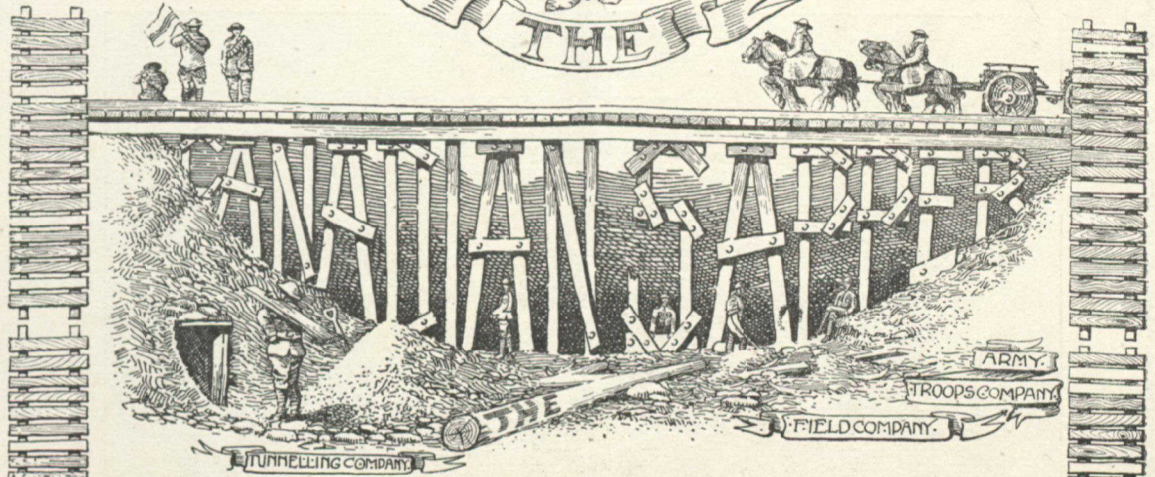
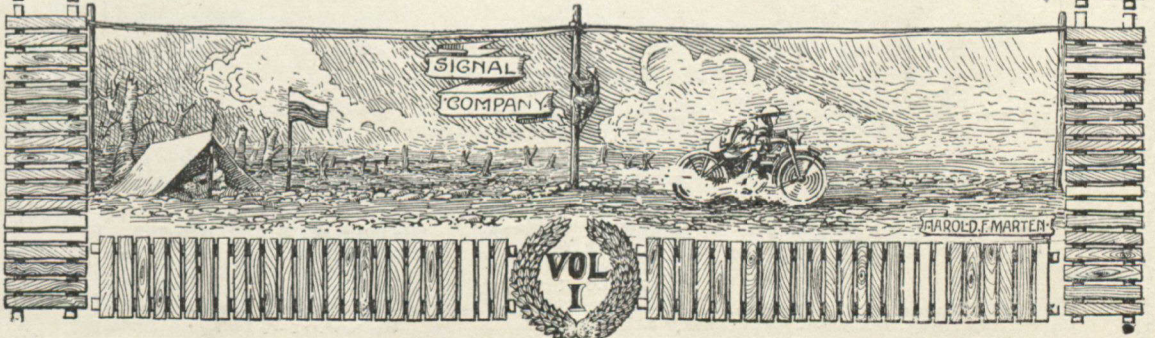


May
1918

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OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS



No. 4

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MAY 1918.

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THE CANADIAN SAPPER

VOL. I. No. 4.

MAY, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Editorial.

Spring is here.

✻ ✻ ✻

So is THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

✻ ✻ ✻

And the War.

✻ ✻ ✻

That reminds us, we must let you into a little advance news. We may have to reduce the size of the print next time, so as to get in all the "news," as the "paper people" are going to cut us down—and we don't want to reduce the quantity of matter; even if we have less pages, there will be the same quantity of reading.

✻ ✻ ✻

Quality! that is up to you.

Somebody sends in a query "Why so much about the officers?" Well! why? Send in some news about the gentleman who is the body and backbone of the British Army, and carries a Field Marshal's baton in his haversack! There are only a few of us, perhaps, who know him nearly well enough.

✻ ✻ ✻

We eat! Do we ever think where the various articles come from? A few of them through the

C.A.S.C.: bread and meat, but everything else is supplied, without a hitch, by the Central Store N.A.C.B. The local branch is a model of efficiency; it has a splendid staff who work so well for and with their "father," as Mr. C. Wilkins, the manager, is called. He is a cheery and obliging soul, liked by everybody who comes into contact with him. He refuses you what

you are not entitled to, with a smile. "I'm sorry, sir, I can't do it—I have to look after the troops first." Our thanks to Mr. Wilkins.

✻ ✻ ✻

We must thank all our correspondents and artists for the way they are continually supporting this magazine. We should like to specially mention Dvr. Lynn; L/Cpl. Lewis, who so ably

assists us in the office; Sapper O'Leary and Driver H. Marten for their excellent illustrations and posters; Sapper J. Butterfield for his ready wit and clever contributions. This month we must be grateful to Sergt. Armstrong for handling the sports and entertainments. But there, we should mention scores of names if our space permitted.



No. 3 Section, Major Manhard's Field Co.

Back Row—Sappers Shaw, Craig, L/Cpl. Glen, Sappers Thorne, Woolley, Lane, L/Corpl. Mills, Sappers Strong, Lang, Evans, Hedger, Grey.
Middle Row—Sappers Birch, Stewart, L/Cpl. Turner, Sergt. Gordon, Cpl. Shirley, L/Cpl. Studholme, Cpl. Mitchell, Sapper Finney, 2/Corpl. (now Corpl.) Cross.
Front Row—L/Cpl. Wilkinson, Sappers Geo. Robinson, Davies, Tozer.

SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 3 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

Sumwher in France.
April.

DEER HORACE,—

having a few minuts to spair I thot I wud drop you a line hoping it finds you wel as it leeves me at present. yer last letter reeched me, bein sent on from Seaford and I was serprised about Mary Smith going with Bill Simonds.

It sure shows she aint got no taste and as for him—wel any guy hoo wud steel a fellows girl wen hees at war is welcum and it dont worry me one bit the dirty skunk. Just wate till I cum back and see if I dont lower his categrity.

But enuf of strife. i am now in France and in the mist of the grate German offensiv. As soon as we got heer an offiser sez

“Just a wurd about yor letters. dont rite anything about the war or wer you are or wat you see or wat you heer or wat you think about the war. dont menshun moovments of troops and don't menshun names.”

Gee Horace they sure try to cramp a fellows stile over heer. all our letters is left open and red by the sensor hoo is one of our offisers. this job is usualy handed to the last offiser out frum Blighty and he is offisialy known as “the gote” about wunce a week (purhaps) they giv us a green envelope which aint sensored. this is in kase you are in luv with the same gurl as “the gote” and dont want to embaras him. i'm saving my furst green one to rite to Bill Simonds, the sun of a gun!

I asked a guy hoo looked as if he had been heer since 1913 wat wuz the big idea of sensoring a fellows male.

“The idea is” he sez “so that only us and Fritz knows wer we are.”

i dont see no sense in that do you Horace?

gee you wud laf at the french tranes over heer. the cars is all frate cars and they all are marked

“8 chevaux (horses)

“40 hommes (guys)

When the engin starts it sort of shreeks as if sum-budy had it by the throte like a soperano in a grand opera when the tenor stabs her in the finaley. but say Horace you no that Canadian Northurn speshul milk trane at home that wuz good for ten miles an hour with a breez behind it—wel it wuz a litening express cumpaird to a french trane. it talks a hundrid hors power to run the trane and five hundrid to blo the whissul so every time the whissul blos the trane stops just like the Methidust ministers old mair at home.

gee Horace there is a lot of lorries over heer and there is a lot of Wacks driving them neer the bais (the

home plate) i asked the original 1913 guy if the fellows sang much when they marched and he sez the favourut song is “Any Lorry” ha ha.

The peepul out heer are awful poor eddicated and can hardly speek English at all. I sez to a gurl the other day in an estaminay (Beer joint)

“How is everything Lucy?”

“No bun” she sez.

“No bun?” I sez “hav sum of my iron rashuns.”

“No compree?” she sez.

“No” I sez, taking a chans, “but I hav sum chooing gum”

“Say Lager” she sez then.

“Look heer” I ansers, “I aint a brooery and anyway it aint la-ger its lager.”

“Too funee” she sez.

“It may be” I ansers kind of short “but I dont see no joke.”

Gee dont they go to no public skools over heer at all I wunder?

I wuz sent on to the first DIVISIONUL SIGNAL COMPANY as a driver which is jake. the o.c. is a good sport everybody sez and gives the guys a squair deel. the first sunday I wuz out heer we went to church in the morning and in the evening we wuz given our rum rashun which is pretty brod minded eh kiddo? gee Horace after that rum rashun I started to pictoor how I wud beet Bill Simonds up wen I get home—the big stiff!

I aint killed any Germans yet but in my next leter I will tel you all about the grate German offensiv and how the signalurs beet him ha ha. no joke tho the Canadians out heer think they can beet Fritz any day in the weak and twice on Sundays.

I dont miss Seaford much becuz a guy has a better time out heer. they leev it to a guy's commun sens to get out and get under if Fritz sends over a air rade and you dont get fateegs garding coal and going on army servus cor gard. Stil I had a gud time at Seaford and I think Ivan the Terribul was reel sorry to see me go ha ha

Wel Horace tel Mary Smith I will be troo to her always (or until I pick up this French lingo anyway) tel her I aint a bit sore about her goin with Bill Simonds, the poor boch.

Rite me soon,

yor old sidekick,

SINBAD.

Beckshill.

The corporal tripped down the line at one-forty to the minute. Suddenly he halted in front of a bunch of rookies, took his direction from the sun and the four horizons, sniffed his head to the front, and stood at ease. The whole affair was done with the quickness of a fly on a hot stove. He seemed to take an interest in it. The rookies grinned from one to another, but there was one wise man. "Beckshill," he whispered, from the corner of his mouth, to the man next him.

"Beckswat?" returned the man in an undertone.

"Beckshill," advised the wise one.

"Who?"

"Corporal."

"What 'bout him?"

"Lots of ginger."

"Where?"

"Beckshill."

"Sugar too?"

"No, ginger."

"Don't like it."

"Great stuff on parade."

"What?"

"Ginger."

The man next stared in dismay. Ginger and Beckshill were bouncing around in his dome like a couple of flies in a drum. Just then he felt a dig in the ribs, and the wise one nodded ahead to where two men were pacing up and down the parade in feverish heat, completing each about—turn with a little hop. To most of the rookies this looked as though they might be playing "Here we go gathering nuts in May," but not so to the wise one. He gave a sly wink of commendation to the man next, and whispered from the same corner of his mouth, "Beckshill."

"Where?"

"Out there—S.M. and the sergeant. Pipe the hop; smart stuff that."

The man next looked from the rigid corporal to the hopping N.C.O.s in the limelight, in quick succession.

"Thought y'said it was the corp."

"What?"

"Beckshill."

"Sure."

"Not those two guys?"

"Sure, that's Beckshill."

"Say, y' can't kid the foolish; got 'em all here now but the old lady."

This was all the petrified corporal could stand. He swung round on his hinges and yelled—"Cut out that talking. Where d' y' think y'are; at a picnic? Cut it out—chugit."



The Rum Ration.

Yes, it's very nice to drop into the "Y" for a cup of free coffee and a biscuit, as you come out of the trenches weary and half-frozen. It is even nicer to sit down to a dish of steak, fried onions, and mashed potatoes (yes, we do see such things on rare occasions). It is really delightful to get a day's pass, and go off to some town where the French civies will put you up a gorgeous feed of eggs and chips, supplemented by green peas, and peaches from the canteen.

But there is one short magic word which chases all these fancies from the mind. Shrapnell Bill would not take all the eggs and potatoes, all the fruit and chocolate, with all the luxury and profusion of the officers' mess, for his little tot of rum.

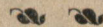
Yes, I've said it. Tommy surely likes his rum. Just why, I never could fathom. It's nasty, choky, burning stuff—and only a thimbleful at that. If I were the Sergt.-Major now, or ths Q.M.S.—but there, one must not divulge secrets of military importance.

The boys in the forward area are supposed to receive extra consideration in the matter of rum. Sometimes the Q.M. forces the jar so full that it bursts on the road up. Happily, our drivers are all teetotalers, and therefore above suspicion.

Our O.C. is an officer of strong temperance principles. He knows to a drop how much rum a private can swallow without physical or moral deterioration; and he has a measure cut down-to-order, with which to administer the ration on these moral but not very spiritual premises.

For my own part, I can't see why the boys make so much bother about their rum. Give me half a pint of good brandy every night, and a double Scotch in the morning, and I don't care if I never see the pesky stuff.

"BOMBER," France.



There was an old lady from Lens,
Set eggs under one of her hens;
Though the chicks never came,
The eggs were quite game,
Like the kind that the ration-man sends.

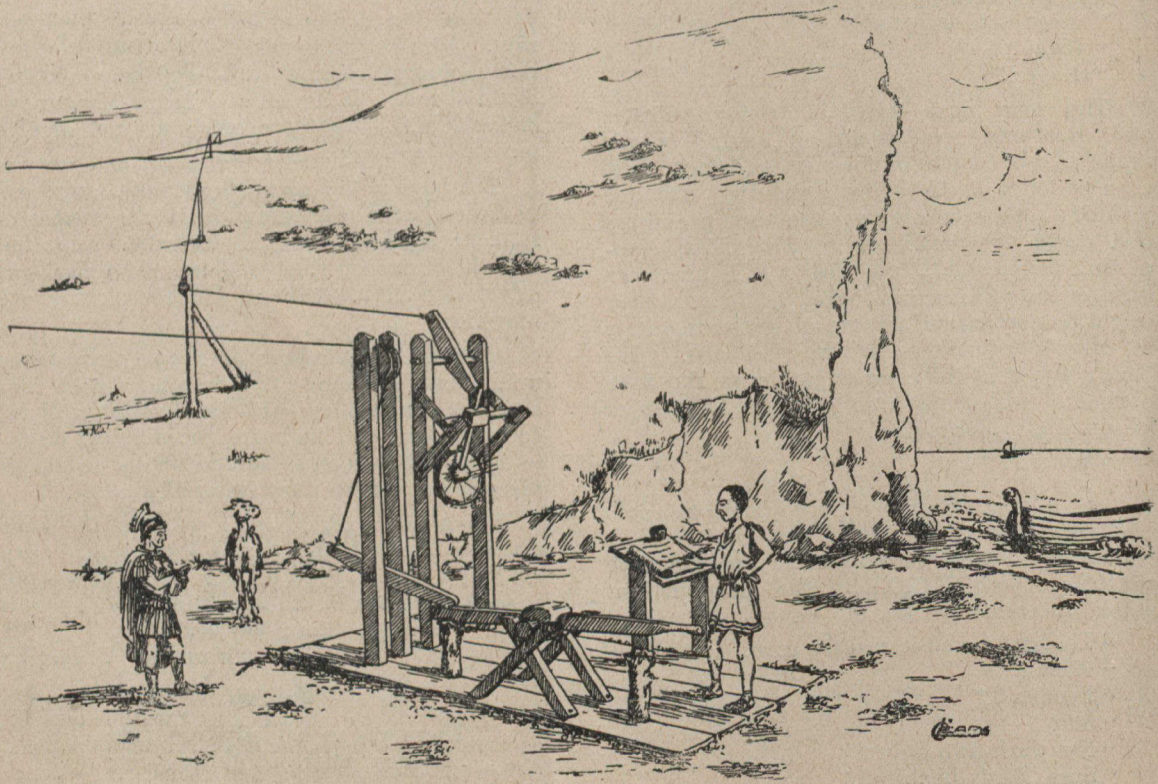
A Little Bit of Railroad.

Did you ever hear the story how that railroad
got its name?
I'll tell you, so you'll understand from where
that railroad came.
No wonder that we're proud of all its curves
and grades so fine—
If you search the wide world o'er you'll ne'er find
such a line.
Sure, some Engineers from Canada fell from out
the sky one day
And settled out on Salisbury Plain, not many
miles away ;
And when the natives saw them, they looked
so good and nice,
They said "Suppose we billet them, and charge
the nation twice."
So they sprinkled sappers up and down that
village in the dale,

And N.C.Os and men soon found they kept
some good old ale.
It's a wondrous line of switches, and of cuts
with banks so high ;
And "Leaping Liz," the engine, why she
knocks holes in the sky—
She jumps the track five times a day, and when
she sees a tunnel,
She sniffs and snorts and jibs at it, and then
parts with her funnel.
They went to work on pontoon rigs, drawn by
six horses each,
The way they shoved that railroad up, gee
whiz, it was a peach.
There's curves that's straight, and straights
that curve enough to wreck a train :
And when the darned thing's finished, they'll
pull it down again.

SAPPER G. GALLAGHER.

Our Predecessors.



Sapper Rastus Polonius operating a Signal Office established by Julius Cæsar
at Cuckmere Haven.

The Khaki College.

The Khaki College, which has been in operation since November, has attracted considerable attention, as articles in *The Times*, *The Illustrated Graphic*, and *World's Work*, etc. testify. The British Army has recently studied its operations with a view to adopting the idea. That it should have proved successful in spite of the great and manifold difficulties, such as changing personnel of instructors and students, lack of accommodation and equipment, poor light, cold, etc., is due entirely to the zeal of the instructors and students. The boys want to improve themselves, and those who can help them devote themselves whole-heartedly to the task. The College at Seaford has had over twelve hundred students and over one hundred instructors. A staff of sixty instructors is required to carry on the programme of work now offered.

If interest in the College is a fair test of the education and intelligence of a unit, and surely it is, the Canadian Engineers have reason to be proud of the share they have taken in making the success of the College. They have furnished 54% of the instructors and 32% of the students. (The Signal Company has furnished the highest percentage among the Engineers. The First Reserve ranks second with about 17% of each.) The Engineers are responsible for the Engineering Faculty, of which Major A. W. Davis, D.S.O., is Dean. The Engineers also furnish many instructors for the academic subjects.

The most tangible evidence of what can be accomplished has been furnished by Sergt. Snider with his class in Wireless. In less than four months, five of his pupils—Sappers Gardiner, Allen, McSpadden, Smith, and Redgate—were able to pass the Admiralty examinations in the subject, qualifying them for government or naval posts. The course in the ordinary Telegraph College is eighteen months.

The application shown by the students is admirable, exceeded only by the devotion of the instructors, who voluntarily give up their spare time to preparation for and holding classes that may be of some use to their comrades.

Will any habitual "lead swinger" (for a small price) kindly initiate advertiser in the ways and means which will enable him to avoid six weeks' training, and the risk of being sent to France, Address "Sucker," care of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

"S."

In this age of heroes, after three years of Titanic conflict, when gallant deed is capped by still more valiant feats of arms, there has arisen a super-hero.

Like the Navy, he "doesn't advertise," content to accomplish great things "unhonoured and unsung." So modest is he that it is more than doubtful whether his name is known to more than a dozen people in the British Empire; indeed, his identity is coyly camouflaged by the simple letter "S." Yet millions of British soldiers in camp or depot, in the trenches or in "rest" (comic term used by the authorities—in reality a period of buff-stick and back-aching bustle), have blessed the man who has accomplished the impossible by revolutionizing "hard tack," so as to produce a biscuit that can be eaten and enjoyed, even—impossible as it may seem—digested.

For many weary months our "little Mary's" groaning under the awful strain of intermittent hard tack have signalled insistent "S.O.S.," i.e. "Save our stummicks" calls—appeals that were ignored by the Military Commissariat whose heart is "set as a flint," harder than the original Army biscuit.

The praises of Parliament, the "puffs" of the Press, and the plaudits of the people, may be withheld, but we, out of the fullness of our hearts, would offer some token of respectful gratitude; and surely no more delicately than by presenting him with the biscuit of his own make.

A. B. LONGMAN.

Mary and her little lamb,
Tramping through the mud,
Came across a little shell,
Thought it was a dud.
Mary hit it with a stick—
Hit it hard and well.
Mary's up in heaven now,
The lamb has gone to ———

(See the M.O. about it.)

P.T. Instructor, to squad lying on their backs: "I want every man to raise his legs and go through the movements of riding a bicycle." After a short time one man stops. "What do you mean," roars the Instructor. "Please, sir, I am coasting," was the reply.

On Going on Draft.

There are some things which an innate sense of justice and propriety compel us to approach with a certain grave reverence. There always arrives a moment when we find ourselves stopping suddenly—as it were—and re-adjusting all our prepared opinions and views of life.

The best known examples of this, of course, are the moments when we get married; when the O.C. sends for us and asks us to please accept some leave; when the Paymaster presses us to pocket a double issue of Bradburys (brown ones, not pink); and when the Sergt.-Major, in a nice voice, invites us to go on draft.

All these instances are quite interesting, but the last is the greatest.

There are several different ways of receiving this invitation—all good in their way.

The old soldier, who is tough, who lives on cast iron and spits French nails, just says "That's torn it," and goes off to the canteen with the definite (but only half-understood) object of waking up in the Guard-room.

At the other extreme, the young, young soldier—who lives on ice cream cones, coffee, and every word that falleth from the mouth of a simpering Jane he knows in Brighton—gets very happy and excited, throws his hat up in the air, writes ten long and happy letters, and goes off to bed to dream of killing ten thousand Huns at one crack. An enthusiast, pure and simple (that is to say, probably pure, and certainly simple); and who shall deny that enthusiasm and simplicity are not fine qualities to take with you to war.

Better these than the morbid minded pessimist who has no particular vices, and therefore no outstanding virtues; who reads pretty little books on international politics, by out-of-work social agitators, who take that means of airing the fact that they are too old to fight, and too wise to work, and capable only of destroying other people's convictions without giving them anything in their place.

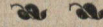
There are hundreds of other types of individual soldiers who all receive this invitation differently, and all unfavourably—with one or two exceptions.

But when all the foolish preparations and preliminaries are over; when the last button has been polished, and the last strap adjusted; when the Sergt.-Major, the Adjutant, the Major, the Colonel, and finally the Brigadier, have all had

a go at inspecting it, and the draft is ready to move off, there comes a moment of grave silence; a silence of true human feeling, of communion and comradeship, when every man is glad and happy (whether he admits it or not) that he is going back for another show at old Fritz.

That is the moment of grave reverence I referred to above. That is what makes us a great nation and a great empire; that is what makes us certain of final victory and eternal glory.

Men will curse the Army, and blaspheme against the system, and grumble at the Government and all its works—but when, after months of tedious training and irritating regimental foolishness, that last command to "Fall in, the draft" is given, they will fall in and march off with a feeling that they are being set free, free to be men instead of misunderstood children; and all the months of preparation are forgotten in the forward feeling that gets into a man's soul when he parades in the middle of the night on a draft for France.



The Clinton Hall.

The disastrous fire which attacked the Clinton Hall in the month of March last, and only ceased its nefarious work when it had demolished the whole of the building, is much to be regretted. It is felt not only by those considerate ladies and gentlemen of Seaford who, with the interests of the individual soldier at heart, so generously gave of their time and money in providing and maintaining this concert and refreshment hall, but also by the hundreds of service men of all ranks who nightly partook of the kindly hospitality afforded them, which with music and song greatly alleviated the strain and fatigue familiar in the life of a soldier.

It is worth while noting that the night previous to the calamity recorded the 1090th free performance given to the troops in this hall.

We feel it our duty as Canadian Engineers, and as the grateful recipients of the many past favours extended to us, to do what we can to financially assist in the rebuilding of the Clinton Hall; and it is earnestly hoped that both officers and men will mark their appreciation by supporting the fund organised by this magazine for the purpose of this reconstruction.

Subscriptions will be duly acknowledged, and may be addressed to Capt. G. R. Chetwynd at the office of this paper.



Major J. M. Rolston's Company.

The tour round the world recently made by the Company resulted in the meeting of many old friends, including Major Vince, "Loftie" Tett, and "Red" Doherty.

The Company heartily endorses the statement that "every house should have a piano." Since we have had one, the desire to spend the "night out" has appreciably decreased.

It is understood that the War Office is about to call for tenders for the construction of a super-bicycle for Lieut. J. A. Ferguson. Completed article must be received by June 15th, as at the present rate the supply of the ordinary article will then be exhausted.

Lieut. A. R. Neelands reports that he assisted in the capture of Nice, undertaken recently by a party of Sapper officers. After a brief resistance, the inhabitants threw open their arms.

Gunner Keogh and Spare-Parts Porter did the Hun airman dirty t'other afternoon. Dear old boys, they can do summat else beside relate experiences in the canteen.

Ragtime Blue, our dear old christian friend and temperance advocate, is the producer of a new concert troupe. The details are, as yet, a secret, and are being worked out in the dark recesses of the cow stable. Slim Emerson is tee-hee-ing for the job as stage carpenter. The troops do not think he will land the job: he is too busy cheating "Ribs" out of his second slice of lance-cpl. bacon.

The original Macginty reports a successful evening. He partook freely—no, dear angel child, it was not of "oofs" that he partook. Chee-wizz, he and Sailor rawther hung it on old Heinie's upper eyelid the night they did the dirty on the bridge—Horatio has nothing on "Rod" and the Sailor-man.

The Jazz Band trio, "Watty," "Ragtime," and the garage man, have Harry Pilcer's brother looking like the leader of the Tillsonburg City Band so far as mixing a little melody on the white and black keys goes.

Why do Bibby and the Downey person always select bunks at opposite ends of the hut we occupy before they start their light and giddy repartee of a lurid hue? Ah, yes indeed, you are quite right. The Irish are a peculiar people; bless 'em, we love 'em.

* * *

Major Lynn's Company.

Look out! "Punch" is out after that "crop."

Sergt. "Jimmie Gliddon" has left us to become an instructor at C.E.T.D. You sure earned a rest and change, duckie.

Congratulations to Purvey, who now has three stripes and Jimmie's old Section.

Would Norman McKay please pay two francs to Sapper Fraser for me?

Will Driver Bollman please slip us the dope on how to cross the pond.

Our football team is going to be a good one this summer. Watch our smoke. See our picture.

Big Dunk got back from Paris a few weeks late; the A.P.M. was so pleased to know him, that he turned out his gallant force to give Dunk a real send off, even giving him letters of credit to Major Lynn.

Driver: Say, Quarter, can I have a sapper's mess tin?

Q.M.: What for?

Dvr.: Skinner says he cannot get a decent mouthful out of it at night.

We notice that there has been quite a change in the culinary staff. Who is the lucky one who has been raised to the dizzy heights of cook's assistant? he will soon be a General (nin).

Truth is stranger than fiction; who is the sapper of No. 3 who had an unruly whizz-bang chase him along a trench for fully three minutes? Where did he go to fool it?

Edward and Jones, Ltd., brass and steel polishers, France, are open to receive tenders for the supply of emery cloth, sandpaper, silver sand, and flannelette.

Spr. : Can I have a pair of socks, please ?

Q.M.S. : What did you do with the last pair
I gave you ?

Spr. : I hung them up, and they fell down
and broke.

Hospital Bulletin : Q.M.S. still delirious.

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Major E. Pepler's Company.

Our Company.

You will not find me in "Who's who";
I am not in the "List of Peers,"
But just a humble subaltern
In the Canadian Engineers.

You may go north, or you may go south,
Of the line ———, but you'll agree,
That of all the Companies you may meet
There's none like number ———

I fain would praise our Major bold
In verse—but s'welp me Bob,
If I so offend against "the crown,"
I'd get an extra job.

Our Captain is a fiend at bridge,
And waxes wroth indeed,
If "partner" isn't on his guard,
And fails to return the lead.

There's Robertson, of Highland fame,
Who raves of hills and heather;
But when he's had some native wine,
He doesn't mind the weather.

Bolton, with his Irish wit,
Is not to be surpassed.
He is the ladies' pride and joy,
But, my word, girls, he's fast.

There's Mr. Brydon, of stature great,
With a fondness for sugar and cream.
When he is asked to make a speech,
"Hard times in Kansas" is his theme.

Then we have a "man of letters"
In Mr. George F. Dalton.
They flow in an incessant stream,
As does the Thames at Walton.

Langford gets a score of parcels
With each Canadian mail.
A boat was filled with them one day,
Till it really couldn't sail.

Sproule is a man of air reserved,
Who will look before he'll leap.
But then, we must remember, friends,
That "Waters still, run deep."

Then we have our parlour man,
Whose name is G. A. Bennet,
Whom we will find some distant day,
Spouting Hebrew in the Senate.

As for myself, it may be said,
The part I play is humble.
But while I have the larder key,
I have no cause to grumble.

W. A. E.

Major H. D. St. A. Smith's Company.

"Pop 'em down" Poliquin, who is a close student of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," has landed back with the boys after an enforced stay at a Base hospital. Joe's arrival was greeted with cheers from the skimmers, and it was not long before he was inviting the moneyed men to take a chance at the "hide 'em and find 'em game."

"Just dying to get back to you" is the message to the boys from George Thomas and Arthur King, M.M., two original members of the unit, who, we hear, are likely to be back with us in a few days. George confesses that he has had a good time in Blighty for the past year, during which time he made several trips to Cardiff. King's story of how he stretched a fourteen day leave into three months should draw a good sized audience from No. 3 Section.

The cigars are on C.S.M. Mansfield, formerly of this Company, and now with Headquarters. He now answers to the name of "Papa."

One by one the Company is losing the old timers. Another original member of the unit, L/Corpl. Harry Mortimer, left last month for England, where he is now a cadet in one of the Flying Schools. After being with a bunch of boys for the last three and a half years, it is only natural that Harry, to a certain extent, was loath to leave; but the lure of the aerial branch got him, and pretty soon we are hoping to hear of his being gazetted, and joining up with scores of other Canadians who are making a name for themselves in the Royal Air Force. Harry carries with him every good wish for luck from the members of the Company. His departure means a gap to be filled in both the the soccer and baseball teams.

"You fellows don't know what you have missed. Why, if a fellows gets so far advanced as this, he ought to be satisfied." So quotes George E. Vrooman, when answering queries as to how he likes his job. Vrooman is first assistant to Bradshaw.

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Major A. L. Mieville's Company.

This communique has to do with great news. The boys have had a bath; following the event the parade returned arrayed in rainbow garments—yellow, green, red, blue and royal purple, in various stages of disintegration.

Military secrecy prevents Teddy of the M.G. Section informing the world upon which side of the line his crew brought down Heine just the other day. Sapper Burton has joined this section.

Section 1 has started a mess fund. By all accounts it is working very well.

An unnamed Sapper of this Company had got as far as the Channel ports on Blighty leave, when Fritz began his big push. Here he valiantly maintained his position for nearly a month in expectation of our retreat to the sea. Whether he got tired of waiting, or from some external influence, he returned to the Company, and found to his surprise that the trip back was longer than the trip there.

In the interests of patriotism the boys have decided to have an eggless day once a week. Beeton says he is the best patriot in the Company. He observes seven eggless days a week.

At last the Fighting Fifth have established a sergeants' mess. We are following the enterprise with deep interest, to note its effect on the food, and, of course, drink problem. Congrats. to Dvr. (now A/L/Corpl. with pay) B. Fletcher, of the Mounted.

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Major E. W. Harrison's Company.

April has passed with a modicum of fine weather. Observation has not been the order of the day, and the prevalent haze has enabled programmes to be carried out with very fair regularity. We have had no really wet weather, but just enough dampness to make walking very heavy.

Sports have for the time being been laid on the shelf—nothing doing in that line except keeping an eye on your nickel stuff.

The O.C. has apparently decided to make a virtue of necessity, and, finding a considerable amount of talent of the "promoter" type in and about the unit, has decided to give each section a chance to shoot the bull to the limit. He has devised a scheme whereby for one whole month the protagonist of a section may blazon forth to a waiting world the capacities of that quota before yielding the drums to a fervent follower. No. 1 Section has had only a short term at it this trip, but through the energy of its representative it has made good. "Hook" says that it will be a cinch to sell oil-stock apres la guerre if only they let one use tracer bullets.

Some people seem born to trouble with the police! A certain young hustler in this unit, while interested in the welfare of the "G. G.'s" absorbed a set of perfectly good horse lines, to the disgust of a force *thinking* of taking them over—now when he has organized some work of a different nature, he says all the signs point to the traffic people being on his trail.

Lance-Corpl. C. H. Clark and Sapper H. C. Stevenson have the congratulations of us all on winning the Military Medal for a particularly nice little bit of work.

WANTED by a unit having southern experience, a "north country" man, capable of disposing of one black mare with peculiarities. Experience with "buckskins" will be considered a recommendation. X.Y.Z., c/o Editor.

How did the Canadian national "bird" come to be chosen? Was it from his habit of taking to the water whenever worried, or his capacity for keeping his little old "flapper" in its place.

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Major K. Stuart's Company.

I often wonder whether Sammy still serves "camouflage" to the boys. It's great stuff, Sammy, but I think the bunch prefer *Hookums*.

The tool cart of (?) Section resembles closely an Ordnance dept. when the Company is due for a move. Kindly enlighten us as to which N.C.O. uses the vehicle for his spare undergarments—Ha, ha!

Congratulations to Geo. Kneen, Hanley Lee, Chas. Morile, W. Inglis, and Hickey. You are going strong, and must have caused the Q.M. no end of worry about additional stripes.

The Murray Hotel is quite an attraction, and Old Ike still produces fancy refreshments. Do you stock any *singing mixture* now, old trapper? The boys are all inclined to join the golden choir someday, so keep them in practice.

Now that "Legs-Eleven" has returned from the School of Instruction, I suppose the boys are due for a spasm of bayonet fighting. Go ahead, William, and make them step lively: you know the old story about supplying our neighbours with rations, etc.

Would the Sappers with the illuminated snouts step out. We are desirous of studying economy, and these red lights will lower the candle indent considerably. Don't say a word about this, *Cherry Nose*.

Between McToot writing *poetry* and Adam rolling R's, we should have a great team for some concert party. Put over a barrage, Adam, when Mc gets his next inspiration. Cruel!

Does anyone know whether Dusty is in love yet? There's a rumour about it!!!

Since the "push" we haven't heard much about the farm. What's the matter, Christopher? Haven't you any ploughs left, dearest?

* * *

Major W. E. Manhard's Company.

Lieut. J. P. Harvey, M.C., has relieved Lieut. H. R. Christie, M.C. The latter had returned to the Depot as field works instructor with quite a bit of reluctance. Good luck, "Chris."

One of the Company contemptibles, Sergt. McRae, has returned to the fold in exchange for Sergt. Gordon, who has gone back to the C.E.T.D.

We have always had the usual following of hounds and curs with us, but to have a perfectly good parrot land in on us was a bit of a change the other day. Although prettily enough marked, it did not prove much of a bird, not even being able to swear.

Rum is "napoo." The sappers are looking forward to the lime juice issue (?)

We feel reasonably sure that our machine gun has accounted for one Heine at least.

Our C.Q.M.S. dismounted involuntarily not so long ago. A large calibre H.E. shell was the cause, he says. Fortunately, neither rider nor horse were much the worse for the encounter.

On the 4th March, Major Manhard was married to Miss Anne (Nancy) Ponton at Old Brompton Parish Church, Brompton Road, London. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Ponton, as bridesmaid, and Major K. O. H. Wanks, of Canadian H.Q., London, acted as best man.

Shortly after the service, the couple left for Cliff Point, Torquay, where the honeymoon was spent. Unfortunately, the Major had to return before his leave was up. Amongst those present at the marriage ceremony were Lieut.-Col. Hertzberg and Major Owen Hodgins. It is indeed with the greatest sincerity that we wish the Commanding Officer and his bride the very best of good fortune and prosperity.

Major N. R. Robinson's Company.

Army life has proved a splendid stimulus towards discussion. It has made men think and express themselves, who never indulged in these pursuits before. Corporal Peppers ("Pep") has been the original and humorous storm centre of half of these debates in this Company during the past two years. He is still an authority upon the intricacies of poker.

One of the latest arrivals—Gilbert Storey—looks upon the world from an altitude of 6ft. 4in. Prior to his advent, Lieut. Walley was the biggest man, physically, that this Company had been able to boast of. "Long" Storey, though young, is a philosopher (he still regards the war as a "great adventure"), and believes he experienced a special slice of luck when a piece of shrapnel was kind enough recently to wound him in the "sit-upon." Had he been a shorter man, he argues, it would have probably hit him in the head. He is now back with the Company.

Is it a coincidence that the most popular song with No. 1 Section should be "plum and apple, plum and apple"? Its references to Sergt. Binns and his twins is a never ending source of amusement. You see, the Section Sergt. *has* twins, and his name *is* Binns.

One might to-day paraphrase Lytton's famous line and say "The plough is mightier than the sword"; anyway "Mike" Hodgson, one of the oldest and most popular of the Company skimmers, has (on the death of his father) been recalled to Canada to run the farm in the Fraser Valley, B.C. and make two blades of grain grow where only one grew before.

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Major W. P. Wilgar's Company.

Major Wilgar's Company have taken out letters patent incorporating themselves as "The Children of Israel Ltd.," travelling home builders. They undertake to set up wind and splinter proof camps while you wait; also removing same, whether or not you wait. They will pull down a Nissen hut in the morning, and put it up in the afternoon on the same spot, and show a dozen bolts to the good. Marvellous creations are to the credit of this versatile corporation.

The temporary recrudescence of Chas. J. Grand was one of the exciting events of recent months. The most original of the originals came back, after being gassed at Passchendael.



No. 1 Section, Major Wilgar's Field Co. C.E., B.E.F.

Back Row—Sappers Fowley, Gilman, Lindsay, Hutchinson, Dorset, Stowell, Farrell, Day, Corpl. Merriman, Corpl. Brownlee.
Third Row—Corpl. Jaques, Sappers Mean, Byron, Green, Mathieson, Hoversham, Weaver, Renard, Graham.
Second Row—Sappers McCartney, Harrison, Crowder, Lieut. Carscallen, Sappers King, Hoskins, Margach, Canham.
Front Row—Sapper Ronald, Corpl. Lincoln, L/Corpl. Hilto, Sergt. Burrows.

A lamentable departure is that of Mike, for over a year the section dawg of Irish terrier lineage. Mike has gone over to the Signallers, and the section that knew him is trying to concentrate interest upon Teddy, a protegee of the M.O.

The men are all glad to see their old Major back after a long spell in hospital.

Another old-timer back in the lines is Sergt. "Reg." Morrow, former N.C.O. in charge of No. 3 Section. He is taking over No. 4, succeeding Sergt. Malcolm McLeod, who is trying out his native Scotch conservatism on the Q.M. Stores. Former Q.M.S. Wilkins, and O.R.S. Jackson, are both taking out commissions in the Engineers, the latter's mantle falling upon the shoulders of Ray Fullerton. Sergt. "Bill" Lincoln takes with him to the instructional staff of the C.E.T.D. the best wishes of the Company.

Pumping hard for two hours with a 5-h.p. engine behind the front line, Corpl. "Pop" Young's gang wondered why the tank at the other end did not fill. A pick hole in the pipe and a hundred yards of flooded trench made further investigation unnecessary.

Section 3 has won the Company shooting competition. It is averred that as Lieut. Balin remarked upon the best shooting he had done in France, getting 13 bulls, that "Bud" Stewart, who was marking for him, signalled the white disc every time he heard a bullet whizzing that way.

It is regretted that in a photo reproduction of a portion of this Company, which is shown above, two others intended for the group—Stewart and Sinclair—do not appear

Major E. T. C. Schmidlin's Company.

Guess you missed us in your last; sorry, did our best. Just a Sapper filled the space—gave me a little rest. Things are livelier here just now; careworn is the Sergeant's brow. Everyone is busy, from the sapper down; N.C.O.'s so happy when they come from town. But when the shells are whizzing, and the big guns roar, 'tis then you'll find us digging "funk holes" as we never did before. This is the life we gaily say, the land of France so free—a sapper's earthly paradise with this old Company. We only work by day and night, deep down and up above; no task too great, no labour vain—we do it just for love. The life it is amazing: the sappers all so free, at poker games especially they've often times skinned me. But on the whole this is the life—a sapper's paradise: between the acts he reads his shirt—a story far from nice. There is a chap you'd like to know, a credit to our clan: with noble brow and shaven pate, he does not give a damn; about his looks he is not vain, a sapper born is he; his home is in the woolly west, where everyone is free. No whiskers on his whiskered lip, no hair upon his head, our monkish sapper flits about as the ghost of one long dead. Suffice to say he is not dead, but very much alive; when all the cooks have gone to roost—on Maconochie he thrives. My time grows short: I must away to meet a General grim, who made a date when to discuss the way this war to win. If I survive this great ordeal, you'll hear from me again; at present weightier matters press this wearied sapper's brain.

"SHELL SHOCK."

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Captain A. B. Boswell's Company.

It is a pleasure to have to contribute our news items, as it is my belief that our Company were the pioneers of a C.E. magazine in France. Since then the personnel of the Company has changed; three editors are now wearing "pips."

News has reached us that Lieut. Johnny Johnson is wounded, but not seriously, and in Blighty. Lieut. Coon is still in action, and Lieut. Jimmy McKensie awaiting his turn at the Base. Others have gone from time to time with the usual promises, but they appear to have done a slide off the map, and news of them is very indefinite.

While on a course of instruction in bridge-building, Corpl. J. Douglas saved a man from drowning by his prompt action, and has been decorated with the Meritorial Service Medal.

Our Corporal has a new breakfast drink, a pure product of the war, which he calls "bread crumb" coffee. The method used to concoct it is:—toast bread till burnt, grind to crumbs, make and serve in the ordinary way.

A/C.M.S. Meyrick recalls an incident of his Q.M.S. days, when one of the Company came to him to draw his rum ration. Noticing he had one hand behind his back, he mentioned it, and the culprit brought it forward to scratch his nose. In that hand was a green envelope. What are the connections?

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Major C. B. Russel's Company.

[Inspiration seemingly touched the correspondent with Major Russel's Company this month. While in a meditative mood he wrote up a most interesting descriptive contribution which we very much regret space does not permit us to use.—Ed.]

Lieut. Bennett returned the other evening from a shelled village, where he had been on duty and for loot on the side. In tow was a blunt cross-cut saw. That evening he signalled the Major to send a file. The Major could not understand why the saw was packed home, and said as much, but for the file—well, files are too valuable. The Lieutenant won, though, when he replied, "But, sir, you mustn't look a saw in the tooth!"

Lieut. Melville is now attached to Corps and going strong.

Lieuts. Edie and Savage paid us a visit. Both are in the prime. In fact the latter is feeling exceptionally well, and is O.C. some waterworks somewhere.

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Major E. R. Vince's Company.

After wintering 'neath soporific skies, we are once more to be found on the western front, engaged in a vigorous prosecution of the war.

When the history of Armageddon is written, when the world has ceased to consider such trifling incidents as the retreat from Mons or the capture of Hill 70, the memory of how this Company, unaided, fought and won the battle of Fruges will linger fragrant and ever-verdant in the minds of all who cherish the glorious achievements of British arms.

When word was passed round that we had been elected to construct a Waac Camp, not one amongst us but allowed his imagination to soar, to contemplate the possible in pleasant vision. However, we soon came down to earth, and the day-dream dissolved into thin air.

The O.C. barely had time to recuperate from his well spent leave ere another birthday descended upon him. That momentous event was celebrated in a manner befitting its significance.

While one of the many daily hates against our billet was in progress, the following terse bit of conversation was overheard:—

Sapper Clark: "Where did that one go?"

"Buck": "Never mind where that one went; where is the next one going?"

Our thanks are due to the Canadian War Contingent Association for the consignment of maple sugar. It was the real thing, and as there was an abundant supply, every officer, N.C.O., and man received a neat packet. The officers were particularly delighted to be in on it.

C.S.M.: "Well, my lad, what's your trouble?" Our latest: "How is it that one has to have permission to take French leave?"

(Tableau)

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Major P. Earnshaw's Company.

Owing to the correspondent being on leave in Blighty, there were no notes from this Company in the April issue of THE CANADIAN SAPPER. Since his return he has striven to recall some of the happenings of pre-leave weeks, but without success.

His memory dates back to the day he was "warned for U.K. leave," and from that shock, and the subsequent three weeks, he has not yet fully recovered. Neither has he been able to obtain any intelligent account of what took place "chez" the Company during his absence. After having listened, more or less patiently, to lurid accounts of "flittings" up and down the "western front," he concluded that his leave arrived most opportunely. The return trip was not exactly pleasant, but it must have been a peaceful dream compared with the experiences of the rest of the Company.

The last number of THE CANADIAN SAPPER was quite up to standard, and we enjoyed it greatly.

Nevertheless, there is no evidence of any notes from "the Sections," or even from the "Horse Lines." In fact no contributions have been received this month.

Several "old-timers" have left us since the last notes.

Lieut. J. A. M. Young, who had been with the Division since the beginning, left for the south of France on sick leave.

Sergt. H. J. Faulkner, M.M. (and bar), to England, for a course at Dunstable.

Lieut. E. G. Weeks, M.C., M.M., is back with the Company, after a short sojourn with the C.E.R.D. He looks very fit, and everybody is very glad to have him back with us.

Numbers of new men have arrived lately from the C.E.R.D., with attendant stories of Seaford, Bexhill, Chelsea, and other similar health resorts.

They appear to be a good bunch, and we hope they will like the change.

We wonder why none of them play baseball!

From what we had heard of sports at the Depot, we had hoped to strengthen our team; but from what we gather, the Divisions have been unable to locate a ball-player in any of the later drafts.

A challenge from the Corps Signals to a game of "ball" followed the drafts so quickly, that it made us think. Being naturally ingenuous, we do not suspect anything. We even hope to beat them.

"A few CANADIAN SAPPERS for sale in the Orderly Room."

On seeing the above notice in the Signal office, "Mac" asked whether it was an "Echo" of the days of slavery.

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Major A. G. Lawson's Company.

Have you visited the famous underground side-shows?

Open all day:—Illuminating discussions on "The command of the air," "Is Haig right?" "What America is going to do," "The Irish question." Mysteries of the disappearing wash tins, mess tins, soap, and all personal effects.

The advent of spring is coaxing many of the cave dwellers up above, where wonders in architecture are being performed with the aid of old sand bags, sheets of corrugated iron, and liberal supplies of mother earth. Good shooting. Shower baths in your home (when it rains).

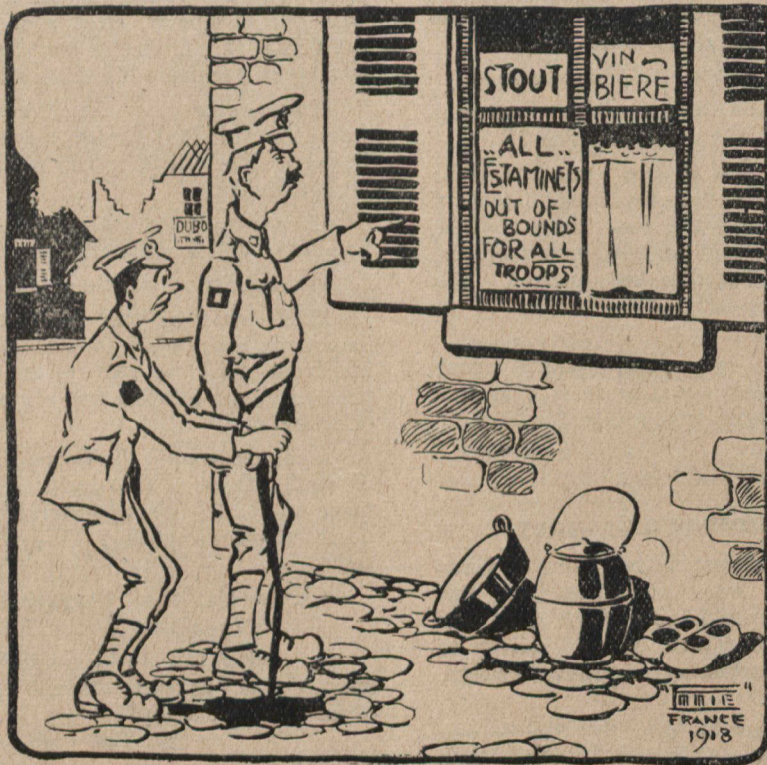
Fine view (of a salvage dump). Bracing air (incinerator only 20 yards away). Every man his own financier. Why be satisfied with \$1.10 per day? No previous experience necessary. No age limit. Just plenty of nerve and a good line. Ask the gold dust twins.

We have a soldier who, on being asked by the paymaster if he was a C.R.C., replied that he was a Jew.

A new draft recently arrived from England for service with the Company. It was being inspected (unofficially) by several section commanders and some of the tenderfeet subs (those who have not been in France eighteen months). One of the S.C. noticed a familiar face in the draft, and, turning to another S.C., remarked:—

“Well, if there isn't McTunnel back from Blighty.”

“PROHIBITION.”



First Canadian (just returned from furlough to Canada): “Now! do yer comprit how I felt when I got back home?”

Major A. Hibbert's Company.

Capt. Merton Smith is evidently misquoted in the Wireless Whispers of April. Our padre answers questions, so the remark should be: “Yes, gentlemen, we are winning the war.”

“Who said it is cheaper to move than to pay rent?” remarked the O.C., when he returned to the farm where, as orderly officer, he first inspected a guard in France.

“What, is he an old timer?” asked the second S.C.

“Yes, he used to be in my section,” came the reply.

“Is he a good man?”

“You bet your life he is. He was with us at Hill 60.” Now the tender foot officer knows how to tell a good man when he sees one.

Lieuts. Dickson, Glover, Cole and Lobdell wish to announce to their many (?) friends in England that, owing to an unforeseen combination of circumstances, they will be unable to proceed to Blighty at present.

Sergt. Collins and Sapper Murphy arrived back from the Base the other day. They eventually found out where the Company had moved to. The sergeant has had some difficulty explaining to his friends how it was that he did not make Blighty.

Our congratulations to L/Cpl D. R. Stewart, who was awarded the Military Medal recently.

✻ ✻ ✻

A Letter from Home.

2nd Field Troop, C.E., Canada.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

SIR,—

We are in receipt of your volume No. 1, and although there does not appear to be any copy from over here, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a hummer, and the Second wish THE CANADIAN SAPPER every success. There are many of our old chums over there, and the journal should prove an excellent channel through which we should be able occasionally to revive a few old memories.

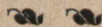
We are wondering if there are many of the old 1915 Camp Hughes still with you? Good scouts every one of 'em. We trust there are many of them still able to sit up and take a little nourishment. Do they remember the little ole orderly tent, and the little ole curtain up the corner? Sh' nuff said. Many of those they left behind have since gone over among them.

Sergt. W. Milady. Sapper S. Cooke. Sapper F. Perry.
 „ H. J. Barrand. „ J. Oakley. „ A. Campbell.
 „ J. W. McLeod. „ J. Welhan.
 „ R. Fawcett. „ F. Boler.
 most of whom will be remembered. No doubt they have met ere now, and recalled old times.

Last year the 2nd were located at Camp St. Charles. There is a report that Camp Hughes will again be the venue this year. What ho! for the good old wind and dust. Well, we go dry on April 1st, so no doubt by the time the Camp opens we shall have become somewhat acclimatized. Referring to going dry on April 1st, many of the boys will remember a certain Boniface whose hostelry is not many miles from Eatons, and whose christian name is August. This gentleman has recently caused a deal of amusement by a sign placed outside his hotel, which reads, "The first of April will be the last of August." This is a chestnut, but at the present time naturally tickles the boys' sense of humour.

Once more wishing THE CANADIAN SAPPER every success, and good luck to all the boys.

Yours in the grand cause,
 W. WELLS, Pay Sergt. C.E.



Bill frequently boasted that he
 Had a conduct sheet clean as could be;
 But he fooled with a dud—
 The Sergt. said "Lud,
 Arrest that there blank absentee."

Personal.

Sergt. F. W. Coulter, M.M., has proceeded to Canada.

Corpl. Duncan, D.C.M., has returned to Canada. He is one of the "old contemptibles."

Sergt. S. W. Sprint, of the —st Signal Company, has arrived at the C.E.R.D.

Lieut. H. R. Christie is back in the Depot, and is attached to the Instructional Staff.

Lieut. B. B. Baxter, now in France, knew how to wield. His effort will be missed.

The following have reported from the last Course at Bexhill:—Lieuts. W. A. Abraham, W. P. Blathwayt, A. H. Cotman, J. W. Dixon, A. Gleadall, A. C. Gillespie, W. P. Gowans, P. Grimos, W. W. Hammond, W. R. Kelso, B. Mitchell, D. McGregor, A. W. Richardson, J. Stewart, L. B. Wandless, F. Beasley, M. J. Campbell, F. S. Corley, J. Craig, J. H. Scott, C. M. Hyghet, J. C. Dryden, A. G. Hodder, C. M. Low, H. C. Pearson, and T. W. Scott.

Lieut. C. R. McDonnell has proceeded to Canada.

Sergt. H. J. Falkner, who was with the —st Signal Company, is now at Dunstable.

Lieut. J. C. Brown, M.M., has been succeeded as Adjutant of his Company by Capt. C. C. Richards. The former has gone to the Depot Orderly Room as A.A. 1.

Lieut. Elliott has returned from the proto course at Chatham.

Lieut. McCone, R.A.F., whose name appeared in a recent casualty list, was with us at Crowborough. His many friends in the Depot and France are looking forward to hearing brighter news of him in the near future.

Lieut. Frank P. Flett, of the —st Tunnelling Company, and Lieut. D. C. Spears, of the —rd Tunnelling Company, are District Vocational Officers in Toronto now. They have charge of schools to educate returned soldiers, discharged from the Army.

Capt. A. C. Young, M.C., and Lieut. G. R. Hughes, M.M., have been retained in Canada while on leave there.

Lieut. E. Le R. Underhill has just returned to Canada.

Lieut. H. C. Garner, M.C., who has been ill has been invalided to Canada.

Roll of Honour.

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

Officer Wounded.

Campbell, Lieut. G. A.

Other Ranks—[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

Killed.

787023 Dodds, A. R.	724580 Harper, Sergt W.
504244 Edgar, Dvr W.	443729 Maley, Dvr J. H.
504735 Ferguson, Dvr. T.	426797 O'Meara, A.
784866 Hall, E. L.	

Died of Wounds.

506489 Brazier, H. J.	172306 Lind, K.
776056 Dale, C. E.	501002 Oates, Sgt A.
10898 Edgerley, L/Cpl G.	845299 Simmons, M. J.
754883 Hatten, P.	766069 Sloane, J. F.

Died.

782389 Carruthers, J.	503057 Green, J. A.
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Wounded.

5615 Adams, Cpl H. M.	722100 Fleet, R.
140623 Anderson, G. H.	C46027 Fowlie, H. E.
103429 Armour, W. C.	718611 Foulconer, I.
294527 Armstrong, J. E.	718883 Fraser, J. S.
1096177 Atkinson, J. H.	712535 Gaudet, A/Cpl G.
1060029 Barry, W.	739213 General, K.
886412 Bear, G. J.	512821 Gilmour, H. B.
463233 Bell, H. J.	757534 Glide, C.
755110 Bergeron, S.	651636 Golden, A/Cpl T.
418981 Biggins, J. H.	505788 Goldie, W.
785047 Birkett, J.	766829 Grant, C. R.
348641 Bockus, D. H.	273744 Halligan, W.
802240 Bolton, D.	1001190 Haney, C. J.
507211 Bradey, W. F.	294116 Hannenson, L/Cpl
502461 Brice, J. H.	2707 Harrington, F.
862364 Brown, F. T.	463472 Harris, Sgt A. D.
769706 Brown, G.	491227 Hayes, H.
787109 Brown, J.	808180 Henderson, M.
851105 Brown, J.	463633 Hennis, Cpl A. W.
436305 Brown, W. R.	725079 Hickingbottom,
80016 Buck, Sergt H.	A/Sgt V.
739628 Burnan, A.	2005666 Hicks, E. H.
79813 Byford, 2/Cpl H.	460148 Hilton, Dvr E.
718780 Cameron, P. S.	294140 Hirst, S.
112190 Campbell, J. F.	15021 Holmes, Cpl J. E.
504423 Carl, A. H.	754416 Holmes, S. N.
21021 Chapman, B. N.	835453 Holt, F. J.
300779 Coleman, A. S.	503762 Hooper, L/Cpl H.
410275 Collins, Sgt F. L.	502759 Hopkins, 2/Cpl W.
504140 Condon, F. E.	725106 Houlihan, A/Cpl
304031 Copp, H. F. A.	1009819 Hudson, E.
344845 Copp, L. W.	762221 Huguenin, H.
766559 Cowling, R.	769641 Humphries, A. H.
502420 Cox, F.	706862 Hutchinson, L/Cpl
452406 Cunnington, 2/Cpl	769890 Hutchinson, J.
201150 Daley, J. J.	757557 Hutton, R. R.
430050 Dalgarno, Sgt G. F.	166554 I'Anson, Cpl R.
401038 Dean, G.	844624 Johnson, B.
180889 Dunsmore, A. N.	1063125 Johnson, G.
2005229 East, J. H.	505218 Johnson, P. W.
294147 Einarson, H.	670045 Johnson, W. H.
505103 Emms, E.	507271 Julian, F. T.
2920 Emond, O.	2005239 Julien, J. C.

754487 Keen, W. J.	294712 Schifauer, O.
255858 Kennedy, C. A.	67133 Scott, Cpl J.
844712 Kennedy, D. A.	274091 Scott, J.
772625 Lambert, B.	464269 Sealey, T. F. W.
8633178 (?) Lee, W. F.	690378 Simpson D.
294771 Lekick, J.	721299 Sinclair, J. G.
503768 Macdonald, M.	736015 Smith, J. S.
505149 MacLean, M. C.	502590 Smith, L/Cpl W. A.
928305 Mahoney, W. E.	505211 Soley, W.
408841 Maracle, R.	506441 Southern, Dvr. R.
504779 Marsh, G. L.	505078 Stephenson, G. F.
796551 Martin, J. L.	294052 Stevenson, W.
216657 Matthews, R. M.	124532 Stinson, Dvr L. G.
841241 Maxwell, C.	2114953 Storey, G. C.
448445 McDonald, W. B.	794072 Sullivan, L. P.
718878 McGinnis, W. P.	145296 Sutcliffe, J.
4200875 (?) McKay, 2/Cpl	225126 Swenerton, J. W.
784874 McLean, Sgt W.	669411 Sykes, G. F.
348866 Miller, H. M.	862709 Taylor, L. A.
405085 Milner, H.	C40267 Thomas, L/Cpl F.
928772 Morris, C. H.	766719 Thomas, C. R.
504504 Morris, T. H.	50353 Thompson, J.
844925 Murphy, H.	30353 Thomson, Dvr J.
26580 Murphy, T. P.	135887 Thorne, A. J.
161291 Naylor, M.	718358 Thorpe, Sgt R.
59745 Newman, L/Cpl A.	75965 Troake, E. F.
872070 Nicklen, C. E.	406896 Tubb, S. D.
845036 Ninhan, C. D.	294929 Turek, J.
501002 Oates, Sgt A.	294198 Valdimarson, B.
718085 Paterson, Cpl W.	548175 Weale, W. E.
507543 Pennington, F. L.	678449 Wells, H. G.
2005520 Phillips, R.	446315 Wheeler, J.
150198 Piggott, Dvr F.	503848 Whiteoak, L/Cpl
513425 Plewis, E.	1045644 Williams, R.
503738 Poels, P. J. E.	45356 Wissenden, Sgt B.
469346 Robinson, H.	642784 Wright, J.

Prisoners of War Interned in Holland.

Ellinger, Lieut C.	443252 Grant, W.
Gaul, Lieut A. J.	501076 Martin, J.
Massey-Cooke, Lieut W. E.	503431 Paton, A.

Prisoners of War in Germany, Now Arrived in England.

503418 Balcombe, G.	503314 Lidster, W. H.
503304 Dupen, T.	

Our Officers in Hospital.

Lt. A. P. M. Barclay, Lt. G. Ferguson, Lt. B. E. Scott, and Lt. J. B. Thom, M.C.—Canadian Convalescent Officers' Hospital, Matlock Bath.

Lt. H. A. Bartlett and Lt. C. E. Richardson, Daughters of the Empire Hospital.

A/Major P. H. Lazenby, Endsleigh Palace Hospital, Endsleigh Gardens, W.C.

Lt. A. Legg, Hospital at 10, Palace Green.

Lt. R. McC. Martin, 4th Southern General Hospital, Plymouth.

Lt. V. M. Meek, Granville Can. Spec. Hosp., Buxton.

Lt. F. L. Mitchell, Royal Free Hosp., Gray's Inn Road.

Lt. G. B. Morley and Lt. W. D. Thomas, 2nd Western General Hospital, Manchester.

Lt. S. Morris, Central Military Hospital, 2, Chesham Place, Brighton.

Capt. E. E. Ryerson, Lt. S. H. Pepler, and Lt. L. N. Wadlin, Prince of Wales' Hospital, Marylebone.

Lt. G. Smedley, Military Hospital, Devonport.

Lt. W. H. Stevens, Westcliffe Eye and Ear Hospital, Folkestone.

Lt. E. Topping, Perkins Bull Hospital.

Lt. J. Westcott, American Red Cross Hospital.

Honours List.

Brave Deeds of Decorated Officers and N.C.O.'s



CAPT. W. E. POPE, C.E.

Awarded Military Cross.

BAR TO MILITARY CROSS

Lt. Merrick Rennie McCracken.—He supervised the maintenance of communications throughout the operations in a most efficient and capable manner, personally visiting the captured area to reconnoitre positions for visual stations. His efforts met with marked success, and the energetic and indefatigable manner in which he carried out his duty for four days without rest or sleep, and at many times under heavy shell fire, materially contributed to the success of the operations.

THE MILITARY MEDAL.

Lt. William Cornwallis Bate.—When his working party was heavily shelled while at work, he put most of his men in a trench and attempted to continue the work himself with only a few men, but was forced to put the remainder in shell holes, owing to the intense fire. When casualties occurred among his men he went out three times under shell fire, attended to their wounds, and removed them to safety with complete contempt of danger. When the shelling stopped he collected the remainder of his men and continued the work. He saved several lives by his courage and coolness.

Lt. Robert Angus Hay.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when in charge of a convoy of 29 waggons. The shelling was very heavy for the first

half-mile, and several men and horses of other units became casualties. He divided his convoy into detachments and conducted each through the dangerous area, and so delivered all his material without casualties. He took the convoy forward on twelve successive nights.

Lt. Herbert Houghton Johnson.—During an attack this officer, with a party of twelve men, carried forward wireless instruments and heavy equipment through the enemy's counter-barrage, for the purpose of erecting a station immediately in rear of the new front line. This party, with great determination, pushed forward and established their station under extremely difficult conditions. Through this officer's untiring and courageous efforts a satisfactory means of transmitting information to the forward areas was thus established.

Lt. Frederick Howard Marling Jones.—On orders being received that a wireless station was to be dismantled and moved, he was sent forward on this most difficult and important duty. He succeeded in dismantling the station and erecting it in its new position, in spite of the difficult nature of the ground and heavy fire. He showed splendid courage and resource.

Lt. Howard Kennedy.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in repairing a track, in spite of a very heavy barrage, which broke the track afresh in many places. The work took six hours to complete, during which he was twice blown up by a shell and partially buried.

Lt. Alexander Mackenzie West, M.C.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in constructing a bridge 150 yards long over a stream and swamp, under severe shell fire, in time for the passage of troops to an attack. The previous night he also reconnoitred the streams for the most suitable sites for four other bridges, and constructed them.

AWARDED D.C.M.

432850 Sgt. H. M. Bennett.—He rendered valuable service in operations when he, on several occasions, with great courage, personally went over the lines under heavy shell fire, in order to maintain and ensure perfect communication.

5239 Sgt. E. J. Bridgwater.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty since the early part of the campaign. He always showed the greatest courage under heavy fire, and offered a splendid example to all ranks with him, both in and out of action.

21543 Sgt. C. L. Cooling.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on all occasions. His splendid courage and ability in maintaining artillery communications under heavy fire and most adverse circumstances have been most marked.

500510 Sgt. J. Craig.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when in charge of a party establishing a water supply in a forward area, under consistent heavy shelling. The successful completion of the work was mainly due to his courage, energy, and example.

10789 Sapper J. W. Holmes.—He displayed great courage under fire, and his cheerfulness at all times did much to encourage others.

270 Sgt. W. O. Simpson.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty at all times. Much of the efficiency of the Company communications during operations was due to his courage and energy.

501196 Sgt. A. Powell.—A mine shaft was blown in by the enemy, burying five men. At great personal risk, and under heavy trench mortar fire, he succeeded in opening a passage and rescuing all the buried men. His mining work on all occasions, and in dangerous circumstances, has been invaluable.

898115 Sapper J. A. Banwick.—A machine gun gallery was blown in by an enemy shell, and he and four others were cut off. He dug through a part of the gallery which was blown in, and, while trying to get one of the other men up the shaft, he was partially buried by another shell, which destroyed the shaft. He continued at work for an hour, and finally cut his way through to the surface and got the four men out safely. He saved the lives of his comrades by his courage and determination.

AWARDED MILITARY MEDAL.

161115 Cpl. W. H. Hartley, 166936 Sgt. J. H. Young.



Commissions and Appointments, Etc.

Temp. Major F. O. Hodgins, D.S.O., ceases to be seconded for duty with the War Office.

Temp. Lts. to be Temp. Lts. C.E.—W. B. Venner, from C.O. Regt.; F. W. C. Wetmore, from Quebec Regt.; J. Keyes, from C.A.S.C.; F. J. Blair, from Forestry Corps; G. A. McGill, from Alberta Regt.; T. D. A. Purves, from N.S. Regt.; S. F. Workman and C. R. Crysdale, M.C., from B.C. Regt.; A. G. Riddle, from Manitoba Regt.

To be Temp. Lts.—430936 A/Sgt. W. A. R. Hadley; 216564 L/Sgt. C. F. Holmes; 430638 C.S.M. G. Carr, M.M.; 718829 Sgt. R. Nevill; 166018 C.S.M. J. R. Clements; 718003 Sgt. D. Milne; 718214 Sgt. W. H. Martin, M.M.; 872058 Cpl. H. J. Russell; 742588 Pte. F. A. Grimmer, M.M.

The following Temp. Lts. cease to be seconded for duty with the War Office:—J. H. Cornish, J. J. O'Sullivan (No. 1), M. Sterling, F. M. Aberdana, G. Marryat, L. D. Walker, F. W. Taylor-Bailey, and Temp. Capt. H. W. Racey.

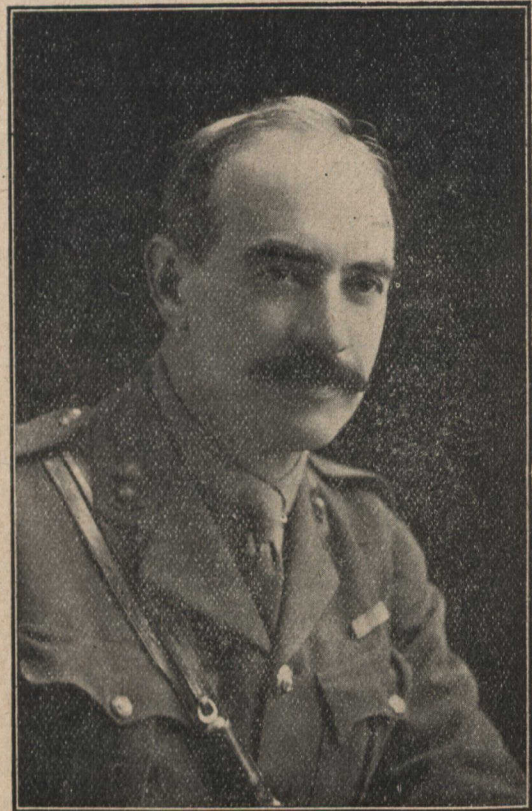
Temp. Lt. F. J. Airey seconded for duty with the War Office.

Temp. Capt. R. E. Stavert, from Central Ontario Regt., to be Temp. Lt.

Capt. (A/Major) W. M. Miller, M.C., relinquishes the rank of Acting Major on ceasing to command a Signal Company.

Riding breeches, cut and shaped to the man, reveal at once the handicraft of the expert, and are in reality a pleasing example of the finest workmanship obtainable. Mr. J. G. Farr, the senior partner of T. K. Farr and Co., 34, Queen's Road, Brighton, will personally attend to your requirements. Note also—a special line of best quality Engineer badges and buttons have just arrived.

Our Portrait Gallery.



LT.-COL. H. T. HUGHES, C.M.G., R.C.E.

Born in London, England, May 1st, 1873; was articled to Messrs. Alexander & Gibson, London, Canada, in 1893. Married in June, 1900. Assistant Engineer to C.P.R. six-and-a-half years, and Assistant Engineer to Quebec and Lake St. John and Great Northern Railway of Canada, four years. A.M. Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, 1899. Served in Active Militia 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, and 10th Q.O.C.H. Quebec, as Lieutenant. Received Commission in R.C.E. in 1904, and served with the corps in Toronto, Halifax, Victoria, and Kingstown. Camp Engineer at Valcartier in 1914. Organised personnel for the C.E.T.D., and acted as O.C. C.E.T.D., England, until appointed C.R.E. 2nd Division. Proceeded to France, September, 1915. Appointed C.R.E. Corps Troops, May, 1917. Appointed Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 3rd June, 1916. Mentioned in despatches, 13th June, 1916, and January 1st, 1917.

The "Whys" Men's Columns.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

When the war will be over?

Where Corpl. Middletin acquired his reputation as a connoisseur of beer? If he is not feeling bucked about those two stripes?

If "Home, Sweet Home" is Corpl. Pennington's favourite song?

When L/Cpl. Wilton's luck is going to turn?

Where Edwards finds time to make so many souvenirs?

Where Bud Harris got that new tunic? And what has become of his friend the Brig.-General?

Now that Bud Fisher has sidetracked art for artillery, are we to experience the horrors of a Mutt and Jeff queue?

Wouldn't the cons—pardon, "draftees"—consider "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria morari*" a suitable motto?

And talking about drafts, wouldn't "chinooks," since they certainly possess an abundance of "hot air"?

"Constant Reader" wishes to know, "whether, in view of the prominence given to stars and such, the title of this journal should not be 'The Officer'?"

Who was the new arrival who wanted to know if liaison officers handled divorces?

Whether our local talent isn't "dodging" the (Sapper) column?

Who was the Sergt.-Instructor in the C.S.S. who, on hearing the warning "Gas," suddenly remembered his B.R. was still tied on his bicycle?

Who was the S.I. who dived round the corner when the Gas Instructor threw a smoke bomb?

What is the attraction in Lewes for a member of the Signal School staff?

Who was the officer in the C.S.S. who was disappointed over the poached egg supper?

Will a certain Cook-house Sergt. ever find out what became of the dates he set aside for a special dish of his own making? Did the salmon salad taste as good as he expected, or did the washing soda, put in by mistake, spoil it?

Is the R.S.M. a drummer for some metal polish outfit? Answers can be forwarded to Corpl. Bates.

Is it true that the C.S.M. goes around singing, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Since the Germans have gained temporary occupation of Kimmel and some Flemish villages, we have had very heated arguments as to whether the Germans would find the pump handles that always vanished when the Canucks were billeted there.

We would like to know if our old friend "Aeroplane Lizzie" got safely out of Bailleul. Did the S.M. of the —rd Tunnelling Company offer his help?

Would it help the Germans if they knew how many tins of bully and Maconochie we buried near our laundry?

Does Mr. Lee still prefer a horse that is skittish?

How many times has the war been lost and won in the N.C.O.'s mess?

Who is the fellow who spent an afternoon in Glasgow, and on awakening found himself in London? Spirits of jay. What!

Who is "Ivan," and why is he "terrible"?

Who is the officer who buries cable 140 feet deep?

Who killed Scott's faithful dog "Alberta," and whether such bloodthirstiness is not wasted outside the front line?

Whether "Pat" O'Connor—who has made Blighty—on the way to a commission, would be willing to give an interview on "My depressions of the war"?

Whether members of the Corps were concerned less over the menace to the Channel ports, than over the safety of the various damsels in shops, estaminets, etc., in the vicinity.

The age of C.S.M. Samway's cap badge?

Whether Corpl. Wakeman thinks the best way to clip a mule is to sit on his back?

Why Sapper Storey did not limp for a week anyway?

What Sergt. Scobie would like to say about bicycles, and what he did say?

If Q.M.S. Murray thinks it safe to ride that horse?

If "Pop" Serson really believes it was "Battle Axe" tobacco that made him feel that way?

And—who in h—— wants to know all this anyway?

The Poet's Corner.

Ode to the Roads of Sussex.

Sapper A.G.S., who modestly asks us to refrain from publishing his name, has submitted the following ode which was inspired by his duties as a D.R. :—

Roads of Sussex : they are splendid,
Contoured, narrow, and well-bended,
Full of twists and hairpin corners,
Responsible for many mourners ;
Pools and puddles, ruts and mire,
To overthrow one do conspire ;
Hills and vales all in order,
Right up to the county border.

Waggon loads of hay or straw
Do their bit to get one sore,
For they block your line of vision,
And you make a quick decision,
But beyond them cattle wander :
In the ditch you've time to ponder,
That it's best to " wait and see "
Along the roads of this county.

We predict a brilliant future for Sapper A.G.S., both as a D.R. and as a poet. As a D.R. he is an observer of nature, and as a poet he has real courage. For instance, who but a courageous man would write :—

" Waggon loads of hay or straw
Do their bit to get one sore."

Truly, this is a great wah !

Après La Guerre Finis.

(Dedicated to Sergt. J. L.—h)

Just think, when this business is over,
And we all start off for home.
Where there's no more talk of " Going over,"
Or of getting a shell on the dome.

When you're lying at rest a-thinking
Of the party you meet that night ;
And old John comes in a-blinking,
And snaps " No parties to-night."

Can you imagine no more wiring,
Or carrying jobs, napoo.
Or deepening, that job so tiring ;
In fact, just nothing to do ?

Oh, Jack, that day you'll love us,
And you'll lose that worried look,
When, instead of a shovel, you'll lend us
Your much-loved old note book.

L-CORPL. H. C. DUNNING.

A Useful Article.

It's bon for a candlestick, kettle or pail ;
It makes a fine seat in the wet ;
It saved me from many a bump on a nail—
A service I'll never forget.

And then when to Blighty on furlough I go,
It makes me old soldier toute suite.
Ah, what gracious glances the maidens bestow—
Rich and poor, and obscure and elite.

It's heavy and awkward, yet I love it well,
Despite all discomfort and that ;
For it once saved my bean from a splinter of
shell—

My rotten, old, pesky, Tin Hat.

SAPPER G. W. BARTLETT.

Camouflage.

Red, did you say ? Did I see red ?
Oh, stow your bally row.
I never sees no red, I don't ;
I'm colour blind, that's how.

Look at the head on that blasted 'un
A-lying there just dead ;
It looks to me like a green, green cheese,
But I *know* it's a blasphemous red.

I watched all day, an' I watched all night,
Fer a chance to get 'im neat ;
But every time I took a sight,
'E was camouflaged complete.

For the greens an' browns of the stinkin' earth,
Mixed up with the flamin' red,
That looked like blue and grey to me,
When I tried to find 'is 'ead.

So I comes out one night from an R.E. dump,
With some whitewash in a can ;
An' I whitens the front of the trench that 'eld
That multi-coloured man.

An' when the bright blue sun come up,
Where a red sun should have been ;
'Is 'ead showed over the whitened top,
A glarin' flarin' green.

I miss the greasy blighter now,
With 'is camouflagin' 'ead ;
But I saw 'is soul in 'is eyes as 'e fell,
An I'll swear 'is soul was *red*.

—B.

1st Tommy : " What's a soldier for ?"
Chorus : " Something to hang things on."

—✂— **ROUND THE DEPOT.** —✂—



MAJOR A. W. DAVIS, D.S.O.

Previous to the war he was mining engineering in British Columbia. Joined up, sailed with the 1st Division in 1914, and went to France in February, 1915, as a Corporal. He was granted a commission in the Royal Engineers, dated 4th May, 1915, and was attached to a Tunnelling Company R.E. On 21st December, 1915, he was re-transferred to the Canadian Engineers, and organized a Tunnelling Company C.E., remaining as O/C. until September, 1917. Mentioned in despatches 14th June, 1916, and 1st June, 1917. Awarded D.S.O. 13th February, 1917.

HEADQUARTERS.

Lieut.-Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., received his decoration at the investiture by the King on April 20th, 1918.

Lieut. F. W. Jubb left us for the Tunnelling Company on May 6th. We think he will make an excellent Tunnelling officer, as there will be no danger of head-bumps going through tunnels.

O.R.S. Page and Crook Bros. left us to join the Penguins. Sid has, unfortunately, been returned as medically unfit.

Daniels and Dexter are now marking time on their own ground, two paces, whilst the even numbers get into their position—a la Chelsea.

Harry Grant has joined the crocks, and hopes soon to be in Canada.

We've heard a song by the Pierrot Troupe, "We been gassed," but we never thought we should be until the Adjutant spoke in a loud voice, saying, "All ye that have erred and deceived, come forth from the Orderly Rooms, Q.M. Stores, Pay Offices, and Post Office, and parade at 6 p.m. daily under the R.S.M., to the palace of unknown odours." There the Gas officer sayeth unto them: "All ye that are weary and heavy laden, come unto me, and I will give you gas."

Whilst being instructed in the use of the flapper fan, Sergt. Lewin wanted to know if the B.R. should be worn when clearing trenches and dug-outs of gas. Ye gods, hit him, somebody!

We understand that there is an Orderly Officer's report in the depot which has not been deciphered yet. A "Clarke" is required.

"DEXIEL PATER."

* * *

That Sunday Wind.

When a party meets the grand assault,
God alone knows—it's not for me to say—
If it's sheer misfortune, or their fault,
If they

Get the wind up.

But when Headquarters agreed to play
The Engineers at golf (we'd played before),
Who'd have thought they'd turn around and say:
Oh lor!

And get the wind.



Telephone Conversation.

EDITOR: Give me No. 5, please.
 VOICE OF CORRESPONDENT: "A" Company speaking.
 EDITOR: Have you got any Notes for the SAPPER this month?
 V. OF C.: No sir!
 EDITOR: Thank you!!



"B" Company extends its felicitations and good wishes to the Adjutant, Lieut. A. Love, who has returned from leave, after having exchanged the care-free and irresponsible life of the bachelor for the duties and responsibilities of the benedict.

We understand that the Company barber and the Depot gardener are shortly to pull off a long distance bicycle match on the Brighton road. The barber is in constant training for the big event.

In another column we notice the "B" Company Sergeants' Mess concert. Are these functions a success? Ask the O.R.S.

Who is going to do the right thing by the Orderly Room cat?

We regret to announce that "B" Company is losing the services of Sapper Pitman, who has laboured long and indefatigably at the arrangement and execution of Company and Depot entertainments. He has gone to Signals, and will, for the time being, exchange the piano keys for the buzzer key.

Who built all the new aeroplanes and all the new ships? Wally will tell you.

When the Prince Regent founded Brighton, and stamped his own character on the place, he certainly must have had a prophetic notion that the C.E.T.D. would some day want to use it for the same purpose as he did himself. (Historical allusion. See almost any 18th century memoirs)

What shall we do with the Company cook?
 Anvil chorus:—

-----?
 -----*
 -----!!!
 -----!!?*

An officer, inspecting the lines a few days ago, came to a hut where a chequer board had been inked on the table in indelible pencil. The hut was in perfect order, all the windows open, floor scrupulously clean, beds neat, and kits properly arranged.

The great one glared vindictively at all this perfection for a moment, and with all the pent up forces of his martial soul seeking an outlet or safety valve, his eye encountered the ill-fated chequer board. Black despair was turned to triumph. "Put that chequer board on the shelf," he roared, and went out seeking fresh fields to conquer. And still the war drags on.

It was a very cheerful optimist who sailed gaily up to the Depot carpenter the other day, and asked him if he could build him a really air-tight box *with a row of holes in it.*

Corpl. Tomasson asked the Adjutant if there was any difference.

"Of course there's a difference," said the Adjutant.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the Corpl.; "but, you see, I never had either, so I don't know."

"PLUG."



Brought forward 148.

One of our sergeants who went to France with another unit should make quite a gash in the front line.

Whiskey and polo go good together. Don't they, "Bud"? So say we all, but we're not fussy about polo.

Places familiar to us all:—Lewes, Sunderland, Bridgewater, Eastbourne.

O.C.: Why are you holding the paper in front of the horse?

Sub.: Want him to know that I got this riding certificate at Aldershot.

One of our corporals tells his section, when detailing "Dismount," to take the right foot out of the right stirrup. He might have added that

in this position the left foot is left in the left stirrup.

'Tis rumoured that our Farrier Q.M.S. wore 'bar' shoes while on leave in Scotland.

We are almost up to the establishment in kittens and pups.

Hailsham is a wonderful place for wild flowers, but all the primroses in the surrounding woods do not bow their yellow heads from a single or even slender stem.

"Everything that we pass on the right is yours, sergt., and all on the left is mine." I have had the best of it, but a swell chicken rode up from the rear on a bicycle. Now the sergt. has an address in Eastbourne. She fell for his three stripes and the crown. I'll swear she took him for a Major. I'll swear anyway, so there.

Since the officers' equitation class has started, we do not see a rush for seats in the Officers Mess. Plans are now being drawn for a lunch counter.

Loan me your smoked goggles, please. I want to carry on a little conversation with our riding master, and his polished grenades hurt my eyes.

Now you ought to know perfectly well that this sort of thing won't do!!!

Watching the polo game the other night, my mind wandered back to the battle of Waterloo. Sergt. Stern.

Now why *did* Sergt. Dickson have to go back?

"ROUGH RIDER."



The biggest draft of the Signal Company in history got away to a good start. There wasn't a pay book missing. The only hitch in the journey to the Base occurred at the port of embarkation, when the D.R.s got short rations. The drivers seemed to have enough and to spare, which speaks well for Lieut. Devitt's instructional ability.

Consider the grass of the plots, how it grows. It stops neither day nor night, and verily needs frequent clipping. The skipper's eye passeth over it, and it is gone straight away, or the hut commanders shall surely know it. Selah!

(Continued on next page.)



MAJOR C. SHERGOLD, M.C., D.C.M.

Enlisted in Royal Engineers on June 8th, 1888. South Africa 1899-1902, and Gold Coast Colony 1903-4. Proceeded to Canada as R.S.M. Royal Canadian Engineers, July 17th, 1906, and was employed as Instructor in Military Engineering and Telegraphy.

He was in England attending a course on Wireless Telegraphy, and doing duty with a Signal Squadron on the outbreak of war. Sailed on 15th August, 1914, and took part in the retreat from Mons, battles of Marne and Aisne, first and second battles of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle!

On his return to England he organized the Signal Depot C.E.T.D.

Promoted Temp. Lieut. C.E. for distinguished service in the field, October 21st, 1914; Hon. Lieut. and Q.M. Can. Engineers, Nov. 16th, 1914; Hon. Capt. and Q.M., July 2nd, 1915; Temp. Major, May 31st, 1917.

King and Queen's S.A. medal, with clasps, 1901-2, Relief of Kimberley, Paardeburg, Dreifontein, and Belfast.

Awards in present campaign: D.C.M., Sept. 18th, 1914; Military Cross, Jan. 1st, 1915; 1914 Star.

Mentioned in despatches Oct. 8th, 1914, Jan. 1st, 1916.

Was the first Canadian to receive D.C.M. in this campaign.

Speaking of plots and crops, have you noticed how young the padre looks these days? He'll never get by the sentry again as Chaplin until it grows once more.

Since the officers began to take PRYDE in this ball team, they haven't lost a game.

It has leaked out that the O.C. and his staff of experts are planning a great signalling offensive for a date in the near future. The whole army is to be supplied with communications. The objectives are not known, but it is probable that the line of the Cuckmere river will be pierced, and Alfriston captured, in which case, of course, it will be again accessible to all troops.

One of our mottoes has always been, "be modest," nevertheless when such a scrutinizing eye as General Turner carries round, picks our Mounted Section out for special commendation, we feel like bubbling over somehow. 'Tis true, "The Terrible One" keeps us plugging, but what matter when we capture all the honours.

An apology is due to Sapper Perry for the absence of his article in the Signal news, and which he generously curtailed to a space area fitted to the limited columns allotted to us. Owing to an unavoidable confusion with other items on file, this was overlooked. However, it will be recovered and, space permitting, published in the next issue.

Sergt. Fullerton has once more pulled the cords of the kit bag together and sallied forth to his place "up the line," where he will be greeted by those friends made during his former stay there. The sergeants' mess are sorry to see his vacant chair.

"LINEMAN."



Lieut. W. B. Donohue has returned to the Company after several months in hospital.

Lieut. Nicholson, who has not been with us since the Shoreham days, before Brighton was captured by the Israelites, is again in our midst, after having built numerous aerodromes for the B.G.

The strength of the Company has increased by some twenty officers of late. Among those who reported recently are Lt. A. W. Richardson, D.C.M., and Lt. W. Gowans, M.M. (French), original—st Tunnelling Company.

One of our Sergt.-Majors has a most remarkable brother. According to the S.M., in a recent examination the said brother received 9,999 marks out of a possible 10,000!

Officers returning from Bexhill report that the O.T.C. course is the "best in the world." It certainly has turned out some of the smartest officers of the war, bar none.

New puzzle—Find the C.S.M. of the boneward on a Friday night.

That's a bright 'un.

The other morning, the Orderly Sergeant of the Casualty Section ran to the phone when the alarm clock went off. His nerves must have been on "Edge."

A. DIGGER.



An escaped prisoner of war from Germany recently reported at the Regimental Depot, and required outfitting.

Adjutant, furious on seeing the man appear on the fourth day still in civilian clothes: "Why the —— has this man not been outfitting yet?"

C.Q.M.S.: "Sir, I paraded the man to the Q.M. this morning, and he refused to clothe him."

Adjutant, blazing: "Why?"

C.Q.M.S.: "Because he had not brought his D.O.S. 2 with him, sir."

And we want to know whether the Q.M. at Ruhleben would not like to change places.

"CROCK."



We hear that the cow which got in the way of the motor-cycle has since died.

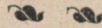
We are given to understand that an officer is burning midnight oil, in trying to find out the possibility of two objects occupying the same place at the same time.

Now that our machines are turned in, we wonder what the mechanical repair branch of the C.A.S.C. will find to keep them busy. And by the way, we noticed that our sidecar is still in use.

It is funny what a lot of ambition some folks have after a long "rest" at the C.S.S.

We know of a recent member of the staff who was offered a horse to ride on the route march of the Depot, and he said he'd rather walk. Wonders will never cease.

"ESSES ESSES."



Our Cadets.

Cadets to the number of three score and ten or thereabouts paraded for the first roll call of the first C.E.T.D. Officers' Training Course, Seaford, on the 24th April; and from that date onward, the process of inculcating a knowledge of the more complex arts of war in these young veterans has proceeded with vigour and precision.

The Cadets are mostly overseas casualties, and men reporting from France, bringing with them into their training the invaluable experience of things as they are done "over there."

Major Douglas Ellis, of the C.E.T.D., is the Commandant of the School, and Lt. McGill, "B" Company, officer in charge of instruction.

Sleeping and messing quarters for those attending the class are provided in No. 1 lines. A recreation room, which is also used for lectures, has been fitted up for their convenience.

Anderson, R.S.M. B. H.	Markle, Spr G. A.
Barr, Sgt W.	Matheson, A/Sgt P. J.
Bell, 2/Cpl J. H.	McKee, Sgt A. C.
Berridge, Spr N. J.	Medlon, Sgt E. M.
Bramwell, Spr E. C.	Melville, C.S.M. A.
Bridgwater, Sgt. E. J.	Miller, Sgt J. R.
Brock, Spr W. M.	Milne, Cpl W. S.
Brown, Spr L. A.	Morris, 2/Cpl A. C.
Cameron, A/Cpl L. J.	Morrison, Sgt D.
Canzi, Spr F.	Murray, Spr W. A.
Carreras, Spr B. H.	O'Connor, Spr J. A.
Carrol, Sgt J.	Paget, Spr F. H.
Carroll, Sgt W. J.	Pankhurst, Sgt F.
Carroll, Cpl J.	Platts, Sgt C.
Christie, Sgt J. H.	Ralph, Cpl R. C.
Coulsou, C.Q.M.S. A.	Ratz, Spr J. E.
Creig, L/Cpl G. G.	Reid, Spr G. C.
Curtis, C.Q.M.S. T.	Roberts, Spr C. D.
Daniels, A/Sgt P.	Robinson, Spr N. B.
Darling, Cpl D.	Ross, A/Sgt J. D.
Dexter, A/2/Cpl J. H.	Russell, Spr W. A.
Ford, L/Cpl S. H.	Sims, Sgt M. M.
Ford, Spr W.	Smyth, Sgt M.
Fraser, A/C.S.M. J. S.	Southworth, Spr H.
Fraser, Spr E.	Sutherland, Sgt N. C.
Fry, Spr R. C.	Swan, Spr H. L.
Hadley, Sgt D. J.	Symmonds, A/Sgt W.
Harris, Spr H. C.	Titus, Spr O. W.
Hewett, Sgt M. W.	Titus, Spr R. B.
Hughson, R.S.M. A. S.	Toon, Sgt T.
Jackson, Sgt A.	Webb, Sgt A. E.
Johnson, Sgt W.	Wilkins, C.Q.M.S. C. V.
Lance, Pte B. W. F.	Wilson, Sgt A. L.
Linklater, Sgt W.	Woods, Sgt H. G. J.
Mackenzie, Spr H. A.	

Bramshott Signal Detachment

In one quarter, gloom now takes the place of joy. The reason is quite apparent. The powers that be have decreed that to win the war takes gasoline, so our motor-cycles have gone; and no more down the Portsmouth road, at all hours of the day (and night too) can be heard the sound of some machine, with a rider with a face all smiles. Alas! a push bike is now covering the ground, but there are not the number of specials, nor the eagerness to take them, especially those in the direction of Hindhead and Beacon Hill.



Sappers Stevens and Gallinger left for the R.A.F. Both very keen to know if the new uniforms will suit their peculiar style of beauty.



This detachment seems to be one of the principal supply depots for "birds."



Sergt. McRay is mourning the loss of a consignment of sugar sent to a "friend" in Scotland (commandeered by the Food Controller).



We are at last out of the "kitchen," and have a happy home of our own.



Lieut. H. Pryde returned to the "Depot" on his way to France? We understand that his stay in Falkirk suited him better than the delay in Seaford.



Lieut. J. D. Baker is now "I oblique stroke C."



The oppressive atmosphere in the office every Monday is due to new operators supplied by the School for the battalion end of the wire. Only one wire burnt so far, but we are putting in special "choke coils" on all telegraph circuits. "Breaks," "SS," "WA," "WB," are too mild.



The Wind Up.

Our Q.M.S. was marching us over to the pay office the other "pay" day, when along came a certain Major on our left.

Quarter bawls out: "Eyes right! — Oh, h—, I mean—"

"That's all right," says Major ——. "I know what you mean."

After "Lights Out."

Officer detailed to take census of soldiers and their intention as to employment upon their return to Canada: "And what are you going to do when you get back to Canada, Murphy?"

Soldier: "Take up land, sir."

Officer: "How much?"

Soldier: "One shovelful at a time, sir."

[5/- Prize.]

[Quiet music.]

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He was a cheery representative of the Stars and Stripes, attached to some Imperial outfit; and because he was a stranger, the British Tommies gave him a cordial welcome.

His original ideas, frankly expressed, delighted them; while the soft southern drawl had all the charm of novelty. He had also a habit which was a constant source of wonder to them. When they foregathered in an estaminet, always before putting a glass to his lips, he would produce a weird little soapstone image, look at it for a while, and replace it in his pocket. Greatly intrigued, they inquired the reason. "Well, boys," he replied, "I don't know how much of this vin blink I can carry, so I figures if this little gadget turns up twins, it's time I quit drinkin' fer a spell."

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Pte. Murphy had fired seven rounds, and seven times the markers' flag had wig-wagged a washout—no wonder the S.M. was furious. "What in h—are you firing at?" he roared. "Sure, sorr," came the soft answer, "the lootenant ses, 'Murphy, ses he, aim at No 13; an' Corpl. Boyle, he ses, fire on No. 12, me bhoy; so not to be after vexin' aither av the both av em, I split the difference betwixt an' betune 'em.'" [2/6 Prize.]

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Scene: C.O.s Office.

C.O.: Pte ——— You want leave?

Pte.: Yessir.

C.O.: Let me see. How many days?

Pte.: Six days, sir.

C.O.: What reason?

Pte.: To see my wife, sir. I haven't been home for six months.

C.O.: Why, I have just had a letter from your wife, telling me not to give you any leave.

Pte. (thinking): There can't be two liars in this office, sir—I haven't got a wife.

C.O.: Hum—— Yes, send for extension.

Old farmer (to soldier, just returned from the Front): "Well, Dick, what be these tanks like, that there's so much talk about?"

Son: "Why, they're just wobbling thinga-mabobs, full o' what-you-may-call-'ems, and they blaze away like billy-o."

Old farmer: "Aye, I heard they was wonderful things, but I never could get any details 'afore."

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"Would you report it as an unusual occurrence if you saw a man fall over a cliff?"

"No, sir, but I would if he came back up again."

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Musketry Sergt.: "Squad! fire at will."

New Recruit: "Which one is Will?"

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During an intense bombardment, a Yank and a Canuck had adjoining posts. "Say," said the Canuck, "have you ever seen anything like that?" "Waal," drawled the Yank, "I was once down the Bowery on a Saturday night."

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There was a scuffle in the bar which ended with a Canadian Engineer pinning a civilian to the ground.

He was just going to swat him when a policeman interrupted:—"Nah then, what's the matter here?"

"Why," said the Engineer, "he said the C.E. on my shoulder meant *conscientious ejector*—now you just watch me eject him."



Wireless Whispers.

Two and six—Regimental Tailor.

What time do we eat?—Everybody.

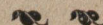
Remember you are on Headquarter's Staff, and behave as such—Sapper Boyd.

Orderly, get me the file on that—Lieut. Jubb.

Mind my nose—Our polo ponies.

You for the dentist—Corpl. Sedgley.

What time is Reveille?—Cadets.



Read the advertisements, and purchase your requirements from the advertisers in your magazine.



By "WAG."

Major Boswell's A.T. Company.

A tragic occurrence has interrupted the harmony of the concert party of this Company. Briefly told: The owner swiped the piano. The committee was called in hurried conference, the members emerging from the conclave with an air of confidence that gives hope. Meanwhile, the Company only outwardly restrains its anxiety to hear the verdict or the plan of procedure contemplated.

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Major E. R. Vince's A.T. Company.

The Company Glee Club, under the able guidance of Sergts. Aedy and Hayman, recently staged another of their successful soires. The hit of the evening was undoubtedly our talented C.S.M., whose comic songs brought forth no end of applause. Corpl. Cox, Sapper Brown, Driver Green, and others materially contributed to a very pleasant evening. Captain Boswell and Lieut. Dunn, our guests of honour, apparently enjoyed the show as much as the rest of us.

A short time ago we were the guests of the 1st Army Musketry School at a novel entertainment. One of Lena Ashwell's parties supplied the treat, which consisted of a series of short sketches with connecting interludes. A sound of English women's voices was not the least attractive part of an evening which will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of being present.

"Ak Tok."

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"B" Company Officers' Mess.

At the guest night of this Mess on the 18th of April a very pleasant evening was spent in friendly competition with members of the Signal Mess over a series of games, including chess, billiards, and bridge. In chess and billiards the honours remained with "B" Company, but at bridge an unexpected reverse was sustained by the home stalwarts, who have always been regarded (quietly) as "some" bridge combination.

CHESS.

"B" COMPANY.—Lieut. Pook, 010; Lieut. Holmes, 101; Major Ward, 1; points, 4.

SIGNALS.—Lieut. Roberts, 101; Lieut. Hicks, 010; Capt. Agnew, 0; points, 3.

BILLIARDS.

"B" COMPANY.—Major Brown, 100; Lieut. Lees, 100; Lieut. Russell, 100; Major Ward, 100; Lieut. Huyck, 100; Lieut. Holmes, 100.—Total 600.

"B" Company 153 points up.

SIGNALS.—Lieut. Brown, 77; Lieut. Ferguson, 92; Major Stroud, 66; Capt. Agnew, 82; Lieut. Wolseley, 70; Lieut. Sutherland, 60.—Total 447.

BRIDGE.

A Game, Signals, 2; "B" Company, 0.

B Game, Signals, 3; "B" Company, 0.

Signals won by 2½.

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Signal Company Officers' Mess.

Guest night at the Signal Company Officers' Mess, on May 3rd, was an evening of genuine enjoyment to all who attended. Bridge, billiards, and an inter-spersion of good song, story telling, and music filled up the time.

Among the visitors were Lieut.-Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Major Mackinsie (Brigade Staff), Major J. P. Fell, Major P. Ward, and Major Brown.

The "roll of honour" was small, but there were a few serious head cases.

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C.E.T.D. Pierrot Troupe.

Again the Pierrots have added a few more honours to their name by the successful concerts given at Eastbourne, Brighton, and Seaford.

Corpl. Carruthers, a recent addition to the troupe, with his "prize-fight," created a furore at all shows.

"Gassed" never loses its popularity, and was top-notch at the Rally Club, with Doncaster, Darling, and Smale as the exponents.

Sappers Bentley and Hollis are again with us, and certainly strengthen the solo line with their inimitable numbers.

Holden, Deneau, and Smale are some trio with the latest hits from America.

Driver Butler, of "C" Company Minstrel Troupe, certainly takes the house with his quaint verses and queer patter—especially at Brighton—nuff sed.

Sergt. Darling, with his "new stuff" and choruses, should go strong at our next appearance.

Great credit is due to Cadet Harris, who for the past few months has been the "silent worker" for the Pierrots, and we miss him very much. However, best of luck to you, Harry, in your new undertaking.

We should never forget Don, otherwise Doncaster, alias "Jones," of the Signals, who can sing, dance, or recite, more especially at "smokers."

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"B" Company Sergeants' Mess.

On the evening of Friday, April 12th, a very successful smoking concert was held in the "B" Company's Mess.

C.Q.M.S. Downton filled the chair with a happy compound of geniality and impressiveness.

Owing to the serene beauty of a perfect spring evening the proceedings did not commence until a later hour than usual; but as the evening advanced the room filled up, and everyone had a good time.

The company was honoured by the presence of Major Ward and Major Brown until late in the programme, while Lieut. Downing, Lieut. Huyck, Lieut. Leger, and a number of other officers remained till the finish.

Capt. Chetwynd, of the Mounted Company, was also present, in company with an officer of the senior service, who proved to be a very excellent sportsman, and favoured the boys with a new rendering of the Highland sword dance, amid uproarious cheers, and thoroughly upheld the traditions of the Navy.

An excellent programme was provided by Sapper Harris and his musical party. Lieut. Huyck rendered several songs in his own inimitable style, and Lieut. Downing struck a new note in camp concerts by singing a couple of Kipling's naval ditties.

The proceedings closed in general harmony of a varied and stentorian character, to the accompaniment of certain terpsichorean excursions by members of the Mess.

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A New Venture.

News leaks out to the effect that "C" Company will spring a fully fledged minstrel troupe upon the camp one of these days. Details are not as yet available, but it is understood that Captain Chetwynd has the matter in hand, while Sergt. Saunders is in direct management of the troupe.

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Activities at Y.M.C.A. Hut Number 4.

A schedule of the entertainments arranged for Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4 C.E.T.D. lines, for the greater part of May, is given below.

Excellent features of the programme are the lectures which are prepared with a special regard of their appeal to the interest of soldiers.

By the way, the canteen of the Y is in full swing, the service during the rush hours being in the hands of a committee of ladies, wives of officers of the Depot. Mrs. Anderson, wife of the Depot Commandant, is at the head of the committee.

COMING EVENTS.

Thursday, May 16th—Lecture.
 Friday, May 17th—London Concert Party.
 Saturday, May 18th—The "Dinkies" Concert Party.
 Sunday, May 19th—Bible Class. Evening Service.
 Monday, May 20th—Miss Nellie Moore's Concert Party.
 Tuesday, May 21st—To be announced.
 Wednesday, May 22nd.—Midweek Service.
 Thursday, May 23rd—Lecture.
 Friday, May 24th—London Concert Party.
 Saturday, May 25th—Miss Marie Claire's Concert Party.
 Sunday, May 26th—Bible Class. Evening Service.

✻ ✻ ✻

That irresistible and world famous comedian, Mr. Fred Terry, with his London company, will be the special attraction at the Brighton Theatre Royal, for

the week commencing May 20th, appearing in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." Don't miss this opportunity of seeing him.

✻ ✻ ✻

WANTED.—Brass and Reed Instrumentalists are required for the C.E.T.D. Band. Applicants must be of "B" category. Applications should be made directly to Bandmaster F. Gorse, No. 2 Lines.

WAG.

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.

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 few copies of THE CANADIAN SAPPER for March and April are still obtainable, post free 7d.

✻ ✻ ✻

We are told that the recoil of the gun which has been shelling Paris carries the wounded back to Berlin.

✻ ✻ ✻

Each advertiser in your magazine is helping to maintain its publication. Read the advertisements, and make your purchases among them.

SPORTS FOR MARCH.

Major St. A. Smith's Company

Opening the season with a win over the baseball nine of the Battery C.F.A. is not so dusty. The Engineers fielded a weak nine, the Boche preventing one or two of the regulars from leaving the forward area. The new first sacker, Barber, was laid low with Job's affliction, and Bob Garrow, the reliable catcher, is still in hospital.

Still, for all that, the team brought home the bacon, taking the long end of a 10-8 score. Lieut. E. P. Wilson, one of the new officers, made a good showing, and can be counted as one of the regulars. The O.C. unit pleaded pressure of business, but simply could not stay away from the diamond, and got into action during the last stanzas. Providing Old June makes a withdrawal, this month of May should see plenty of teams in action when out resting.

Major Mieville's Company.

Writes "Minnenwerfer": The Orderly Room staff have organized a baseball team (parlour variety, says he) and are pulling off some weird stunts.

From the recent communique by the same authority it is learned that chariot racing is the latest with the Mounted Section. The Roman style, it seems, prevails. Described as a reckless sort of pastime, it has a special appeal to the dashing courage of our drivers, whose gaiety expands when wheels, horses, and charioteers become inextricably tangled.

It is some game, as Ben Hur well knew.

In the same Company, we are informed, quoits and football are engaging the few leisure hours of the Sappers. In the former, Mac is spoken of as making an enviable reputation. The hope is expressed that when things settle a bit a few football dates may be arranged.

And in conclusion, "Minnenwerfer" asks if Macafferty ever said a word to us as to how he shot the crow. The answer is in the negative.

French Enjoy Soccer Play.

In a clean well contested football game, our boys of — Company took the measures of a Company of Pioneers. The score of 4-2 gives a fair idea of the closeness of the play. A feature of the game was the large number of French civvies who witnessed it and evinced a keen interest in every phase, while their rooting would have gladdened the heart of any college cheer leader.

Unfavourable weather has curtailed the athletes' activities of late, but Sergt. Smith and his trusty cohorts assure us that they are out for gore, and have promised big things in the near future.

Major Wilgar's Company.

"Harvey's Heroes," sacrifice troops, taken from the half company down the line, introduced themselves to the "purple patched" Engineers in April, and came back with a 2-1 victory. The G.S. waggon that took the team and the routers club wasn't big enough to bring them all back.

The game was a fast, clean one throughout, with ideal weather and field conditions. Jim Forbes starred at left back. Lieut. Carscallen won first honours with a lovely 40 yards shot from the right wing, which was followed by a goal by Harris, star performer of the fifth. The winning goal was put in by Marshall, a visiting forward, after a splendid exhibition of dribbling play from well down the field. Advantages of field were with the Harvey men in the first half, and with the home team in the second.

HOME TEAM.—Goal, Gallagher; backs, Sullivan and Leyland; half-backs, McNair, Jones (captain), and Miller; forwards, Norton, Hallam, Fielding, Harris, and Cannon.

VISITORS' TEAM.—Goal, Stanford; backs, Lieut. Jackson and Forbes; half-backs, Lieut. Carscallen, Harvey (captain), and Seeds; forwards, Miller, Thompson, Boisin, Marshall, and Semple.

Corpl. Albert Bertrand says he is beating everybody at chequers, and is willing to take on any man of military age after supper. Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Captain Boswell's Company.

Our correspondent writes: In sport we know we have a real footer and baseball team, but whether it is a natural decline, or the players have lost the inclination for speed, the fact remains we have only indoor baseball to represent our activities.

Each section is represented in this pastime, and had fancy handles tacked unto them: the Fighting First, Selected Second, Terrible Third, Ferocious Fourth, Roughneck Drivers, and Bomb Proofs, Headquarters. In the competition on the knock out principle, the third and fourth reached the final, but after a close game the third won out, and anyone wishing to have it impressed further on their memory, ought to have been in their billet that night. We have a league under weigh just now, and there is a decided interest shown, for up to date it is very open with the second leading.

Major Earnshaw's Company.

During the past month sports have had to give way to the "exigencies of the service."

There has been little opportunity for working out, for the "Higher Command" do not seem to consult our convenience with regard to moves.

However, we visited the 3rd Division Signals on April 27th, and played them at baseball and soccer.

It was the first ball game of the season, and the 3rd helped themselves to 9 runs in the first and second innings, beating us by 9-0.

The soccer team drew, after a very pleasant game, the score being 1-1.

Considerable amusement over field hockey as played by several of the fellows. Judging by the casualties during the practices, a real hard game should be quite interesting. Would suggest that we choose Field Ambulances and C.C.S. as opponents.

Major Leavitt's Company.

Great interest is being displayed by the members of the Company in the various sports planned for the coming season.

Much is due to the energetic Second-in-Command. His faculty for scenting out material for the teams borders on the uncanny. Baseball, football, and indoor baseball teams have been formed, and several try-out games with neighbouring Companies played.

The baseball team promises to be a "Pennant" getter. Two games played and won, and "beaucoup" prospects ahead. They specialise in Companies with ambitious programmes.

lower end of a five to one score in a friendly match. The baseball season was opened by a game between officers and men, in which the starred wonders came out at the head of a 6-4 score. The officers relied on the pitching of Capt. H. Mathewson Urie, and the catching, coaching, and tactics of Lieut. T. Archer Montague.

The battery for the men was Sappers Isherwood and Smith.

A schedule of games was run through by the Sections, and No. 1 came out on top. Considerable interest has sprung up, and No. 2 Section has an idea that they can take the measure of the winners. As a result a match game has been arranged for, and we expect to see some class ball before long.



Major Lynn's Company Football Team.

Practice is being carried out with vigour, and the men are shaping well. We were reminded the other day by the authorities running a trench across our newly constructed diamond. Annoying, but taken as a sign that we are going to win.

The football team are doing good work, and are busily engaged in cleaning up the surrounding country. They have been rather unfortunate in having two of the best put on the injured list for a short time, but are still going strong.

The indoor baseball team are getting into shape for the season, under the management of the Q.M.S., the irrepressible Irishman—and will shortly be hunting for scalps. Fine incentive, having as manager the man who control the S.R.D. department.

The officers of the Company are displaying great interest in the games, and affording all assistance possible; and the outlook, weather and the Boche permitting, is very promising.

Major Hibbert's Company.

Our Company team was unable to show an R.E. Company anything about soccer, as our boys took the

FOOTBALL.

Inter-Company Football League.

"B" Company, 3; Depot Company, 0.

"B" Company 7; Tunnelling Company, 0.

In these games in the Company Football League, the winners displayed undoubted superiority. In the first game "B" Company team consisted of Sergt. Rogers, Corpl. Taylor, Sapper Dick, Sapper Hellowell, Corpl. Nichol, Corpl. Williams, Sapper Massey. In the second game "B" Company's team was Sergt. Rogers, Corpl. Taylor, Sapper Dick, Sergt. Pryke, Corpl. Mackie, Sergt. Franklin, Sapper Miller, Sapper Jardine, Corpl. Nichol, — Thomas, Sapper Underhill.

C.E.T.D. Band v. C.M.G.D. Band.

If we refrain from tooting a horn at the C.E.T.D. Band's soccer victory over the musicians of the Machine Depot, put it down to native modesty, distinguishable throughout these notes, and not to lack of admiration for the endurance and finesse manifested by our bandsmen in the memorable encounter which forms the subject of this record. Score, 2 goals to 1.

The meeting occurred at 6 p.m., 22nd April, a direct result, it is averred, of a challenge sent by the M.G. bandmen, following a considerable amount of verbal crossfire upon the respective merits of these rival organizations.

The restrictions of the Paper Controller forbid full justice being done to the game in these pages, but we risk censure to preserve in print the fact that the challenge was eagerly accepted; also that in Bandsman Jim Ritchie the C.E.T.D. found a goal tender who was a despair to the enemy.

Some of his saves were remarkable, and, in passing, let a meed of praise be passed to our baritone and horn players at right back and centre forward respectively.

The C.E.T.D. band team.—Goal, J. Ritchie; right back, W. Perryman; left back, W. Markey; half-backs, R. Rounsfell, W. Aston, H. Toovey; forwards, J. Reading, W. Cant, J. Lambdon, J. May, D. Sheret.

GOLF.

Sunday, May 5th, dour clouds slipped frequently between the great blue and the Blatchington golf course, with the result that showers were plentiful enough, but not so heavy or prolonged as to drive permanently indoors the exponents from Crowborough or their opponents for the day of the Seaford area. Despite weather, and the best efforts of the home crowd, Crowborough carried off the honours by a margin of two points. The matches consisted of four ball foursomes and singles.

Seaford team representatives were: Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. Casement, Col. Gardiner, Major Fell, Lieut. Pemberton, Lieut.-Col. Warsnop, Major Rhodes, Capt. Wrightson, Major Hope. Crowborough: Hon. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. McGregor, Brig.-Gen. Trevor, Col. Fletcher, Capt. H. De Trafford, Capt. Page, Capt. Brown, Lieut. Fishwick, Lieut. Todd.

C.E.T.D. golfers met the Bexhill O.T.C. on the Cooden course on April 28th, Bexhill winning by three points. The players were:—

Bexhill: Brig.-Gen. Chrichley, Capt. Rant, Major Codville, Capt. Bolton, Major McDougall, Capt. McCuaig, Capt. Gibson, and another.

C.E.T.D.: Major Fell, Major Ellis, Capt. Stock, Sapper Buthie, Sapper Yellowlees, Col. West, Major Rhodes, Lieut. Pemberton.

BASEBALL.

We don't hear much noise from the Orderly Room staff of "B" Company since the P.T. staff put it over them in a ball game Wednesday afternoon, thanks to Corpl. Constant and the rest of the muscle guys, not forgetting the "big" work of "Burgeois" the Booster. That's the stuff to give 'em, kid.

Following up the remarks of the last issue of THE CANADIAN SAPPER, in reference to outdoor baseball outlook for the season, it has been decided to frame an inter-company schedule for teams from the C.E.T.D. only. It is hoped to have a six team league, for which a schedule of games will shortly be issued.

Indoor Baseball (Officers).

The North Camp officers' indoor baseball league is carrying on under revised schedule, the revision being made necessary by the entrance of the Cadets of the C.E.T.D. Training Course.

At the close of the week ending May 4th, the 3rd C.C.D. headed the league, as shown below. (Four games at that date stood postponed):—

	Won.	Lost.
3rd C.C.D.	2	0
No. 2 Mess	1	1
Signals	2	2
No. 1 Mess	0	2
Cadets	0	0

"A" Class—Season 1918.

The complete list of games in the "A" Class League has now been drawn up, and will appear in due course in Orders.

In the meantime, we are enabled, at the moment of going to press, to give the list of games in which the C.E.T.D. will take part.

"A" CLASS FIXTURES.

May 18th—C.E.T.D. v. Cyclists.
" 22nd— " v. 11th Reserve Battalion.
" 25th— " v. 3rd C.C.D.
" 29th— " v. 18th Reserve Battalion.
June 1st— " v. 1st Reserve Battalion.
" 5th— " v. 6th Reserve Battalion.
" 8th— " v. C.M.G.D.
" 12th— " v. 3rd C.C.D.
" 15th— " v. 18th Reserve Battalion.
" 19th— " v. 6th Reserve Battalion.
" 22nd— " v. 11th Reserve Battalion.

We give also a list of all the teams competing in this League:—

1st Reserve.	C.M.G.D.
6th Reserve.	3rd C.C.D.
11th Reserve.	Cyclists.
18th Reserve.	C.E.T.D.

WRESTLING.

At the Canadian wrestling championships held at Bramshott, Sapper Webster, Tunnelling Company C.E.T.D., was awarded the silver medal as runner up in the bantam weight contest.

Sapper Yates, of the Canadian Engineers, won the welter weight championship.

BOXING.

Notes from the Gymnasium.

Corpl. Ed. Harris, C.E.T.D., v. Pte. Van Slycken, Canadian Reserve.

A comprehensive summary by rounds of the bout of March 25th, at Seaford, in which Corpl. Ed. Harris, of the C.E.T.D., won from Pte. Van Slycken, of the 3rd Canadian Reserve, South Camp, was contained in *Sporting Life* for March 30th. *Sporting Life* speaks highly of the class shown by the fighters. It will be remembered that Harris was 1917 middle weight boss of the Canadian and Australian Forces. His opponent in the ten rounds go was, at one time, sparring partner to Mike Gibbons. Mention was also made of several other exhibitions staged upon the same occasion.

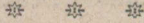
Sapper Goodson at the National Sporting Club.

In a ten (three minute) round at London N.S.C. on the 29th April, Sapper Goodson, of the C.E.T.D., met Punch Harder, of Southampton.

Harder won the last N.S.C. heavy weight competition, and has "knocked out" all his recent opponents. He had a considerable advantage in weight and reach over Goodson. A fast fight ensued, and Harder was

sent "groggy" in the third round, when Goodson landed a terrific right.

Heavy exchanges continued until the termination of the sixth round, when referee Edmund Maurice disqualified Goodson for alleged holding. The verdict was not at all popular, and Goodson is confident of turning the tables in the return match which is being arranged.

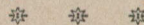


Things are "hustling some" in the physical and bayonet training department of the C.E.T.D. since Mr. Woodward and Sergt. Pryke took hold. Sergt Pryke—popularly known as "Slim"—is now Acting Staff Sergt., having succeeded C.S.M. Smith, of the Imperial Army Gymnastic Staff, who was re-called to his own regimental depot at Dover a few weeks ago.

Massed boxing on P.T. in the mornings is popular with the officers: so much so, that a number of "A" Company officers have applied for private instruction in the noble art during their spare time. This is, perhaps, telling tales out of school, but it looks suspiciously like as though the aforesaid gentlemen have a deep laid scheme for "soaking" their brother officers of "B" Company and Tunnelling Company at the next massed boxing bout.

It is whispered that one officer, after attending massed boxing, applied to the M.O. to be excused P.T., but tell it not in Gath!

Corpl. Moir and Corpl. Saunders have just returned from the P.T. and B.F. course at Aldershot, with all the latest dope in physical and bayonet training.



Gymnastic work on the horse and parallel bars has been introduced into the P.T. in the morning on "B" Company parade ground. This has been found to stimulate the sporting instincts of the men, and it makes them "feel good," so they are better able to carry on with the day's training in other branches. These gymnastics are worked in with the regular physical training as laid down by the General Staff, so that this important part of the training is enhanced and not neglected.



CRICKET.

Cricketers of the C.E.T.D. met on 3rd May, and organised for the season's campaign. Major J. H. I. Brown, D.S.O., presided, and Capt. E. R. J. Biggs was elected secretary.

A schedule of games was arranged, those for May and the first half of June being:—

May 1st, C.E.T.D. v 3rd C.C.D.

May 8th, C.E.T.D. v. C.M.G.D.

June 5th, C.E.T.D. v. 1st Reserves.

First Match, May 1st.

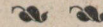
C.E.T.D.—Lieut. Russell, 4; Cadet Carreras, 0; Sapper Garrett, 16; Lieut. Harris, 35; Lieut. Gerring, 2; Major Ward, 5; Corpl. Smith, 26; Major Browne, 2; Cadet Manis, 4; Driver Hudson, 0; Lieut. Oldham, 0; byes 14; total 108.

3RD C.C.D.—Sergt Fairchild not out 50; Bullock, 0; Gregory, 4; Hammond, 0; Thompson, 21; Gardiner, 2; Bullough not out 29; byes 10; total 116. Robinson, Kirk, Eade and Potts did not bat.

C.E.T.D. wins from C.M.G.D.

The second match, played on 8th May, resulted in a win for the C.E.T.D. over the C.M.G.D. by 33 runs on the first innings.

All those interested in cricket are asked to turn out for practice at the Blatchington cricket ground, between 5.30 and 8 any evening (except Wednesdays and Saturdays), when there will be net practice for as many as possible.



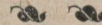
O.T.C. SPORTS OFFENSIVE.

It is with the sporting designs of those engaged in the newest branch of local activity that this narrative essays chiefly to deal. The natural robustness of Cadets simply yearns for a liberal ration of physical enterprise, since the ordinary routine of the day does not commence until 6.15 a.m. with a dash of P.T.

Seeking to improve this state of affairs, a general meeting was called on the first of the month, at which there was a survey of the sports fields; also a Committee was appointed to mobilize the various branches and direct such offensive operations as may be deemed expedient. C.S.M. Melville, late of Major Rolston's Company, a well-known footballer and all-round athlete, was elected President of the Committee. Any communications relating to the School sports sent to him will receive attention.

At the meeting it was considered a bit too late to organize and to enter in the regular way in the season's events of the Depot and area. It was decided, however, to proceed with the formation of a football team, or teams, and to run excursions, so to speak, into golf, cricket, grass hockey, and indoor baseball. Straightway football games were arranged for the same day between one and two sections of number one platoon, and between sections three and four of number two platoon, the idea being to get a line on the material. The games were played, and ended in draws.

It was decided to have grass hockey going the following week, and a game of indoor baseball was arranged with the officers of "A" Company.



MAY 24th SPORTS PROGRAMME.

The sports programme, arranged for Canada's popular holiday, May 24th, comprises:—

100 yards dash.

Shot put.

220 yards dash.

Running broad jump.

440 yards. (Quarter mile).

Mop contest. (Pick-a-back, two men).

One mile race. (Four laps of track).

Running high jump.

Tug-of-war.

Greasy pole pillow fight.

One mile relay. (Four men from each unit to run 440 yards).

Three-legged race.

380 yards.

Old soldiers' race. (40 years and over).

Obstacle race.

Three-mile race.

Wrestling on horseback.

Boot race.

Discus.

120 yards hurdles.

Blind pig.

Victoria Cross race.

Bumping contest.

MAY 1918

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Capt. G. R. Turner writes, February 2nd, 1918 (in the Field) :—

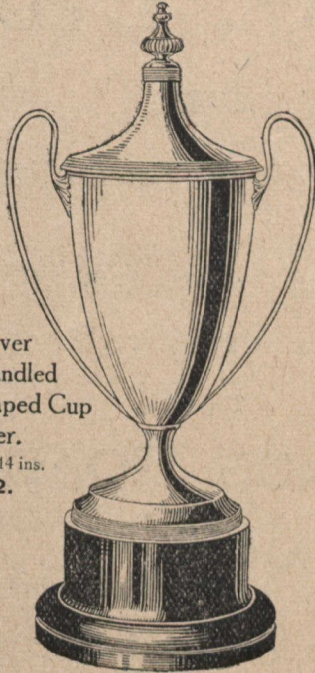
*"Breeches you made last year were excellent. Please send samples and prices.
I am in need of others. Sincerely yours, ———"*

MAY 1918

THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

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TO H.M. THE KING.



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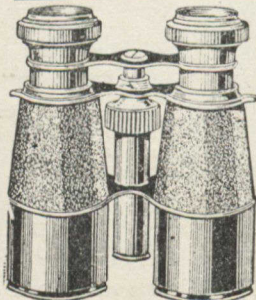
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