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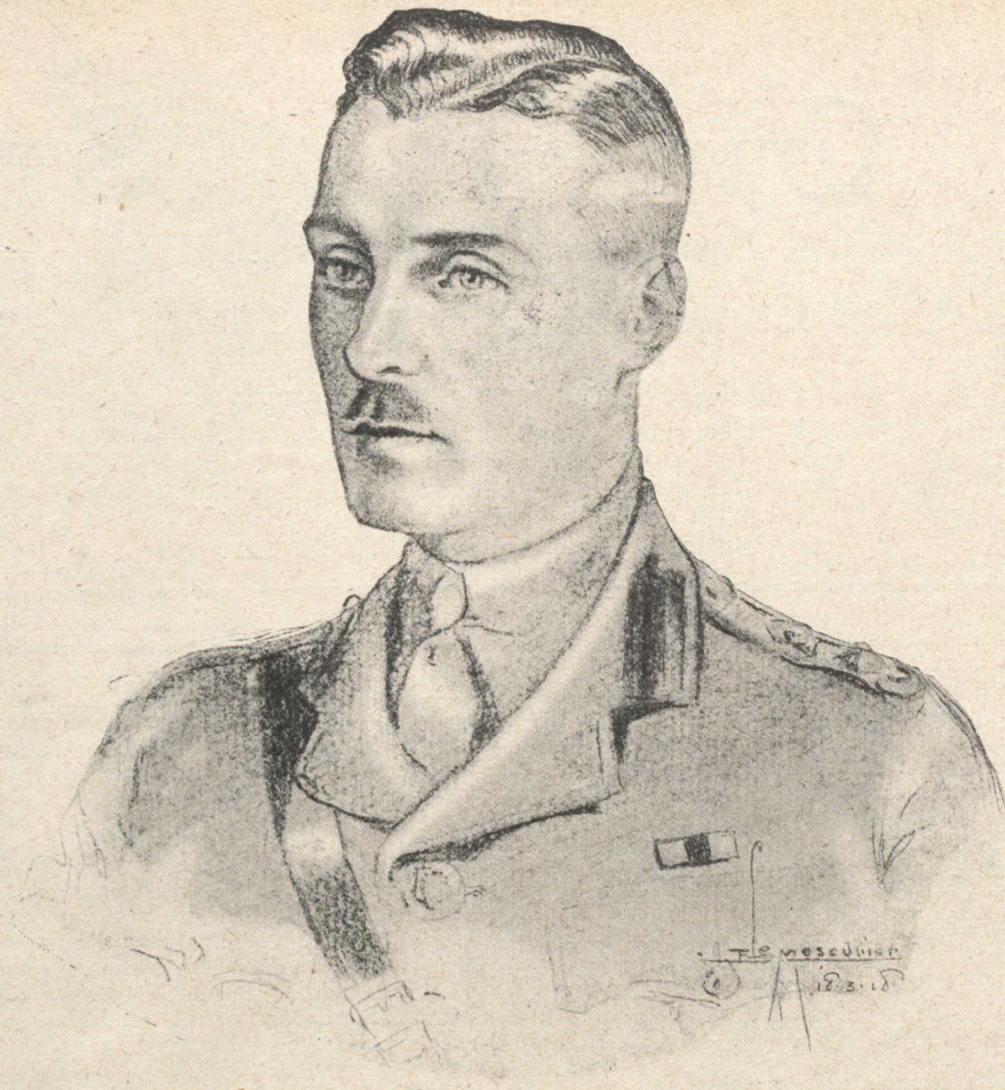


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**FOREWORD BY
LIEUT.-COL A. D. CAMERON, M.C.**

"From the day the Canadian Training School was first established at Bexhill, its career has been followed with the liveliest interest by the Canadian Corps School in France; and coming direct from there as I do, I have, in the past, regarded this School from the standpoint of one "over there," and what I now say must, to a degree, reflect that point of view.

The growth of the School has always been to us in France a source of satisfaction, and the splendid results it has achieved reflect great credit on the energy and efficiency of the staff.

When offered command of the C.T.S. I took it as a very great honour. I was at the time Commandant of the Canadian Corps School, and to say that I readily left that position would be a positive libel. I spent many very happy months in that capacity, during which time I enjoyed the most loyal support of staff and candidates alike, and the closest and most friendly co-operation of everyone connected with or interested in the School. As a result my pleasure at being given command of this School was naturally tempered with a certain amount

of genuine regret at severing old and pleasant connections.

In coming here, however, I take the greatest satisfaction from the realisation that I shall continue to be in a position where I can take part in maintaining that splendid liason between the two Schools, which has been established and encouraged by Brigadier-General Critchley, from whom I have the honour of taking over. That feature, to my mind, has always been one of the prime factors which have gone to make up the success of the two Institutions.

Although I have been here but a very short time, I have noticed among the Cadets, a large number whom I remember as N.C.O. candidates at the Corps School. A very few months will probably find them once again at that School as officer candidates. The same thing applies to the N.C.O.'s who are undergoing courses at this end. They may, in the early future, either be employed as Instructors or undergoing courses at the School in France. It is for these very reasons that I believe so much is to be gained by maintaining a proper balance between these two centres of instruction.

That it will be maintained, I have not the slightest doubt. Seeing about me, on every side, that extraordinary energy and keenness for which this School is so well known I am afforded every encouragement and can look to the future with the greatest degree of confidence."

CHEVRONS TO STARS

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

Canadian Training School

Published by kind permission of the Commandant,
Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. CAMERON, M.C.

Editor: Lieut ERNEST LE MESSURIER.

Business Manager: Lieut. W. KENNEDY.



APRIL ISSUE.

APRIL, 1918.

PRICE: ONE SHILLING.

A GREAT deal of satisfaction is felt throughout the Canadian Army, and particularly at the C.T.S., over the selection by the Imperial Air Board of Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., to be Commandant of the R.A.F. Cadet Brigade in Hastings. It is taken as a compliment not only to the General himself, but to the School and the Canadians generally, for the keenness and efficiency which has marked their training of late.

Brig.-General Critchley's services were specially asked for by the Air Board for this position, and, upon the recommendation of Lieut.-General Sir Richard Turner, Sir Edward Kemp, the Minister of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada, has approved the seconding of Brig-General Critchley to the R.F.C. and later to the Imperial Air Force, with the temporary rank of Brigadier-General while so seconded, to date from February 27th.

Brig.-General Critchley comes from Calgary, Alberta, and is a member of a family who have an enviable record in this war. The father, Major O. A. Critchley, who is at present attached to Canadian Corps Headquarters in France as Officer Supervising Horsemastership, came overseas at the first call, together with his three sons. The father and two sons, including Brig.-General Critchley and Major Jack Critchley, who was killed in the summer of 1917, were officers of Lord Strathcona's Horse, while another brother is a Major in the 10th Canadian Battalion.

General Critchley served in France with Lord Strathcona's Horse as Captain and Adjutant, and later as Staff Captain (intelligence) to General McDonell. For some time he also acted as Brigade Major to the 7th Brigade, and G.S.O. 3rd Division, winning the coveted D.S.O. during this period.

He was wounded in May, 1915, at Festubert. He was again wounded in August, 1915, and a third time in April, 1916.

In July, 1916, the Corps Commander, Sir Julian Byng, requested that he should organize and take command of the Corps School in France, which he did, and was transferred in December, 1916, to

England as G.S.O. 2 to assist with the training in England. A month previous he had been gazetted Lieut.-Colonel. He then came to Canadian Headquarters at London and carried on as G.S.O. 2, training.

In January of this year he was appointed Commandant of the Canadian Training School, but did not take over active command until March. The success of the Canadian Training School under his guidance has become a byword among the Canadian Troops, and its fame has spread beyond the confines of the Canadian Corps—we have the written report of an Imperial Inspector-General that the C.T.S. is the best School in England.

In leaving the School General Critchley expressed to the officers of the staff his appreciation and thanks for the zeal and energy which they have put into their work, and "which has helped so much to make the School what it is to-day." He regretted, he said, leaving the associations and friends he had made at the C.T.S., a regret which is mutual with the officers and candidates of his School, who wish him, for the future, the greatest possible success in his work.

Brig.-General Critchley has been succeeded in command of the Canadian Training School at Bexhill by Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Cameron, M.C., of Winnipeg, who has for some time past commanded the Canadian Corps Training School in France, and who expresses in his foreword to this issue, his wish that the School will carry on with the same energy and enthusiasm that it has displayed under the former Commandant.

On taking over the R.F.C. School of Instruction at Hastings, Brig.-General Critchley took with him as his Officer i/c Instruction Major F. H. M. Codville, M.C., who has been acting in the same capacity at the C.T.S. since it was organized.

Major Codville is an R.M.C. graduate, and has served in France with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, winning his M.C. at Festubert.



BRIG.-GENERAL A. C. CRITCHLEY, D.S.O.

"It is with regret I hand over command of the Canadian Training School.

A year ago the School was formed, and everyone, Instructors and those instructed, commenced work with a high ideal before them—to make the Canadian Training School a place worthy of training officers of the Canadian Corps.

The School has lived up to its first resolution in the best possible manner. The keenness, energy, and enthusiasm of all ranks, during the past year, has been marvellous, and each successive course seemed to absorb the spirit of the preceding one and add something to it. This spirit, the spirit of goodwill, of energy, of loyalty, has been the guiding star of the C.T.S., and has carried it from success to success throughout its period of life.

From the day the School opened I have had the utmost loyalty and support from all ranks, and it is this feeling of good comradeship that has made the work so pleasant.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the Instructional officers, N.C.O.'s and men for their great help during the past year, and also, all Candidates for the manner in which they have

followed up every suggestion put forward by the Instructional Staff.

You have been a very happy family to look after, and whether at work or play you put all you knew into it; and when it comes to fighting, the great reputation of the Canadian Corps will in no way suffer at your hands.

I am promoted and go to a more senior command; both promotion and appointment I owe to the Canadian Training School. It is your work that has placed me where I am to-day, and though I have left you, the year I spent with the C.T.S. will always remain with me, the year that work and play were imbued with a great spirit, a spirit which made both work and play and even life itself so much happier.

In conclusion, feeble as the written word must seem, I thank again, most sincerely, all those, the Staff of the School and those passing through as candidates, for the splendid manner in which they have supported me during my tenure as Commandant. I know that you will back up my successor with the same loyalty that you have always shown to myself; and the Canadian Training School will, as the war goes on, continue to prove its great value to Canada and the Canadian Corps."

The C.I. has always been very popular at the C.T.S., both on and off parade. He has taken the greatest interest in the military work of the candidates, and is responsible for a great deal of the smartness and efficiency displayed by each of the various Courses.

Off parade he has been a keen-follower of all branches of sport at the School. An enthusiast at Tennis and Golf, he has represented the School on various occasions at these games, and played throughout the season on the "rep" team in the Canadian Rugby League. He has also officiated as a judge at most of the boxing tournaments held during the winter. What is our loss is sure to be a gain for the R.F.C., and we wish the Major every success at Hastings.

He is succeeded by Major Devey, whose position as Assistant Chief Instructor is being filled by Capt. Scott, formerly O.C. of No. 2 Company.



Changes in C.T.S. Staff.

The past two months have seen quite a few other changes in the staff of the Canadian Training School.

Captain G. E. Chaffey, M.C., the popular member of the Engineering Wing, has just recently departed for Canada, accompanied by Mrs. Chaffey. George, we understand, has been offered a position in Western Canada, in which he will carry on his instructional duties, and although his colleagues were sorry to part with so able an officer, he has the best wishes of one and all for continued success at his new work.

Captain Chaffey joined the staff of the C.T.S. in April, 1917, coming from the 3rd Division Pioneers. Outside of his regular duties as an engineer he has displayed keen interest in all the various activities of the School, and as a vocalist has been a great success on the occasion of each of the School concerts.

Just previous to the departure of Captain Chaffey, M.C., the School lost another very popular staff officer in Lieut. Baker, who had been with the School ever since the completion of the first course at Bexhill.

"Bake," as he was popularly called, attended the C.T.S. as a Cadet, coming from the 4th C.M.R., and after two months' hard work topped the School in the final tests, winning the "individual" cup offered for the best all-round officer or cadet attending each course.

Since his appointment to the staff Mr. Baker has continued his successful career. He has always been a leading figure in the School sports, being a member of the School track team and Canadian Rugby squad. It was in the latter branch of sport that "Bake" really starred, winning for himself the reputation of being one of the speediest backs in the Canadian League.

Lieut. Baker has returned to France, and it is

hoped that the same success that has attended all his activities at the School will follow him in his new position.

Another popular officer who has recently left us is Lieut. Harold Lee, who, ever since the C.T.S. has been in Bexhill, has had charge of the Y.M.C.A. work at the School. A hard-working boy, he has fulfilled his duties to the very best of his ability, and the success of all branches of sport in the School is very largely due to his untiring efforts. His intimate knowledge of the rules and regulations, history and traditions, and famous exponents of every conceivable form of recreation has been of inestimable value to the C.T.S.



MAJOR F. H. M. CODVILLE, M.C.

Lieut. C. W. Paterson
Sect.-Treas.



Capt. W. E. Firmstone.
Quarter-Master



Capt. C. P. Cameron
Paymaster

Capt. C. W. S. Dunn
Officer 1/2 Messing



Capt
J. D. Legge
O.C.
H.Q. Co.



Capt. J. B. Patchell
Asst. Adjutant.



Major
G. W. MacFarlane D.S.O.



Major F. C. Rush D.S.O.
2nd in Command
Officer 1/2 Administration

Lieuts. Lee
& Parker
— the long &
short of
the Y.M.C.A.
department.



A slack day in the orderly room.



Canada After the War

"There is a land that beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back AND I WILL."

On February 22nd last, A. E. Ottewell, Esq., of the Khaki University of Canada, lectured at the Sackville Road Church Hall on the topic of "Canada After the War." The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides of typical Canadian scenes, which brought back many pleasant memories to the khaki audience, and doubtless aroused longings amongst those who have never seen Canada to visit a country which Nature has blessed with so prodigal a hand and where such boundless opportunities are offered to men and women with red blood in their veins.

The following are some of the main points of the lecture, which was most interesting from start to finish.

Each province in Canada is exerting every endeavour and making great preparation for the return of their fighting men. These preparations include free grants of land, liberal loans and the payment of full pay and allowances to men desirous of securing scientific knowledge of farming, during time spent in Agricultural Institutions, full pay and allowances for men while acquiring technical knowledge for certain trades, and for partially disabled men trained in the lighter phases of farm life, e.g., fruit raising, poultry raising, truck farming, etc., for which there exists an enormous demand.

Hospitals will be established in country districts where people will be able to get treatment free, thus getting rid of one of the great terrors of country districts.

The future of Canada will depend largely on the kind of leadership it will receive during the years to come. For the next 25 years at least the leaders will be largely taken from the Canadian Corps.

Thousands of people will visit Canada owing to the magnificent work of our Corps alone. People will judge us by our home life. Let us let in the element of beauty more than we have done in the past, so that our visitors will get the right impression.

After the war capital will seek new countries for investment purposes. Canada will largely benefit because of the virile nature of her people and institutions.

(Continued from Page 12.)

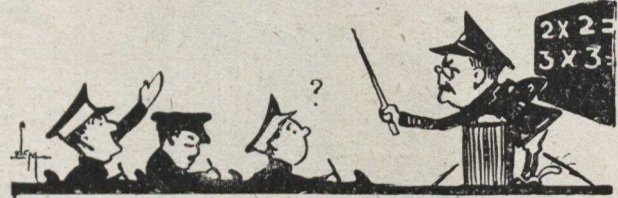
Harold previously served with the P.P.C.L.I. in France, and after being wounded, was given his commission with the Y.M.C.A. He is returning to his old regiment in France, and takes with him our best wishes for good luck in the future.

Another officer of the staff who has recently left us is Lieut. G. Hunter, who goes from here to the 2nd Battalion Canadians in France. Lieut. Hunter has been engaged on mapping work at the School for the past few months, and intends to carry on in the intelligence branch of the service "over there."

The Y.M.C.A., so great a factor in the present war, will become a permanent institution throughout the length and breadth of our fair land. Its activities will not be confined to great cities, but extended to small rural communities.

We must develop our home life, outdoor and social life. There must be recreation centres, for to develop a great country you must have the right type of man. When we think of home our minds associate themselves with certain beautiful pictures. It may be just a little shack on the prairie; it may be one of the C.P.R.'s little ready-made farms, or perhaps a good old-fashioned homestead where loving care has fitted up a home. Probably our home thoughts centre around the loving care of mothers and sisters. And lastly, our thoughts may associate themselves with the picture of a fair young girl. But if *that* dream is ever to come true for us and we expect her to keep clean, staid and pure to make that home, we have *our* contribution to make—and *we also* have got to keep clean and pure.

W. H. K.



The Khaki University of Canada.

The Khaki University of Canada, better known as the Canadian Soldiers' College, is under the immediate direction of the Canadian Universities.

It is undoubtedly one of the wisest products ever planned for the benefit of the C.E.F. as a whole, its sole object being to enable our soldiers to improve their spare time so that the best years of their lives, given over to military duties, may not be wholly lost and to make them more efficient and valuable in civil occupations after the war.

We of the C.E.F. must remember that if this war has brought one thing to the surface more than another it is our very superficial education.

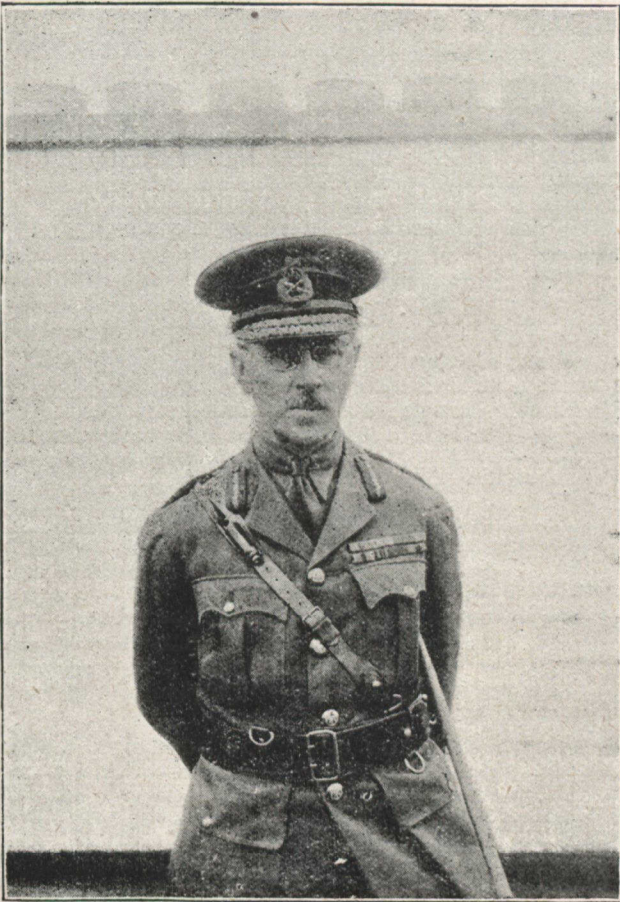
We must remember we are living in the midst of a highly scientific age, and that to hold our own in the scheme of things we must become more and more efficient.

It is so easy to drift and to get into a rut, and, living under the artificial conditions of military life, aspiration and ambition for better things, to a great extent, lie dormant.

But if the ideal for which we are fighting is to be translated from the realm of ideas into the language of facts, if Canada is to be a leader in the constructive side of life, if her reputation in peace is to equal her unparalleled military achievements, then it can only come through the efforts of an educated race receptive of all those ideals and influences which characterize a highly-destined people.

Cadets cannot be expected to give much time to this movement at present, but they should remember they represent, to a great extent, the honour of the Canadian Corps, and that on their return to their Reserve Battalions or to France they should encourage all men, capable of learning, to join this movement for a more liberal education and set a personal example.

W. H. K.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR R. E. W. TURNER,
V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Commanding Canadian Forces in the British Isles.

Inspection of Cadets by Lieut.-Gen. Turner.

The event of the week at the C.T.S. was the inspection of the five Companies of Cadets by Lieut.-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding the Canadian Forces in the British Isles. The inspection took place on Tuesday afternoon at Egerton Park. The six companies composing the present Course at the C.T.S. were drawn up as a Battalion in mass, when at 2.30 o'clock the General appeared on the parade ground. Spectators who witnessed the ceremonial parade agree that the General Salute was a very fine spectacle, the sun gleaming on the drawn bayonets as five hundred rifles came to the present like one. General Turner then passed along the ranks of all companies, chatting with many of the Cadets in the course of his inspection.

Before the School marched off the parade ground, General Turner invested four members of the School with medals won in the field. Cadet Sheff, of No. 4

Company, received the D.C.M. Cadet Sheff was formerly a C.S.M. in the 1st Canadian Battalion, and a member of the 1st Canadian Contingent. Cadet A. MacAulay also received the D.C.M. He was with the 49th Battalion in France. Cadet G. Morgan, of No. 2 Company, received the Meritorious Service Medal. He was in France with the 25th Battalion. C.S.M. Ward, of No. 6 Company, formerly with the 7th Canadian Battalion, received both the D.C.M. and the Medal Militaire, the latter being a decoration by the French Government.

The Battalion then marched past General Turner in column of fours. The weather was ideal for a review, and a large crowd gathered to witness it.

General Turner expressed great pleasure at the excellent showing made by the Cadets and N.C.O.'s of the Canadian Training School.



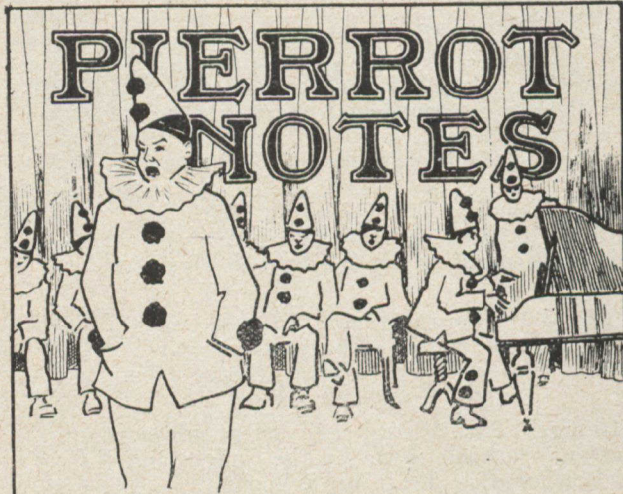
Photo taken at a recent visit to the School of Sir Edward Kemp, K.C.M.G., Overseas Minister.

Photo by courtesy of "Canada."

WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HEAR

—That Major F. C. Rush has been awarded the D.S.O.

—That the engagement is announced of Captain Cyril S. B. White, Quebec Regiment, of Liscard, Cheshire, and Cicely, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dodson Hessey, of St. Leonards, Sussex.



"A NIGHT IN THE HALLS."

C.T.S. Concert Party Present Fine Entertainment

The first performance of a new vaudeville, "A Night in the Halls," was presented by the "ChanTeurS," the C.T.S. Concert Party, at the Pavilion on Wednesday night. In spite of the bad weather, the auditorium was crowded to its full capacity, and the excellence of the entertainment fully repaid the temerity of those who braved the stormy night to witness it.

The principal numbers on the programme were three comedy sketches, "Her, It and Him," "The Conscientious Objector," and "Wire Entanglements."

The first sketch, "Her, It and Him," showed a rehearsal in a tenor opera singer's studio, where a very comical accompanist (played by Lieut. B. W. Newsam, of No. 3 Company), rejoicing in the distinguished appellation of Professor Benno Newshamitch, kept the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. Porteous Jerdi (played by Lieut. P. Jerdan, M.C., of No. 5 Company), enthralled his hearers with an excellent rendering of "Coraline" and "Any Time's Kissing Time," from "Chu Chin Chow," and Mrs. Gertie Delaverus, who came to seek an engagement with his Opera Company, sang "Widows are Wonderful." The charming widow was played by Lieut. Ernest Le Messurier, of No. 6 Company, who sang in duet with "Mr. Jerdi" "A Simple Melody" and "Wonderful Boy, Wonderful Girl, Wonderful Time."

"The Conscientious Objector," which consisted of two parts, starred R.S.M. Carpenter, who is by no means unknown to Bexhill audiences. In the first part he played the part of a bibulous Tommy who had partaken well but not wisely at the canteen, and sang "He was a Soldier too." Sergeant Hutchison at the piano presented an interpretation of "A Per-

fect Day" as a waltz, a march, a tango, rag-time and hymn. Sergeant Austin recited "The Cremation of Sam McGee," by Robert Service, and received great applause. The second part showed the author's impression of a military tribunal, with R.S.M. Carpenter as the Military Representative, Sergeant Jones as the Civil Member, Sergeant Hurst the deaf President out of sympathy with the War Office, and Sergeant Austin as the hungry and frightened "Conchy."

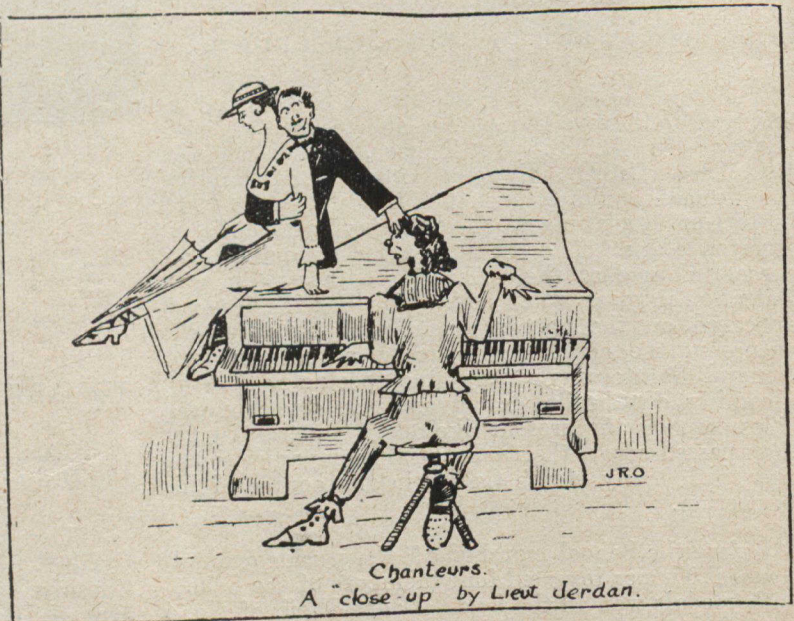
"Wire Entanglements" depicted some of the experiences (amusing from the point of view of the onlooker) of the individual who, with mis-directed patriotism, "does his bit" in his spare time by practising "Field Engineering." Harry Tate, the enthusiastic devotee of engineering, got himself into many strange entanglements, not only with barbed wire, but with an indiscreet old lady, who was played by Sergeant Jones. Mr. B. W. Newsam, of No. 3 Company, appeared in the character of Harry Tate's son Roland. Sergeant Austin appeared as "Weary Willie," who rendered assistance (?), and Sergeant Hurst an unappreciative professor.

Perhaps the most popular turn of the evening was "Misery," the "Warbling Artist," played by Lieut. Le Messurier, who sang a number of popular songs, illustrating them as he sang with lightning charcoal sketches.

There were several other fine numbers. Cadet Kainey's "Choir" deserved and received great applause. Tommy Clarke, Eccentric Dancer, responded to repeated encores, and an amusing ventriloquist "stunt" was supplied by Major Devey and Captain Firmstone.

The evening's entertainment was one of fun and laughter from start to finish. Great credit is due to Mr. W. K. Kennedy, of No. 4 Company, who not only arranged and managed the performance, but was the originator of several of the turns.

The performance was repeated on Thursday night, when practically all the tickets were sold.



Chanteurs.
A "close-up" by Lieut Jerdan.



MAJOR V. HODSON,
O.C. No. 1
Company.

THE CADET'S DREAM.

Moran attended the Smoker on the eve of his departure from the C.T.S.

About midnight he rolled into his billet, and sinking into his chair before the glowing fire he contemplated the contents of his modest room. Finally his eyes rested on the Kopak valise, the new Sam Browne, the trench coat and tunic on which his stars were already sewn.

Yes! To-morrow he would cease to be Cadet Moran. The morning would see him wearing his stars for the first time, and as Lieutenant Moran he would leave Bexhill-on-Sea.

Morning seemed to have come quickly. The morning after always does. Moran heard the familiar voices and the footsteps in the hall just as the "Fall in!" was sounded. He looked at his watch and discovered that he had only a moment to get on parade.

As usual he put on his belt and bayonet, picked up his rifle, lighted a cigarette and stepped out into Egerton Road.

The sound of a steady column hitting the pavement in Bexhill-time arrested his attention as he gulped his first breath of morning air. The head of the column swung round the corner and led towards the Park.

Then it dawned on Moran that it was the "Advance" he had heard instead of "Fall in." Yes! he had over-slept himself. This was the last ceremonial parade and he was late. Dumbfounded, he stood as in a trance. The Company passed. He neglected to salute. Everyone eyed him. Why was he in those fatigue clothes? This was the last morning, the last parade.

Moran's Company came next. Again he failed to salute. An impulse seized him to fall in with his platoon as they entered the Park. In his excitement he couldn't keep the step, but he struggled along under the goading of the Instructor.

Great beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead as the ceremonial commenced. Every morning for three months had Moran gone through these same movements with a mechanical precision and an ease that was the envy of his fellow cadets, who had voted him the smartest man in the whole command. Several coloured plates, as well as a large selection of medals, were pinned to his tunic. But on the tap of the drum this morning Moran could not remember what to do. The Batta-

lion must do it again. Tap! Tap! Bang! Moran dropped his rifle.

He picked it up from the mud and shuffled about trying to get his dressing. The long line of Instructing Staff concentrated their gaze upon him. At last, after what appeared to be ages, the inspection began.

Then to his horror Moran realised that all the Cadets were in uniform but himself. Why did he come on parade in the fatigue suit he had worn digging trenches in the mud last week? Even the boots were covered with clay. In wiping the perspiration from the thick black stubble on his chin he rasped the back of his hand. He hadn't shaved.

The Commandant moved slowly down the front rank with an appraising and scrutinizing eye. Not a flaw or fault could be detected.

The bronzed, soldierly Cadets brought forth a smile of pride and satisfaction as he inspected them on their last parade at the C.T.S.

Moran saw the procession of officers gradually draw nearer, till at last the General stopped in front of him. The smile vanished. The sharp military gaze shot sternly from the unshaven face, the tarnished buttons and the dirty belt to the muddy boots.

The silence became oppressive. Then from the depths of that silence the General's voice boomed forth. "You will return to your unit without your commission, a failure."

Moran slunk from the parade ground and the gaze of his successful comrades. As he hurriedly packed his kit to get away from it all he pictured his return to his unit stamped as a failure. What of his C.O.'s disappointment after his fine recommendation? What excuse could he make? To get away from his thoughts he hurried to the station. As he stepped on to a London train a hand grasped him by the shoulder and a familiar voice shouted, "Wake up, Lieut. Moran. Our passes and warrants are ready."

Moran had dreamed the wrong dream.



"CANADA IN KHAKI."

Volume No. 2 of this splendid Canadian publication has met with the same hearty welcome accorded to the first edition. And deservedly so; the magazine from cover to cover is full of interest to the reader, and is most attractive in its arrangement. There are many black and white sketches and of Canadian official photographs, all of which are of a very high standard.

The object to which the net profits of "Canada in Khaki" go is the Canadian War Memorials Fund, the idea of which fund is set forth in the magazine itself.



ENTER No. 2 COMPANY SEVENTH COURSE.

(By OUR TAME EYE-WITNESS.)

Most people know that there is a Two Company at the Metropole. To some this fact must have been brought home, more than to others. Indeed, we've shown it once or twice, both on and off parade. This is not a surprising state of affairs. Most of us, even, are wondering still how "Scottie" does it. Indeed, somebody wanted to know why he is a regular lecturer at the "Kursehall." Five minutes on how to be merry and bright from the O.C., No. 2 Company—should be as regular as P.T.—and more so, he could give us ten minutes on wet days!!

He's certainly got us on the right track. It's going some when a bunch like ourselves pretty nearly makes Devonshire Road suspend traffic, close the stores, and hang out bunting every day during the time that we are on it. And it's going some more when boys who haven't been in Bexhill long enough to be careless about the social proprieties can stare straight ahead without blinking an eye, what though the "kid" they've taken pains to meet twice before is smiling from the sidewalk. Knowing full well that if she misconstrues one's meaning—the stuff is off.

As a Company we've only got mad—collectively—once. That is, of course, outside the madness prior or incidental to the destruction of the bayonet sacks. (How about it, jabs?) This was when the O.C. said something about our letting him down. Were we Mad the Whay Jimmie could hardly believe his eyes. Folks began to come to their doors—and that long streak of disturbance was actually a "Silent Jimmie" for five minutes.

We're a bunch of enthusiasts all right. And we are beginning to know each other pretty well. For a time we were all pushing and shoving to rush the Company along. It is getting into its stride now. The Cinema night was an innovation. The Dance was one of the most successful ever pulled off in the history of the School—thanks to the ladies in particular and the Committee in general. It might have been a fizzle if the O.C. Company had not had a word to say on the matter. Most of us hadn't danced for quite a while, and we felt like passing it up. But Captain Scottie insisted, and we had the time of our lives.

Sports are coming along—the competitions, not the individuals, you know. For the first week or so we were too stiff to do anything but flop at the end

of an afternoon. Now we're in shape all right. Capt. "Willie" and Tasker are working hard on the football material, and we have hopes. The boxing and tug-of-war enthusiasts are coming right along.

The Company's own pet innovation, the "pep board," does first class work. Doudy is in no small way responsible for the successful activities of the Company. Speaking of pep boards, somebody said that the artistic boosting of another company had ours beat a mile. That's the funniest thing since the Somme!!!!

A Resolution from Two Company.

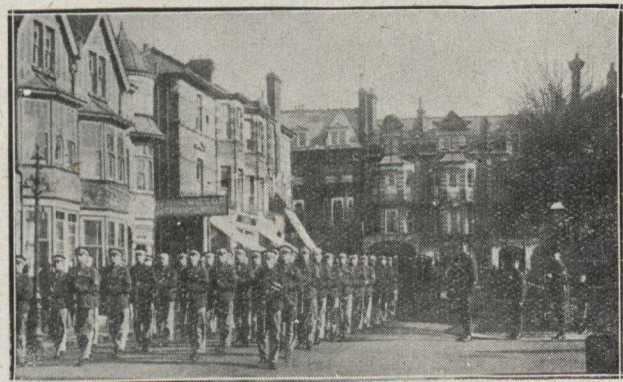
At all times to be—A British Officer and a Gentleman.

To Carry On in firm integrity and singleness of purpose that they who died will be proud of the Phoenix their ashes have created—the new British Officer—and British Gentleman.

To so live that those above me may deem me steadfast, and send me where they will; that those under me may deem me just and follow me wherever I am sent.

To bring through the roar and clamour of the Great War the name unspotted through Crimea and Mutiny; through Waterloo; through Africa; the worthiest name of all—

A British Officer and a Gentleman.



No. 2 COMPANY ON PARADE.

The "Pep Board."

A recent innovation inaugurated this Course by No. 2 Company is the "pep board," which to the uninitiated, it might be explained, is an ordinary notice board so decorated and adorned with artistic efforts as to encourage the maximum of "pep" in the company.

Each morning a series of comical drawings and posters are put on display, together with the results of the previous day's efforts in the various branches of sport.

This idea is a splendid one, and is a thing that could well be copied by other companies. It tends to foster the proper esprit de company and to keep in the minds of the Cadets the spirit of inter-company rivalry and competition which is one of the greatest features of the work at the C.T.S., and which is the chief cause of the energy and keenness commented upon so frequently by inspecting officers at the School.



CAPT. SCOTT, D.C.M.
Formerly in command
of No. 2 Company,
now Asst. Chief Instructor.

No. 2 COMPANY LOSES COMPANY COMMANDER & SERGEANT-MAJOR.

No. 2 Company held a Social Evening on Monday, March 11th, to mark the departure of its Commander, Captain Scott, who is leaving the Company in order to take over other duties on the Staff of the School, and also of Sergeant-Major J. Saunt, who left the same evening for a few days' leave before going to France.

The Staff and Cadets of No. 2 Company turned out "en masse" to pay tribute to Captain Scott and Sergeant-Major Saunt, whose popularity in the Company made their leaving a matter that is regretted by all in their Command.

The toast of "Our late Company Commander, Captain Scott," was proposed in a suitable manner by Cadet Buchanan, in which he referred to the fact that although Captain Scott was leaving the Company he would also leave behind an enthusiasm and spirit second to none, that he had imbued in it. This spirit would be upheld with all the Company's determination in order to win the honours that had been Captain Scott's aim for it. The Company felt that whilst he would be higher upon the Staff, he would be held as not only the popular leader that he was, but as the personal friend of each member. The toast was greeted with great enthusiasm.

Similar feelings were expressed in drinking the toast of Sergeant-Major Saunt, whose good health and good fortune was proposed in inimitable manner by Cadet Anderson.

An excellent song written for the occasion by "the scribe" was rendered by Cadet Nicholls, whilst other enjoyable numbers were given by Cadets Grant, Kirkwood, Dondy and Stoneman.

The entire evening was highly successful, and all credit is due to the indefatigable activities of the President, Cadet Doudy, and their Committee.

Pleasure was added to the event by the presence of the new Company Commander, Captain Wilson, from France, and of Sergeant Palmer, who will carry on the duties of Company Sergeant-Major.



SERGT.-MAJOR.

Here he is, ladies! The champion Disturber of Civil Peace! Did you ever stop to realise what a blessing it is that he only sings his little song in the morning? He's a pretty thoughtful fellow; he never disturbs our afternoon siestas, for instance. Officially he's Company Sergt.-Major J. Saunt, but the girls call him Jimmy Silence!

The Usual Fool Questions

How the R.S.M. expects us to translate "Hipe" to "Attention," and whether the word is of ancient Greek or Chinese origin.

If it is due to the C.O.'s remarks on punctuality that the Cadets of No. 2 Company are always on time for meals.

How it is that a serious-minded, painstaking probationary gentleman can spend two hours polishing an already clean bayonet and then at the finish leave it in a "disgraceful" condition.

If citizens are not booking and re-selling tickets at fabulous prices for Two Company's next night at the Cinema.

Whether the frantic exhortations plastered on No. 3 Company's Notice Board beseeching 'em to do all these things is not the sign of desperation.

Whether the Paymaster is waiting for an invitation to call.

Just what the Sapper thinks of it all,

TWO COMPANY VISITS THE SHOW

(Not by T.L.M.)

The chronicler of these events is suffering from over-decentralisation. No, dear reader, that is not a form of appendicitis, nor of shell shock, though truth to tell, when the buck was passed to me it felt like the explosion of a 5.9. The truth is that I am but a poor scrivener, and anyway, to quote the poet, "Story, God bless you, there is none to tell, sir." The facts are simple. On the opening night of the performance of the ChanTeurS, described fully by the local Hector Charlesworth in the Bexhill Press and reprinted (is it?) in an adjoining column, Two Company visited the theatre en masse. If there were other Companies of the School present in the audience their speech did not betray them. In fact, No. 2 was a live side show in the main top, to lapse into the jargon of the circus. The local spectators were divided into the excited (who were afraid we were going to say something naughty—and hoped they wouldn't miss it), the good fellows who were more or less amused, and the frankly bored. Were the other Companies present in this latter category? (Next slide, Hodges.)

As for the show itself, there were reminiscences of an estaminet in France, there was an allusion to certain capacities of our boss—the unkindest cut of all that it were done in public, where we couldn't prove or disprove the truth of the allegation—the lovely lady and the picture of the Commandant and his O.C. In the intervals Choir Leader Stoneman lifted up his voice and his cane and the Company lifted up their voices and raised Cain—and so to bed—it being well after 9.30. And will be pleased to see one and all at No. 2 Company's Show—which will be another story.

Hellpopping

Scene: Down Be-e-lo-o-w (Rumbling music, Mr. Conductor).

Time: Two seconds after Lights Out.

Sergt.-Major Beelzebub: GETTONNNNPRA-A-ADE!!

(Enter miscellaneous assortment of Gorillas, Missing Linx, Huns (original), Huns (genuine), and Hindenburgers. Weary for want of sleep, they get on parade.)

S.-M. B.: Fawwwwwllinnnn!!

(Savagely clawing and biting, the company falls in.)

S.-M. B.: Azhuwur! Do it again. Wotcher think this is a British ceremonial. Private Bludendorf, you didn't stab more than two gorillas and five linx. Pussumore pep in it. Grrrrurgh! Fawwwllinnnn! Thas berrer.

(To Major Machavelli): Compny balled up and present, Grrrgh!

Major M.: Fall in, Sergeant-Majaw! (S.-M. does so, stabbing five O.R. on the way, for breathing.)

Major M.: Now, devils, there's to be an inspection this morning by The Great Bill and Lil Willie, who have come up from the Earth to see if there is any deviltry in hell they haven't used yet. So I want you to do your worst,

COMPNY, advance with roars from the right. Horrible roars. FIGHT. (General melee, with all the horrors of war and some more.)

Grand Fanfare—Enter from R.U. left His Satanic Majesty of the Cloven Hoof; and in front of him the Great Bill, and behind him, cutting notches in Satan's tail, comes Lil Willie.

Inspection carried out; company performing all atrocities known to the ancient and modern world. Satan delighted with performance; but the Great Bill is obviously bored, and Lil Willie ties a rifle grenade to Satan's tail, and goes off to show a collection of Hindenburgers a new thought of his in the way of rapine.

H.S.M. (to G.B.): And what think ye, sire, of my pets? Horrible, ain't they?

G.B. (disgustedly): Rrrrrrotten!!! Crude!!! Elemental!!! Here, Willie, take this company and show these amateurs a few things.

(Lil Willie pulls off his little performance, which makes even H.S.M. go pale to the end of his tail (or it might have been the grenade which has just gone off).)

H.S.M.: My Chamber of Horrors! What a show. All hell hasn't seen its like before.

G.B.: Wait; now I'll show you some real stunts. Here, Willie, gerrout. Now Lucifer, old chap, watch me—

H.S.M. (agitatedly): No!!! No!! Nunno! NUNNO! I'll see no more, I've seen enough, enough, ENOUGH! No more! No MORE! Have Pity! MMMMaster. MASTER!! MA-A-ASTER!! (Falls into fifteen different kinds of fits and grovels at G.B.'s feet.)

(Great Bill, Lil Will and two Sardonic Smiles shamle off together; but something small and white blows across their path.)

Both (terrified): Wassat! Wassattt!! My. Gawd!! It is—it is—

A Scrap of Paper

(Loud explosion. Both vanish to reappear in Company I below.)

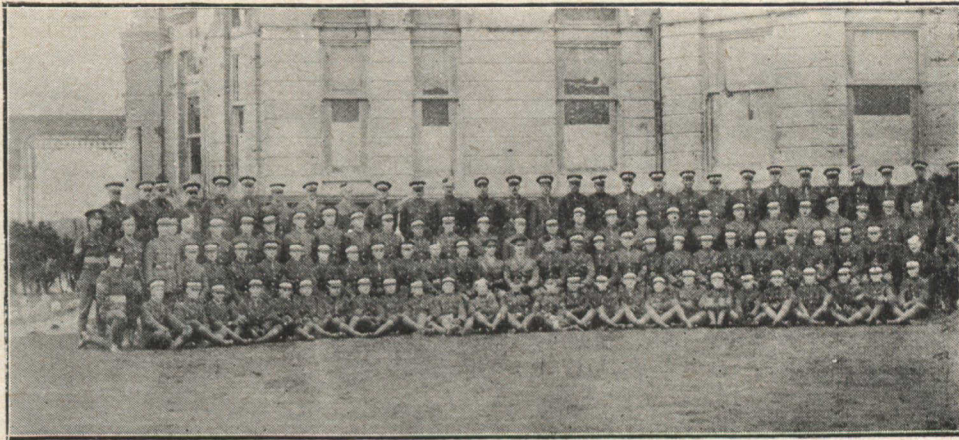
H.S.M. (rubbing his hands and grinning): M-M-Yesss! Fine workers, but no finesse. No finesse. Too bad, too bad. . . .

T. W.

Scene: Somewhere in France.

Time: About one ack emma any old night.

An old piece of trench; oodles of soldiers, including N.C.O.'s and a Subaltern. Observation reveals the gear incidental to a raid into the enemy's line. The men have been inspected and interrogated to ensure that no part of the show will fall through by the fact of misunderstanding. Satisfied, the word is passed to "move off." Silently and quickly they crossed the space between foe and friend, and crouched for a brief "breather" before the final rush. Over they went and down went the Bosch. The raid was a success. As the party and its prisoners reorganized for the retirement to its own line, the subaltern noticed that his sergeant's gas respirator was damaged. Quickly taking off his own he passed it to the sergeant. "But what will you do, sir?" "Me? Oh, I've got my Bexhill notes. They're good for anything."



No. 3 COMPANY, C.T.S.

Friday, December 28th, 1917, saw the arrival in Bexhill of No. 3 Company. At once the 108 members of the infant company threw themselves energetically into all forms of athletic and social activity. The other companies, then in their ninth week, were to hold their sports a fortnight later. Nothing daunted by lack of training, No. 3 entered representatives in all branches. In boxing they were beaten by two companies, in the wiring competition by the same number, while in the cross-country race Cadet Swann succeeded in finishing second. For the platoon competition they were not allowed to enter owing to their lack of training. They accordingly held a competition of their own, at which No. 12 Platoon were judged to be the best. A week later, however, they succumbed to the efficiency of their neighbours in No. 11, who have since then held the coveted distinction undisputed for seven weeks.

On February 2nd four new companies arrived, and a football league was organized. At the time of writing, No. 3 Company, ably assisted by a rooters' club which has caused astonishment to more than one worthy inhabitant of Bexhill, have succeeded in winning their two games without any difficulty. When the School football team went away to compete in the Championships of the Canadian Troops in England, the names of no fewer than five Cadets of No. 3 Company were included in the list.

The opening meeting of No. 3 Company's Debating Society was held on Monday, February 4th. The left half of the company moved "That moving pictures exercise an adverse influence on the life of a nation," but despite the many ingenious, not to say startling, arguments put forward by their speakers, they fell a prey to the eloquence of their opponents of nine and ten platoons. Capt. McGee and Lieuts. Newsam and Bickle officiated as judges, and, after giving their decision, took the opportunity of making a few remarks on delivery and choice of words to help speakers in the future.

The second debate was held on Monday, February 11th, the subject under discussion being, "Resolved that professionalism is detrimental to all athletic sport." There were five speakers on each side, as on the previous week, the affirmative being taken

this time by 9 and 11 platoons and the negative by 10 and 12. The attendance was not quite as large as at the opening meeting, about 45 being present. The judges were Capt. McGee and Lieuts. Bickle and Dobson, who, after summing up, gave the final decision to the affirmative. Both sides had treated their subjects in a masterly way, and the judges experienced some difficulty in making up their minds which had made the better arguments and given the more convincing proofs.

Such had been the popularity of these initial debates that it was decided to hold a similar meeting every week, and it was hoped that by the time the other companies had organized similar societies of their own a series of inter-company debates could be instituted. No. 4 Company were the first to take up the challenge, and on February 25th they tried to refute the arguments of the speakers from No. 3, who resolved "that Protection is beneficial to a nation." Great was the eloquence of, and many the arguments put forward by, the supporters and the opponents of Free Trade. The judges found great difficulty in arriving at any definite decision, but finally awarded the victory by a very narrow margin to No. 3 Company. The younger company were well represented at the meeting, and their speakers handled their first debate in a masterly way, which betokened former experience.

It is certain that by these debates a very useful purpose is being fulfilled in the developing of self-confidence and ability to speak on any subject at short notice in these who will soon become officers, and will then find lectures and short talks to their men almost a part of the daily routine.

In the dance which they held on March 1st No. 3 Company repeated their successes of February 1st and 16th. The hall was tastefully hung with flags and bunting, while the orchestra was camouflaged behind a screen of palms. About 50 couples were present, and dancing was carried on until the stroke of midnight. The catering was of the same high standard set by this company on former occasions, and elicited many congratulatory remarks from those present. The evening was a complete success, and the Entertainment Committee felt well repaid for their efforts.

THE FIRST
HUNDRED THOUSAND-seconds.

The train.
The slowing down.
The yawn.
The reaching for trappings.
The last nip.
The "I-wonder-what-kind-of-a-show-it-is" feeling.
The push.
The jostle.
The stop.
The very last nip.
The scuffle.
The platform.
The instructor.
The once over.
The size up.
The glittering brass.
The immaculate belt.
The swank.
The "I'll-wake-you-fellows-up" expression.
The "Fall in."
The push.
The shove.
The rooky feeling.
The immaculate one.
The "Wow-wow!"
The march out.
The stares.
The glares.
The "I-wonder-where-we're-off-to" feeling.
The flash past.
The what was that?
The uncertainty.
The doubt.
The "Impossible."
The second flash.
The proof.
The human dynamos.
The legs.
The arms.
The 180 per.
The verve.
The rhythm.
The assurance.
The admiration.
The rooky feeling.
The "Wow!"
The flash.
The crash.
The glance at the windows.
The "I-wonder-if-we'll-ever-do-it-like-that" feeling.
The statues.
The "Order-hype!"
The rifles.
The considered trifles.
The "Slope-hype!"
The "Wow-wow!"
The left foot.
The right arm.
The marching.
The map.
The impression.
The "Oh, well; I-suppose-it-can-be-done-feeling."
The disappearance.
The deep thoughts.

The Metropole.
The "Wow!"
The hail-on-the-roof sound.
The "Try it again."
The "Wow!"
The more hail on the roof.
The "Wake up! Those other fellows have only been here three weeks."
The envy.
The wonder.
The admiration.
The vision.
The two stars.
The determination.
The go-to-it feeling.

CADET G. CARR.



CAPT. GIBSON,
O.C.
No. 3 Company.

On February 10th the Company held a most successful concert in the Pavilion. First we were treated to four excellent boxing bouts, the sport being clean and fast throughout. These were followed by a burlesque fight between a muscular giant styling himself "The Terrible Turk" and a member of the audience, who, though small in stature, was evidently of a very pugilistic frame of mind. Both were much appreciated by the onlookers. Next followed the musical part of the programme, consisting of several good songs, and a flute solo by Cadet McKnight. Cadet Caney and R.S.M. Carpenter contributed humorous sketches, which were vociferously applauded. Finally, the entertainment was concluded by two wrestling bouts, which provided instruction as well as amusement for the audience. The character of the entertainment throughout was very high, and the Committee, as well as the performers themselves, deserve our sincere thanks for their ready work and untiring energy on our behalf.

Such, then, is their records. Recognized by all as the most versatile company of chrysales that have ever undergone their metamorphosis under the guidance of Colonel Critchley, they have made a name for themselves on the parade ground, on the football field, in the ballroom, and on the stage. Ever since their arrival they have been building up a reputation which few can hope to equal, and none will ever excel. But "every dog has his day," and even now to the annals of No. 3 Company inexorable Fate is writing



No. 3 COMPANY NOTES.

Just a happy family—that's No. 3 Company. Landed here in time to be rear guard for the last course; now we're advanced guard for the present one. Splendid isolation. What?

No sooner got into our stride than Captain Gibson, our cheery skipper, had to leave for hospital. Too bad.

All the Company sympathises with you, Cap., in your illness, and hope for a speedy recovery and hasty return.

LOST—by other Companies, on various football grounds, all hope of ever beating No. 3.

Do the runners really have to fall out in the morning because the doubling on P.T. parade is too strenuous?

It has been suggested that the Sergt.-Major P.T. Instructor of No. 3 Company be provided with a motor cycle to enable him to take his class a little further into the country on Monday mornings.

For the encouragement of those Cadets in No. 2 Company who intend to "dance their way into the hearts of the Bexhill ladies," it is rumoured that No. 3 Company will be leaving shortly.

Extract from Daily Orders: All those interested in P.T. are excused Running, Football, and Tug-of-War Parades at 6.30 a.m.

All Cadets desiring to attend Company Dances and are unable to do so on account of having to keep their note books written up may henceforth turn the latter into the Company Orderly Room to be brought up to date by the Company Clerk.

THE LIMIT— OR THINGS WE NEVER SEE.

A Scotsman who won't drink whiskey.
A Cadet without a girl.
Gibson wearing a smile.

LATEST DEFINITIONS.

Telling Off a Company—A procedure usually carried out by P.T. Instructors on morning following a dance.

Field Punishment—Something generally awarded to other Companies by No. 3.

Verbal Messages—Invariably clear and concise; ask any Cadet who misses ball in front of goal.

Visual Training—Not needed by No. 3 Company Cadets, all of them being able to spot a neat ankle at a thousand yards, and the Paymaster's bag at two thousand.

Bugle Calls—Many and various. The shriek of delight that goes up when "Reveille" sounds is in striking contrast to the wail of disappointment that rends the air when "No parade" is sounded.

Army Forms—If you have a choice in filling up any of these forms, by all means choose those in the dining room.

Reports—Growls of discontent that can be heard any morning emanating from the Metropole when rain prevents inconsolable Cadets from indulging in their beloved P.T.

Absent Without Leave—From the Metropole at coffee time-coffee. In this case nothing can be done, as you must have good grounds before you can prosecute.

Our sincere congratulations to Cadet Noble on his R.S.V.P. Good luck, Archie, and many of them.

OVERHEARD IN THE RANKS.

Cadet Rock: "Pretty fine business you accusing me before all those people of stealing a shilling from you."

Cadet Palmer: "Accuse you of stealing a shilling. Why, no; all I said was that I would have found that shilling if you had not helped me to look for it."

The local telephone system recently had an off morning. The wires were crossed, and the following rather peculiar result is reported by one who overheard.

Hello! Hello! . . . What the Hello!

THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Cadet Houghton—"Oh, Wag. She's a dream, old man; she's a peach. She's—"

Lewis Gun Instructor—"Gas operated and air cooled."

Lieut. Bickle—"Go ahead, I'm the Goat. If a corset cover covers a corset, what does a corset cover cover?"

Chief Instructor—"I can't find the answer in F.S.R. Better look up INFANT-ry Training."

Lieut. Millar—"Tickets of admission can be obtained from Cadet Aitken."

LARRY LUVADUK, LIEUT., ON LEAVE.

FIRST EVENING, FIRST LEAVE.

Ah! Miss Wobbletoes, Winnifred. I may call you Winnifred, may I not? Once again I am enraptured by the sight of your fair face (er-no dearest, I didn't say your fair face was a sight). Once again I hold your hand in mine. Ah, Winnifred, do you remember how we went to school together as children, you and I? Ah! them wuz the happy days. Do you remember the day I slapped Percy Pipple-jelly on the wrist, a hard slap, for tying a ribbon stolen from your-er-your garment, around his pussy's neck? Ah, Winnifred, you blush. Is it, can it be, that you care for me? I love you madly, passionately, devotedly, systematically, categorically, parenthetically, periodically, spasmodically, by numbers and in a bunch. Oh, say, oh, say you'll be mine. (And they clinched.)

(Orchestra rises and in a pale blue light plays the "Miserere," indicating "Another War Wedding."—Vide local press.)

FIFTH EVENING, FIFTH LEAVE.

"Down-hic-down Texshush way, there's lil' lil'-where's tha' dam' keyole? Blasshed thing all's ges los' abou' fourayyem; shud, shud said fourak-ak-hic-akemma, shu'n I? Shof'ly, shof'ly, dam' door allus creaks an-there's tha' dam' cat gorrin again. Winn'll gimme yell fer that. Reminds me, mushn' make noise; close door shof'ly and; gerrout Fuf-fido. Berrer take off me boots. Ugh; gerrout, Fido, ah-h-h! that's one off. Where-hic-where's my other foot? Now whernell's my other foot? Ooh! hic, here tizh; dam' ole fool I was standin' on it. Tha's other one off; gerrout, Fuf-Fido! Go on. HEY!! bring back that shoe, bring back—WUFF? alri, dammit, take the other one, tha'll teach you—ooh Fido, Fido, shurrup, sh-shurrup, fer Gawd's sake shurrup, you'll wakerup. Here, Fuf-Fido, wharrer dam' fool I was. Here, Fuf-Fido. All ri-San' shan' luv you any more Fuf-Fido. Now where's them stairs, where's them—OOOOOUCH! I've broke me toe. I'll be crippie-cripple for life, an' an' nobody'll love me. Boohoo! Shurrup yer fool, wha' yer cryin' about? Go to bed. All ri, must count stairs, fifteen of 'em. Tha's one, two, gerrout Fido-two, three-these dam' stairs squeak! I'll haffa oil 'em to-morrer-three, four-five-six, gerrout Fuf-Fido; there, I nearly trod on yer tail; good job, Fuf-Fido, you ain't ogot no tail, or I'd a-trod on it. Tee-hee, tha's good joke, Gorrer laff at that; mus' siddown and laff at that-mus-mus-Owooh; well servya ri' Fido, shun't got where I was goin' to sit. Well mus' be gerrin on. Five-six-seven-Ooh, wha' iff we woke Winnie! Here Fido, good dog, you go ahead, she-she might be waitin'. Eight-nine, eleven-four-six-two mus' be near top now, mus' WoooHUFF, now, whonell moved tha' top stair. There was a top stair, hic-I know there was. There's allus been a top stair in this house! Softly, Fido, les' hope she's asleep. You go in fuf-first when I open the door. Softly-soofly-soooof—WUFF, OUCH, OOOO-ER, Havea-heart, Win, havvaOOUCH (Bimbangsmashelappety-bangbumpbangBUMPPPPH)! Ooooo-er-ooo-er, Oh, Lord, oh!—OUCH wassat, me eye-ooch, iss you Fido, yo you too, poor ol' Fido, poor ole-Allri' Win comin' yess I am, comin' ri' way comin'-comin'-ooch-er."

(And the first stray beams of the great red dawn shining through the keyhole touched with compas-

sionate crimson the bent and weary form as it toiled slowly up the stairs—a battered wreck—the apotheosis of MISERY without a MONUMENT.)

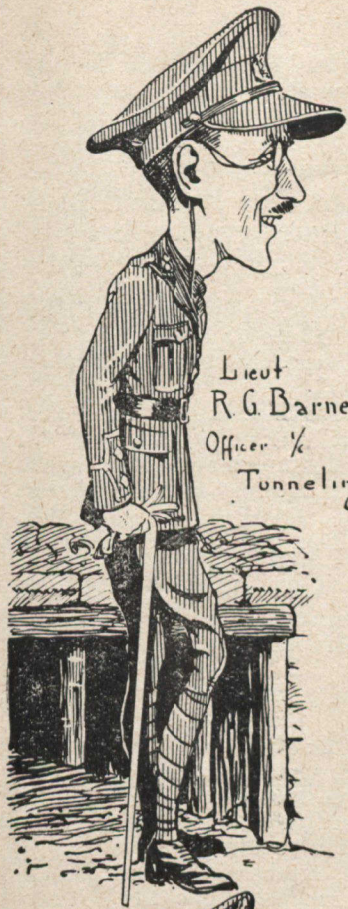
MAJOR MICAWBER'S ADVICE TO DAVID SLOPPYFIELD, LIEUT.

Ah! my dear young Sloppyfield! Under the temporary pressshah of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to immediate liquidashun, but remaining unliquidated through the unwarranted-er-interference of the Paymawster in the matter of an overdraft, I regret, I may say, I sincerely regret, that I have nothing at awr parting to offah you but—my advice. My advice—aw—may be wawth taking—and indeed—it may not. In fact, I have nevan taken it meself. Therefaw, you behold in me the miserawble wretch that I am; er—abject miserawble wretch. It may be that—aw, I shall some day see France; er—awfter the waw. Meantime, howevaw, havin' held my cusheigh, I may say veray cusheigh job for some time hoping that something with moah pay might eventually—er—turn up, I find myself in the position of reverting to yoah rank or—er returning to Canadaw. Of course, my deah young Sloppyfield, youah quite understan' that by revahting I should—er—have to learn something about military affahs, and do some work—which, ah, I have no intention, no intention whatevah, of doing. Of course, Sloppyfield, I shall not—er—shall not leave the armeigh; No, though my real estate business calls me home. I shall endeavour to serve my country to the best of my ability in some cusheigh capacity in Canadaw; otherwise I should—er—be conscripted and might even have to fight; which of cawse is preposterous, a man in my political situation. Therefaw, my dear young Sloppyfield, fain though I am that we should part, I must bid you adieu. Youah country calls you, Sloppyfield, and you must away; away to the gory, stricken fields of Flanders. I shall, er—shall think of you, Sloppyfield, and when your name appeahs in the Casualty list, as, of course, it will, I shall perform the sad duty of notifying youah parents. Go, my boy, and the Lord be with you—for I shan't. Good-bye my dear young David, your King and Country needs you and you must obey, even as I obey now that my King and Country needs me—in Canadaw. Farewell, friend of my youth; me train leaves for Liverpool—an' me name's—MICAWBAH!!!



REVTMENT BY No. 2 COMPANY.

"WITH THE RANK AND THE PAY OF A SAPPER."



Lieut
R.G. Barnes
Officer 1/2
Tunneling



Capt. J.F. Campbell M.C.
Officer 1/2
Dug-outs



PT
6:00 a.m.

Lieut E.J.L. Gibson 1/2 Mapping



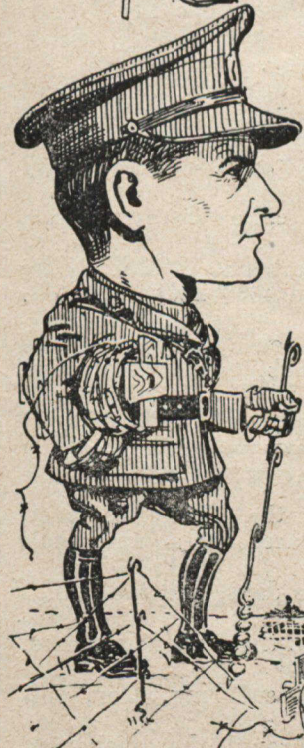
Major
J.C. Macdonald
M.C.

Chief
Engineering Officer
GH Q. London



Disguised
as a
shrub

Capt
R.D. Thexton
Officer 1/2
Camouflage



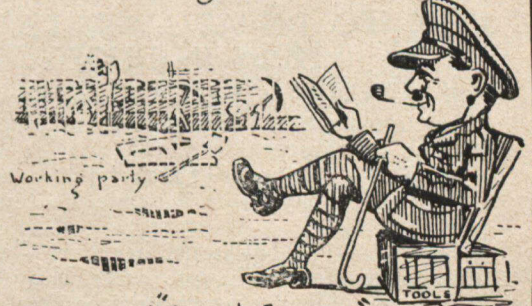
Capt G.E. Chaffey M.C.
Officer 1/2 Wiring

As the Infantry see the Engineers,



- A Study in Still Life.

As the Engineers see the Infantry



- A Lead Swinger.

OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN SCHOOL OF MILITARY ENGINEERING AT THE C.T.S.



CAPT. WHITE,
O.C.
No. 4
Company.

No. 4 COMPANY. CADET'S DINNER

The Cadets' dinner for the 5th Course of this Company was held at the Metropole Hotel on January 18th.

It was an unqualified success in every way, and after justice had been done by all to a most excellent menu, the toasts were next in order.

"The King," proposed by the Chairman (Cadet Ryder).

"The Commandant and Staff," proposed by Cadet W. H. Wilson, and in the unavoidable absence of the Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., was ably responded to by Major Devey.

"Officers No. 4 Company," proposed by Cadet H. C. Saunders, and responded to by our genial Company Commander, Captain C. S. White.

"Our Guests," proposed by Cadet S. S. Owen, and responded to by Major K. A. Patton, M.C., O.C. of the Trench Warfare School.

An excellent programme was then given, including an exceedingly humorous sketch entitled "The Piano Movers," by R.S.M. Carpenter, Sergeant Hutchinson and Private Clark. Other contributors were Captain Burton, Lieut. Kennedy, and Cadet Warburton. Cadet McGarry acted as accompanist.

The success of the affair was largely due to the untiring efforts of the Committee, Cadets T. M. McGarry, P. N. Baylis, A. M. Hally, and W. R. Henneberry.

HOW TO DO AWAY WITH ROUGHNESS IN RUGBY.

Rule 1.—The field shall be covered with two feet of cotton batting, over which is placed a three-fourths inch carpet.

Rule 2.—The price of tickets shall be left to the spectator, he paying at the gate whatever he thinks is right.

Rule 3.—The ball must be covered with pale or blue satin, tied with pale green baby ribbon.

Rule 4.—All spectators must be dressed in sombre clothing and must remain absolutely quiet during the progress of the game.

Rule 5.—The only cheering permitted will be

three Rahs given by a student chosen by the faculty. These cheers shall be given at the close of each half, and then but once.

THE COLLEGIAN.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEXHILL.

ALLITERATION: A literary figure of speech, e.g., Bexhill, bayonets, belts, blanco, Brasso, and balance step.

BALANCE STEP: The latest popular dance. For music apply Boosey and Co., c/o Canteen.

BAND.—Three kinds are indigenous to Bexhill, hat, arm, and ragtime.

CHAIN OF RESPONSIBILITY: The poor Lance-Corporal is "for it" again.

C.I.: This is not the well-known and often looked for signal, "Come in," but means Chief Instructor, "Look out."

C.S.M.: A warrant officer ranking between an officer and an N.C.O. The officers are the brains of the Army, the N.C.O.'s the backbone; C.S.M. also means cerebro-spinal-meningitis.

DISCIPLINE: Bar (all) maids and keep on the water wagon.

FOOD SUPPLY: Sitting next to a vacant seat at the Mess.

INTERIOR ECONOMY: Camouflaging private property for the inspection of billets.

MAJOR: An officer, the best known of whom is Major Offence; he should not be confused with General Inspection or Private Property.

NIP: A heterogeneous expression meaning anything, e.g. "Round me nip," "Slope nip," "tur-nip."

P.T.: Send her down, Davey.

REVTMENTS: Meals; rarely of the "stake" variety, though occasionally "A" frame "U"p.

SAUSAGES: Successfully camouflaged gristle and fat. Sometimes called "dogs" because they are half-bre(a)d.

SCRATCH COVER: So called because it's a handicap to stay there.

SWEARING: Is not tolerated at Bexhill. The strongest expression allowed is "Left-in-miss-it-dive!"

THING: Any part of the Lewis Gun. Not to be confused with "thingummybob," which is a separate contrivance.

UP: Generally means down, e.g. "'Order' up."

THE DAWN.

I see a new earth rising from the ashes of the past,
For when the soul of life blazed out at Freedom's trumpet blast,

The old false gods of former days, and the things that made for shame,

All shrivelled in the incense of that sacrificial flame.

From these dread times of suffering, from this shadowy Vale of Death,

A sweeter life is springing through the quickening of our faith.

We are building God's new temples with our blood, our prayers, our tears,

Temples of Grace that rise apace and shall outlast the years.

—John Oxenham.

PIGEONS IN WARFARE.

When the history of the Great War is at last written in its true perspective, one of the most fascinating chapters will be that of the work of homing pigeons.

Intelligence, in all its branches, is, as everyone knows, one of the great, if not the greatest, factors in the present war, and along these lines pigeons play an important part.

One might think that, in a highly scientific age, such a primitive method of conveying intelligence would be a negligible quantity where the mighty operations of the war are concerned. But the opposite is the case.

To illustrate. During the Battle of the Somme three Battalions of infantry had advanced to such a point that communication with the main body by runner was impossible, and no telephones had been laid. It was vital for these three Battalions to join the main body some considerable distance in the rear. On a search being made it was found that in the three Battalions only one solitary pigeon remained in the pigeon carriers' baskets.

To this bird was attached a message giving the exact location of the men and then liberated. This frail messenger reached its loft safely with the precious message. Our barrage opened up and the men reached the main body without a casualty. Had they been obliged to retire without the protection of the barrage they would, no doubt, have been annihilated.

Only a few weeks ago a dying skipper, whose boat had been torpedoed, liberated a pigeon with a message giving the exact location of the submarine. The crew of the submarine fired upon it, smashing one of its wings. However, the bird managed to reach a British cruiser with its important message. This bird is now referred to as the V.C. pigeon, and with good reason.

There are countless instances of a similar nature on record.

During the early days of the war the British Army in France were supplied with birds from French lofts, but it was found they could not do the work satisfactorily.

Birds from lofts in England were then sent over, and have proved themselves more than efficient. The reason to account for the superiority of British pigeons lies in the fact that England has a hardy climate and develops hardier characteristics in its bird life. English pigeon fanciers handle this branch of the Intelligence service.

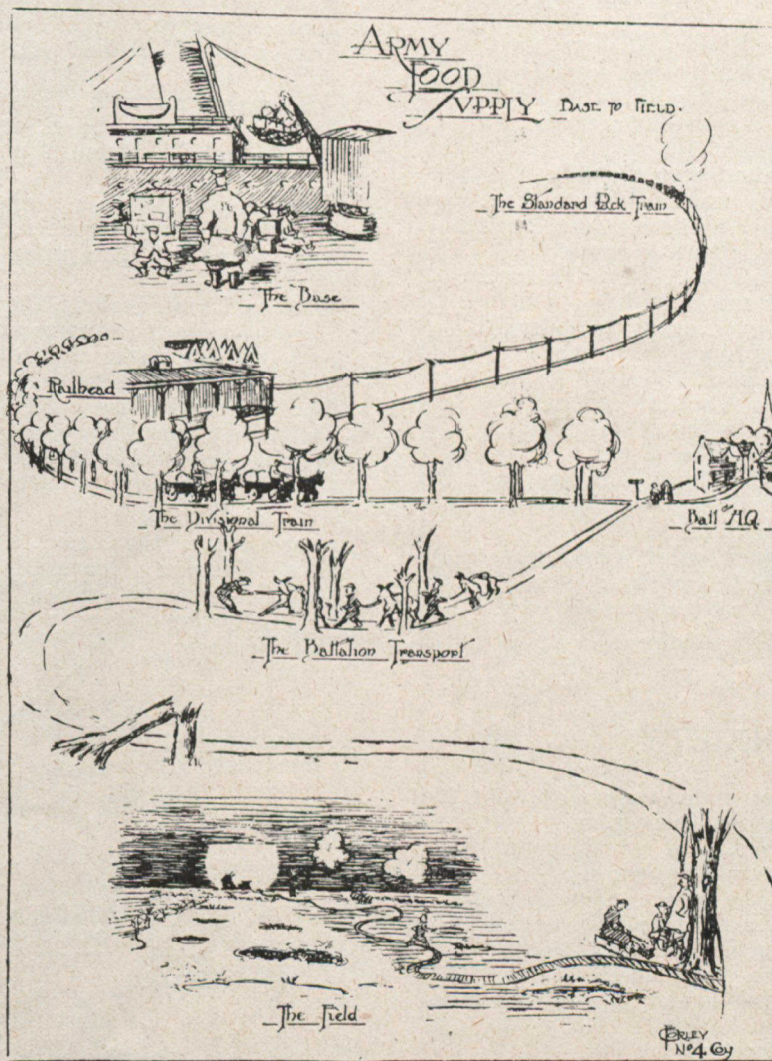
One of the most extraordinary things in connection with the work of pigeons is the fact that they will go through shell fire, rifle fire and gas, but if a storm is raging they will go around it, but never through it. This seems to be an ingrained characteristic, for in racing pigeons in peace time they act in a similar manner.

One might think that such a highly scientific people as the Germans would have brought this branch of intelligence to perfection. But we know, in this respect, we are superior.

There is a reason. In peace times the Germans never have made the racing of pigeons a sport. They have produced no famous breeds. Why? Pigeons are highly organized, and, as a natural corollary, highly intelligent. They only respond to kindness and sympathetic treatment. You cannot make machines of them. The majority of German pigeons which have entered British lofts in France are miserable and runty in appearance. The

Bosche has yet to learn that although science, which is knowledge reduced to a system, is a mighty weapon, you cannot leave out the human element, whether applying it to mankind or animal life.

In conclusion I would like to add that, owing to the invaluable nature of the assistance rendered by pigeons in this war, a public appeal was recently made in England to gamesters, etc., to exercise great care in the shooting of wild pigeons lest one of these little winged messengers of fate should be wantonly destroyed.



BRILEY
No. 4. 67

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Last night as I lay a-sleeping,
 I dreamt a dream so weird,
 I thought I was at Bexhill again,
 And woke—it was just as I feared.
 I visited the scene of my training,
 I heard the dread Onetwothreefour;
 I witnessed a strenuous march past.
 My own past again I lived o'er.
 And the same band set my pulses a-throbbing,
 My feet tingled to be up and away.
 My arms swung straight out from the shoulder,
 I felt like the Queen o' the May.
 Down the road came the Company a-swinging,
 Number One—then my own Number Two,
 But the old faces I "used to shake hands with"
 Were gone—when the platoons came in view.
 But the same Captain was there, and his spirit
 Lived on in the march o' the men.
 And the white-banded chaps who'd filled up the gaps—
 I'd give much to have been with them then.
 Captain Scott, Captain "Willie"; Mr. Woodward
 Stepped along at the left of the route.
 But My Heavens! Can it be? Yes! it's Irwin.
 (As he passed me he murmured, "You Brute.")
 And I staggered wide-eyed down the sidewalk;
 Humbly saluting, to him o'er I went.
 He's now an "Instructional Officer."
 (Those last words Muse's Lyre has bent.)
 And eke Bullock I see in the March Past,
 Another of the old Number Two.
 Conscience whispered, "Better scoot, my dear
 Tommy,
 Or the C.O.'ll be snaffing you."
 They asked me to dinner and I went there,
 Expecting a welcome? Not 'arf.
 Irwin gurgled, "The Prodigal's come, sirs.
 Let's kill the fat-headed calf."

T. W., No. 2 Company.

ANXIETY.

The Wail of a Cadet under the icy stare of the
 Sergeant at Inspection.
 Speak! SPEAK! SPEAK to me, Sergeant!
 Tell me, oh, tell me what you see.
 Oh, is it my belt, or the brown coloured welt
 That crosses my right leg; it's my shrunken puttee,
 My bayonet I polished at daybreak,
 That mark on my face is my nose;
 My hair is brushed pat; and my—ooh-er, what's
 that?
 My Gawd! I've forgotten my hat.

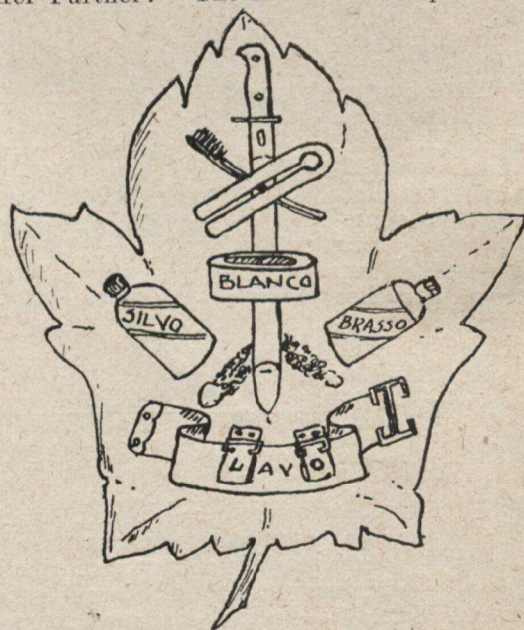
A CADET'S LAMENT.

Time 6.03 a.m.

I wish I waz a rock a-settin' on a hill,
 A-doin' nothin' all day long, but just a-settin' still.
 I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't even
 wash,
 I'd just set still a thousand years, and rest myself,
 By gosh!

Dedicated to C.T.S Instructional Sergeants.

Who, when Reveille's hateful blare
 Unknits my ravelled sleeve of care,
 Growls at me like an angry bear?
 The Sergeant!
 Who stands outside, all undismayed,
 And bawls out loud, "Get on parade!"
 Until my nerves are worn and frayed?
 The Sergeant!
 Who when at "Full knees bend" I strain,
 And "Upward stretch," who mocks my pain,
 And makes me do it once again?
 The Sergeant!
 Who sees that all my buttons shine,
 That I preserve a rigid spine,
 And go to bed at half-past nine?
 The Sergeant!
 Who makes me with the bayonet skip,
 And shouts out "Squad, around me nip!"
 Until I get the bloomin' pip?
 The Sergeant!
 Who round me like a terrier smelt,
 My rifle and my bayonet felt,
 And looked for spots upon my belt?
 The Sergeant!
 Who as I march along the street
 Says "Swing those arms and lift those feet!"
 And calls me names I can't repeat?
 The Sergeant!
 And when the Pearly Gates I spy,
 And try to pass St. Peter by,
 Who'll shout "About turn! Leff-ri, leff-ri!"
 The Sergeant!
 KADET KANEE.
 Overheard on the Prom.
 No. 1 Company (learning inclines): In chorus.
 "Right in—miss it—cline!"
 Old Lady (looking on): "What are they doing?"
 Her Partner: "The Mrs. Cline step."



CONTINUE TO SHINE!



CAPT. HOLLOWAY,
O.C. No. 5
Company.

SCHOOL SCANDAL.

By "DOROTHY."

The event of the month is undoubtedly the production of "ChanTeurS," the new play translated from the French. I predict an unprecedented run—for the players. That the Government is interested in the production is demonstrated by the fact that victims are exempted from paying any entertainment tax. I caught sight of A.N. Ox occupying a stall on the opening night. He is still in mourning for his brother.

A delightful pink tea was held in the Café du Musée on Thursday afternoon in aid of the War work of Number 5 Lodge, C.T.S. (Cadets' Temperance Society). Lady Axbury poured tea over the table cloth in the first minute, and the Hon. E. de B. Smythe cut the ices, and also his mouth. A well-hidden orchestra tore off a few rags during the afternoon. Among those present were Sir Percival Prenter, M.P., in fatigue pants, and Mrs. Gwendolin Price in a bad temper.

A friend informs me that he has it on good authority that a well-known personage is shortly to be raised to the peerage, and that his coat of arms will be two tigers rampant on a field of azure blue. Cadet C—is to be similarly honoured, and I hear that his coat of arms is to be two R.S.M.'s rampant on a field of azure were.

The delightful daily lectures in the Curse Hall continue to be well attended by an intelligent and select crowd of enthusiasts. At the last lecture I spied Professor Sheringham with his eyes closed and his massive head sunken upon his chest, doubtless pondering over some of the points upon which he and the lecturer (Dr. de Vey, the eminent theologian) differed.

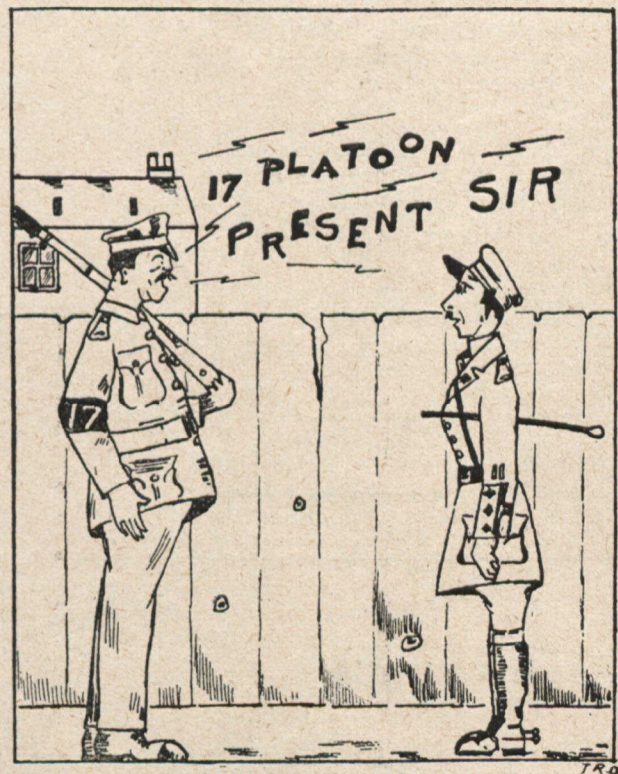
The next lecture of this series is to be on "Interior Economy," by Monsieur Adolphe Dunnier, chef at the Café du Musée.

It is rumoured that Mr. Walter John Long, M.P., has consented to become President of the newly-

formed S.P.C.C. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cadets), and that he will introduce a Bill into the House next session, to prohibit the use of P.T. between the hours of 4 p.m. and 9 a.m.

President Ollowai, of the Nofive Company, Ltd., dealers in antique silverware, tells me that he has secured two exceedingly rare cups of delicate workmanship. He absolutely refuses to part with them, but connoisseurs and collectors may view these works of art at the offices of the company at No. 5, Marina. The company has installed a special Crane for lifting cups.

The exhibition of the art of Sir Joshua Gibson, R.A., at the Cadetbar Galleries, is well worth a visit. Sir Joshua has a leaning towards the Cubist School, and many of his more recent works display his ability in this style of painting. The most striking picture of all is undoubtedly "Tommy at the Rifle Pit," obviously intended to replace the artist's "Psyche at the Sink," which was destroyed by order of the Censor some three years ago.



Capt. H—w—y: "Can't hear you!!"

M.O.: Now, look here, my man! If you were in civil life, would you come to me with a complaint like that?

Fed-up One: No, sir, I'd see a doctor.

M.O.: ???!!!! (Reply hardly suitable for publication.)

AN OFFICER.

With its One pause two pause three,
At Bexhill-by-the-Sea,
The soldier trains with care and pains,
An officer to be.

With its Left right left right left,
Of reason I'm bereft.
But, with the chance of "Back to France,"
An officer I must be.

Keep your elbow straight, squad halt!
I know it's not my fault.
I do my best without a rest,
An officer to be.

With its sports and drill and shine,
The course is surely fine,
But there's a test, above the rest,
An officer to be.

And it's Shout your command so loud,
The Captain may be proud;
Be sharp and quick and never sick,
An officer to be.

So, it's hit the nail on the head,
Never, never swing the lead;
Just simply bustle and just rustle,
An officer to be.

So I hop and jump and run,
As if it's lots of fun;
That back in France I'll have a chance,
An officer to be.

No. 5 Company.



JUST FOR TO-NIGHT.

Editor's Note.—The following verses were sent to a member of the Jericho Women's Institute from her son in the trenches. We reproduce them, not for the sake of their literary quality, but because of the sentiment which, we believe, expresses the feeling of many a boy from a Canadian farm.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time! in thy flight,
Take me to Canada, just for to-night.
Far, far away from the noise of the war,
Where death machines rattle, and mighty guns roar.
Back where 'tis peaceful, all quiet and serene.
Away from the trenches and all that they mean.
Back where, instead of the shriek of the shell,
We hear peaceful noises and know all is well.

Just to be home! Just for one peaceful night!
Away from the worries and trials of this fight!
Away from the "Kultur!" Away from the crime!
Away from the trenches, shell holes and slime.
Must I keep dreaming and longing in vain
To stroll down the path with my sweetheart again,
And once more to love, and be loved as of yore?
Oh, God! Isn't that what you gave us life for?

Could I but to-night, while the booming guns roar,
Just knock and be welcomed at Mother's front door.
Be kissed once again, by those dear lips so rare,
And once again fondle the now silvery hair.
See Dad on the doorstep, enjoying the breeze,
With two kiddies claiming the use of his knees.
Fain would I flee from this ghastly, dread sight,
And return to thee, Canada! just for to-night!

No honour that's gained on the battlefield's here,
Can compare with the love of the ones we hold dear,
Their true love embodying all that is best.
Take me back, Father Time, to my home in the west,
Away from this land, that is barren and curst,
Where bold lust brings out in man all that is worst.
Oh, just for one night, to be back home again,
Where is peace upon earth, and good will to all men.

Oh! God, Who art watching Dear Canada's best,
Fighting and dying, and lying at rest,
Instil in us courage to fight the good fight,
And at length know the triumph of right over might.
And as I sit penning this very poor theme
I wonder if time, like an e'er flowing stream,
Will ever turn back, in its merciless flight,
And take me to Canada, just for one night.

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY A CAREFUL CADET AT DAWN.

Oh, Sergeant, I hear you calling,
You called me from afar;
You speak in a language ancient,
You tell me what I are.
I can't hear you for the noise you make,
But I guess that your love for me
Makes your love song sound like swearing,
And I feel unworthy of thee.

No. 2 Coy.



Soon now the winter sports will be drawing to a close. Soon the Soccer ball will be replaced by the Baseball, and the running shoes yield place to the tennis footwear. The old order changeth, yielding place to new. But at the moment Soccer, cross-country running and boxing are still going strong, and will continue to do so for the present Course, though here and there enthusiasts are already tossing baseballs about or hieing them to the tennis courts.

A general survey of the sports carried on by the last Course will not be necessary, as a more detailed account follows. Suffice it to say that the culminating point in the Soccer trajectory was reached at Seaford on February 24th, when the Soccer Championship of the Canadian Forces in England was decided. The winning team was from the 21st Reserve, Bramshott, which defeated the 11th Reserve of Shorncliffe by three goals to nil in the finals. It is noteworthy that the champions only nosed out a one goal victory in overtime from the C.T.S.

The interest in boxing and cross-country running is still mounting upwards, for the Canadian Championships in these are yet to be decided. The former will be held at Shorncliffe on February 27th, the latter at Bramshott on March 20th.

During the last Course numerous other competitions were held, and each proved very successful. Similar competitions, the dates of which appear below, will be held towards the close of the present Course, and should prove just as exciting and hard fought as any we have had at the School. In the meantime let us not quench the ardour of those who would play baseball out of season. Every Cadet in every Course, enjoying some form of sport, is the ideal in front of the Sports Committee.

CANADIAN INTER-AREA SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIPS.

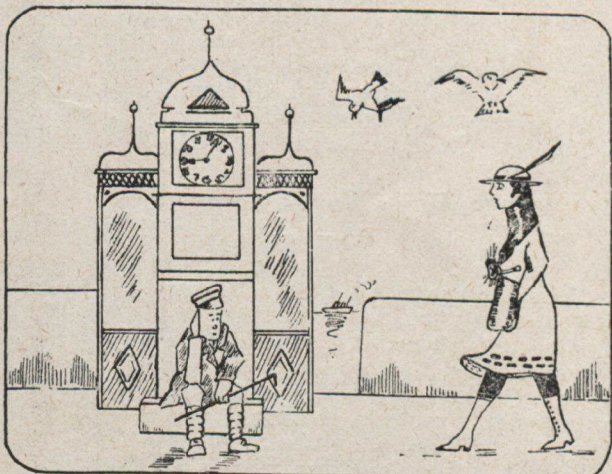
A SPLENDID PERFORMANCE BY THE BEXHILL SCHOOL TEAM.

The games in this championship were held at Seaford from February 12th to 16th. Bexhill was drawn to play Bramshott in the second round on Wednesday, February 13th. The game started before a crowd of some 5,000 men. From the kick-off at 2.45 Bramshott attacked right away and gave some pretty exhibitions of passing, and very soon tested Lieut. Parker in goal, but the ball was cleared. At the end of ten minutes' play McCormack, left inside for Bexhill, had the misfortune to twist his left knee badly, and was able to take no further part in the game. After this loss Bexhill, who up to this time had not been able to get together, showed a little more dash, and a ding-dong game ensued, mostly in favour of Bramshott, who repeatedly attacked, but all their shots were of no avail against the Bexhill goalkeeper, who played, we venture to say, in a way that has seldom been excelled in any game. All shots came alike to him. The Bramshott forwards, being so badly rewarded for their excellent efforts, began to get a little wild in their shooting, and half-time came with no score.

The second half was more or less a repetition of the first, Bramshott continually attacking, but being held in check by the magnificent defence of the Bexhill team. The Bexhill forwards made a few break-aways, but were sadly handicapped by the loss of the inside left, and were unable to finish off their movements. Time came with no score on either side, and an extra ten minutes each way had to be played. Towards the end of the first ten minutes, one of the Bexhill backs, who had been playing a magnificent game all through, had the ill-luck to mis-kick and put the ball through the Bexhill goal, giving Lieut. Parker no chance whatever of saving. In the second ten minutes Bexhill tried their hardest to equalise, and had hard luck in not doing so. Time came with the score one goal to nil in favour of Bramshott, who thus get into the final.

The game all through was of the cleanest and most sporting kind. In such a game it is hard to pick out any particular players for especial note, but Ptes. Wakelyn, Robertson, and Wright caught the eye a little bit the most on the Bramshott side, Pte. Robertson at centre-half being a tower of strength. For Bexhill the whole defence played magnificently, with Lieut. Parker, as said before, the outstanding feature of the whole game. His work in goal was a wonderful exhibition. The two backs, Cadet Herron and Sergt. Arreil, played a great game on the defence, the three halves working together in splendid fashion. They never gave up, until the final whistle went. The forwards were seriously handicapped in losing Cadet McCormack, who had the misfortune to twist his knee in the first ten minutes. If this misfortune had not happened the Bexhill team might have returned winners. The teams were:—

Bexhill: Lieut. C. S. Parker (captain); Cadet Herron and Sergt. Arreil; Cadet Beynon, Cadet Mayhew, and Cadet Gibson; Sergt. Jardine, Cadet Middleton, C.S.M. Hackett, Cadet McCormack, and Cadet McConnell.



"Thou shalt not make friends on the Esplanade"

TRO

Bramshott: Corpl. Colburn; Sergt. McLaws and Corpl. Lindsay; Pte. Campbell, Pte. Robertson, and and Pte. Hornby; Corpl. Bradford, Pte. Booth, Pte. Wakelyn, Pte. Banks, and Pte. Wright.

On Monday, February 18th, a meeting was called to draw up a Soccer Schedule for the present Course. Representatives were present from the Staff and from Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 5 Companies.

Boxing.

The School Boxing Championships were held on Wednesday evening, January 16th, in the Pavilion, which was packed to the doors for the occasion.

The referee was Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Mayes, Canadian Army Gymnastic Staff, and the judges were Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., and Major F. H. M. Codville, M.C.

Some very fine contests were put on, the following competitors romping away with the silverware, in the various classes:—

Feather-weight.
—Gold Medal, Cadet Hood; Silver Medal, Cadet Allely.

Light-weight.—
Gold Medal, Corpl. Hanks, C.T.W.S.; Silver Medal, Cadet Blake.

Welter-weight.
—Gold Medal, Cpl. Cave, C.T.W.S.; Silver Medal, Cadet Labelle.

Middle-weight.
—Gold Medal, Lieut. Crpl. McGillivray, C.T.W.S.; Silver Medal, Cdt. French.

Heavy-weight.—
Gold Medal, Sergt. Alexander; Silver Medal, Cadet Jenkins.

Catch-weight.—Gold Medal, Cadet Milne; Silver Medal, Cadet Arthur.

Wiring Competition.

A very successful Wiring Competition was held in Egerton Park on Wednesday, January 16th, great interest being shown in the event. No. 4 Company was returned as winner, having put in 26 stakes and strung 420 yards wire in the record time of 4 minutes 43 1-5 seconds.

Cross-Country Championships.

Another event held on January 16th was the Cross-country Run. Over 50 contestants lined up at the starting point and set off for the five-mile jaunt. The race was won by No. 5 Company, which claimed five men out of the first fifteen to pass the finishing point. Cadet A. Thomson, No. 1 Company, was first man to finish, thus winning a gold medal. Cadet P. R. Swan came second and obtained a silver medal. Cadet R. Hanna, V.C., came third, and received a bronze medal.

Platoon Marching Competition.

This was held on the afternoon of Friday, January 18th. All the Companies participated, marching over a course of ten miles. No. 1 Platoon of No. 1 Company finished first, doing the distance in two hours and 23 seconds. They came in at a fast clip, inclining right and left as if they had just gone on parade.

No. 5 Company won on points, not the least thing in their favour being the fact that not a man from the whole company fell out on the march.

Soccer Football.

The School Soccer Team played their first game of the seventh Course on February 7th, when a new team stacked up against the 1st Canadian Reserve Battalion of Seaford. The match was played on the Holmwood School grounds, and for the first three-quarters of the game the play was very keen and interesting. The C.T.S. team were playing at a great disadvantage in that they had no chance to practice together, but they managed to work in some fine combination, and had the crack Seaford team guessing until about half-way through the second half. The score at this time was one all, but Seaford made a strong finish, netting two more goals before the whistle blew. The score was then—1st Reserve, 3; C.T.S., 1.

The teams lined up as follows:—1st Reserve: Harrison, Gaff, Lieuts. Goffin and Tinker, Leslie, Wright, Mercer, Cape, Pellin, Lyons, and Wilson. C.T.S.: Cadets Hadley and Herron, Sergt. Arneil, Cadets Gibson, Meyhew, Beynon, McCormack, McConnell, C.S.M. Hackett, Cadets Cunningham and Newall.

Staff v No. 5 Company.

On Saturday, February 23rd, at Holmwood Grounds, the Staff lined up against No. 5 Company for their first game in the School League. The game showed plenty of pep from the first blow of the whistle, and some very good combination was in evidence. The Staff got away to a good start, and had a great deal the better of the play in the first half. Sergt. Purchase, at outside right for the Staff, scored the first goal on a neat pass from centre. The Staff continued to force the play, Capt. Toole, their centre forward, being a tower of strength. Before the first half ended three more goals had been added by Capt. Toole, Major Devey, and Corporal Hopper.



A Sergeant may not be relieved from an Appointment without consent of a General Officer. (N.R. 302).

In the second half, No. 5 bucked up and made things hot for their opponents. Several times they had the ball close in on the goal and at last were rewarded with a neat score. The Staff, however, came back strong, and soon added another to their tally, Captain Toole being responsible.

The final score was: Staff, 5; No. 5 Company, 1. The teams lined up as follows:—

Staff: Goal, Hurst; backs, Lieuts. Crane and Bickle; half-backs, Sergt. Cameron, Lieuts. Bullock and Davidson; forwards, S.-Sergt. Purchase, Corpl. Hopper, Captain Toole, C.S.M. Abrahams, and Major Devey.

No. 1 Company v. No. 2 Company.

These two Companies lined up for their first League game at Holmwood on Saturday, at 2.15 p.m. From the kick-off No. 1 got away, but the forwards failed to work smoothly, and a nice opportunity was lost through poor shooting. No. 2 came back with a rush, but could not penetrate the opposing defence. The Reds again got moving. Cunningham passed to Phillips, who made a pretty run, which ended in a score. At half-time No. 1 Company were leading one goal to nil.

On resuming play No. 1 again pressed, and from a centre by Phillips the ball glanced into the net from the opposing full-back, making the second goal for No. 1 Company. The third was soon added, but then No. 2 came to life and showed some promise of scoring. It was, however, only a flash in the pan, for No. 1 came back with three more goals, and the game ended six goals to nil, with No. 1 Company the winner. The teams were as follows:—

No. 1 Company: Cadets French, Glendall, Kelly, Higgins, Wayne, McCullough, Phillips, Cunningham, Morton, Denham, and Rawlinson.

No. 2 Company: Cadets Grant, Kirkwood, Millett, Turner, Hodder, Knott, Walters, Fenton, McConnell, Tasker, and Wheatley.

Rugger Football.

The C.T.S. played their first outside Rugger game on Holmwood School grounds on Saturday, March 9th, against the R.F.C. Cadets of St. Leonards. The C.T.S. won the toss, and elected to play with the wind. From the kick-off the School had the better of the play, and were soon within striking distance of the enemy's goal. The attack continued, and very soon the C.T.S. found its way through for a try, which was not converted. Some open play followed, points being exchanged, but always to the advantage of the School. The R.F.C. back division kicked mostly into touch, thus making a sure gain. The C.T.S., depending on their fast wing, kicked straight down the field and usually got away with a greater gain. Before half-time three more tries were made, none of which were converted, and when the whistle blew the score stood: C.T.S. 12, R.F.C. 0.

In the second half the R.F.C. were playing with the wind and were more dangerous. Yet a fine bit of passing took the ball out to Lieut. Bickle, who went over for another try after a very pretty run. Score 15—0. Then the R.F.C. got away for a series

of nice runs and a dribble, which resulted in a try and a convert. Score 15—5.

This, however, finished the scoring for the Flying men, while the C.T.S. added two more tries, making the final score 21—5 in favour of the C.T.S.

Lieut. Bickle was the most conspicuous player on the field, and was always in the lime light.

Tug-of-War Championship. No. 4 Company v. The Victors.

The semi-finals and finals of the Canadian Training School Tug-o'-war took place on Friday morning, January 18th, in Egerton Park. All the Companies were present, and there was much speculation as to the winners of the final.

There was great excitement among the rival rooters when the first two teams, Nos. 4 and 6 Companies, took up their position for the semi-final "sudden death" pull every man over.

The Commandant of the School, Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., acted as judge.

After the signal to go was given, both teams shaped well, and for a few minutes honours were fairly even. No. 4 then showed the excellent training they had undergone, with the result that our opponents proved the law of gravitation and No. 4 proudly won the semi-final.

The final was pulled with No. 1 as our opponents, and there was great excitement among the rooters when the teams took hold of the rope. Both teams were fairly evenly matched, and were well posted in tactical movements. At a straight pull it was quickly to be seen it would be a great test of endurance. Alternately both teams adopted clever tactics, but neither side could make much progress. It was indeed a battle royal. No. 1, however, gradually wore down, but pulled gamely, and their pluck was greatly admired.

Once again No. 4 showed the excellent training of Lieut. Arthurs, and brought into play an entirely new trick, which came as a great surprise to all, especially their opponents, and which had the result of No. 4 gaining a well-earned victory.

The Silver Shield generously given by the citizens of Bexhill to the Canadian Training School will be inscribed with the name of No. 4 Company as winners of the Tug-o'-war Championship final.

Golf.

A team of golfers from the C.T.S. journeyed to Seaford on Sunday, February 17th, to play the C.E.T.D. on Blatchington Links. The team consisted of Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., Major Patton, M.C., Major Codville, M.C., Major Hodson, Captain Rant, and Cadets Blinco, Hollins and Hawes.

The C.E.T.D. team were: Lieut.-Colonel Mayes, Major Fell, Lieuts. T. P. Pemberton, J. H. Young, Green, Duckworth, Ogilvie, Sergeant Lawson, and Sapper Keffer.

Singles were played in the forenoon, the C.T.S. winning four matches and losing three. In the afternoon in the four-ball foursomes, the C.E.T.D. players took three matches out of four, thus winning on the day's play by one match.



TUG-OF-WAR FINALS.

On Saturday, March 9th, at 12.15, in Egerton Park, Nos. 1 and 3 Companies lined up against one other in the finals of the Tug-of-War. No. 1 Company won the toss and took advantage of the slight slope in the ground. On a signal from Major Codville the teams took the strain and then the sudden pull. For a minute neither side gave an inch, but gradually No. 3 Company gained a little ground, until two of No. 1 Company's red-jerseyed stalwarts were across the line. It looked easy for Captain McGee's men at this stage, and the cheering for No. 3 was taking on the note of victory. Another pull and the third Red crossed the centre, but here No. 3 stuck. They could get no further. No. 1 put on the lock grip and held fast, resting their men, while the others strained on the rope. Then suddenly loosening the lock the Reds gain a little, but could not hold it. No. 3 changed grips and No. 1 locked with three men over the centre. Then the Reds changed grip and made a splendid gain, pulling strong until six of their opponents had crossed the centre. There was a wild burst of applause from the supporters of the Reds. Then No. 3 changed grips and regained most of their lost ground, but they still had two men on the wrong side of the centre line. No. 1 locked, when they broke the lock No. 3 gained a little. The Reds locked again, then loosed and changed grip, but No. 3 gained more, and now both sides were just where they started. Then 3 lost and locked with three men over. Both teams changed grips and 3 lost ground. The Reds pulled hard—3 were all but over but the Anchor man. They locked and held—both teams rested. Then No. 1 with a mighty heave broke their opponents' lock and yanked the last man over.

Time, 10 minutes, 42 seconds.

No. 1 Company thus won the School Championship.

The teams were:—

No. 1.: Cadets Gowans, Rawlinson, McGregor, Kelso, Fleming, and Blackwell. Coach—Captain Rant.

No. 3: Cadets Clements, Bradley, Torman, Edie, Donaldson, Jenkins, Gerry, McCallum, Stewart and Nelson. Coach—Cadet Hosegood.

SOCCER.

The C.T.S. Soccer team played two games last week. The first at Bramshott on Tuesday, 19th ult., and the second at Bushey on Wednesday against the Guards. The first game, which was against the Canadian Military Champions, resulted in a tie—2 goals each. In this game Lieut. Parker, goalkeeper, was injured while making a brilliant save just at time. The C.T.S. team won much praise and support by their clean, clever play.

Against the Guards the going was much easier, and the School team walked right through them to a 5 to 3 victory.

On Thursday the Company teams clashed in the final games of the Inter-Company League for the C.T.S. Championship. There were two games at Holmwood School grounds and one at the Entrenching Area. In the first game at Holmwood the Staff was pitted against No. 1 Company. This was a particularly interesting match, as these two teams were tied for top place in the League. In the first half the Company looked like sure winners. They pressed continually, and R.S.M. Carpenter was kept more than busy in goal. The Staff forwards seemed to have forgotten how to work their combination. But the second half showed a reverse of form, and on a pretty pass across in front of the goal Captain Wilson scored the only tally of the game, which ended 1—0 for the Staff.

The second game at Holmwood was between Nos. 2 and 4 Companies, and these two fought it out for bottom place in the League. No. 4 Company was too much for the other, so that No. 2 was forced to occupy the cellar position, which has its compensations, if not in Soccer at least in trench warfare.

At the Entrenching Area No. 3 Company took a fall out of No. 5, and managed to score two goals to their opponents' nil.

The final standing of the League is as follows:—

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.
The Staff	5	4	1	0	9
No. 1 Company	5	3	1	1	7
No. 3 Company	5	3	0	2	6
No. 5 Company	5	2	1	2	5
No. 4 Company	5	1	1	3	3
No. 2 Company	5	0	0	5	0

MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE.

"Chevrans To Stars" acknowledges the receipt of the Christmas number of "The Maple Leaf Magazine" with many thanks. A splendid paper, it far surpasses all previous issues, which have always been most interesting. A feature of this last number was a presentation plate of H.M. King George V., beautifully printed in colours, and suitable for framing.

Published in the interests of the O.M.F.C., the profits are devoted to the "Maple Leaf" Tobacco Fund, and deserves the heartiest support of all members of the C.E.F. in France and England.

We await with expectancy the April number of this popular publication, which promises to be the best ever —

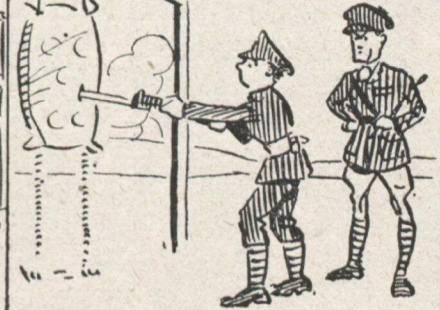
1. Lt. C.T.S. Bexhill (ex-cadet) leaves his Alma Mater, full of the spirit of the bayonet



2 Takes over his new platoon and...



3... witnesses the awful spectacle of a practice at the c saks.



4. Retires to his hut in despair



5 Suddenly he hears the old call of... "Around me NIP!!"



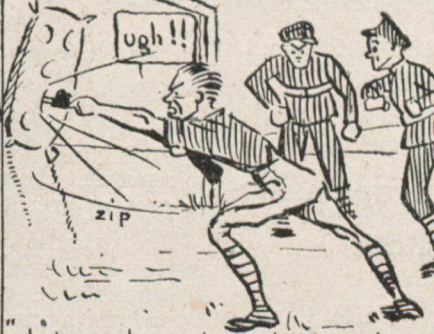
6. and tries a few jabs etc. from force of habit



7. dashes into his platoon with "Around me dubble"



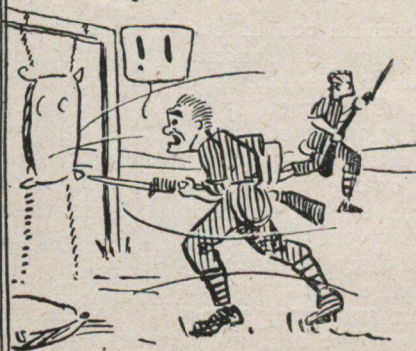
8 + demonstrates the gentle art of



9 The platoon gets the



10 - and gets into action...



11 while the Snappy Sub whispers



12 - and watches results



encouragement, à la C.T.S.

with satisfaction

"STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS!"
MORE ADVENTURES OF THE SNAPPY SUB.



Block by courtesy of "Canada."

C.T.S. SOCCER TEAM.

Standing (left to right): Cadet C. Cunningham, Cadet A. T. MacBryer, Sergt. Jardine, Sergt. Arneil, Cadets Hadley, Herron, McConnell, McDonald, Goodship, and Lieut. J. Long (manager).

Sitting (left to right): Cadet Gibson, Cadet Middleton, Cadet Beynon, Lieut. C. S. Parker (capt.), C.S.M. Hackett, Cadet McCormack, and Cadet Meyhew.

Canadian Cross-Country Championship Race Held at Bramshott.

The Canadian Championship Five Mile Cross-Country Race held at Bramshott on Wednesday, March 20th, 1918, under the auspices of the Canadian Military Athletic Association was an unqualified success from every angle; and much credit is due to the Sub-Committee, Colonel D. H. MacKay, and Captain L. R. Warn, of Bramshott, and Captain Scruton, of Witley, who had charge of the arrangements and conduct of the event.

The weather was ideal, and the course, which was laid over field, hill and valley, was pronounced by the runners as one of the best they had ever competed on, from the standpoint of being well laid out, as well as being over country that brought out the real quality and endurance of the contestants.

Six Areas were represented, namely: London, Seaford, Shorncliffe, Witley, Bexhill, and Bramshott. There were ten men on a team, with eight to qualify in the scoring of points. These teams won the right

to represent their areas through the winning of their respective area championships.

The Canadian Machine Gun Depot Team, of Seaford, who have figured prominently in such races as Mitcham race, where they finished second to the Dragoons, again at Raynes Park in the Home Counties Cross-Country Championship they made a splendid showing, and at Epsom Downs on March 6th they won the three mile time trial race.

This team has been in continuous training since last October, and Lieut. S. Gardner attributes the success of his team in the Bramshott Race to the splendid condition of his men, and the experience gained in many previous races of the same nature. The C.T.S. team finished second, and to them the real laurels should go, owing to the fact that none of their team has been back from France more than six weeks. They have only been together as a team for one month, and they have done all their training in the little spare time they could snatch between their training and study periods. Out of the team of ten there are five of their number wearing Military Decorations won on the field of battle. This team also had the honour of having the first man to cross the finish tape.

While the honours are being handed out, however, to Young Soldiers' Battalion Team, of Bramshott, who finished third in the championship fixture, must come in for a good share. This team of youngsters, most of whom have not yet seen their eighteenth birthday, are as game a little team as ever stepped on to a course, and what they lack in experience they make up for in grit and a never-say-die spirit. They won the Bramshott Area Cross-Country Championship on March 6th against a field of six teams with sixteen men on a team, and had their first ten men finish in the remarkably good time of 29 minutes. In the C.M.A.A. race they got their first man in seventh place.

The Witley Team got fourth place, Shorncliffe fifth, and London sixth.

The individual honours go to Cadet R. R. Swann, of Bexhill, who led the field by a good margin over the entire course and finished in good shape in 29.55, which was good time over such a hard course. Cadet Swann remarked after the race that had he been pushed at all he felt he could have clipped over a minute off his time. Snider, of Witley, finished second in 30.5, and Phillips, of Seaford, who is a well-known figure in many of the races held in London and vicinity, finished third in 30.9.

Teams' standing according to points:	
Seaford.....	78 points.
Bexhill.....	124 points.
Bramshott.....	170 points.
Witley.....	231 points.
Shorncliffe.....	270 points.
London.....	377 points.

A note which is worthy of comment in connection with this race is the fact that 59 out of the 60 starters finished. The only man to drop out met with an accident as he was taking the only jump on the course, and had to discontinue the race on account of a sprained ankle.

The competitors were loud in their praise of the treatment received at the hands of the Bramshott Athletic Association, who had arranged for their accommodation during their stay in Bramshott. The teams arrived in Bramshott on Tuesday, and were taken over the course by Captain L. R. Warn and Lieut. Geo. A. Carson.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. kindly provided refreshments for the competitors after the race.

Colonel J. G. Rattray, D.S.O., President of the Bramshott Athletic Association, was one of the many prominent persons at the race. Colonel Rattray is a great lover of good clean sport, and never loses an opportunity to show his keen interest in any event which tends towards the upkeep of the spirit and morale of the troops.

Officials

Starter:—Brig.-General F. S. Meighen, C.M.G.
 Judges:—Bramshott: Lieut.-Col. C. F. de Salis, Lieut.-Col. R. W. Frost, D.S.O., and Lieut. D. H. Tomlinson.

Recorders:—Bramshott: Capt. L. R. Warn and Lieut. C. S. Tubbs. Shorncliffe: Lieut. C. M. Lee.

Timers:—Witley: Capt. H. C. Patterson. Shorncliffe: Capt. F. H. Miller.

Judges of Course:—Bramshott: Major G. G. Morriss and Capt. C. F. Porteous, M.C.

Clerk of Course:—Bramshott: Lieut. Geo. A. Carson.

Capt. Kirk Greene, of Argyll House, represented the C.M.A.A.

Brig.-General F. S. Meighen, C.M.G., complimented the winners on their fine showing, and presented the prizes which were given by the C.M.A.A., a Silver Cup for first team, won by C.M.G. of Seaford; Gold Medals for individual prizes to winners



VISIT OF GENERAL TURNER TO C.T.S. ON MARCH 22nd.

on first team, and Silver Medals to the winners on the second team.

Oh! What a "Brain Wave."

Question: What do you understand by fire discipline, and how would you teach it in billets?

Answer: To teach fire discipline one would first give a lecture to explain that fire discipline was the control they would have to have of themselves if fire broke out. That they would have to stand by their bunks and have all their kit beside them; that they would be taken in charge by an N.C.O. or senior soldier and marched quietly out of the building with their kit; that on no account would shouting or noise be allowed, and everyone would help the other without excitement or jostling—this they would do when the fire alarm sounded. The Fire Picquet would stand to their posts. After a few talks, have fire drill detailing the different companies or platoons to go out by different doors.

An actual answer given on one of the recent O.T.C. examination papers.

Small child: "Mamma, why does that little officer make them halt so often?"

Fond parent: "Oh, that's to let him catch up to them and get another head start."

BOOK OF REGIMENTAL NUMBERS.

By CAPT. R. F. WILLIAMS.

Verily the ways of the Editor are hard. With whips and with winged words and (on occasion) with whiskey doth he force the Scribe to his labours.

(Signed) THE SCRIBE.

Now it came to pass that the land of the Hill of Bex did see strange sights.

Marching and counter-marching—

And No. 5 Company did win the Cup and all men were pleased (save only Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 Companies).

Nevertheless we broke bread with No. 5 Company and our hearts were gladdened with wine, and Captain Holloway did make a speech.

Moreover the Colonel (who is also called the Commandant) said it was a dam fine speech and did smile.

And No. 5 Company did smile and Captain Holloway did smile right merrily.

Therefore smiled we all, even we who had not won the Cup, and were glad—

For that evening

But on the morrow we did awake right early in the morning and did thirst, and our heads ached within us and we did drink much water

But for a short time.

Thus the Course ended and the Cadets did depart from us.

For on the 2nd day of the 7th month of the 4th year of the war many stalwart sons of the Band of Canada did descend upon us saying, "Teach us, we pray you, to march 1-2-3-4 even as our brethren who came before us. Teach us also P.T. and B.F.

Make officers of us and men, yea, men worthy to hold our place in the great band of Canada's sons.

Teach us also, we pray you, how to kill the Bosche and to end the war, for we are weary of it. Yet will we fight on, even unto the end, for in sooth wise men do tell us that the first ten years will cause us most weariness of spirit. But we believe them not.

And we took them and gave them sergeants and drilled them.

Wherefore us the Instructors they hated, but hated they the Sergeants more.

In cheerfulness of spirit drilled we them and in equal cheer they drilled—

Till evil tidings came upon us.

For there rose up prophets amongst us who spake and said, "Rejoice, while ye may yet rejoice, for your days of rejoicing are few. The Colonel (whom ye also call the Commandant) is departing from amongst you."

oft times before had such rumours reached us, but the Colonel (yea, even the Commandant) had instructed us and said, "Believe not these matters, for I myself will tell you if such things shall come to pass."

Therefore we continued our work in faith.

Mightily we strove with the bayonet, swiftly we marched, so that health and strength grew apace upon us.

Great men of war came and viewed us and almost we lost our heads giving the Eyes Right, Front, and Left.

But there came after them a man greater in war even than they who had gone before him.

His name was Turner, a V.C. was he and a General, yea, even a Lieutenant-General, strong and mighty to battle.

He also viewed us and spake kindly words to us and our hearts warmed within us.

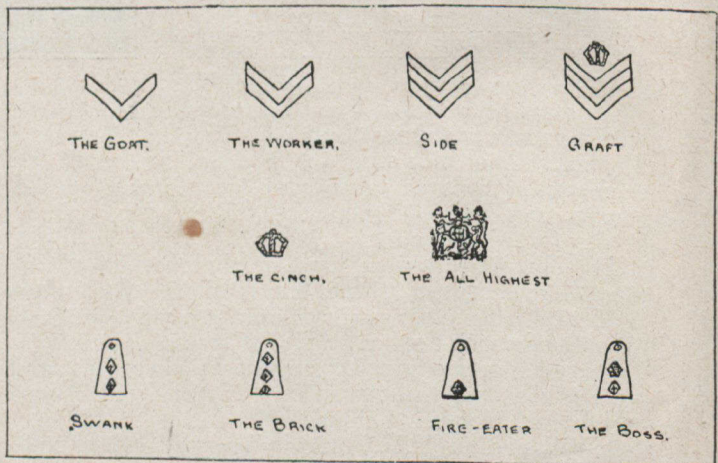
And the Commandant smiled and was pleased. But the C.I. smiled not at all, but spake and said "Hun!! Stand steady the Band," and strove to look displeased.

Nevertheless in his chamber he smileth greatly and sayeth, "Of a surety the Band stand steady and also the Cadets, but I must perform my duties."

* * *

Then rent we our garments (such amongst us who had old tunics), for verily were we stricken and sore amazed.

For the word of the Commandant went forth and we betook ourselves (pondering deeply) unto the Pole which is called Metro, even unto Room 2 thereof.



(By kind permission of the "Vic's Patrol.")

We who are humble and lowly
 Who are called Instructors
 Of whom the Cadets do say, "Verily he hath a worthless word of command"—"I myself am smarter than he"—"He knoweth not of what he lectureth, whether it be at rest or on the move"—
 —"Why came we to this rotten spot?"

Yet they abide and go not hence.
 And when we were gathered together the Colonel (whom we had been wont to call the Commandant) spake and said, "Aforetime Commandant was I, but not now. Commandant I was, Brigadier I am.

Look ye therefore upon your new Commandant."

[But truly he said, "Damm it, I've got promotion and it's all through you fellows. Thank you. Here's Cameron. Play the game with him as you've played it with me and the C.T.S. won't fall down.]

Thus is modesty exemplified in all her children. Thus and thus took we our oath and made allegiance.

Sorrows always for him who has gone.
Striving heartily for him who has come.
Congratulating both.

We came, we strive, we succeed. And the spirit of the School is with us.

For we have the Commandant bequeathed to us by the Commandant (who is now called the Brigadier) and in him we trust.

Always

The Bosche may come, may strive, may sacrifice, but they will not succeed.

For knowledge and leadership.

For courage and Canada.

And the King over all.

Thus sayeth

THE SCRIBE.

The Aftermath.

When School's last lecture is finished,
And the notes are copied and dried,
When the oldest blue print has faded,
And the crash of our marching has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it,
Lie down for a fortnight or two,
Till the D.C., Reserve Battalion,
Shall call us to work anew.

Then those that were good shall be happy,
They shall ride 1st class on the trains,
They shall sport a new Sam Browne proudly,
And kid all the world they've got brains.
They shall have real men to drill with,
Short ones, medium and tall,
They shall march twenty miles before breakfast,
And never grow tired at all.

And none but the Colonel shall praise us,
And none but the Colonel shall blame,
And no one shall lack for money,
And no one shall lack for fame.
For each hath the joy of commanding,
And each to his two bright stars
Shall hitch the affairs of the Empire,
And thus sally forth to the wars.

"INSTONIAN."

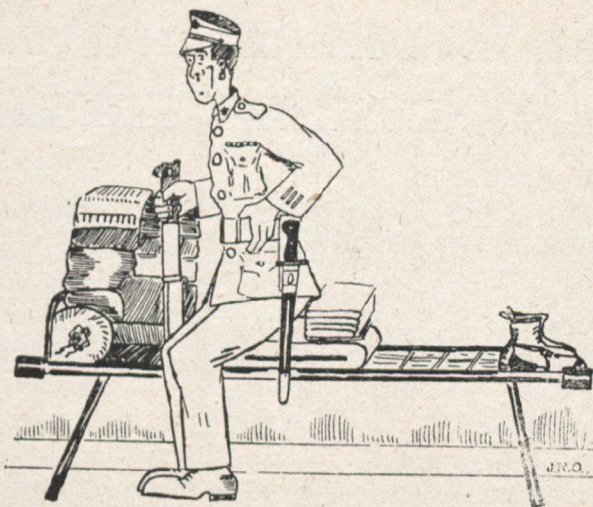
Not via The Canadians.

The following story is told of General McDonell, Commanding the 1st Canadian Division.

While entertaining Sir Douglas Haig one afternoon at Divisional Headquarters he expressed his eagerness for a "scrap" with Fritz after the past weeks of inactivity.

"Well," said Sir Douglas, "I see Hindenberg boasts of being in Paris by April 1st, so that you will probably get all the fighting you wish for."

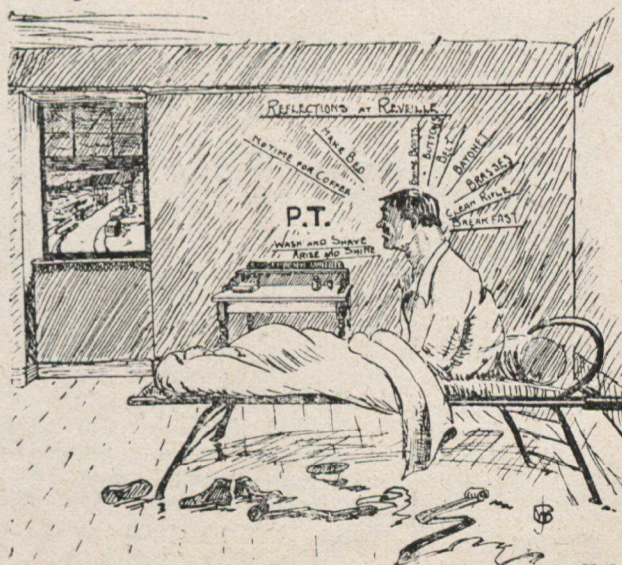
"Oh yes, sir," replied General McDonell, "but if he's going to be in Paris by April the first, he is evidently going around some other way."



That sinking feeling—when at 8.47 a.m. you remember that your gloves are at the bottom of your kit bag.

A Canadian Soldier's Welcome to his American Cousins.

You drove our loyalist fathers forth
In those sad years of civil strife,
To find 'mid forests of the North
An exile's home, a saddened life:
Their sons no more shall talk of blame,
Or say they chose the purer light,
For both were fired by patriot flame,
And both, we trust, were somehow right.
'Tis quite one hundred years and more
Since that loud day at Lundy's Lane,
Whose pauses heard Niagara's roar
Play for the guns a fit refrain.
That living hate has turned to dust,
Forgot is now that ancient wrong,
And buried all that dark mistrust
Which kept up foeman for so long.
We stand at length as brothers should
Who spoke the tongue which Shakespeare knew,
Our arms are strong, our cause is good,
Accept from us a welcome true.



A HOPELESS DAWN.

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER

From the Diary of Samuel Pepys,
Lieut. Attd. Canadian Training School, Bexhill

SHORNCLIFFE.

Nov. 13th.—A murky day, with mist blanketing this southern part of England. And a damp day for travelling, forasmuch as Captain Reid, our Adjutant, did tell me that I must fare forth to a school of training. Am mightily vexed that after two years I may not yet see France but again become a school-boy. But no help and so to the station and to Bexhill, where the school doth lie.

BEXHILL.

Nov. 14th.—Have arrived and interview a staff sergeant, who doth send me to the Metropole Tavern, whereat I marvel greatly that such a fine hostel be given over to military purposes. But so it is and I ensconced therein. And the staff sergeant doth tell me that I shall to No. 2 Company and thus I report myself to the Commander of this Company. And verily, a proper gentleman and withal a merry one, in that he doth laugh at my desire to make short cuts through the course to France. "Four months," saith he, and I amazed. Yet I warily venture to "swing the lead" whereby perchance I may pass by the infantry course and take "Trench warfare," which I sadly need. But the merry eye doth winkle and the lead drops with a thump as the Captain doth speak of my working for the credit of my company and mine own and repeats "Four months." And so to bed.

Nov. 15th.—Am awakened before dawn by a fanfare of the trumpet, and dressing with haste seek the fire. But it is no alarm, but only the call for parade. And I astonished, for that the sun hath not yet risen, and the sea mist-covered and the land dark and dismal. Perchance, thought I, hopefully, the bugler has had nightmare and awaked too soon. But a throng streaming down halls and corridors—and I follow and find coffee and biscuits served in the "Winter Garden." And wintry I find it and chill. And so I drink of the coffee nearly to choke when startled by the bugler having yet another fit. And so outdoors.

The mist has crept over the land, and the streets cold and dank. I see parades fall in and seek in the fog for Number Two. Successively I find myself with Number Five and Number One, and stand perplexed in the roadway. And the morning air is stirred and the fog torn aside by a thunderous roar "GETONPARADE!" and I buffeted and trampled by a rush in the half light, and awake to find myself in the midst of a neat close column formation. Which I hear is Number Two; and so I Fall In.

And Physical Training, planned for the Gladiators of Rome, the athletes of the Olympic games, the C.A.G.S. and other such phalanxes of noble and boisterous vigorous manhood; but of a sooth not for such as I and the chubby captain of the infantry beside me. And he puffed but valiant; I bewildered and without control of arms and legs for in that I seem to have more than my usual complement and with hazy ideas wherewith to put them.

And so in to breakfast; before which I must shave and dress. And smart I will look in my new breeches of Bedford cord which Mr. Cummings of the Hudson's Bay Company did make for me; and the new coat with the brass buttons of the Winnipeg Grenadiers. But alas! it is not to be. My servant doth hand me a pair of nondescript trousers, of execrable cut and ill-fitting, though withal clean. And a shirt of the same kind which he doth tell me it were best for me to wear, they being regulation. Whereat I do sadly put away my bright garments and select an older coat and heavy shoes, for I have a premonition that of a sooth something is going to happen.

At 8.40 I again step outdoors. It is still misty and the air hath a raw tang to it as the wind sweeps in from the sea. It comforteth me that my web belt and bayonet and the light and serviceable rifle are clean and that I shall not be checked by my captain. But my mind misgives me for the trousers, which have all the ill-moods and vexatious trifles that are inevitable with such disreputable garments. I endeavour to turn them up where they billow over my boot tops. Then saith the Sergeant-Major loudly, "GETONPARADE!" And I lost in the shuffle. Then the dressing of the parade, and all smart for inspection, and stood at ease. Again those trousers and I bend to roll them. And the Sergeant-Major "Shun!" and I nervous. Clumsily I drop my rifle and knock off my hat trying to retrieve it. And the chubby captain chuckling and I shivering with cold and hot with nervousness.

And the parade doth march off to a little park for inspection. And I amazed at the pace, which is speedier than ever I have seen. And the Captain calling "Onetwothreefour!" fast as tongue could utter and the Sergeant-Major "Leftrightleft!" But I find the step short and the pace doth suit my short but active legs and soon am used to it.

Then doth comes the Bayonet Fighting, which doth please me. And I "In-out-in" with the best of them though a fellow officer doth almost bring to further disrepute my vexatious trousers with his bayonet. For he not carry his rifle at the high port but the bayonet down, which I discovered before he did. This for an hour, and then to lecture. And much wholesome advice from Colonel Critchley, to the Officers and to the Cadets. And I find there are two companies of Officers and four companies of Cadets, which Cadets having carried themselves well and truly on the field of battle do now come to be trained to hold the King's Commission; and many bold and gallant gentlemen among them. Some with the Military Cross, the Military Medal, and indeed all honours of our British Army represented; even two V.C.'s.

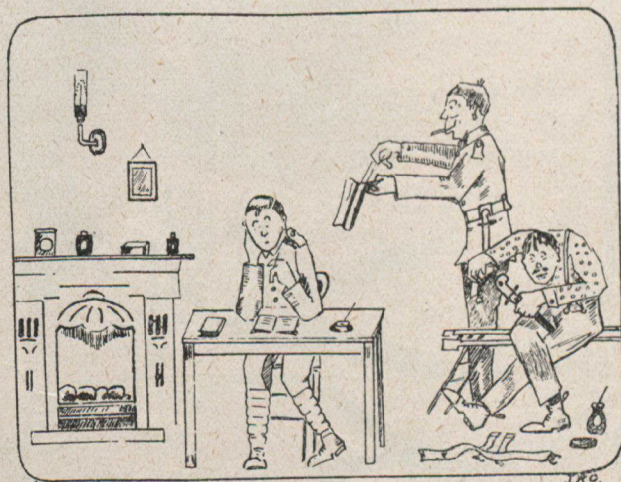
And after lecture an hour of drill. And Captain Scott mightily efficient. Again the "Onetwothreefour!" and the "Leftrightleft!" And officers and sergeant-instructors very patient so that we indeed very soon absorb the "spirit of pep" that imbues our Company Commander and his staff. This until half after twelve.

Then dinner and parade again at forty after one. And we "Leftrightleft!" to the Entrenching Area, whereat we are to be instructed in field engineering.

And I valiant with a spade (the smallest which did lie thereabout). And then I am Number four of the Pump Squad and we do pump dry a dugout. And I pleased with my job as Number four, which doth consist chiefly in watching the water run out of the hose pipe when the others do pump. And right merrily it comes out, but I am not puffed up with pride. It has ever been the custom of the Pepys to do the allotted task with becoming modesty as doth befit the noble name. Then I into a trench and greatly assist; but my advice is disregarded and one Goater doth strike me with a shovel; a boorish person. So I leave them and seek my shovel, for I find it comfortable to lean upon. And after work is done, we gaily cheer our football team which doth play another company. And an exciting game and our company excited withal. And a goal scored by our side, whereat we do clang shovels and beat entrenching tools. And boisterously throw shovels in the air. And I fearful of the sergeant demanding payment for the handle which doth come down and crack on my head. And I cheer no more, but am subdued. But the spade safely stowed away without notice and back we go to the hotel.

And dinner at fifteen minutes of the hour at 6 o'clock. And I seat heartily and then for a stroll. But all lights are shrouded from the street for fear of raiding enemies. And so into lamp-posts and walls, that it becomes perilous. And I walk by the sea and fall off the promenade, so back again to quarters. And very tired with the strenuous day. And so to bed.

LIEUT. T. WAYLING.



Heard on the Prom.

Young Thing: "And have you been to France?"
 Cadet: "Yes."

Young Thing: "Oh, do tell me what it is that you regard as the most trying moment of your experiences."

Cadet: "Well, it's a case of anticipation versus realisation. It was the moment I discovered that a skilfully camouflaged jug of rum—wasn't."

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Before —

"On the "ands — down!" (that periscope tendency)

The P.T. Instructor —

that lighter-than-air feeling

"leg-raising — one"

"trunk bending backwards — one"

— the rugby team gets a little work-out too —

— that Monday-morning look

on the left hand — turn

leap-frog

— or as most of us regard him, The Villain in the plot

— and After.

the "dismiss"

balancing exercise (a sure test)

left up — right up

le pressurier 26 10 17

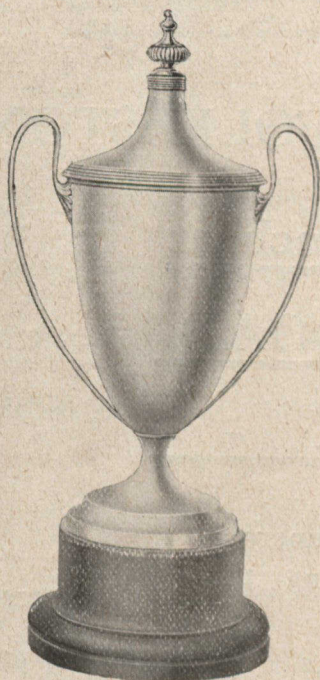
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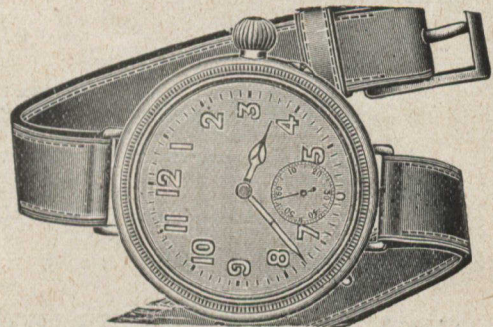
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