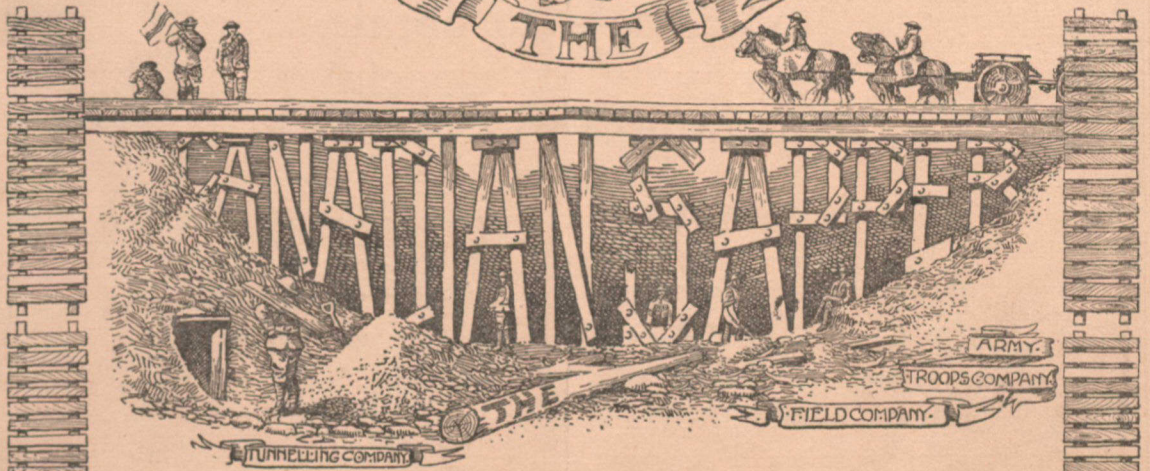
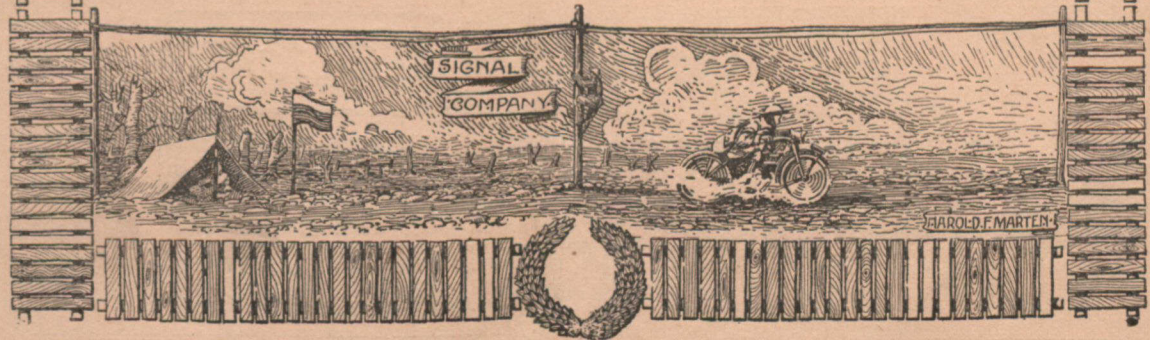


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NOVEMBER, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## PEACE.

We received the glorious news of the cessation of hostilities and the German surrender as "The Sapper" was going to press, but we cannot let the moment pass without voicing our deep thankfulness that the laws of right and freedom have been vindicated.

After four years of effort, of doubt, sometimes even of despair we emerge glorious and justified. A foe that flouted God and despised man has been taught that you "can't do wrong and get away with it."

It has cost incalculable blood and tears to wash the world clean of this monstrous abortion of perverted intellectuality and I venture to think that in the process we have also washed away much that was regrettable and archaic in our own systems.

Let us take our joy in a deep and proper spirit and with the hope that the world, through the brotherhood of sorrows, will approach something nearer to a perfect life and understanding.

J. B.

---

## THE NIGHT.

The toast "Der Tag" of the Hun Military before the war is almost forgotten. Considering this toast in the light of what has transpired, it would appear that "Der Nacht" would have been more appropriate.

Was it "THE DAY" for which you longed?  
What of "THE NIGHT" so thickly thronged,  
With darksome deeds and cowardly stealth,  
And visions of greed and unholy wealth?  
Of the serpent's glide to the hallowed nest,  
Where the mother clasps her babe to her breast?  
With the treacherous signal "All is well,"  
But a thirst in your heart only known in hell;  
A thirst for the blood of man, woman, and child,  
And heap upon heap you see them piled.

To "THE NIGHT" you drank—not the starlit night,  
Its paths strewn with lovers all faces bright;  
With Cupid astride of some tall tree top,  
Shooting his darts and watching them drop;  
And smiling his smile of innocent glee,  
As they dreamed fond dreams of homes to be;  
Of cherubs who'd come those homes to bless;  
Of infinite love—no wickedness.

You drank to "THE NIGHT" of thunderstorm;  
Of the lover from his sweetheart torn;  
Of loves destruction—of hate supreme,  
That would flow like a devastating stream;  
Till father and mother, and brother and maid,  
All plunged headlong in the mad cascade,  
Would be hurled along in the hellish tide,  
To eternal perdition—or cast aside  
To be trodden upon by the iron heel,  
Or buffeted hard by the fist of steel.

To "THE NIGHT" you drank: Do you recognize  
That night with its awful sacrifice?

But "THE NIGHT" is far spent, and the dawn is near,  
And out of the dark methinks I hear,  
The Voice of Stern Command, and I fear  
The avenger of wilful death will say  
"Found wanting—thou'rt weighed in the balance  
to-day."

Seaford, 5/11/18.

F.A.R.

## Editorial.

There is no doubt that in the near future we shall most of us be called upon to face a new situation and to decide what we are going to do when peace breaks out. To very many there is no problem at all; they will pack up and go back to their businesses, farms, or public appointments, with a great sigh of happiness and relief.

There are thousands of others who have nothing definite in sight; and the most important of these from a national point of view are the

to take up their studies where they laid them down, the Khaki University has been formed and placed upon the establishment of the army.

The period of demobilization will necessarily be a long one, and the possibility of having work to do in that period that will be both congenial and useful in shaping a career should appeal very strongly to our younger men.

Older men too. There must be a great number of men with an extensive knowledge of



### Canadian Engineers Headquarters Sub-Staff.

**Back Row**—Cpl. A. H. Lamden, Sapper J. E. Hughes, Sapper L. Mellor, L/Cpl. H. J. Wilson, L/Cpl. E. V. Reimers, L/Cpl. W. A. Hawkes, Sergt. R. R. McKibbin, Sapper R. R. Stenhouse.

**Middle Row**—Sergt. B. Quin, S/Sergt. G. M. Barr, R.S.M. Carpenter, S/Q.M.S. W. Douglas, Sergt. E. Pain, Sapper K. Strauman.

**Front Row**—Cpl. N. W. Laing, Cpl. R. S. Cawthorne, L/Cpl. C. M. Stewart.

young men who were just standing at the threshold of life when they were caught up in the great war whirlpool and jarred loose from all the ordinary conceptions of life at a time when their impressions were only half formed and their education incomplete.

\* \* \*

For the benefit of these men and to enable them immediately upon the cessation of hostilities,

some particular industry, who continue working for others because they lack the specialized business education that would enable them to go into competition on their own account.

All these men should immediately get in touch with the Khaki College as there will be a rush on it pretty soon, and first come is first served.

## Four Years of War.

By MAJOR G. R. N. COLLINS.

It is now over four years since the world was staggered by the news of the declaration of war by the various European Powers, and the strain is now relieved by the continuous flow of cheering news, which shows that the stream of victory is gaining in power. That the end is not far distant, the worst pessimist in the world cannot deny. It may not be out of place now to look back over the past four years and appreciate a few facts in regard to the progress of the campaign. Such a review can be of much good to the Colonial, because of the veil which such a review can now draw aside. It must be evident to all, that anything which could encourage the enemy, or discourage our friends, could not be uttered aloud in the days when the strain was at almost breaking point; but now that the issue is certain, we may readily admit the grave circumstances which our Statesmen had to face.

If this great Empire were to be judged by the abuse, doubts, empty vapourings, etc., which the Press has steadily published, a very false idea of the value of such an Empire must be formed. The words of Kipling admirably appreciate the situation, wherein he says:—

If England were the England that she seems,  
And not the England of our dreams;  
But only putty, brass, and paint,  
How quick we'd chuck her—BUT SHE AIN'T.

By England, of course, Kipling meant to refer to the mind that created, and, according to the public, mismanaged the Empire. That the head of the State is situated in England is sufficient to justify the common use of the word, although "Empire" would be better. Whatever term we use, however, let us acknowledge the greatness of that Empire to which we belong, dispense with the "camouflage," and appreciate the substance.

To attempt to explain all the momentous issues that had to be handled, would be to attempt the impossible, but if it is possible to deal with a few of more than ordinary interest, because of the publicity which they have received, we may learn to arrive at more genuine opinions, and perhaps reap a better after result from the mutual understanding which must result. Trying to avoid all technical phraseology, and taking only the well established facts as our guide, we may well look back and wonder that this grand Empire is yet existent, and what is more, that this Empire is the deciding factor in this war, for upon the financial power of this country, coupled with the mastery of the seas which the British Navy has secured and maintained, the success of the Allies depends.

To sum up the broad situation in 1914, Germany was ready for war. She had prepared for years, had stored immense supplies in food, ammunition, and gold, and had trained the largest Army in all Europe. Great Britain was not ready; France was re-organizing her Armies; Belgium was in the midst of a re-armament and re-organization; Russia was powerless, from the strong grip which Germany had secured on Russian public life. The Allies were not ready therefore. We are not concerned at this time with the situation of the Allied powers, but only with our own country, therefore we shall stick to that.

Great Britain was not ready for war. Why? Not because we did not know our danger; on the contrary, many able men had warned us, but because the people refused to get ready. You ask why? Because the British nation was staggering under the increasing cost of maintaining the control of the seas, as exemplified by

the Royal Navy, and which is the life of the nation, since the arteries which they protect represent the blood vessels which feed the whole Empire. Canada, without that Navy, could not have existed; our wheat is valueless unless it can be sold, and useless to the buyer unless it can be shipped, and our buyers are all overseas. Therefore, the Navy has to be maintained. But the Army has no claim upon our sentiment or pockets, and therefore is a subject of constant bickering and pruning when its cost is under discussion. Our soldiers were as wide awake as the Germans. They knew the danger, realized its extent, and did all they could to overcome the prejudice which crippled its very existence. To appreciate the power of the people in regard to the Army, let us grasp one or two plain facts.

The Army is authorized by Parliament in an Annual Act, which grants the necessary money, fixes the size, armament, etc., and makes allowance for its maintenance for the period of one year. That Act comes up for review annually, and it is the politician elected by the people, who must cast his vote to increase the size of the force. Increased expenditure means increased taxes, and draws the attention of every ratepayer to the man who created the extra tax. The Government suffers by the retaliation which the people can and will make. For this reason, our Army did not grow, despite the threat which our soldiers appreciated, and tried to make the public realize. It is not to our credit that a man who served us in a hundred battles, was described as "in his dotage," when he plainly stated the truth in regard to Germany. What applies to Britain, also applies to Canada, Australia, and every other part of the Empire, for the creation of the Army depended upon the annual goodwill of the people. Our soldiers wisely adopted other methods. Formerly, the Army demanded seven years' service from the Volunteer, but the short service, or three year enlistment Act was passed, and the number of men trained annually was increased by training two and one-third the number at the same cost. The soldiers went further, and established a standard that meant that every soldier was qualified for higher employment in his profession. The N.C.O.s and men were trained to perfection, physically and professionally, and were quite competent to become instructors to the masses, which history told us, would flock to their country's call. The officers were trained for higher command, and we can rightly claim that the British Expeditionary Force was quite easily the most efficient Army that ever took the field. What it lacked in quantity, it made up for in quality. In round numbers, it only represented 75,000 fighting men, but it proved that it was equal to fifteen times that number, or one and a quarter million men, for it actually repelled that number of Germans. The Territorial Force, the equivalent of our Canadian Militia, but more permanent in actual numbers, was as well trained as any force can be, when the individual enthusiasm of the members can decide the amount of training taken, and proved a good first line support to the Army, in as much as it was able to relieve our forces from garrison duty abroad, whilst its best units took their places in the trenches beside the gallant "Contemptibles."

It may be of interest to many to know, that the real reason why the First Canadian Division spent three months on Salisbury Plains, was not because of lack of discipline, as was so slanderously stated by many who were not fit to serve as lackies to a force of its calibre, but because there was nowhere in England at that time, a force sufficiently advanced in personnel and equipment, to take the field and repel any attempt at invasion of this country, and they were therefore

placed at the strategic centre of England. It may be as well to say, that by strategic centre, we mean that point from which we can best entrain and move large forces to any threatened point of attack.

At the outbreak of war, therefore, we were lacking in men. Not only were we lacking in men, but we were also lacking in all the equipment that is necessary for a soldier proceeding on service. At once we had to establish factories for the manufacture of cloth, leather equipment, web sets, tools, wagons, guns, ammunition, aircraft, barrack accommodation, ships, trains, railway lines, motor transport, etc., etc., etc. Look around you and see the amount of equipment which your unit carries, and which other units carry, and try to appreciate the thousands of articles which are in daily use. Let your thoughts go farther, and try to appreciate how many men and women, machines, manufactories, etc., were necessary to produce one set. Try to estimate what it means when you multiply that quantity by ten millions, and you will realize all that it meant to commence to equip an Army of millions. The preparatory work, before a single article of equipment could be produced, involved months of labour, and the use of thousands of men and women. To read the papers, one would almost imagine that certain individuals walked into an office, gazed into space, expressed a wish that certain things should appear, and lo! as if by magic, the articles appeared from nowhere. No talk of preparation, no mention of the manufacture and installation of machinery, concentration of the natural products involving shipment across the seas in many cases, refining, and subsequent manufacture and assembly, but a mysterious word of mouth operation involving neither time, labour, or material.

Years would not suffice for some of these enterprises. We had to get the men, the material with which to equip them, manufacture first the factories and their equipment, and later produce the results.

Let it be remembered that the first call of the late Lord Kitchener was for three thousand. If he had asked for more, he would have got them, but he could not have equipped them. As his resources were developed, he made his further calls, and ultimately, when he was able, he made his final law, which brought all classes to the Colours. What would have been the result of earlier conscription? His factories would have been depleted of their staff, no trained women would have been available to take their places, and stagnation would have crippled our forces. Very wisely, our calls were made as we were ready to cope with them, and their effects had been annulled by organized labour.

Whilst this building up process was in progress, the enemy was not idle. Victory was his, but he could not exploit it. He had found that he could dampen the British vigour, but he could not kill it. It still held him. Our thin line was holding bravely, and could not spare a man. Its calls for equipment were heart rending, and all that could be said to them was "Wait, it is coming as soon as we have it ready." Meanwhile, the Statesmen had to protect an Empire which was world-wide in its extent. The importance of our Eastern possessions asserted itself, and we were forced to look at fields of operations that seemed remote from the main issues of the war. Look at your atlas, and view our main artery which ran through the Suez Canal. Note the importance of that water route to the British supplies from the East, and at once you will see that the most dangerous part of our Imperial anatomy lays in that narrow neck. The wise armchair critic bemoans the entrance of Turkey into the war, and says that we should have secured her good will to the Allied cause. Let your memory go back to the time of the Balkan

wars, and ask yourself for whom you cheered. Was it for the Turk, or for the other Balkan States? You will remember that it was for the other States, and from that date the German energy was devoted to the Pan-German plan, whereby they hoped to establish a through route via Turkey, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, to the Persian Gulf, with its direct outlet to India. Meanwhile, the Germans had established a chain of agents in Persia, Afghan, India, and were doing their utmost to create strife in our far away possessions. Try to imagine what would have been the result of a submarine base in the Persian Gulf. Germany had figured on that, and therefore she had promoted an Anti-British feeling in Turkey, and had gained control in that country. Our soldiers and sailors who were previously employed in the Turkish Army and Navy were replaced by Germans, and our fate in the great war was sealed. The people and the Press, which had expressed their views, had killed our chance in Turkey. When war broke out, Germany at once turned to her double attraction, a submarine base in the Persian Gulf, and an attack on the Suez Canal, whereby she hoped to stifle the British interests in the East, and, with her agents, she hoped to give us another Indian Mutiny, and thus split our forces. We were quick to act, however. Despite our weakness, the ill-fated but glorious Mesopotamian Field Forces were launched at one point of danger, whilst another effort was made in the Dardanelles, and they accomplished their plan. They first divided the Turkish forces into two fields of operations, and they blocked the German plans. The situation had been saved when the one force made its final surrender, and the other had been withdrawn. The Turks had made their efforts and failed at Suez, and we had been able to accumulate sufficient men and material to be able to say that we no longer need fear the Turko-German forces in the East. The situation had changed, and we may now safely look at the past in fairness, and acknowledge the wise judgment of those who forestalled the German plan at a cost which is small, were it not for the splendid material which we lost, as a penalty for our unreadiness. Their memories will live, and they played no less a part in our success than those who bore the fighting on the Western Front. The Salonica Forces were of equal importance. To withdraw them meant naval bases on the Mediterranean, and what had been lost at the Turkish front would have been gained further west. When we discuss the "blunders" of the Government, do we always make sure of our facts? It will little serve our futures if we are to go back to Canada with ideas which were prepared in the "Waily Gale" or the "Local Grouch," and allow our enemies to continue their preconceived ideas of our intelligence.

The Press successfully fooled the enemy by its mutterings of general lassitude and inactivity on the part of the Government, but unfortunately it likewise fooled our own people. Look around you and think, and ask yourself the question, "Where could I find another body, be it State, Directorate, Company, or whatever its organization, that could have built up, maintained, financed, and regulated a moving nation in a field of fury, such as the Army represents to-day?" It would be difficult to find, and it must be no less a surprise to find that those nations whom we thought the acme of perfection in organization, should find their master in the "Decadent British race." One to find herself beaten to her knees, and the other to rely upon the industry, enterprise, and power of organization to develop and utilize her own marvellous resources.

As Canadians, let us look to a future wherein Canada is going to take her place as a nation, with her



industries supplying the world. To accomplish this, we must know our markets. A country of seven millions should know more of a country which can produce a city of that number, and the possibilities of the country which houses the numbers which this country contains, must offer a field of operations in which many of our interests must have a reflected part. Beyond this country lie many others, whom our commerce should reach, and the day should not be far distant when the ships of the world can travel in continuous

voyage to the head of our great lakes, carrying to us those articles which we require, and returning with our goods for those who need them. It requires a broader vision than we have had hitherto, and every private soldier is an agent to awaken that interest. Again I say, "Look around you and appreciate the good from all you see, and carry it back to your own country to be used in the interests of the Canada we love," but "Don't judge the book by the cover."

# FACIES' NO 1



Don't forget, the rifle kills at one mile;

## Jamunition.

After an issue of strawberry jam (turnips and wooden seeds) my thoughts drifted to the good old days, when "ma" made jam out of real berries.

Now, this is jam and preserve time at home, and, in many kitchens, from Halifax to Vancouver, there is a stuttering noise, which sounds like a family of wild dishes, clattering the wrong way up a one-way street. It is the old kitchen orchestra turning up its kitchen acoustics. The kitchen orchestra is the only band that is led with a spoon. While Mary is tuning up the "G" string on the old washboiler, mother is testing out the treble on the kitchen stove. Sister is running a few practice bar octaves on the colander, while dad is rattling off a few bars on the recipes.

Yes, sir, this is the time of the year when the sweetest harmony in the works is the yard of cooking chords out of the cookery book. Music has charms to soothe the savage beast, and the sweetest music to a soldier's ears is a flock of treble and bass notes out of Mrs. Cookie's well-known hymn book. All the world knows that jam will knock the Kaiser loose from his Pin Lizzie, and a jam and preserve venetta has busted out from the pish country to Vancouver.

Jam will win the war. The Somme was some big jar to the Kaiser's whizz bang gang. Verdun was another; but the biggest jar of all is the jam jar.

From recent letters from home I glean there have been millions of new fangled inventions designed to assist young housewives in defeating apples, cherries, tomatoes, string beans, and carrots. A juvenile wife will attack the "jarring" game with more paraphernalia than a drummer has to play in a jazz band. She will buy automatic kitchen linoleum, three play cooking books, and six cylinder cooking pots, and her canning and jarring tournament will turn out to be a foul ball.

But when granny and mother set out to do a little jarring, all the apparatus they need is a set of elbows and the old wash boiler. They toss the apples into the old boiler, cook 'em until they go democratic, shovel 'em out into the jars, and the result is, the finest jelly you ever aimed your face at, multiplied by six.

Mate, when you steer some of that real old fashioned apple jelly towards your epiglottis, you should not care whether the "Old man" holds a few extra parades or not.

It is the greatest stuff in the world to give morale before going "O'r the Top," and it was cooked in an old battered wash boiler without the aid of heliographs, telegraphs, or even a flag waggon.

The wash boiler is equivalent to a battle cruiser of the first line.

An ancient wash boiled, with mother at the steering wheel, has a cruising radius of 10,000 preserving miles, and wash boilers are being launched all over Canada, at the rate of 11 boilers to every 14 feet of laundry on the old back yard wash line. A fleet of wash boilers loaded to the gunwales with boiling preserves is steaming up and down each neighbourhood in each city in the country.

On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays the boiler is loaded to the ears with steaming preserves, and buzzing away like a soused fullerphone operator.

Well, mate, can you beat this far raving about nothing in general. All on a 10/- pay, and you know the prices in the Seaford estaminets. The kick has wore off, so nappo.

OSCAR PUTZ, Signals.

## The Canadian Engineer.

### His Responsibilities.

#### 1. Esprit de Corps.

The Canadian Engineer is a member of the finest branch of the most efficient Army Corps in France—that means in the world.

It is a great honour to be a Canadian Engineer. We should be very jealous of that honour, and not only uphold it in every way ourselves, but insist on this high standard being kept up by all other Engineers.

The red and blue "C.E." badge is universally known and respected; this respect has been gained by efficient work and much hardship, and at the cost of many lives. Take pride in your unit; show it by your neatness, smartness, and general good conduct, which denote good discipline. When discipline is fostered by "Esprit de Corps" it becomes a pleasure and second nature to do the right thing.

#### 2. Technical Advisers.

The Canadian Engineers are the technical advisers of the Canadian Corps. Our advice and work must be sound and reliable.

In order to fulfill these conditions, we must be thoroughly familiar with our work, and never be satisfied with just "good enough," but continually strive to improve, in order that we may efficiently carry out any job.

#### 3. Supervision.

We are responsible for the quality and quantity of all work done under our orders, and should therefore personally supervise all jobs.

Offer advice and supervision even if unasked, provided it is seen that such is required.

#### 4. Results.

The word and work of a Canadian Engineer must be absolutely reliable.

The Engineer motto is "UBIQUE" (everywhere), consequently foster initiative and be ready to advise, work, or fight, at any and all times.

The Canadian Engineers have never started a job without completing it. There are no such words as "Can't" and "Impossible" in our dictionary.

The question "What more can I do to help win the war?" should be continually before us, and the suggestions and ideas brought out by that query should be put to practical use without delay.

#### 5. Economy.

Cut out pet schemes—they waste time as well as lives, and in most cases are extravagant in the use of materials. Practice and preach economy in labour and materials.

#### 6. Co-Operation.

Co-operate with all branches of the service; make friends. You may need them some day, and they will certainly need you. Exercise tact in your dealings with others.

It is our duty always to give advice, supervision, labour, etc., to the other branches, and only expect in return their co-operation and goodwill—they have nothing else to give the Engineer. We sometimes do not appreciate this, and expect too much from those whom it is our duty to assist.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



**CAPT. BIRBECK.**

Enlisted with R.C.H.A., February 3rd, 1895, and remained with this Unit 18 years. Transferred to Canadian Signal Staff as Assistant Instructor with 1st class Warrant Rank, 1912. On outbreak of war assisted mobilization of 1st Divisional Signal Compy. Left Canada with 1st Signal Compy., October, 1914, and proceeded to France, February, 1915. Returned to England, March, 1916, for instructional duty with C.E.T.D. as Riding Instructor (W.O. 1st class). Received Commission, October, 1916. Promoted Captain, February, 1918. Riding Master, C.S.M.E., May, 1918.



**1918!!**

To R.S.M., 3rd C.E.R.B.

Dear Sir—

Complaints are hereby put into your hands for immediate attention. The last two meals of to-day were absolutely rotten, supper being of grease and water, with two or three bones.

Would like hot rations late to-night.

Give this your kind and considerate attention soon as possible, please. Witness secured.

Your obedient servant, Sergt. \_\_\_\_\_  
(Commanding Guard).

## Seaford Khaki College.

The College is now almost exactly a year old, quite a well-established Seaford institution, in fact. But there are still a good many features of our work which are less known than they should be. For instance:

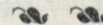
**Our address** is Sutton Place, corner of Sutton and Eastbourne Roads, about 100 yards from North Camp, if you go out by the entrance to the 2nd C.E.R.B. lines, near the Garrison Church.

**We teach** all ordinary school, University, and technical subjects, including business, languages, engineering, etc. What we fancy especially just now is the courses in English and history. In particular, there is a course in novel-reading just starting. It will answer the question, "What are the most interesting books, and how can one get the most enjoyment out of them?"

**It costs you** just one shilling to register as a student, and nothing at all to take as many classes as you like. At home, you would pay big fees for no better teaching.

**We are not** a duty, or a substitute for training, or a "bomb proof" of any kind. **We are** a relief from the dullness of an evening, with nothing to do, and the evenings are getting dark and rainy. Our classes start at 18.00, or 6 p.m. as we used to call it, every day except Saturday and Sunday; and our library is open Saturday and Sunday afternoon and evening as well.

How about that course you had to leave unfinished when you joined up? Forgotten a good deal of it already, haven't you? Why not take a "refresher" with us? Or perhaps you never had a chance to get much education, and have often wished you had. Well, here is your chance now. Not only the future, but most of the present, belongs to the man who makes the best of his brains.



## The "Whys" Men's Corner.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Which officer in the 1st C.E.R.B. took a dip in the duck pond? And was it to get over the effects of a previous bath?

Who is the Q.M.S. that stole the affections of a certain sapper's Seaford inamorata while the said sapper was away on seven days' leave?

Advice to sappers with girls in Seaford:—"Beware of three stripes, a British warm covering a cold, cruel heart, and THOSE DINKY SPURS."

Who is the tall sapper who persists in shouting, without regard to the occasion, "Storm Troops, 'Shun!"

Recruit, to pompous Instructor: "Do we wear them flammerwerfers next to the skin in France, sir?"

How much did Staff-Captain Kennedy, M.C., lose in the correct salute argument?

If there is any truth in the rumour that the band is going to use the three balls sign outside their hut, after their business with other hands?

How long has the 3rd C.E.R.B. been a Mounted Unit? Or why do certain N.C.O.s of that Unit parade the town in belts and spurs?

Who was responsible for putting the Victory War Bond poster on the 1st C.E.R.B. notice board, "Yours not to do or die, yours to buy War Bonds?"



### Capt. Bennet's Company.

We all extend our greetings to Lieut. D. J. Hadley, who joined us lately. Members of Major Shergold's Company will remember him as a former member of the "Blue and Whites."

Sorry to notice that Mr. Paine is again in hospital, and hope he may be with us again soon.

We are now engaged in making light of the dark nights.

The "Night Dalys" have established a record that even Barnum and Baileys would envy. Mobility the watchword.

Has anyone around seen old "Fig"? Congratulations on his promotion to the "Pips" Mess.

But Cheetham states that there is no truth in the rumour that he will run a short order house apres la guerre.

The mail orderly is still waiting for those letters that were never posted.

### Lieut.-Col. Rolston's Battalion.

Congratulations to Col. Rolston upon receiving the D.S.O. We hope that our popular C.O. may go on from glory to glory.

It is recounted that a certain sapper in this Company was ordered to erect a sign "Dangerous" before a number of dud Hun shells. Imagine the horror of the officer who found him driving the stake into the ground with one of the aforesaid duds. We are glad to state that the sapper is still intact.

Horatious and his two companions had nothing on this Unit. They knew how to hold bridges, but we know how to build them. If you don't believe us, look at three over the canal. Seeing is believing, as the lady said, when she saw her husband kissing the maid.

We are glad to see Major McAuley, of "D" Company, wearing a bar to his M.C. Trust a Scotsman to get whats coming to him. We all know the honour has been worthily bestowed.

We are glad to welcome our new M.O., Capt. Lowry. As our Unit is remarkably healthy, he finds scope for his energies attending to the sick and afflicted among the civilians. Needless to say, his popularity, as Sam Weller would have said, is "increasing wisely."

We regret to record the death, from wounds received in action, of Lieut. L. R. Maomi, of "B" Company. All who saw him in action will agree that in paying the supreme sacrifice, he upheld the grandest traditions of the British Army, and we trust his memory will receive official recognition.

We also mourn the deaths of Lieuts. Elliot, Cox, and Abbadana, the first two having been killed in action, and the latter having succumbed to an attack of fever. All these were good men and true, beloved by their fellow officers and by their men, and faithful in the performance of duty.

Our losses among N.C.O.s and men have also been considerable, and although space will not permit us to

dwell upon them here, they will take their place in the great line up of the Empire's heroes, just as surely as if they had all been mentioned in despatches and decorated on the field.

**T** is for transport,  
The pride of the line.  
We don't see much fighting,  
But gee, we can shine.

**R** is for Rolston,  
Who now is on leave.  
We still keep on beasing,  
Lest the Major we peave.

**A** is for Adam,  
Our little short cook.  
What he don't know *re* cooking,  
Would sure fill a book.

**N** is for nickel,  
Which saves beaucoup work.  
If you haven't got any,  
Just see Puke, the clerk.

**S** is for sanity,  
Our dear friend, old dirt.  
Keep your eye on your washing,  
Or he'll bury your shirt.

**P** is for Pratt,  
Our Trans. O's name.  
He is proud of his section,  
Which has always won fame.

**O** is for Ordnance,  
A trip we all like.  
It's fifty times better  
Than going up the pike.

**R** is for Reggie,  
A "B" Company man.  
When he's drinking Vin Blink,  
There's no size to his can.

**T** is for talking,  
When you feel in the pink.  
Just get old Brewer going,  
And he'll give you drink.

### Lieut.-Col. Trotter's Battalion.

Headquarters and their old enemy, "B" Company, hooked up in a game of indoor baseball. The enemy went down to defeat by a score of 18 to 9. Although the umpire did his best by calling the pitcher down for overstepping the line, it was no use, for Sergt. Belz had "B" Company breaking their backs trying to hit his slow ball.

A funny thing happened to Headquarters Sergeants, when they held an impromptu party, in a town recently captured, that had civilians in. What

led the Eng. Clk. to pick the same house that Fritz had used on the previous evening for his party? Was it Madame or M'lle and the trouble he took to interpret the message Fritzie left on the table addressed to "My dear Tommy."

By all accounts, the Headquarters Sergeants' dinner was a success. After all the eats had been finished, and the chicken picked clean, various oils of enjoyment were cracked, and song flowed forth without restraint. Sergt Belz made a hit, as usual, with his YIDDISH songs. C.Q.M.S. Turnbull sang in Gaelic. He is in the camel class—he sang three between drinks. Sergt. Talbot was there with his recitations, and as a pianist he is a wonder. Headquarters officers were represented in the presence of the Adjutant, who told a story about a man who stuttered. All Companies were represented by their senior N.C.O.s. There were a few casualties, but the stretcher bearers did useful work, and only stretchers were needed. The dinner broke up early, with everybody agreeing that it was a well spent night.

### Capt. J. Oliver's Company.

Cheer up, boys, there's one more river to cross.

Most people are fond of eggs. Sergt. Hayman is no exception to the rule. Having expended considerable time and money procuring some eggs, he was quite upset at discovering they were of last year's vintage. So were the other N.C.O.s.

The following tit-bit is recorded Sapper Cook: "Buck, have you any damson jam?"

Buck: "I'll damsoon see."

The one great subject of discussion in the Q.M. Stores these days is Paris leave. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the war will be over before the Quarter gets to the Boulevard des Italiens.

The C.S.M.'s one regret on assuming a war of movement was that it became necessary to abandon his little laundry, and all appertaining thereto. However, he has found some slight consolation with the C.E.M.T.C.

John T. Brown has returned from an eventful trip to England. So has Ben Luther. Their stories of adventure in fair Albion command the undivided attention of the Company.

Corpl. Sam Allen has missed his vocation. He should be a war correspondent. Sergt. Turner proclaims that Mr. Beach Thomas simply wouldn't have a chance.

We are informed on unimpeachable authority, that while on leave the total amount of food consumed by L/Corpl. Walter Watson amounted to one sandwich.

### Colonel Bogart's Battalion.

#### "C" Company.

Corpl. Brad says that life out here at present is one d— canal after another.

Poker's a thing of the past. The favourite pastime now for the officers is bridge or pontoon.

Headquarters won from the officers and senior N.C.O.s in a very interesting game of indoor baseball. The rumour is that Connie Mac. is anxious to get in touch with Lee Apres la Guerre.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, our dear old Hutch.

The Tokio Sub-Section captured this month's honours. Lieut. Hutchinson won the M.C., Sergt Morrison, Corpl. M. Cosker and Sapper A. McIsaac have received the Military Medals. Beaucoup congratulations.

They tell us that the "bridge of sighs" is somewhere in Italy. It's not; ask any sapper of "C" Company.

Can anyone tell us why Stanley prefers York Road to any leave club while in Blighty?

Heard in "C" Company quite often: "Tell Shearer there's a few more saws at B.O.R." Jim's getting an extension for tool cart, so it's quite all right. Keep the good work of salvage up to standard.

The Battalion Canteen has lots of — empty shelves as usual. "Cigarettes for sale" somewhere in Canada.

Hoppy's looking good since his return from Blighty. No doubt beaucoup stimulant.

THE LAST OF THE BARRONS.—This header reminds us of the days when we used to read Lord Lytton's novels. The title has now found a modern application. The Barron brothers, of the Signal Section, have left us, and gone to Brigade. Now the noblemen have left us, the runners have undertaken to look after the tripe-bound.

A SAPPER'S MISFORTUNE.—Does anyone know the name of the Sapper who appeared before the C.O. the other day and said he was an "Unhappy medium." His explanation for not doing certain work was thus: "You see, sir, I am too heavy for light work, and too light for heavy work." He got 14 days just the same.

PESSIMISTS AT HEADQUARTERS.—There are several of the species around Battalion Headquarters. They agree with all the German communiques, and disagree with all of our own. They profess not to believe that we can give Fritz the knock-out blow for another two or three years. We don't know whether they see crooked, or are just pulling our legs, but in any case, Army Orders doesn't make any allowance for eccentricities. A.R.O. 1396, para 2, Subsections (b) and (c) of March last contains a suitable punishment for this unpleasant variety of recruit, and we would like to supplement that Order to the extent of suggesting that such personnel of His Majesty's Forces be labelled back and front for the duration; and as they like the country so much, keep them in it one year after everybody else has gone home.

LEAVE.—Thirty-five pages of promises, instructions, admonitions, and penalties have been received about leave during the past month, and everybody was full of hope. In the meantime, we get about three leaves a week to Blighty for the whole Battalion.

WARNING.—A word to the wise is sufficient. If the Headquarters cook continues to sing that song, "I snapped my fingers" many more times, he is apt to lose his job and get sent up the line.

WHO IS HE?—Can anyone suggest a suitable punishment for the party on Headquarters who plays poker until he loses about a franc, and then says he must hurry back to work?

NAME, PLEASE.—There is another chap around Headquarters who asks questions all the time, and never gives out anything. We don't know whether he is an enemy agent, or whether it's just a habit.

RUM RATION.—A returned Canadian chaplain has told the people in God's country that the boys at the Front need rum as well as cigarettes. Perhaps the B.O.R. will stand a chance now.

PATRIOTISM. Scene: Toronto Armouries.

Registrar: What's your name?

Recruit: 35, sir.

Scene: Bramshott Camp.

Before Medical Board: What's your age?

Same Recruit: 50 next birthday, sir, and got a rupture as well.

No wonder they say the oldsters are the most patriotic.

MICAWBER.



*Canadian Official Photo.*

Canadian Engineers putting finishing touches to a bridge across a river which was blown up by the enemy during his retreat on the Arras front.

### Major Weatherbee's Company.

First, a message of cheer to Sappers Harrison, Patterson, Stourbridge, and Salmond. The boys all send their regards, and assure you of a hearty welcome back upon your recovery.

Welcome back to Capt. Adam on his return from "B" Company. Hoot mon, but we all like our Scotch.

The boys sure appreciated their welcome by the French folk, as they took up their first billets in a populated town recently evacuated by the Bosches after a four years' stay. Undoubtedly to most of us our entry therein was the most inspiring moment we had spent in France.

**ALL ABOUT LEAVE.** Wasn't it tough luck for a certain officer, who recently came back off leave with a pleasant smile, and a brand new cap perched at a jaunty angle, to be appointed Billeting Officer immediately upon his return. Perhaps no other job in the whole Army so quickly ruins an otherwise pleasant disposition.

Au revoir, Capt. Curtiss, we all hope you will have

a glorious time in gay Patee. Pray do give our regards to the Mademoiselle.

Sapper Redford says that his recent leave was the best he ever had, since he happened to get married while he was away. We don't doubt his assertion the least bit.

C.S.M. Stackhouse is rumoured to be spending all his spare time writing a brochure entitled, "Revelations of Paris, or being alive for 14 days."

Sergt. Rockfeller Pierpont Fagin is shortly going to give a lecture on "How money flies," supplemented by a short talk on how to spend a fourteen days' leave in ten.

Even if he is the guardian of the Orderly Room our genial L/Corpl. Schroeder's favourite song just at present is "Put me amongst the girls."

### Major Campbell's Company.

Sorry to lose our old C.M.S., but Bob was always lucky. We know now why he turned down his U.K. leave.

A change is as good as a rest. Well, since August 8th, we surely have had one long rest.



Canadian Official Photo.

Canadian Signal Section moving forward to lay cable. One of the men has fallen off the limber and is seen between the legs of the horses following behind.

Yes, the old song, "Where do we go from here, boys"? is certainly sung in earnest.

Someone asked recently if Fritz was really short of rubber. Well, if so, Corpl. \_\_\_\_\_ would like to know where he gets his rubber for the rubber gun?

France is keeping up-to-date, and running England and America a close race for the honours of "Flag Days." The only difference is, they don't expect to click for two bits every time they pin one on you. It's a proud gift, and every day is a flag day since the Bosche was put on the run.

Where have all the badges gone? It is nice trading a badge for a \_\_\_\_\_ (cup of coffee), but what are you going to do when inspection cometh?

The two main parades these days are the pay parade and the parade to the order board, to see where we stand. It does sound cheery when informed that you only have to be back ten months before your next leave.

We wonder if the Demobilization Committee are figuring on a hockey league this winter. Nothing like being optimistic about it. Things are leaning that way. Anyhow, if we can't make the hockey season, what about the early spring fishing trip?

### 2nd Divl. Signal Company.

We are beginning to think that there is really something in this war of movement idea. At present we seem to be enjoying a personally conducted Cook's tour through beautiful (more or less) France, with the gleeful knowledge that Messrs. Foch, Haig, and Company have got Heine on toast, and will cook his goose in short order.

Soldiering has now become so much a habit with most of us that it is awful to think of waiting around for a thousand years for the next war (I don't think).

Drivers Brotherstone, D.H., had some slight misunderstanding with a whizz-bang dud, as a result of which he is *en route* for Blighty, where our good wishes follow him.

For once, even the "Daily Wail" has fallen down on the Sherlock Holmes stuff, and it has been left for us to discover the real reason for Germany's recent peace offensive. We have noticed that Fritz was using paper for making sand bags, etc., and as the paper shortage was becoming acute, he naturally cast envious eyes towards America. So, being well aware from past

experiences of President Wilson's little weaknesses, hoped to replenish his supply by means of notes.

Leave has opened up pretty good lately. Indeed, London must be full, for we saw in the *Express* "Should Women sit in Parliament"? which would suggest that there is standing room only, even in the most exclusive club in the world.

Sapper Burton was leading a remount to the horse lines one day last week, when it suddenly dropped dead. It is believed that on learning that it was to be valeted by a sapper, the shock to its nervous system proved fatal.

### Captain Brickenden's Company.

The O.C. has just returned from leave in England, looking fresh and ready for the stirring times.

Certainly, the times are strenuous, but good billets, musical evenings, the leave list going strong, and "jake" war news, just gives the necessary touches to counteract the inevitable sudden rushes.

L/Corpl. Gracey, of the Mounted Section, is in Blighty, wounded. In critical circles, it means the "Roughnecks'" ball team is "napoo."

Matrimony has played a strong part in our ranks recently. Sam McCartney led off, Sapper Bailey followed, Q.M.S. Scott, and Corpl. Brown tried to beat each other, and now we know that L/Corpl. Rojers will have joined the ranks. On their return they have the usual advice handed out, but they wear a knowing, even though dejected look, which leaves the impression of contentment.

Sergt. Low now, please! Harry keeps climbing.

Sergt. C. McKay had a wire, a special, and now a gradual leakage of information to the effect that the name of McKay will be carried on for another generation. Congrats., Charlie.

In No. 3 Section's roll call, Corpl. Brown's name appears strange, but when "Jock" answers to it, we decide the masculine must also change their names in the marriage ceremony. Robert has envious eyes on the contents of some of our recent billets, a wardrobe big enough for two, but censor wouldn't pass it.

For a considerable time there has been quite a competition for the rather open position of the laziest man in the Company; while we have one member publicly denounced, others self confessed, opinions differed, but the advent of new faces sealed the issue, and also introduced a new one, *i.e.*, the member who has the most to say.

A Corporal came into our hut for the loan of our flat iron, which called forth the remark: "What are you going to do? chase 'em out into the open?"

### Col. Kingsmill's Battalion.

#### Headquarters.

Col. Bogart has returned to the Battalion, after having been away for about five weeks; first, as A/Brigadier in the absence of the C.R.E., and second, on leave to England.

There is a whisper going around Headquarters that a young Major has been born over in Blighty, and that his father has hurried over for the christening ceremony. But who wouldn't want to hurry away to handle a dear little Victory Bond like that?

Capt. Mackenzie is away, looking after private property, and there are others who would like to be doing the same thing.

The war has been responsible for many changes, but many more are needed. For instance, why should the Battalion "Works Office" carry a title like that

when it doesn't deliver any more goods than the rest of us. Ask Lieut. Stavert if anybody has got it on him for work just now.

If the Regimental Sergt.-Major took two weeks to go to Etaples for a Court Martial, how long will it take him to go to Blighty?

By the way, we always seem to overlook the Transport in our columns, and they are not a bad bunch. The only time they fall down is when we want our packs carrying—that is the *only* time we seem to need them, anyway.

I ought not to overlook the fact that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the sector we were working on at Cambria. Major Stuart explained to H.R.H. the various methods of bridging the Canal L'Escaut, and an interesting hour was spent with Royalty.

The work of the Battalion during the past month has been fairly diversified, and has, moreover, included a short rest period, which, of course, is always welcome.

About the 10th of October it fell to our lot to improve and construct a number of bridges over the Canal L'Escaut, to afford the infantry a means of crossing, as well as to accommodate all manner of traffic, from the ponderous tank to the little Maltese cart. It is pleasing to say that all ranks co-operated in capital fashion, and there was no impediment to progress by default on the part of the 7th.

Contrary to what might have been expected, there was not a single casualty to the unit in the Cambria operations, though it is well-known how bitter the resistance was right up to the Canal Bank.

Since coming to the new sector we have been less fortunate in respect of casualties, and it is much regretted that we have to record the following list of killed and wounded:—

**Killed.**—Lieut. H. Schaffer, "D" Company; 3182120 Sapper J. H. Bartle, "D" Company; 2008053 Sapper F. Comeau, "C" Company; 2010565 Sapper D. S. Maynard, "C" Company.

**Died of Wounds.**—3082428 Sapper D. Lloyd, "C" Company; 500340 Sapper A. M. Smith, "C" Company.

**Wounded.**—766374 Sapper F. Fowler, Headquarters (S.B.); 430408 Sapper D. McDonald, "C" Company; 73546 Sergt. D. O'Brien, "D" Company.

With one exception these casualties took place between the 30th October and 2nd November. Lieut. H. Schaffer was in charge of a working party near a canal bank, and, with Sapper Bartle, was killed by enemy shell fire demolishing a house in which they had sought cover. Lieut. Schaffer had risen from a sapper, and joined the Battalion about a month before he was killed. Sapper Maynard had drawn lots with the boys on the morning he met his death, and had won the job of cook for the party. He was killed by a shell striking the house where he was billeted and carrying on as cook for the day. Sapper Lloyd was so seriously wounded outside of his billet, that he died immediately after being admitted to the dressing station. The same shell wounded Sapper Smith, who died of wounds. Sapper Comeau was killed while working on Cork Bridge, over the Canal.

While referring to casualties, it is with deep regret that we have to refer to the death by a sniper of Major-General J. Lipsett, C.B., C.M.G., who commanded the 3rd Canadian Division for over two years. General Lipsett was actually making a reconnaissance forward of his line when he was killed.

It will be recollected that our September notes contained a short reference to the General's farewell to the



Division, on assuming command of the 4th Imperial Division.

Embracing all ranks, there was a deep-seated feeling of grief at the sad news. Major-General Lipsett was widely respected as Divisional Commander, and he was beloved for his precious kindness of mind and heart.

The General was buried on the battlefield at Queant, with full military honours, in the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, General Sir H. S. Horne, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., commanding 1st Army, and Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., commanding Canadian Corps, and a large gathering of all ranks from the entire Corps.

In conclusion we will briefly refer to honours, which suitably follows sacrifice, and it gives extreme satisfaction to know that again some of the boys have been rewarded for their efforts. The following list brings us up to Press time:—

Capt. H. P. Banks, M.C.  
 Capt. G. M. Hamilton, M.C.  
 Lieut. S. A. Hutchinson, M.C.  
 Lieut. G. H. Thompson, M.C.  
 473103 Sergt. J. T. Elliott, M.M.  
 500783 Sergt. G. H. Kneen, M.M.  
 472252 Sergt. J. E. Warren, M.M.  
 2265315 L/Corpl. G. H. Davis, M.M.

### "B" Company.

Cheerio, Capt. Hamilton, we are glad to see you back again with the Company.

Possibly it was a chill that Dusty caught while at the rest camp.

Never mind, Smarty, better luck next time.

The mystery of the Officers' Mess, Sam Browne and raincoat missing. To quote one of our esteemed friends: "One of them ammunition friends should be fried."

Abie is quite content with his new duties, but he would like the furlough just the same.

Casey's new song, "While I helped watch their mokes" by night," is making quite a hit.

Another month has passed, and still the special leave has not come through for the tool cart janitor.

I wonder if the boys really did enjoy that Company drill, and all the latest remarks that go with it. At any rate, they were not singing "He's a jolly good fellow."

Who was it in this Company who mistook one of our worthy Jamaican comrades for an Aberdonian?

The keenness to obtain wooden shoes for souvenirs has led to some glaring cases of sabotage.

### C.E.M.T. Company.

#### ON DIT.

That there is no truth in the rumour that a canteen balance sheet will be published shortly.

That Capt. Whittome's proposal to raise Irish cattle for the benefit of all ranks meets with unanimous approval; and it is sincerely hoped that the privileges to be attached to this proposal will not be confined to the 1935 War Babies M.T. Company exclusively.

That the members of the Sergeants' Mess are now solvent, owing to the absence, no doubt, of Sergeant Bentley, and possibly, the exigencies of the Service.

That the introduction of Messrs. Bass and Co. to the Sergeants' Mess has resulted in the formation of several New Year resolutions, which, it is hoped, will not prove too premature. (Q.E.D.)

That a certain member of the O.R. Staff, while admitting justification in being called "FISH," objects to being labelled "SHARK."

That the R.S.M. would like to meet the man who introduced motor-cycles into the Army.

That Fritz is a past master in the art of causing what the M.O. terms D.A.H., is the firm opinion of the C.E.M.T. Company.

That Premier Borden's "long leave to beat the Hun" could be made a little less monotonous by instituting "short leave to Blighty" say, once every few years.

### Corps Signals.

#### Corps Wireless Section.

A "How do you do!" from the Corps Wireless Section, to all readers.

We are pleased to be able to plead the priority of urgent business as the reason for our long absence from the interesting columns of THE SAPPER. And although we are "busier than ever," the great and glorious successes of the past few weeks have made us so hilarious, that we simply had to do something out of the ordinary by way of celebration. So here we are in real print!

Having broken away from the clinch of trench warfare, we are now hitting out in great style. We are no longer crowded in the corner, but have ample room and opportunity to show our speed, notwithstanding Fritz's marvellous "foot work."

Outsiders are noticing a peculiar paternal appearance about the members of this Section. As we are care free, and for the most part of the single type, the only explanation we can give is that we have a fatherly interest in our sets. They are regular prodigies, and naturally we are proud of them. We boast that there are none better for communication. Miles are nothing for them, and the further the horrible Hun goes, the better we like it.

There is a wonderful *esprit de corps* throughout the Section at the present time, but we have grave forebodings that there will be some discontent, when the personnel for the Berlin Station must be picked.

Cheerio!

"WIRELESS BUG."

#### Airline Sections.

The following is a short summary of the work of the two Corps Airline Sections since September 27th, 1918: 28000 yards of new pole line erected, carrying 82 miles of metallic circuit.

88 miles of metallic circuit, strung on existing pole line routes.

225 miles of metallic circuit on existing German routes, repaired and put into use.

Five miles of 6-pair semi-permanent line, built and put into use within 10 hours after "zero" on September 27th.

This looks like real work, but even the hardest work is often livened up by an occasional humorous occurrence.

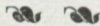
Can anyone supply the name of the lineman who, shooting trouble by moonlight, discovered a break in that part of the line crossing the marsh? After much work, he devised a raft of sorts, and soon reached the pole. To hike the pole and repair the break was only a short job, but when he came down again he found he had a much longer job on his hands. He had neglected to tie the raft, and, well, he did get home, eventually. We would like to know, however, how you stick on a pole while removing spurs, boots, tunic, pants and other sundry articles of clothing?

#### Honors and Awards.

The following list of honours, awarded to members of the Company since the start of the Arras operations, speaks for itself.

**M.C.**—Lieut. G. H. Mills.  
**D.C.M.**—2/Corpl. E. F. Mount.  
**M.M.**—Sergts. S. Barton, F. Hunt, H. J. Geale, and T. Davies; Corpls. C. H. Churchill, Bar to M.M., Le Roy Snell, G. McKay, J. W. Ellinthorpe, W. W. Budd, F. L. Ruse, A. V. Benzie, H. M. Brownlee, and A. Whitney; 2/Cpls. K. La Rush and C. E. Van Hatten; L/Cpls. G. D. Ullman, D. D. Robertson, K. W. Heaps, H. N. Boyle, A. M. Farr, R. J. Sanderson, and R. L. Beattie; Bombardier J. R. Scott; Sappers S. Hewitt, D. A. McLeod, C. E. Witter, G. F. Smith, W. W. Finley, A. J. Church, N. V. Chandler, and P. W. Miller; Gunners S. T. Wyatt, P. M. Reesor, and C. E. Goodman.

The entire Company join in extending hearty congratulations to the recipients. We are all sorry that Lieut. Mills was not able to be with us during the last few weeks, but all returning from leave report that he is as cheery as ever. Here's hoping that his recovery may be just as rapid as his airline work used to be.



**Sappers' Association.**

An association of members and ex-members of the Canadian Engineers, who have served in the present war, has been formed, with headquarters in the 2nd Field Company's quarters at Toronto Armouries. It is proposed to hold a general meeting in the near future, at which all officers, warrant officers, N.C.O.s and men, either active or discharged, who are interested, are requested to be present. Notice of this meeting will be sent to all those who send their rank, name, and address to the Secretary, Lieut. S. S. Rutherford, C.E., at Old Park School, St. David Street.

**Bramshott Signal Detachment.**

Two of our N.C.O.s claim to have discovered a new road from Haslemere, which is contradicted by two sappers who were with them.

Seeing that it was Hallowe'en we are inclined to believe that the N.C.O.s had a dream. When asked about it next day, Jerry's only answer was a sickly smile, instead of the usual beam.

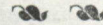
Is it true that our pole-climbers have a new name for the Segregation Camp line? and is it called the \_\_\_\_\_ nation line?

Ask our chief artificer about it, and you will probably hear the name referred to.

The quarantine is lifted, but just when we were rejoicing, the powers that be have decreed that it would not be advisable to expose us to the "flu" germs in outside towns, so hence the order: "No leave until further orders."

Sapper Rikely has transferred to the benedicts, but our only fear is that hair restorer will be more in demand than heretofore.

Our supply of Scotch has been increased by the addition of Sapper McGregor to our detachment from 1st C.E.R.B. We hope that his spirits will be of a better quality than that obtained in the district at present.



The officer wished to speak to a man he saw in the distance, so he called up one of the men near and told him to go along and bring the man up. The private hesitated, and then protestingly said: "There ain't no man there, sir." The officer turned angrily, and said: "What do you mean? Can't you see the man I want right in front of you?" The private looked again, then to the officer explained: "'E ain't a man, sir. 'E's a sargent."



Originally, the Goose Step was officially recognised as necessary in the German Army; but recent events have made the Foch Trot more popular and equally necessary and it has been adopted "according to plan."—CANADIAN SAPPER.

# C. J. BARBER, *MILITARY AND ATHLETIC* *OUTFITTER,* 34, BROAD STREET, SEAFORD.

The **AUTUMN and WINTER** Seasons are close at hand, and "a word to the wise" is sufficient. Make your purchase of Winter Goods as early as possible, for as the weather turns colder, the demand for warmer clothing will be very great, and there will be a scarcity of wearing apparel, **especially Heavy Underwear, Winter Socks, and Lined Gloves.**

### SPECIAL VALUE OF GOODS IN STOCK—

Heather Ribbed Socks from **2/-** pair. "All Wool" Khaki Ribbed Socks, **3/6, 4/6, 5/6** pair. Natural Colour Vests and Pants, from **4/6** per garment. "All Wool" ditto from **12/6** to **20/-** per garment. Natural Colour Union Suits, **15/6**

Agent for the **Famous "Meridian" Underwear**, in **Winter** Weights, soft to the skin, like silk, in Union Suits, Vests, Pants, and Trunk Drawers.

Agent for Fox's Spiral Puttees, dark and light shades. Try the Khaki "Imperial" Puttees, "All Wool," Woven, **6/11** pair.

**JUST RECEIVED.**—Genuine "Bedford Cord" Breeches, with Real Buckskin Strappings, **Tailor-made**, and latest U.S.A. Cut, **60/-** pair.

Officers' Whipcord Breeches with Best Buckskin Strappings, **Tailor-made, Full Cut, Perfect Fitting, 60/-** pair.

## Grand Selection in Military Equipment.

"Wolseley" Valise in Best Quality Waterproof Khaki Twill, **75/-**

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Tan Leather Lined Gloves, **12/6** pair. Khaki Wool Gloves, **3/11 & 4/6** pair. Only a limited supply.

## Athletic Department.

This Department is ready for the Football Season—**Spalding's** Famous Official League and Mascot Footballs, Football Boots, Football Jerseys, Football Shorts, Football Hose.

**SPECIAL PURCHASE** of "Gym." Shoes, Rubber Soles, **4/11** pair. Only a limited quantity. White Sweaters for P.T., **8/11** Cooks' White Drill Coats and Aprons.

Large Stock of Tea and Pantry Cloths, also Towels, from **1/3** each.

A large assortment of Travelling Trunks and Suit Cases. As there will be a big rise in the price of these, make your purchase at once.

**MY PRICES ARE RIGHT, AND THE GOODS are "JAQUE."**

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Officers will find all they require in this direction at either of our establishments, at prices which will bear comparison with London or elsewhere.

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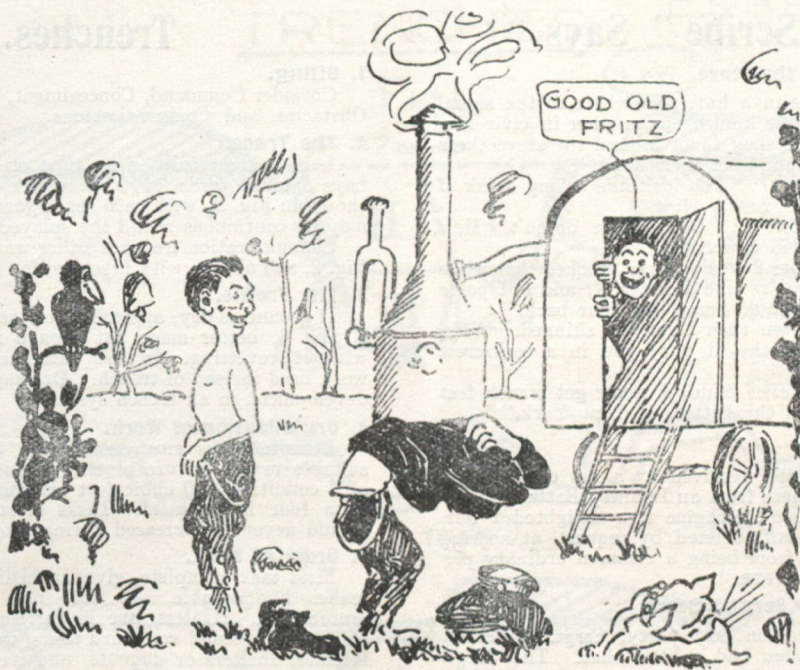
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RAZORS 21/-

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## The Book of the Badewagenen.

1 In the fourth year of the great war the A.P.M.'s of the hosts of Hunland did counsel together, saying: Let us devise new forms of punishment for those who offend and do those things which are Verboten.

2 And it came to pass that one Heinrich, surnamed Sauerkraut, counselled after this fashion: Since from the days of our forefathers it has been held an abomination for a son of Hunland to wash himself, surely it were goodly punishment to award those who transgress and do those things which the All-Highest has Verboten.

3 And the words of Heinrich, surnamed Sauerkraut, found favour with the A.P.M.'s of Hunland, so that they fashioned Badewagenen to wash those who were awarded field punishment.

4 And this form of punishment was feared more than any other in the land, and he who must submit to it was an outcast, for in all Hunland it is an abomination to be clean.

5 Now in the eighth month of the fourth year of the war, Sir Arthur, surnamed Currie, led his hosts in battle against those of Hunland, saying: Let us smite these children of uncleanness, that the world may be better for their departure.

6 And the men of Currie smote the hosts of Hunland hip and thigh, and marvelled greatly when they found the Badewagenen and understood it not, saying:

7 Can a leopard change his spots, or a Hun be found who washeth himself willingly.

8 Nevertheless, they did prod with their bayonets the naked Huns, who did flee therefrom, and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth.

9 And the Badewagenen was spirited away by one surnamed Haggerty, and was brought to the camp of the signamen, who marvelled much.

10 And one learned above all others in the mysteries of wireless, and who understood also screw-cutting machines, gave utterance after this wise: Let us fill the thing with water and light the fire, and SOMETHING must happen. And this man was called Johnson.

11 And this was done, and the steam thereof ascended unto heaven, but the thing worked not.

12 Then another, rightly named Steel, did acquire by night a force pump, and when the thing was filled with water and the fire was lighted, and the force pump was worked, yea verily, the whole thing worked.

13 And the signalmen rejoiced greatly, and did wash themselves, for the hosts of Canada do not hold it an abomination to be clean as do those of Hunland.

14 And the sounds of splashing in the Badewagenen were great, and one did say, "Good old Fritz."

## A Sentimental Journey.

A postcard has been received from a member of the recent Wireless draft, who says: "We have a bunch of Janes on the train, who were down for the mounted sports. We nearly lost Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_ because we put one of the girls up to kissing him. He seemed to like it too."

Each advertiser in your magazine is helping to maintain its publication. READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS AND MAKE YOUR PURCHASES AMONG THEM.

## "The Scribe" Says—

### Brotherly Love at the Stove.

A certain couple in a hut, somewhere in the signal lines, apparently have known one another in civie life, judging by the stuff they shoot around the stove these nights. Here's a sample of their dope.

Disgruntled neutral: "You look like a long drink of pump water."

Reprobate Number 1: "Oh, no, he doesn't. He's too crooked to get in a well."

Reprobate Number 2: "You're so crooked that when you sleep in bed you're like a letter X, and if I paste you one the tears would run down your back."

Rep. No. 1: "Even then I got you skinned. Why, when I land on you they'll bury you in a corkscrew coffin."

Rep. No. 2: "Never mind, I never got trench feet through standing in the gutters of New York."

### Ye Cods! I

Extract from letter received by a pal of mine, recently transferred here from an Infantry Battalion:—

" . . . . You can't imagine how delighted I felt, my . . . (mushy stuff, deleted by request) at hearing of your promotion from being a common ordinary private to a regular SAPPER."

### Science and the "Sergt." Score.

Up at the ranges on butt party, Sergt. Doncaster and the range warden had a little chat. The Sergt. referred to our camp as "the lousy camp"—a figure of speech, of course. The range warden took it literally. "Lousy," he said, "Well, if that's so, it's since you C'nidians came in. It was all right when the Imperials had it two years ago."

"Truly, truly, spoke the "Searg"; "but you know what science says: It takes two years for the tribe to incubate!"

### Flue-ently Described.

From a signaller's epistle:—

" . . . . We are practically cork-beer just now, as at 14 o'clock yesterday a message was promulgated through the channels of the gink who is ink oblique cork of the district, prohibiting us from gathering in any numbers. There are fellows sleeping now in the Anglican Church every night instead of just Sunday morning, as usual. All our concerts are off, and the Wylie Emma Cork Ack has also been relegated to old man Morpheus."

### Weekly Calendar.

Monday (Resurrection Morn): "Was that the five minutes or réveille?"

Tuesday (Hope springs eternal in the Signals breast): "Did you hear the LATEST rumour?"

Wednesday (Sports): "Fall in, the INDOOR BASEBALL players."

Thursday (Australian "Chicken" Day): "I'll say, this blighter gave 'em a long chase before they got him."

Friday (Fish—nuff sed) - "Any more for any more?"

Saturday (Route March Day): "Send her down, Davey."

Sunday (Church Parade): "Wake up, Mac, the padre's finished."

### Suggestion for Reprisal.

Arouse German prisoners by réveille a la C.C.D. pipe band.

SAPPER SCRIBE.

## Trenches.

### 1. Siting.

Consider Command, Concealment, Cover, Creation of Obstacles, and Communications.

### 2. The Trace.

Laid out carefully with tape or spun yarn. Fire-bays 5 to 10 yards long. Traverses usually splayed as shown in Fig. 2, with each leg 5 yards long. Fire step may be continuous round the splayed traverse.

Communication trenches either wavy, or as shown in Fig. 2, and always with firesteps, for use as switch lines.

### 3. The Profile.

If ground is dry, approximately as shown in Figs. 1, 3, and 4, better made flat enough for sides to stand without revetting. In low saturated ground, breast-work used instead of trench. Drainage is an important development in all trench systems.

### 4. Organisation of Work.

Definite tasks must be allotted to parties of men, suitable to the nature of the ground. Under favourable conditions, 80 cubic feet per man can be required in a four hour shift. Tasks must be finished, and should never be increased during progress of the work.

### 5. Order of Work.

First task, complete, gives immediate protection and makes line tenable, but does not give lateral communication. Unless line is garrisoned, this is often sufficient. Second and third tasks, with construction of latrines, shelters or dugouts, and trench-mats if necessary, completes the trench.

### 6. Wire.

Three belts of double South African fence in irregular lines, approximately 40, 70, and 100 yards in front of trench. Same along switch lines.

◆ ◆ ◆

S.B. Priority. Q.K. a.m.

Field-Marshal Mack-em-Gingle,  
c/o Jam Battery,  
Near Seaford.

B.N.D. 347. 8th R.Q. 49 AAA.

Acknowledged AAA. Men will parade with housewives at the slope and bedboards rolled. Will also arrange for all corns to be sandpapered and the unexpended portion of the day's fish to be carried also. Gas masks at the alert AAA.

Previous demands for buttermilk now cancelled as arrangements have been completed with Admiral Johnny Walker to supply the joy juice AAA.

All concerned advised and copies to the canteen girl and shoemaker AAA.

Lie.it.-General Rhumjar.

The above was received at X.Y.B. Station during the recent Warlike Operations

Big Benn.

◆ ◆ ◆

The boy had only lately joined up, and he was feeling very fit and also extremely hungry, as the result of his open-air life.

He went into the hut, and was at once attended by a patriotic flapper, who was acting as waitress.

The boy enquired: "What is there for dinner?"

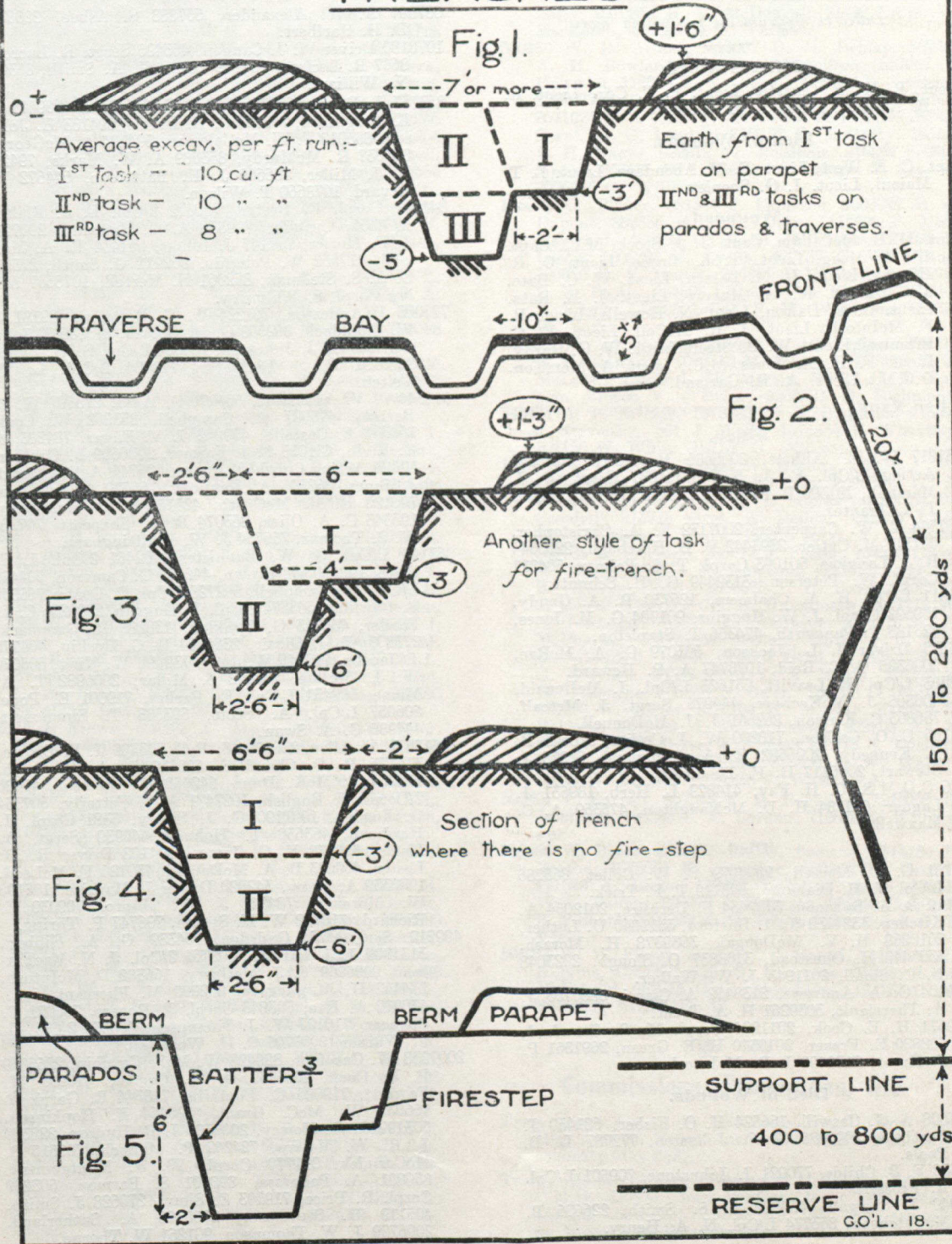
"Roast beef, roast mutton, toad-in-the-hole, and curry," replied the flapper.

The boy, with an air of eager anticipation: "That'll do, and a cup of coffee, please."



# TRENCHES

C.S.M.E. 15·10·18.



## Roll of Honour.

*" Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori "*

### Officers Killed.

Lieut. R. W. E. Christie, Lieut. P. T. Cox, Lieut. R. B. Elmsley, Lieut. R. H. O'Reilly.

### Died of Wounds.

Capt. C. E. West, Lieut. E. M. Abendana, Lieut. L. T. Maioni, Lieut. J. G. Shepley.

### Wounded

Capt. G. H. McCallum, Capt. J. J. Stock, M.C., Capt. H. B. Mogg, Lieut. T. L. Bruce, Lieut. O. R. Harvey, Lieut. L. M. Larsen, Lieut. W. C. Bate, M.C., Lieut. W. A. Murray, Lieut. J. E. Ratz, Lieut. G. F. Dalton, Lieut. N. Howells, Lieut. R. F. McIntosh, Lieut. J. R. McColl, Lieut. E. C. Bramwell, Lieut. W. B. Steers, Lieut. W. G. Hardy, Lieut. F. H. M. Jones, M.C., Lieut. A. Morrison, D.C.M., Lieut. A. H. Garland.

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

### Killed.

3131217 W. E. Abbott, 2005586 H. Beech, 2265541 Acting L/Cpl. F. J. Kelly, 166087 Sergt. F. J. Marshall, 781306 L. Rearick, 2127 B. Street, 166909 T. I. Tranter.  
2007544 T. W. Carpenter, 2007132 F. A. Christopher, 501317 M. Cutler, 2393442 B. B. Horsburgh, 2265544 R. J. Langlois, 501003 Corpl. T. S. Palmer, 504811 Corpl. W. Peterson, 3132449 G. H. Schmitt.  
871911 L/Cpl. H. A. Chalmers, 126730 R. A. Goudy, 769598 Corpl. J. W. Huggins, 901704 G. M. Jones, 425183 T. Papworth, 474366 T. Stapleton.  
103375 Driver J. L. Jackson, 503079 G. A. McRae, 2006325 G. C. Reid, 1078747 A. P. Heward.  
500703 L/Cpl. R. Leavitt, 651623 L/Cpl. J. McDonald, 406366 J. McKechnie, 444976 Sergt. J. Metcalf, 766863 C. Kirwan, 862561 J. J. McDonnell.  
294155 C. O. Carlson, 718209 W. J. Collier, 928643 B. E. Kennedy, 2005682 R. A. Richmond, 51273 J. Stewart, 2006117 H. F. Thomsett.  
3446 C.Q.M.S. C. H. Fay, 414829 L. Herb, 189631 J. Laguer, 651784 H. D. McNaughton, 475359 A. C. Maxwell.

### Died.

504781 G. C. Merrell, 2504079 F. W. Collet, 865266 L/Cpl. J. H. Diamond, 503119 T. P. Trick.  
200119 B. A. Bowman, 3327434 F. Deresire, 2012054 A. Kitchen, 3324139 S. M. Harford, 3311860 U. Luther, 2010268 H. V. McDougal, 3039378 H. Morash, 3355448 H. Olmstead, 3108837 O. Slough, 2023048 H. C. Small, 2011943 J. W. Walker.  
2009104 G. A. Andrews, 2138452 A. Ciacci, 3280753 J. A. Therriault, 3039261 H. A. Trent.  
2010571 H. E. Cook, 2011204 Corpl. M. S. Crawford, 502820 E. Fraser, 2010310 H. E. Green, 2691361 P. J. Hurst, 2138498 I. D. McIntosh.

### Died of Wounds.

2007608 A. J. Caswill, 166524 H. O. Fisher, 681430 J. Feathers, 2006885 G. C. Johnston, 772787 L. B. Poole.  
234532 F. B. Childs, 770021 J. Johnstone, 709501 L/Cpl. A. Prosser.  
649040 J. Shawan, 434982 A. S. Smith, 226606 B. McCutcheon, 853774 L/Cpl. N. A. Henry.

### Wounded.

657897 A. W. Alexander, 657888 S. Asbee, 2265311 B. H. Harlbart.  
1078180 Driver W. J. Cannon, 463495 Sergt. R. Lacroix, 8667 R. Leclere, 104709 Corpl. G. A. Smith, 863040 N. William.  
853753 J. Davey, 657125 2/Cpl. C. E. Diver, 709471 G. K. Fergusson, 769755 C. R. Harris, 294183 H. Johnson, 853018 T. W. McColeman, 504104 A. McGeorge, 863037 R. McMurdy, 853589 A. W. Marks, 794265 L. J. Miller, 766669 J. H. Patterson, 644672 W. Revard, 1078660 T. Wilson.  
541907 Corpl. F. Bester, 739372 2/Cpl. L. J. Fluker, 1078336 G. Fuller, 709336 A. G. Hayward, 2007217 J. F. Horler, 767147 J. Ivings, 651464 R. A. Maxwell, 417552 W. Poliquin, 862911 G. Smith, 273686 C. A. S. Stedman, 872061 H. Merrell, 1078507 Acting Corpl. S. Walmsley.  
775003 J. Anderson, 767224 W. G. Bertram, 489181 J. W. Chaddock, 862509 G. H. Goolah, 273336 J. Johnson, 505532 J. Johnston, 104334 L/Cpl. S. W. Jones, 2503191 R. S. Linklater, 718464 L/Cpl. L. W. Veitch.  
506544 C. V. Asselstine, 504070 G. Auld, 273507 W. H. Barratt, 415027 A. Campbell, 853252 W. Cook, 766557 F. Costello, 479042 J. V. Edgar, 784283 M. G. Elvin, 431003 F. J. Farmer, 2006609 F. Graham, 55125 Acting Corpl. F. Jones, 506746 Acting Sergt. J. Jones, 862606 A. Kennedy, 166570 A. La Croix, 793120 R. M. McGrath, 425151 R. P. McMurray, 193343 C. A. Olies, 853074 R. A. Shapcott, 707054 W. J. Thomas, 766734 J. W. Whittingham.  
863143 L/Cpl. G. W. Bannister, 502461 2/Cpl. J. H. Brice, 198160 W. Brown, 442625 G. Cameron, 504429 L/Cpl. W. Campbell, 502725 2/Cpl. C. Coates, 766559 R. Cowling, 505574 2/Cpl. T. Duggan, 2006285 C. L. Fowler, 436213 G. Funkley, 138285 R. Gammack, 273809 W. J. Gizzie, 2356094 H. C. Hoskin, 404778 J. Jacobs, 719145 W. Jury, 739590 W. King, 505070 W. J. McRae, 766642 S. Millar, 2006982 T. A. Morse, 502431 L/Cpl. E. Parkes, 719001 E. Pope, 506057 L/Cpl. A. Scott, 503505 T. Simmonett, 444985 C. A. Swan.  
505138 J. P. Allen, 2006704 S. Bell, 503780 T. B. Brown, 314173 R. C. Chandler, 500517 J. A. Derrough, 712264 R. McK. Dunn, 642658 M. Emerson, 45486 2/Corpl. E. English, 1027471 A. I. Fetterly, 507334 G. Fogden, 1001190 G. J. Haney, 5381 Corpl. J. Hardman, 463630 T. Holmes, 440939 Sergt. A. Hoole, 500778 E. G. James, 504102 Driver R. H. Lester, 469693 D. A. McDonald, 430126 F. McLeod, 1078339 A. Mann, 342020 Driver J. Maurice, 1105198 W. Morency, 784341 J. T. Munro, 709039 E. Richard, 718702 W. H. Stearn, 796747 P. Thring.  
489219 Sergt. W. Gadsdon, 754339 G. A. Gibbon, 3131880 J. J. Laforte, 502766 2/Cpl. J. N. MacFarlane, 2006869 F. J. McGarry, 166382 D. McIntosh, 274162 H. M. Megson, 802900 M. Pheasant, jun., 430012 A. Rae, 503845 Corpl. J. Rogers, 766071 C. Spencer, 710197 W. J. Thompson, 406636 2/Cpl. G. F. Warner, 2005705 S. H. Wortman.  
2007238 W. Carefoot, 829428 W. McS. Carphin, 2265859 P. R. Cook, 2005839 G. W. Coulter, 415295 W. Fawcett, 719086 C. Fontaine, 718344 R. Garrioch, 766830 W. McC. Grant, 506464 F. Hopkinson, 503199 G. G. Howey, 2006386 J. R. Hudson, 228360 J. R. W. Macees, 724242 P. Malloch, 709515 S. McCormick, 871770 Corpl. W. J. Montgomery, 850881 A. Paonessa, 898101 S. Parmon, 503269 Corpl. R. Price, 719103 Z. Sioux, 270628 J. Smith, 405119 H. Stevenson, 2005966 A. Sutherland, 2006729 J. W. Thompson, 901261 W. Thorne.

- 405446 Corpl. G. Todd, 502897 F. M. Tuplin, 625270 E. J. Vernall, 781554 G. C. Wills.
- 164031 E. A. Barker, 273412 T. Bennett, 45246 H. Bliss, 1078198 T. Boyce, 514138 H. G. B. Chapman, 201782 H. N. Donnell, 503850 W. H. Dyson, 406534 F. Glanfield, 1078595 S. Gordon, 907350 C. Green, 767033 Sergt. G. A. Gurr, 2005859 E. W. Harrison, 504641 2/Cpl. A. T. Hemeon, 2006495 W. C. Jeffrey, 766614 T. A. Kenny, 503365 S. F. Lewer, 922046 P. H. Longstaffe, 2020293 A. P. MacCallum, 652254 P. H. McGillivray, 2005194 2/Cpl. W. Murrell, 784386 W. E. Ostrasser, 775806 G. M. Pell, 718682 M. Pelletier, 2006036 A. Redford, 464171 W. H. C. Sexton, 2006787 T. C. Southcott, 718045 R. Spence, 464410 R. Strain, 273520 G. Sweeney, 2005414 A. F. Taylor, 715422 J. Tonks, 862947 J. W. Walsh, 1078417 J. Warren.
- 2042532 H. B. Baxter, 725107 A. G. Bruce, 401438 E. Cook, 430680 Driver W. T. Doughty, 793169 A. Gauthier, 715576 J. Gillis, 796016 A. M. Hall, 709921 R. E. Jamieson, 417205 E. Morissette, 785098 A. Pownall.
- 502690 Driver P. D. Barnett, 715190 J. Brown, 2005233 2/Cpl. T. Hayward, 2006500 W. E. Lewis, 216278 A. Pell, 505017 W. Petrie, 3131690 L. H. Ramsey, 179 L/Cpl. G. W. Ross, 4000116 S. Williams.
- 700240 W. P. Allum, 844099 W. S. Brooks, 2006883 J. H. Ellis, 657289 W. R. Jones, 416091 J. Leclerc, 878198 J. MacNeil, 844851 L/Cpl. F. G. MacRae, 414904 W. M. Mason, 739570 O. S. Miller, 2265495 W. Miller, 2691395 P. V. Perrin, 2009011 F. Praed, 793851 T. J. Young.
- 718532 T. H. Anderson, 675871 G. Brutzki, 489381 S. D. Burkey, 45074 L/Cpl. F. J. Cherry, 651027 C. G. Dickinson, 2009377 W. H. Dingle, 2009064 T. Fletcher, 500035 Acting Corpl. H. Fraser, 679089 C. Halls, 3132769 C. H. Harris, 1078226 J. H. Harrison, 504355 G. Harrower, 871257 W. Jackson, 501192 J. Latto, 135766 W. L. Lloyd, 430004 L/Cpl. D. M. MacDonald, 2006479 S. B. MacFarlane, 3133198 L. Miller, 61 2/Cpl. J. T. Mullin, 505768 Acting L/Cpl. C. A. Pittam, 505928 2/Cpl. S. B. Price, 505606 2/Cpl. G. Robinson, 557274 S. Scarp.
- 166114 J. Brown, 501105 J. Gagne, 2006404 H. F. J. Hebley, 270138 P. Isaac, 2008753 E. Jones, 1075131 P. Lydeard, 2005476 T. Ormston.
- 3257108 W. D. Black, 5552 Acting C.S.M. N. Dent, 886138 H. Engen, 1042296 J. Fortois, 506411 H. L. Irving, 180961 C. P. Killeen, 121333 S. Stankovich, 113045 Acting Sergt. C. Switzer.
- 2008620 G. Bellingham, 3084248 R. S. Bingham, 506411 H. L. Irving, 5405 Sergt. D. Kerr.
- 7 J. D. Andrews, 2006949 A. R. Ballentine, 166724 R. H. Brooker, 2005744 P. M. Elder, 250300 A. Govett, 475094 S. G. Harbord, 502829 F. G. Havers, 2008280 J. Imrie, 2006692 A. R. Johnston, 183999 B. Larkin, 65571 H. H. Livingstone, 2007100 A. McLaren, 552307 G. Malone, 2009251 H. A. Moreau, 136498 Corpl. W. J. Notley, 166127 Sergt. G. H. Poole, 3082700 J. F. Rooney, 845330 L/Cpl. C. M. Skillen, 505538 Corpl. H. G. Walton, 506543 S. Young.
- 875369 H. Ashton, 754742 J. Longlad, 928982 J. A. MacLean, 2006323 J. J. Murphy, 109193 D. Russell, 1075005 J. Rylands, 294142 H. F. Swinford, 303 Sergt. G. Watson, M.M., 1078319 L/Cpl. R. H. Wilkie, 505408 S. Young.
- 2005468 C. M. Adam, 3133981 B. Barham, 166712 C. Bates, 3130173 J. A. Cann, 503712 2/Cpl. J. Carnegie, 2009172 J. A. Finnegan, 507386 M. P. Gillham, 877956 J. A. Hawley, 1652 Acting Corpl. J. Henderson, 541651 R. P. Robinson, 2134841 L. Savard, 506272 R. H. Starrett, 1024106 W. A. Thomas, 502279 Corpl. R. Woolley.
- 507592 A. W. Coon, 2009172 J. A. Finnegan, 709376 C. E. Gray, 2006885 G. C. Johnston, 2006972 L. H. Laity, 2010268 H. V. McDougall, 21492 L/Cpl. W. MacLaren, 507309 C. F. Valleau.
- 500160 W. R. Aitken, 413007 D. M. Belnap, 507487 A. H. Bowland, 294070 S. Eyjolfson, 657067 E. Hawman, 112060 J. R. Glennie, 709320 C. Graham, 2021077 A. Grant, 503134 P. Jones, 79942 R. Laing, 2671024 D. S. Landry, 721923 St. P. Paliere, 862461 Corpl. G. G. London, 718434 E. McGarty, 103103 R. H. Magee, 922812 W. Needham, 216594 S. Stefanson, 853571 D. I. Swales, 294 Sergt. T. Vernon, 2006515 G. Williams.
- 195972 C. Blaker, 651344 J. Cameron, 2503287 H. J. Dupont, 862536 F. McD. Evans, 114406 P. McP. Hayward, 489257 L/Cpl. H. B. Latter, 721163 P. Lecoy, 1006298 E. Lyons, 427757 C. W. Milton, 300856 R. F. Minett, 294051 J. H. Paulson, 772787 L. B. Pootle, 294693 L/Cpl. F. R. Ricketts, 502486 J. Tingle, 541688 L/Cpl. F. H. Wilkinson, 657398 W. York.
- 652069 W. A. Bridge, 2266069 L. J. Corrigan, 766181 R. H. Edwards, 1078310 M. Harvey, 2005822 E. T. McLaren, 158525 L. W. Martin, 709714 H. R. Norman, 216556 V. O'Brien, 2005681 H. Richmond, 649491 A. P. Ritchie, 1078425 G. A. Stephens, 415492 J. Stevenson, 681 J. Wells, 1078534 E. Wheatley, 501120 W. White, 167130 G. Williams.
- 1096351 P. O. Annis, 506343 W. Beames, 505041 J. W. Bell, 489173 L/Cpl. A. Burgess, 2006882 L. A. Cabana, 718028 2/Cpl. R. H. Collier, 2005764 W. Cowdrill, 913713 Sergt. A. Deildal, 442055 J. C. Dow, 1078381 N. Elsom, 166518 Sergt. J. Endacott, 503785 E. Erickson, 285612 J. Foster, 104663 Corpl. J. Gibson, 784864 R. Gowland, 500040 Sergt. R. R. Greenan, M.M., 2006678 J. H. Harris, 2005358 J. Holder, 166334 2/Cpl. R. Hutchinson, 2007772 W. A. Jewhurst, 766881 J. McGregor, 2006979 N. A. McPherson, 651732 M. Mallow, 425765 J. C. Manson, 414822 J. Mason, 504652 2/Cpl. F. Mean, 775127 G. Morrison, 45388 2/Cpl. L. A. Mould, 514376 F. H. O'Rourke, 100255 S. Owen, 760028 G. Pollock, 670190 W. Porter, 1078184 W. M. Rae, 2006804 R. Roberts, 3131482 J. D. Sandison, 922709 A. E. Sutton, 769293 Driver F. Trebell, 102473 S. Trickett, 423231 L/Cpl. A. Wallace, 216500 J. W. Walton, 73712 W. G. Werry, 54238 J. Whitehead.
- 505901 T. Barrett, 507245 F. B. Eagleson, 7844008 R. Jamieson, 166035 C. E. Lordan, 718628 J. Williamson.
- 166465 W. Barbe, 2006956 W. W. Browne, 3314134 P. Burton, 1078021 F. Churcher, 624808 H. Groves, 171649 A. Lester, 690493 L/Cpl. J. Lunt, 504112 W. E. Palmer, 294073 J. Peterson, 166190 Corpl. E. B. Pulham, 2007197 F. H. Tripp, 45218 Corpl. G. T. Veary.
- 505053 W. W. Finley, 213200 C. C. Grand, 784070 G. L. Higgins, 474208 L/Cpl. G. H. Jones, 712585 J. M. McDonald, 862815 G. E. Murchison, 124163 C. H. Sullivan, 447221 G. W. Swanson.

### Commissions, Promotions, Etc.

- Temp. Lieut.-Col. J. P. Mackenzie, D.S.O., from Man. Regt., to be Temp. Lieut.-Col. (May 24th, with seniority May 2nd).
- Temp. Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) H. L. Bodwell, C.M.G., D.S.O., from W. Ont., to be Temp. Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) March 9th, 1918, with seniority as Major from December 6th, 1915.

Temp. Major (Acting Lieut.-Col.) J. B. P. Dunbar retains the Acting rank of Lieut.-Col. while commanding a Battalion.

Temp. Major A. E. Duncanson, from C. Ont., to be Temp. Major (March 9th, 1918, and to remain second, with seniority from July 1st, 1916).

Temp. Major D. S. Ellis, D.S.O., to be Acting Lieut.-Col. while specially employed as Chief Instructor.

Temp. Capt. (Acting Major) R. S. Northcote, from C. Ont. Regt., to be Temp. Capt., and to retain the Acting rank of Major while employed as Adjutant. (Substituted for *Gazette* notification Sept. 28th).

Temp. Capt. (Acting Major) G. L. Ord, D.S.O., from W. Ont., to be Temp. Capt. (March 9th, 1918, and to remain second, and retain the Acting rank of Major, with seniority as Capt. from December 18th, 1915).

Temp. Capt. R. S. Northcote relinquishes the Acting rank of Major.

Temp. Capt. R. H. Neilson to be Adjutant.

Temp. Capt. G. R. Chetwynd, D.C.M., to be Adjutant (June 28th to August 20th).

Temp. Lieuts. to be Adjutants—A. M. Reid, G. A. Bennet.

Temp. Lieut. E. C. G. Chambers, M.C., relinquishes the appointment as Adjutant.

Temp. Capt. J. A. Creasor, M.C., from Que. Regt., to be Temp. Capt. (June 2nd, 1918, with seniority from April 13th, 1917).

Temp. Capt. J. A. G. White, M.C., from Light Horse, to be Temp. Capt. (June 2nd, 1918, with seniority October 3rd, 1917).

Temp. Capt. C. W. U. Chivers, M.C., from Sask. Regt., to be Temp. Capt. (June 7th, 1918, with seniority March 23rd, 1916).

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Capts.: C. Ellinger, W. E. Massey-Cooke.

Temp. Lieut. A. L. Cumming to be Acting Capt. while commanding a Company.

Temp. Lieut. R. G. Saunders, from Cyclist Corps, to be Temp. Lieut. (2nd June, 1918, with seniority Jan. 22nd, 1916, and to be Acting Capt. while specially employed).

Temp. Lieut. J. B. Hayes, from N.S. Regt., to be Temp. Lieut.

2nd Lieut. W. H. Cain, from R.G.A. (S.R.) to be Temp. Lieut. (Aug. 11th).

To be Temp. Lieuts.—45167 Sergt. A. C. McKee, 180 Sergt T. D. Lee, 257 Sergt. A. B. Rutherford, 541505 Sergt. F. A. Ashford, 503100 Company Sergt.-Major R. F. Allen, 172031 Gunner J. A. Craig, 81593 Corpl. L. H. Miller, 432850 Sergt. H. M. Bennett, 107519 Sergt. V. C. Rayment, 207 Sergt. J. M. Mills, 117085 Sergt. N. B. McCausland.

Temp. Lieut. G. O. Price, from C. Ont., to be Temp. Lieut. (March 9th, 1918, but with seniority from June 28th, 1916).

Temp. Lieut. L. H. Scott, from C. Ont., to be Temp. Lieut. (March 9th, 1918, and to remain second while employed with the R.A.F., with seniority from February 24th, 1917).

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Lieuts. (March 9th, 1918)—A. J. Reid, from C. Ont., and to remain second, with seniority from February 14th, 1917; H. A. Clarke, from C. Ont., with seniority from June 28th, 1916; R. H. Campbell, from C. Ont., but with seniority from July 15th, 1916; A. B. Cosh, from C. Ont., but with seniority from July 15th, 1916;

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Lieuts. (March 9th, 1918)—J. Hollis, from W. Ont., with seniority from August 23rd, 1916; J. R. Scoby, from Man., and to remain second, with seniority from September 18th, 1916.

Temp. Lieut. R. D. Adams is second for duty, with the War Office (September 17th).

630 Sergt. J. N. Alford to be Temp. Lieut.

1261662 Sergt. H. D. Butterfield, to be Temp. Lieut.

Temp. Lieut. R. Lawder, from B.C., to be Temp. Lieut.

Temp. Lieut. A. Barclay, from Ont., to be Temp. Lieut.

Temp. Lieut. G. W. Broughton, from Que., to be Temp. Lieut.

55467 Acting Sergt. A. Love to be Temp. Lieut.

## Honours List.

### D.C.M. for Engineers.

#### 45024 C.S.M. C. Ward, Engineers.

During the three and a half years this warrant officer has served in France, he has rendered valuable services to the Company, to whom his courageous leadership in action, his devotion to duty, and all those qualities which are characteristic of a good soldier have been a fine example.

#### 502934 L/Corpl. J. Bowley, Engineers.

This non-commissioned officer has rendered faithful and devoted service whilst in charge of the water supply. During the year he has lived continuously in the forward area. His conduct under heavy shell fire, and under trying and arduous conditions, has always been a fine example to the parties placed in his charge, and it is largely owing to his courage, energy, and ability that the water supply has been carried so far forward and so satisfactorily maintained.

#### 196 2/Corpl. W. F. Marsh, Engineers.

He rendered excellent service during recent operations in maintaining communication on the buried cable routes, which were being continually broken by enemy shell fire. He has always set a splendid example of devotion to duty.

#### 504932 Sergt. H. J. Mortimer, Engineers.

This non-commissioned officer has, on several occasions, gone out under heavy shell fire to repair telephones. The cheerful alacrity with which he has undertaken such tasks, under dangerous and difficult conditions, his coolness under fire, and his unremitting devotion to duty, have been a very fine example to his men.

#### 489181 Pioneer J. W. Chaddock, Engineers.

Seeing three artillerymen wounded without anyone attending them, he passed through heavy enemy barrage, and, unassisted, dressed all three men, and got them all carried to an advanced dressing station. Both as a stretcher-bearer and a pioneer he has throughout shown great judgment.

#### 638 C.S.M. E. H. Rashley, Engineers.

When his Company were engaged on the construction of an important plank road, tramline, and infantry duckboard walk, this warrant officer was untiring in his efforts, and rendered valuable assistance to his commanding officer, thus enabling the work, which had to be conducted under heavy shell fire, and in full view of the enemy, to be completed rapidly and successfully. The example of his cheerful endurance and entire disregard for his own safety were a very fine example to the junior N.C.O.s and sappers of his Company.

**404012 Sergt. J. E. Barker, Engineers.**

The services rendered by this non-commissioned officer during the whole time—over two years—that he has been in France, have been of great value, and on one occasion, when the construction of important dug-outs had to be carried on, under most adverse circumstances and heavy enemy shell fire, the example of his courage and determination inspired the men working under him, and the work was completed in spite of every difficulty.

**706 Sergt. D. C. Johnstone, Attd. Div. Engineers.**

During the two and a half years this non-commissioned officer has been serving in this capacity in France, he has set a very fine example of a high standard of conscientious devotion to duty under difficult conditions. When the office in which he was working was continuously exposed to shell fire, and bombed by hostile aircraft every night for three weeks, he worked night and day with imperturbable composure and unremitting diligence in the compilation of urgent and important reports, setting a very admirable example of coolness and courage to the remainder of the office staff.

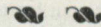
**63482 Corpl. L. D. Johnson, Engineers.**

He has rendered particularly valuable service as non-commissioned officer in charge of divisional wireless stations when there was a shortage of officers, and a large part of the organization of the wireless system was left to him. On several occasions, having established stations in forward areas, he himself has made several journeys under heavy shell fire to maintain the supply of technical stores, and his energy and intelligence in training a very efficient station have been worthy of great praise.



**R.S.M. RIDGWELL, M.C.**

Enlisted with R.E. in February, 1888. On Foreign Service in the Sub-Mining Service, India, 1890 to 1894, and Singapore, 1894 to 1898. With Aldershot Balloon Service in 1901, and was selected to tour the Australian Commonwealth with that section during the Federal celebrations, a tour lasting seven months. Was transferred to "A" Compy., Chatham Depot, 1903. Proceeded to Canada with 18th Fortress Compy., R.E., as C.S.M., 1904, and returned home 1905. Promoted Field Work Instructor with rank of Q.M.S., 1906. Discharged to Pension, 1909, and went to Ashanti as Road Foreman for Crown Agent for Colonies, returning to England in 1910. Enlisted for duration of war in September, 1914. Transferred to Canadians and proceeded to France. February, 1915. Mentioned in despatches twice, and awarded M.C., 1916. Returned from France, February 1917, and was posted to Crowboro' as R.S.M. Fieldworks. Posted to C.S.M.E. as R.S.M. Fieldworks, on re-organization, May, 1918.



**A Hard World.**

"Mother," said Helen, "when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"  
 "Yes, I suppose so," answered the mother.  
 "Mother," said Helen, after a pause, "when I grow up, if I don't marry, will I be an old maid like Aunt Gertrude?"  
 "Why, yes, I suppose so," repeated the mother.  
 "But what queer questions for a little girl to ask."  
 "Mother," after another pause, "this is a very hard world for us women, isn't it?"

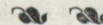


**Doing it up Right.**

A coloured woman recently lost her son, and she immediately swathed herself in black, even to the extent of buying, at quite an expense for her, black underwear. "Isn't that overdoing it a little, Ellen," asked her mistress—"wearing black underwear?"  
 "No, ma'am; no, ma'am," said the bereaved mother.  
 "When Ah mourns, Ah mourns clear through."



"I am an American-born," said a man to a foreign-born. "You were an immigrant."  
 "True," said the foreign-born, "but I really have more right to be proud of my Americanism than you. You came into this country naked, and I came here with my pants on. You came here because you couldn't help it; I came because I wanted to."



**A C.E. to the M.G.**

We know that old Fritz don't love you,  
 You men with the M.G. dart;  
 But the chalk lies solid above you,  
 So sleep with a tranquil heart.  
 Above the ladders and hatches,  
 Your sentries watch and wait:  
 Should he come in mass, or in batches,  
 Your guns must guard the gate.  
 Then revile not the humble sappers,  
 But treat them as your peers;  
 And when hell's bells start wagging their clappers,  
 Shoot a belt for the Engineers  
 March, 1918.

## ROUND THE DEPOT.



Several changes are about to take place among our officers. Lieut.-Col. Ellis, D.S.O., who was Brigade Major, is leaving us to take up the duties of Chief Instructor C.S.M.E. vice Lieut.-Col. Dunbar, to Command the 3rd C.E.R.B.

Capt. McPhail is now taking over the duties of Brigade Major. Capt. Inderwick, who has been responsible for the re-organization of accommodation, or, as he puts it, putting a 3-ton lorry into a match box, is leaving us for "over there." Lieut. Mason is now taking over the duties of Staff Captain, "Q" Branch, whilst Lieut. Mandley is doing the duties of Orderly Officer. We are all sorry to lose Lieut.-Col. Ellis and Capt. Inderwick, and we wish the latter God speed and a safe return. At the same time, the officers who are taking over their duties can be assured of loyal support by N.C.O.s and men of the sub-staff.

The boys of Headquarters said last month it was time we put something in worth reading, instead of getting them in the wrong with the girls by telling tales out of school. What can they expect, when they go to Brighton and take a box at the Hippodrome? Some of them had to make a second trip to enable them to see the show. That reminds us of the yarn of the old man who had only one eye, and when buying his seat wanted it at half-price, because he could only see half the show. The man at the ticket office said: "Oh, no, it will take you twice as long to see it as anyone else."

Well, we hope the following will please the bunch:—

Staff Q.M.S. Dougg is a steady old plug,  
 He keeps the machine up to pitch.  
 Then Staff-Sergt. Barr's at the wheel of the car,  
 That carries the drafts o'er the ditch.  
 Sergt. Quin you'll see there, with his neatly brushed  
 hair,  
 He handles the officers' job.  
 Sergt. Pain sits quite still when counting his till,  
 You'll admit he's a bit of a nob.  
 Cawthorne and Mack have a very fine neck.  
 Of tickling the keys of the tank.  
 But Norman and Art play a quite different part,  
 When Wilson is running the bank.  
 Hunter and Hughes stand all the abuse,  
 With Holmes as a sidekick as well.  
 There remains only Stew, he has nothing to do;  
 Of our story there's no more to tell.



### "A" Company.

A draft of wireless operators has been called, and is proceeding overseas in a few days. Is it the victory draft? We wish all you boys the best of luck, and don't forget to duck the "Vick Ees."

Our financial secretary, a well known Orderly Roomite, has busted into the worthless operators' class, and has departed for a six weeks' course in "oscillations" at the Woodbine Signal Depot.

Who comprised the little party of Orderly Roomites that blew into Jevington loaded for beer, but hastily returned to camp with a couple of little "machine gunners" in hot pursuit?

What's the rumour about a sounder draft being called to go to Canada to help the farmers at seeding time?

Who are those ginks with the intelligent expression of a goldfish and a closely honed smirk on their genial maps, who wander around so thick with red and blue armlets? What do they do for their country?

Why is "A" Company square pushing element on the decline? Is it because Brighton is out of bounds. Understand the Brighton girls heaved a sigh of relief when they heard leave had been cancelled for the "Bandolier Guards."

What did Lieut. Grant say to the Sergt. at the football match? we know the "Sarge" did not appreciate it. Why?

Number 3, Number 3, the R.S.M. went on the — with a rum-tum tiddlum Old John Bradlum, etc.

When the Kaiser's "whizz-bang gang" decided to send out the white flag, they must have had a flash on the A1 manpower under cover in the jam battery.

Officers of this Company who may in future attend courses of instruction at imperial schools, shall be required to provide their own transport, should they carry any luggage in excess of the following:—Trunks, 1; bed rolls, 1; carry alls, 1; kit bags, 6; suit cases, 1; haversacks, 1.

### "B" Company.

Who was the Orderly Room Clerk who was heard murmuring in his sleep?

"It is not a hunger satisfied with bully and beans,

But a hungering for love."

Is it as bad as that, "Chally?" Tough, but leave will soon open up again.

Well, 2nd A.T., what part of France is Belgium in?

We notice that our "Office Boy" still hoofs it to East Dean pretty often. What's the attraction, Charlie?

What we expect to see in "B" Company lines pretty soon:—"Dusty and Co., dealers in second hand clothing."

Since the last edition "B" Company has welcomed a new member—the O.C.'s charger.

We all sympathize with Sergt. Coates, "B" Company's human battering ram, and we hope his leg will be O.K. again by the time leave opens up.

"Sandy," "B" Company's pet Orderly Sergeant, sure took a liking to Brighton. We wonder what made him want to stay all night?

The war certainly must be nearly over. "B" Company has sent a victory draft of 45 over the pond.

We notice that a certain O.R.S. has given up buying cigarettes since the Camp has been quarantined.

What's the matter, Bill?

Who were the two soldiers who were knocked out by one of our Headquarters Corporals in Jevington two

weeks ago. Is that why Virginia has given him the go-by.

Why did a certain "B" Company Sergeant refuse to send last month's SAPPER to his wife?

Never mind, Tom, send this month's.

"Never mind, nurse, I'm coming." And I guess Henry went.

LOST, one mascot, answering to the name of "Pat." Finder will receive £1 reward for keeping same, by applying to "B" Company Orderly Room.

Owing to the inclement weather during the last month, there has been a slump in backgrounds.

In view of the Huns approaching Foch for armistice terms, we were wondering if that is where "Hindenberg" has been this week.

We are all sorry to lose our "wonderful" officer. Is it our "wonderful" training which makes other Companies desire our officers.

### "C" Company.

Mounted Duties Instructor: I think this is a jolly good idea, not clipping the horse's legs!

Ex-Cavalry Sergeant: Why?

M.D.I.: Leaving the hair on the legs absorbs the sweat; whereas, if the legs were clipped, the sweat would run down into the feet and cause THRUSH!

Collapse of sergeant.

During the month, large drafts of drivers have left this Company for France. We wish them luck, and trust they will be in time for the grand entry into Berlin—or even Düsseldorf.

Lieut. Grant has been appointed to this Company. We welcome this energetic young officer, and trust he will make good in the mounted Company as he did with Signals. Lieut. Grant is also O.C. sports of the Battalion.

We trust that the embargo on "leave, week-end, one," will not embitter the naturally sweet temper of our C.S.M. We notice, however, that one side of his exquisitely chisselled mouth is beginning to droop.

Now that C. and A. has been put out of action, I notice that the old game of seven come eleven has come into force again. It seems impossible for the boys to resist the lure of the dice.

What is causing all these grain stacks to burn down lately? Is it kind of cold for our Brighton friends?

Get out on your horses. Who the h— stole my grooming kit?

All night passes to Brighton were becoming quite a habit in "C" Company until the Higher Command butted in. We suppose three blankets were not enough for them.

"Get off his neck, you're not handling pans in the mess room now."

I will have to put you up to the section. Sickness prevails in the troop.

Still alive, though we missed the last two editions, owing to the heavy pressure of military duties.

Fred seems to have clicked in the Smoke, while Coates is a good second.

We did have two new members, in the form of Sergeants Potter and Margeson, but they did not remain long in our midst, having been transferred to the 2nd Battalion in readiness to proceed overseas. Good luck.

"Grand Slam" Darling and "Spread Misere" Mac are still in the 500 game, but the latter needs coaching.

Jimmy Stark expects to go to the Smoke, also to have his EYES tested. This is getting interesting.

Electric Lizz ran off with the trumpeter's mouth-piece, and someone asks if he wanted it for a spark-gap.

Another addition to our abode is Sergt. Somerville, well-known to all the old boys.

Doncaster was around last week sometime, and we beg to announce that he will put in an appearance about the 15th of the month, providing that he is well.

Dusty Milla' comes from Texas, and is taking a course in *Coates' Modern English*.

The soccer artists, Smith and Darling, have left for a short trip across the Channel on a Cook's tour.

Dave and Bill are alive and well, but still are rather lazy inclined about reveille. Wake up, your brains are dusty, and, as Hank says, "It is daylight in the swamp."

### LITTLE NEMO.

MARRIAGE.—We offer our congratulations to Sergt. North, of the 1st C.E.R.B. Pay Office, on the occasion of his marriage, which took place in London on the second of the month.

BIRTH.—We extend our hearty congratulations to Sergt. Illidge, of "C" Company, 1st C.E.R.B., on the birth of a daughter.



Unkind comments were received regarding our failure to donate to last month's issue, which goes to prove that the majority of subscribers look forward to something good from this Battalion, and emphasizes the old saying: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

However, events move in this Battalion, who's motto is "Second to none," with such rapidity, that it renders difficult a comprehensive review of the general situation.

One thing is apparent, and that is, "We are winning the war," and as far as our share in the above is concerned, well, just get into touch with the men who handle reinforcements, and you will discover that loss of sleep by these gentlemen is not caused by periodical visits to the Jewish citadel, but in preparing and dispatching good material overseas to beat "Jerry."

Rumours of changes in the personnel of the administrative staff of this Battalion's Headquarters will persist in making themselves heard, and are not viewed with satisfaction by the sub-staff, for they have long since realised that the present Heads of Affairs are not only entirely satisfactory, but hard to replace, and the present smooth running of the Battalion is, to a great extent, due to the fortunate possession of such good men.

The old adage, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," might have some truth attached to it, but we don't like fish.

Still, if this is to be, and the man with the power in his elbow condescends, I guess we could recommend a good man or two.

Cities such as Brighton and Eastbourne, being in the prohibited area, have had peculiar effect on "men we know." For instance, we know of one man who has found time to write to his wife in Canada four times this week.

Others, more fortunately situated, are not inconvenienced by this order. Why, I know a Corporal who hasn't been out of camp for two weeks, and his only request was that "duck-boards" be laid from the Battalion Orderly Room to the "Beaver Hut," Y.M.C.A., during the muddy spell.

The above request has, of course, been forwarded through the usual channels.

Again, there are other ways and means of overcoming such little inconveniences as not being able to travel by train, and in this connection our postal staff has had to be increased 100 per cent., and a Corporal specially detailed from this office to handle "Express" letters to and from a certain piece of Shamrock and Corporal (very common name) of this office.

Evacuations of troops (enemy) from towns of prominence in Europe are reported by all our leading newspapers to the entire satisfaction of the "Entente," but which paper will have the honour to first announce the evacuation of Seaford by the Canadian Engineers, and on what date?

Still we shall all (?) be sorry to see the last of the quaint old Sussex town, which now is honoured by our distinguished selves; and yet the sooner we can add our sojourn here to our recollections of the past, the better dispositioned we shall be.

In conclusion, all ranks of these Headquarters would like a statement from the Editor of this magazine as to the advisability of preparing another article for the following month's issue, for it is a tremendous strain on our mental powers, and in view of the various dates given by budding Horatio Bottomleys on the strength of this Company, as to the conclusion of hostilities, ranging from 3.55 p.m. next Wednesday (pardon me, 1555 continental) to the 1st of December; there is, I presume, every possibility of the next edition being printed at the Canadian base (Vancouver for preference).

"WEB-FOOT."

### "C" Company.

We regret very much the loss of our O.C., Lieut. O. E. Leger, and wish him every success in his future undertakings.

We wonder if Sergt. Vienotte still thinks France the nicest place on the map to soldier, or would he prefer to be near Newhaven, so that he could see the "only one."

What was the attraction that kept Sergt. Willis away from camp for long?

Has Corpl. Dodimead found the long lost board?

We are all sorry for Corpl. Dreyer not being able to go to Lewes, owing to the "flu."

Is it true that "G" Company men have to take blankets with them when they go on leave, to keep their knees warm? Shure it isn't their feet.

When will the shipment of socks arrive, that a certain N.C.O.s lady friend is knitting?

We would like to know if our friend, Sergt. J. Powers, got his extension in Brighton on the night of the 29th? and what "Joe" thought about it?

Who stole that glass of beer at "Chatfield's."

We notice that a Sergt. in "C" Company is again resuming the pleasant duty of escorting a young lady from the South Camp every night. Why did he stop his escort duty for two weeks, and then resume it again?

We are all wondering if our new O.C. will be as good to the "boys" as the old one.



Headquarters.

Since the last issue the Battalion has lost the services of Capt. McPhail, the Adjutant, who has gone to the C.E.T.C. as Brigade Major. We regret the loss, but wish him all success in his new capacity.

We were dealt a very scurvy blow by the gale during the nights of November 4th and 5th, when the Orderly Room and all its contents were turned upside down and inside out. Mr. Brown was to be seen during the wee sma' hours acting as anchor to the guy ropes, but without avail.

All the messing marquees were similarly treated, and a pretty scene ensued. It was worse than the usual Thursday debacle.

The Battalion Headquarters is temporarily situated in the C.E.T.C. Everyone is looking forward to moving into permanent quarters, as the Battalion seems to stretch from here to Alfriston, in any old canteen or shack procurable.

### "A" Company.

We hear pleasing whispers from N.C.O.s and men of this Company about Capt. Monro, our new O.C. All ranks extend him a welcome.

Q.M.S. Langley is back from leave, and reports having a splendid time, but seems touchy on the subject of Victory War Bonds. He evidently thinks they do not pay, when it costs twopence to get a postcard with an invitation on it to purchase Bonds.

### "B" Company.

The gale on Monday night didn't do a thing to us. Oh, no, just took our breath away.

The Company Quarter managed to get two passes for the same wedding. He has been swearing that the first had been postponed, as the bridegroom had been refused leave.

There is but one subject of conversation in the Company this week—both in the N.C.O.s Mess and the men's—only one thing is spoken of, we do not speak of war, of going home, or even of leave. With bated breath one tells his neighbour that at last there is going to be a clothing parade for this Company.

### "C" Company.

We understand that Lieut. Raymond is soon leaving us; we wish him all kinds of luck.

Lieut. Reynolds is now known as O.C. "Butts." Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning.

Congrats. to Corpl. Devlin on his showing at the arena. Won't the girl from Seaford be pleased, Jimmy?

Who was the N.C.O. who returned from leave recently in a highly nervous condition, and was a source of great anxiety to his brother N.C.O.s, until they heard him making enquiries about matrimony. Good luck, Jimmy, and will Dusty be best man?

What kind of sleeping draught does Sergt. Hampson take?

Who was the W.O. walking up and down outside a house in Polegate? And did his cooing meet with any response?

Did the N.C.O.s who attended the masquerade in the South Camp find the spirits convivial? Sure.

### "E" Company.

"E" and "A" Companies have consummated the deal of the season by trading O.C.s, C.Q.M.S.s, and a couple of Sergeants, "A" Company throwing in a Sapper for good measure.

Corpl. Reidy, who has just returned from Scotland, and is chuck full of good spirits, has begun work on his latest creation: "Camping in a ploughed field. Personal experiences."

Who was the other rank who was described as having reported clean and sober when coming off leave that



was deserved but not granted. Two months' deferred pay is no cinch, eh, Whitie?

Three members of the Engineers' Minstrels, L/Cpl. Tousley and Sappers Thomas and Tough, are by now in France, where they are sure to entertain Fritzie with some rapid fire stuff.

C.Q.M.S. White has purchased a pair of strong binoculars, in order to locate the Seaford Military Laundry Wagon, which is due at 1330 most any day now.

Contributions of old stoves will be received gladly, also a pair of high top rubber boots, for the use of the Company runner.

### "F" Company.

We refrain from saying anything about the Battalion football team, as our Company's remarks are unprintable.

We would advise a certain N.C.O. to write his own love letters in future, and see that his address is enclosed. Some think if he were not bald headed he might have made connections.

Great things are expected from our raconteur, relative to his side door Pullman days, once we get comfortably settled down in our new mess.

We would like to say a lot more, but our time is limited; so in view of our new camp, let us all wish a soldier's farewell to Mudford.

### "H" Company.

A sapper was drinking in the beer canteen the other night, and when offered a tin of beer by his pal, was heard to say: "I can't (hic) drink any more (hic), pour it over me, I like the smell of it."



### Headquarters.

Shades of Vimy Ridge. What is this we hear of a member of the O.T.C., when making a plan of a Brigade Headquarters dugout, put in an indent for 80 bedboards for the sub-staff? Why not go the whole route, old chap, and shove in for palliasses and pillow slips?

The excuse handed in by a member of the O.T.C. (Fieldworks Class) for being late on parade would take a "biscuit" in any "John Bull" competition. One peep at it, and the Editor decided the smell of it was on a par with some of the fish breakfasts. He canned it.

The fuel proposition is a hard one. There are ways and means of evading the restrictions, even though an N.C.O. got real inflated about it.

The "flu" was prevalent among the office staff two weeks ago, several of the staff being placed *hors de combat*. Assistance was rendered by Staff Q.M.S. Douglas, of C.E.T.C.

Some filing system. Little chance of documents going astray, even though the lumber pile has been hard hit by the carpenters.

Demobilization has no terrors for "Slim." This idea of hunting a job "apres la guerre" received a rude jolt last week, when the light infantryman (heavy on the light, Mr. Printer) commenced operations on a clothes renovating establishment. A sliding scale of charges has been worked out, officers digging down the

deepest, cadets a medium touch; while the common or garden sapper gets away with an equivalent to a tea and cakes.

This quarantine business has allowed the boys to gather round the stove and fight again the battles in Flanders and Picardy. The Western Front has nothing on some of the stuff related by the "old sweats," tales of Gibraltar, Malta, and Halifax, reminding us that an Army existed before Sam Hughes tossed his hat in the ring.

There are rumours of a move of the office staff. The dope looks good. Make sure of your footgear before you level such a question at some of the W.O.'s.

Eight or ten "social reformers" are about to sail for England, where they will prepare the boys for the peace era. After listening to the whistling and foot stamping stunt carried on by a few at the Sergeants' Mess whenever the piano is in action, one feels tempted to address an invitation to one or more of these "reformers," in order to get the aforementioned individuals climatized to a Pantages or Shea circuit.

Letter from France. *Scene*: A Boche being escorted to the collecting cage. "Huh! You Canadians think you are going to win this war, but you're not."

One of Currie's men: "And you think you are going to the cage—but you're not."

### Fieldworks Wing.

The O.T.C. has taken another wallop at the Fieldworks Instructors, Serjts. J. E. West and P. Curtis putting up the white bands and joining No. 5 Class.

Uncle Joe Morris is watching the mails closely these days, at the same time expressing high hopes of getting in on a batch of twenty Bradburys, which one of the sergeants is asking the War Office to divvy up.

Old home week celebrations were the order of the day early in the month, when representatives from C.E. units in the field arrived to act as instructors. All of them had some tales to tell of the work performed by Currie's men during the past few months.

C.S.M. Brown struck a vein of Palestine in his blood when he salvaged odds and ends of two or three cycles. "J. O." hopes to make a respectable machine out of the junk pile.

Volunteers wanted for the next whist drive at the Barley Mow. Too bad the long-legged fellows picked on "Stumpy" Shanton when hitting the home trail from the last affair over the hill.

Ike Gunnell's thrilling yarns of hunting bear and deer in the Far West are likely to bear fruit. Like the serial story, this para. "will be continued in our next."

The epidemic invaded our territory last week. Lieut. Robert Hill falling a victim to the "flu," and is now an inmate of No. 13 C.G.H., Hastings.

Lieut. Balfour was suddenly called away home, where his wife was suffering from the nation wide scourge. We are looking for better news from the London district.

Daily query at the Fieldworks desk: "When is the leave barrage going to lift?"

### Bombing.

We have been informed by the worthy Editor of this periodical that contributions were not forthcoming in the necessary quantities. The aforesaid gentleman is, perhaps, not aware of the burdensome duties imposed on the bombing staff, making it almost impossible at times to think, let alone write up, material which would do our magazine justice. However, a few slack moments are at hand, so we will do our best to win our way back into the good books of the Editor.

Well, the matrimonial bug has bitten one more of our instructors, namely, Corpl. J. F. Brown. It is

Further Adventures of Mick and Mac.



Mick learns not to let the Working Party advise as to what the task is,

feared that it may develop into an epidemic, as there are signs of work accomplished by the same bug in other quarters of the bombing staff. Nevertheless, an epidemic of this kind doesn't necessitate a quarantine, so all prospective patients can put their minds at ease. Furthermore, this same bug has existed since Adam and Eve, and as yet no exterminator has been discovered.

Our friend George has discovered the Army will only supply boots once in six months. Of course, his demands exceeded the supply, so he was obliged to purchase a bicycle, in order to carry on with his journeys to and from Eastbourne. Never mind, George, I am sure she is worth it, and riding is much better than walking.

If anyone wishes to sell a bicycle of questionable character, take it to Corpl. G. W. Brown. He will buy it, then in a few days make you a present of it back again.

Bombing Instructor, to Class: What is the name of this bomb?

Class, in one voice: "P" bomb.

Bombing Instructor: What is it filled with?

Silence, then one small voice answers: P—, sir.

Total collapse of the instructor.

A bombing instructor was asked by one of his class if it was possible to "Secure Arms" with a grenade in the rifle. The questioner was immediately referred to the I.D. Staff.

Wee Jimmy Cockburn wants to know what proceedings are necessary to obtain a week-end pass from M.N. Thursday to reveille same day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Terty tru" years in de Army, and never stole a turnip, set fire to a haystack, or bought a phony medical certificate for five bob. Some record.

Why is a P.T. instructor like a marksman? Because they both shoot the bull.

O.T.C. Wing.

No. 2 Class of the Canadian Engineers O.T.C., located at Seaford, Sussex, are rapidly nearing the completion of their training.

This Class, inaugurated last July, is composed of men drawn from every branch of the Engineer Services in the field:—Field Companies, Tunnellers, Army Troops, Pioneers, Signals, and a chosen few from the Artillery. Men whose natural bent and technical knowledge irresistibly drew them into the Engineers when the great game started in 1914—and whose ability has at last found recognition.

The course has been a strenuous one, but thanks to the skill of the O.T.C. Staff, and their own untiring efforts, the Class will go forward a credit to the Engineers, the O.T.C., and to themselves.

The following is a list of the Class, giving their place of birth, and length of service.

- Arnold, S. D. (Sergt.) Vancouver, B.C. Two years and seven months.  
 Affleck-Boyd, C., New Hazelton, B.C. Two years and four months.  
 Armstrong, J. M. (Sergt.) Calgary, Atta. Three years and seven months.  
 Aird, William N. (Sergt.) Seattle, Wash., U.S.A. Three years and four months.  
 Aedy, A.G., Malden, Surrey, Military Medal. Four years and two months.  
 Beattie, J. L. (Sergt.) Toronto. Two years and eight months.  
 Bradford, J. L. (Corpl.) Richmond, Surrey. Three years and two months.  
 Bloomfield, J. M., Thurma Factory, Bengal, India. Three years.  
 Brown, L. A., Toronto. One year one month.  
 Berry, Byron C., Toronto. Three years.  
 Bell, J. H., Wigton. Three years two months.  
 Bosley, J., Cheltenham, Médaille Militaire Francaise. Three years eight months.  
 Brownlee, Winnipeg. Three years two months.  
 Conway, G. S., Carlisle, Cumberland. Three years.  
 Christie, H. C., Glasgow. Two years eight months.  
 Campbell, H.A., Yorkshire, England. Two years eleven months.  
 Corbett, C. F., Truro, N.S. Three years four months.  
 Evans, A. C., Ontario. Three years.  
 Eaton, H. T., Hamilton. Four years three months. Forty-two months in France.  
 Ford, S. H., Hamilton. M.M., Lens, September, 1917. Two years eight months.  
 Fraser, K., Berkshire, England. Four years.  
 Geater, F. Middlesex, England. M.M., Passchendale, 1917. Three years seven months.  
 Grimsdick, O. V., Northamptonshire. Four years three months. Forty-two months in France.  
 Hotchkiss, C. P., Ontario. Two years one month.  
 Hull, F. H. (Shorty) Ontario. Two years five months.  
 Houghton, E. G., London, England. Two years ten months.  
 Harper, C. J. Brampton, Ontario. Two years.  
 Humphreys, H. J., London, England. Three years eleven months.  
 Hills, H. C., Ontario. Two years ten months.  
 Hoyt, C. M. C., Nova Scotia. M.M. with Bar. Four years.  
 Hill, F. L., Cumberland, England. M.M., Vimy, 1917. Four years.  
 Huntley, A., Ontario. Three years.  
 Irving, J. C., Winchester, Ontario. Two years eight months.  
 Jones, H. O.C., Yorkshire, England. Three years.  
 Keys, H. J. E., Toronto. Forty-one months in France.  
 Kinghorn, H. C., Fredrickton, N.B. Two years six months.  
 Lyche, N. E., Bellingham, Washington, U.S.A. Twelve months in France.  
 McBeath, D. A., Halkirk, Scotland. Military Service Medal. Four years three months.  
 Munro, A. H., Peterborough, Ontario. Four years.  
 Mackie, G. H., Toronto. Three years three months.  
 Morrison, J. R., Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. Three years three months.  
 McLeod, A., St. Ann's, Nova Scotia. Two years five months.  
 McRae, J. F., Winnipeg. Military Medal. Four years two months.  
 Mitchell, R. M., Scotland. Two years five months.  
 McLaren, G. C., Australia. Two years two months.  
 Payette, J. A., France. Four years.  
 Roberts, C. D., British Guiana. One year nine months.  
 Russell, W. A., Ontario. Two years six months.  
 Robertson, E. D., Ottawa. Two years.  
 Stephenson, G. E., Huron County. Two years nine months.  
 Symons, R. T., England. Two years six months.  
 Spence, J. W., Nova Scotia. Two years ten months.  
 Swan, J. F., Malta. One year ten months.  
 Thorn, J., England. Two years ten months.  
 Taylor, E., England. Forty months in France.  
 Templeton, R. (Bob), Scotland. Three years two months.  
 Teagle, A., Toronto. Two years ten months.  
 Vadeboncoeur, N. J., N. Dakota. Three years.  
 Walker, R., England. M.S.M., June, 1918. Forty months in France.  
 Wolverton, J. M., Texas, U.S.A. Three years two months.  
 Watson, R., Scotland. Two years nine months.  
 On account of the urgent need of officers in France, the following men were granted their commissions before the course finished:—  
 Ashford, F. A. M.M. Three years three months.  
 Allen, R. F. M.S.M., Jan., 1918. Two years ten months.  
 Bennett, H. M. D.C.M., January, 1918. Four years.  
 Bruce, W. C. M.M., September, 1916. Three years six months.  
 Butterfield, H. D. M.S.M. Two years seven months.  
 Craig, J. A. D.C.M., December, 1917. One year six months.  
 Hughson, A. S. (R.C.E.) Enlisted December, 1904.  
 Lee, T. D. M.M. and Belgian Croix de Guerre. Four years one month.  
 Miller, L. H. Four years two months.  
 Mills, J. M. M.S.M., June, 1918. Three years ten months.  
 McCausland, N. B. M.M. Four years.  
 Rayment, V. C. Four years two months.  
 Rutherford, A. B. M.M., December, 1916. Four years.

### Capt. Booker's Company.

*Received too late for insertion in "Over There."*

This month, we must give our congratulations to Sappers Wardaugh and J. Campbell, also Drivers Farmer and Snelson, who, during their last leave, branched out into the double life system. May you all have many years of happy bliss, and then some.

Bienvue! to Sappers Willis and Pydie, who have rejoined the Company.

Past mysteries: Why the S.M. sent a side car about 20 km. to enquire Sergt. Lee's christian name.

Say! by the way, aren't goats deceiving animals.

"Seen in the streets of Arras"—Sapper B. peddling rabbits and a goat. It's a wonder he did not have a working party to wheel the wheelbarrow around.

We are all sorry, and offer our heartfelt sympathies to Sergt. Lee, in his past bereavement.

Talking about waste and how to make use of it, well, the S.M. and Sergt. H. certainly gave a good demonstration of how to use a WAIST, prior to leaving M.

Lieut. Knowles on leave. A whole story could be written on that subject—but enough said, as it is.

Our canteen man certainly slipped one over us the other week. But it was a dead give away to drop the paper in the barrel of beer.

It was only when McN. and B. were told that Coh. had some beer, that they rose from their hands and knees, after an hour's digging and scratching for a hidden treasure.

## ENTERTAINMENTS AND SPORTS.

### Whist Drives.

During the course of last week a very successful whist drive was held in the 1st C.E.R.B., under the auspices of the C.E.T.C. Canteen Committee. This drive was divided into Hut competitions, Company competitions and a Battalion final.

In the final, Dvr. Mitchell, of "C" Company, and Spr. Grant, of "B" Company, were declared the winners.

Over £15 was distributed in prizes in the various competitions, and it is understood that a similar sum will be allotted weekly for the purpose of continuing these popular events.

Other indoor games will be planned and carried out during the forthcoming winter, under the able management of Lieut. S. H. Grant.

### C.E.T.C. News Stands.

With the removal of the C.C.D. from this camp, and the taking over of their lines by the C.E.T.C., there will be a change in the management of the news stands in the C.C.D. lines. This will now be run by the C.E.T.C., under the direction of Lieut. F. Clarke.

There will be a full line of American and Canadian magazines in stock. Stationary, playing cards, Christmas cards (not ration cards), will also be a leading feature of the new business.

THE CANADIAN SAPPER will be on sale at the stall, whose stock will also include all the reliable weeklies and *John Bull*.

A similar stand will also be opened in No. 2 lines, near the Canteen, under the same management.

### C.E.T.C. Pierrots.

Since the last issue of THE SAPPER, the Concert Party, in common with other organizations, has suffered from the restrictions placed upon travelling and local places of entertainment, by the "flu" epidemic. Highly successful shows were given at Kitchener's Hospital, Brighton (fourth return visit), Crowborough, Basingstoke, and Newhaven.

Brighton audiences have always been very appreciative of the efforts of the Troupe to drive away "dull care" and leave behind pleasant memories, and a number of catchy airs. The last visit was no exception. The hall was crowded long before the start, and remained so to the finish, every turn being heavily encored.

The "Imperials" at Crowborough showed by their tumultuous reception of the Holden, Howe, Pellington, Mycow Quartet, that they appreciate "Ragtime" music. Nothing less than a double encore would satisfy the Tommies. Special praise should be given to Mycow for his splendid work on the "ivories."

Deneau, with his latest rag song, "Indianapolis," and Holden with his one-stringed fiddle, also scored heavily. The whole show went with a real swing, and if applause counts, every number of the Troupe was well repaid for his efforts.

Basingstoke was another triumph. Again a crowded hall greeted the Troupe, and the door keeper passed out two men before the final curtain. That is no mean achievement, to hold an audience of nearly 2,000 hospital patients, practically to a man, until the final curtain.

The concert in the Naval Barracks at Newhaven, at the invitation of the Naval Officers, was a "top-hole" affair. In the audience was General Anley and his wife, several Imperial Staff Officers and friends, a large

number of Naval Officers, as well as a big muster of officers from Seaford, including Lieut.-Col. Lawson, M.C., Major Shergold, D.C.M., and Major Stroud. A large number of ladies were present, and, with a good sprinkling of Jacks and Tommies, the gaily decorated and crowded hall represented a real re-union of the "Sister" Services.

The Hawaiian number made a big appeal, and elicited hearty applause.

Sapper Bentley, with his new song, "Your England and mine," was received splendidly.

Sergt. Doncaster made one of his biggest hits, securing two double encores.

Lieut. Grant, in this, as in other shows, carried his audience with his display of real "pep."

Sapper Wilson has added a number of splendid tricks to his repertoire, and is proving himself a real "star."

## SOCCER.

### C.S.M.E.

People who attended the soccer game, C.S.M.E. v. 18th Reserve, came away wondering whether they had been watching a football match or a Bolshevik celebration. No use beating around the bush. The School were decidedly licked, and new material, together with better combination, is needed before we shall have much of a showing on the league table.

Judging from the display made against the 1st Reserve Battalion team, especially the last ten minutes play, the chances looked good as to at least breaking even. Murray being injured during the first ten minutes of play was a loss, and the fistic encounter later in the game did not improve matters.

Jardine played his usual game, and is easily the star of the eleven. Lieut. Davidson made his debut as a goalie, and made a good showing, having no chance whatever against five of the six goals scored against him.

New material is being given a try out, and we can expect better news from the team from now on.

### 1st C.E.R.B.

During the past month the soccer team, under the able management of Sergt. Smith, have enjoyed a very considerable measure of success, and a number of splendid games.


The standing of the team up to date in the area league is as follows:—Won three, drawn three, lost two, and postponed one. A very creditable showing, when we consider that the team lacks several of its old timers, and is made up from all Companies in the Battalion.

On October 24th we lost to the 3rd C.C.D. by a score of 4 to 1, but retrieved our reputation on November 1st by drawing with the C.S.M.E. 4 to 4, and again on the 6th by beating the 1st Reserve 4 to 1.

The lines up:—

	Sergt. Smith	
Cpl. Anderson		Spr. Dick
C.Q.M.S. Stern	Spr. Dobson	Spr. Hurley
Spr. Cattermole	Spr. Mercer	Dvr. Norman
Sergt. Dickson		Dvr. Donnell

All the boys are in good fettle, but if there is any special praise due to any one player it should be given to Sapper Dick, whose brilliant play has earned him the title of being the star performer of the area.



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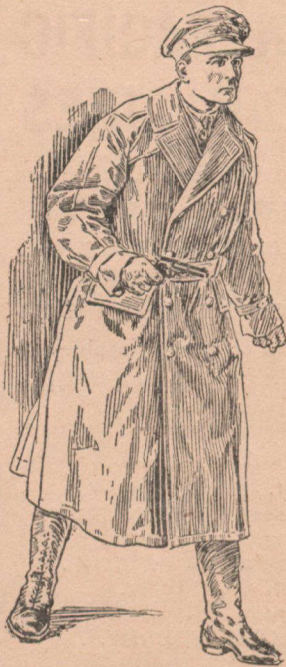
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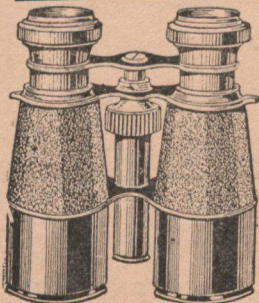
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