

**THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.**

By JOHN FANNON.

A fair-haired boy, in a Flanders trench,  
 At sunrise was to die ;  
 Alone he sat with his head bowed low,  
 From his heart there came a sigh.  
 He'd deserted from the ranks, they say,  
 The reason they can't tell why ;  
 But the orders that the Captain gave  
 Were that he'd have to die.  
 And while the hours did quickly pass,  
 A messenger on wings to him did fly,  
 "Save that boy from an unjust fate,"  
 A pardon, but—it came too late.  
 The volley was fired at sunrise,  
 Just at the break of day,  
 And while the echo lingered  
 His soul had passed away.  
 Into the hands of his maker,  
 There for to know his fate ;  
 There was a tear, a sigh, a last good-bye,  
 But the pardon came too late.  
 Around the camp fires burning bright,  
 That's where the story was told ;  
 The mother on her dying bed  
 Had sent for her boy so bold.  
 He'd hastened when he'd heard the news,  
 And was captured on the way ;  
 Little she thought it was her brave boy  
 That was to die at break of day.

**NOTES FROM THE A.O.B.***(Ancient Order of Batmen).*

Who is the Canadian millionaire whose son is a batman at the front? And does the son aforementioned honour No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance with his presence?

The rumour that Joliette, the home town of Pte. Laporte, has been bombarded by a Zeppelin has been very much exaggerated.

Who was the man who put in three hours' work on a strange officer's horse and saddle, expecting to rake in 5 francs at least for his labour—and received a pear, value 20 centimes? Is the man in question usually called "Blokey" for short?

Why is there so much ill feeling in our horse transport on account of Hector Martin being admitted to our noble Order?

How much water would it take to wash a room 40 feet square, considering one of our members uses 50 buckets of H<sub>2</sub>O to cleanse a room 10 feet by 8?

**A STRETCHER BEARER'S BALLAD.****"I'D RATHER BE OUT HERE."**

By R. J. MACDONALD and ALFRED EVANS.

The men who stay at home at ease,  
 And go to bed just when they please,  
 Have lots of baccy and of beer,  
 And yet "I'd rather be out here."  
 The chaps who stay at home and dine,  
 Have heaps of wittles and of wine,  
 With walnuts shelled, and all good cheer  
 "'Tis better to be shelled out here."  
 The chaps who stay—the lucky dogs,  
 Can stroll around in tailor's togs,  
 Whilst sometimes my make-up is queer,  
 And yet "I'd sooner be out here."  
 The chaps who stay at home and play  
 Tennis and ball through the livelong day,  
 Ne'er fall a-bleeding to the rear,  
 And yet "I'd rather play out here."  
 Sweet-hearting? oh, you lucky chaps,  
 Who go a-woeing, well, perhaps,  
 Unless I get a nasty whack,  
 I'll get a girl when I go back.  
 And yet who knows, there still might be  
 Some girl to love a bloke like me,  
 There's Dolly—would she drop a tear,  
 If I "went under" over here?  
 The men who live at home at ease,  
 May do exactly as they please,  
 And yet I think, my conscience clear,  
 I would much sooner die out here.

**DIVISIONAL CONCERT A GREAT SUCCESS.**

Evading, with difficulty, some 50 or more comrades who were trying to borrow "only half a franc" (it is a most foolish and awkward time to have a concert 10 days after pay day and should be provided against in the K. R. and O.) and eventually parting with one franc to "R. J." and "Corn," who pushed into my reluctant hands three souvenir bullets dovetailed into each other, one of which "R. J." solemnly informed me had actually been embedded in the leg of a German, I managed to reach the place where the "Big Show" was to be held, with my sole remaining franc as price of admission. It is true at first I thought of going into the half-franc seats but realised that it was my duty, as representative of a paper of such dignity and importance as the "Iodine Chronicle," to sit in the franc portion of the house.

The programme opened with a swinging march with which the Divisional Music Supply Column endeavoured to out-Sousa Sousa himself, and pretty nearly succeeded. In short, the music was fine, and reflected the greatest credit upon the band and every member. The next item was a song, by a young lady with a soprano voice, entitled "I'm dreaming of you," at least you'd have thought it was a young lady until you looked up and saw a Tommy in khaki, seated at the piano and warbling away "to beat the band." Then two other khaki vocalists came on and also sang songs about dreaming and other things, and were vociferously applauded. Next, selections by the 13th Canadian Battalion Pipers, and fine looking fellows they looked in their tartans of the royal Stewart clan. Never did men, wearing this tartan, fight with greater valour than have the men of this and the other Scottish Canadian Regiments during the last nine months of the present conflict. "Finest music in the wu-r-r-r-ld," said a Scotchman from Dundee, seated on my right, as he listened to the music of his forefathers with rapt attention. "Say, that fellow can swing them sticks," said the mere Englishman on my left, as he gazed at the herculean figure of the man handling the big drum. I agreed with him. The famous Minstrels of the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance followed, and they caused many laughs with their jokes containing numerous local hits. It was unique in that it was about the first minstrel troupe that the writer has ever seen that did not have ill-placed jokes about "Mothers-in-Law" and "Undertakers," and for that reason alone they deserve great credit. The singing was good, "M-U-double-L-I-G-A-N spells Mulligan," bringing tears to our eyes, whilst "We're going to be here for the winter" struck a chord in the hearts of many. "It used to be some climate when we lived on Salisbury Plain" was heartily encored by the many veterans of Bustard, West Down and Sling Plantation, present in the audience. A dramatic scenoramic, highly spectacular, melodramatic and touching play, the scene of which was a barber's shop, came next, whilst the Hielan men followed with some Scotch dances. A collection for prisoners in Germany was taken during an interval, and we understand that with the amount taken at the doors a substantial sum was raised, which will be used for buying good things for the boys in Allemagne, and of which, according to all accounts, they are sadly in need.

The proceedings, of course, ended with "God Save the King," and as the audience trickled out to answer their respective roll-calls, we can safely make a frank admission that everyone had good value for a franc. "R. J." afterwards informed me that he'd been to lots of shows in Canada when he'd had to pay 50 cents., and didn't have nearly half so good a time.

**RECORD PRICE FOR AN "IODINE CHRONICLE."**

Pte. Josh. Robinson sent a copy of No. 1 of the "Iodine Chronicle" to the Editor of "The Lurgan Mail," North Ireland, and that paper was good enough to give the "I. C." a little boost, giving a number of extracts from our columns. We now hear that the copy of the "Iodine Chronicle" which Pte. Robinson sent to his home town was afterwards put up for sale at a patriotic auction in Lurgan Town Hall on 30th October, and was knocked down to the highest bidder, bringing in £7 15s. 0d. for the cause. The proceeds of the auction are going to buy comforts for the men at the front.

**"AMPOULES."**

One of our recent reinforcements thinks that promotion is very slow in this unit. Another reinforcement says he's heard of Mike O'Leary, but who's this Caffy Ooley they're all talking about.

Who is the Staff Sergeant who took an uncommon interest in the gas meter in the cellar at Vlamertinghe?

If the Germans Loos Lens, would they then magnify their victories?