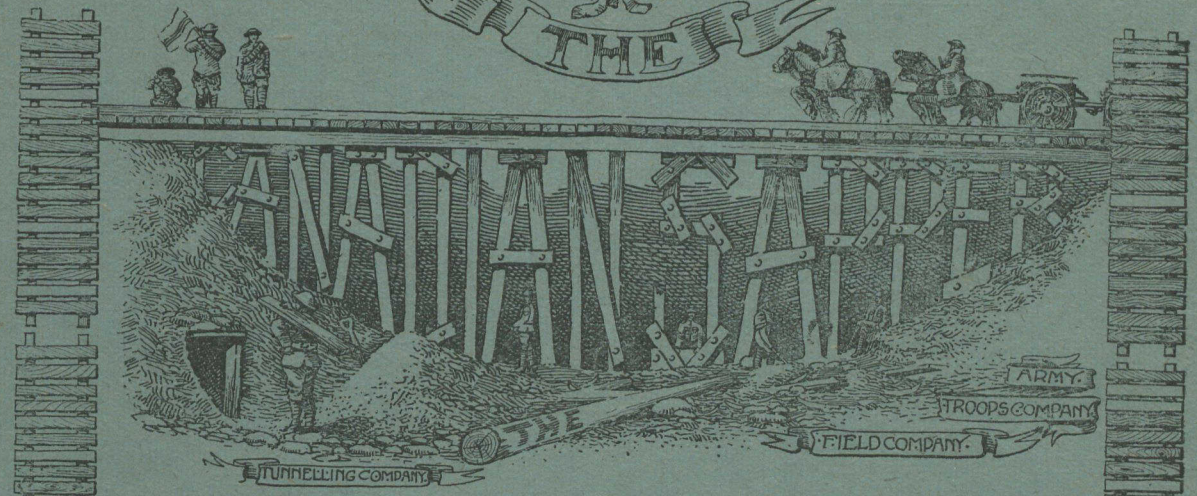
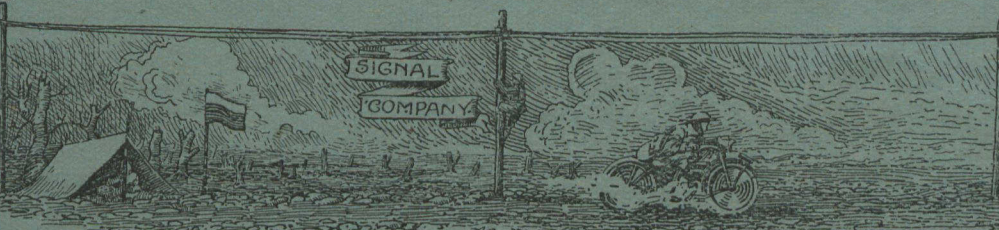


February
1918

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OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS



No. 11

ESTABLISHED 1884.

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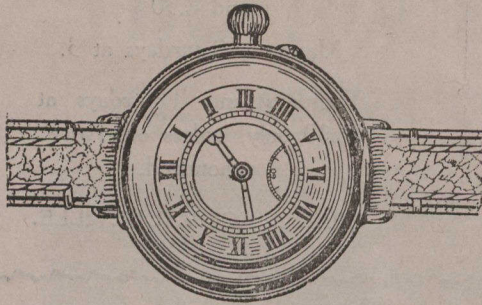
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The Canadian Sapper

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS

Published by the Canadian Engineer Training Depot.

Editor—CAPT. G. R. CHETWYND, D.C.M., C.E.

Advertising Manager—CORPL. C. J. R. LEWIS.

- ☞ "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.
- ☞ Advertising rates can be obtained from the Office of the Magazine.
- ☞ Communications to be addressed to The Editor, "The Canadian Sapper," C.E.T.D., Seaford, Sussex, England.

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VOL. I. No. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Editorial.

Wish us luck!

Well! I suppose that many remarks have been made about this new venture: "I wonder what it will be like?" "I wonder if it will last?" and many other "wonders"; but now it is for the staff to wonder what you think of it, and if you'll help us out in the future. Do!

✻ ✻ ✻

Many things have happened since I last was connected with a publication, and that, I believe, was the first paper produced by the Canadian Engineers with the Expeditionary Force. "Sham News" was published by the 2nd Field Co., on board H.M. Troopship "—" in October, 1914, and at an auction held on twenty copies \$470.00 were raised. The highest bid for any copy was \$35.00.

✻ ✻ ✻

In those dark days at Lark Hill, a small paper was run by the same Company, called "The Peevie." There were, very likely, other magazines run by Engineer units overseas, whose light was hidden under a bushel. It is not the intention of the staff to hide the light of THE CANADIAN SAPPER anywhere, and it is hoped that the whole-hearted support of all ranks of the Corps will be forthcoming to make this magazine a lasting success.

✻ ✻ ✻

We are indebted to Driver Harold T. Marten, of "C" Company, for the delightfully artistic and skilfully conceived cover design of THE

CANADIAN SAPPER. Many other clever examples of this artist's drawings are contained in the pages of this Magazine, and we feel that in no small measure will the success of THE CANADIAN SAPPER be due to his untiring and conscientious efforts.

✻ ✻ ✻

Since commencing this Editorial, promises of help, and good wishes for the success of this venture, have been pouring in. It is gratifying to receive these, and to see the possibility of a big success in the future.

✻ ✻ ✻

Some units have, I am afraid, held back to "see what it was like," instead of coming over with the first wave. I have therefore had to look to the remainder for all the copy, it being the intention to rely, as far as possible, solely on contributions from the members of the Corps. Up to now I have discovered more budding poets (who should be nipped there) than I thought the whole of Canada contained.

✻ ✻ ✻

Now this Magazine is before you, I am sure you will not judge the first number too harshly. "Wait and see" what the results are when everybody chips in. There is a corner for everyone.

✻ ✻ ✻

The size, I think, will be found convenient, more easily carried than a larger one, and I hope it will get thicker as we go on; but that is up to you.

The Canadian Engineer.

IN this, its first number, I should like to wish THE CANADIAN SAPPER every possible success. It will, I feel sure, fill a long-felt want within the Canadian Engineers—a means of keeping all units in touch with one another.

It should also be of value as an historical record. Many items of interest are sure to be lost sight of unless they are recorded at the time, and a publication of this sort provides the best possible means of recording them—not primarily as of value to history, but as items of current interest.

It might also be appropriate, in this number, to give a brief review of the Canadian Engineers in the C.E.F.

When in Canada the call for men first came in 1914, none came forward more readily than those suitable for the Canadian Engineers. At first, it was only proposed to send two Field Companies and one Signal Company with the 1st Canadian Division, but shortly before sailing a third Field Company was added. After a memorable voyage, the convoy reached Plymouth, and the troops went under canvas on Salisbury Plain towards the end of October. A very wet winter set in shortly afterwards, the camp became a regular sea of mud, and it was considered desirable to get the troops into huts as quickly as possible. The three Field Companies were, in consequence, employed for most of their period in England, on the construction of hutments in the vicinity, and were thus compelled to forego, until reaching the Front, much of the technical training which they should have had.

Canada had never before sent Engineer units on active service, and, while the volunteers in their ranks were as fine a body of men as one could wish for, the majority—and this applied also to a number of the officers—had little conception of the services actually required

of Engineers in the field. If there were many within the C.E. units themselves not conversant with these requirements, there were few indeed of other branches of the Service who had any appreciation of them whatever. So it fell to the lot of these pioneers of the Canadian Engineers to not only learn their own work under service conditions, but also to learn how this should be properly applied to the assistance of other arms in the field. That their methods of work should have been followed by the units which came later, speaks highly for the adaptability of these first Companies.

When the Engineers of the 1st Canadian Division proceeded to France in February, 1915, they left behind them only their Base details—a mere handful of men, available as first reinforcements. Shortly afterwards, however, the C.E.T.D.—a very small concern at first—was organized at Shorncliffe, with a nucleus of officers and men sent from Canada.

With the 2nd Canadian Division came another Signal Company and three more Field Companies, formed in Canada and trained in England, which proceeded to France in September, 1915.

Towards the end of the year the first two Army Troops Companies, closely followed by the first two Tunnelling Companies, arrived also from Canada, and about this time the third Tunnelling Company was raised in France, the personnel being selected from the Canadian Infantry units in the field.

For a few months, towards the end of 1915, the Canadian Field Troop worked with the Canadian Corps. Its personnel was, however, entirely Royal Engineers.

Now followed, in fairly quick succession, the formation of the Engineer units required by the later Divisions, together with more Army Troops Companies.

Thus we see how the Canadian Engineers in the field have grown from small to quite large numbers; and it has, of course, been

necessary for the Training Dépôt to be increased in proportion. The several moves of the Dépôt are of too recent date to require comment.

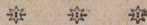
What changes are in store for the Canadian Engineers only time will show, but we may feel sure that any which are made will be to the benefit of the Corps as a whole, and give us all cause to feel still more proud of the branch of the Service to which we belong.

T. V. ANDERSON,
Lieut.-Col., C.E.,
Commanding C.E.T.D.

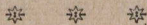


Priceless People.

The "other rank" of foreign extraction (and only partially extracted), who applied for permission to marry, was told to submit a certificate of the lady's character in the ordinary way; and a few days later he fluttered the Orderly Room doves by turning up with an M.O.'s certificates, "ALL CLEAR."



The optimist who fell into the big "question mark" on the side hill, one dark night, and announced, as he climbed out—covered with mud—that even that was better than being poked in the eye with a sharp stick.



The P.T. Instructor who gave the order, "Stack guns," and when somebody went "Tee-hee," said "I mean 'Stack rifles,' I'm always mixing up that d—— order."



The Half-Company Orderly Corporal who told the Adjutant that it was impossible to procure certain information that was needed in a hurry, "*because the Sergt.-Major was asleep.*"



The Editor's Letter Box.

postofis nos wear I am.

dere mister editer wil u plees tel me wen the wore wil end as theirs a bloke wants to bet me five franks as it ends next munce he ses its in the bible but his bress smelt of boose which I dont believe it is let me no befor pay da has i always gos broke sune after i am wel my missu s wos sik last time she rote which I hopes u are the same kind respecks onored sir s i smith.

Our Portrait Gallery.



By courtesy of Headqrs. Y.M.C.A., London.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. BETHUNE LINDSAY, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.C.E.

Born at Strathroy, Ontario, Canada, November 3rd, 1880 son of the late Dr. W. B. Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay. Entered Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada, 1897. Graduated 1900. Upon graduation received appointment from the College as Assistant Engineer, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Dominion Government, Ottawa, 1900 to 1904. Upon the organisation of the R.C.E. in 1904, was gazetted Lieutenant, R.C.E., July 1st, 1904, was appointed Divisional Engineer, Military Districts Nos. 3 and 4, from July, 1904 to August, 1905. From that time on he acted as Command Engineer or C.R.C.E. in most of the Military Districts of Canada. In 1914 he was C.R.C.E., M.D. 10, and on the outbreak of war volunteered for service. Appointed Officer Commanding Divisional Engineers, Valcartier, August, 1914, which was afterwards taken over by Brigadier-Gen. Armstrong. He then took command of the 2nd Field Company; promoted Lieut.-Col. and C.R.E. 1st Canadian Division, September 13th, 1915; promoted Brigadier-General and Chief Engineer, Canadian Army Corps, March, 1916. Mentioned in despatches on January 1st, 1916, January 2nd, 1916, January 1st, 1917, and January 1st, 1918. Awarded C.M.G. June 2nd, 1916, and D.S.O. January 1st, 1918.



Major H. D. S. Smith's Company.

What about this Paper idea? When is the first issue going to appear? Is the Canteen laying in much of a stock?

These are the questions being levelled at the representative of THE CANADIAN SAPPER for the above Company, and with similar reports coming through from other Engineer units of the Division, the "See Eees" of the "See-Twos" are getting kind of anxious about issue No. 1. It was intended to surprise the boys, but Dame Rumour got busy: the cat gnawed its way out of the bag, so there you are.

This "Over There" idea reads all right. Send us some "dope" on the social, sporting and personal side of a Field Company in France, says the Editor. Considering the time of the year, and the state of the ground outside this little dug-out of ours, such a request is easier made than complied with. We will make an attempt, however.

Among the honors and awards to members of the Company, none was more popular among the boys than the D.S.O. awarded to the O.C.

How he trudged for two miles through deep snow, a raging blizzard forcing him to wear his gas-mask, is the story brought back by Sapper Jimmy Kirkness describing his leave to the Orkneys. Jimmy is not addicted to shooting anything but rats in the trenches, so we must accept the gas-mask story as gospel.

We don't know whether this comes under the social part of the unit, but it can be said that among a few, recently returned from Blighty leave, green envelopes are set at a premium

while the Paymaster has been working overtime straightening out the usual tangle where a chap, tired of living the single life and of the worries connected with existing on the odd dollar ten, decides to plunge and assign half his pay over to the "Missus." Those who have gone through the ordeal, tell us that it's the only life, so we can expect a few more entries on Part II. Orders in the future.

The many friends of Lieut. "Bob" Smith, formerly of this Company, will be pleased to learn of his success as an air fighter, having five Huns to his credit; while recently he has been sent to Wilsonland, there to act as an instructor.

* * *

Major A. L. Mievil's Company.

The O.C. has returned from furlough in Blighty. The Major looks much relieved to get back to the quiet life, after the giddy round over yonder. "It's far safer in the trenches."

This Company was originally recruited in Montreal, but it included a fair representation from Ontario, and a sprinkling from the Maritime Provinces. The changes and eliminations due to war, and the lapse of time, have brought a strong infusion of western blood, so that the "ponderous solidity" of the east has been galvanized by the romantic adventurous spirit of the west, resulting in the best Field Company of the best Division of the best Corps of the best Army on the face of the globe. [Ed.—We should all think this of our own.]

We are not giving information of military value to the enemy, therefore we shall make no mention of casualties from shell shock, gas, collision with 9.2 shells, or other such incidentals.

There could, however, be no objection to the following recent list:—

L/Cpls Brann, Noble, Gorrill, and
Sapper Nightingale ... (Matrimony)
Jock and Sapper Farmer ... (Maconochie)
Two of our "airmen" and Driver T. (Vin blanc)
"Doctor" St. Ange ... (Early rising)
"Ack ack ack Pip" ... (Overwork)

"The Gen" is away taking a post-graduate course on the "4 foot radius" stuff.

Lieut. Tanqueray left us recently to join the R.F.C. We hope that he will soon be back bombing the Hun.

How did Menzies get the mud on his tin hat?

Who says that there are never any casualties among the Q.Ms.?

"MINENWERFER."

? ?

Why are we called "The Fighting Fifth"? Authorities differ on this interesting question. The most probable theory attributes this to the keen competition among the rank and file of "Five of the Field" for priority in the rumration queue.

Jimmie the cook put over a new one on us the other day. Some of the Sappers, unable to identify the abomination, inquired of Corp. Hall, who pronounced the addition to our menu to be "desecrated vegetables." Gil never said a truer word.

What do you think of the Sapper who turns down his Blighty leave, or of one who returns seven days before his time is finished?



Major W. P. Wilgar's Company.

In reserve billets, the pleasures of the Company have run to Christmas boxes and whizz bang baths. The Christmas dinner, the fête of the year, was a comparatively quiet affair, though satisfying withal. Later the Sergeants' Mess proved a genial and hospitable host to the senior N.C.Os.

From Canada, that inexhaustible source of rich cakes and richer candies, Christmas boxes are still flowing in; and the general custom of regarding every parcel coming to the hut as a hut box, has made a big family of each Section.

As for the baths, they are swift—three minutes under, 27 drops hot, 40 cold, a clean change, and "please finish dressing outside, boys; there are more waiting to come in."

The Company is losing two more of its originals, in Sappers Murphy and Scott, who are going to the Flying Corps. Other transfers to the senior arms of the Service are pending.

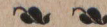
A large number of marriages have been coincident with recent "Blighty" leaves, the fatality among cooks being particularly noticeable, possibly anticipating the time when the spheres of husband and wife will be interchanged. Jess Byron, cook in the Officers' Mess; and Teddy Edmonds, cook for No. 3 Section, have both joined the ranks of the benedicts.

SAPPER S. D. SCOTT.

In Memoriam.

We country folks are gentle with our dead:
We lay them white-robed on a spotless bed,
And folks from round us come and see,
And gaze upon that strange tranquility.
But this is new—so shocking, dreadful, strange—
To lose your lad, and realize no change:
No limbs to stretch, no tender face to lave,
No tender gifts of loving tears beside the grave.
You only know from what his chums have said,
Who spared the time to tell you he was dead:
That on a shell-torn height he gave his life,
And that he played a British lad's part in the strife.
Yet God is good to folks bereft;
In spite of tears, I know that there is left
Hope, that the rest of your life's span may run
With something of the zeal that fired your son.

GORDON DARLING.



The Censor has assisted in editing this Magazine—hence the "Blank Companies" here and there. In return, we hope to fill his "Blank Files" with copies of our future issues.

2nd Division Signallers.

"Carry On."

One of the many novel features of this war, is the number of periodicals issued by the troops actually "in the field," almost every unit having a journal delightfully and exclusively its own, with results that cannot fail to be beneficial in every way. The longing to "bust into print" is a weakness from which few humans can escape, so it is not surprising that many gems of thought are found among the mass of MSS. which goes into the regimental editors' melting pots.

I am sure that everyone of "our crush" will welcome a paper all our own, and because it is the local paragraph which must, to a great extent, influence the character of THE CANADIAN SAPPER, and really reflect the opinions of its readers (instead of mechanically moulding public opinion, as the average newspaper undoubtedly does), will do all in his power, either with pen or pencil, to keep our end up.

Here's to THE CANADIAN SAPPER, and more power to its elbow!

A. B. LONGMAN.

? ?

Why we went to the trouble and expense of journeying to "Frawnce," when the dinky little campaign (sic) stripes can be obtained so easily in "Blighty"?

What does veal loaf taste like, or "ain't there no such animal"?

In view of the "Kolossal" mental exertion required, will our local correspondents be permitted to grow their hair long?

Has any kind person discovered a football team (red jerseys and blue knickers), missing since about October, 1917?

What has become of the Canadian fish we were supposed to get?

(a) Do the "Rookies" eat it all?

(b) Is it a subtle compliment—that we out here do not require brain food?

(c) Or were they merely Sir S— H— "red herrings"?

[ED. NOTE.—This question was asked from France. Some people should let well alone.]

5th Division.

13th Field Company, C.E.

There has been a complete change in the personnel of officers of the Company since it left Whitley.

The following officers, who have been with the Company since its organisation, have gone to France:—Major E. W. Harrison, Capt. R. M. Calvin, Lieut. R. G. Sneath, Lieut. J. A. Ferguson, Lieut. W. L. Dobbin, Lieut. M. R. Byron, Lieut. Hutchison. Lieut. J. S. MacIntosh has returned to Canada.

The following officers from France are now with the Company:—Capt. Bruce Ross, Lieut. R. A. Bolton, Lieut. R. E. MacAfee, Lieut. C. S. Walley, Lieut. G. F. Morris, and Lieut. McLean.

The following officers have reported from France, for duty with the 13th Field Company:—Lieut. J. H. Munroe, Lieut. West, Lieut. Ashford.

Corporal Embleton, of the 13th F.C., has proceeded to Canada on three months' furlough.

? ?

I wonder if a certain two N.C.Os of the 13th Field Co. will keep their compact until February 28th?

Can Sapper Boardman still prove an "Alligator"?

Did the 13th Company Officer find the parting very painful?

Could Sergt. Shaw tell where he gets his matches from?

Why is it that the best guess now is that we are going to Italy?—Because the cooks are feeding us on macaroni.

Why do the Blechendon girls find "Mushy" the "Slugger" so attractive?

Why do they keep the timekeepers on the job, when there's no sign of working pay?

Why does Q.S.M. Lock wear a face as long as a crib-board after he has finished the nightly tournament at the billet?

Why do the boys of the 15th like to drop anchor at the "Rock of Gibraltar"?

Who stole the chickens at Islip?—they'll blame the soldiers anyway.

Why does the bugler of the 15th wait till he sees a certain N.C.O. before he sounds the Fall In?

Why haven't all Section Sergeants been warned that there is a whistle on the donkey engine at the stone quarry?

When will leave be started again?—do they want us to lose the war?

Obituary.



LIEUT.-COLONEL T. C. IRVING, D.S.O.

Killed in 1917.

Lieut.-Colonel Irving left Canada in 1914 as Captain, second in command of the 2nd Field Company Canadian Engineers. He took over command from the date of sailing to France until the return of Major W. B. Lindsay (now Brig.-Gen., C.M.G., D.S.O.) on his recovery from an accident. He resumed command towards the end of 1915. In October, 1916, he was appointed C.R.E. 4th Division, and promoted to Lieut.-Colonel.

The sad death of this officer was very much felt by all who had come in touch with him. He was respected and loved by all his men, whom he always looked after with interest and pride.

Roll of Honour.

(Reported since 14th January, 1918.)

Killed.

651951 Ernewein, Spr. N. A. 195945 Tanner, Spr. F.
503807 Lake, Sapper M.

Died of Wounds.

(Reported by German Government.)

505161 Boxall, Sapper E.

Died.

5634 Craven, Cpl. T. R. 505026 Stigant, Sapper E.

Wounded.

791012 Alf, Sapper A.	383392 Kirk, Cpl. T.
790797 Anderson, Lee-Cpl. C. V.	649471 Lyons, Sapper T.
808371 Armstrong, Spr. A.	503011 MacDonald, Sapper H. F.
645477 Barnes, Sapper J.	898025 Mackie, Lee-Cpl. J.
814064 Berry, Sapper J.	832155 Marshman, Spr. T.R.
707010 Bell, Sapper C.	469727 McAree, Sapper E.
108093 Bennett, Sgt. T. S.	469722 McDonald, Spr. M.
541908 Blakemore, Spr. J.	469395 McDougall, Spr. J.
500746 Boyle, 2nd/Cpl. W.	715885 McLeod, Spr. J. R.
904698 Bradbury, Spr. G. E.	715716 McPhee, Sapper N.
121677 Collerette, Spr. W.	925176 Molyneux, Sapper I.
506487 Copp, Spr. G. W.	471178 Momotuk, Sapper E.
790681 Elliott, Spr. J. E.	760236 Murray, Sapper J.
180865 Evans, Spr. A. J.	19440 Richer, Sapper E.
503402 Fairclough, Sgt. J.	1093201 Roberts, Spr. E. C.
505788 Goldie, Sapper W.	506478 Rowan, Spr. J. W.
675600 Haney, Sapper G.	706698 Satrinovitch, Spr. W.
645040 Harrison, Spr. N.	2005648 Simpson, Spr. W.
838093 Hope, Spr. W. J.	2005567 Warren, Spr. W. F.
503386 Kennedy, Spr. A.	657613 Wilson, Sapper A. P.
501190 King, Spr. D. W.	9610 Varney, Cpl. S.

Honours List.

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

(Reported since Jan. 1st, 1918.)

Awarded D.S.O.

Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig-Gen) William B. Lindsay, C.M.G.
Lieut.-Col. T. V. Anderson.
Capt. (A/Lieut.-Col.) William Gordon McKendrick.
Major Alexander Alderson Anderson.
Major George Alton Cline.
Major Halfdan Fenton Harhos Hertzberg, M.C.
Major Edison Franklin Lynn, M.C.
Major Eric Pepler.
Major Robert Percy Rogers.
Major Henry Denne St. Alban Smith.
Major Harold Lyndridge Trotter.

Awarded M.C.

Capt. F. G. Malloch.	Lieut. G. B. Latimer.
Capt. L. J. J. Puanode.	Lieut. M. R. McCracken.
Capt. W. F. Richardson.	T/Lieut. G. B. Morley.
Capt. A. E. Stewart.	Lieut. Forest Pratt.
Capt. A. C. Young.	Lieut. C. E. Richardson.
Lt. (A/Capt.) McLeod White	Lieut. O. M. Stitt.
Lieut. W. C. Bate.	Lieut. J. B. Thom.
Lieut. S. B. Iler.	Lieut. C. S. Walley.
Lieut. H. H. Johnson.	Lieut. E. R. Woodward.
Lieut. F. H. M. Jones.	

For valuable services rendered in connection with the War.

Capt. A. M. Stroud.	500797 Miller, A/Sgt. T.
505086 Airey, A/Sgt. A. F.	500812 Pain, Sgt. E.
500742 Balderstone,	505356 Sewell, A/O.R.S. J. P.
R.Q.M.S. F. M.	45347 Ward, C.S.M. J.

Military Medal.

54172 Curtis, Lee-Cpl. G. E.
502880 Shepherd, Sapper (A/Lee-Cpl.) W. V.

ROUND THE DEPOT.



By the courtesy of "Canada."

LIEUT.-COLONEL T. V. ANDERSON, D.S.O., C.E.

Commanding Canadian Engineer Training Depot.

Lieut.-Colonel T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., sailed in 1914, with the 1st Division. He was Adjutant to the 1st Div. Engineers until November, 1915, when he was appointed Field Engineer at Canadian Corps. In January, 1916, he was appointed C.R.E., 3rd Division. He was severely wounded at Vimy, in April, 1917, losing his right hand. He took over the command of the Training Depot in August, 1917.



To "The Canadian Sapper."

As a ripple follows a ship at sea,
So may good luck follow thee.

[Ed.—We thank "A" Co.: they mean well—but ripples *don't* follow.]

We have just heard from "up above" that the last class at Brightlingsea got on well, and pulled a "Distinguished" out of the honours.

Good luck to them! Let the good work go on.

Lieut. Pratt and Lieut. Page have just returned to the "War." They worked the oracle well. Eh?

The change of O.C.'s has opened up the possibility of our being strafed from "up there," but it hasn't happened yet.

"It do seem 'ard" that a married man loses a chance of going over, doesn't it? I have an idea it was a case of being missed, and any excuse did. Never mind "Furgie."

"TRACING TAPE."



Fall in, "B" Company.

We want something from you!

"B" Company is one of the strangest organisations in the Army: it's there all the time, an ever-present reality invented for the mortification of returned soldiers, and yet as a cogent entity it doesn't exist at all.

The explanation of that is, that as soon as you're in it, you're out of it. You stay just long enough to find out when pay day comes, and then you are paraded for acceptance by the chief connoisseur of another and more stable Company.

Searching for talent in "B" Company is like panning gold in quicksand; but talent is known to exist there, and is hereby asked to declare itself, to leave—as it were, in passing—some little souvenir in verse, prose, or pen sketches, to grace the "B" Company column of this journal.

We want "B" Company column to be as refreshing as a ten days' pass in June, and we want the boys to supply the stuff.

So roll up with your contributions of news, views, verse, prose, and sketches, and turn them in to our "B" Company correspondent:—Sapper Butterfield, "B" Co. Orderly Room.

"PLUG."

WANTED, capable stenographer, with farm experience. Must be able to write 200 words per minute (Pitmans), work Empire machine, and milk Orderly Room cow. Apply Dairy Dept., "B" Company Office.



Lieut. Cliff, our Adjutant, seems all stuck on going to Aldershot for a course in riding. I wonder, is that the only attraction?

Just heard that Lieut. Miller, late of this Company, now in France, is living in the best, but very nearly got bust up on one occasion. Well, good luck! "old bear."

A little bird whispers that we are going to lose our Quarter bloke. Well, here's wishing him good luck in his new job, also some of the same "stuff" to his successor, hoping that he will not be so "Stern."

Lieut. Johnson, who was with us at Shorncliffe, is back again. It reminds me of that song, "They all come back."

Sergt. Johnson is now with the "crocks." How the boys in No. 1 Section will miss his "That looks like hell, that do."

In wandering round the Lines the other day, I overheard one of our N.C.O.'s lecturing to some of the boys on the whereabouts of the "Dog" spavin!

It must be great fun getting married these days. I noticed two of our latest wearing an additional stripe. Must try it.

Our Orderly Sergeant would like to know who it was that sewed his blankets together on the night he went out till midnight. Dirty dogs!

Congratulations, members of the Entertainment Committee. You people, sure, have the idea how to run dances, but a little more "Fluff" would be acceptable.

Poor Illidge seems to be having the time of his life, running the Mess, and to the Orderly Room. Have a heart, fellows; his is a helluva job.

I notice that certain members of the Office Staff seem to travel to "The little smoke" quite often. Well, you know, there's no place like (a) home.

Say fellows, you should try our Company barber. He's d—— good. I hear we are getting a tailor too. Soon we'll be well away. Eh?

Rotten weather, isn't it? makes me think of that often seen placard, "The warm and sunny south"; in that case, me for Scotland. Maybe that's the excuse the S.M. uses for going off so often.

Wake up, drivers! and send along something for the editorial staff to consider. We have an allotted space in this paper, so help to fill it up. "ROUGH RIDER."

WANTED, Drivers for the Engineers, devoted to horses. Healthful employment on the sea coast. Hours from 6 a.m. till 6 a.m. Should it be impossible to complete a day's work in the allotted time, an extension of working hours will be granted by the Commanding Officer.



Observations by "Bax."

After being detailed to act as the Signal Company representative for THE CANADIAN SAPPER, we made an impassioned appeal to the Signalling proletariat to let loose the flood of literary genius possessed by all and sundry. As a result, we received two poems and a joke. The poems come later—the joke is one of traditional interest, so we give it here.

Scene—Men's Mess.

ORDERLY SERGT.: "Shun! Orderly Officer!"

ORDERLY OFFICER: "Any complaints, men?"

VOICE FROM A TABLE: "This soup is not fit to eat, sir."

ORDERLY OFFICER (*dipping spoon into a pan and sampling contents*): "Why, this soup is perfectly alright."

MESS ORDERLY: "Pardon, sir—that isn't the soup; that's the dish water."

And yet we thought the British Museum was closed for the duration.

Speaking of hoary jests, a recent excavation in Egypt has unearthed the oldest joke on record—naturally it was a pun. The mother of an Egyptian Prince, thousands of years before Caesar was born, had just died, and her body was prepared, as was the custom, to adorn the ancestral catacombs. A friend of the Prince looked at the solemn procession, and then whispered to the Prince, "Look—there goes your mummy."

As this was the first pun on record, it is interesting to note that the perpetrator was boiled in oil.

Recent arrivals from "Beer" Company include Lieutenants E. Devitt and E. Hyam, who were with the Signallers in Ottawa. We almost forgot to include ourself in this paragraph. After six months in Bexhill and with the Young Soldiers' Battalion, we came back to the fold and were forgiven. Will someone produce the fatted calf?

Has Major Shergold, M.C., been reading Bernard Shaw? The reason we ask is because of this bit of airy persiflage which took place during a Signal parade:—

THE SKIPPER, *à cheval* (*missing an absent button*): "Look here, Sergt.-Major—a man with a button off."

(*Sergt.-Major almost swoons away*)

CULPRIT: "The button came off, sir, and I've nothing to sew it on with."

THE SKIPPER: "Haven't you got a housewife?"

CULPRIT: "Yezzir."

THE SKIPPER: "Well, what in the gory future do you think a housewife is for—an ornament?"

In view of the constant discussions as to a woman's place in the world, we are inclined to look upon this as a parable (or at least an allegory) indicating that Major Shergold believes women to be more essentially utilitarian than ornamental.

Wake up, Signallers!—shoot more stuff in for the next edition.

"BAX."



"Here to-day and gone to-morrow" seems to be the motto of the Tunnellers.

Major C. B. North is expected in the Depot soon, to relieve Major Davis as Chief Tunnelling Instructor, and to take command of the Tunnellers here. Major North was with the 1st Division, and has won the M.C. and the D.S.O. in France.

There is no truth in the rumour recently circulated around the Tunnelling Company, to the effect that all Tunnellers, after ten years' service as such, would be transferred to the submarine service. Authority L.L.R. 1346.

It is interesting to note that special mention was made, in General Haig's recent operations-report, of the splendid work done underground by the men in France.

"THE MOLE."



"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Farewell to the Depot Company. You may not have been long with us, but in that short time we have learned to like your pretty ways, and it is with no small regret that we give you up. What's that you say? "Will you come back to us again?" Certainly.

"Only to thyself remain but true,
And it shall follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be long away."

Just a word of thanks to Lieut. Wallis. We shall miss your stalwart presence, and the good work you have done will long be remembered. And to you, Sergt.-Major Clarke, one of the oldest in the Company, and to whom long practice has made the art of category juggling even as a second nature. And to you all,

N.C.O's and men, who have made the Regimental Depot proud of your work and presence. Good luck to you; you carry with you our best wishes in your new sphere. "CROCK."



Lieut.-Col. Sewell, —th C.R. Battalion, attended the 7th course, and left for his unit on the 13th inst.

Lieut. R. Brown's "Scotch invention" is maintaining its reputation.

A competitive map-reading and compass scheme, combined with a bicycle race, for the Instructional staff, was held on February 6th, Three prizes were allotted, the winners being:—

19168 A/Corpl. B. Chapman,
45458 A/Sergt. A. E. Case,
59659 Sergt. J. Milby.

When are the lights in our office going to be fixed? We do need them.

Are the instructors of the Signal Company going to challenge the instructors of the School to a competition signalling test?

I suppose nobody knows if Mr. Hicks still has his cup of China tea in bed every morning? I should say so: he looks so "cheerful" since returning from town.

We suggest that the piano in the N.C.O's hut in No. 3 Lines is used to maintain harmony. "ESSES ESSES."

? ?

When will the Depot wake up to the fact that the football team, with proper support, can win games, and so bring a little credit to the C.E.T.D.?

Who was the Lance-Corporal in "A" Company who sold a cat as a chicken, for three shillings, to one of the C.E.T.D. canteens?

What has happened to the young lady in Brighton who was in the habit of bringing sausage rolls to the bugler in the Engineers?

Who was the corporal in the Tunnelling Company who thought he was back on the farm when he said "Whoa!" instead of "Halt!"? —or is it a new wrinkle from Bexhill?

Who was the W.O. in "C" Company who had his moustache clipped to enable him to "get off" at "C" Company's dance? and did he?

Will the Officer i/c Messing tell us if it is true that he has found a suitable camouflage for the "Phew" we get on Friday? and if the Signal Company enjoyed it?

Why is it that the canteen profits are so much better in Seaford than in the other areas we have been in? Is it the ladies?

Why so many of the P.T. Staff are regular customers at No. 2 Lines canteen? Is it "THEE" lady?

Have a heart, P.T. Staff; two is company, not a dozen.

If the second opening in No. 2 Lines parade ground is the "Best entrance out," will the Adjutant tell us which is the best "Exit in"?

Who is the P.T. Officer who has invented a finger exercise for Headquarters Staff, and if it has improved their writing?

Who was the officer who was told to turn his toes in, as the ride was only allowed to occupy half the road?



To Officers and Men.

Advice is readily given concerning any of the advertisements seen in these columns. If in difficulty as to where to purchase any particular article, see the Advertising Manager at the office of this magazine.

A Signal Detachment.



Sitting:—L/Corpl. Bullock, Driver Darlington, Driver Whittle, Sergt. Cooling, D.C.M., Capt. D. H. Macfarlane, L/Corpl. Donaldson, Corpl. Pound, L/Corpl. Bagg, M.M., Corpl. Edwards.
Second Row:—Driver McSparran, Sapper Burrows, Pte. Dewar, M.M., Sappers Campbell, Burberry, Kosakoskie, Rysie, Clay, Mitchell, Balsdon.
Back Row:—Sapper Tapping, Driver Ferguson, Driver Gardner, Sapper Ewen, L/Corpl. Harmes, Sappers Mace, Beard, Shillabeer, Kerr, Rowe.

Whilst the major portion of the work devolving upon the officers, N.C.O's and men of the Signal Company, may at times appear monotonous, the virtue of its monotony lies in its indisputable necessity. With the varying policy of an Army in the field — sometimes "wait and see," another time "go over and find out," the most trivial matter, or matters which appear trivial to many—the matters of daily routine—are absolutely dependent on constant and certain communication. To many whose work is carried on in comparative obscurity, there is no halo of glory beyond the consciousness of work well done. For those of our Company whose work takes them to the "forward zones," there is keen appreciation of

their labours by those of us whose work is in the rear area ; especially must mention be made of those who have persistently and successfully carried out work on cable. The following lines as tribute to them are not amiss :—

To the Cable Men.

Dark as the grave and muddy,
 Torn with the screaming shell,
 Wet with the blood of our brothers,
 Truly a path of hell.
 Strewn on all side by the fallen,
 Dead men face down in the mire,
 This is the way up from Ypres,
 Used by the men with the wire.
 Night after night they walk it,
 Communication to hold
 O'er this trail of dark surprises,
 The trail that makes young men old.

On Flappers.

Being a few words of advice for the guidance of good looking Subalterns on leave.

At the end of my military career, when I am paraded to Saint Peter for acceptance (and, of course, accepted), I shall get a job in the Orderly Room.

I shall not do this out of carelessness or curiosity, or for any other vague reason; I shall have a definite object in view, because an Orderly Room is the only place in this great and glorious country where there are no flappers. They even penetrate there occasionally, but they very soon leave—generally with the Colonel.

That is the whole point; they generally grab the best thing in sight, and if the best thing in sight happens to have a dear little wife and a big family, so much the better—more fun for the flapper.

So you will see my object in getting a desk in the celestial Orderly Room. I have no objection to a seventeen-year-old female angel hopping off a wet cloud, and twanging her harp at the recording angel in the inner office, and taking him off to "YE LITTEL TEA SHOPPE"—with every feather in her wings shaking with suppressed glee—so long as she lets ME alone.

There are lots of sorts of them, and they all fool you, generally because they are cleverer than you are; they are even cleverer than I am—they have fooled me. And the whole trouble is, that their cleverness is not in their minds but in their bodies; essentially, as members of society, they are stupid, unintelligent, and great bores, but as decorative and breezy companions they are the rocks on which the barque of many a seven days' leave flirtation has busted its noble nose.

The average flapper is too stupid to understand reason, and too pretty, far too pretty, to be rude to—and being rude is the only way to get rid of a woman you don't like. The consequence is that a man who is old enough to

know better, goes on talking to them, and feeding them with chocolates and tea and cakes, until his mind reaches that turgid and flannelly condition in which he imagines himself to be in love with one of them.

That in itself wouldn't matter: it's unfortunate, but natural—what *does* matter is that, by dint of saying nothing but "Oh!" and "Really!" and "How nice!" at the proper intervals, and twisting her serpentine young body into extraordinary attitudes, and by half closing her sweet young eyes, and letting them say just what they like, she persuades the unfortunate young man to tell her about the putrid state of mind he is in.

Then she bursts out laughing. Lord, how she laughs; not very loud, but just into herself, quietly. Her whole stupid, unformed soul laughs in an uproarious glee, and she goes off, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, to tell her flapper friend all about it. Then they both laugh.

The usual result of this is that our young man (or even elderly man) gets the flapper fever, and gets it right. He starts taking them out to tea, three at a time, and watching their tricks. And the joke is that, while he imagines he is studying their habits, they haven't got any habits—they are just natural young animals, full of life, and out for a good time. Take them to a matinee, and finish up at Hachettes with a dish of tea and marrons glacés, and their cup of joy is filled to overflowing. But they don't say so, because they don't know—they are experimenting in life without knowing it; and they will barge indiscriminately into the most sacred relations in human experience, and barge out again, without knowing they've been there at all—until somebody tells them. Then they laugh.

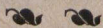
I am writing this for the benefit of the young. I have been fooled nine times, by nine different kinds of flappers—and there are only ten kinds. I am wise now: I shall save the

last kind for the other end of my life—when I am about 65, and my son is grown up. That will complete my experience of women.

This last kind I have always feared to tackle; it is the contemplative flapper. She walks by herself, like Kipling's cat; she veils her violet eyes (they are usually violet) behind lashes lowered in an apparent perpetual humility; she avoids you; she leaves the drawing-room when you go in to call on her mother; she only eats one piece of cake at tea time, and never touches crystallised cherries. She reads Bernard Shaw, and understands him; modern Teutonic philosophy has no secrets from her; and she even has views of her own. She has brains, my young friend, brains. And yet she is naturally just the same as all the other sorts of flappers—soulless and light-hearted, experimental and cruel. They are all as different as a kaleidoscope to look at and to listen to—but all the same fundamentally, and all dangerous.

And if any of you ever get stung during your observation of one of these creatures, you may solace your wounded pride by the reflection that she doesn't really know she has done anything unusual. And always remember that you haven't been fooled—you have merely been allowed to fool yourself.

J. BUTTERFIELD.



"For This Many Thanks!"

The following has been received from the 4th Field Company:—

"A word of appreciation to the members of the C.E.T.D. at Seaford, for the handsome cheque forwarded to each Field Company in France at Christmas time, may not be amiss, even though the Christmas of 1917 is now a five week old event. A letter of acknowledgment and of thanks was to forwarded the O.C. at Seaford, direct, but in the columns of THE CANADIAN SAPPER let us assure the rank and file of the C.E.T.D. that a cheque of such size

was never better appreciated, and never came at a more opportune moment than the one of December, 1917. It was some celebration. Talk about the hardships, the trials and tribulations of the Sappers in France! Beach Thomas or Philip Gibbs sometimes spills the ink along that line; but on December 25th, 1917, we simply forgot all those little troubles and made merry. Will all members of the Depot at Seaford please accept our grateful thanks? We spent that cheque of yours on such stuff as made one forget (for the moment) that there was a war on.

"And in the hope that a few numbers of THE CANADIAN SAPPER reach the Canadian Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns, Quebec, we ask our boys over there to accept our thanks for the big consignment of "Players" which reached us last week, and were distributed among all ranks. You hit the right brand."

Oscar Wilde once said that "One man's poetry is another man's poison," but Sapper Ketchum, of the Signals, not only writes poetry but gets it published. The following is an effusion which he submitted:—

Requiescat.

They sleep, fair azure skies above them smiling,
Beneath the soil they died so well to save,

While careless hearts, with mirth the hours
beguiling,

Think little of the lives their comrades gave.

They sleep, the calm of sombre twilight stealing
O'er crimson fields that once had known no
stain;

By shattered shrines the peasant folk are
kneeling,

With hopeful eyes, and faith supreme o'er pain.

They sleep, the stars above them softly gleaming,
How deep their rest beneath an alien sky,

O'er their rude graves the moonlight palely
streaming;

They sleep the sleep of those who bravely die.

After "Lights Out."

In a recent small naval engagement, a number of seamen were lost, and in due course their widows received an official document full of officious questions to be answered relative to claims for pensions. One of these questions read: "Were you born in lawful wedlock?"—an impertinence which one ingenious lady answered by stating, "No; in Manchester."

* * *

Two sappers of a famous Field Company were walking about in France, picking wild flowers, during a rest period. One of the boys looked across the next field, and stopped.

"Is that the Major?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Is that his wife he's got with him?"

"No; I think it must be his emergency ration."

* * *

The Orderly Officer was inspecting billets. Through the canvas-covered aperture, where in happier times a door used to be, came the unmistakable rattle of dice. "Sergeant, is it a game of chawnce?" "Yessir." Cries of "Lucky ole Sarjunt-Major," professional patter from the croupier, and "The Sarjun-Major wins again!" Turning to Sergeant, Orderly Officer remarked: "The Sergeant-Major seems to be—er—extraordinarily lucky—what?"

* * *

At Woodstock the other day, a dear old gentleman met a Canadian sapper. "I've got a boy in Canada," he said; "have you met him? His name is Henry—Henry Smith."

"Canada is a big place," said the sapper; "where does he live?"

"It's a place they call Florry something or other," said he; "yes, that's it, Florida—that's where he is; do you know him?"

Mac, on leave in Blighty, was captivated by the haunting melody, "A broken doll." One evening, after judicious lubrication, he accompanied a chum to a boxing tournament. The applause which followed a particularly keen bout roused Mac from dreamless slumber. Turning to his chum, he exclaimed, "Man, didna I tell ye 'twas a verra bonny bit song?"

* * *

"Garçon," asked the man who thought he knew French, "what do you think of my French?" "But, M'sieu," replied the human essence of politeness, "*it is wonderful; I haf neverre 'eard anything like it.*"

* * *

A sergeant of the —th Company and his farmer host recently visited Woodstock, which lies just outside the gates of Blenheim Park, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. It was stock sale day, and they saw a middle-aged gentleman wandering among the pens. He was noticeable particularly because he was wearing one yellow legging and one white one, to witness to his disregard of the conventions of dress.

"Who is that queer guy?" said the Canadian.

"Hush!" said the horrified farmer. "Not so loud, or he may hear you; that's the Duke."

And it was.

* * *

We hear that the Germans are painting English jokes on their ships, so that the Scotch trawlers can't see them.

* * *

Tommy (to captured Hun): Get along there: wat yer hanging about for?

Hun: I'm waiting for mein broder; he vas surrender mit der next batch.

G.O.C. Division (turning furiously to O.C. —th Field Ambulance, on inspection): Where are your d—— pontoons?



The Lost Patrol.

"My cousin, what works in Whitehall, says his new hotel isn't very comfortable."

Lieut. Roberts, M.M., has just handed us this [poem, which was written by his old pal, No. 319 Sapper J. R. Yeo. It is addressed to

The Telephone Man.

This is the song of the telephone man,
The man with the buzzer-box,
With dirty face and filthy clothes,
With muddy hair and eyes and nose,
Who gets no sleep but a fitful doze,
Who daily does work which no one knows,
Whose life is any old colour but rose—
The poor d—— telephone man!

Who ever thinks of the telephone man,
The man with the constant frown?
If he's a phone man his life is a curse,
If he's a line man it's something worse.
In either case he'll need a nurse,
Or else a stretcher in lieu of a hearse,
And as an epitaph, something terse:
"This was the telephone man!"

What is the work of the telephone man,
The man who's the cause of this song?
It's to be on duty early and late,
With a black buzzing phone for his only mate,
Unless he's a line man (whom all men hate),
And who, if he's lucky, can sleep on a gate;
Who cares a d——? for, at any rate,
He's only the telephone man.

And what does he do when the battle's done?
Does he live and sleep like a man?
No; he pinches and steals his neighbour's wire,
And denies the fact with curses dire,
And St. Peter, above, stutters "What a liar!"
While Satan chuckles, and rakes up his fire
For the poor doomed telephone man.

But he has one hope, has the telephone man,
Which he always bears in mind—
Be he from Winnipeg, Truro, or Devon—
When his mile in wire is really seven,
And by all accounts it should be eleven,
In his cheerless life there's some slight heaven:
"Let's hope they don't have phones in heaven,"
Is the prayer of the telephone man.

Personal.

Lieut. Erzinger, affectionately known as "Slinger," has returned to Canada to nurse a temperamental knee. The slump in the earnings of the Brighton-Seaford line show a grave decrease. Good luck, "old thing!"

✻ ✻ ✻

Lieut. Abbott, who recently came back from France, followed "Slinger," while Lieut. Harry Pryde, the uncanny Scot, has just gone to Bramshott to signalise matters in that paradise of huts. Lieut. A. W. Cunningham goes to Shorncliffe in the shuffle, and Lieut. Skinner comes from Bramshott to go overseas.

✻ ✻ ✻

In view of the recent rumours of changes in the High Commands in France, it is significant that Lieut. Larry Glass and Lieut. J. H. Kerr have just left for that land of warfare and pretty women. Our grief at losing Larry Glass is made all the more acute, because he gave us the address of his "appassionata" in Brighton, and we've lost the confounded thing we wrote it on.

✻ ✻ ✻

Lieut. E. R. Stevenson and Lieut. Skinner are "next to bat" for France. In the hurry and bustle of getting ready, "Steve" has only been able to write an average of fourteen letters a day.

✻ ✻ ✻

Major G. Cline, D.S.O., will superintend the training at the Depot for the next three months. Major Cline has a distinguished record as a soldier, and in addition to winning the coveted D.S.O., he wears the French Legion of Honour, won at the second battle of Ypres.

✻ ✻ ✻

Captain Jas. Rattray, formerly of the —st Tunnelling Company, and before that with the Machine Gunners, has decided to try his luck

with the Flying Corps. The best wishes of a host of friends are with him in his new task.

✻ ✻ ✻

Lieut. C. W. Lowman is the latest Tunnelling officer to get married. There must be something in this tunnelling game which necessitates one having a "silent partner."

✻ ✻ ✻

The many friends of Lieut. John Rankin, C.E., formerly with the —st Tunnelling Company, will be glad to hear of his appointment as Dominion Land Surveyor in Nova Scotia. Lieut. Rankin broke down in health in France, and was invalided out of the Army.

✻ ✻ ✻

Lieut. F. P. Flett, C.E., is getting along as well as can be expected. He went to France with the —st Tunnelling Company, and was a general favourite with officers and men; and his early recovery is looked forward to. He is at present in the Kentville N.S. Sanatorium.

🎭 🎭

ORDERLY OFFICER (visiting Guard) to Sentry-
No. 1 Post: "Give over your orders."

Sentry duly complies.

ORDERLY OFFICER: "Now, what would you call an 'unusual occurrence'?"

SENTRY: "To see the sentry box marking time."

✻ ✻ ✻

Scene.—Same Guard; time about 11.30 p.m.

SENTRY: "Halt! who comes there?"

Answer: "Visiting Rounds."

SENTRY: "Well, you had better slide away to your barrack room; the Orderly Officer will be round in a minute."

✻ ✻ ✻

Scene.—Musketry Class.

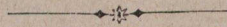
EXAMINING OFFICER (to recruit): "Now, what do you understand by the term, 'a fine sight'?"

RECRUIT: "Two dinners on one plate."

Memories.



Looking back to the early days of the Contingent, when one used to wonder whether the war would be over before we had a chance to do our bit, we all remember the bridge which was built over the Jacques Cartier River, at Valcartier, by parties of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Field Companies of the Canadian Engineers, in September, 1914. It was the first military engineering feat by the men—completed in record time—and there was no disguising the pride which was felt at the result.



War Service Badges.



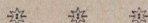
By courtesy of The Canadian Daily Record.

The Military Service has approved of the above war service badges, to be worn in Canada. In the order reproduced, they are:—Class A, for soldiers who have seen service at the Front; Class B, for soldiers honourably discharged as being permanently unfit after service overseas; Class C, for those honourably discharged after serving in Canada only; Class D, for those rejected as medically unfit prior to August 10th, 1917.



C.E.T.D. Pierrot Troupe.

Our idea of a quiet chat: Sergt.-Major Carpenter, Sergt. Doncaster, and Corp. Darling discussing whether it was or was not Sapper Chilton who failed to bring the music for the Pierrot rehearsal (with appropriate comments by Sapper Chilton).



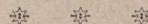
C.E.T.D. Cinema.

It is unnecessary to write much about this, for by now everyone in the North Camp should know where the Cinema is, and the quality of entertainment provided. Many good pictures have been shown during January, and still better ones are promised for this month.

Owing to a breakdown, the power house at South Camp could not supply current for the show from the 30th January to the 8th February. Consequently the Cinema was unwillingly obliged to close down for that period. The management regret the disappointment caused by this. Extensive alterations and improvements, including the raising of the seats at the back of the theatre, were undertaken, and completed by the time the show opened again on the 11th February. It is probable that two shows will be given nightly after about the 18th of the month, and it is believed that in the near future it will be possible to provide pictures equalling any to be seen.

Boxing competitions are held every Wednesday at 6.30, the pictures being shown afterwards. In addition, concert parties are sometimes engaged. The "Playgoers," of Brighton, will give a performance on Saturday, 16th February, at 7 p.m., which will be followed

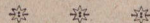
by the usual pictures. Miss Gladys Foster will bring a concert party at an early date.



—th Company's Dance.

The dance given by the Engineers at Bicester took place at the Corn Exchange, on January 31st. The programme arranged by C.Q.M.S. Day and Sergt. Ford (who acted as M.C.s of the night) was of a varied kind, and seemed to please all those who participated in the evening's entertainment. The attendance was large, and it was regretted that the floor space would not permit of more couples at one time. Excellent items were rendered by the next Company's orchestra, conducted by Lance-Corporal Martin.

The members of the Committee were Sergt. Matthews, Lance-Corpl. Muir, Drivers Reid and Dubois, who have decided on better arrangements for refreshments, etc., on the next occasion. Generally speaking, the evening was a great success.



The same Company's Minstrel Troupe.

This Field Company has formed a minstrel troupe of eighteen members, and are meeting with much success in their efforts to entertain the various Field Companies of the Division located in the vicinity of their present station, and also the V.A.D. Hospitals in the neighbourhood.

Considerable credit for the success of the troupe is due to Lieut. K. Brydon, C.E., who spent much of his time, and was at considerable expense, in the procuring of the talent and its development and training.

The troupe promises well for the future, and is organised on a permanent basis, with Capt. R. L. Dunsmore, M.C., as president, Lieut. H. G. Holman as chairman of the Executive Committee, and Sergt. H. E. Snow as secretary-treasurer.

On the evening of January 14th last, the troupe put on their complete performance (in conjunction with local talent) for the benefit of the Oxford and Bucks Prisoners-of-War Fund, when they played to a packed house, and responded to many merited encores. The civil population expressed themselves as highly pleased with the numbers presented on the troupe's repertoire.



Mounted Company's Dance.

A second dance, organized by "C" Company, was held in No. 2 Canteen, on Wednesday night, the 6th February.

A programme of nicely selected dances was pleasingly accompanied by the tuneful strains of the untiring and deservedly popular Soldiers' Club Orchestra from the South Camp, and there were few of the gathering who did not indulge in "the light fantastic" until an early hour of the morning. Among those present were Lieut.-Colonel (and Mrs.) T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Major Ward, Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, D.C.M., Capt. K. M. Campbell, Lieuts. G. H. Cliff, G. C. Birbeck, R. A. Pook, O. E. Ledger, and K. C. McKinnon.

The arrangements were ably undertaken by Driver L. F. Turgeon, and it is to be hoped another enjoyable night will be scheduled in the near future.

"WAG."



Referring to the Kaiser's recent demands *re* Gibraltar, Malta, and the Suez Canal, one of our correspondents suggests that, to further placate His Impious Majesty, we give him the Panama Canal also. True, it belongs to the United States, but that wouldn't matter to the Kaiser.

Blue Cross Fund.

Our thanks are due to the Blue Cross Fund organisers for the great assistance they have rendered us from time to time, by supplying many necessities for the use of the horses in the depôt. One seldom hears of this Fund, which is a branch of "Our Dumb Friends League," and was formed to help our horses in war time. It is an organisation which has done wonders in reducing the sufferings of the horses on the battle fronts, and at the many depôts in this country.

I should like to suggest that every opportunity should be taken to assist this fund financially, and that there should be a collecting box in every unit. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, J. Coke, Esq., 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

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The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, whose one and only address is at 112, Regent Street, London, W., have a delightful display of articles of jewellery to select from when making a present to oneself or friend. The military luminous watch advertised on page 4 is of exceptional value, and has survived the severe usage of war, proving a truthful companion for the soldier.

H. Dorington & Co. have removed from 18, Queen's Road, to 3, North Street Quadrant, Brighton (near the Clock Tower, just a few minutes' walk from the Station). See page iii. cover.

✧ SPORTS. ✧



"C" Company C.E.T.D., Winners 1st Series Depot League.

Standing:—Lce-Cpl. E. Lockyer, Sergt. C. H. Dickson, Driver J. Stewart, Lce-Cpl. A. Eastment, Lc-Cpl. W. J. Knox, Driver W. Wilson, Driver G. T. Smedley, Driver F. C. Brind, Driver C. H. Mills.

Sitting:—Cpl. E. E. Anderson, Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, Lieut. W. C. Miller, Driver A. B. Watson, Driver E. J. Darvill.

SOCCER.

C.E.T.D. v. R.G.A., Shoreham.

A most interesting game was played against the R.G.A. at Shoreham, on Jan. 24th, resulting in a win for the C.E.T.D. team by 5—4. In the first half, the R.G.A. was leading by 2 goals to nil; and in the first part of the second half the opposing team scored two more goals, leaving our team four goals to the bad. In the last 15 minutes, the C.E.T.D. team scored five goals, winning the match, 5—4, much to the surprise of the R.G.A.

C.E.T.D. v. —st Reserve Battalion.

An exciting game took place on Sunday, Jan. 27th, between the above teams, for the Seaford area championship, resulting in a win for the —st Reserve Batt. team by 4 goals to 3.

C.E.T.D. Inter-Company Series.

The first of these series was won by "C" Company, the second by "B" Company, and the third series is now in progress.

—th Division Win and Lose.

The 5th Division Engineer team easily defeated the Artillery Depôt by 6—2, and were very unfortunate to lose to the Army Medical team by 2—3. They went to Whitley on the last occasion under the belief that they had already won their way to the semi-final; but found on their arrival that another method of grouping had been adopted, and that they would have to fight their way right through again. In the game with the Meds. they had all the best of the play until three or four of the Engineers' best performers had been put out of action.

RUGBY.

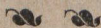
The team was organised in December to play the English game. Several practice games have been played against South Camp teams. Progress has been hindered partly by the inclement weather at the beginning of the year, but chiefly because of the lack of necessary equipment. It was found impossible to buy boots for immediate delivery. Boots were ordered and delivery promised in January, and it was deemed advisable to discontinue playing until the team were provided with this most necessary item of their equipment.

We have the nucleus of a fine team, but lack a good three-quarter line. Allan, of "A" Company, and Ardell, of Signals, are the mainstays of the back line at present.

Murdoch, of Signals, plays an excellent game at full back, and is fast developing into a first-class player.

Matches are being arranged with several outside teams, including, among others, the R.G.A. Cadets at Maresfield, the C.T.S., Bexhill, and the R.G.A. at Forest Row. Full particulars will appear in Depôt Orders in due course.

All ranks of the C.E.T.D. who can and are keen to play the game, are invited to communicate with or see Lieut. E. C. Bloomfield, at the Tunnelling Company, or at No. 1 Officers' Quarters, No. 1 Lines.



RUNNING.

Brigade Race.

At the Brigade Sports, on the 5th of December, the C.E.T.D. running team, consisting of twelve runners, easily led the way, the Machine Gun Depôt arriving second. The entries for this race consisted of teams from all the units in the Seaford area. It was a new course of approximately three and a half miles.

C.M.G.D. Open Event.

This run resulted in a win for the Gunners, the C.E.T.D. making a good second. Each team consisted of twelve runners, eight to count, and the race was run over a course of five miles. The following was the Engineer team in the order of arrival:—Sapper Gordon, Driver Beamish, Sapper Floyd, Corpl. Tandy, Lieut. Crook, Sapper Goodall, Sapper Meagher, Sapper Thomas.

C.T.S. v. C.E.T.D.

The race at Bexhill was the first one run by the Engineer team outside this area. It was hardly expected to meet with the success it did. The Depôt won after a good fight. The course was about four miles.

C.T.S. v. C.E.T.D.

This return match was run at Seaford under very unfavourable weather conditions, on the 10th January. The course was approximately four miles. It was to be regretted that through an error the fixture had been overlooked, and our opponents arrived when we were not prepared. It was a close run, the Engineers winning by 30 to 27 points.

Hackbridge Meet.

The Engineer team was certainly out of luck at this meet. Driver Beamish injured himself through a fall on starting, which meant that one runner had to do two relays, naturally losing much time. There were twelve entries for this run from all around the country, and it was a credit the way the Engineers picked up, finishing eighth.

The six miles "Comrades" relay race was run on February 6th. Each team consisted of six (all ranks), and the race was run in three relays of two miles each, each pair to start and finish together.

The following teams entered:—Canadian Machine Gun Depôt, Canadian Engineers, Australian O.T.B., Railway O.D.R.E., 6th (R) London Regt., 9th (R) London Regt. (Q.V.R.),

Household Brigade O.C.B. (A team), Household Brigade F.F.B. (B team), Household Brigade F.F.B. (C team), 6th Res. Brigade R.F.A., M.G. Corps Cavalry, Irish Guards.

The following team represented the C.E.T.D.:—Lieut. Crook, Driver McLean, Corpl. Tandy, Sapper Goodall, Sapper Floyd, Sapper Gordon; (spare) Sergt. Page, Driver Stewart.

The first two miles was run by Lieut. Crook and Driver McLean as the first pair. The pace at the start was very fast, and our first men were well up, McLean running exceptionally well.

Tandy and Goodall ran our second relay, and Tandy appeared in fine fettle and greatly helped to better our position, giving our last relay of men, Gordon and Floyd, a position of third team. These two men ran a splendid race although having about 200 yards to gain going into the last relay, which they were successful in doing, but in the last quarter of a mile Floyd weakened slightly, and allowed the final relay of the 9th London Regt. (Q.V.R.) to come between himself and Gordon. The London boys gained about five yards on Floyd, which he was unable to recover.

The final results were:—1st, 9th London Regt. (Q.V.R.); 2nd, C.E.T.D.; 3rd, M.G. Cavalry Corps. Time, about 32 minutes.

“BOOKIE.”



HOCKEY.

C.E.T.D. v. Summerdown Convalescent Camp.

An exciting hockey match was played on “Ladycross” Grounds, on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, between the above teams, which resulted in a draw, 1—1. As our hockey team has twice been beaten by the Summerdown team, this last result is very satisfactory.

BASEBALL.

The baseball fans in the Ninth Field are anxious for their champions (who met with much success last summer, often against larger units) to meet the pick of some of the other Field Companies when out of the line during the coming summer—in the event of “la guerre” being still in progress. Corpl. Shepherd (of Nanaimo) is still their star, both with the bat and “in the ring.” He was up against several good boxers from the Battalions last summer, and scored every time. He has the Military Medal for service in a more serious direction than sport.

With the ball diamond in an almost impossible condition, the Winter Stove League is holding a continuous session in the Nissen Huts doping out the possibilities of the coming season for the 4th Field Company.

Hughey Fullerton has acquired a reputation as a dovester *par excellence*. Hughey sits in his office in little 'ole New York, with nothing to bother him except a possible coal shortage. Out here one has a few worries to contend with, and to attempt to dope out prospects of a baseball season two months in advance, without taking into consideration what the Hun or the M.O. may do in the meantime, is, to say the least, a trifle risky. Let it be said, however, right here and now, that the 4th Field will be right on the job this season, when Mr. Umps trots out and hollors “Play Ball.” Last year’s crew is much intact, while members of recent drafts have admitted the fact that at times, and in places well-known in Canada and the States, they have indulged in the national pastime. Prospects are no less bright among the “Five of the Field,” so we can expect some fine old tussles when old Sol gets working properly. A good wallop at those Frenchmen is almost as good as reading a running story on the World Series.

BOXING.

Boxing at the Depot is becoming more popular all the time. It now forms part of the P.T. Training, and is a welcome change from "physical jerks."

There have lately been several competitions at the Cinema Theatre at the different weights, with numerous entries and many well-contested bouts.

Sapper Carphin, "A" Company, won the welter weights.

Sapper Deneau, "B" Company, won the bantam weights.

Driver Hawkins, "C" Company, and Sapper Gordon, "B" Company, tied for the middle weights.

Sapper Hynes won the feather weights.

Sapper Murray won the light weights.

Sapper Green, weighing 105lbs., won the flyweights in a hard bout with Sapper Hodges, who is a giant of 107lbs.

The best entries and hardest bouts were in the light, welter and middle weights. Major Fell officiated as referee, assisted by Captain McKinnel, while Lieut. McLeod held the watch. Some of the more experienced boxers were barred from these preliminary competitions in order to give the novices a chance.

The C.E.T.D. was represented in the Seaford area competitions by the following:—

Heavy weights: Corpl. Bogard and Sapper Pridmore.

Cruiser weights: Sapper Murray and Sapper Colwell.

Middle weights: Corpl. Harris and Sapper Goodson.

Welter weights: Sapper Isadore.

Boxing and Physical Development.

IN all times the British race has been the leading exponent in the "noble art of self-defence," and in recent years we have added the knowledge and experience which has been gained by other peoples in physical development, to our systems of bodily training.

As an essentially training body in this Depot, "B" Company is especially interested in these matters, and especially active in their development.

Plans are now in hand, and will shortly be put into execution, for turning the mobilization shed on No. 2 parade ground into a finely equipped modern gymnasium, with an ample supply of up-to-date apparatus, and a specially trained staff.

As is natural in the Army, great attention is being paid to the Boxing side, and the instructional staff is being brought thoroughly into line.

Sergts Ruffel and Hall have just completed a Brigade Course in this branch, and Sergts McKee and Cook are at present undergoing similar training.

We are also fortunate in securing the services of Sapper Goodson, of the new Signal draft, who is almost in the professional class, and who won all the middle weight battles organised on the boat coming over.

Each Wednesday evening there will be boxing competitions at the Cinema, where new talent will be brought out and tested in the presence of the keen sporting public of this camp.

The gymnasium is open each night for training and practice; and it is worth noting that instruction which would cost a civvy a lot of dollars, can be had free of all cost beyond the trouble of reaching out and taking it.

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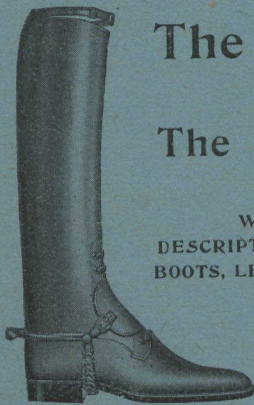
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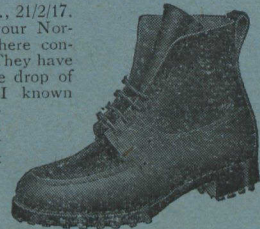
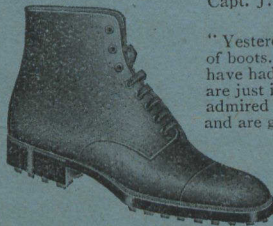
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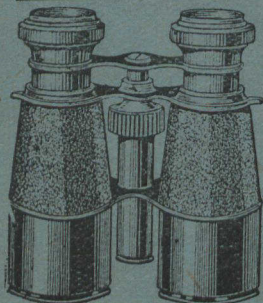
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