

THIS AND THAT.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that, in response to a general request sent out in the press, for copies of publications, such as ours, the first four numbers of the "I.C." were sent to the British Museum. In reply we received a kind letter of thanks from the Keeper of the Department of Printed Books of that world-famous institution. Needless to say, from now on the B.M. is on our regular Mailing List.

Speaking of the "I.C.," that high-class periodical, "T.P.'s Weekly," says:—"Altogether it is a cheery and welcome journal." (It goes without saying that all papers that make sympathetic references to the "I.C." are *high-class*: how can they be anything else?)

A Western Canadian paper seemed to be amused at our referring to the "London Times" as a contemporary. *Pour-quoi?* Do you ever find such masterpieces of literary genius such as Michael O'Brien's poems, even in "The Thunderer?"

The football team of "No. One" has the following line-up:—Capt. O. E. Carr, Sergt. L. B. Warnicker, and Ptes. Cosgrove, McLean, Robinson, Maycock, Wilson, Gillis, Reville, Rose, and Craig.

"Scottie" Gillis is captain of the team, whilst Norman is the Referee.

A well-contested match was played the other day with the 11th Royal Scots Fusiliers, and our team went down to defeat after a well contested game, but we hope to announce some victories in the next issue of the "I.C." It is hoped to play a return match with the "R.S.F.'s" in the near future.

CHOP-SUEY.

A ticklish subject:—CRUMBS.

Constant reader wants to know "who is the member of our unit who sticks out his chest so bravely, holds up his lordly head so haughtily, walks with such a fantastic gait, and withal slings the bull so realistically?" (*Some delegate, whoever he is. Ed.*)

A disgruntled correspondent sends us the following amendment to the chorus of a song that is very popular just now.

*"It's all wrong, it's all wrong now,
The army is completely on the bum.
He said, "The fifty was enough,"
It was just a bluff.
We thought that it was rough,
So then we said, we would be paid;
All the rest before the next guard we would do;
We said the Army was alright
But the P.M. we have got is all wrong."*

MITIGATING EVIDENCE.

Place.—Somewhere in Flanders.

Scene.—Orderly Room. *Time,* 10 a.m.

O.C.—(To Prisoner). "You are charged with the following offences:—

- (1) Absent without leave.
- (2) Drunkenness.
- (3) Disobeying an order.
- (4) Striking a N.C.O.
- (5) Creating a disturbance.

Let me say that you are absolutely incorrigible and have been nothing but a nuisance since you have been in the unit. Are you willing to take my punishment or do you want a court martial?"

PTE. BADLOTT.—"Your punishment, if you please, sir. But before you sentence me there are two things in my favour, although as you say, my character is far from what it should be."

O.C.—"What are they?"

PTE. BADLOTT.—"Firstly, Sir, I have never had any bull stories of mine published in my home town paper, altho' I've been in the Army 18 months. Secondly, I have never yet spread it around that I was going after a commission!"

O.C.—"Most exceptional! Prisoner, you are acquitted."
(*Sensation in Court.*)

POP MEAN'S STEW.

(Contributed by Pte. G. S. OSBORNE, 13th Canadian Battalion)

There's a house in the Rue de Bouchers,
Occupied by a section of fame,
Their patients consist of all units,
The sick, the wounded, and lame;
They go there with visions of Blighty,
Or Canada's shores are in view,
But their hopes are speedily banished
When they taste Pop Mean's stew.

A driver one day in the transport,
Commonly known as Joe Price,
Said "Horse lines are getting too muddy,
I'll hike to a house and there rest."
So straightway he went to his M.O.,
His complaints and ailments to shew,
Said the Doc, "I think you are run down,
Try a spell of Pop Mean's stew."

The times there were certainly dandy,
Eating, sleeping, nothing to do,
When the news reached Shorty Allen,
Said he, "I'm hiking there too."
So straightway he caught influenza,
With a nasty cough on his chest;
Now in the house on Rue de Bouchers,
The pair are taking their rest.

It seemed somewhat strange to others,
The attractions that old house held,
But the biggest surprise to them all was when
Pat Holligan also there fled.
'Twas no ailment of mind or of body,
That Holligan had in view—
The only conclusion we came to,
'Twas the flavour of Pop Mean's stew.

SOME UNIQUE DEFINITIONS.

We believe that the record for having the *largest* regimental newspaper on active service can be claimed by the 49th Canadian Battalion, for No. 3 of the "Forty-Niner" recently to hand contains 32 pages, to say nothing of a handsome cover. In fact, it really comes in the magazine class, altho' it differs from most magazines of to-day in that it has one page of advertisements to thirty-one of real live reading matter. So many magazines are about 75% of advertisements for patent pills, powders, polish or pea-soup, these days, that the real reading matter is only a minor consideration.

The boys of the 49th come from Edmonton way and the breezy spirit of the West is noticeable from cover to cover of their bright and cheery publication.

The following excerpts from their columns entitled "Definitions" particularly caught our eye:—

Batman.—A curious species of animal, nocturnal in their habits, usually decorated with sundry pieces of rags, tins of paste, and sword belts, a breed that are not good mixers.

(We really think that our own A.O.B. will hold an indignation meeting when they read the above.)

Cooks.—A species of the genii man, gifted with the art of making a lot go a little way, with filling the empty stomach with a glass of water and a dog biscuit. Can be domesticated by gentle treatment and very useful when so trained; but be careful—they can bite.

(Foregoing inserted with apologies to Signor Buttoni, High Sheriff of the Cook-house.)

Band.—A collection of herbivorous and carnivorous animals, noted for the peculiar sounds they at times produce. Useful as snake charmers; very easily controlled with a stick in the hands of a stout person.

(Those who have had the pleasure of listening to the 49th Battalion band, which has been our privilege on more than one occasion, will bear us out when we say that the members thereof did not look quite so ferocious as above definition would lead one to believe.)

Bugler.—One noted for the playing of a tin horn and producing noises never before known to humans.

(Considerations for their feelings which are very tender on some points, prevents us from coupling the names of our two surviving buglers with above excerpt.)