dustman will  
 Deftly and  
 Deliberately  
 Dislodge the  
 Dust and  
 Dirt  
 Deposited in that  
 Disreputable  
 Dustbin.



Officer: "How many men have you, sergeant?"  
 Sergeant: "Four, sir."  
 Officer (thinking of night before): "Beats me, I've only a pair."

**News Stand Gossip.**

Since the publication of the last number of THE SAPPER, the news stand in No. 4 Lines has been taken over by the C.E.T.C. A large stock of American and English magazines is always on hand, also stationery, candies, and Khaki College supplies.

The Canadian, recently arrived in London, who sat in at "a little game," and on being raised a pound, replied: "I'll raise you back a ton," had nothing on a member of "G" Company 3rd C.E.R.B., who came into the news stand and declared he had no small change, "Just two notes—a pound and ten ounces."

Why is it that the quiet, unassuming, self-effacing chap comes into the news stall and buys a fourpenny terror, "Vengeance is mine," and a copy of "La Vie Parisienne," while the fellow with a map like a pirate and a physique like Jess Willard, becomes deeply interested in a treatise on the "Ephesian Residence of St. John" or the "Authenticity of the Pentateuch?"

Our idea of "the meanest man" is the fellow who drops in, reads a daily paper through, laughs long and loud at the jokes in *Punch* or *Life*, fingers all the post-cards, and at the end of an hour purchases a three halfpenny stamp, and presents a quid note in payment.

**Christmas Cards.**

To BILL.

You've made things merry, Billie dear, for the past four years or more, With "schrecklichkeit" and "Kultur," and your hearty thirst for gore. May your Christmas be as merry in the land of wooden shoes, With the thought which now must haunt you, that the devil gets his dues.

To HINDY.

Greetings, dear von Hindenburg, German warrior bold. You ordered Christmas dinner in Paris, we are told. That order came four years ago, when your way seemed paved with gold. Now don't you think, dear Hindy, that your dinner's getting cold?

To VON TIRPITZ.

Bewhiskered unter-sea god, the German Captain Kidd, Your whiskers have for many years, your ugly visage hid. Now step out from behind that bush and tell us, on the level, How you've contrived so long to dodge the barbers and the devil.

To LITTLE WILLIE.

Unser Lieber Clown Prince, I saw your photo lately. Taken with your favourite dog: your pose was bold and stately. No doubt you think that map of yours has set the world agog. But the more I look upon the mug, the more I like the dog.

**Fall in the Cooks.**

Bishop Stringer, of Yukon, "the man who ate his own boots," spoke at Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 2, on Thursday night, December 12th.

SAPPER RIORDON.



[A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE CORPS SIGNALS.]

Now soon, by heck! we'll start and trek right past the German line, and never stop until we drop our packs beside the Rhine. Oh! it will be a truly free and easy march along, with beaucoup beers and civie cheers, and choruses of song. The officers will dish their spurs, and scorn the motor-car; the bands will play along the way, "It is a lovely war." The vanquished Hun who's on the run will be our hourly jest, and grouchers will no longer spill their griefs nor look depressed. So we all say, but when the way is muddy and our skin is soaking wet, well then, you bet, the grouching will begin.



Some pessimist will wave his fist, "The war will never end; Fritz hasn't fled, he's not yet dead, he's marching on Ostend." It's ever thus: some fools must cuss, when they should thank their star, no Prussian wild their homes defiled, as these around them are. And so they slouch along and grouch, nor think that men have done their bit, and died quite satisfied, to save them from the Hun.



**SOLVING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.**

Sir—I enclose a balance sheet of my family expenditure, which may convince doubtful readers that it is quite possible to lead a happy domestic life on thirty shillings a week:—

Beer	17	6
Wife's beer	2	6
Instalment on Shakespeare's Works...	5	0
Rent (paid next week)	—	—
Butcher and grocer (paid next week)	—	—
Bread	4	
Missions	1	6
One tin boot polish	3	
A little more beer...	2	6
Charity	2	
Tobacco	9	

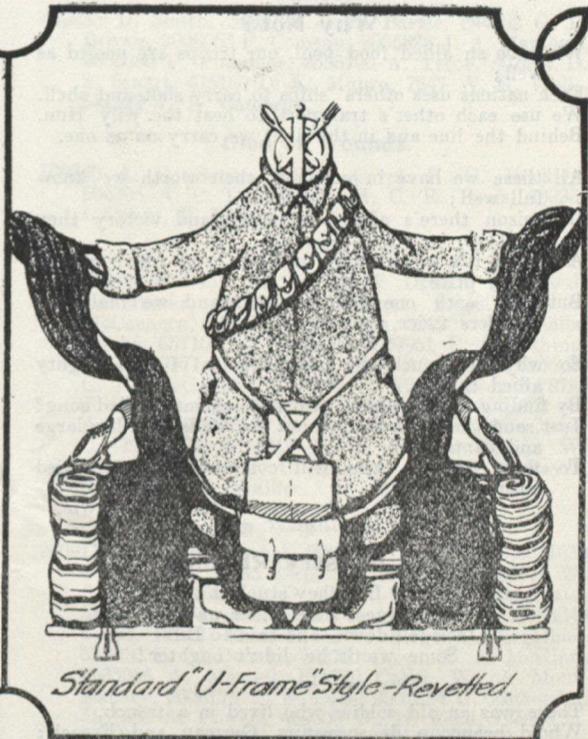
Total ... 30 6

In adding up the total I find that during last week I ran into debt to the extent of sixpence. That will be easily remedied; next week the wife's beer will be cut down to 2s.

Latest Fashions in "Kit Lay-outs."



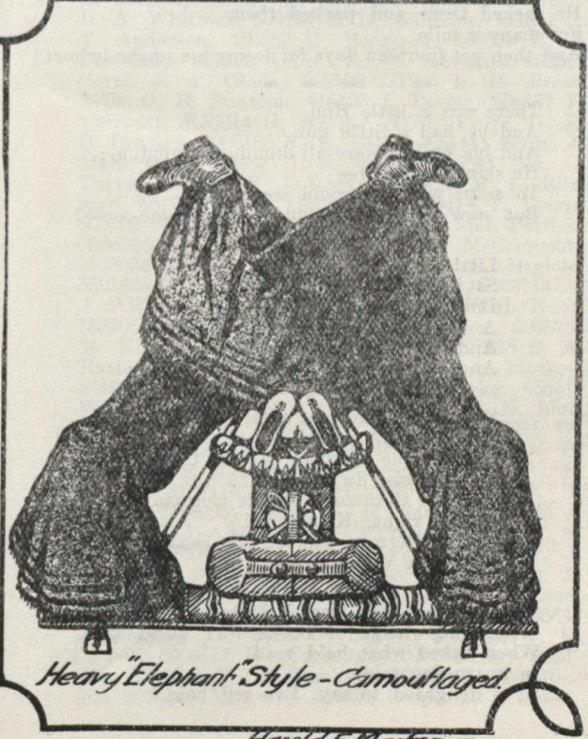
*"Support Line" Style-with Duck-boards.*



*Standard "U-Frame" Style-Revellied.*



*Reinforced "Elephant" Style in Breastwork.*



*Heavy "Elephant" Style-Camouflaged.*

*Harold F. Marden 1918*

## The Poet's Corner.

### Why Not?

We have an allied food pool, our troops are pooled as well;

Each nation uses others' ships to carry shot and shell.  
We use each other's transport to beat the wily Hun,  
Behind the line and in the fight we carry on as one.

All these we have in common, their worth we know full well;

In unison there's always strength, and victory they spell.

Although it's taken years to learn, and we've paid a heavy price,

But now with one supreme command we make no blunders twice.

So why not touch the heart strings of this mighty allied throng,

By finding someone who will write an inter-allied song?  
Just send the word throughout the lands of Allies large and bantam,

To find someone who will compose an inter-allied anthem.

JESSE S. LEWIS.

✻ ✻ ✻

### New Nursery Rhymes.

Jack and Bill they stuck it till  
Their knees were under water;  
Jack fell down, and said to Bill  
Some words he didn't oughter!

◆ ◆ ◆

There was an old soldier who lived in a trench,  
Who'd beaucoup de souvenirs, German and French;  
He sacked them and packed them  
For many a mile,  
And then got fourteen days for losing his smoke-helmet!

◆ ◆ ◆

There was a little Hun,  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were all dumdum, dumdum;  
He shinned up a tree  
To snipe what he could see,  
But now he is in Kingdom come-come-come!

◆ ◆ ◆

Little Miss Mabel  
Sat on a table,  
Down in her Estaminay;  
A Sergeant espied her,  
And sat down beside her,  
And stayed there the rest of the day!

◆ ◆ ◆

Simple Herman met a German  
On a night patrol.  
Said simple Herman in bad German,  
"Wie bist du? Ja wohl!"  
Said the German to simple Herman,  
"All right, Kamerade!"  
Simple Herman bombed the German  
With a Mills grenade.

◆ ◆ ◆

A red-headed man from Kildare,  
Whose knowledge of books was quite rare,  
When asked what he'd read,  
In answering said,  
"I'm delighted to say, I've red hair."

### "Whatever You Do, Don't Do It."

If the Sergeant-Major bowls you out for something you did not do,

And you feel like starting a boxing bout for putting the blame on you—

Don't do it.

If you should go up on "Orderly Room" (you're no soldier if you don't),

And the S.M. shouts "Mark time! one! two!" and you feel like saying "I won't"—

Don't do it.

If your Company is inspected by the King, and "Attention" strain is none too brief,

If you think that to dance the "Highland Fling" will give you desired relief—

Don't do it.

If you visit the M.O. on "Sick Parade," 'cause you've decided not to stick it,

If you think that to bluff him you're "insane" is the way to get your "ticket"—

Whatever you do, don't do it.

C. A. E.

✻ ✻ ✻

### Rhymes of a P.T. Man.

An N.C.O. to Brighton went,  
His rations for to get;  
He met a "chic" young flapper there,  
Who was so nice and young and fair.

At close of day, they mooned away,  
Upon the beach to squat;  
They sat upon an upturned boat,  
Which seemed a pleasant spot.

But sad to say, ere closed that day,  
The boatman had with tar made play;  
With tar he must have been quite slick,  
For sure he made that couple stick.

They sat alone in fear and cold,  
And the first to move was our hero bold;  
He made one spring into the air,  
And left his breeches sticking there.

Now this little rhyme will surely teach,  
It's not wise to sit down on the beach  
Without first looking where you are,  
For it's awful stuff that tar.

"HAMSTRING."

✻ ✻ ✻

### Verses for a Greeting Card.

We send you a card of greeting, from a land destroyed,  
forlorn,

The grey clouds, the grey earth meeting, where the fields are shelled and torn:

Oh! the long dark trails we've travelled, where the warring hosts contend,

Life's skein seems all unravelled, but we're staying—until the end.

The year that is now beginning, we hope, e'er its course be run,

That the fight, which our boys are winning, shall then be completely won;

That we'll stand in our old-time places, in the land of the Maple Tree,

'Mid loving and cheerful faces, in a world at peace—and free.

**Lines (behind the Lines).****OUT RESTING.**

The skies are blue o'er France to-day,  
The clouds are pearly wings;  
The fields with poppy-flowers are gay,  
The skylark soaring sings.

Far in a field a peasant bends  
Close to the kindly soil;  
The distance solemn beauty lends  
Unto his simple toil.

See! where the land is terraced there,  
Before the leaf-crowned wood;  
Was ever scene so trancing fair,  
Or to the eye so good?

A terrace rich with ripened grain,  
And nearer where I stand,  
Enriching more this fair domain,  
Is plow and fallow land.

And where the light doth penetrate  
Into the wood's green shade,  
The leafy aisles our steps await,  
Inviting to some glade.

There, silver birch and polished beech  
Stand out in fine relief;  
The morning sunlight gives to each  
An added beauty brief.

But, though all things are fair to see,  
That eyes may rest upon;  
I'd gladly give them all to be  
Beside the river Don.\*

SPR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

[\*In Toronto]

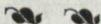
**To Tim.**

I met her down at Brighton  
We went and had some tea,  
Then took the bus to Rottingdean,  
The big red bus to Rottingdean,  
And sat beside the sea.

We had a really topping time  
Beside the silver sea;  
But not the sort of time you think,  
Oh! not at all the time you think:  
Those things are not for me.

So we went back to Brighton,  
As proper as could be;  
Because I'm married, don't you know,  
Oh, very married, don't you know,  
And she is going to be.

J. B.

**Roll of Honour.**

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

**Officer Killed.**

Lieut. H. Schaffer.

**Officers Wounded.**

Major B. L. Sawyers, Capt. R. C. Crolby, Capt. H. J. R. Jackson, M.C., Lieut. F. A. Canzi, Lieut. H. L. Chittenden, Lieut. W. A. Linklater.

**Other Ranks—[All Sappers unless otherwise notified].****Killed.**

438233 D. Smith, 3182120 J. H. Bartle, 844082 G. L. Brown, 2008053 F. Comeau, 2006823 J. A. Marshall, 2005889 F. Plummer, 2355790 A. Teroe, 507594 D. S. Stuart, 415160 D. K. Munro, 7847 W. H. Wells, 541522 J. H. Cameron.

**Died of Wounds.**

500340 A. M. Smith, 505109 Corpl. H. G. Hockley, 506305 A. C. Lee, 504336 H. C. R. Beals, 489257 L/Cpl H. B. Latter.

**Died.**

3135455 S. A. Cook, 2011945 R. W. Drinan, 2011470 J. C. Husser, 2356842 J. Farrar, 2043804 J. A. McCachern, 211979 O. Pamplin, 2012010 F. Smallacombe, 657100 V. Clement, 2009961 F. G. Ethington, 2009471 C. Hatter, 3039100 A. Hushen, 3136830 C. E. McCallum, 2714579 J. W. White, 2678783 J. A. Banville, 2012050 A. Roberts, 2008908 G. Atkinson, 751272 F. S. E. Bristow, 166142 L/Corpl. C. Trowhill, 2013819 P. E. Stokes, 443252 W. Grant, 2691460 J. C. Harvey, 3287810 J. Payer, 3090182 H. E. Walker.

**Wounded.**

2009118 M. M. Blumbergh, 2008670 G. R. Booth, 3031039 S. Bourque, 10883 2/Cpl. W. Browett, 1063071 W. Buchanan, 770105 J. D. Clark, 405554 J. Fitzgerald, 3259403 R. Gaudet, 167008 N. S. Hepburn, 2005240 Corpl. H. S. Kendall, 45408 Sergt. G. Legallias, 675010 H. McDonald, 742721 Corpl. H. A. McGinn, 2503964 A. Martell, 871770 Corpl. W. J. Montgomery, 2006175 L. E. Pace, 2007534 C. Patterson, 3131932 A. Powell, 469300 W. H. Reed, 793998 G. A. Robins, 913207 G. W. Snider, 505690 L/Cpl. L. A. Whitlock, 504194 E. H. Williams, 721041 J. T. Anderson, 430052 C. Bergeron, 506667 R. J. Cleveland, 907122 L/Cpl. A. H. Edwards, 282312 Corpl. J. A. Glode, 862199 L/Cpl. E. H. Pratt, 24796 G. H. Stratton, 416195 J. Taylor, 506437 F. Vanwart, 3130814 G. Warner, 500104 Corpl. G. E. C. Bradley, 2009186 J. E. Gilpin, 651411 Sergt. J. McK. Gray, 541941 D. F. MacRae, 45343 Dvr. C. Turvey, 922670 W. J. Bogart, 2532357 H. L. Blizard, 651787 N. J. Gallagher, 649471 T. Lyons, 503502 W. MacLean, 115346 2/Cpl. D. McL. Patrick, 2006225 H. Thomson, 835107 D. W. McCrimmon, 2503698 W. R. Russell, 3204054 J. E. Baglole, 3081946 W. Burgess, 166983 G. R. Hill, 2008714 A. J. Williams, 3180005 L. S. Gavel, 2007218 H. Huot, 153206 E. Johnson, 651245 J. MacGregor, 2005763 M. Nixon, 651978 J. W. Stringer, 2007253 R. A. Heslip, 126 Sergt. B. T. Lugg, 2006903 S. Mackey, 541940 M. Martin, 863072 R. W. Sparke, 455616 W. F. Stevenson, 5052 Acting C.S.M. F. N. Blue, 898447 A. Holm, 718662 D. Letander, 180521 W. Reay, 718022 Sergt. W. H. Richards, 504336 H. LeR. Beals, 1042296 J. Fortois, 766374 W. F. Fowler, 3187118 C. W. Hayes, 73546 Sergt. D. O'Brien, 506110 Corpl. G. G. Sargent, 73325 J. Bentley, 13 A/Corpl. T. Calvert, 2006344 F. S. Carson, 769763 Corpl. W. Dawe, 3084349 W. J. Donaldson, 2463303 J. E. Fraser, 871683 L/Cpl. J. Galt, 2008096 T. P. Looney, 3256730 E. L. McLeod, 808279 J. McL. Waugh, 898288 A. Wells, 198443 A. Anderson, 2005903 O. Brown, 2006302 W. S. Cooper, 2006157 W. Cronshaw, 2009682 M. Feldman, 3130211 W. T. Gammon, 769880 J. Hutchinson, 2008280 J. Imrie, 436527 Corpl. J. T. Jones,

541595 L/Cpl. D. Kennedy, 2005245 R. C. Mott, 294352 L. P. Nielson, 769176 H. L. Peers, 770170 2/Cpl. N. Richards, 150572 A. H. Scott, 270628 J. Smith, 2008446 W. J. Weeks, 1027488 J. Nicol, 766668 Driver E. Parkin, 285581 DeA. Rossi.

## Honours List.

### Military Cross.

#### Lieut. Charles Ottly Fellowes, Engineers.

During an attack he worked unceasingly under fire in his endeavours to establish communication, and followed with his wires close behind the leading waves. He showed great determination and coolness under most difficult circumstances.

#### Lieut. Frank Stuart Merry, Engineers.

He has always shown the utmost energy and resource in performing his duties as signal officer. He personally carried out a valuable reconnaissance under heavy fire, to obtain information as to the situation when, owing to circumstances, visual and telegraphic communication was impossible. He set a very fine example to his men.

## Commissions, Promotions, Etc.

Temp. Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) J. M. Rolston to be Temp. Lieut.-Col.

Temp. Majors to command Engineer Battalions, and to be Temp. Lieut.-Cols.—J. L. H. Bogart, E. Pepler, D.S.O., C. B. Russell, D.S.O., E. J. C. Schmidlin, M.C., N. R. Robertson, D.S.O., W. P. Wilgar, D.S.O., H. L. Trotter, D.S.O.

Temp. Majors to command Engineer Battalions, and to be Acting Lieut.-Cols.—J. M. Rolston, H. D. St. A. Smith, D.S.O., A. L. Mieville, M.C.

Temp. Capt. (Acting Major) A. Hibbert, M.C., to be Temp. Major.

Temp. Capts. to be Temp. Majors—J. A. G. White, M.C., C. W. U. Chivers, M.C., G. R. Turner, M.C., D.C.M., A. G. Macaulay, M.C., E. H. Birkett, M.C., J. J. Stock, M.C., F. A. Brewster, M.C., B. Ross, C. A. Bell, M.C., M. W. Maxwell, M.C., R. L. Junkin, M.C., R. L. Dunsmore, M.C., S. M. Thorne, M.C., L. J. J. Purnode, M.C., R. H. Bishop, K. Weatherbe, M.C., C. C. Richards, R. A. Spencer, M.C., R. S. Worsley, M.C., K. P. Macpherson, R. M. Calvin, D. J. Miller, F. A. McGiverin, M.C., J. H. Rattray, J. D. Calvin, W. F. Richardson, M.C., D. F. Dewar, M.C., J. A. Watt, J. G. McMillan, M.C., E. P. Fetherstonhaugh, M.C., B. L. Sawers, M.C., W. G. McGhie, M.C.

Temp. Capt. P. Petrie, from W. Ont., to be Temp. Capt. (September 20th, 1918, but with seniority from April 28th, 1917).

Temp. Lieuts. (Acting Capts.) to be Temp. Majors: M. A. Pope, M.C., G. H. McCallum, H. R. Urie, M.C., McL. White, M.C.

Temp. Lieuts. (Acting Capts.) to be Temp. Capts.—H. S. Kennedy, M.C., A. C. Matthews, and to remain seconded, W. T. May, G. B. Field, S. D. Robinson, C. N. Mitchell, M.C., J. M. MacCormick, H. MacG. Steven.

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Capts.—A. R. Neelands, M.C., G. J. Staples, W. G. Arthurs, L. B. McCurdy, H. S. Rylie, P. A. Laing, H. S. Holloway, M.C., W. G. Pearse, A. M. Reid, H. C. Harvett, C. B. Bate, M.C., D.C.M., A. G. Riddell, N.

H. Clemes, G. H. Gilchrist, M.C., J. A. Langford, M.C., J. A. MacKinnon, M.C., F. C. P. Roberts, G. F. Dalton, R. A. Bolton, M.M., I. M. Marshall, V. S. C. McClenaghan, M.C., D. C. U. Simson, F. T. McPherson, H. C. McMordie, M.C., W. L. L. Cassels, J. H. Ramsay, M.C., R. B. Gibson, M.M., J. A. Fournier, J. N. Alford, C. C. Jeffery, W. E. Keyt, M.C., W. C. Bate, M.C., R. D. Hague, A. G. Ashford, W. A. Adam, M.C., H. S. Weldon, R. V. Heathcott, A. McL. Morrison, D.C.M., H. Kennedy, M.C., F. M. Pratt, M.C., D. M. Ewart, M.C., G. M. Hamilton, C. H. Hopkins, G. P. Sharpe, G. N. Dickenson, J. P. Harvey, M.C., E. J. Pope, F. M. Dawson, G. B. Latimer, M.C., C. W. Lowman, F. L. Turnbull, C. S. Walley, M.C., C. McN. Steeves, G. H. Dickson, A. McK. West, M.C., W. C. Murdie, J. J. Hanna, F. S. Jones, H. L. Chittenden, J. A. Wood, M.C., S. H. Hawkins, G. H. Whyte, M.C., L. W. Klingner, M.C., W. G. Hardy, H. J. MacKenzie, M.C., R. A. Rogers, G. H. Ferguson, M.C., R. J. Casement, D.C.M., R. A. Hay, M.C., C. A. Morris, M.C., L. M. Martin, H. R. Carscallen, R. D. Kinmond, M.C., O. R. Harvey, H. B. Tett, R. E. MacAfee, M.C., T. D. Henderson, J. M. Riddell, H. J. Duggart, P. V. Binns, M.C., R. G. Saunders, W. E. Bull, M.C., A. N. Scott, M.C., F. Alport, A. M. Robertson, M.C., E. Miall, C. St. B. Sladen, H. J. R. Jackson, M.C., G. W. G. Booker, F. M. Brickenden, J. S. Oliver, J. L. Melville, M.C., O. M. Stitt, M.C., A. T. MacLean, E. C. G. Chambers, M.C., A. Barclay, F. G. Bird, M.C., and to remain seconded, B. C. Hall, M.M., R. Hill, G. E. Cole, H. L. Roblin.

To be Temp. Lieuts. (November 5th):—912008 Pte B. C. Affleck, 2005411 Spr. J. F. Swan, 2005597 Spr. C. P. Hotchkiss, 339036 Spr. W. A. Russell, 1105083 A/Sergt. N. J. B. Vadeboncoeur, 314248 Bdr. J. W. Spence, 2005741 Spr. G. S. Conway, 312854 Spr. B. C. Berry, 2005835 Spr. C. D. Roberts, 2005206 Spr. C. H. Harper, 314756 Sergt. A. C. Evans, 475807 Sergt. C. F. Corbett, 505096 Sergt. S. D. Arnold, 2005587 A/L/Cpl. E. D. Robertson, 45464 Corp. R. T. Symons, 911898 Spr. N. E. Lyche, 505078 L/Cpl. G. E. Stephenson, 333 A/Sgt. C. M. C. Hoyt, M.M., 45215 Spr. E. Taylor, 455020 Spr. J. A. Payette, 504556 Sergt. J. L. Beattie, 154117 A/Sgt. W. N. Aird, 504662 L/Cpl. H. A. Campbell, 500363 2/Cpl. J. H. Bell, 5407 Spr. H. J. E. Keys, 502524 Spr. J. M. Bloomfield, 45362 Sergt. J. McC. Armstrong, 326961 Corp. H. C. Kinghorn, 910095 Spr. J. C. Irving, 501004 C.Q.M.S. H. J. Humphreys, 502907 Sergt. J. M. Wolverson, 500204 Sergt. K. Fraser, 5364 Sergt. H. T. Eaton, 500367 L/Cpl. J. L. Bradford, 5500 Sergt. O. V. Grimsdick, 2020355 Spr. G. C. McLaren, 2266064 Spr. L. A. Brown, 504381 Sergt. R. Watson, 5034 Sergt. A. G. Aedy, M.M., 431075 A/Sgt. J. Bosley, 504215 Spr. H. F. Christie, 301106 Sergt. J. R. Morrison, 504762 Sergt. H. O. Jones, 500479 Corp. R. Templeton, 76067 Spr. F. L. Hill, M.M., 541927 Sergt. A. Huntly, 5225 C.Q.M.S. R. Walker, 504168 Corp. H. C. Hilts, 502731 C.S.M. A. Teagle, 460897 Corp. W. F. Brownlee, 910855 Pte G. O. Thorn, 2005480 Spr. E. G. Houghton, 504009 L/Cpl. S. H. Ford, M.M., 5423 A/C.S.M. D. A. McBeath, 140 C.S.M. J. F. McRae, M.M., 166285 Corp. G. H. Mackie, 273674 L/Cpl. F. H. Huff, 2005243 Spr. A. MacLeod, 2162 Sergt. F. Geater, M.M., 505424 A/L/Cpl. R. M. Mitchell, 612 2/Cpl. A. H. Munro.

Temp. Lieut. R. H. O'Reilly is seconded for duty with the R.A.F. (December 18th, 1917).

## "Tap."

BY GEO. A. DEPP, AUTHOR.

It was anything but a very dark and stormy night. The Brigade was in the line, with Headquarters in Fulamud Trench. The Signal Office was in the usual dismal, damp, and foul smelling 2x4 chamber of a deep dugout. The gang all had crusts on the top of the "bean" from "making contact" with the low ceiling.

The all night shift was on duty, the line-up being as follows:—Sapper Bigboob, supt. Sapt Shakurfone, the star push, holler and pull artist on the commutator. Sapper Sendsemfast was holding down the Divisional Sounder, with Sapper Receivesemslow, as his side-kick, on the "peanut roaster" to the Battalions.

It had been very quiet for the last couple of hours, and the boys were getting drowsy, and dreamily thinking of their favourite female, Mademoiselle Yvonne, at the old "Staggerin" estaminet, near the rest billets.

Suddenly the Supt. jumped up excitedly, and cried, "Listen, gang, what is that?" They all listened, amid complete silence, to an irregular, metallic tapping, which seemed to come from underneath the floor.

"I know what it is," ventured Bigboob, "its these Huns, tunnelling underneath. What shall we do?"

"You had better call Corpl Dolittle," suggested Shakurfone.

The Corporal showed up in due time, but promptly decided it was too big a job for him, and decided to call Sergt. Lynes.

Sergt. Lynes strode in a few minutes later, with his M.M. and bars glistening in the candle light. He decided, after a "Listen," that as the tapping came from underneath the office, it was not his affair, but up to Sergt. Hoffice.

Sergt. Hoffice reported, listened, and decided it couldn't be adjusted. So, after a conference with Lynes, decided to get the "old man" out of bed.

In a few minutes, the Signal Officer strode in, bringing with him a crimson glow, which, on second sight, developed into the Orderly Officer.

The Signaller Officer decided to leave things to the Orderly Officer, who stopped, looked, listened, and said, "Rawther extraordinary, doncher know, but it's a matter for the Intelligence Department."

Intelligence was called and breezed in, listened solemnly for a few seconds, and arrived at the conclusion the matter was "too deep" for his scouts, and sent for the "Beer Emma."

The "Beer Emma" promptly oozed in. The left end of his upper lip cover was beginning to curl, the result of the last two months' practice of twisting it scornfully. He listened carefully for about a minute, and said to his crimson hooded colleagues:

"This affair must be given the most careful consideration. We will have to wake up the Brigadier and 'Q' Branch, and get out an operation order."

"Q" Branch and the Brigadier were woke up. The Brigadier, on hearing the details, exclaimed, "I have been expecting something like this to happen, as the Bosches tunnelled this area pretty thoroughly before the advance, so carry on with the operation order."

In a few minutes the Orderly Room was astir. The operation order was soon completed, and everybody was in a bustle of preparation to carry it out.

Twenty minutes after Sapper Bigboob had heard the tapping, there issued out of the dugout into the trench, a small party of Orderly Roomites and Signallers, armed with rifles, and thanks to the efficient co-operation of "Q" Branch, picks and shovels were supplied.

They were placed in charge of the Signal and Gas Officer, under the direct supervision of the Brigadier and his staff.

After the party got into the trench without any casualties, despite the heavy shelling half a mile distant, the Signal Officer "got an idea," which he promptly passed on to the Orderly Officer, who, in turn, passed it on to the "Beer Emma" for consideration.

The "Beer Emma" considered, then consulted the Brigadier, who thought it was a good "idea," and issued instructions to "carry on."

The Signal Officer's idea was this: Next to Headquarters dugout was a dugout occupied by the Brigade Runners, otherwise known as the Secret Communication Section. Their sleeping chamber was in direct line with the Signal Office, but a few feet lower, so it would be a good place to "listen" and get a more definite location of the "Kaiser's Tunnelling Gang."

They cautiously proceeded down the steep and slippery steps. The tapping becoming more distinct now, the Signal Officer was patting himself on the back, also having visions of Buckingham Palace, the King pinning bright coloured ribbons on his manly chest, etc., for being the originator of the "idea."

They proceeded down the passageway to the sleeping chamber, the tapping getting louder as they descended.

The Brigadier, who was in the lead, stopped for an instant, as he came to the gas-blanket covered door, then jerked it violently aside, and behold!

Calmly breaking up a trenchmat into firewood with a pick was Pte. Whizzbang Dodger, a runner, who had got back from a run about a half-hour ago, and decided to start a fire, and have some Oxo before retiring to the land of dreams and crumbs.

The Brigadier gazed in silence for a moment, then uttered the word, "Sold." Turning on his heel, he exclaimed, "Let's go and get a drink, then back to bed."

The next day there was an issue of "Croix de la Guerres" to the Brigade. So the staff decided, as the only O.R. of the Brigade staff, who wasn't mixed up in the past night's farce, was Quartermaster-Sergeant Rummstealer, he should be the recipient.



### Editor gets into Trouble.

They tell lots of tales on the Editors, but this is a new one: The Editor of a Kansas paper went to attend a party given by one of his neighbours, where just a few weeks before, the home had been blessed with a new baby. The hostess met him at the door and, after the usual salutation, he asked after the baby's health. The lady was hard of hearing, had a bad cold, and, thinking he was asking about herself, answered that although she usually had one every winter, this was the worst one she ever had, it kept her awake at night a great deal, and at first confined her to her bed. Then, noticing that the Editor was acting very strangely, she said she could tell by his looks and actions that he was going to have one just like hers, and she asked him to come in out of the draft and sit down.



### Seaford.

Some natives call it paradise, and others call it heaven,

Although it rains five months a year, and pours the other seven.

They say that Eve and Adam used Seaford as a park. If that is so, how well I know why Noak built the Ark.



### 1st C.E.R.B. Dinner and Smoking Concert.

A never-to-be-forgotten dinner and smoking concert was given by the 1st C.E.R.B. on November 21st, 1918. R.S.M. Knight presided.

The occasion answered three purposes. The first of these was the celebration of the great armistice, or, in other words, the surrender of the Hun Army and Navy; secondly, as a farewell to the boys who were leaving the Battalion to return to Canada for discharge; and, last, but not least, the presentation of a wedding present, in the form of a purse, to Sergeant North.

The one regret of the Mess Committee was the impossibility of giving an open invitation to the other Messes, owing to the limited amount of room, and the food restrictions. Invitations were sent to the R.S.M.s of the C.E.T.C. and officers of the 1st C.E.R.B. Lieut. McVean was present, representing the latter.

The room was well decorated with flags of the Allies and bunting, not forgetting the good taste of the caterer, who had an ample supply of sprays of chrysanthemums on the table.

At 6.00 o'clock sharp the orchestra struck up a lively march, when everybody took their seats, as happy as a bunch of schoolboys, all eager for the big dinner.

There is only one way of expressing the splendid qualities and quantity of the dinner, and that is to say:—"It was some dinner." Tomato bouillon headed the menu, followed by roast turkey and sausages, potatoes, cauliflower, and sweets, everybody having as much as he could possibly eat.

Sergt. MacIntyre was responsible for the catering, and was well compensated for his hard work by the splendid results which he achieved.

During the dinner the orchestra, which was organized by Sergeant Reading, played lively selections, which did not let us forget that we were there for a good time.

Sergt. Wilson not only assisted the orchestra, but also sang between each selection.

After dinner, the Mess rose to the toast of "The King," the orchestra playing "God save the King."

R.S.M. Knight, in making his speech, said he did not want to take up the time speech-making, but hoped everybody was having a good time; now was the time to let it rip. He said he had one pleasant duty to perform, and that was the presentation of a purse to Sergt. North. Sergt. North was a man well-known by everybody in the C.E.T.C., and was a very popular N.C.O., especially as he was the Pay-Sergeant. The Mess rose and drank the health of Sergt. and Mrs. North, with three hearty cheers and a "tiger," lifting the roof with "He's a jolly good fellow."

Sergt. North thanked the boys for their splendid gift, and said that he was very pleased to receive it on such an occasion as this.

R.S.M. Knight called for a toast to the guests, and R.S.M. Carpenter replied.

The talent for the concert was supplied from the C.E.T.C. Pierrot Troupe. Sapper Bently broke the ice by singing "March on, O Canada." Bently, with his splendid voice and excellent delivery, very soon started the boys to sing. He was not allowed to retire before he had sung "An Old-fashioned House."

Sergt. Doncaster was called next, with lots of applause, and got well away, as usual, with "Norman, the Mormon." I don't think his patter is quite the same as used in the Pierrot concerts. With his monacle at the slope, and telling a yarn about his lady-love, who was dressed in flames, he caused an uproar.

Sapper Deneau was next with all the latest rags. He certainly knows how to put them over, his songs being "Back to Indianapolis" and "Alexander's back from Dixie," which were very appropriate, and the boys did not want any asking to sing the choruses.

Sapper Mayo, who accompanied all the songs, pleased the crowd very much indeed with his wonderful manipulation of the ivories, when tearing off all the latest choruses.

Space will not admit the full programme. Suffice to say that the various turns covered themselves with more glory than ever in the second part of the programme.

There was one noticeable feature in the trap-drummer—Sapper Chappell—who seemed to have every device right at his elbow, for the most weird noises for the accompaniment of various songs.

The following sayings were heard during the evening:—

Sergt. Leitch: "I don't want to spoil a good evening by making a rotten speech."

R.Q.M.S. Chapman: "I put on my best glasses for the occasion, so that I could see the jokes Harvey Bonner is making."

Telegram for Sergt. North arrives.

R.S.M. Howell: "Come at once, twins."

Sergt. Goates: "The R.S.M. is drinking a lot of whisky."

Everybody: "After you with the light."

Chairman: "Order (what you like)."

Sergt. Killarney: "Whisky talks, but I haven't got enough, so I can't make a speech."

Coprl. Laing: "Let's have a solo from that 15-quid trombone."

R.S.M. Howell: "Sergt. Killarney will tell you what he does with the barrack damages."

R.S.M. Carpenter: "Some 'do.'"

ONE OF THE OLD BOYS.



### Overheard in N.A.C.B.

(Canteen Staff at Dinner).

First Girl: Will you have some custard?

Second Girl: Is it the same as we serve in the Canteen?

First Girl: Yes.

Second Girl: No.



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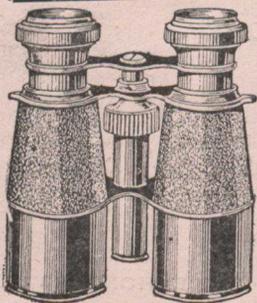
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