

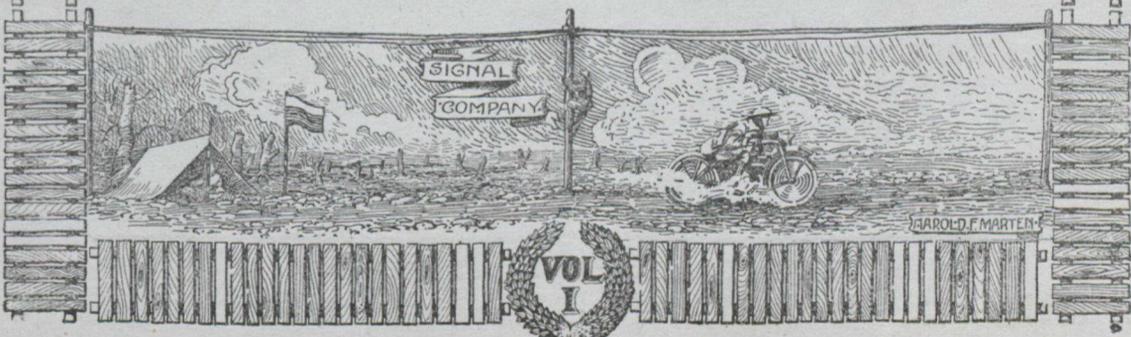
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June  
1918

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**OFFICIAL MAGAZINE**  
of the  
**CANADIAN ENGINEERS**



**VOL  
I**

No. 5

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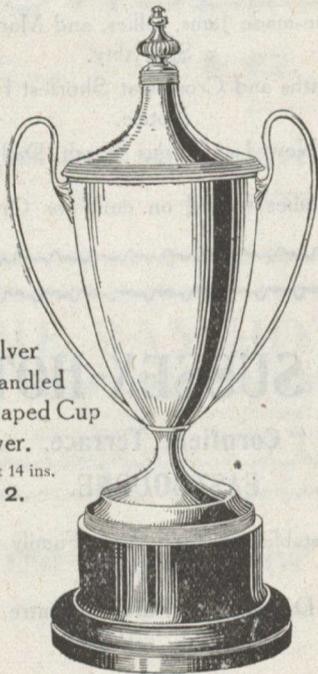
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# THE CANADIAN SAPPER

VOL. I. No. 5.

JUNE, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## Editorial.

Watchword for the month : Re-organise.

✻ ✻ ✻

Topical song for the month : "Sister Susie's sewing stripes for sergeants."

✻ ✻ ✻

The activities and ingenuity of everyone in the Depot have been strained to the utmost during the past month, to make the work of re-organisation a success. So many changes have taken place in the shuffle, that it is still difficult at times to know who, or where, or what one is.

On the whole, however, changes have been smoothly and efficiently carried out, so that they have been practically imperceptible except to the hard-working minds at the direction of affairs.

✻ ✻ ✻

THE CANADIAN SAPPER has not escaped the popular movement, and has changed both its office and some of its staff. L/Cpl Lewis, who so efficiently maintained the advertising business, has been called to a higher sphere, and is now O.R.S. in the new 1st Reserve Battalion; Dvr. Lynn remains at his post until he is called to another and a wider theatre of action; and Dvr. Butterfield has joined the staff in an editorial capacity.

Our new home is in "C" Company Orderly Room, 1st C.E.R.B.—the hut with the light outside.

✻ ✻ ✻

And, oh! the promotions! Promotion is a necessary concomitant of any re-organisation.

Each new Reserve Battalion has its full establishment of W.Os and N.C.Os, and for some days the place looked as if a G.S. wagon had broken down in the lines and been pillaged. But they do look nice, and the Canteen people are getting in an augmented supply of Blanco and Silvo (advt.)

✻ ✻ ✻

On off nights, when there is nothing doing, and one wants a rest, it is worth while climbing the hill to the Roman Catholic Recreation Hut. You are always welcome there; you can have a comfortable chair, plenty of good food (cheap), letter paper and envelopes, a piano and billiard table—and, in fact, everything a soldier wants to make him feel at home.

✻ ✻ ✻

In another column will be found an appreciation of Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, the pioneer and founder of this Magazine. It was entirely

due to his persistency and hard work during the early part of the present year, that it was found possible to produce a magazine devoted to the doings of the Canadian Engineers; and the results have more than justified his splendid optimism. In proceeding to France, he takes with him not only the goodwill of his own Company, but the best wishes of the whole Depot.

✻ ✻ ✻

Our Editorial page would be incomplete this month unless mention were made of the splendid work of our baseball team. The Depot nine



By courtesy of Canada.

**COL. S. D. GARDNER, M.C.,**  
Commanding Canadian Troops, Seaford.

have more than made good during the past month, and have become a fine live combination.

In a brilliant series of games in the area league, they have up to date won from all their opponents—including the 3rd C.C.D., the 11th R.B., the 18th R.B., the C.M.G.D., the 1st R.B., and the 6th R.B.

In addition to these area games, they visited the Forestry Corps at Tunbridge Wells, where they again produced the goods.

"Dad" Stewart and Lt. Huyck are good managers, and their selection of talent has been justified. We note as we go to press that Joe Breen, one of our lightest men, has been called to France—so our fame as ball players has gone abroad. Good luck, Joe!

### Sinbad the Sapper.

[Editor's Note.—We very much regret that our old seafaring friend, "Sinbad," has not sent his monthly letter to his friend Horace. His wanderings, like those of the original Sinbad, have taken him into strange places, and he was in France when last heard of, and that is a place in which one cannot always control one's actions. We extend our sympathy to Mary Smith, because we feel that somehow that bad actor, Bill Simonds, will take advantage of Sinbad's oversight in not writing. We hope, however, it will be all right next month.]

### Shooting the Bull.

I am an Englishman, who has accidentally found his innocent way into the Canadian Forces. I admit it without any sense of shame; in fact, I rather glory in it, and I have become quite reconciled to the prefixes, "Dizzy headed," "Crazy," "Out of date," and the like which are tacked onto my patronymic in the course of ordinary conversation.

Every day of my life I sit unobtrusively by and listen to heated discussions which, if I took them seriously, would make me feel that England was a little behind Central Africa in the matter of civilization.

I used to get mad about this. Now I smile. The reason I smile is that I have discovered what is actually the national game of the Canadians. I used to think it was baseball; then someone told me it was lacrosse; later I heard it was hockey; but I know better. It is none of these things, gentlemen, it is a far different, far more strenuous game than any of these.

It is called "Shooting the bull." You can have as many shots as you like, it costs you nothing to miss, and the only way you can score a point is by getting your opponent's "goat." Should he prove able to retain that excitable animal, the game is a draw. Should it happen, however, that by some lucky shot he succeeds in coaxing your own well-trained and carefully groomed angora out of the pasture—why you lose, and everyone laughs.

But it is quite good natured, and the laugh does not hurt you at all; you can always go on again.

One time I was in a hut where a boy from Winnipeg with a nice soft voice—something like an open exhaust—was putting it all over a quiet, soft eyed, retiring little fellow from Toronto. (You know these quiet little fellows from Toronto, don't you?)

"Say," says Winnipeg, "you lop-eared, swivel eyed, knock-kneed, spavined, self-adjusting cripple, you don't call that place a town, do you? Say, boys, I rode into that town just once in an auto, and I came along a place called Young Street, and I didn't see no town, so I asked a fellow where it was. He says 'You haven't come to it yet;' so I goes on and asks again. 'Why, you're through it,' the lad tells me; so I goes back, and sure enough there was a town—but oh, so quiet and peaceful. Dead, gentlemen, dead."

"Well, that's all right," said Toronto, stalling for an opening.

"Sure it's all right. Now you take Winnipeg; say, boys, there's a town, a live town. Why, since 1904 she trebled her size and quadrupled her population; there was 75,000 people in Winnipeg at the last census. We got the biggest railroad depot in Canada, the best surface car system, and the boys, say, those boys live: they're just the swiftest thing there is. And we got—"

At this point Toronto stopped the flowing tide with a gentle remark. Quite a quiet remark, but it won the game, and brought down the big laugh.

"Yes," he said, "it's sure a swift city. I got to admit we can't live up to your style in Toronto. Why, I believe I am right in saying that the biggest lunatic asylum in Canada is right near Winnipeg."

Shooting the bull is a great sport. I am learning to like it, and I even try a round myself occasionally; but I haven't got the true art of it yet—although I keep trying. I am in a good school, and I think that by the time I know the language I shall have mastered most of the important points in the game. The main point is to be able to lie so impressively that at least one guy in the audience will forget himself and fall for it. Then you laugh at him.

The only time the boys quit their national game is when they go after Fritz. There is no bull about that.

J.B.

Stretcher Bearer (going on course): "Reporting to you for movement order, sir."

M.O. (absent minded): "Give this man a number 9, sergt."

There was an old woman of Ypres  
Suffered something sublime from the snipers.  
The words that she said  
Thro' the holes that they made,  
Stole a march on the dirge of the Pipers.

There was a young man from the plains,  
Spent a fortnight or so near the Janes.  
Came an air raid one night—  
Man, the Beach was a sight!  
What NL do they do when it rains?

## An Appreciation.



**CAPT. G. R. CHETWYND, D.C.M., C.E.**

The loss sustained by this journal on the removal of Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, D.C.M., to France, is an irreparable one. We lose not only a leader and organizer of great personality, but also a friend.

It will be noticed that in publishing his portrait we have omitted the usual categorical statement of his military history and achievements. We didn't want to do that, but we had to. When we approached him, note book in hand, and asked him for the history of his horrid past, he struck a thoughtful attitude, and said: "Let me see now, m'yes. I was born in —, and immediately opened my beautiful brown eyes and said 'Mamma.' From that moment my career has been one of uninterrupted success. The only reason I am a soldier instead of a cabinet minister is that I prefer a quiet life. Is there anything else you want to know?"

That's the sort of man he is. But he gets things done.

In the beginning of this year he noted the necessity for a Depot magazine that should possess the ordinary features of a regimental paper, and at the same time be a medium through which men of the C.E. serving in France could keep in touch with their comrades who have been invalided to this country to be made into soldiers again.

To think was to act with the Captain, and he immediately set to work. It was hard work.

The authorities had to be interviewed, ways and means had to be discussed and obtained, correspondents had to be appointed, and all the Companies of every sort in France had to be communicated with, in order to get the thing going. All these things he did himself.

Then came the question of printing, and new difficulties arose. It appeared there was a paper shortage—a thing one doesn't think of in the Army—to be overcome. He overcame it, and obtained priority orders from high authority for the use of paper.

Difficulty after difficulty was met and handled by pure energy and personality, and the magazine was born and has prospered. To us who are "carrying on," the work is merely one of keeping up-to-date and following a system, but the mind that conceived and built the system has left us.

To all who have worked with him, not only on this magazine but also in his Company (the old "C" Company) he was an efficient commander on duty, and a merry companion off duty. A keen appreciation of humour in any form, combined with a true insight into the motives of human actions to give him the right balance of mind necessary in controlling men. His experience, also, as a soldier of many years' standing, has given him an inexhaustible fund of military knowledge.

Kind, just, and efficient as an officer and a man is the description that best suits him. He will take to France the good wishes of all who worked with him or under his command, and THE CANADIAN SAPPER, of which he is the founder and organizer, especially wishes him good luck and swift promotion.

♦ ♦ ♦  
**Lieut. G. H. Cliff.**

The Presidency of this magazine, vacated by Capt. Chetwynd, is now filled by Lieut. G. H. Cliff, for some months Adjutant of "C" Company, and now Acting O.C. We welcome our new chief, and trust he will long remain with us. The Editorial chair is filled by Driver Butterfield.

♦ ♦ ♦  
**Colonel Gardner.**

Col. S. D. Gardner, M.C., Commanding the Canadian troops in the Seaford Area (whose portrait appears on the Editorial page) learned the rudimentary principles of soldiering as a trooper in the Cape Mounted Rifles, and also saw service in the Natal Rebellion of 1906. As Adjutant of the 6th (Duke of Connaught's) Regt. at Vancouver, he kept touch with military work, and was one of the first officers to volunteer for service in the present war. He came overseas as Adjutant of the 7th Batt. (B.C. Regt.), and went through the second battle of Ypres and Festubert, sustaining a lung wound at the latter. This kept him away from the fighting for about a year. He returned to the firing line in June, 1916, and promotion came rapidly. He received his majority the same month, and his Lieut.-Colonelcy in July. His old injury re-asserting itself, he was evacuated to England, and has since then held important commands at Shoreham and Hastings. On the re-organization of the Canadian Home Command he came to the Seaford Area as G.O.C., succeeding Brig.-General Landry. Besides the Military Cross, he holds the Legion of Honour (Chevalier), and was mentioned in despatches in 1916.

## "Story without Words" Competition.

We have received such a large number of entries for this competition that the task of selecting the winner has not been a light one.

After a careful consideration, however, we have reached the conclusion that the work of Lieut. E. Miall is the best.

His light verses catch the right spirit of levity demanded by the impossibility of the story, and we have great pleasure in awarding him the prize of one year's subscription to THE SAPPER for his verses, which we print below.

We regret that space does not permit us to print the story submitted by Sapper Jack A. MacLachlan, who has a light touch and a good command of prose.

### His "Canadian Sapper."

A tin-hat hero reads the sheet  
Midst Vimy mud, a box his sheet.  
His eyes are opened to the chance  
Of joy while carrying on in France.  
Unselfish, he decides to spread  
Glad tidings of the things he's read.  
Glance glued on "Sports," the "Whys," a poem,  
He hits it overland for home.  
Regardless of all in between,  
His footsteps lead him to a screen.  
Synchronic with one 8in. shell  
(Some Heinie's share of this old hell),  
Band, driving, one, between his knees,  
Removes him reading, still at ease;  
Till far across the German lines,  
A relic of a tree it finds—  
Goes by 'twixt bough and trunk so neat,  
Our hero has to change his seat.  
He finishes his "Sapper"—then  
Discovers what has happened—when  
Before he can make plans to go,  
Great schemes unfold on earth below.  
The Kaiser and young Willie talk  
Of how they hope to baffle Foch.  
Due note is made of what they say;  
Our hero hopes to spoil their "day."  
They leave. He weaves a line of thought,  
A loop throws up. A shell is caught.  
He hustles home attached to this,  
And lands with some discordant hiss;  
Reports the talk and carries on,  
Quite conscious of a deed well done.

\* \* \* \* \*  
In later times a medal comes;  
'Tis handed him before his chums.  
He travels now with the *elite*,  
Who got his start with the Sappers' sheet.

E. MIALL.

Particles of sand bags, bootlaces and glue,  
Seem the chief ingredients of an Army stew.

✻ ✻ ✻

Sing a song of lime juice,  
Winter has gone by.  
Four and twenty sappers  
Shouting "rum or die."  
When the jug is opened all begun to sing,  
"Isn't that the rotten dope men like us to bring."

## Official Opening of New Gymnasium.

One of the chief events of the month in the Depot—(I beg its pardon, the Training Centre)—was the display given by members of the P.T. Staff on the occasion of the opening of the gymnasium on No. 2 parade ground.

A large and representative company of officers and other ranks was present, prominent among whom we noted Lieut-Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Brigade Major Turner, Major C. Shergold, M.C., D.C.M., Major Fell, and many others. The occasion was also graced by the presence of a number of ladies.

Incidental music was provided by the C.E.T.C. band, and Sapper C. V. Williamson presided at the piano.

The "india rubber" men put on a splendid show, commencing with a spirited wrestling bout between Sapper Bamford and Sapper Whetmore, in which the honours were divided.

A series of exhibition bouts in the noble art of self-defence, refereed by Major Fell, were given by Sergt. Naylor *v.* Corpl. Shaw; Bandsman Tremblay *v.* Corpl. Saunders; and Sapper Goodson (runner-up light heavy weight championship, Canadian Forces) *v.* Sapper Alexander (middle weight champion Canadian Forces)

There was certainly some style to the stepping of Sergt. Naylor in the first bout, and Corpl. Saunders maintained his reputation as a dancer in the second, but the third supplied the real heavy stuff.

The Swedish drill team, consisting of Corpls. Brooks, Phipps, Salis, Twoomey, Death, Eaves, Neilson and Young, did a fine piece of team work under the very able direction of Staff-Sergt. Pryke, who introduced an element of humour by blindfolding his squad and putting them through their paces in the dark.

Two bayonet fighting teams, directed by Sergt. Laframboise and Sergt. Mackie, put up a desperate battle. Sergt. Laframboise's team:—Corpls. Potter, Death, Brown, and Webb. Sergt. Mackie's team:—Corpls. Skeddon, Rymer, McDonald and Burns.

The club swinging team, consisting of Lieut. E. R. Woodward—O/C "Jerks"—Sergt. Burgess, Sergt. Pullen, Sergt. Thomas, and Corpl. Webb, gave a very pretty performance to musical accompaniment.

Sergt. Mackie gave an exhibition in various stunts of self-defence, in which Corpl. Rymer was the "fall guy," who tried to do him in. But he stopped his tricks, took away his knife, and then his bayonet, threw him all over the floor, and then told him to say "Kamerad!"—and he did.

Sapper Alexander pulled a six-inch spike out of a fence rail with his teeth—that is, he meant to, but he went at it so energetically that he bit it in half instead.

Sergts. Pulham and Thomas gave some songs, and Corpl. Saunders gave a step dance with his usual grace and determination.

Great credit is due to Lieut. Woodward and Staff-Sergt. Pryke, for the fine show that was put on, and for the high efficiency of the P.T. Staff generally; and now the new gym is opened it is up to the boys to take advantage of all the special training it offers.

It is there for your use. Use it.



**Major Mieville's Company.**

You may or may not be anxious about the grain crop. Sergt. Wilson says his corn crop has not been a failure since he came to France.

Since Carroll and Berton left the M.G. section, Hiene has been over several times. Wake up, Chudleigh; we do not hire all these high-priced specialists for ornament.

The rumour of a shortage in bully and Maconochie may be premature; we should not attach undue importance to the fact that Mulloch is trapping rats, and that the Q.M.S. is calling in all our leather jerkins and top boots.

L/Cpl. Duncan Campbell went over the top on a one man raid on the 24th ult. He made his objective, and brought back a wounded prisoner.

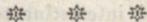
The mounted section have been making some interesting discoveries lately. (1) Horses cannot eat grass properly unless in heavy marching order; (2) Drivers cannot groom their horses properly, except they wear gas masks (the drivers, not the horses); (3) French beer, properly applied, makes an excellent polishing agent.

The boys are beginning to observe "matchless" days as well as "eggless" days. But then, the days out here are hard to match. What?

No. 1 kitchen staff are learning to ride the bike. They are inclined to back Whitlock as fancy performer, but Bud cuts a wider swathe with Mamzelle at the farmhouse.

Say, boys, who was the officer whom Billy Burnell assured that his particular style of beauty was greatly improved by a gas mask.

Since summer has officially arrived and been duly posted in orders, we are making shift to do without cardigans and to shiver ourselves warm in one blanket.  
MINENWERFER.



**Major Harrison's Company.**

Word has just come to hand that Lieut. D. J. Emery, M.M., has been awarded the Military Cross. Heartiest congratulations, Bill!

Lieut. Adam, M.C., has lately returned to the fold after a fortnight's wrestling with the intricacies of the sand dunes.

Young Calgary manages by odd questions to absorb a lot of useful information that the average wayfarer would miss. Incidentally, he is now in the throes of the "nose cap period." Not long since his duties carried him along a highway skirting a beautiful French river where a gang of men were working. After watching some of these chuck mud from the roadside into the river bed, one shovelful per two minutes, with a rest at

intervals, he asked the nearest N.C.O. what they were doing. That dignitary informed him that he was not sure, but he figured "they were covering up the dirt in the river."

This open warfare we read of in the press would appear to increase rather than decrease the severity of our martinets. We deduce this from the fact that one of the elder members of a squad was recently told by his N.C.O. to "get those wrinkles out of his face before the next parade."

Home life in a Field Company is so compact that one keeps more closely in touch with the doings and sayings of one's comrades than could be the case in a larger community. Hence, little expressions become so characteristic of the users that even on the darkest nights one realises from the spoken word the identity of the passer by. For instance, if one should hear "Gawds-trooth, but we 'ave gone out of our wye," one would at once register the "Bronco"; while a still small voice querulously poaching on the padre's preserves, somehow impels one's fancy to the home of the sugar-cane.

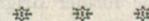
A catch phrase, "Orders are orders—pass the salt," has of late obtained a vogue, and proves by its instant popularity that language need not convey sense so long as it portrays a state of mind.

There has been an unusual amount of activity in the transport section since Capt. Weatherbe and Sergt. Ormiston have taken hold of salving as a side line. We have a nice supply of tarps, ploughs, dump carts, and extra harness on hand at present, and are waiting orders at this moment for another consignment, as Clough has taken advantage of the low ground mist and is on the trail once more. Hope he does not locate any more harness. As Hec says, he refuses absolutely to carry any more sand.

S.M. Rashley will no doubt be pleased to hear that Lassie, his favourite charger, has recovered from her recent illness. Shoey had the right dope alright, although he is now looking for a hair restorer.

Two of our youngest drivers, Art. Ward and Bill Revelle, have applications in for the Flying Corps. We wish them success in their new undertaking.

SUNNY JIM.



**Major Manhard's Company.**

Say, how about souvenirs, have you seen any of our own make? Every make and description, new and otherwise, our fame for their manufacture and exportation is known throughout the Empire. Connect with 2nd Corpl. Robinson in the field, or Mr. H. R. Christie in Blighty.

What are the names of the sappers who tried to prove their suitability for the Navy by submerging in a collapsible boat.

The rumour that during some recent manœuvres the sappers were praying for rain is entirely without foundation.

Say, boys, ain't it just H— how this old war keeps up? Getting to be a blooming habit.

Remember when you were just so high, how you used to feel when you read "Grimm's Fairy Tales"? Well, that is just how the sappers feel when they start on the pathetic stuff in the corner estaminet, often five or six glasses of voice culture. And just take it from me, that French beer is about as sad as the hind wheel on a hearse.

The umpty umpties have joined us, and will be on the job to help to spill the beans for "Wilhelm."

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### Major Wilgar's Company.

Congratulations to the O.C., to the Second in Command, to the Adjutant, and to other senior officers of the "old Major's" Company, on their promotion. Congratulations also to this unit on the retention of the O.C. and so many of his former staff.

Few, even of the old Company, know that in the unassuming person of Sergt. Clark, medical orderly (who got his third stripe the other day) the Battalion is harbouring a V.C. His bravery in the S.A. war won him that decoration, to which he last year added the M.M. The M.O. is as Irish as his senior N.C.O. is Scotch, but they get along very amicably nevertheless. They share a deep and permanent hatred of dirty mess tins, which must be buried at least six feet deep in hard ground to avoid detection during the daily medical circuit of the billets.

"Teddy" Edmonds, who used to conjure up delectable dainties for the men of his section, is now Battalion Sergt. Caterer, and looks after the meals for nearly a score of men. But that doesn't give the boys of the old section back their plum duff or their custard.

Many reinforcements are renewing friendship with other ranks of Lieut.-Colonel McPhail's former Divisional Engineers, the breaking up of which has brought a number of them to this Brigade. As comrades in distress, men who never heard of one another the day before yesterday, are now taking a pace of 30 inches to the rear, and 27 inches to the right, during the day, and as "Amis en joie" are spending their evenings hunting ha'penny French beers, with accessories. Included in the MacPhail contingent is Sergt. "Pete" Greer, one of the Canadian Contemptibles, who was wounded at Ypres.

Mr. Klingner, the Company's prodigal son, who went to the C.R.E. Staff last summer, has been welcomed back into the fold again. We also have the former Brigade Paymaster, a man much sought after at the time of writing, and the former Brigade M.O.

Together with sundry articles of stores, and some transport, the strength of the Battalion has been augmented by a goat, about a dozen so-called dogs of French parentage, and an enormous army of smaller animals, of enemy sympathies, and harder to get rid of than pontoons.

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### Capt. Worsley's A.T. Company.

Congratulations to Sergts. Lee and Hares, and Sapper J. Johnson, who were married during their last leave. We wish them all the luck going (also sympathy) with

their new enterprise. It was noticeable, however, that the latter two pulled through it O.K., while the former, poor boy, was forced to go to the hospital for a month.

We wish our new Q.M.S., formerly Sergt. Hobbill, the best of luck and success, and hope he will live up to his good reputation of looking after the boys. At the same time, we hope no more spare clothing raids will be pulled off, if only for the sake of keeping the stores in a tidy condition. By the way, wasn't he lucky to escape that raid?

Our alleged canteen committee had a rich one put over them a little while ago. A "stand to" being on, they sold the few barrels of beer that were in the canteen, and a couple of days later, when everything had quieted down, they went to get the empties back. But as luck would have it the buyers had re-sold them, and had a champagne supper with the proceeds. Such is life in the Army.

Now the estaminets have been re-opened, the old rivalry between Madame Blanghe's Olive and Darkey is as strong as ever. Sapper J. A. McN. is offering three to one on Darkey, so buck up W.H.

So Mr. B. thinks he has the A1 section of the Company with him. It is a shame that old Bill cannot understand the praise he gets, but putting all jokes aside, we would like to know on what Mr. B. bases his information.

We must offer our thanks to someone unknown for the way in which cigarettes, chocolates, etc., were distributed after a certain incident in our canteen.

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### Captain Boswell's Company.

Like the guy who slept until quitting time, we haven't done much this day (month) but we will give it socks to-morrow (next month).

Several of our candidates for "pips" have received a long promised incentive to their hopes of attaining the first definite move, and we are expecting to lose some of the best at an early date. It only needs these going to set the ball rolling, as ambition is strong, principally in the high flying.

Claude Pidgeon, the man you must have met, made Blighty with a fractured arm, and conjecture is rife on the extent of his knowledge in the new sphere of operations.

That canny Scot, Jim Kelso, says "Yes! we lost the trench, but we took it back, only put it in a much better place."

It was pleasing and interesting to hear of the promotion of our old friend Corpl. J. Wareing to Sergt.-Instructor, but we take no credit for the knowledge he has acquired. It must be that he has dropped into his proper vocation.

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### Captain McCuaig's A.T. Company.

Owing to the transfer of C.S.M. Low and Sergt. Craig to England to receive commissions in the C.E.'s, and the evacuation of Sergt. Johnston and Sergt. Archibald on account of illness, there has been a strong demand for N.C.O. talent in the Company. The new N.C.O.'s under C.S.M. "Tiny" Godwin seem to be a happy family.

Those of you who know us, and have not been with us for some time, will be interested to know that

Jack Reeves as a gardener, is more successful than he has been as a "Crown and Anchor" promoter; and that

Jack Kneale has become a N.C.O.; and that

Harry Wallace is now O.R.S.; and that

We are becoming case-hardened to Sapper Baylis's melodies; and that

One of our new reinforcements insists on calling a captive balloon a "Prisoner balloon"—this is not the same man who said that Heine was "excavating" Lens; and that

Armstrong has shown himself imbued with the right ideas, since being attached to this Company.

NOTE.—The above reference to "Crown and Anchor" is purely "poetic licence," as "Crown and Anchor" is strictly forbidden in the Corps Area.—O/C.

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### Major Vince's Company.

A writer's lot is not always a happy one, as the perpetrator of these notes is well aware. For an item



A Study of Morale, 1918.

Joe Christie refuses to be drawn out on the question as to whether the Scotch Navy wears kilts or not; and that

Our games of well earned tennis continue to be marred by the caustic comment of casual observers from the road.

The Hun has been keeping special watch on one of our subs., who has recently taken to pick and shovel work instead of physical training, to fit himself for the coming encounter.

We are all glad to welcome Lieut. Riddell back to the Canadian Engineers. For some time it was feared that he might join the R.E.'s. It is still a matter of concern with Lieut. Riddell that the days are not long enough. Play loud! Play loud!

The transfer of Lieut. R. F. Armstrong from the C.F.A. to the Canadian Engineers is under way. Lieut.

which appeared in the March issue, an injured gentleman has promised to murder me, but has not at present divulged the means by which I am to make my horrid exit. In the midst of impending tragedy my suffering is alleviated by the knowledge that, in spite of all, THE CANADIAN SAPPER is being read. (Good.—Ed.)

Time was when a Company similar to this was expected to settle down in a R.E. park and rusticate. But the old order changes. The past month has seen us doing everything from nothing to digging and holding a trench. Luckily (for Fritz) we were soon withdrawn from the line, else old Crown Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria would have suffered a very severe shock.

Our "out since Mons" men protest that our present billet is the finest they have yet struck in France. It is hoped that this valuable information will not be the cause of another move—perchance into bivvies.

Owing to our present tactical situation we have received many invitations to play cricket. With great reluctance we have, up to the present, declined them all; but, if the challengers persist, the boys will get real devilish one of these days and accept.

ACK TOK.

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### Major Anderson's Company.

A general meeting was held on the 28th ult. to elect a canteen committee. Capt. Macfarlane occupied the chair (in a metaphorical sense).

There was a good attendance, and the following office holders were elected:—Steward, A/L/Corpl. Jarrett. Committeemen: Corpl. J. Peacock (vice Sergt. Simpson, absent through unavoidable circumstances), Sappers J. Breen and D. Baston, and A/L/Corpl. J. Moody. Auditor: Dr. Tagg. Q.M.S. Dallman will continue as President.

One gentleman, who certainly had the courage of his convictions, suggested that no N.C.O. should be on the committee. The majority, however, while admitting that he had made out a wonderfully good case, naturally preferred proportionate representation.

All the thirsty ones sat up and took notice when the question of making the canteen a wet one was raised. But the matter was left in abeyance.

Congratulations to L/Corpl. Silk; now that he has set his foot on the first rung of the difficult ladder of promotion, we hope that he will find "plenty of room on top." Real merit marks this appointment.

The Signal canteen has re-opened, and is doing a roaring business (oh, s'allright, ye pessimistic prohibitionists, only soft drinks—for those who are soft enough to imbibe them—are obtainable).

We have now dolled up à l'infanterie; and speculation is rife, though the rumour that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince are to be induced to inspect us (it being confidently expected that they would die of laughing) is not altogether believed, as this is so much at variance with the Government's well-known humanitarian principles.

A most depressing case of juvenile depravity was recently brought to light when a "lamb" was charged with gambling (gambolling) within an Army area. Prisoner, who looked exceedingly sheepish, made no reply to the charge; but the evidence went to show that the offence was aggravated by the fact that, when warned that he would be taken into custody, accused insolently exclaimed "Bah!" (or baa). In consideration of the extenuating circumstances, and prisoner's extreme youth, the President dismissed the case, remarking with ready wit "if he appeared before him again he would 'lamb' him."

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### Major Lawson's Company.

#### THE BIG SHOW.

Lawson's Travelling Circus and Hartley's Hair-raising Side-splitting Side-Shows.

#### SPECIAL FEATURES.

Hiddlestone the Demon Booze-fighter from Tara Hill. Challenges all comers.

Hop the granite headed nail eater. Challenges any goat in the area to a butting contest.

Bully-beef Bill in his STOREY of a tame tape worm.

Wireless in his famous act with a flaming motor-cycle. Broncho-busting Bill in his broncho busting act with "Carrots."

The Q.M.S. Squad.—The Elusive Tonsorial Artist; Him of the Lancers; Albert Edward and his little Primus Stove.

Samuel's Sextette.—Aquatic Athletes; Introducing Black Jack from the Wilds of Nova Scotia and Kurious Kon, the short-haired wonder; Pinkie Prid, the Toronto diver; special acts by the Black Prince and the Grand Duke.

McKenny's Musings.—How to get eggs for breakfast; peace offering of a Plymouth Rock, or doings of a Drake; Encore Madam! or why the pay ran out.

The management regrets that, owing to the exigencies of the Service, the following acts have been cut out:—

SHELL SHOCK BILL, in his monologue, "Three nights on the Somme, and then Some."

N.V., in his famous recital, "Only a Pickled Walnut."

It is also regretted that the only talking Crane in captivity (captured in the wilds of Dickebusch Lake) has flown the coop.

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### Major Hibbert's Company.

Lieut. Murphy is out with a challenge to run anyone at any distance from 50 yards to 50 miles. Night race and cross country preferred.

Can it be that the S.M. was seen on the Ateenvorde road recently looking for the "aeroplane" mentioned in the May SAPPER?

Latest reports from the Creighton Mine show that an Australian artillery officer said that things were coming our way.

The popularity of the M.M.P. is increasing every day. They work for the Crown, and get a hold with the anchor. Hence the expression "Crown and Anchor."

Capt. Young, M.C., formerly with this Company, is spending a couple of months with the British Recruiting Mission at Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

Among the recent arrivals at the C.E.T.C. we notice the names of several members of this Company. They have our best wishes for the future, as they had our sympathy at Bexhill.

Capt. Field says that "Hurdles come and hurdles go, but I drive stakes for ever." The question is, where does he get the stakes from?

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### Major Crysdale's Company.

This Company regrets that no contributions to THE SAPPER have been sent in before. They plead as excuses that they had no lines of the proper gauge, and that their only artist was too busy camouflaging.

We have spent the last few weeks at a rest and training camp, where the boys renewed their acquaintance with button polish, and improved their physical well being with "jerks."

Football and baseball teams have each played a number of matches. Owing to the paper shortage, however, it is not deemed advisable to publish a list of victories gained by either team.

The Sergt. in charge of Tractor Repair Depot has now a complete foundry, machine shop, and electric power plant, and is kept busy by the F.E. with "dud" tractors. A new "Inventions" branch, in charge of Corpl. Haynes, has been inaugurated, and some surprises in this direction are anticipated in the near future.

The Company possesses a "ranch" of considerable size, and a good crop of "spuds" and cabbages is anticipated. The S.M. and his dog are personally responsible for the satisfactory progress made in this direction.

The Imperial Colonel, who mistook Lieut. Dingwall for a "padre," must have been misled by the cut of his hair and his interest in social conditions.

The Staff Sergt. of C Section has invented a new gymnastic for use at rest camp parades. It is "Backwards fall, and say 'Shun at the same time.'" We hope he will bring it to perfection.

### The "Dings."

D.R. Sergt.: Any junk to go back to the column this morning?

Corpl. Grouser: Yes, my motor-cycle.

He was in a hurry, carrying a special to advanced Brigade. It was moonlight, and the old bus was rambling as if it realised that the fate of the Canadian Corps depended on it. All went well until Fritz moved a house on the roadside, so close to Mac that he took a header. Some Tommies immediately shouted for some stretchers on the double.

Mac, however, lost no time in evacuating to a "previously prepared position," further up the line. Imagine the surprise of the S.B.'s to see their casualty disappearing in a cloud of dust, and with the throttle wide open. Needless to say, Mac delivered the special, but only in pieces, as the bumps had proved too much for "Johnnie," who has the reputation and still going strong.

### A Spring Push.

Behind the lines—a very little way behind—and within sound of the grey guns, the greatest push of all is going on.

It is the Spring push.

A silent, slow and determined movement, with a definite objective, that no power of frightfulness can gainsay or defeat.

An old, old woman told me about it in an estaminet: a woman so old that she could barely walk; so old that her skin was wrinkled like leather, and her hands twisted with labour; a woman who was too tired to laugh, but whose eyes could not help laughing. She had seen so much evil that she believed in good.

"Listen, m'sieur," she said, as she put down my eggs and tartines, "hear les alluettes, the sky-larks, mon Dieu, how they sing. It is the spring."

With a sigh I indicated the blasphemous devastation of the war to be seen from the window.

The wonderful light of unshaken faith grew in her old eyes. "Ah," she said, "le printemps, c'est plus puissant que la guerre."

The war was a mere episode to her, the spring was eternal—and I went out to see the spring.

A few weeks earlier the whole earth had been one scarred mass of open sores; pitted with torn holes that left the impression of a vast and irremediable corruption.

To-day it is different. A luxury of young green things fills every hole, and fringes the ridges between; the celandine, the burdock, and the dandelion are starting life afresh, with a sprinkling of daisies and lots of little low growing pink things.

Low bushes that have escaped fire are crowned with a coronal of green mist that will soon be a glory of leaves.

Out on the roads where one looks for the broken skeletons of battered trees throwing their pathetic arms to heaven, one sees that a life which is denied the ordinary framework of twigs whereon to express itself, is forcing through rents in the bark, and little shoots of new twigs surround the parent trunks like fur.

And everywhere the larks sing. Thousands of larks, unafraid of the roaring guns and the little brown men in khaki, make their nests, sing their mating songs, and rear their little ones just as if nothing unusual was going on.

In a ruined village on the side of a hill are the most marvellous roses in the world. From hundred-year-old gardens, far below the heaps of rubbish and brickwork, and fragrant with the loves and sorrows of generations of patient toilers, they force their tenderly tipped fingers to proclaim aloud to the world the indestructibility of joy and life.

Daffodils, too, yellow queens of spring, daintily petticoated in green, wave their old-fashioned heads in the queerest places. They have been blown out of the ground by high explosive shells and deposited in the wet earth far from their wanted homes. And where they have fallen they have taken root, and thrown their annual grandeur of bloom, unaffected by war and unafraid.

Everywhere, while the long grey guns are booming the hate of nations into the hearts of men, there is life. Life abounding and boundless, stronger than death, stronger than sorrow, stronger than man himself: the true servant and companion of God.

Life is making its spring push in the home of death, calm and clear eyed—and knowing no doubt of the issue.

"Le printemps est plus puissant que le guerre."

### Anonymous Letters.

An anonymous letter is one of the meanest products of civilization; it is particularly so when it comes from a soldier.

We have received several during the last few months, and each of them has registered a kick that the writer has not the pluck to put his name to—even for the private use of the Editor.

They have been destroyed.

All letters addressed to the Editor for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name and number: not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. A "nom de guerre" may, of course, be added for public use; and the correspondence will receive proper consideration.

## Roll of Honour.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

**Officer Wounded.**

Stevenson, Lieut. F. W.

**Officers Missing.**

Hustwitt, Lieut. S. A., attached R.A.F.

Pelletier, Lieut. C. A., " "

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

**Killed.**

767181 Bull, W. A.

**Died of Wounds.**

500022 Chandler, T.	104294 Houston, E.
166502 Cybulski, A. H.	6569 Labre, A.
918160 Ford, W.	765719 Thomas, C. R.
511229 Fraser, J. J.	104732 Wilson, W. H.

**Died.**

505199 Goff, G. C.	719121 King, C. G.
246254 Hacker, E. C.	79417 Maddocks, D.
21380 Kerr, P. R.	104450 Nickerson, S. B.

**Wounded.**

922665 Ackers, T.	460866 MacKay, A.
409407 Andrews, E. F.	443796 Mazur, F.
502449 Barnes, W. T.	167077 McMullen, J.
922387 Bedard, A.	875423 Mein, J. F.
138120 Bell, J. H.	74202 Mitchell, W. C.
46 Boyles, S. C.	504950 Moxon, A. W. R.
844099 Brooks, W. S.	414812 Oliver, J.
540505 Brown, J.	524712 Orr, A.
928121 Burnett, W.	505914 Robinson, P.
2005294 Byers, J. B.	166639 Rogers, W.
766147 Carlton, F. A.	649282 Roy, J. P.
814018 Caron, L.	808651 Sinclair, W.
757729 Carswell, A.	486585 Smith, C.
844168 Cornish, C. S.	853770 Smith, F.
757509 Crocker, R. G.	913907 Stevens, R.
442517 DeCima, J. J.	918672 Stewart, J.
507684 Denison, J.	767129 Stewart, W. N.
657984 Emes, C. J. J.	853699 Swan, A. E.
739207 General, H.	235029 Swanson, H. J.
643885 Glen, A. A. F.	739310 Tice, H. S.
216256 Green, C. F.	117615 Webster, J.
2005573 Hill, H. L.	739614 White, T.
772301 Hutchinson, W. R.	766740 Wilson, H.
769727 Jones, G. R.	434563 Wilson, S. E.
504368 Kidley, E. C.	104732 Wilson, W. H.
709483 Lord, F. C.	

**Prisoners of War Interned in Holland.**

503331 Kilby, W.	503410 Smith, T.
503299 McLeod, J. R.	503211 Wallace, H.
80046 McNeill, J. H.	

**Personal.**

Capt. Ross has been transferred to Major Pepler's Company.

Lieut. Wally has transferred to Major Robinson's Company.

Lieut. Hay has transferred to Major Trotter's Company.

## Honours List.

**Birthday Honours.**

The names of the following Canadian Engineers were included in the King's birthday honours list, published June 3rd:—

**D.S.O.**

Major Douglas Stewart Ellis.

Major Norman Roy Robertson.

Major Cecil Bell Russell.

**Military Cross.**

Captain Arthur Hartley.

Captain Frederick Arthur McGiverin.

Captain Samuel Fraser Workman.

Lieutenant (T/Major) William Thomas Wilson.

Lieutenant Shaw Hoiiloway.

Lieutenant Harold John Mackenzie.

Lieutenant Henry Campbell McMordie.

Lieutenant James Learmouth Melville.

Lieutenant Charles Ayre Morris.

Lieutenant Abram Rupert Neelands.

Lieutenant Samuel Rutherford Parker.

Lieutenant John Albert Young.

**D.C.M.;**

638 C.S.M. E. H. Rashley.

45024 C.S.M. C. Ward.

404012 Sergt S. E. Barker.

706 Sergt. D. C. Johnstone.

63482 Corpl. L. D. Johnson.

196 2/Corpl. W. F. Marsh.

502934 L/Corpl. J. Bowley.

489181 Pioneer J. W. Chaddock.

**Mentioned in Despatches.**

Major D. S. Ellis.

Major A. L. Mierville, M.C.

Major N. R. Robertson.

Major C. B. Russell.

Captain H. B. Boswell.

Captain K. P. Macpherson.

Captain W. McIntosh.

Captain J. A. Watt

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

Lieutenant A. G. Ashford.

Lieut. F. M. Dawson.

Lieutenant J. C. Franklin.

Lieutenant P. V. Harcourt, D.C.M.

Lieutenant S. H. Hawkins.

Lieutenant R. Hill

Lieutenant T. C. McGill.

Temp. Lieutenant P. A. Laing.

500193 C.S.M. W. F. Deeks.

45362 Sergt. J. McC. Armstrong.

418754 Sergt. A. Cooper.

327 Sergt. F. B. Hirst.

501283 Sergt. P. McNaughton.

629912 Corpl. (Acting Sergt.) M. Rosenbaum.

401772 Corpl. D. Cusson.

15021 Corpl. J. E. Holmes.

40677 2/Corpl. E. A. Macmillan.

503710 L/Corpl. H. C. Bowles.

302499 L/Corpl. E. B. Kirby.

503873 Driver J. McGregor.

83 Sapper J. Craven.

## Commissions and Appointments, Etc.

Temp. Captains to be Temp. Majors:—

- C. R. Crysdale, M.C.  
R. H. Winslow, from B.C. Regt. (March 4th).  
Temp. Lieut. N.C. Qua to be Acting Major while specially employed (February 28th).

Temp. Lieutenants to be Temp. Captains:—

- R. M. Anderson, from B.C. Regt.  
G. B. Field.  
H. S. Kennedy.  
W. T. May.  
A. A. Richardson, from C. Ontario Regt.  
S. D. Robinson.  
C. F. Szammers, from W. Ontario Regt.  
C. W. West, from C. Ontario Regt.  
F. W. White, from B.C. Regt.  
F. S. Williams, from B.C. Regt.

Temp. Lieutenants to be Temp. Lieutenants:—

- R. F. Armstrong, from C.F.A.  
L. C. Blackwell, from C. Ontario Regt., with seniority from January 25th, 1918.  
W. Byrnt, from Manitoba Regt., with seniority from January 26th, 1918.  
J. B. Buckham, from Manitoba Regt., with seniority from September 18th, 1916.  
H. Downing, from Sask. Regt.  
R. L. Foster, from C. Ontario Regt.  
G. P. Morse, from Quebec Regt.  
T. B. Pemberton, from B.C. Regt.  
W. S. Sutherland, from C. Ontario Regt., with seniority from December 6th, 1916.  
G. N. Tracy, from Manitoba Regt., with seniority from September 23rd, 1916.

To be Temp. Lieutenants:—

- 5005 Regtl. Sergt.-Major F. Beasley.  
45291 Regtl. Sergt.-Major A. G. Hodder.  
401015 Co. Sergt.-Major W. P. Blathwayt.  
166328 Co. Sergt.-Major A. C. Gillespie.  
45302 Co. Sergt.-Major C. M. Low.  
500250 Co. Sergt.-Major T. W. Scott.  
167104 Co. Sergt.-Major J. Stewart.  
1848 Staff Sergt. (Acting Co. Sergt.-Major) G. C. Stevenson.  
57769 Co. Q.M.S. W. A. Abrahamt.  
166948 Co. Q.M.S. A. B. Mitchell.  
502750 Co. Q.M.S. H. C. Pearson, M.M.  
501 Sergt. M. J. Campbell, M.M.  
2245 Sergt. F. S. Corley.  
500510 Sergt. J. Craig, D.C.M.  
769262 Sergt. J. W. Dixon.  
724739 Sergt. A. Gleadall.  
501330 Sergt. W. F. Gowans.  
166327 Sergt. P. Grimes, M.M.  
119015 Sergt. W. W. Hammond.  
718544 Sergt. W. R. Kelso, M.M.  
77156 Sergt. D. McGregor.  
501114 Sergt. A. W. Richardson, D.C.M.  
500577 Sergt. J. H. Scott.  
206 Sergt. D. H. Thomas.  
445718 L/Sergt. L. B. Wandless.  
541727 2/Corpl. J. C. Dryden, M.M.  
504090 2/Corpl. C. McG. Hight.  
216684 L/Corpl. A. H. Cotman.

Temp. Lieut. C. W. H. Nicholson ceases to be seconded for duty with the War Office.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



LIEUT. COL. J. HOULISTON.

### Married.

SIMS—CHEESMAN. On April 24th, by the Rev. Gordon Ward, Miss Beryl Blanche Nightingale Cheesman to Cadet (Sergt.) Marcus Melbourne Sims.

Corpl. J. E. Hall, of the P.T. Staff, was married at Bolton on May 29th. THE SAPPER wishes him health and happiness.

Sergt. Laframboise has been married two months and we didn't record the fact. The Sergt. feels a little hurt, and we apologize. Next time he gets married we will be on time.

### Competitions.

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

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

As we have not yet received a sufficient number of replies to the above competitions, we have decided to extend the time for sending in your efforts. Now get busy, boys, and send your stuff in. Each reply should be marked "Competition," and also bear sender's name and number and postal address. Replies may be sent in up till the end of July. This will allow ample time for our readers in France to compete.

## The "Whys" Men's Columns.

### SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Who was the sergt. in headquarters who was asked by a lady in Brighton if he had been to France. His reply was "No, but I've been to Shoreham."

Why does a certain N.C.O. wish to be made a fuss of when funds are low?

Has the C.P.R. any more Fords to spare, as the one we have has a few bobbins loose?

Who *confiscated* the nominal roll?

When will our dear O.R.S. come and take his box respirator away?

How does Jimmy get on with field work?

Who was the sapper who wanted a pass because his wife had been "confined for four months"?

Where was the S.M. when the Battalion Adjutant collected reports on the P.T. parade?

What R.S.M. "about turns" his markers?

The name of the N.C.O. who reported a "bullet wound" in pipe at S.28.d.5.8?

If the (Q)W.A.A.C.'s have arrived at the Engineer's Pool, could Lieut. Simson arrange to have some of them for our "Second Anniversary Dinner"?

What the C.S.M. said when he was detailed for a course at the "Corps Infantry School"?

If, after two years' sojourn in France, it is really intended to make soldiers of us?

Who will believe that fish story when we get back to Canada?

Did the sergt. think he was a tunneller when he fell in the ditch and camouflaged as a mole to get by the sentry?

What long distance runner was credited with having the instep of a sparrow, and who gave him the title?

Why are all the boys buying French phrase books?

Is vin-blink as innocent stuff as it looks?

Who found the "fizz" in the wood, and what did they do with it?

Can you still dive over the old mulligan pot without touching the sides after sports day, eh, "Guts"?

What S.M. used to read poetry aloud when the N.C.O.s came in a little elevated?

What cook had the hens so well trained that they laid their eggs in his bed?

How did the well known W.O. make out in counting the butter cups?

What is the name of the N.C.O. who, after paying tribute to Bacchus, declared he could grow potatoes from peelings in the top section of the water plant?

What is the name of the gallant Sapper who claims to be the oldest soldier in his dug-out?

Does the "Borough Engineer" still find it necessary to visit the power plant?

Why L/Corpl. enjoys THE CANADIAN SAPPER so much?

What Company O.C.s are known as "Night Commanders of the Bath"?

Did Sapper Holland click in Brighton—and what brand of face cream does he use?

## After "Lights Out."

M.O. (to inveterate lead swinger): "Look here, my man, if you were in civvy life, would you come to me with a fool complaint like this?"

I.L.S.: "No, sir, certainly not, sir; I'd go to a real doctor."

✻ ✻ ✻

The Major was inspecting the Parade for the purpose of selecting men for the Labour Corps.

"What were you in civil life?"

"Carpenter, sir."

"And you?"

"Plumber, sir."

"Next?"

"Happy, sir."

Parade is dismissed. [5/- prize]

✻ ✻ ✻

He had just come over, and was taking a Sunday morning constitutional, which eventually landed him in the neighbourhood of a large French military cemetery.

Noticing the red, white and blue rosettes which distinguished the French soldiers' graves, and mistaking them for the same signs that our aeroplanes carry, he approached an old timer (out since Mons), and the following conversation took place:—

Newcomer: Gee, they kill a pile of them airmen, don't they?

O.S.M.: Yes, a few.

Newcomer: There must be a couple of thousand in that cemetery.

O.S.M.: You should see our large ones. That is only the private cemetery of the squadron on the hill.

Newcomer: Glad I joined the infantry.

✻ ✻ ✻

New Driver: Do you have to take this blanket off the horse for grooming?

Sergt.: Hell, no. Brush right through it.

✻ ✻ ✻

They were talking about the movies.

"Gee," he said, "there is one picture I am going to see every night whenever it is on; I am going to follow it wherever it goes."

"Why, that must be some picture."

"It sure is. Why, there is a girl there that starts undressing; she takes off all her things till she has only got one left on, then she undoes her hair, then she starts to take off the —"

"Yes?"

"Then an express train dashes past and shuts her off."

"Well, what's the good of keeping on going to see that?"

"Ah, ah, my boy, some time that train will be late."

✻ ✻ ✻

One afternoon the Colonel of an infantry Battalion went up the front line. (No, no, that's not the joke. Wait)

He was very much worried by a sniper in a tree; so he sent for a good man to bring the blighter down.

At the third crack he got him. "There," he said, as he reloaded; "that'll learn yer to miss our Colonel."

[2/6 prize]

ROUND THE DEPOT.



Owing to the re-organisation several sheep have left the fold, and in most cases for promotion. I overheard a man, who had just passed S.Q.M.S. Douglas, say, "Gee, that guy's an old sweat—eight blinkin badges!" As a rumour is only a rumour, it's safe to repeat a rumour.

The betting on a marriage likely to take place in Ireland is two to one *Barr*. One and yet another is rumoured to be on the list. So Headquarters will have to dip low in their pockets.

We notice Major Ellis wearing the D.S.O. ribbon. We congratulate you, sir, on winning the much coveted Order.

We are very sorry to hear our Editor is about to leave us. We wish him the very best of luck and a safe return, and hope that his successor will receive all the support possible to enable him to keep *THE SAPPER* up to its past record.

PEN.



"A" Company.

Yes, the 1st Battalion is all in a whirl with the inception of this new organization. We were tickled to death at first, because someone said the "Terrible One" would not be around so much; in fact, one who knows, ventured the remark that he would be doing nothing but watching behind the little soap box in the corner with quill in hand, ready to sign all the passes for "seven days' leave" that the Company Commanders could crowd into him. But lo, he never sleeps, for he still commands the way, and like a sentinel guards us night and day.

By the way, will someone kindly tell us who was the officer who ventured to ask for a week's leave to go house-hunting for the Iron Duke, and thus relieve him of these dawn to midnight vigils?

The Company Orderly Room reminds one of the mid-way at a Toronto Exhibition, or something even busier still. Lieut. Woolsey in the corner padded cell has turned a shade whiter, whilst his adjutant and chief adviser has the appearance of one related to the Rajah of Bohm.

The buzzing of the busy "B's" in the next cubicle is more than sufficient to tell us there is something doing in that quarter. Lieut. Finlay has acquired the hardened look of those whose task it is to decide the fate of men; whilst the faithful colleague at his side is looking very wise, as though, indeed, the successful conclusion of the war was dependent on his knowledge of K.R. and O.

Lieut. Hoare, behind the curtain, is "carrying on" with his staff. Sometimes urging, sometimes entreating, but at all times keeping a sharp look-out for those who have grown weary, and swing it when they can.

Most of the scribes in the Company are too busy sewing "rations" on their sleeves to write notes for *THE SAPPER* this month. But by the next issue we expect to make this the best column in the magazine, and there is only one way to live up to our expectations: every man in the Company must take a personal interest in the column.

Contributions of sense or nonsense, but always brief, will be welcomed if addressed to the "Editor, "A" Company Notes, *THE CANADIAN SAPPER*," and left in the Orderly Room by the third of the month.

"DUBUBER."

"B" Company.

"Busy as a hive" describes us nowadays, both for work and play. Mr. Gilley says more of us have to get into the latter; very good, sir!

Surprising number getting married—did someone murmur "June?" So it is; carry on. Send brief "B's" to Company Editor, c/o Orderly Room.

"C" Company.

Can it be possible that the meaning of C.E.R.B. is "Charley's Early Rising Boys"?

Pass word for "C" Company: "Burnishers." (To be said in a whisper)

On June 10th, in the company office, Sergt.-Major Ward, on behalf of the N.C.O.s of the Company, presented Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, D.C.M., with a silver cigarette case, as a token of the good feeling that has always existed between the late O.C. and the N.C.O.s.

In a short speech of thanks, Capt. Chetwynd said:—"When I saw all the N.C.O.s here I thought a big case was up for office. I am glad it is all right. I have been an N.C.O., and I have always appreciated your work. I am proud to say that no O.C. ever had a more conscientious and reliable bunch of N.C.O.s. As a matter of fact, it is you who have run the Company, and run it well.

"I only hope, now that I am going back to France, I shall see many of you over there. I shall be always ready to help you and glad to see you, and I shall always carry your token of appreciation with me."



### Staff of the Command Signal School.

By kind permission of the Proprietors of Canada.

**Top Row**—Sergt. S. F. Osmond, Sergt. J. Milley, Sergt. A. E. Case, Sergt. S. Stephenson, Sergt. B. Chapman, Corpl. J. H. Turner, Sergt. R. Cawston.

**Middle Row**—S.M.I. R. Howell, Lieut. R. T. Hicks, C.E., Major A. M. Stroud, C.E., Lieut. R. Brown, C.E., Q.M.S.I. T. Davidson, S/Sergt. C. W. Johnson.

**Bottom Row**—Sergt. A. Blann, Corpl. E. S. Johnson, Sergt. W. J. Dwyer, Sergt. W. G. Drake.

Maybe you think the Mounted Company isn't enjoying itself. Hush, gentlemen! the worst is yet to come.

Congratulations to Sergt. Coates on the arrival of the 10 pound boy. But surely that was not the one he had in the pram?

Don't forget the mounted sports on the 19th inst. Tent pegging, lemon cutting, bucket tilting, pig sticking, and Roman races. Walk up, walk up, and see the show.

Hearty congratulations to our budding Demosthenes. Driver Rowat. He has walked off with one of the big prizes in the competition organized by the Khaki College. This body offered £150 in prizes for the best essays on the "social and economic re-construction of Canada after the war." And Driver Rowat headed the Seaford group, being specially complimented on his able use of statistics.



### "A" Company.

We understand that our Second-in-Command, Major A. W. Davies, is going back to France. We shall sure miss him.

Capt. J. B. Macphail is now with us, and working in the Battalion Orderly Room.

The Adjutant, Assistant Adjutant, and R.S.M. made a trip through the lines the other night and were quite successful.

The Officers' Mess, No. 1 Lines, should soon be having fresh fish, as they are now provided with a fishing boat and plenty of sea.

### "B" Company.

From "B" Company C.E.T.D. to "B" Company 2nd C.E.R.B. is a long cry. We still have a staff, and we still have strength (mostly dead), but it is really impossible to go through the Battalion movements we used to do. The poor chap feels quite lonely on parade.

"Dusty" is having a well earned rest after his winter's work. We noticed he has only three men training, and seven on ceremonial parade.

With three officers to inspect them they should be pretty smart.

Wally must have been right about those aeroplanes after all—as I see he has been made a Corporal.

The old "B" Company staff is well to the fore among the promotions. We see "two" on the arms of Walling, Cowan, Newman, Wilson and Hardaker. Corpl. Dawson is now a Sergt., and C.Q.M.S. Turner has blossomed out into a C.S.M.

No. 2 lines N.C.O.'s mess held a mess meeting on the 6th inst. for the election of office holders.

"Dusty" Miller was re-elected president, and Sergts. Lilly and Pryke were elected to the committee.

Arrangements were also made to hold the monthly smoker in the near future.

### "C" Company.

The sportsmen of "C" Company were getting busy to carry out the fixtures arranged for them, and were prepared to make a good showing.

The other afternoon, in response to a challenge from "D" Company, our tug-of-war team met them for the first time, and were easily the winners with two pulls to nil.

The "Draft Call" is likely to disorganize our sports for a little, until our talent is discovered.

New talent will send its names to the Officer i/c sports "C" Company.

The Company are sorry to have their O.C. absent through illness, and wish him a speedy recovery and return.

### "E" Company.

O.C. and officers of "E" Company wish the best of luck to men shortly going away on draft. The Company will really be "left desolate," but at least gains merit by sending such a fine body of men.

Congratulations to the "hockey" and "baseball" teams, which were chosen to represent the 2nd Battalion.

Owing to all leave being stopped, mothers, sisters, and "others" had to come to Seaford during the weekend. It was *not* the fault of the Adjutant that a special train was not provided for the "others."

### "G" Company.

Who stole the O.C.'s bicycle? The Company will willingly pay for the return thereof. No questions asked, as walking does not improve the temper during this hot weather.

"G" Company regrets to announce the loss of Capt. H. B. Mogg, who is proceeding overseas. All ranks unite in wishing him the best of luck, etc.

Has anybody seen "A" Company's baseball team? "G" Company gets two games from them, owing to their absence from the playing field. Perhaps they saw our team in practice.

If you want to know what sports are, ask L/Corpl. Pierce.

Will someone in another Company tell us what experience their Presbyterian representative had on their preliminary inspection. Ours came back in tears, and his vocabulary was most contradictory to Presbyterian ideals.

Ask Corpl. Wilson what he thinks of a white Blan-co'ed belt, and then "duck."

Who wanted to know what the big noise was on the night of 7th inst? No, it wasn't a draft going out. Ask some of our sergeants, they may have a faint recollection. Anyway, hearty thanks, Sergeants' Mess No. 1 Lines. We had a most enjoyable time, although perhaps a little hilarious.

There seems to be a rather serious epidemic of marriages in this Company. Why this haste?

One or two of our N.C.O.s have been "sweating" like "June brides" of late. Come on, someone, let us know when the *double event* is coming off.

When did Sergt. Calderhead last do the duties of Battalion Orderly Sergeant? Loud voice from the "box car": "Somewhen in 1914."

What sort of "Totems" do our sergeants use when playing poker? Does any real money—never—change hands?

One of our Company officers wishes to know who was the non-combatant officer in mufti who was trying to quell a squabble among some infantry men in Seaford, one evening lately.

Who said "——— those civilians"? (A tweed cap will be returned to owner on application to C.M.G.D. Office. Ref. C.E.D.O.149, dated June 6th, 1918).

### "H" Company.

Lieut. H. L. Scott, who has been acting as Second-in-Command and Adjutant of "H" Company, has reported to Bexhill "on command."

Lieut. W. H. Stuart has reported here from hospital. He was wounded with No. — Tunnelling Company some months ago.

Changing our name has not altered conditions much. The entire Company is again on draft.

Capt. R. A. Spencer, M.C., is away on a heavy bridging course.

When is "H" Company going to send us some news of their doings in barracks? Results of the latest crown and anchor tournaments, poker bouts, etc., would make interesting reading, as well as raids on the games after "Lights out."

Lieut. W. W. Raymond, M.C., has left "H" Company to take command of "D." Good luck, Ray.

Lieut. Frank Clark has been appointed Brigade Sports Officer. We ought to be well entertained now.

Sergt. J. C. H. Davies, late — Tunnelling Company, France, is C.S.M., in place of C.S.M. Dunleavy, who is now with the Battalion.

THE MOLE.



**Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting.**

Notice is again drawn to the fact that a monthly competition for novices in the noble art of boxing is to be held in the new gymnasium. The best instructors are in attendance each night to train the raw material. Now then, material, roll up.

Staff-Sergeant Pryke, and Sergts. Laframboise and Mackie, are now on the strength of the C.A.G.S. It is rumoured they are shortly to take part in a display at the Palace Theatre, London.

Owing to a misunderstanding with a refractory door Sergt. Pullen has sustained a fractured rib. We extend our sympathy to the Sergt., but remind him that it might be worse, as Adam had his taken away altogether and made up into a perpetual affliction.

**Musketry Staff.**

It has been noticed that the realm of sport has been augmented lately by the activities of the musketry

wing of the C.S.M.E. The amount of latent talent discovered has come as a pleasant surprise to all, and the best judges predict a triumphant future for them in the athletic world. It is rumoured that the two wood butchers on the P.T. staff have undertaken to construct a cabinet which will hold the trophies to be won in the near future.

We wonder why the Gas Corpl. gave up walking to become the manager of the baseball team; surely he is not quitting his weekly walk to the nut factory. If so, it is very hard for the blonde. Just a word of advice: should he continue his trips he had better make arrangements for an ambulance half-way on the return journey.

**Bombing.**

Will somebody lend Corpl. Strange, of the C.S.M.E., a pair of running pants, as we understand he is going in for the Olympic Sports.

What is going to happen to Corpl. Fox on or about 11th July?

We are all sorry to hear that Sergt. Rutherford came a cropper over his handle-bars while on a jaunt.

Will our Corpl. quit girls as well as cigarettes since he has taken on boxing as a side line?

**"MEMORIES."**



AT SEAFORD.

### Cadet Notes.

On May 25th, at a general parade of the Depot, Cadet Bridgewater was presented with the D.C.M. and M.M.

A strange malady has broken out in the O.T.C. We have, however, to extend our congratulations to Cadets Simms, Morrison, and Ralph, who have joined the ranks of the benedicts. May all joy, health, and prosperity come their way.

In last month's Cadet news we mentioned that a sports offensive was to be started. It has, and all our first objectives were carried. On Empire Day the Cadets had 17 entries in at the sports held at the Brigade oval. They made a good showing. We had nearly as many as the whole Depot. Wake up, Engineers.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 29th May, at the new Depot sports afternoon, the Cadets walked away with almost all the events. We intend to go right after anything in the Depot, and the area too.

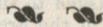
On Wednesday our hockey team played a team of the Depot officers. Score: Cadets, 5; Officers, 2.

Heard in the Cadets quarters on parade:—11 p.m. (when shining brass): How long before reveille. All day: Quicken up the pace—don't go to sleep—and on these hot days. Steady, you are not on hot bricks.

We want to know why so many Cadets go to Eastbourne and Brighton for the week ends. Perhaps Cupid has shot a few more darts into the Company.

Swing those arms. That's what they're for.

Just before re-organization of Depot, Major G. R. N. Collins has taken over command of the O.T.C. wing.



### Green Stuff.

There are two kinds of green stuff—the sort you eat and the sort that walks about looking foolish.

We were afflicted with curiosity a few days ago as to the origin of all the potatoes growing between the huts, and the flourishing condition of the side hill above and between Nos. 1 and 2 Canteens.

So we sent our special correspondent to find out.

His inquiries elicited the information that there are in the Depot over nine acres of good land under cultivation—and all filled with green stuff, garden truck, vegetables, or whatever is the local name for it.

There are cabbages, millions of them, ready to plant out; there are broad beans already in flower, peas ready for sticks; lots of lettuces, beets, parsnips, carrots, and every kind of green food in a far more advanced state of growth than in many gardens tended by professionals in civil walks of life.

Whatever happens to the beef output, the troops are well fixed for vegetables.

This satisfactory state of affairs, we understand, is due to the labours of the Depot Agricultural Committee, represented by Capt. Stocker, who is now proceeding to France. His place in this connection is to be taken by Lieut. O. E. Leger. For the fine condition of the actual work, great credit is due to the labours of Sapper Hogg, the Depot gardener. Sapper Hogg is a professional gardener of long and varied experience, both in England and Canada, and is able to bring a keen and up-to-date knowledge of the best methods to his aid.

We trust that the harvest will repay the long and careful work that has been expended on our gardens.

## Bramshott Signal Detachment

*Scene:* Baseball game between Headquarters and Saskatchewan Regiment.

Headquarters to bat, shortstop with military haircut knocks home run. Spectators shout "Good old kid."

Headquarters in field, same shortstop stops hot grounder, rolls over, and cap falls off. Spectators: "Kid be \_\_\_\_\_ he's bald-headed."



Since our first contribution has escaped the Editor's scrap heap, it is up to the boys to keep up our reputation, and keep our allotted space full. So come on, boys, and do not leave the work of sending contributions to one or two, as their lives will not be worth much if their names get into circulation.



Some of our aspiring athletes have managed to secure places in the Headquarters baseball team, and in one of the recent games our "Cherub" distinguished himself by his lusty batting, which helped to break up the game. Someone has whispered that it would do no harm to put some of the other members of the team on mess orderly for a week, as there seems to be no shortage of rations on the job, and the results were very much in evidence by the "Cherub's" work at the bat. He certainly "biffed" them. But what about M.E.M.?

We understand someone has ordered an extra set of bed boards, so that he will be able to sleep in comfort after his week of slinging hash is over.



We were all sorry to lose the genial "Jerry," who has been in hospital for a while; but we understand he will soon be back with us again, and all the boys wish him a speedy return.



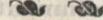
Still another of our D.R.'s has gone to join the majority of our old D.R.'s to try for his wings. No, not in heaven, but to the R.A.F. Cadet Centre at Hastings. We wish Sapper Cherry all success in his efforts to imitate Icarus, only we trust that he will not meet the same fate.



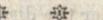
As all Engineer Instructors have gone back to Seaford, we are the only representatives of the Canadian Engineers left, and we have our own orderly room, with Sergt. McKay pounding the typewriter keys, instead of the brass, while Sergt. MacArthur and Corpl. Stephens are looking after the operating room.



One of our Corporals is carrying around with him two eyes of a motley hue, and if it were not for numerous witnesses, we would be inclined to disbelieve his story about a baseball hitting him when he was not looking.



A man is known by the company he keeps, and is equally liable to be judged by the cigar he smokes. You can obtain delightfully pure Havana cigars at a fair price from R. Whiteside, 6, Clinton Place, Seaford.



Watch the playbill at the Queen's Hall. Always something new and attractive.



By "WAG."

The Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4 in our lines continues to shower blessings on the troops. Their concerts are always good, and their lectures always instructive.

Here are some of their events for the next month:—

- June 17th—Nellie Moore and Party.
- „ 18th—Chocolate Creams.
- „ 19th—Mid-week service.
- „ 20th—Lecture.
- „ 21st—London Concert Party.
- „ 22nd—Dorothy Fletcher Party.
- „ 23rd—Bible Class, 11 a.m. Evening Service.
- „ 24th—Madame Welling and Party.
- „ 25th—Mid-week service.
- „ 27th—Lecture.
- „ 28th—London Concert Party.

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On Thursday, June 7th, the No. 1 N.C.O.s Mess put on one of the best smokers of the season. With R.S.M. Dunleavy in the chair everything went well from the start. A large company was present, including a number of officers, and everyone was in the proper mood to thoroughly enjoy himself.

The number of talented performers taking part in the programme was so great that space prevents one mentioning them all. They came from all over the Depot, and included some of Sergt. Saunders' "C" Company minstrel troupe. Special mention is due to Rylance and Butler, the comic men, and "Chips" Carpenter, with some of his old stand-bys re-dressed.

Great credit is due to Sergt. Derbyshire, the mess caterer, both for the present high standing of the mess and for the excellent arrangements at this concert.

Our representative says he was never so overwhelmed with hospitality in his life.

We believe him.

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Now that the summer is with us, a very enjoyable evening may be spent at the Pavilion—opposite the Bay Hotel. Gordon's Concert Party of seven London stars performs there twice nightly, at 6.30 and 8.30.

The party includes Kathleen Bramall, at the piano; Gertrude Newsome, soprano; Elain Garreau, soubrette and dancer; Marjorie Reynoldson, contralto; Nora Roylance, soubrette; Clifton Yates, a fine baritone; and Charles Harris, a really humorous humourist.

Don't miss it.

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### C.E.T.C. Entertainment Committee.

During the past month two high class concerts have been provided in the Cinema, under the auspices of this Committee, who have recently adopted the policy of giving fewer concerts, in order that those they do give shall be of the best.

These parties are under the direction of the Wounded Soldiers' Concert Fund, and have been on the road since the first year of the war.

### The C.E.T.C. Pierrot Troupe.

The past month has been an exceptionally quiet one for the pierrots. Sergts. Doncaster and Dowling have been rusticated in the Eastbourne hospital, the latter polishing the job off by a leave to Scotland.

Lieut. Grant is with us again after a rest in France, and is getting into condition for our next appearance. Deneau has had a new line of breezy songs from the U.S., and at the next show will appear in a double with Darling.

Bentley and Holles have united their efforts, and will undoubtedly please everyone with their duets. Our "big noise", will be in his prime, so look out for Doncaster alias Jones of the Signals.

Early morning dips do not agree with Holden, but he is still going strong. Smyth (a new addition), our old banjo artist Howe, and the inevitable Holden, now complete a splendid "Jazz Band." Butler and his partner, Rylett, are both comedians of the "A" type. Their songs and patter will please everyone.

The whole Depot is asked to turn out on June 22nd for the open air concert in the arena, following the big boxing tournament.

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### Maple Leaves.

This troupe gave a real treat at the Y.M.C.A. theatre, when they presented their revue entitled "Camouflage." There is one beauty about a revue, and that is that the plot need not bear any relation to the title; but in this case, both Private Bullis and Private Williamson were excellently camouflaged as representatives of the softer sex. Private Wilkinson portrayed the squire in orthodox style. Our old friend, Sapper Birch, as Mrs. Elizabeth Fortescue, was in top form, and we think his future is assured.

Flight Commander Challoner, R.N.A.S. (Sergt. Russell Scott) is a pretty boy with a sweet tenor voice. Private Petch, as Isaac Salmón, plays his part very skilfully; in a topical duet with S/Sergt. Evans, entitled "Would you believe it?" he took a full share in scoring a palpable hit. To S/Sergt Evans great praise is due, both for the composition of the dialogue and his share in the production. In his part as Reggie Tremayne, he presents the impecunious, debonair and monocled silly ass to perfection, and his elocution is distinctly good.

Privates Heyes and Levett are responsible for a very clever act at a country railway station. Later they, gave some very neat step dancing.

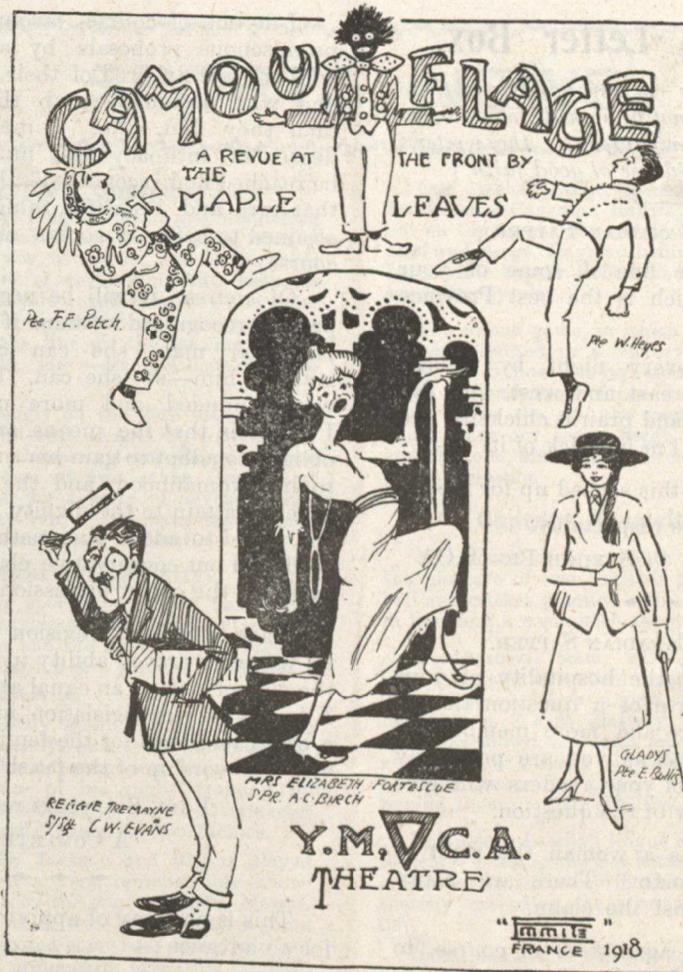
The music by Lieut. Nat D. Ayler is bright and catchy.

The "Maple Leaves" and everyone concerned are to be heartily congratulated on their production.

(SERGT.) W. W. CRADOCK.

The  
"Maple Leaves"  
Revue.

See  
Opposite  
Page.



**The Engineers.**

When we talk about the regiments of our Army of to-day,  
(And we're proud of all the gallant deeds they've done)  
How they with dauntless daring in the thickest of the fray,  
Pressed the charge against the foe and glory won,  
We are proud of our Artillery, the foe has often met,  
Of our Cavalry, the Guards, and Fusiliers.  
When we toast them, and we boast them, then let us not forget  
A Corps that's "everywhere," the Engineers.  
They used to wear a scarlet coat in days before the war,  
But when they'd sterner work on hand to do.  
They changed the scarlet coat at the Quartermaster's store,  
For a business uniform of khaki hue.  
Off duty they were dandies, who were always spic and span,  
Who would flirt with winsome maids with half a chance;

But now they're done with comedy, they're going out to play the man,  
They are flirting with grim death at Satan's dance.  
The Sappers are the handy men, they're up and down the line,  
They build the bridge, the road, the parapet;  
They sap and bore a tunnel, and lay the deadly mine,  
And touch it off when everything is set.  
To danger they are wedded, often working under fire,  
And to the shrieking shrapnel's tone,  
They go on digging trenches and rigging up barbed wire,  
Or sending down a message o'er the 'phone.  
When the history is written, after victory is won,  
When the Dove of Peace flies o'er the battlefield,  
When the clash of steel is silent, and no more is heard the gun,  
Then the glory of these men will be revealed.  
It will tell of deeds heroic, which will never, never fade;  
It will move all British hearts to pride and tears,  
When they read the thrilling story of the sacrifices made  
By the Sappers of the Corps of Engineers.

G.D.D.

## The Editor's Letter Box.

[The Editor invites correspondence on these subjects. Letters need not be signed for publication, but must be accompanied by the writer's name and number as evidence of good faith.]

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

Sir,—I should like fine if some of your readers can tell me which is the best Province in Canada, and why.

I'm kept awake every night by fellows chewin' the rag about east and west, and fish eaters, and blue noses, and prairie chickens, and crazy Englishmen, till I'm fair sick of it.

I hope you can get this settled up for me.

Yours respectfully,

SLEUGH PIG (B.C.)

♦ ♦ ♦

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

Sir,—I would crave the hospitality of your columns for the discourse of a question that is daily occurring to more and more members of my sex, and I hope that, as you are peculiarly a man's journal, some of your readers will give me the true man's view of the question.

The question is, has a woman the right to propose marriage to a man? There are many reasons for and against the claim.

The greatest point against is, of course, to be found in the shackles of custom and tradition; we women have not been regarded as the equal of man, and have had to wait passively until some man chose to offer us the protection of his name and his home, in exchange for the solid comfort of our continued presence and our "pretty little ways."

That we should accept the first eligible offer we got has become almost a foregone conclusion, on account of what has been called an "overcrowded market"—and because a woman who turns down one offer never knows if she will get another.

Surely, however, the time has now come when the camaraderie and equality of the sexes should allow even a weak woman the privilege of assisting a weaker and hesitating brother to step into the happy partnership he desires but, for reasons generally foolish, does not care to ask for.

I do not, of course, favour such a thing as promiscuous proposals by ambitious damsels, who are merely tired of their present condition, and who decide to grab the first personable man they find. No. I mean that a certain degree of intimacy and mutual respect shall be reached and recognized—that even love itself, that rare and beautiful thing, shall have been attained to before a woman should take such a course.

Of course, it will be urged that under the present recognized system, if a woman wants a particular man, she can come pretty near getting him—so she can, because man is a weaker-minded and more pliable being. But I maintain that the means and methods she is obliged to adopt to gain her end are humiliating to her womanhood, and the result is that, in order to attain to the dignity of marriage, she is compelled to adopt the methods of that much maligned but conservative class of women who make up the oldest profession in the world.

I ask only for a revision of customs, based on woman's proved ability to hold her place by the side of man as an equal and a true helpmeet. I do not ask for legislation in the matter: only a broad tolerance for the feminine point of view, and less worship of the fetish tradition.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

A COMPETENT YOUNG WOMAN

♦ ♦ ♦

This is one way of applying to the Paymaster for an advance:—

DEAR SIR.

I suppose you know by this time I am to be married as my expense and wife will be very heavy. Could you let me get an advance from you to my intended wife soon. She is at present living on her mother at — and as her mother is very weak she needs an advance. I also could take your advice how to get my separate allowance very soon.

Yours very trully

& Obedient Servant,

Sapper — "—" Company,  
C.E.T.D.

❧ ❧

Here's to Generalissimo Foch,  
With the goods he will soon come across.  
He has, I believe,  
A plan up his sleeve  
To put it all over the Bosch.

## SPORTS NEWS.

### Major Mieville's Company.

While Fritzie is scratching his head and wondering what to do next, our divisional sports are going merrily forward. This Company is, of course, well to the fore; unfortunately, our custom of working in shifts keeps us from getting our best players together at any one time. One of our best football players (whom modesty forbids me to name) was up the line on the evening of our unsuccessful match with the —th Artillery Column (Score 2—0).

Our boys rallied strongly on the 26th ult., putting it over the Imperial umpteenth D.A.C. by four to one. On Friday evening our Company team played a close match with a combination of two other Companies' baseball teams, and lost by a score of seven to six. Just like our ambition. We should have taken them one at a time and pulverized them in detail.

### Major Wilgar's Company.

The most outstanding sporting event of the spring push was the heroic struggle of this Company to beat the other two Companies and the Headquarters Staff of Lieut.-Col. Malcolm's Division in a game of rounders.

They did it, by 20 against 14.

With only a small body guard, Major Wilgar as umpire held the fort bravely, and defied all intimidation. Mr. Carscallen, the self-propelling human whizzbang, made the best use of his rugby training by pinning Mr. Eadie, Major Schmidlin, and the Paymaster on third to the ground with beautiful low tackles.

Messrs. Balm, Woods, Jackson and Rogers played brilliantly, and displayed a very reprehensible knowledge of the game; while on the opposing side, Messrs. Klinger, Eadie, and one other were great features; and Capt. Roup would have scored home runs repeatedly had he attended to the small preliminary of hitting the ball.

The line up was as follows:—Mr. Riddle, Mr. Klingner, Mr. Eadie, Major Schmidlin, Capt. Roup, Mr. Dickenson, Capt. Watt, Mr. McAfee.

Mr. Woods, Mr. Balm, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Carscallen, Mr. White, Mr. Rogers, Capt. McGivern, Mr. Hawkins.

The athletes of the Company nearly won the Divisional Field Championship pennant, together with some hundreds of francs on Victoria Day. Lieut. Jimmie Wood inveigled victims into every form of sport, from bare back wrestling to baseball; and by a series of elimination contests produced an invincible representative team. As pillow fighters C.S.M. Teagle and Driver McLeod defeated all comers. The most unfortunate feature of the sports was that Jupiter Pluvius, of the High Command, compelled their indefinite postponement.

The Company baseball nine met defeat at the hands of Major Smidlin's troops in a good seven innings' game. Score, 15—9. The contest followed upon a remarkable three innings game, in which this unit came off victorious, and in which Sapper McKeen made a world's record by scoring a home run off an infield hit.

With Sergt. Cross playing for both sides the Drivers beat the Sappers in soccer by 2—1; while the latter returned the compliment in baseball, 2—0.

Our baseball season opened with a match against a Battalion of Canadian Railway Troops. Our boys came out on top to the tune of 16—2. Driver Silver, in the box, and Sergt. Hayman behind the bat, played stellar ball; while Sapper Robertshaw, on first bag, pulled off some snappy play.

The second game, in which we engaged a Brigade of C.F.A., resulted in a victory for the Gunners. The score, 15—6, does not represent the quality of the play. With the exception of one innings, in which our boys went up in the air, the game was touch and go all along. For our team, Sergt. Hayman, Drivers Silver and McKone, and Sappers Tree and Robertshaw, showed up to perfection.

### Captain Boswell's Company.

My grouch of last month has gone; we have had the pleasure of two baseball games, prospects of football and cricket practice active. We have a sports day in line, and a committee appointed to run it.

Our baseball team, with Sergt. Boyd in charge, played a sister troop and finished on the long end of a 9 to 4 score. Two nights later they reversed this, losing to a C.F.A. Battery by 7 to 9. Satisfactory form was shown, and with more team practice we have every hope of turning out a live team, because previous to these games our players had only the dim past to remind them of their qualities.

The indoor baseball league ended with the "Selected Second" heading the list with five straight wins. Plans are maturing for a continuation, barring the pros., and thereby extending the sporting qualities of each section.

Intentions are of the best to hold a sports day, and according to the list of events and interest shown, it ought to be an enjoyable break in our ordinary routine. A feature which adds interest is the prize given to the section which can produce the most prize winners. It adds an inducement to get busy and prevent any member hiding his light under a bushel.

### Major Anderson's Company.

Our baseball team met their old-time opponents, the Machine Gunners, on the 23rd ult., with results which brought tears to the eyes of the most optimistic signal "fan." Our local reporter, being a singularly truthful person, is scared to give the actual score, lest the reader should suppose that he had mixed up a cricket score. The explanation of a member of the team that they had the sun "in their eyes" certainly sounded plausible until one remembered that the canteen is dry!

### Major Hibbert's Company.

Field sports were held during the month. All events were keenly contested. The following is a list of the events and the winners:—

100 Yards.—1, Sapper Mills; 2, Sapper R. L. Hall; 3, Sapper Jones.

Long Jump.—1, Sapper McPherson; 2, Corpl. Halcron.

High Jump.—1, Sapper Hutching; 2, Sapper Mills.

Pillow Fight.—1, Sapper Hunter; 2, Sapper Alexander.

Throwing Baseball.—1, Sapper Isherwood; 2, Sapper Tuppert; 3, Sapper Hall.

Kicking Football.—1, Sergt. Smith; 2, Sapper Hitt; 3, Sapper Todd.

Wrestling on Horseback.—No. 4 Section team composed of Sappers Hawkins, Rozell, Pearson and Mann.

Tug-of-War.—Won by No. 2 Section

Capt. Field now admits that his section cannot play baseball. Costs are high in getting such information.

Results of a friendly game of cricket with an R.E. Company are not ready for publication. The score has not yet been compiled.

### —th Field Company.

After barely two weeks of training, this Company was asked to take part in some Corps sports. Considering that there was but one Company to choose from, and that there was so short a time training, we did not make too bad a show. N. Macdonald made the final in the 145 lb. class boxing, and put up a game exhibition against an old timer. Pearson won easily against a machine gunner in the first bout, but was knocked out by the champion of the 125 class. Geo. Gallagher won the boot race, and C. A. S. Black was third in the 220 yards. The baseball team won their first round, but fell down in the second, and the football team fell by the wayside in the first round. Thanks very largely to the coaching of Mr. Walley, the tug-of-war team won their first heat, but, lacking his leadership, lost in the final to a bunch of very husky kilties.

## FOOTBALL.

Two momentous blows, in so far as the Engineers Soccerites are concerned, have been struck since those last reported in THE CANADIAN SAPPER, and the record of these contains all there is to be told in this department for the time being.

In the first of these, an elimination bout, a knockout wearing a large K, was imposed, or rather impressed, upon the kickers of the 1st Canadian Reserve Battalion, the C.E.T.C. being the impressarios, so to speak. The score for the Infantrymen was a cipher, while the Engineers gathered three.

The C.E.T.C. presented the following cast:—Rogers, Cadet Melville, Cadet Pankhurst, Dick, Burgess, Pryke, Helliwell, Graham, Yellowlees, Nichol, and Mercer.

Not so pleasant the sequel. In the semi-final following the knockout wherein the 1st Reserve was laid low, the Engineers hobbled a crippled combination into line against the 11th Reserve Battalion, and the reckoning was, well—let's put that down last.

Unfortunately, Dick and Mercer, of the regular C.E.T.C. team, were not present, and fatal disorganization of combination work was the result. The C.E.T.C. lost, and consequently dropped out of the race. Score, if you must have it, was 4—1 for the enemy.

There is talk of another game between these teams to be played on the side.

There were no inter-Company games during the past month. Re-organization interfered with previous arrangements.

## GOLF.

There has not been much activity in the golf world during the month, owing to an epidemic of the English national game among our best exponents of the royal and ancient game.

## BASEBALL.

The baseball season has been one of complete success for the C.E.T.C. Under the able management of that old war horse of baseball, Lieut. "Dad" Stewart, we have a team which has not yet taken the small end of the score in any game since the season started.

A large number of men have been tried, and after considerable shifting and replacing as new material has been discovered, we have now a team which will not only be hard to beat, but which should also have something to say in the Canadian Championship in August. We have hopes.

Every member of the team is hitting the pill with a vengeance, as the scores below indicate; and with our infield becoming airtight we are optimistic enough to think that we will be able to show our supporters an unbeaten team at the finish of the present area schedule. Again we have hopes.

The schedule now being played finishes on June 26th, and the new schedule, which will be drawn up shortly, will decide which unit is to represent the Seaford area in the Canadian Championships.

May 8th,	C.E.T.C.	9, Cyclists 0 (default).
" 11th,	"	13, 1st Res. Battalion 5.
" 15th,	"	9, C.M.G.D. 6.
" 18th,	"	9, Cyclists 0 (default).
" 22nd,	"	11, 11th Reserves Batt. 2.
" 25th,	"	12, 3rd C.C.D. 5.
" 29th,	"	20, 18th Reserves Batt. 8.
June 1st,	"	12, 1st Reserves Batt. 4.

## Notes.

"Dad's" work around first sack is worth the price of admission alone. He is playing ball all the time, and there is never any danger from Dad's point of view.

Devine and Lieut. Proctor are by far the best battery seen here this season. The former's heady pitching has them all tied in a hard knot, and it is a risky business going down to second. Proctor's "peg" is hard to beat.

Joe Breen and Godfrey are both laying on the ball with a regularity that has become a habit. Their base running is always a feature, and it is an off day when a circus hit or at least a three bagger is not collected.

Wiley covers second sack like a veteran; he has a good head and uses it. Reilly, at short, is working in fine style. The hitting of both men has been consistent, and is improving. Duncan has every foot of left field area covered. Brown and Hicks are also doing splendid work in the outer garden.

Breeze and McKee fill any position with equal sureness. Lordon, our new outfielder, showed out well in the last game, and with a few workouts should prove a valuable addition to our line up.

Lieuts. Stewart and Huyck are always on the look out for new material, and with the inter-company games now well under way, they should succeed in lifting the bushel of a few shining lights who have been backward in coming forward.

The manager of the team is now looking for outside games for Sundays. Names should be handed to Mr. Stewart or Mr. Clark, Secretary Central Sports Committee C.E.T.C.

**C.E.T.C. v. C.F.C.**

On Sunday, May 12th, the C.E.T.C. team visited Tunbridge Wells, and played a friendly match against the Canadian Forestry Corps. This proved a most enjoyable day; the weather was perfect, and the boys say that the style of hospitality handed out by both officers and men of the home team was unequalled by anything of the kind since the outbreak of the war. The game was won by a small margin.

**BOXING.**

Sapper Alexander, this year's Canadian middleweight champion, has returned from Bexhill.

On June 22nd there will be a grand boxing tournament in the Seaford arena.

Men from this area, from Crowborough, Tunbridge Wells, and Maresfield will compete.

The tournament is being arranged by our good all round sportsman, Major Fell.

Sapper Alexander is in constant training for his forthcoming match with Simpson, and should give a good account of himself.

Sapper Goodson who, it will be remembered, took up the challenge of Gurner Marsh, late of the R.F.A., after his unfinished bout with Corp'l. Maycock at Seaford in May, is in splendid condition.

**CRICKET.**

A tremendous impetus has been given to Depot cricket during the past month. Every night a large number of enthusiasts turn out for practice at the nets on the Blatchington ground, or at St. Peter's School. There are over 43 players in the 1st Battalion alone, and a large number in the 2nd Battalion and the C.S.M.E., the Cadet School being well to the fore among the latter.

In addition to the area league and friendly matches which had been arranged, a further series of inter-Battalion matches has been scheduled. The first of this series was played at Blatchington on June 1st, between 1st and 2nd C.E.R.B., resulting in a win for the first, the scores being: 1st C.E.R.B., 118 for five wickets; 2nd C.E.R.B., 116. Sapper Garret was mainly responsible for this victory, scoring 74 runs in splendid style.

In the league match against the 1st Reserve the C.E.T.C. scored 76, and the 1st Reserve 120.

Two other matches have been played, officers playing against cadets and other ranks, the scores being Officers, 138; Cadets and O.R., 161.

C.E.T.C. v. 18th Reserve. A friendly game, resulting in a win for the Engineers by the narrow margin of two runs, the scores being: C.E.T.C., 119; 18th Reserve, 117.

The following games are scheduled during June and July:—

- June 22nd—Inter-Battalion match, 1st C.E.R.B. v. Headquarters.
- June 26th—C.E.T.C. v. St. Peter's School.
- „ 29th— „ v. R.A.F., Eastbourne.
- July 3rd—Inter-Battalion match, Headquarters v. 2nd C.E.R.B.
- „ 10th—C.E.T.C. v. St. Peter's School.
- „ 13th— „ v. 18th Reserve.

**TENNIS.**

**Major Wilgar's Company.**

Tennis occupies the spare time of a large number of the Company. Many exciting games have been played, and many more are promised for the future. Among the officers, the O.C., Lieuts. Stanly and Bunting are stars of the first constellation. C.Q.M.S. Crompton and Sergt. Smith are the N.C.O.'s hopes; while Sapper Mosher leads the Sappers.

A large number of visitors have taken full advantage of our court, among them being Major Manhard, Capt. Boswell, and Lieuts. Dunn and Fitzgerald. Capt. Towe and 2/Lieut. Crowe-Smith, A.S.C., have also visited us.

The Canadian Tennis Championships will be played off at Bexhill or Eastbourne, commencing June 25th. Elimination contests will shortly be held among the units of the Seaford area for the purpose of selecting a team to represent the area.

**The Canadian Sapper**

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President and Manager—LIEUT. G. H. CLIFF, C.B.  
Editor—DRIVER J. BUTTERFIELD.

- ☞ "The Canadian Sapper" is published monthly, price 6d., with the idea of keeping the several units of the Corps in touch as to their social and sporting events, and entertainments, together with illustrations, articles, and items of general interest to the Engineers.
- ☞ Articles, photographs, and correspondence of general interest to the Canadian Engineers are invited from all members of the Corps, at home or abroad.
- ☞ All copy and photographs, etc., will be returned if requested.
- ☞ Correspondents are requested to use one side of the paper only, and to post copy to reach Editor not later than the 6th of each month.
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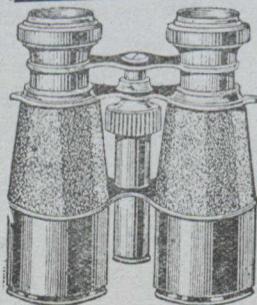
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