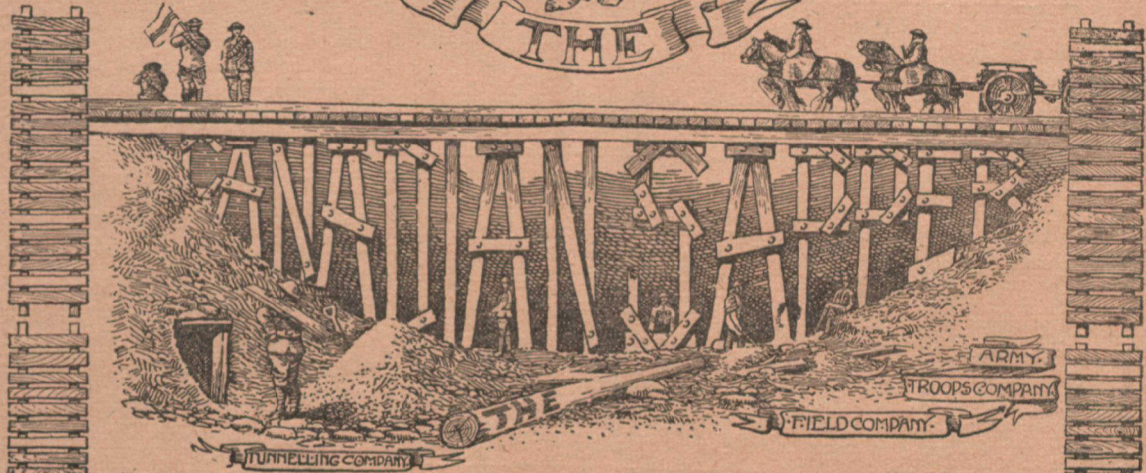
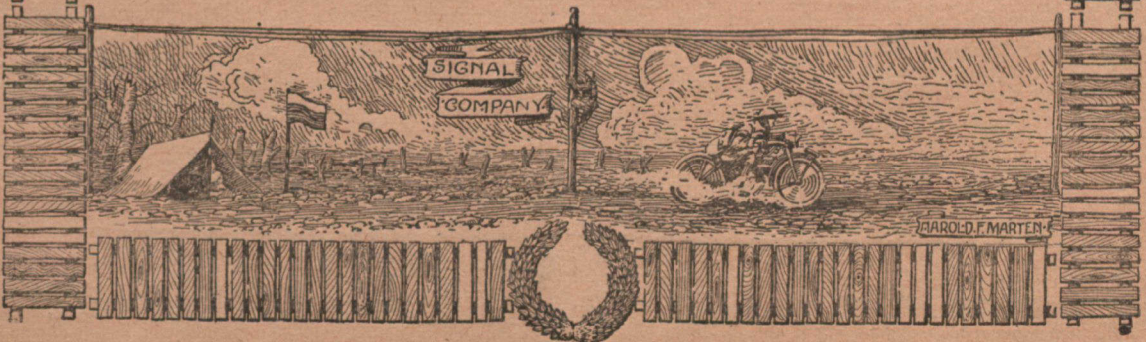


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VOL. III. No. 14.

MARCH, 1919.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Editorial.

The Depot is now very reminiscent of the trenches.

The Corps troops have arrived for leave and demobilization. 800 of them.

You can tell them easily as they walk around. They are dressed the same, and outfitted in every way the same as others, but there is an indefinable air about them that says, "We are from France."

✻ ✻ ✻

In another column will be found an article dealing with the methods directed to be adopted for their disposal. They are now under the jurisdiction of the resuscitated C.S.M.E.

✻ ✻ ✻

One by one our faithful standby's are leaving us. Sapper O'Leary, whose pictorial achievements, both grave and gay, have delighted so many readers of THE SAPPER, has arrived home in Canada. We are happy to be able to reprint here a humorous article of his on the subject of getting home.

✻ ✻ ✻

Driver Marten, our original artist, is still with us, and has again contributed two of his characteristic cartoons.

✻ ✻ ✻

We regret to announce that Captain G. R. Chetwynd, M.C., D.C.M., our first Editor, is lying in a London hospital with a fractured shoulder and other minor injuries, as the result of an accident which occurred to him at a review in Liège.

We wish him a speedy recovery, and indulge the selfish hope that his enforced idleness will afford him time to write us some of his pungent and witty reflections on military life.

But perhaps a Staff Captain is not supposed to be pungent.

✻ ✻ ✻

The approach of Spring is already noted. When the sun shines, baseball batteries may be seen limbering up on every road, or wherever there is a dry spot to stand and throw the ball.

We trust that our unbeatable record of last year will be maintained in this country during the coming season.

That sounds pessimistic as far as going home is concerned, but we must suppose that at any rate there will be enough Engineers left for a few months, to beat anything that comes along in the national game.

✻ ✻ ✻

We were too late last month to congratulate our genial contributor, R.S.M. Carpenter, on his Meritorious Service medal. We are happy to offer him our belated congratulations now.

✻ ✻ ✻

Now that the Khaki College has assumed so large a position in the daily life of the Area, we shall in subsequent issues devote considerable space to the affairs of that institution. Personal and Class notes from those interested will be welcomed.

✻ ✻ ✻

Support your Advertisers. They help us; help them. When you make purchases mention THE SAPPER.

Reconstruction.

BY MAJOR G. R. N. COLLINS.

I have been asked by the Editorial Staff to inflict another article upon the defenceless readers of THE SAPPER. On this occasion, I have been asked to write about the Khaki College, but as I am now commanding the Seaford College, I am rather diffident about occupying a large space with purely advertising matter, which is written by the more or less biased head of the institution. I propose, therefore, to try and embody a twofold subject, and follow the dictates of my heart, namely, to give the Canadian soldier something that is going to be useful to him in the times that seem to lag so much in arriving, namely, "demobilization days."

Of my views regarding that wonderful period you have often had a small taste, and I know that many of my patient readers do not agree with me that those days are not altogether unalloyed pleasure, but a certain amount of regret will accompany them. I do not propose to speak about that aspect of the situation to-day, but instead to try and get down to the material, rather than the sentimental side of the problem.

We are all in such a desperate hurry to get the "civvy clothes on" that we do not often pause to consider what we are going to do when we get them on. The pictures we conjured up when we marched away from home, of a smiling debonair soldier, crowned with laurel leaves, moving in a struggling crowd of patriotic citizens who are throwing roses in the path of the "conquering hero," local deputations of the Board of Trade, Canadian Manufacturers Association, Labour Unions, etc., all clamouring for the services of the brave soldier. It is all so wonderful and so silly. We all have to thank our lucky stars that we are not going to be treated as a pretty doll, and made to look like a fool. It is true that certain steps are taken to ensure a welcome for the returned soldier, but it is surprising how little they attract when we actually realize them. I have had some of it and know.

Let us look at "the real thing." In the first place, we shall find a very practical military organization handling our return, handicapped by enthusiasm on the part of the soldier, which makes discipline appear irksome, which, in turn, serves to delay the programme as arranged. This military organization has no time for sentiment. It is constantly looking behind and beyond you to the other thousands "over there" who are yet to come, and who are just as keen to get home as you are. Their work is tiring and not crowned by glory, therefore it demands patience on the part of the recipient of their practical instructions. They have no time for sentimental foolery. Then will come the mad joy of reunion. That is the real reception, and the only one that counts. Even that loses its attraction in a few days, and then we take a fresh breath, and begin to realize all we lost. First we miss the Q.M.S. and his clothing store. Having reduced the stock of a "civvy" tailor, and simultaneously the contents of our pockets, we shall begin to consider another view of the work of the late departed Q.M.S., namely, the ration store. Here again we suffer both financially and physically from the necessity of fending for ourselves. About this time we shall begin to get down to practical things, and we shall soon tire of being told what good fellows we were. Then comes a period of unrest, wherein we refuse to call a spade a spade, and profess to be glad

to be free of the Army, whilst the whole time we know that we miss the chums, the organization that we like to blackguard nowadays. However, crying will not restore spilt milk, and eventually we have to get down to hard tack, and count the cost. Three months pay and "finis." That is the cold verdict. Where are all these wonderful jobs?

Canada is doing yeoman service in trying to find them for you. As far as her whole organization can do so, she is making openings for her sons, but you cannot make jobs for four hundred thousand men in a day. It may be well to consider a few material facts in regard to the commercial and industrial situation in Canada, after which we shall be in a better position to appreciate the possibilities, their limitations, and our own prospects.

Canada had to carry on her commerce during the war, and, to meet the urgent needs of the Empire, to open up new enterprises for the manufacture of war materials. Large industries were thus developed, staffed and operated. Where did the staff come from? Canada was sending her men in hundreds of thousands to the war area, and our women had to undertake the duties which the men left behind. We know to-day how well they carried out their tasks. They have demonstrated a fitness for industrial employment, and mark this point well, a keenness for their work, accompanied by punctuality, honest effort and proficiency, that has permanently established their position in civil enterprises, and it now remains to be seen whether they will relinquish their positions and return to the domestic fireside. New avenues of employment have been opened, and following the modern feminine thought, they will try to maintain their advantage. We therefore find that the loss of men was compensated for by the patriotism of our women, in which they undertook our work, and have, in many cases, beaten us on our own grounds. We are not as indispensable as we thought.

To come to the present, we find ample labour for the present needs of Canada, supplemented by additional labour from the returning troops. In other words, there are two applicants for every job. Coupled to this we have the transition of war factories to peace industries, requiring time and special labour, with the consequent temporary cessation of employment. These factors all help to aggravate the complexity of re-establishment of the Army. Let me here point out, that these things affect you individually: whether your city be in the east or west, whether your work be in office, factory, or on the farm, the same conditions apply. It will be said at once that conditions look gloomy. That is so. The one saving factor is going to be, the proper appreciation of the situation, and the same resolute energy, on the part of the returning soldier, as enabled him to win his place beside the professional soldier in the forefront of the attack. Properly applied and directed, that energy will be the solution of all difficulties. I propose to say a word or two regarding them.

We have said that there are two applicants for one job. Who will get it? The most efficient. Upon what does that efficiency depend? Upon the ability of the applicant to satisfy the employer that his attainments can and will produce better results than those of the other applicant. I have said before, and I repeat again, "You cannot run a business on sentiment or patriotism." The employer who tries to do so will speedily go into bankruptcy. He must, for your sake as well as his own, demand an adequate return for all he outlays. Grasp this important point, that efficiency is only



The Engineers road-making, following the advance.

Canadian Special Photo.

gained by honest study and conscientious effort. The man who professes to know all about any subject, may be taken, on a general standard of measurement, as being self sufficient, but rarely sufficient to satisfy others. His mind is a closed book. He does not want to learn, but he wants to teach. He will try to convince you that he is right. He is not adaptable, and he will surely fail. The right type of man will study his subject, he will ever seek further knowledge. He will realize that many of the great inventions have arisen in the minds of fools, who have never been able to develop or to fully understand their discoveries. It has always remained for others to improve upon the original mind, and develop the product. That applies to everything, consequently, there need be no limit to the study we can make, and from which we can gain something. I have lectured often enough on subjects of which I may rightly claim to be a fairly competent master, and yet I have gone and listened to men who have been my pupils, and from their line of thought, methods of exposition, or interpretation of my own sayings, I have learned something to pass on for the benefit of others. As long as we can learn more of a subject, then we should continue to study. Khaki College offers, therefore, something from which we can get an immediate return; something which is of benefit to

ourselves as individuals, and not as mere numbers in the Army. Organized as it is to meet the requirements of a mass of men gathered from every sphere of life, it does not cater for the one more than the other, but instead is formed into classes to befit a man for work on the farm, in the mine, in factories, offices, etc. It will go further, it will undertake to teach a man to read or write, or to enter him for University training in any branch of study. There is therefore no limit to its activities. As to the cost, it is easily fixed, and is not subject to any special rates, discounts, etc., for it is summed up in one word, nothing. Here is your opportunity for study then, and it is here where you can make sure of that efficiency of which we have previously spoken. It is here where you gain the lead that will win the race for you.

Now let us consider the future for the other members of the community who have failed to prove their efficiency, and thereby lost their jobs. What of them? Their future lies in "Canada." You say, any fool knows that, but we all get opportunities which come but once in our lives. To many that opportunity is offered now. The many schemes which are in hand in Canada, are intended to assist the man who is anxious to help himself. There is one thing that Canada demands, and that thing is ambition. You have this in

your system, but have you developed it? I want to divert my subject for a moment into the general meaning of that word "Canada."

Canada is a country gifted by Nature with the most wonderful resources. Canada as a country is practically unknown to her own people. You will find the reason illustrated in the City of London, England. Ask any born Londoners you know if they have been up into the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. You will find in the majority of cases they have not. It is always there, and they can go at any time, and for that reason they never go. It is the same of Canada. Many of her people are content to live in a small area, which they know, and leave the literature which floods all other countries, to be read by the "foreigner." They can always find out about it, but as it is not necessary, they never do. This may seem strained, but you know how little your chums from the east know of your west or vice versa. Now, if we are going to simply sit down and howl our heads off, saying "Canada is a wonderful country, she has the most marvellous resources, and the weather is one of the healthiest in the world," we shall never make Canada a great nation. Because she has all these things, she demands that her sons shall get out and assist in developing those resources. The pioneers who are to do this are the men of to-day and to-morrow. The boys who have been abroad and widened their knowledge of the world, will return to their own country and range over her plains in a desire to "see more of the world," but as the years roll by we gain in years, and consequently we look toward that day when we shall be financially in a position to "settle down in comfort." The man with ambition may therefore gratify his personal desires whilst travelling, and can ensure his future, if he equips himself with sufficient knowledge to grasp the opportunities which the country lays before him on every side. We are apt to regard Canada as a wheat raising country, whilst losing sight of her great industrial possibilities. Minerals abound in every part of the great northlands. Men are wanted to uncover them, to develop them; and to carry the factories in their train. As the League of Nations commences to work, we shall find plenty of markets in regard to food stuffs. The development of Russia, when she finally settles down, with Morocco, Mesopotamia, Palestine, with the growth of development schemes in England, all present serious rivalry to the farmers, and being in touch with the European markets, and assisted further by present transportation difficulties, they have a very great advantage in the wheat and cattle markets. Canada must commence to look more seriously upon her other natural resources, and carefully develop her industrial world.

Here, then, we have the outlet for the remaining available labour, and here we find the most profitable field of labour. To the man of initiative, executive ability, with sufficient scientific knowledge to undertake new industries, there is no limit. Here again, however, we find always that factor of education. That is necessary wherever you go. Again, Khaki College offers the same scope for every man. He may learn the theory and the practice of any particular calling, in classes that are now running, and in which he meets his comrades, and, who knows, perhaps his future partners in civil life.

In the foregoing I have perhaps probed too deeply into the future, and perhaps befogged the issues I would place before you by so doing, but I will summarize the facts into easily understood phrases.

Canada needs industrial development as well as agricultural growth. Canada produces natural

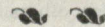
resources to meet every requirement in manufacture. Her manhood has proved in the past that hard work has no terror if the results are sufficient, and she is loudly calling her young men to enable her to meet the competition of other nations in their attempts to renovate themselves. She calls for the men with initiative and resource. She will help the man with capital of small extent, by offering him bounteous stores, and every man can reap the profit of his own sowing. The field is at your disposal, and she asks you to benefit by it.

Now that you are going back to Canada, aim high. Reach out for these opportunities of which I speak, and lay the foundation of your own future welfare, and thereby benefit the country you thought worthy of your life blood if necessary. To do this, direct your footsteps carefully. Select the goal, and then try to plot the course whereby you will reach it. Remember that the ladder of success has many rungs. You cannot jump at the top and land there, you must at least grasp some of the rungs, and in choosing those rungs, remember knowledge is necessary to cement each one into the whole.

You will get back to Canada as soon as the country can release you. Nothing you do will hasten or delay it. The time you spend can be profitably employed in your own interests by attending Khaki College. There are no fees, or pull, required to open the door. All that is necessary to do is to see the Officer i/c Education in the Battalion to which you belong, and he will do the rest for you. He can tell you what classes are running and will arrange for you to attend. This opportunity is not limited to any particular men, but is offered to all, and no matter what your trade or calling, Khaki College will surely help you to improve your position.

A word as to what is being done may not be amiss. We aim to get material results, and consequently we are entering men for examinations by recognized institutions in this country, in order that they may carry back to Canada a certificate which will at once increase their earning power, the badge of their efficiency. We have thus entered men for building construction certificates, commercial courses of all types, telegraphic certificates, etc. In addition, the agricultural branch is preparing men for the land settlement schemes in Canada.

In conclusion, remember, you can join now and leave when you like. It costs you nothing, and there are no difficulties in joining. Leadswingers can keep away, we are too busy to be bothered with them, and have a good deal of pleasure in sending them back to their units for disciplinary action. The keen men in this area have beaten the total students in all other areas by more than three times in number, and we cannot waste time on loafers. Read this article carefully, and remember it means "you," however high sounding the phraseology may appear.



I'm Here.

He has traversed this camp for many a day;
It's a thousand to one when you're getting your pay,
You'll hear a sweet whisper from over the way,
"I'm here, did you call me? I'm here."

I'm here in the morning, I stay here till four,
You've no need to ask, I shall knock at your door;
If you want a good picture, I'll take it, why sure,
I'm here when I'm wanted, I'm here.

W. CARPENTER.

The Dominion-Provincial System of Employment Offices

When war appears, unemployment follows in its train; when war departs, unemployment carries in its place. Thus perhaps one might epitomise the economic history of war in its labour aspect for the last couple of centuries. Industry cannot change its job from the making of peace-time products to the manufacture of munitions and army equipment without laying off hands. When the old peace-time occupation has to be resumed, numbers of workers must be let out again, and unless *laissez-faire* is thrown to the winds and prompt action taken, a large proportion of the population must suffer hardship. It is significant that England's bill for outdoor relief in 1818, just one century ago, and three years after the Battle of Waterloo, was the largest per capita in her history.

The year of the opening of the Great War found Canada, like other countries, in the midst of a depression. Wages and prices were on the decline, and soup-kitchens and bread-lines were the order of the day in Canadian cities as well as in cities abroad. With the commencement of hostilities industry was for the moment paralyzed, but soon the activities of the recruiting sergeant took up much of the labour slack, and with the war orders came a veritable industrial revolution. On the munitions industry and the demand for Army equipment, on the acceleration in farming, mining and railroading, on the speeding-up of almost every line of activity, except our overdone building and construction industry, was established a war-time prosperity before which unemployment seemed but a horrid nightmare.

During the hard times of 1913-14 there was a very considerable demand, both in this country and in the United States, for the establishment of employment exchanges to promote the better organization of the labour market. Labour, it was said, should not be compelled to tramp about in search of jobs; machinery should be set up which would bring together the employer seeking help and the worker seeking employment in whatever part of the country they might be in, much the same way as the banking system has been established as an intermediary between lenders and borrowers. This agitation was based on the oversupply of labour, and the need for its being related to every available fraction of demand. When the world began to throw all its strength into the struggle against the Hun, and labour was no longer a drug on the market, but a prize to be discussed in relation to scientific management, labour turnover, and a dozen other efficiency ideas, employers began to call for the establishment of employment exchanges from the point of view of their assistance in organizing all the workers in an army of industry. Before this demand the United States has established the United States Employment Service, and Canada has set out to build up a Dominion-Provincial system of employment offices.

Now comes the armistice and the cessation of war orders, and the problem changes overnight from that of hunting for men to that of finding jobs. Some 350,000 or more soldiers will have to be re-employed, and the number of war-workers who will be squeezed out is estimated at a quarter of a million, half of this number being in Ontario, and perhaps one-fourth in Quebec. The West with its small manufacturing industry will have comparatively few war-workers to place, and in British Columbia, where perhaps most of the Western

war-workers have been employed, expansion in the ship-building and lumbering industries should do much to permit their rapid re-absorption. In the East, however, especially in Ontario and Quebec, we shall have a problem which will force our serious attention. True, we have been absorbing returned soldiers for two or three years, but this was comparatively easy, even in the case of those partially disabled, when the "Help Wanted" sign in large letters was nailed to every factory gate. The placement of soldiers will require more careful study now that industry is again on a peace footing.

Efforts to deal with the situation must follow more or less closely the following lines:—

1. The better organization of the labour market through the instrumentality of a system of employment exchanges organized on a national basis.

2. Prevention of the flooding of the labour market by some plan of demobilizing the troops according to the labour requirements of industry, by control of immigration, by advancing the school-leaving age.

3. Taking up the labour slack by land settlement schemes, by the adoption of short time rather than reduction of staff in industrial establishments, by the removal of the unfit from the labour market.

4. Increasing the absorptive power of industry by the securing of a proportion of the business that will arise out of reconstruction work in Europe and by Government orders.

5. Provision of "buffer employment" by the initiation of housing schemes, road-building, public works, and the concentration of the necessary expansion of public utilities in the emergency period.

6. Unemployment insurance to compensate for unavoidable unemployment.

The first step, the organization of a system of employment exchanges, has engaged the attention of the Department of Labour for some time, and at the last session, Parliament passed the Employment Offices Co-ordination Act, a measure introduced by the Hon. T. W. Crothers, then Minister of Labour. The Act imposes on the Minister of Labour the following duties:—

1. To aid and encourage the organization and co-ordination of employment offices, and to promote uniformity of methods among them.

2. To establish one or more clearing-houses for the interchange of information between employment offices concerning the transfer of labour and other matters.

3. To compile and distribute information received from employment offices and from other sources, regarding prevailing conditions of employment.

The Act grants to the provincial governments for the maintenance of employment offices \$50,000 in the year 1918-19, \$100,000 in the year 1919-20, and \$150,000 in each succeeding year.* A special vote has, however, been provided to meet the demobilization emergency, and the regular grant is likely to be increased. The monies are to be divided among the provinces in the proportion which their expenditure bears to the total of the expenditures of all the provinces for employment office maintenance work, but in no case may the province receive more than one-half the amount of its expenditure. The grants are also made conditional upon annual agreements between the Minister of Labour and the Government of the province. It is proposed to write into these agreements year after year the new standards in employment work.

The work of organizing a system of employment offices for Canada under the provisions of the Employment Offices Co-ordination Act, 1918, is now well in hand. As a result of recent conferences of provincial

premiers and employment officials and representatives of the Department of Labour, questions of policy have been decided, and many plans worked out in connection with the organization of the system and the details of office routine, forms and records.

It must be remembered that employment work on a national basis has been undertaken in very few countries as yet, and the work of organization presents formidable though not insuperable difficulties, especially in a country of Canada's extent. The new system will have a very good basis in the employment work that has already been done in the province of Ontario and Quebec, as well as in the agricultural employment work of the western provinces. Quebec was the pioneer in this field in Canada, and for some years had had employment offices in the cities of Montreal, Quebec, and Sherbrooke. In the last two years Ontario has opened offices in ten of the more important industrial centres, while the prairie provinces have been doing some employment work, chiefly with regard to farm labour. British Columbia has a difficult problem in distributing the floating labour in the shipping, lumbering, and mining industries, but the work is being taken in hand seriously by the Provincial Government, and an office has already been opened in Vancouver.

The plan of organization drawn up by the Department of Labour was submitted to the provincial officials, and with their co-operation and criticism the whole organization scheme was worked out in the most minute detail. A local office will be opened in every important industrial centre, and in the larger cities it is proposed to have separate offices for unskilled labour and for skilled workers. These offices will report daily to a provincial clearing-house the number of workers unemployed, and the situations unfilled by trades, and on the clearing-house *personnel* will fall the duty of matching up vacancies in one part of the province with unabsorbed workers in another locality. Upon the provincial organizations will be superimposed a federal system of two clearing-houses, located at Winnipeg and Ottawa. When the provincial clearing-houses have done their best to relate workers to positions in the provinces, and find that there is still a deficiency or a surplus of labour in some parts, the federal clearing-house will take up the work at this point and will try to locate the surplus labour or secure the labour required in other provinces. The clearing-house at Winnipeg will function in this way for all the western provinces, while the Ottawa clearing-house will perform a similar task in the east. By this plan the Dominion Government will have always at hand accurate information as to the demand and supply of labour in all parts of the country, the extent to which private industry is absorbing the returned soldiers and demobilized war-workers, the volume of public employment that must be provided to take up any surplus, and the localities and trades in which such employment is required. It is hoped that each of the larger offices will have for a time at least one or more employment solicitors, who will canvass employers for positions. It will fall upon these men to "sell" the new employment service.

In placing this machinery at the disposal of employers and employees the Dominion and Provincial Governments are anxious that it shall be operated for the common interest of both classes, and to that end advisory committees, equally representative of employers and employees, will be connected with all the larger offices. A national advisory committee, to be called the Employment Service Council of Canada, will be organized at once to supervise the administration of

the entire organization. The Provincial Governments will appoint one member each on this committee, and the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department, The Great War Veterans, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Trades and Labour Congress, the Railway War Boards, the Railway Brotherhoods, and the Canadian Council of Agriculture will also be represented. The Department of Labour appoints three members, two of whom must be women. A provincial advisory committee to safeguard the interests of employers and employees will also be appointed in each province.

The task of re-establishing the soldier in civil life has been assigned to the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department. This department will have a representative, who is to be a returned soldier, in each employment office, who will be responsible to the Returned Soldiers' Commission of the province, and through them to the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department. When the soldier applies at the office the Civil Re-establishment representative will give him such information as he may require, and will deal with complaints. When employment is sought the applicant will be passed on to the employment superintendent. If for any reason the returned soldier proves temporarily or permanently unfit for employment, the employment office will report the case to the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department's representative for action by his department.

It is admitted by all who have given attention to the subject that a well-thought-out system of employment offices is indispensable in any programme of demobilization and reconstruction. The British system of labour exchanges has proved a most valuable instrument in organizing British labour to make its maximum contribution to war effort, and it is expected to play as important a part in the demobilization period. The United States Government is devoting much energy and money to the establishment of an efficient employment service. Canada, it is hoped, will soon have an organization that will materially assist employers and workers to make the transition from a war to a peace basis.

—From *The Veteran*.

True to Life.

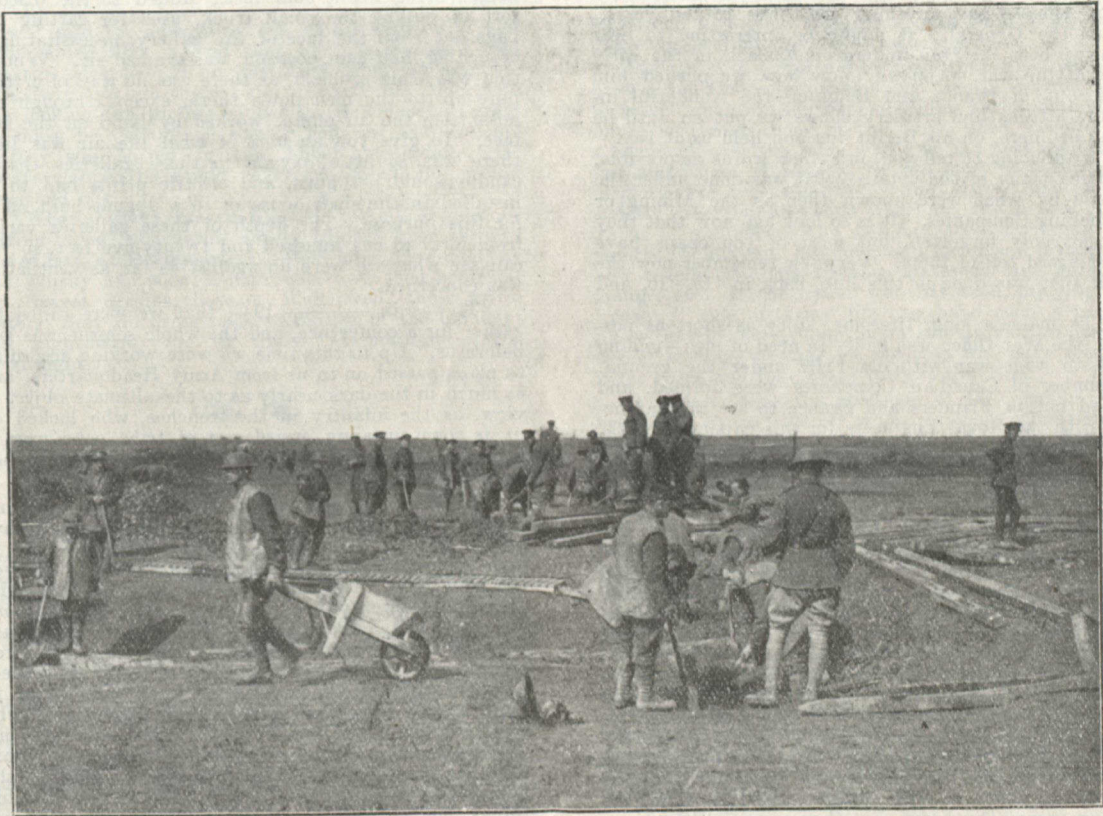
Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip.

When he is little the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favour.

If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, you can't find a place for him, and he is no good to the country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it's for show. If he is actively engaged in religion, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion he is a hardened sinner.

If he gives affection he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

If you save money you're a grouch; if you spend it, you're a fool. If you get it, you're a grafter; if you don't get it, you're no good so what the hell's the use?



The ever-ready Engineers repairing the damaged roads following the advance.

Canadian Special Photo.

Mining the Boche.

"What's the date, Major," sang out a voice in the underground dugout, thirty feet below the surface, in the support trenches, near ———, Germany, held by the ——— Battalion, Canadians, pro tem.

"Sixteenth March, Nineteen Hundred and Forty," came the answer from the grey-haired old officer, who glanced at the top of his morning paper, as if to verify it.

"Long war, eh?" remarked the Major. "Wonder where the rest of the boys are?"

"They will be in very soon for a drop of rum. They were up talking to old General South, in the front line when I came down. Great old boy that, eh? Been out a long time, too. Says he is just back from his seventy-fifth leave to England."

"Give me a drop of 'Runners' and water, and leave one for the old fellow," continued the Major. Just then a pair of highly polished field boots and spurs, a bit splashed with mud, made their appearance at the top of the steps leading down to the dugout, and General South landed in, followed by several "brass hats" and a couple of trench officers.

"I have just come down for a drop of rum, but might be induced to remain to dinner, if you have

anything particularly appealing to-night. It's snowing like the devil outside, or above, I should say, and you know it's a long way back to Headquarters in the dark," said the General, motioning to the junior officers to sit down.

"You are perfectly right about the weather, sir, and we ought to be able to scrape up an extra plate of bully stew. Delighted to have you stay, providing you give us one of your yarns about the early days in the line," returned the Major.

"Contented," said the General, in his best bridge voice. "Now, gentlemen, how about the inner man? I'm hang near starved. Dropped my lunch in a shell hole this morning trying to dodge one of Fritz's big ones. I dodged it all right, but lost my lunch in the scramble. Some people are born unlucky, I think. However, I don't suppose we should grumble. They say rats are selling at a shilling apiece in Berlin now."

Just then the meal was announced, and the party filed into the room off to one side, where the batmen had dinner laid out.

Having done justice to the aforementioned bully stew, and the last plate cleared away, the General took off his spectacles, pulled up his chair to the fireplace, and motioned to the others to sit down and make themselves comfortable.

"To some of you chaps who have just been out a short time—say anything from five to ten years, began the General, "it might be interesting to hear how we beat the Hun underground, back in the early part of the war. You all know how we pushed him back out of France and Belgium—the wonderful infantry attacks and artillery shows we put on until he 'dug in' here, on his Berlin line and held us at bay.

"I am going to tell you, in as few words as possible, omitting many of the details, what was done under the ground by what were known then as the Mining or Tunnelling Companies. It is so long ago now that they are not only forgotten, but most of you chaps have never heard tell of them. Very few remember now the work that was done in this line, back in '15, '16, and '17.

"To make a long, tiresome story as short as possible, the War Office was badly in need of men—mining men—to wage war with old Fritz under the ground. A number of Canadian Companies were formed, and rushed out to Flanders and France to act in conjunction with the Royal Engineers for this particular work. At first they had nothing but uninteresting defensive work to occupy their time, while on their right and left, in the adjoining trenches, were the R.E.'s, who by this time were just as good—with a little to spare—as the Boche was, despite his early start.

"Our Canadian miners, however, took readily to their new task, and it was not long before they had trenches to themselves, with orders to go ahead and strafe Fritz to the best of their ability. These 'gentlemen' just mentioned became aware of the fact soon, too, quite often to their sorrow, and our men were in the best of spirits. There is nothing that can please an old miner better than a good square fight—and there were some good fights too, down there, thirty, forty, fifty to one hundred and fifty feet under the surface. Those were the days! The Hun blew us and we blew him, and the fight went on below, just as fiercely as above on the surface. At that time, the honours were about even, but they were not always to be, as a great day of reckoning was coming for the enemy—a day when he was to be surprised as he was never surprised before.

"Did we lose many men? you ask. Well," replied the General, "we had casualties certainly. It was inevitable, working as we did in close touch with our opponents all the time. But if we had our reverses, we had our successes too, to buck the boys up, and, knowing that we were beginning to get the upper hand, it gave us the necessary incentive, and we kept on digging. We dug and dug, and our galleries nosed their way closer and closer to the German lines.

"The scheme entailed miles and miles of underground galleries, and working twenty-four hours a day, our progress counted at from one-half to three feet per hour, perhaps you can grasp the magnitude of the operation. Twelve feet per day was about the minimum, and was made in wet, falling ground, absolutely unadapted to this sort of work. The earth in this kind of ground fell in time after time, leaving large, gaping holes above the face of the gallery, so that we often wondered if it would not run through from the very surface.

"I wish that I could give you some sort of mind-picture of what it was really like. It was well nigh incredible. The men toiled and toiled, wet to the skin, and covered with dirt and clay. Every shovelful of dirt meant a bag filled, and this bag to be hauled through the galleries for yards and yards—the maximum haul being perhaps three-quarters of a mile! Of course, it was impossible to stand up in the galleries, the average

height being about four feet. Added to the discomfort of pulling the small truck, used for carting the bags out from the face of the gallery, necessitating a crouching, half-bent position, was the bad air. Ventilation was a big problem, as there was no way of getting pure air to the men down there, except through the hose from the air-pump, worked by hand on the surface. To give you an idea of what the air was like, there was so little oxygen in those galleries that a candle would not burn, and electric plants had to be installed in the shaft-house or in a dugout built off it for this purpose. The depth of these galleries varied from forty to one hundred and twenty-five feet, so you can see what we were up against as far as ventilation was concerned.

"It was in ———— 19—, that we were called together for a conference, and the whole scheme was laid before us. Up to this time we were working according to plans passed on to us from Army Headquarters, and as much in the dark nearly as to the ultimate object in view, as the infantry in the trenches, who looked on us as some uncanny, weird sort of tribe, who were a necessary evil, and had to be endured, whether they wanted us in 'their' trenches or not.

"Needless to say, the scheme was an absolute success. The places and dates you may possibly have heard tell of, but none of you can imagine—even in your wildest dreams—the stupendous crash that followed the blowing of these mines we had laid, on that quiet June night, twenty-three years ago now. We had done our work well. Everything, to the most minute detail, went off according to schedule. There was not a hitch of any sort. Nobody, except those directly concerned, had the slightest knowledge of what was going to happen, and I may tell you that for those of us who were employed for any length of time on this work it was a great and fitting triumph. Nothing to compare with the great upheaval that followed the firing of the mines, had ever happened before. We all expected big things, but we were surprised ourselves, more than we cared then to acknowledge. The great trembling shock, followed by the tongues of fire that leapt hundreds of feet in the air, and the falling stones and earth! It was almost paralyzing in its effect on the mind. 'But, Lord, it was great, and we were amply repaid for the years of work that we spent on it. To the Germans—or those who were fortunate enough to survive—it was as though an earthquake had been sent to punish them. I often wonder what their mining engineers, those wise, be-spectacled, old savants thought when the news reached them, and how many went back to Berlin in disgrace for the manner in which they had been fooled. It was the greatest night of my life, I think, the supreme moment. Our work was finished. We had done our bidding and well. The fight was over, and we had won. That was all that seemed to matter then. It was as though our lives stopped there.

"On the following morning we visited those pits of hell. With a feeling of pride that might well be forgiven, we looked down into those gaping craters. Holes in the ground they were, some well over a hundred feet in depth and four times that width. How many of the enemy lay buried around in the débris, we could not imagine, and how many were blown to pieces, or sent home to spend what was left of their lives in an asylum ward, we did not think about, nor did we care."

At this point the General stopped for a minute, took off his glasses, and closed his eyes, as if deep in thought. Not a word was spoken by any of those around the fireplace, but he soon broke the silence again.

"By the way, Spence, ever hear of any of the old boys?" said he, addressing one of his staff, who had accompanied him. "And that reminds me, as I told you this afternoon, I am just back from my seventy-fifth leave. While there I ran to earth old Mac, who was looking the picture of health, if somewhat grey. He must be getting on some. Tells me that Colonel Catray was buried in the Abbey yesterday. He always claimed he would never get killed, but would die of old age.

"What's that? Eleven o'clock. Well, I must be getting along. They will surely think I have stopped one at last, at Headquarters. Well boys, here goes my last whisky and soda, a night-cap, and then home for me. Sweet dreams, boys. Well, well, those awful craters, they do bring back memories of the old days and nightmares, too, at times. Good-night, boys. Good-night."

McVAL.

Homeward Bound.

By One of the Boys.

"What boat's it going to be?" was the vital question, as we entrained at Rhyl, where for two weeks we had been so anxiously waiting to commence our homeward journey.

"Guess it's that old tub, the 'Corsican,'" growled a pessimist, recalling the ups and downs (mostly ups) of his last trip across the pond.

"No, it's the 'Olympic,'" chorused the optimists. But both guesses proved to be wrong, for as we alighted at the dock station the word "Baltic" passed down the line.

I was glad to hear it, as I had come over on her. But instead of the dark sombre monster which had brought us through the submarine dangers, she was a thing of grace and beauty, with brilliant light pouring through every window and port-hole, and glistening on the white paint-work of her promenade decks.

Once aboard and located in our quarters we crowded on deck to get our last glimpse of old England. Liverpool was smothered in murky darkness, and little could be seen through the mists but the face of the clock tower, with the lights of a tram car gliding beneath it, and below us the wet landing stage glistening in the lights of the vessel. A shower of coins rattled on the landing stage, and were eagerly sought and grabbed by the members of the band, who, at lengthy intervals, endeavoured to entertain us, only to be drowned out completely by the singing of the boys.

At last a great roar went up, as the gangway was drawn ashore, and the last hawser holding us to Blighty was hauled aboard. A tug twisted us around in the Mersey, and then, with her bow pointing down the misty river, the "Baltic" gradually crept forward under her own steam. At the mouth of the river, about 10 o'clock, she stopped to drop the pilot and lower the "paravanes," or minesweepers. Then she started her long journey down the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, and out across the Atlantic.

It happened that a number of the last men to come aboard were allotted to hammocks in the stuffy atmosphere of the forward mess room. I was one of them, and really had no kick coming, had this makeshift accommodation been necessary. But these conditions were supposed to have been remedied by the authorities, and when we found that a number of cabins were still unoccupied, we made a complaint to the O.C., and finally procured cabins or bunks for the volunteer mess

orderlies, and a guarantee that our complaint would be forwarded to higher authorities, and so save the boys following us from the same treatment.

After all, it seems hardly just that the men who have borne the brunt of this big "scrap" should have to travel home in the close, sickening atmosphere of an improvised mess-room in the hold, each sleeping in a hammock over the table where he is to eat his breakfast and where, if seasick, he will most probably have memories of recent meals; while above him in the strictly reserved first-class quarters, the pretty little Tanks Corps officer, who has had such a ripping few months' holiday in England, and never saw France, is now revelling in his spacious stateroom and gorgeous lounge, etc. If the officer who has been enjoying the "cushy" side of Army life can have such a perfect pleasure trip, surely our liners can provide at least a decent steerage passage for the boys who have roughed it for three and four years to beat the Hun.

It appears that the positions of O.C. troops have been filled by any officers who previously commanded a Battalion, regardless of the fact that on these ships the O.C. has to control a mass of unorganized men. With no chain of responsibility whereby he can approach the individual men he must, above all things, be a man of tact and initiative, and one who has been amongst the men and understands them. The iron hand which has been the shield of so many weak officers is now to the men as a red flag to a bull.

A little rough weather during the first two days gave some of us inside information of coming upheavals, but after that the "Baltic" forged steadily ahead over a smooth sea. A band was all that was required to make the voyage quite enjoyable, and I hope that it will in future be possible to provide the troopships with some kind of music, for where is it more appreciated than on the water? It would also tend to create order and satisfaction, and discourage gambling and rioting.

The last day of our voyage was a memorable one for us all. Many expected to see land that morning, and were up before the sun; but although no land was sighted until the afternoon, no one regretted their early rising, for Nature's heart seemed to pulse with ours on this joyful day. Towards the East the sea glistened like a vast field of wavering blue silk, with a silver horizon, from which arose a curtain of purple mist blending into dusky red and bright orange and yellow, then delicate emerald green deepening into blue, which gradually drowned the stars and scattered the night shadows over the dark western horizon. This impressive beauty and a morning of bright sunshine, filled the boys with a healthy, light-hearted spirit.

Early in the afternoon a few peculiar lumps, like icebergs, appeared on the northern horizon, but gradually they were connected up to form a solid-looking piece of real land, which we had been so anxiously looking for. Later in the evening we ran into a thin snowstorm, which made a fog and hid the land from us. The "paravanes," which had been put out about noon, were now hauled aboard.

About 6 p.m. we discovered two lights, and in a few moments the forward deck was crowded with men eager to get the first glimpse of Halifax. The waiting became tedious, and the boys became excited. Despite the cold, every pinnacle and perch was occupied, and some swarmed up the rigging. The lights of a few buoys and lighthouses could now be seen, and the "Baltic" gradually stopped and sounded her siren for the pilot. It seemed such a long time before anything approaching us could be discovered, and the boys were impatient. Then a light could be seen forward, swaying and coming

closer. Our captain lit a flare, and we could make out a very small sailing vessel.

The boys greeted the pilot with a tremendous roar and cries of "Good old pilot!" "Good old wind-jammer!" "Where'd you find the tub?" "You're late on parade." "Take his name and number," and so forth. Before he had a chance to sign his papers they were shouting, "How about it" and "Let's go!"

At last we were under way again, and slowly the lights crept nearer. The brilliant lights of Halifax appeared quite suddenly from behind a hillock, and another roar went up from the forward deck. As we drew into the harbour there was a perfect babel of shouting and singing. Men scrambled and tugged to get a few inches higher and see a little more of the land which bound their hearts, the land which for so long had been but a proud memory and a vision. And now the barrier of peril and danger was removed at last, and they knew they really would see their dear ones again.

The "Baltic" did not dock, and another night had to be spent on board, so to relieve their pent-up energy the boys lay siege to the second-class deck, which was occupied by warrant officers, and with a thick shower of soft life-jackets they swarmed up the ladders and ropes, much to the amusement of the few civilian passengers.

'Tis hard to guess how many slept that night, but the deck was crowded early next morning to watch the docking operations. As we glided into the dock the band on the wharf noisily tuned their instruments, and then—"The Maple Leaf Forever," the tune which held such memories.

It seems strange to see big burly men with tears in their eyes; but I saw them, through the moisture of my own. It seemed an involuntary impulse of joy and gratitude. No one attempted to sing. The music brought thoughts which the words could not express, and even after the band had stopped there was a silence before anyone broke out with the customary "Good old band!" Then we eased ourselves with three hearty cheers.

The entraining at Halifax was carried out very satisfactorily, and each man on boarding the train received apples, chocolate, newspapers and cigarettes, apparently from the Red Cross Fund and the citizens of Halifax, whilst the Y.M.C.A. provided us with magazines, checker boards, and cards, and had a voluntary representative on the train to give us, as far as possible, any information we required. The train accommodation was very comfortable, and the food excellent. The citizens of Truro showed their generosity in giving us magazines and a large rosy apple each.

We rumbled across the new Quebec bridge late the next day, and felt mighty proud of it. The unavoidable delay at the clearing depot at Quebec was greatly relieved by the splendid arrangements such as billiard room, reading, writing and rest room, cafeteria system of eating, canteens, ample washing conveniences, and perfect heating and ventilation.

We had not been there many hours when some fellows brought in a case of so-called whiskey, which they had purchased in the city. I have never seen whiskey affect men as this stuff did. They shrieked and howled like wild animals. Within five hours nine of them were in hospital. Two died before the train pulled out. We had been warned on the train from Halifax of this dope and its fatal effects. Of course, if some fellows will take the chance, they bring the consequences on themselves, but it seems a pity that this weakness on their part, and their natural wish to celebrate, should rob them of the happiness of home-coming, when it is at last so near. Surely they could be better protected from the poison at this hour of

excitement and irresponsibility. I think a more diligent search for the criminals would be more effective than the mere announcement of high fines. There is enough money in the game to make it worth taking a big chance.

We had a fast run from Quebec with comfortable beds and good eats. As for our reception—well, anyone present knows how indescribable the intense individual emotions were. I hardly noticed anything until I had discovered that wee mother I left alone at Union Station three years ago. But I have recollections of a band and flags, and crowds, and Mayor Church and automobiles. Then Yonge Street and Bloor with all their old, old memories.

SAPPER G. O'L.

Fun from the Front.

It was that hour in the Orderly Room when, the Adjutant having departed to lunch, the staff are free to relieve the tedium of official business with a little attention to the lighter side of things.

"I was out in a staff car the other day," said the Orderly Room Sergeant, borrowing a cigarette, "and we went so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a bunch of lead pencils as we flew past."

"Positively nothing at all," murmured the typewriter mechanic. "I was out on a borrowed motorcycle yesterday evening. I tore past fields of carrots, fields of turnips, fields of potatoes, fields where sheep and cattle grazed. I went so fast that the whole country looked like a tin of Maconochie."

Nick: "Where's Jones?"

Dick: "Head blown off, poor fellow."

Nick: "Well, where's his head? He was smoking my pipe."

"Do the French believe in reprisals?"

"Sure they do. Down at the prisoners' cage I saw an old Frenchwoman bat a Fritz over the sky-piece with her wooden shoe, just because her old man kicked about the war bread."

Having heard that a cushy job was coming up for a man with a knowledge of French and German, Private Frigid Feet decided to make application. When his turn for examination came, he replied more or less satisfactorily to a few general questions, and then was asked to give a sample of his French.

"Encore de la biere Anglaise, tout-de-suite, Madame," said the lad with the chilly soles.

"And German," said the officer.

"Mercy, Kamerad!" responded Pte Feet, and stuck.

"Well," said the officer, after a long moment's silence, "I don't see how we can spare a man like you from the line. Anyone with such abnormal nerve is simply invaluable in a fighting unit."

Draft: "Where did that one go to?"

Old Timer: "Never mind that one. Look out for the next."

Draft: "There's a Fritz plane above us. I guess that must be our Anti-Aircraft trying to bring it down. Can you see it?"

Old Timer: "I think so."

Draft: "But you're not looking in the right direction. The shell-smoke's just above us, and you're looking a mile away from it."

Old Timer: "Huh! You don't know our Anti-Aircraft."

ROUND THE DEPOT.



Headquarters.

This time last year the Huns thought we were demoralised. This year we are hoping to be demobilised (note, 3rd cerb, we are using an S just for opposition). We have said good-bye to our Brigade Major, Capt. J. B. MacPhail. No doubt by now he is once more with the old folks at home. Capt. MacPhail was one of the first to answer the call. He went to France in the ranks with the 1st Field Company, afterwards to Corps Troops. He came back to England and took over Adjutant to 3rd C.E.R.B. when that unit was first formed, and finally was appointed Brigade Major, *vice* Colonel Ellis.

We are sorry Lieut. Mandley has had to be away, as we have spent a lot of time training a Bridge team, in which we had great hopes of beating any two of our Staff Officers, who, we understand, are experts. Capt. Inderwick is an authority on the game of patience, so we do not propose to join the Khaki College to be taught this game, when Capt. Inderwick will give us lessons on any of the 36 ways of playing patience for nothing.

We hope next time "I'm Here" comes to take photos, he will take his cigarette out of his mouth before he salutes the Colonel. It's a bad example to young soldiers.

Reading a daily paper the other day, the leading article was dealing with various favourite sayings. It left out one very important one: "If you can't fight, wear a big 'at.'" We wonder if the same applies to golf, as we notice horsey gloves and big coats seem the fashion these days. Of course, this may be the dress of a professional. We hope it brings you success, sir, you can rely on us for a cheer any old time.

If anybody would like to meet our old friend, "Nulli Secundus," we shall be pleased to give them an introduction. We admit he is a wonder of the age, but he has something to learn about love making, as we understand he has been corresponding with a lady for over twelve months, and at present she still commences her epistles with "Dear Mr.," and finishes with "Yours sincerely." Unless he can succeed in encouraging the ladies a little better than that, we recommend him to get an initiation in the Khaki College at once, where we have no doubt one of the teachers will be able to oblige him.

We sincerely hope the authorities will not come on us for barrack damages, owing to the neglect on the part of the side drummer of the Band. We hear on the occasion of a concert in No. 3 Y.M.C.A. that the drummer left his drum sticks behind. "Chairs, Windsor, one, soldier's, common" were soon brought on the scene, and pieces thereof made a good substitute.

Talking about breaking up barrack furniture, we heard a rumour of breaking heads. From what we hear it is quite unnecessary to go to London to see any

Beckett and Wells scrap, as a first class performance of the noble art was given quite recently in Headquarters hut. The result, we understand, was a draw-in-water.

It is quite possible that a couple of dark horses will show up when the cross-country race is run. Quite a few of the boys are in strict training, and two of our boys should get their places in the C.E.T.C. team.

Who was the clerk in Headquarters who, when making out railway warrants, made out one for a mule, and was he able to readjust the mistake by putting his own name on the warrant? Not MuTch.

Oh, Steve, why did you not put your full name and address when you wrote to the other fellow's girl. It would have been muTch nicer to have had her first love letter addressed to you, instead of having it inserted in a letter to her old flame.

We shall be very much obliged to the telephone operators if they will be a little more careful when slinging the plugs. It is not very comfortable to be blowing somebody up, and suddenly find you have been switched on to Headquarters, London.

The Band played at the Grafton Galleries for a week last month. They not only enjoyed the trip, but the Officer i/c was so pleased with their music, that an application was made for them to stay with the Exhibition in London until it was finished. However, as other bands had already been engaged, it was found impossible. The Officer i/c did not let it drop at that, but made another application for our Band to proceed to Scotland with the Exhibition. Unfortunately for the Band, it has been decided not to send any bands to Scotland.

We don't know what kind of a game the R.S.M. is playing, but we have noticed that at least three ladies called at his office in one week. Of course, he may be running a matrimonial agency.

Some speed to the Telegraph System, Seaford. Telegram handed in at — 09.38, received at Seaford 09.46, delivered to the addressee 18.00. Considering the text of this message was dealing with an appointment at 10.45, no wonder we were not there.

PEN.



Headquarters.

Owing to the amalgamation, etc., our notes had to be temporarily cancelled, but for the future we expect to have them "up to the minute" every month.

We extend our congrats. to Sergt. C. B. Brown, who was married on the 25th ult. All good wishes, Brownie.

Did any of the Staff see Corpl. Branning on the night of — too much "Bon Santé" Sam?

Why is it so hard to gain access to half-fare vouchers or passes in the Battalion Orderly Room, now— Ask Wens.

Lieut. Low, our Assistant Adjutant, was looking very seedy and feeling "fed up" after a recent trip to the Smoke on biz.



[Harold F. Martin.]

Before



After

“Financialitus,”
or
How a Shilling looks to a Soldier
before and after Pay-day.

But then I suppose it was quite “in order,” especially when he was away on Sunday.

The R.S.M. moved his quarters to a quieter abode, but still calls on Hut. No. 32 for a little game of “think we can.”

Why did Harvey insist on having so many “plunges” last week? Did he think there were just three too many? Did Harvey have the “Glasses” sent to him for purposes of closer examination?

Our fairhaired friend still goes to Brighton about six times per ——— He reports “Jazzing as usual.”

The three never sweats, “Ken, Bry, and Mac” are hard at it in Records, London.

“B” Company.

We wonder if Lieut. Rose had any trouble collecting “saxpence,” and how he liked the job?

Who was the Corpl. Q.M. who demanded one of the armchairs from “B” Sergeants’ Mess? And did it make a good office chair?

We are sorry Corpls. Dodimead and Corrigan forgot to wet their stripes. Possibly Doddie is still looking for that board.

The boys are sorry that the O/C Company tobacco did not have a better time while on leave. Surely it wasn’t his smokes he missed.

We wish to congratulate Sapper Nott on his rapid promotion to A/Sgt. Caterer of “B” Officers’ Mess.

What did Corpl. Purdy think of Brighton in the wee sma’ hours?

Has ex-Sergt. Case met many of his old friends of bygone days? And did they accord him a hearty welcome?

What did the N.C.O. i/c mules tell a certain camel driver, when he was informed that one of the mules had measles? And did he get a free voucher for her?

What a glorious time our boys can have when they get that two (2) pounds to spend on six days’ leave.

We all congratulate Sergt. Veitch upon joining “The Ranks of the Benedicts.”

We wonder if Sergt. Bayne did his duty while acting as best man to Corpl. Pogson?

We are thinking very seriously of opening a Matrimonial Information Bureau. Business at present is rather brisk.

“C” Company.

“C” Company would like to know the name of the Sergt. who persists in forming fours each night at midnight, and what is Kathelyn’s last name, also where does she lay up?

We notice that our dearly beloved A.C.S.M. has started to step out once again. Strange how these maidens will come to Seaford for him.

Casey Gallagher, the well-known O.R.S., has gone on leave to Ireland again. Whatever does that poor little girl at Norwood think of it, also the “House upon the Hill?”

Great cheers at “C” Company these days. The last draft on arrival from France brought, back to us our old time Jockey Section Officer, Capt. W. E. Bennett, better known as “Walter the Bear,” and now he will be well away at the races with his old side kick, Capt. Edwards, otherwise “Bubbles.”

We noticed a very unusual thing the other night. Just as soon as Sergt. ——— had retired for the night in a well-known hotel in Brighton, a lady called and demanded the key of her offices. I wonder what he intended doing with it?

Weddings are all the rage just now. Drivers Mooney and Stirling are to the front this time.

There is a lot of pep left in a certain elderly member of the Editorial Staff nowadays. He has given up his

hermity habits, and now steps out regularly to all the dances, and goes away for week ends. There is a whisper that he can't get past Lewes on the road to Brighton.

A luminous mind in this Company has invented a new method of airing a grievance. He breezed into the Orderly Room with a bang, and indulged in a heated tirade, directed at the Orderly Sergeant. He then turned round and left, before that functionary had time to get a bearing on his line of retreat.



MARRIAGE.—On Saturday, March 8th, Lieut. Edgar Parsonage, M.M., was married to Miss Edith M. Dewes, at Birkenhead, in Cheshire.

Lieut. Parsonage served with the 1st Artillery Brigade in charge of Signals for two years. Subsequently, for 18 months, with 1st Divisional Headquarters, as Line Sergt., and proceeded to England when the Division was relieved at Valenciennes at the end of last October, for the purpose of taking his commission. He was awarded the M.M. after Hill 70, 1917, and a bar to the M.M. for the Canal du Nord in October, 1918.



Headquarters.

While the literary quality of Headquarters contribution to this month's *SAPPER* may be all that is expected, it is admitted that its artistic completeness is marred through the shedding of a couple of letters by a readily disintegrating Underwood. True, the office managed to tick up two perfectly good Remingtons and a printing machine for Orders a few days ago, but when your correspondent tries to get next to one of the former some body is sure to say "oh, dang THE *SAPPER*!" You will see from this how little trouble in these bolshevik days care for literature.

We're on the Remington at last, after filling the back of an officer's route letter with so many gaps that it looked for all the world like an unexpurgated edition of the office War Diary.

The Adjutant (you had his picture in *THE SAPPER* last month) is back from hospital, where he went to nurse an attack of the "flu." He went away as Lieut. J. C. Brown, and just came around to have the tailor sew on another "pip," and then went off for a day or two of holidays. He'll be signing 'em. "Capt." by the time this is being sold for a tanner.

The serious condition of the Battalion Quartermaster, Capt. Keyes, has occasioned much anxiety among those who have been closest to him throughout his association with the 3rd. He was taken to hospital suffering from influenza, and developed pneumonia, the combination resulting in a crisis which, at the time of writing, had not wholly passed.

In the same hospital at Eastbourne, R.Q.M.S. Turner has had a long and hard tussle with a combination similar to that which laid his chief low. It is understood that the R.Q.M.S. has passed the danger point, and has every prospect of again fitting out demobilization drafts.

The fact that a couple of Headquarters clerks were among the "flu" victims, might not excite general

interest, were it not for the fact that Corpl. Anderson, who came off the Crimes Department for a time to help out, went far during his brief régime to establish this unit as a first rate matrimonial bureau. This N.C.O. went most carefully into the subject with all his clients, pointing out pitfalls to be avoided, forms to be filled, tips on how to fix the minister, the best honeymoon trips, etc., ending with a well-reasoned disquisition upon the subject of what a young father ought to know.

Major Gunn, the Second-in-Command, will be in Canada by this time. He left on the 19th February, and, with Mrs. Gunn, sailed a few days later. Major E. J. Young, late of the C.S.M.E., is another of the well-known figures of the Engineers to proceed homeward. Among the officers recently from France, who have proceeded to Canada from the 3rd C.E.R.B., was Major A. W. Davis, D.S.O., as well as several younger officers.

Soldier-folk who read the papers will have noticed that the London doctors are getting together to demobilize the "flu." To date we have not been asked for an opinion, nor do we propose to be drawn into a public discussion of a subject upon which so many contradictory views are expressed. At the same time it would be but hiding our candle under a fire bucket if we were to entirely suppress the valuable and attractive remedies unostentatiously prescribed in the several N.C.O.s' messes almost any evening, but more particularly immediately following a pay parade. The prescription, as a rule, is simple enough. It should be taken, we have been told, with a dash of lemon and in hot water, although some experts lean to the opinion that the lemon and hot water is a weakness in itself, pandering, as they say, to effete and indulgent civilian habits. We do not propose to speak for the efficacy of this preparation, however taken, but pass it on as one of many which science is offering to counteract the inroads of a pernicious epidemic.

Errata.—Paragraph so-and-so of the last issue, in so far as it refers to Sergt. Gibson remaining for the completion of the demobilization of the Battalion, is hereby cancelled. Sergt. Gibson is now on his way to Canada, perhaps even back in the shade of what Hamiltonians in their vanity term "The Mountain." What is Leicester Square's loss is Hamilton's gain.

The horrors of peace came home when a letter arrived intimating that owing to demobilization of the troops in France (we wondered if that word had really got to France) it was desirable that correspondents around the camp should spread themselves a bit more than usual, in order that *THE SAPPER* should have enough material. We will try to endure it if *THE SAPPER* can.

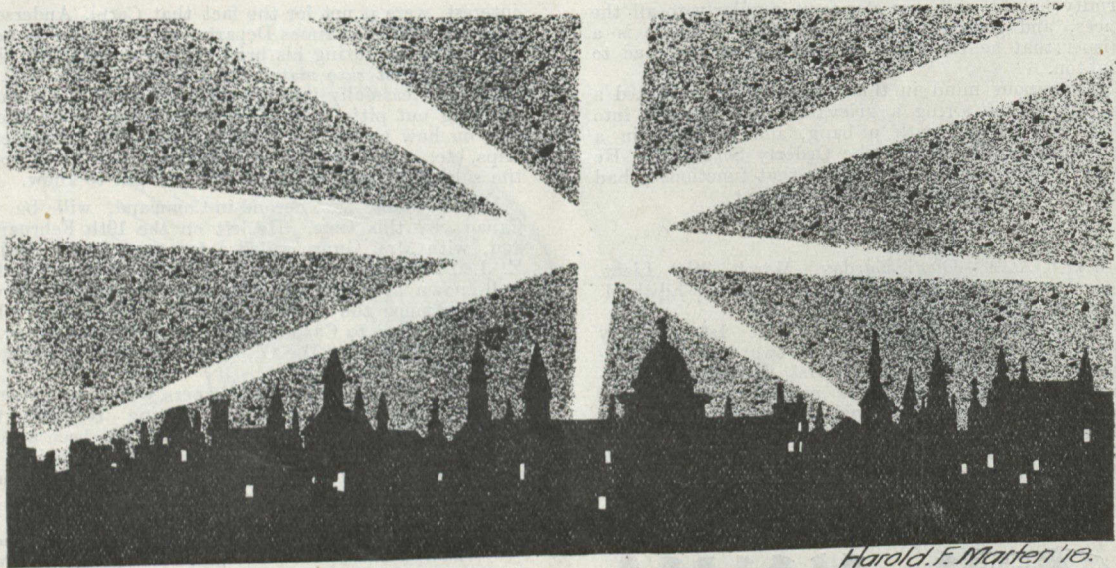
It is not even suggested here that the number of applications for discharge in England has any connection with the growth of the dry belt in Canada.

War Diary, Bells, P.T., Etc.

(Vide certain paragraphs of this department last month). The attention of the Headquarters Sub-Staff is directed to the following communication with reference to the marginally noted. The other ranks concerned will consider themselves governed accordingly:—

To the Battalion Sub-Staff.

"I have noticed with great regret that you have to 'hum some these mornings to be on P.T. at the usual early hour.' As it is far from pleasant to be always 'on the hum,' and it is known that there is generally some humming going on during the later hours of the

*Harold F. Marten '18.*

"While London Sleeps."

morning, I forward this suggestion for your consideration, but do not wish to hear your remarks on it, as they might be unparliamentary. Neither is it desired that you should forward your remarks by letter, as it is possible that even our celebrated new typewriter might 'put on the blink' if its keys were called upon to type such a succession of dots and dashes.

"I am sure that even the new system of electric bell signalling would be outclassed.

"The suggestion is this: That you shall be served with your breakfasts (petit déjeuner) at the inspiring hour of 0600 o'clock, and thus be able to indulge in the noble system of body and mind training called P.T., commencing at 0630. Thus it will be seen that you will be able to commence shining that part of your uniform known as the "slack of your breeches" at 0730 o'clock. You will be able to start in earnest your day of mental activity, with both mind and body invigorated by the aforesaid P.T., and avoid the present distressful condition of haste known as "humming some," which, I imagine, is exceedingly distasteful.

"You will note that in the interests of economy and the conservation of stationery, both sides of the paper have been used in writing this masterly solution of a very serious and awkward difficulty."

As intimated in the C.O.'s communication, comment upon the above is of too fervent a nature to be laid callously before the public.

One wonders (while trying to figure out something for the next paragraph) who is going to demobilize the stationery used in demobilization.

On the day this copy was to be turned in, the Headquarters Staff went with the Battalion for a day to commune with nature. It was the 10th, the day the camp was cleared out for a Q.M. check on goods and chattels. So much nature was experienced that day, that enthusiasm for such things has become damped. The march out was fine, and the arrangements made for a day of sports were ample. Beyond that, it can only be said that a thick piece of the Atlantic Ocean was wafted up over the scenery, leaking

badly all the while. To while away the time the officers, including the C.O., and men mixed in an attack upon several footballs. There were many falls on the slippery ground, and much mud was accumulated.

Incidents of the day worth mentioning include the masterly manner in which Corpl. Martin, i/c messing, dispensed smoking hot tea and pickles to all ranks; also the smartness with which Sergts. Vail and Whelpdale bore up on the march (to and from the Mess).

Unfortunately, what should have proved a good outing was spoiled by the downpour, and the troops returned several hours before the time previously fixed.

Orderly Room Sergt. Selwood was absent from the march through going on a week end leave. We are rather sorry that he missed the pleasure.

We do not know how the War Diary is progressing, Mr. Jones having gone to another job. There is a lot of weather to be crowded into it since the last edition.

Demob. documents are increasing in volume and splendour. To off-set the use of paper we continue to use both sides.

There is nothing about Sergt. Lee this month. He said he wanted to stop his advt.

One sapper at Headquarters was found sound asleep at a typewriter recently. The previous evening he visited Brighton.

Lieut. A. Love, late Adjutant of the 2nd C.E.R.B., is with us, and is busy lining up such D.C.M. cases as the Battalion produces.

"A" Company.

Talk about our Orderly Corpl. being a runner! Well, I'll say so. He dolled up in fine style in his white tights, then proceeded to the great trial. He struck out in the lead as a good and true Corporal should, and what is more, he remained in the lead until he was overtaken, about ten feet from the start. On the home stretch he showed symptoms of having been badly gassed. Anyhow, he made a fight for it.

Who was the young damsel who tried to collar our Orderly Room Corpl. at the Sergeants' Mess some time ago? And why did he not accept the date? Speak up, Webby.

If it took three months for a hen with a wooden leg to hatch a chicken with a glass eye, how long would it take to demobilize a Reserve Battalion?

Wouldn't it be a good idea to move "A" Company Orderly Room along to Brighton, and be done with it? Would such an arrangement not be more convenient for certain officers and N.C.O.s of the Company? What is the attraction, anyhow, chicken pie, or will it lead to matrimony?

Now comes a doleful rumour that no more drafts are to leave this area for some time. Well, we have gotten along pretty well. Our last draft of two O.R.s for return to Canada helped to deplete our ranks. "Every little bit helps," as the old lady said as she threw her dish water into the Atlantic.

Who is the sergt. in "A" Company who always wants a steel hat and his D.O.S.2 in his hand when going to Brighton? How about it, Rag; going to hold a clothing parade among the peaches?

"C" Company.

A hearty welcome to our new O.C., Capt. F. Thornely.

We are glad to see Corpl. Clark back again, and hope that he will not find his Battalion duties too onerous now that he has his family with him.

Quite a number of our boys have been getting married of late. We wish especially to congratulate Corpl. Blackburn.

One of our Company runners seems very interested in meeting the 4 p.m. train from Brighton every Monday. Name the attraction, Harvey, please.

Newhaven dances have become very popular with quite a number of our N.C.O.s and men lately.

Our C.Q.M.S. is on draft for Canada. We are very sorry to lose him, and are wondering if our new "quarter" will be as popular as Joe when entertaining the ladies on Saturday afternoons.

R. C. W., the efficient assistant to our C.Q.M.S., has been in bad behaviour of late. A large beer, a strong cigar. Total, one large head.

Nobody seems to fully appreciate the trials of the Orderly Corpl., who has to take charge of the whole Company.

Who is the N.C.O. who does not mind missing a draft to Canada if he gets leave to say "good-bye" to his little merry widow?

"D" Company.

What kind of cats is our C.Q.M.S. attempting to raise on his cat farm? In future, it may be safer not to pick them up, Bobby!

Scene: Orderly Rooms of "A," "B," "C," and "D" Companies. Time, 1800. Orderly Sergeants at leisure. Enter a visitor, apparently Scottish.

"Fine day, Mister." (pause). "Can you find four men right away?"

We are always glad to see you, Mac, but must you?

We were all sorry to see Lieut. F. L. Hill, our O.C., become a victim of the "flu," and admitted to hospital. Here's hoping for his rapid recovery and quick return to duties.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Why a certain Corpl. from Hut 36 needs to camouflage himself with bandolier and spurs when proceeding to Brighton?

Why a certain Sergt. of "D" Company proceeded to Bramshott with a party, and remained there?

During the past month we have been given an opportunity to unload some of our Company with parties to Bramshott and Newhaven, and we have now joined the ranks of the "demobbing" Companies. All men for discharge in England pass this way! But do not ask when the next draft is going, for we are but mere human mortals. The officer in charge of this work may consider himself lucky in that he has not to face the questions of these soldiers' better halves.

"E" Company.

Sapper, before O.C., for being A.W.L.

O.C.: Why don't you be a sport and play the game? 7 days' C.B.

Sapper: Are you a sport, sir?

O.C.: Well, yes.

Sapper: I'll roll the bones for whether it is to be 14 days or nothing.

Would anyone like to join the "Zoo"? If so, please apply to "E" Company Orderly Room.

We hope that all O.R.s reporting from Battalion Orderly Room are aware that we have a day and night staff on duty in the Company Orderly Room.

Are the searchlight party attached to "E" Company to be detailed to find the Q.M. stores for O.R.s reporting in at 2 a.m.

Seeing that we are Receiving Company, Duty Company, and Demob. Company, and this being Brigade duty week, I guess you think we are having a holiday. Guess again.

The Battalion has reimbursed the Company by sending one or two N.C.O.s, and they are doing good work at present.

How did the Orderly Room Corpl. spend his leave in Brighton?

To the Editor: If a Mutt pushed Jeff's wife into the river, would Bud Fisher out?

Would anyone like to fill out answers to the following questions:—

Would you like your discharge?

Would you like your discharge in England?

Would you like to get married?

Would you like to transfer to 1st C.E.R.B., to your original unit, or the Army Service Corps, or in answer to anything regarding your personal affairs. If so, please report to "E" Company Orderly Room, but bring along a gun.

Sapper, up for being A.W.L.

O.C. Company: Have you anything to say?

Sapper: Use your own judgment, sir.

O.C. Company: Remanded for O.C. Battalion.

From which it would appear that the judgment of our O.C. is O.K.

"F" Company.

Now that subscriptions seem to be the vogue, not only for weddings but for barrack damages, we think the next should be for a pair of specs for our O.C., to enable him to read between the lines, as the worries, trials and tribulations of ciphering messages from his

Continued on page 198

CANADIAN ENGINEERS TRAINING CENTRE.

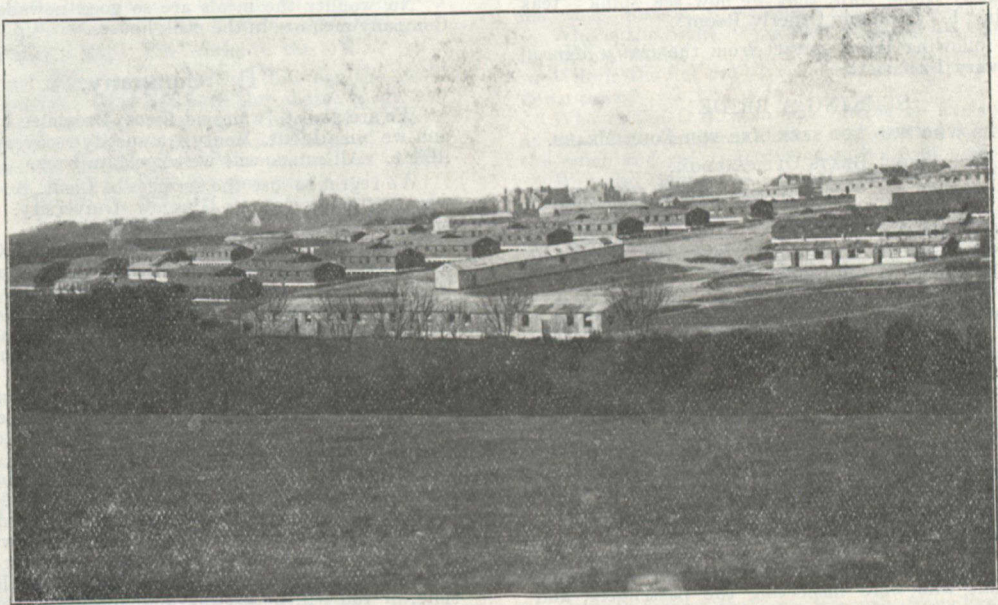


No. 3 Lines, looking East.

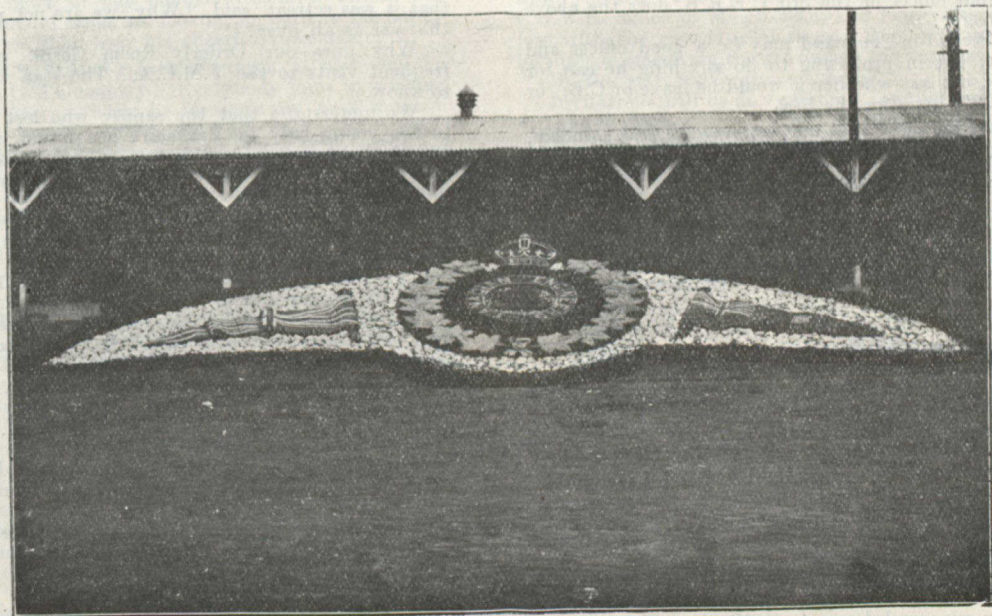


No. 1 Lines, looking East.

NORTH CAMP, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.



No. 4 Lines, looking North-West.



No. 1 Lines, Headquarters C.S.M.E.

double in the Battalion Orderly Room is telling on his eyesight. Possibly the double would contribute.

Is it because officers' rations are smaller, or is it that they want to follow in the footsteps of the Battalion Orderly Room staff, that we now see "pink" teas served in "F" Company Orderly Room?

The following is an extract from the *Daily Mirror* of February 14th last:—

SEEKING A BRIDE

OFFICER WHO HAD NOT SEEN HER FOR FOUR YEARS.

LOVE BEATS OFFICIALDOM.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday.

When the C.P.O. steamer, "Minnedosa," berthed to-day, an officer on the landing stage was seen to be scanning the rails of the saloon deck.

He was looking for his bride.

"I am sure that I will know her," he said to a friend, "although I have not seen her for four years." Then he espied her, and there were joyous hand-wavings.

"This ship," explained the bridegroom, "is two days late, through weather, and we should have been married on Tuesday. My leave expires to-night."

The bride was smiling happily on the saloon deck. Then, as the ship came close, and it was possible for the human voice to bridge the distance, the lady exclaimed: "I have dropped my passports overboard."

The officer felt that, after all, his anticipated happiness was to be checkmated, but he got to work among the officials who were inspecting the passengers, and was promised that the lady should be handed over to him.

A few minutes afterwards there was an embrace, and the bride and bridegroom later left the landing stage together.

To what officer of the 3rd C.E.R.B. does the above account refer?

Our Second-in-Command may be a good officer and a soldier, but in promising to do anything he can for us he did not say whether it would be leave or C.B., or both. Let's hope for the best.

We are all sorry that our esteemed C.S.M., Jackie, had to get fashionable and go to the hospital with the "flu." Here's hoping for his early recovery, as the checker board is getting rusty from lack of use.

Although it is a long time until the flies are due back, kindly tell us where the old I.D. instructor received the tanglefoot, which affected him so that he did not make much headway with his raw recruit in regard to keeping step.

When did Corpl. W. E. become a P.T. artist?

But what is the attraction at Newhaven? Why not loosen up and put some of us wise.

Lefty sure must think a lot of himself, when he spends his hard-earned cash on photos, and some price they were.

Good luck to the boys at Newhaven. We hope they will not have to work too hard. Anyway, they should not be lonesome, as we understand there are no few Waacs there.

Poor Bert will sure have some walk now if he goes on his regular week ends.

"F" Company is again making a name for itself. This time it is the athletic world. You would think so if you saw our speed demons travelling. Although they wear red sweaters, and the saying is "red's easy," they are hard to eat.

What makes Dan so musical at nights, to say nothing of his attempts to take the stove of Hut 26 away with him?

Lost, a pair of boots! N.C.O.s, turn out your kits.

No wonder the meals are so good nowadays—"F" Company men are in the cook houses.

"G" Company.

We are glad to welcome Lieut. Brownlee back again, and we wish Lieut. Monture a speedy recovery from his illness. All ranks will welcome him back.

We regret to lose the services of Lieut. A. MacLeod, who has proceeded to Glasgow University. The best of luck to him.

Sergt. Rae, one of our most efficient N.C.O.s and ex-P.T. Instructor, has proceeded to Canada, and we all wish him every success in civilian life.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of C.S.M. McNaughton's mother-in-law, and all ranks offer him their sincere sympathy in his bereavement.

Say, David, why don't you speak to the owner about that dog on the waterfront. Don't turn those pants in yet, or the bunch will get wise. Once bitten, twice shy. There is lots of room in the main street, fellow.

Who is the N.C.O. in this Company who believes in getting full benefit of his 6d. barrack damages? He must be from Aberdeen. This could be answered by the Sergeant who was thrown through the window.

It is too bad you missed that boat for Canada, Stewart. You mustn't let her keep you so long next time, or you will be getting your discharge here.

Some of the boys have left for Newhaven. Now, boys, keep up the good reputation of "G" Company while you are there.

Who was the sapper who, when he heard "Retreat" sounded, remarked "What is that," and on being told that it was retreat, said, "Why, we are not retreating, the war is all over?"

Why does our Orderly Room Corpl. pay many frequent visits to the Y.M.C.A.? The staff would like to know.

We understand that the sapper who lost his heart to the young lady in Yorkshire has found it, and we are pleased to say, since his return from leave, that all is O.K. We wish him well, and may his troubles be "little ones."

There are not many N.C.O.s or men in our Company who know that we have a real artist among us. Just step into the Orderly Room any evening and hear him pull his masterpiece, known as "Micky the Pom Pom Man" (it is supposed to be sung).

Welcome, our new C.S.M., but where is he, eh?

The good looking bass of our famous quartette has gone to Newhaven for a while, and we will miss his pleasant smile, and that musical "Bom, Bom." They played us a kind of mean trick, when they sent our second tenor to Bramshott, but never mind, Walker, I've got my eye on another one.

Wanted, a large sign, to denote where "F" Company Orderly Room is located. Signwriters, please copy and take note.

Congratulations to the fair damsel who works in the Officer's Y.M.C.A., for her success in capturing our Orderly Corpl.

Breakfast in bed is our latest speciality. (Vaitee, please hurry).

We send a challenge to all Companies to meet us at indoor baseball. Companies, take note, not forgetting "H" Company.

Who is the Sergt. who thought himself the smartest guard commander who had ever mounted a guard? I guess you'll find him in this Company, if he's not on leave.

Whose little boy was out looking for the Company Q.M. with a message from his mother? (nuff said).

Have a heart, Mac. She works in the "Y."

If my girl comes asking for me, tell her the usual (gone to Canada). Give her back the photo, Sergt.

Dear O.C., can my friend and I have four days' leave to proceed to the Synagogue at Glasgow?

Who was the buckshee who was thrown out of Hut 25? Look out, Fritz, they'll get you yet!

"H" Company.

Congratulations to the Adjutant on his acquisition of the coveted "third pip."

Our best wishes go with Lieut. S. W. Bulman, who has left us for Rhyl *en route* to Canada.

"H" Company is all write.

Is the trainer of "H" Company as much interested in his pupil as he is in the "eats" after the work outs.

The work of demobilization must be speeding up. The staff cannot find time to deal with "promotions and reductions" during the day, so the discussions are held in the mess in the evenings. Johnnie Walker being absent from this week's meeting, "Hennessy" officiated, and awarded a crown and two stripes respectively to two prominent members of the staff.

Complaints are already being received about the N.C.O.s meal tickets. One sergeant dropped his, and an O.R. stepped on it with a pair of "boots, regulation," and punched out three days "eats."

Recruiting is about to commence for "Whiz-Bangs Guards." Now is the time to volunteer.

There was an air of depression over the Company when the news of our popular C.S.M.'s illness was received, but all ranks are looking forward to the happy day when we shall hear his cheerful voice again.

Our late C.Q.M.S., Jack Edwards, is now well on his way to God's country. Everybody joins in wishing him every success when he blossoms out once more in civvies.

The regimental tailor wishes to know if it would not be possible to hold up any further lists of budding N.C.O.s until he gets in a new supply of chevrons and an extra assistant.

A sapper wishes to know if a cadet, having stolen his lady fair, should not at least take her home after the dance?

Speaking of dances, Steve says—but enough said, he did sufficient damage the other evening.

Correct dress for Sergeants: 1914—Belts and side-arms. 1919—Belts and pen-holders. The pen is mightier than the sword.

By whose authority are ladies, wishing to attend the 3rd C.E.R.B. dances, kept standing in the rain, while the validity of their invitations is settled? Until the laws of common decency and civility govern the 3rd Battalion dances, the 3rd Battalion should cease to hold them.

Who is the N.C.O. who had charge of the midnight parade?

Why did a certain hut orderly desire a medical board?

Who is the corpl. who wishes to have charge of the demobilization of the Canadian Army?

Why did the C.S.M. go to Edinburgh to be operated on? Was it the doctors, or ———

Who is the sapper who could not find a suitable bed in Brighton, and came home so early next morning?

Who is the sapper who went to sleep on a bicycle coming from Eastbourne, and still slept till he was awakened by a friend, who had to insist on him taking his wheel instead of walking?

Who is the Sergt. who, after ordering his cigarettes, forgot his name?

Who is the hut orderly who has such narrow escapes down town?

Who is the O.R. who was hitting on five cylinders at the dance the other night, and wanted to buy out the ranch and run it according to his own plans.

Why did Sapper ——— put the paste on the wall without having any bills to post?

Why does our rich hut orderly go for a route march every evening, on the promenade towards Newhaven. Is he going to charter a boat to take us back, or looking for Rosy?

Who is the sapper who goes to church, and when he comes back wants no noise, but is so anxious to share his bed with one who is cold?

What makes a certain hut orderly come home and see two beds instead of one?



Back to our old quarters in No. 1 Lines.

Quite a few of the boys, recently from France, are sporting the "14-15" ribbon. Re-unions are held nightly in the various messes, the battles of "15, 16, 17, and 18" being fought over again.

Travel on the Brighton line is to be increased in the near future. The Chief Instructor attended the C.S.M.E. dance of March 12th, and found himself at a loss with the new fangled steps. Rumour has it that he intends mastering the art during the next few weeks. By the way, that was some dance.

Invitations will be at a premium for the one planned for March 26th.

R.S.M. Crabtree wore a worried look for several days during the time the Corps Troops were arriving from France. He did wonders in managing affairs on his lonesome.

The Draughting Office has closed shop, Sergt. Greaves and Sapper Marten being merged into the C.S.M.E. Office Staff.

Week ends to Surbiton appear to be popular with the O.R.s. and a former Mess Secretary. Wonder what's going to happen?

C.S.M.E. said good-bye to R.S.M. Ridgwell last month. He is now on command in London, pending discharge in this country.

Since the last issue of THE CANADIAN SAPPER, Lieut. R. A. Weir, former Adjutant C.S.M.E., has obtained his Captaincy. He is now with the 3rd C.E.R.B.

Lieuts. Barr, Symmonds and Platts, members of No. 1 Class O.T.C. Wing, have been around renewing acquaintance. These three officers got back to France in time to see the finish at Mons, November 11th.

Sergt Coals and Corpl. Price have been added to the office staff of C.S.M.E. Their experience with the old 2nd C.E.R.B. on returns and documents respectively are being put to good use.

Eight hundred men proceeding on leave one week following their arrival from France. Some record.

One had visions of a small riot when, on the night prior to the leave party pulling out, it was discovered that warrants had not been applied for for some thirty men. It was a narrow squeak, but trouble was averted thanks to immediate action on the part of the Adjutant and of the staff at Headquarters.

No wonder the C.S.M.E. was on the point of "busting." Sergt. Harold Menzies fell a victim to spring fever, and secured a transfer to the 3rd Battalion to await draft for Canada. "Good-bye, Brighton," says Menzies.

Demobilizing Corps Units.

To the surprise of all concerned, and at a time when the funeral party was all arranged to stage the last obsequies on the Canadian School of Military Engineering, the powers that be decided to have the School handle the incoming Corps Engineer troops from France.

With a depleted office staff, a Quartermaster's branch unaccustomed to the handling of clothing, a hurried move from one Lines to another, the question of receiving no less than twelve hundred troops within the short space of three days appeared to be an impossibility. It was managed, however. In less than a week seven of the nine units from France had been clothed, paid, and shipped away on eight days' leave. Some record, and one in which the administrative staff have the right to claim credit.

On March 4th the remnants of the C.S.M.E. were ensconced in tiny quarters in No. 5 Lines. By nightfall the old Lines, No. 1, had been taken over, and 400 men of the 2nd Army Troops Company C.E., Canadian Corps Signals Company, and Canadian Corps Survey Section stowed away in quarters. Everything passed without a hitch. The next day, March 5th, saw the 3rd Tunneling Company, C.E., 5th Army Troops Company, C.E., and the A.A. Searchlight Section, march into camp. March 6th found the 1st Army Troops Company, C.E., 3rd Army Troops Company, C.E., and 4th Army Troops Company, C.E., march into camp. The last three units were unfortunate as regards weather, rain tumbling down in torrents as they detrained at Seaford, with the result that all the men were soaked to the skin by the time they arrived in camp. They had only to wait a few minutes, however, before being posted to huts, blankets drawn, and a hot meal provided, the latter especially appealing to the boys, who were thoroughly tired out after the long trip from France via Weymouth.

For all this work credit is due to the indefatigable efforts of Lieut. James Craig, D.C.M., Adjutant C.S.M.E., Lieut. P. Daniels, Assistant Adjutant, R.S.M. Crabtree, and to the Q.M. and Office Staff.

To handle over a thousand men at a time when the staff was at rock bottom in the way of numbers, in strange Lines, and during inclement weather, was a performance surprising to Lieut.-Col. D. S. Ellis, Chief Instructor of the School, who, at the time, was making an industrial tour of Great Britain. Lieut. Craig's long experience in handling drafts for France, and later for Canada from the old 2nd Battalion came in good stead. The boys from France were not kept in suspense as to movements, for the morning following their arrival Mr. Craig started a programme moving, which allowed the largest leave party ever sent by one unit in the Seaford Area—837 officers and other ranks—to entrain seven days after their arrival from Le Havre.

The remainder of the Corps Troops got away on leave three days later, thus giving the C.S.M.E. staff a short "breather," and enabling them to organize a system for the handling of documents, medical boards, and the score or more items that have to be performed before a man is available for return to Canada.

Arrangements have been made for these troops to return to Canada as separate units, the following being the Dispersal Centres and Officers Commanding:—

1st A.T. Co.—Capt. G. W. G. Brooker, Ottawa.
 2nd A.T. Co.—Capt. F. M. Brickenden, London.
 3rd A.T. Co.—Capt. O. B. McCuaig, Toronto.
 4th A.T. Co.—Lieut. H. G. Holman, Halifax.
 5th A.T. Co.—Lieut. H. L. Bunting, Winnipeg.
 3rd Tunneling Co.—Major A. Hibbert, Toronto.
 Canadian Corps Survey Section—Capt. W. R. Flewin, Vancouver.
 Canadian Corps Signals Co.—Lieut. J. C. Franklin, M.C., Winnipeg.
 Searchlight Section—Capt. E. A. Bennett, Quebec.

C.S.M.E. Dances.

The fourth of the brilliant series of dances given by the C.S.M.E. Staff was held in No. 4 Canteen on Wednesday night, March 12th, under the usual happy circumstances.

The floor was perfect, and the floor manager—Sergt. K. M. Brown—was in good form.

The dancing was of the first order, and everybody enjoyed a good time.

The function was graced by the presence of Lieut.-Col. Ellis, D.S.O., Commanding the C.S.M.E., and Lieut.-Col. Lawson, M.C., Commanding the 1st C.E.R.B., and a large number of other officers.

There was no shortage of merry and light-footed partners—as many as 70 couples being on the floor at one time.

The success of these dances is due to the exertions of Sergts. V. Andrew, O. J. Farmer, and K. M. Brown.

The perfect music that went so far to make the dance a success was supplied by the C.E.T.C. Orchestra.

The next dance in this series will be on March 23th.

* * *

In and Around the News Stand.

Our genial Corpl. has taken another trip to London. What's the attraction, Corpl.?

Our big friend, Pete, is getting up in the world on all sorts of committees. Say, Pete, how did the smoker come off?

I wonder who the barber's lady friend is? You are sure getting some boy with the women, Hollie.

How did the "Old Man" make out on his trip to Southampton? Is he still smiling?

Come right in Digger, it's cold outside.

I wonder who the new L/Corpl. is in No. 4 cook house? Have you told them at home yet, Jack?

Oh, Pete, anything new about that butter or eggs yet?

Who's the guy that drank all the beer at the smoker? Why don't you use a funnel, Mc.?

No, sir! No tea to-night, it's after ten o'clock. Atta boy, Jonsie, you tell him I'm only working here.

Oh, Billy, how about the family cat? Put that poor cat down. You go to h—l.

Why do all the Orderly Room Staff go to Brighton every Wednesday night? Answer, ask Hart. What's her name, Freddie?

Who's the billiard champion, Jonsie? Did you say Mac?

The barber's chief assistant is now boasting a pompador. How is it coming along, Amiel?

We had an old home night last week, all the tramps in the world were there.



"Faith"

"Hope"

"Charity"

Canteen Notes.

Here they are at last. Some of them, that is.

We have long desired to publish a portrait of some of the little rays of sunshine who make a bright spot in the somewhat drab life of a camp.

Always happy, always cheery, always on hand to supply the needs of the soldier who is hungry by dishing out food; always ready to help the conscientious lad who yearns to shine effulgent on parade by selling him soldier's friend or Bluebell. Patient, hardworking, and untiring.

We know them in this camp personally, and when we come to consider that there are thousands of them distributed around every camp in England, we begin dimly to realize what the women of England have done to help win the war.

We were rather amused a day or two ago by the mental attitude of "Hope," when the recent occurrences at Rhyl were up for discussion.

"How would you feel, Hope," asked "Charity," "if you were coming down the hill and met a crowd of raiders coming up with your new crêpe-de-chine blouse?"

"Why," said Hope, "I'd knock his can off."

So you see, we have taught them something; they are learning the Canadian language and mental outlook.

Lent commenced in good style last Wednesday with an abundant supply of fried fish and, above all, real cream and fresh butter—at least, we were assured that it was fresh.

If this is what Lent brings us, why doesn't it come more often and stay longer, although we cannot understand why men pass such rude remarks about the fish for dinner and breakfast, and then go to the Canteen and buy some more.

Bramshott Signal Detachment.

The past month has been short, but full of changes in the detachment, and rumours of moves to various parts.

First of all, the Headquarters, Canadians, have moved to Ripon, leaving behind many good friends, some bad debts, and taking with them a lot of good wishes, also the Sergt. Tailor taking a lot of good clothing from us which was in his shop for repairs.

Then our Signal Office was moved when the 3rd Division appeared for demobilization, to our old location in the kitchen of the building used as Headquarters, and the night watches are able to practise the culinary art to their heart's content.

The Orderly Room also moved to the offices in the stables, but we do not yet see the humour in the remarks that it is a suitable place for the Orderly Room N.C.O. The outgoing occupants were kind enough to leave us a quantity of baled hay, but we have not yet stooped so low as to eat grass.

Major Campbell has arrived from 3rd Division Signals as O.C. Signals, Canadian Corps Camp, our new official designation, although as yet we are not part of the C.C.C. as per establishment, and as they are things which take time, we are rather lost sheep, but do not whisper that to anyone, or our parsons' sons will start evening lectures, and the boys will remind you of several people in Headquarters who are always on the trail of Signals.

We feel sure from the record of Major Campbell's service in France, and the good word spoken of him by those who have worked with him, that we are fortunate in having him as O.C., and that during the days when it will try our tempers to see others returning to God's country, our work will be kept at the same high

standard of efficiency as has characterized the work of Bramshott Signals in the past.

We have also had the addition of Lieut. Bennett, D.C.M., from the 3rd Division Signals, and Lieut. Faughnan, M.C., M.M., from the 4th Division Signals, and as our strength is to be increased to cover our work in demobilizing the divisions as they pass through, we will be able to have each section well looked after.

Our linemen have been busy, as at last, after many weary months of waiting and discouragement, we have received magneto telephones with a good switchboard, and our system has been changed to suit the new camp situation, much to the improvement of the service, and the flow of language from the switchboard operators.

Billiard halls will reap a harvest when this detachment returns to Canada, judging by the way in which the Y.M.C.A. table is frequented by men with the C.E. patch on their shoulders, and although we boast a good percentage of Scotchmen, we wish to deny the rumour that the reason for the use of the table is because it is free. Our neighbours are only jealous.

By the way, who is the Scotchman who was travelling to "Auld Reekie," and (much to his disgust) was asked by an old lady if the "C.E." stood for Church of England or Christian Endeavour?

What is the attraction for the fair damsels of the city of Haslemere, that the dances at the Soldiers' Club there are noted for the few times when the Signals *personnel* have to sit out for lack of a partner. We would not be surprised if some of them were light-headed, but it seems as if the weight were not so much in the feet—or is it personal beauty that is the attraction?

We had a visit from Lieut. Pryde, who is making a short stay in Bramshott Military Hospital, on his way to Canada, and although there have been changes in the *personnel*, there were still some who were here when Mr. Pryde was O.C. i/c Signals, and were pleased to see him again, and to wish him luck on his return.

Concerning What Befell Certain Men of the Hosts of Can.

1 Now it came to pass during the days of Armistice that the men of the hosts of Can who did linger in the Land of En for lack of ships did lack coal to warm them.

2 Now there was a certain man in the host and his name it was Mud—for he had tarried over long at Sea that is by Ford—and he lifted up his voice and said:

3 Behold, are thy servants men of wood and of stone that this thing should be? We are men of blood and must be warmed.

4 And he took counsel with other men of the hosts that did pass their days in idleness, and they did steal softly out by night into another place and did come back with much wood which they did put with fire into the stoves, and were comforted thereby.

5 Now it came to pass that when other men of the hosts of Can did see this thing that they did commune the one with the other and did say: Behold, shall these men have all the warmth?

6 And they did take and get them wood each after the method that did seem right unto him, each man for himself.

7 And they did make fire.

8 From chairs, from tables, and from the boards that did support their beds did they make fire, and were greatly comforted, saying: Behold the war is now done, and to what end are these things saved.

9 Surely it is a little thing.

10 Now when the later days of the winter were come it did seem to the Captains of the Hosts that the houses of the people did lack furnishings.

11 And they did ordain a day upon the which all the men of the hosts that did live in the huts of Sea should journey them into the desert, a day's march, and rest them there.

12 And they did ordain that while the men were in the wilderness the furniture should be numbered; each hut according to its allotment.

13 For behold, they said, something hath happened unto it for it is no more seen.

14 And it came to pass, even as they had ordained, that the men of the hosts of Can were scattered abroad about the country—each man going wherever seemed fit unto him.

15 Those men who were upon the Staff and who did have friends in high places, and those who did have no friends but a certain amount of gall, did get them passes and did proceed unto Brighton and disport themselves over the surrounding country.

16 Those men again who did not get them passes were mustered by the under officers of the hosts and were formed up—even into fours—and bidden to march.

17 And they did march for the space of an hour until they had got them unto a cleft in the hills, and there they did break off for a smoke and a sleep.

18 And as they smoked and slept, and after they had consumed that which is called the unexpected portion of the day's ration, they did begin to get them thence.

19 And they gat them thence by ones, by twos, and later by whole squads, and did go each upon his way by devious roads.

20 And it came to pass in the fullness of time that the trumpet did blow "Fall in."

21 And of those who did fall in in the dawning of the day were only a remnant left faithful.

22 Inasmuch that a captain of the host—and his name it was Bubbles—did prance before his Company upon one leg and upon the other alternately, and did say in a jocose manner:

23 Behold now am I like unto Robin Hood, for I have lain hid all day in a furze bush, and behold these are my merry men.

24 And they were merry.

25 And they did march to their camp, and behold when they were come thither there was much coal—even two rations.

26 And peace reigned, and they did sleep, but the wonder of that thing it was on the tongues of all men.

Jack: I see they're making Fords out of clay now.

Jill: How can they do that?

Jack: Why, Henry's son married Miss Clay, didn't he?

Jill: Yes, but —

Jack: Well, read the first column of the *Morning Post*.

Roll of Honour.

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

[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

Died.

2005997 H. Banks, 718548 L/Cpl. L. Blue, 16873 A/Sgt. W. J. Cook, 104648 H. J. Croymans, 141125 F. A. Hansford, 363 W. Lavallee, 417205 E. Morisette, 754840 W. C. Scott, 507236 L. A. Stokes, 2273540 C. J. Brewster, 183453 R. W. V. De Bury, 744147 C. E. Doucette, 669507 D. H. A. Walker, 103207 J. A. Endicott, 101460 G. Williams, 2691327 H. O. Brown, 338068 H. J. Frame, 2014045 D. Ohelo, 2007219 H. N. Jenkins, 261107 D. Rettie, 101717 Driver W. Silverson, 73418 Sergt. S. A. Wilcox.

2005494 C. Holdenby, 769253 L/Cpl. G. O. Rutledge, 835294 C. Speck, 502572 J. Horwell, 437102 H. Walker, 216857 W. M. Abales.

Commissions, Promotions, Etc.

Temp. Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) J. P. Fell to be Temp. Lieut.-Col. (May 24th, 1918).

Temp. Major (Temp. Lieut.-Col. while employed as Asst. Dir. of Roads) W. G. MacKendrick, D.S.O., to be Temp. Lieut.-Col. (February 1st).

Temp. Capt. J. A. Langford, M.C., to be Acting Major.

Temp. Capts. to be Adjutants, to fill establishment—C. McN. Steeves, F. M. Dawson.

Temp. Capt. T. P. Mackenzie, M.C., to be Adjutant, *vice* Temp. Capt. (Acting Major) R. S. Northcote.

The *Gazette* notification, January 24th, concerning Temp. Capt. W. L. L. Cassels, is cancelled.

Temp. Capt. H. C. Kennedy, from C.A.P.C., to be Temp. Lieut.

Temp. Lieut. F. M. Pearman, M.C., retires in the British Isles.

Cease to be seconded for duty with the R.A.F.—Temp. Capt. H. L. Symons (Feb. 10th), Temp. Lieut. W. M. Emery (Jan. 16th).

Temp. Lieuts. (Acting Capts.) to be Temp. Capts.—J. H. Munro, J. B. Mason, M.C., C. H. Barrett, J. B. Thorn, M.C., A. L. Cumming, W. A. Edwards, and F. Thornely.

Temp. Lieut. R. A. Weir to be Temp. Capt.

Temp. Lieut. F. Riley, M.C., to be Temp. Q.M., with hon. rank of Capt.

Temp. Lieut. J. C. Brown to be Acting Capt., while employed as Adjutant.

Temp. Lieuts. cease to be seconded for duty with the Air Ministry (January 30th)—G. E. Bell, H. J. A. Bird.

Temp. Lieut. C. W. Wilson to be Acting Capt. while specially employed, and to be seconded.

Temp. Lieut. V. M. Lavery to be Acting Capt. while employed with the Air Ministry (June 1st, 1918).

Temp. Lieut. V. M. Lavery ceases to be seconded for duty with the Air Ministry (February 4th).

Temp. Lieuts. to be Acting Capts.—L. D. G. Strutt, R. McF. Robertson.

Temp. Lieut. R. H. Dickson to be Acting Capt.

Temp. Lieut. J. A. Knight to be Acting Capt.

Temp. Lieut. (Acting Capt.) J. Stevenson relinquishes the acting rank of Capt.

To be Temp. Q.M.s with hon. rank of Capt.—Temp. Lieut. J. T. Lindsay, Hon. Lieut. and Temp. Q.M. A. S. Lawrence.

Temp. Lieut. W. L. Dobbin to be Acting Capt.

Temp. Lieut. (Acting Capt.) J. H. L. Johnstone ceases to be seconded for duty with the War Office (February 11th).

Honours for Engineers.

Bar to M.C.

Major J. H. McCallum, M.C., 4th Battalion; Major Bruce Ross, M.C., 3rd Battalion; Major J. J. Stock, M.C., 2nd Battalion; Capt. J. L. Melville, M.C., attached Headquarters Canadian Corps; Capt. F. J. O'Leary, M.C., Staff Capt. A. and Q., 1st Brigade Engineers; Lieut. Frank Barber, M.C., D.C.M., 3rd Divisional Signal Company; Lieut. Victor Wm. Bunn, M.C., 3rd Battalion; Lieut. E. G. Weeks, M.C., M.M., 1st Divisional Signal Company; Lieut. E. P. Wilson, M.C., 4th Battalion.

M.C.

Capt. George F. Dalton, 3rd Battalion; Capt. Sidney H. Fellowes, 4th Army Troops Company; Capt. Peter A. Laing, 1st Battalion; Capt. Herbert B. Mogg, 4th Battalion; Capt. Arthur G. Riddell, 2nd Battalion; Capt. Samuel D. Robinson, 3rd Battalion; Lieut. Roy Fraser Armstrong, 3rd Army Troops Company; Lieut. Leonard H. Birkett, 1st Battalion; Lieut. Harry L. Bunting, 5th Army Troops Company; Lieut. William B. Caldwell, 3rd Tunnelling Company; Lieut. John R. Clement, 6th Battalion; Lieut. Harvey A. Dawson, 2nd Battalion; Lieut. Leonard I. Easton, 4th Battalion; Lieut. Charles James Fox, 1st P. and B. Transport; Lieut. David Justice, 3rd Battalion; Lieut. Louis R. Maioni, 2nd Battalion; Lieut. Henry E. Matthews, 3rd Tunnelling Company; Lieut. Charles T. Mitchell, 2nd Battalion; Lieut. Ernest Pettigrew, 1st Battalion; Lieut. Richard E. Turnbull, 1st Divisional Signal Company; Lieut. Harry N. Westwood, 1st Divisional Signal Company; Lieut. Hugh K. Wyman, M.M., 2nd Divisional Signal Company.

Bar to D.C.M.

5665 Sergt. H. J. Faulkner, D.C.M., M.M., 1st Div. Signal Company.

D.C.M.

500160 Sapper W. R. Aitken, 1st Battalion; 106072 Sergt. C. W. Ball, M.M., 3rd Div. Signal Company; 501257 Sapper L. G. Brewer, 4th Battalion; 426640 Sapper J. B. Burnett, 1st Divisional Signal Company; 69 2/Cpl. E. H. Challacombe, M.M., 1st Divisional Signal Company; 113014 Corpl. J. E. Flanigan, 3rd Divisional Signal Company; 464107 Sergt. E. Jackson, 4th Battalion; 166944 Sergt. S. H. McLaren, 6th Battalion; 12741 Corpl. G. J. Oliver, M.M., 1st Div. Signal Company; 500572 Corpl. A. Pyn, 3rd Battalion; 109616 Sergt. E. E. Snelgar, 3rd Divisional Signal Company; 216455 L/Cpl. J. E. Wyatt, 3rd Battalion.

C. E.'s in the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force.

Now that the Government have published the lengthy despatch of Lieut.-Gen. Marshall, Commanding the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force, on the operations extending from April 1st, 1918, to September 30th, 1918, we are very happy to be able to publish the short personal narrative of Serjts. Clarke and Gatti, of the Canadian Engineers, who served with the Caspian Column of this Expedition.

It will be remembered that the main object of this expedition was to join forces with the Russians, but this object had to be abandoned on the arrival of the Column in Persia, owing to the revolution, and propaganda work was carried out instead.

The Dunsterville Mission, under Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., was largely engaged in relief work and diplomatic handling of the wilder tribes of Transcaucasian Persia.

The Kurds, the Jingalis, and numerous other tribes of a more or less nomadic nature, combine all the child-like qualities of the savage with the fighting instincts of races that have been compelled from time immemorial to defend themselves against stronger races, and at the same time to wrest a livelihood from a reluctant country.

Opposed to work on general principles, they are cunning, suspicious, and at the same time kindly in many aspects of life.

The Persians, who had suffered greatly from both Turks and Russians, were naturally averse to yet another belligerent entering the country, and this point of view was carefully fostered by enemy agents and propagandists.

The expedition was undertaken over the worst roads in the world, over the most difficult country, and under general conditions that might well appal less determined troops.

The following narrative is from notes supplied by Serjts. Clarke and Gatti:—

We left France on the 13th of January, 1918, and after the usual humorous episodes connected with a passage from the theatre of war to the seat of Government, we reported at Argyll House and were sent to that historic fortress the Tower of London, and remained there for twelve days.

During our sojourn in the Tower we were thoroughly outfitted for our trip to Persia, and our work while there. The equipments issued were, in most respects, the same as those supplied for service on the Indian Frontier.

There were 26 Canadian N.C.O.s and a similar number of South Africans and Anzacs, making our party up to about 250 N.C.O.s and about 50 officers in all.

During our stay in London, all plans as to our movements and objective were kept strictly secret and, although speculation was rife, none of us had any actual idea of our destination and the work to be done.

After all the delays, and rumours, and secrecy of the outfitting period, we finally left London on the 29th January, 1918, and travelled by way of Southampton, Cherbourg, and Nice to Taranto, where we arrived after a journey of eight days, not remarkable in any way for action or incident. At Taranto we rested for five days, and embarked for Alexandria, where we arrived on the 9th of February, and proceeded by train to Suez.

The great drawback to travelling with expeditions in war time is that one has not the time or opportunity

(and frequently, not the energy) to explore and enjoy the historical and interesting places one passes *en route*.

From Suez we travelled down the Red Sea to Basra, and arrived there on March 1st. While there we were accommodated at the old Turkish quarters known as Ashari Barracks.

At this point we were joined by parties of Imperials and Australians from Palestine and Salonica.

During our stay in these barracks we devoted ourselves to mastering a little of the Persian and Russian languages, in order to carry on drill with levees of natives in the countries we were heading for.

Even at this point we were still in ignorance of our ultimate destination, and all plans and procedure were kept strictly secret.

Advanced parties were sent up the Tigris to Bagdad, stopping off at Amarma and Kut la Marma, where General Townsend was captured.

The service of boats on the Tigris was largely maintained by men of great experience in river navigation with stern wheelers in Canada and America, as the Tigris is a very variable and sulky river, with very treacherous shoals and sandbars.

We arrived at Bagdad on April 2nd, and our experience of that town was very disappointing in the matter of amusements and sightseeing. The time was taken up in learning how to pack camels and mules, as transportation was confined solely to these time-honoured means.

You all know the Army mule; as a friend he is impossible, as a companion he is unbearable, and as a servant he is capricious. To this add that the mule in France is an ambling palfrey, compared to his brother mule, who has been translated to the eastern theatres of war.

And the camel is the double distilled essence of all that is bad in the mule, without any of his good points.

Camels—but Kipling has written of camels.

We took with us one car, which was used for staff transport. Later in the season M.T. was established, when the roads permitted.

We left Bagdad on April 15th on the narrow gauge which runs as far as Bakuba, and from that point rode to Khanikin, which was a collecting point for the main body to start on the march to the Caspian Sea.

We marched from Khanikin to Kermanshah, the capital of Kurdistan, in nine days.

When we arrived health conditions were very bad, and famine was very prevalent.

Mr. and Mrs. Stead, American missionaries stationed at Kermanshah, entertained the Canadian troops at tea while in the city. We left Kermanshah next day for Hamadan, which was then General Dunsterville's headquarters.

On arrival there a parade was called, and the General gave us a general summary of the situation at the time the Force arrived.

It appeared that on account of the Russian revolution breaking out, and as we were dependent upon the help of the Russians to take us through to Tiflis, the whole plan had to be abandoned, on account of the Bolsheviks.

Most of our time in Hamadan was spent in drilling levies raised in the district, consisting of Armenians, Persians, Turks, Kurds, and other odd tribesmen. The Kurds are marvellous horsemen, and every man had to supply his own rifle and ammunition.

The whole country was overrun by parties of pillaging Kurds and other tribes, which made our operations and lines of communication very insecure.

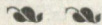
That has always been the trouble with the exuberant child of the near East. His instinct makes

him a fighter, and his childish joy in carrying arms leads him to attack the first man who comes along, without any especial enquiry as to whether he is friend or foe.

After various marches, delays, retirements, and adventures, we returned to Basra, where we spent armistice day with such rejoicings as the place afforded.

We visited Bombay on the way home, and spent Christmas Day at Port Said—the meeting place of eastern trickery and western vice—where we had a very enjoyable time with the Australian Light Horse. We were at Taranto on New Year's Day, and arrived home on January 14th of this year.

As a military expedition the trip was defeated in its object by the defection of an ally, but as an experience in varied travel and interest it was worth while.



Peace Conference and Economic Interests.

FROM J. W. DAFOE.

PARIS, March 2nd.

The economic interests of all the British Dominions will be well looked after by carefully chosen representatives who will serve upon the two powerful committees which are being constituted to deal with these questions. Last week the Empire delegations, under the chairmanship of Lord Milner, gave detailed consideration to the best means by which these ends could be served. Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Foster attended on behalf of Canada. It was arranged that five British members of the Supreme Economic Council should be drawn from the panel upon which all the British Dominions would be represented; and that in addition there would be brought into being a special all-British Committee, which would collaborate with the British representatives upon the Council in suggesting policies and formulating machinery to achieve the purposes for which the Council has been appointed. Sir George Foster will represent Canada on the British panel, and when matters specially affecting Canada are being dealt with, he will serve on the Council. The functions of the Council are of first importance. It controls, for the period of the Armistice, shipping, the extent and character of the blockade, the distribution of food to all European countries, and the allocation of raw materials and rebuilding supplies; and has now been charged with determining to what degree this control should be continued during the reconstruction period to follow the signing of peace.

Canada, as a source of food, raw materials, and supplies for rebuilding, is vitally interested in the policy of the Council, and the right to representation which has now been conceded has been strongly pressed.

Upon the Economic Commission yet to be appointed to decide upon the economic provisions of the general peace, there are to be two representatives of the British Overseas Dominions, and it may be assumed that Canada will supply one of these representatives. This Commission will have a number of sub-committees, one of which will have to report on the future status of pre-war commercial treaties to which enemy countries were parties, and among the law officers to whom this work will be remitted will be the Hon. C. J. Doherty, Canadian Minister of Justice.

Changes in the Map.

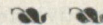
Before peace can be signed there must be extensive alterations to the map of all the continents except the Americas; and these questions, among the most difficult before the Conference, are now being attacked. The three most dangerous, relating to the Adriatic, the west bank of the Rhine, and a Polish port on the Baltic, are to be taken up this week by the Council of the Great Powers, while lesser problems are being considered by sub-committees, which are expected to make definite findings within the next fortnight.

The disposition of the territory that was Russia is a huge, complex problem, for which no solution is in sight. The suggestion that the various warring Governments should confer together with the Great Powers as umpire has been abandoned. The Conference will aid in the creation of an independent Finland, Esthonia, Lithuania, and Poland, and with respect to the remainder of the problems await developments.

Germany will lose Alsace-Lorraine, and perhaps the Saar Valley, to France; probably the Belgium cantons about Malmédy to Belgium; Northern Schleswig, and perhaps Middle Schleswig, to Denmark. She will hold her territory west of the Rhine on terms that will make its use impossible as a jumping-off place for aggressions. The disposition of the German Colonies has already been pretty clearly indicated.

Serbia, which less than a year ago was officially declared by Germany to have ceased to exist, will have a population of over twelve millions, with the inclusion of the Jugo-Slav States. Bulgaria, for its perfidy in the war, will lose its window on the Aegean. Bulgaria will be much the smallest and weakest of the Balkan States. There is a possibility that the Turks will retain most of Asia Minor if they will submit to a protectorate by one of the Great Powers. All their other possessions will be taken from them. The whole vast territory from the Taurus Mountains to the Southern seas will resume its ancient status as the home of Arabic and Semitic States, living for the time being under protectorates, but foreshadowing ultimate union by federation. Armenia, with territory from both the Turkish and Russian Empires, will become a nation, with a sea-port at Trebizond under the tutelage of the United States if they will accept the responsibility, failing that the mandate will probably go to Italy. Constantinople and the passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean will be internationalised.

—From *Canada*.



A Drama in One Act.

Time: 1919. Place: Seaford.

Dramatis Personæ—Veteran 1914; Recruit 1918.

Veteran, 1914—"I think the —th were as fine a body of men as ever left Canada."

Recruit, 1918—"I think the Empty-umph were the best bunch that ever left Canada."

Veteran, 1914—"Well, I guess you should know, as you saw them all leave."

[*Collapse of Recruit, and Curtain.*]



Sergt.-Major to Sanitary Fatigue: "What's the meaning of this? neither shaved nor washed? Look here, young fellow, you'll have to smarten up and keep yourself cleaner, or you'll go into the cook-house to work."

After "Lights Out."

A roughly dressed but large-hearted lumber-jack, who was seeing life in a western city, drifted into a big restaurant for dinner.

The only vacant place was at a small table occupied by a very smartly dressed lady.

John sat down, and the lady sniffed.

After starting his dinner John reached out with his own knife and took some butter. The lady bristled.

"Waiter!" she called, "bring some more butter; this horrid man put his knife in this."

After a while John put his spoon in the sugar, and evoked a similar protest from the lady.

Presently, by some unfortunate accident, the lady upset some soup on her frock.

"Waiter," roared John, "bring another lady; this one is all over soup."

A doctor had ordered a patient to take three pills a day and a glass of whisky at bedtime.

Calling later to see how the invalid was progressing, the doctor found him seated in front of the fire instead of being in bed, and enquired as to how his instructions had been carried out.

"Well, sir," replied the patient, "I'm afraid I'm a wee bit behind with the pills, but I'm about six weeks ahead with the whisky."

Jane left her old village to seek a fortune in a new town, and took with her an excellent letter of recommendation from a former place.

Unfortunately, on the journey, the letter was lost.

Not knowing how to get a situation without this recommendation, she persuaded a friend to write one for her. This was the result:

"To all whom it may concern. The bearer of this note, Jane Smith, had a good character when she left home, but she lost it on the way here."

A well-known clergyman, returning home late one evening, and passing through a squalid street, came upon a man belabouring his wife.

The poor woman already had a black eye.

The clergyman promptly stopped the husband's brutality, and reproved him for his cowardly behaviour.

Such unexpected interference in his matrimonial affairs for a moment nonplussed the husband, but his dutiful helpmate came to his rescue.

"It's all right, sir," she said. "Don't interfere with 'im; it's 'is 'irfday."

Boy: Twopenn'orth o' steak, and let it be tough.

Butcher: Tough! What on earth do you want tough steak for?

Boy: 'Cos, if it's tender, father'll eat the lot, and we'll get none.

Everyone thought that the somewhat quarrelsome woman was a pro-German.

"'E ain't 'arf a bad sort," she kept saying.

"Why, 'e's an old blackguard!" said one of the company.

"Well, I won't say a word agin 'im. He's made things all right for me."

"Do you mean to say you believe the Kaiser has done you some good?" asked another.

"Aye, that 'e has. Why, if it 'adn't bin for 'im, my old man wouldn't be working now, and I shouldn't be getting my separation allowance. No, 'e ain't a bad sort, I can tell you."

Two chums met. They had joined different regiments, so had not seen each other for some considerable time.

"Hello, Tom!" said one, "where have you been to all this while?"

"Well, I've been censored several times."

"Been censored! What do you mean?"

"Been in hospital, where they have cut out some of my most important parts."

"Ah!" said the Army medico to the thirsty one, "you're run down; you must have a tonic."

"Will lager do?" asked the thirsty one.

"No," replied the doctor, "that's *teu-tonic*."

Two Tommies were having a heated discussion on the new order as to the earlier closing of public houses.

"Well," said one, "I suppose this is Lloyd George's doings."

"No," said the other, who was well versed in such matters, "it's martial law."

"There you are!" said the first; "I knew it was one o' them interfering politicians. I suppose he's a brother to *Bonar Law*."

The Ambulance Corps had picked up a badly wounded man. He was placed on a stretcher, and was being carried off the field, when he suddenly demanded "Where are you taking me?"

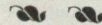
"To the hospital," replied one of the bearers.

"Why, what's the matter with the canteen," faintly inquired the wounded and thirsty one.

To celebrate the inauguration of the maternity benefits, a well-known member of Parliament gave a silver cup, to be presented to the first child born in his constituency in the new era of "rare and refreshing fruit."

A miner was the father of the lucky infant, and on the cup being handed to him, he asked:

"Is this our own, or ha' we gotten to win it three times?"



And Then it Missed Him!!!

Monsieur Jean Dubosque,
No. 6086895, Draft 85,
Canadian Engineers Expeditionary Force,
Army Post Office,
Station 4, G Company, 2nd Reserve,
Seaford, Sussex,
London, England.

[Pity the poor Postal authorities.]

The Poet's Corner.

Ravin'!

(With apologies to the Original "Raven.")

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary
O'er a complicated switchboard
Mentioned oft in Signal lore,
Things were in a beastly jumble,
And before I ceased to grumble,
Suddenly there came a rumble,
Like I'd often heard before—
Just a faint mysterious rumble,
Somewhat louder than before.
" 'Tis the G.O.C." I muttered,
"Calling up Battalion Four,"
Simply this, and nothing more.

From the mass of plugs a-lying,
I selected one, and trying
Every line that I could think of;
Surely there were most a score.
But no answer was forthcoming,
Though the damned machine kept humming,
I had but remarked before:
'Tis, said I, past understanding,
Answers not to my demanding.
"Sir, you want Battalion Four?"
This, said I, and nothing more.

Now my soul was seized with fury,
Things I said would shock a jury,
As I raged, and stormed, and cussed,
As mortal seldom cussed before.
Anger was within me burning,
Fiercely 'phone and switchboard spurning,
Jumped upon my feet, and turning,
Saw the S.O. at the door:
Only he, and nothing more.

"Sir," said I, with firm intention,
Though I shook with apprehension,
"Tell me why this cursed invention
Keeps on buzzing more and more
To my peace of mind destroying,
Language which I much deplore,
Language which the gods abhor."

For a moment he stood gazing
With expression most amazing;
Then the words poured in a torrent—
Holy Smoke! how that man swore.
By the gods of heathen nation,
By all things in God's creation,
Without pause or hesitation—
Swore he till his throat grew sore,
Plainly, he could swear no more.

With a voice now quite bombastic,
With a glance and smile sarcastic,
He directed my attention—
To a bug upon the floor.
There he sat, the table under,
While I gasped "Well, what in thunder—
Is that four-legged wonder
Sending Morse or semaphore?"
This I gasped, but nothing more.

Now perhaps you will be thinking
That yours truly had been drinking,
But I swear that blooming beetle
Could send dot and dash galore
Still, if you have a suspicion,
That this tale is supposition,
I declare your disposition
Is to me a beastly bore.
So I murmur in conclusion,
"C'est le Guerre; yes, 'tis the war."

A. VIMYIST.

♦ ♦ ♦

The French "Poilu's" Philosophy.

In France, one is either in the Army or not.
If not, there is no need to worry!
If in the Army, one is either in the firing line or not.
If not, there is no need to worry!
If in the firing line, one is either wounded or not.
If not, there is no need to worry!
If wounded, it is either seriously or not.
If not, there is no need to worry!
If seriously wounded, one either dies or does not.
If not, there is no need to worry!
If one dies, one can't worry, so
Why worry at all?

♦ ♦ ♦

The Poem of Peace.

BY DER KAISER DAT VAS.

Mein people of der Vaterland,
All dead except a few;
Von thing you ever thank me for,
Dat PEACE I gave to you.

Before I come for holidays
To Saint Helena's Isle,
I make you happy in your heart,
And much you all have smile.

Und all the other nations, too,
Are feeling very glad,
Because I have delivered them
From their defeat so bad.

Great Deutschland now is over all,
Our foes have had their fill;
In lands we gave them back again,
Our heroes there are "still."

Mein men do permeate the earth,
According to mein plan;
The finest German victory
Since this, mein world, began.

So satisfied mit vat I've done,
I drew mine guns away
From Belgium, Russia and the rest,
And ask them for no pay.

True German hearts are ever good,
And so mit those who live;
To all these countries dat we beat
Much money did we give.

Mein Kultur I did teach them all,
They know now vat it means;
So having finished my life's task,
I vent behind the scenes.

"VIN BLANC."

Tape.

(From the Barton Convalescent Hospital Magazine).

A Daimler with the G.O.C.
 Passed Private Smith 1603.
 Now, Private Smith gave no salute,
 But gazed unseeing at his boot;
 The car was stopped, from thence emerged
 Various "tabs," who promptly surged
 Round Smith, to see if he was blind,
 That he had openly declined
 To rise in salutation.
 They took his number, age and name,
 Where he was bound, and whence he came;
 And having all they thought they needed,
 The Daimler car "forthwith proceeded"
 Towards its destination.

A massive screed was soon compiled
 (Printed in triplicate and filed);
 An edict, harsh, and just, and stern,
 (Ended "initial and return,"
 And duly affixed with the office stamp)
 Went forthwith to each divisional camp—

To wit:

Sir,
 It devolves on me
 To say on behalf of the G.O.C.,
 That, learning to his great regret,
 That certain men to-day he met
 Did not salute, or try to pay
 Compliments in the proper way
 (In spite of markings on his car,
 See para. 60 in K.R.),
 He leaves the matter as it stands,
 For further action, in your hands.
 (A dignified and proper strafe
 For one so high up on the Staff).

Acknowledged with divisional tears,
 The matter reached the Brigadiers
 In envelope marked "Confidential"
 (A word that always seems essential).
 The G.O.C., the Umpteenth Corps,
 That men in your Brigade
 Are "slack saluting off parade,"
 (Written in red upon all these
 Was: "For your information, please.")
 Brigade H.Q. got busy then,
 And wielding an ever-ready pen,
 Wrote chits of dire dissatisfaction
 (Signed "For your necessary action.")
 Beginning thus:—"It would appear
 (Though why it should is never clear)
 The practice of saluting is
 Becoming slack, and sloven, viz.,
 X Army Order 612
 Herewith attached and passed to you."
 Adding: "Such wilful non-compliance
 Amounts to mutiny and defiance."

Each O.C. unit thus apprised
 Of how the Staff was jeopardised
 In Battalion Orders placed a solemn
 Warning in the stop-press column,
 "The Brigadier regrets to say
 That instances have come his way
 Of soldiers who did not salute
 The General as he passed en route."
 A clerk wrote out and under-lined it,
 The Adjutant then countersigned it.

The Company Commanders read
 All that the Brigadier had said,
 And had their N.C.O.'s paraded;
 And, duly instructed and upbraided,
 Despatched them to the rank and file,
 Where they, in turn, in flowery style
 Explained with force if not with tact
 How, passing Generals, one should act.
 Now Private Smith will click his heels
 To anything that moves on wheels,
 From Daimler car to humble Ford,
 For the pen is mightier than the sword.
 This marked up in the Army's annals,
 And passed through all the various channels,
 The Army turned itself once more
 To minor things, such as—the war.

—From *The Bystander*.

♦ ♦ ♦

That Same Big Moon.

(No. 1 Fragments from France.)

Parody to tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

VERSE (Girl):

As I sat beside my window on a lovely night last June,
 And I saw the bright stars twinkling round a great big
 silver moon,
 As my thoughts of you were drifting, in the trenches
 full of mud,
 I wondered if that same big moon shone on you from
 above.

CHORUS (Man):

I surely saw that bright moon, the one you saw last
 June,
 Out in No Man's Land, where I had to stand the whole
 night through,
 And while that moon was shining, on sentry I was
 pining,
 When a sniper near snipped off half my ear, and the
 moon still shone.

W. CARPENTER.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Last Place Thought Of.

[Tune—"There's a pretty spot in Ireland."]

There's a little spot in England,
 It's a place called Seaford town—
 It's the last place God e'er thought of
 When he made the world go round;
 If you suffer from rheumatics,
 It's a splendid place to stay:
 You can lay out on the sea shore,
 Or have a mud bath every day.

O, I dream of dear Toronto,
 And dear old Montreal;
 You can ship me any day from here
 To any old place at all—
 I'll dispense with Q.M. quarters,
 And substitute a home,
 If you'll let me say a fond farewell
 To this place called Seaford town.

Canadians to H.R.H. Princess Patricia.

(BY A CANADIAN CORPORAL.)

We've learned to love the land you love,
 The land that gave you birth,
 And hope that we may ever prove
 To know it for its worth.
 Birthplace of men of great renown
 And women brave and true—
 We ask to wear the laurel crown,
 Our dear Princess, with you.

When far across the rolling foam
 You sojourned for a while,
 And saw us in our native home,
 We learned to love your smile;
 From the Atlantic's flowing tide
 Unto the frozen North,
 We shared your pleasures far and wide,
 And sang your praises forth.

And now we pray that Heaven's best
 May ever follow you,
 And all your joys and hopes be blest
 With happiness anew:
 If Fortune lead you back again
 To our beloved shore,
 We'll sound the chord of welcome strain
 As ne'er we did before.

W. J. Cook.

—From *Canada*.

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