

HERE AND THERE.

A very breezy and entertaining paper is *The Dead Horse Corner Gazette*, official publication of the 4th Canadian Battalion, and the Editor of that paper can be congratulated upon the excellent quality of the subject matter in the first number, which has just made its appearance. The paper takes its highly original name from a spot "Somewhere in Flanders," where units of the Fourth Battalion have often been quartered and it is familiar to many members of No. 1 Field Ambulance.

The Editor of this enterprising journal is a Western Canadian journalist, who threw down the pen to take up the rifle at the outbreak of the war. He has now taken up the pen again (or perhaps we should say the indelible pencil) to enliven and cheer his comrades, and in the initial number he has undoubtedly succeeded. Here's to continued success to the *D.H.C. Gazette*. We await No. 2 with interest.

J. K. Lacey, the author of "An Empire's Heroine," in this number, is a native of Prince Edward Island, having been born near Charlottetown, P.E.I., some 24 years ago. He is a frequent contributor in verse and prose to the "I.C.," but we think his verses upon Miss Cavell, the heroine of Brussels, are his finest effort. He is a driver in the horse transport, and he is one of some eight "Island boys" in our unit, all good fellows.

"The Last Trench," by Thomas Harton, in No. 2 of the *Iodine Chronicle*, has called forth many favourable comments, and it is in fact one of the finest poems of the war we have ever come across. "Tom" was engaged in the sad business of grave digging in "The Maple Leaf Cemetery," so well known to us all, when he got the inspiration. He is a bearer in A Section.

THE TALE OF A CAT.

(*The incident herewith realistically portrayed happened at La Basse Canal, at Verdon, last June.—Ed.*)

This is the tale of a dead cat! No doubt you have all seen and also smelled dead cats, but did you ever taste one? No! Well, don't start, but we know a fellow *who did*, and he nearly succumbed under the shock. It all happened in a certain odiferous canal, not a million miles from the firing line. We were all disporting ourselves in the water more or less gracefully in the garb of Father Adam before an admiring crowd of old ladies and piccaninies, when along came an old canal boat loaded with coal. Then the fun commenced! The water wasn't particularly sweet and clean before the boat came along—but after it had passed by and churned up the bottom, oh! my! I guess from the refuse that came up that that canal had been a dumping place for the inhabitants since the time of Julius Caesar. Help! the water turned yellow, the air turned green, and we all swam madly, gasping and spluttering for the bank.

But, alas, for a poor Staff Sergeant in "A" Section. In his hurry to get ashore he ran slap bang into, and took a huge bite out of, that long deceased, decomposed, defunct and highly-smelling ex-member of the feline community. Gug-gug! Woohoo! The Staff Sergeant in question says he has eaten all kinds of rough stuff, including Billy's stew, since he has been in this country, but that awful ancient Thomas Cat had them all beaten a mile.

We got him to the shore at last more dead than alive, and smelling like a refuse destructor. He didn't eat for three days afterwards, but just sat in his shack, vilifying all canals, boats, boatmen, and cats in particular.

A cat is a pretty harmless creature, but when it has been dead about five years it has more killing power than all the poison gas ever manufactured by the Boche. D. S.

A GOAT DINNER.

In honour of the engagement of Jerry Carton to a refugee from somewhere the other side of the German first line of trenches, some of the boys in the horse transport were invited out to a dinner by Jerry's future mother-in-law, a goat having been killed to celebrate the occasion. Mother was short of bread, so the boys took their own bread, butter and rusty knives and forks, and then they proceeded to devour the fatted goat. After dinner there was a short stump speech by M. O'Brien, who, after his oration called for his usual chew of tobacco, and then wished the happy couple long life and future happiness. Everyone was happy except the goat, he was *the goat* alright.

W. E. A.

THE LOOK-OUT.

(*Chronicles of the Horse Transport, by SPUD I. LAND.*)

The Transport continues to improve under the able direction of Capt. L. N. Jones, the transport officer, and Sergt. W. D. Foran, chief N.C.O., the latter having earned several euconiums from inspecting officers on account of the good work he has put in.

The Transport "chef," "Red" Edwards is giving general satisfaction, and the contribution of just one franc to mess funds each pay day makes the men's mess tins look as if they contain a Royal Banquet instead of an active service meal.

That brilliant orator, John Fannon, in a short speech this morning, made a momentous speech upon the financial standing of the transport, but he wound up his flow of oratory with a statement that no doubt the embarrassing situation would shortly be relieved by the arrival of Captain Beaudry.

Thomas Halligan has again earned the gratitude of his comrades by repairing the pump. He has also got round to wearing spurs on Sundays, the result of which is that he recently narrowly escaped a fatality when going into his tent the other day. One of his spurs caught in a guy rope and he was thrown over the oil stove, which might have caused serious damage to Government property and to himself. He can congratulate himself upon his lucky escape.

Jimmy Ford recently returned from pass in the Old Country.

The Transport has recently had the pleasure of congratulating Sam Elliot upon his marriage to a young Edinburgh lass when he was on pass a short time ago. As the only parade that Sam ever misses is the 7.30 rum parade we think the bride is a very fortunate young lady.

AN EMPIRE'S HEROINE.

Standing before a cruel bar of judgment,

Hidden from the world by secrecy and might,
A heroine, though helpless, yet unflinching,
Is doomed to die e'er comes the morning light.

Before my eyes I see a gentle creature,
Who'd spent her life in soothing human woes,
Gaze with a look of sweet compassion
Upon her captors and her country's foes.

With voice so tender that a thousand heroes,
Who'd tossed on beds of pain, oft loved to hear,
She bravely stood o'erclouded by death's shadow,
And proudly spoke the words that England holds
so dear.

There's a lesson in the grand but simple story,
The wondrous truth of which no bard can tell,
'Tis the noble spirit of the Empire's daughters,
Enshrined within the simple word "Cavell."

J. K. LACEY.

OUR OWN CUB REPORTER GETS BUSY.

"The Germans kept up an incessant artillery fire for days which was a preliminary to an assault on our trenches. With the hope of gleanings first hand information I rushed from the little *Estaminet* where I had been manœuvring between the stove and the bar, and speeded towards the firing line, note book in hand.

The first object that hit the landscape was a refugee, who with three dogs yoked to the axle of a push-cart, was removing all his earthly belongings. Following in the rear was his faithful retinue, nine "pickanins" and a spouse. I learned from these denizens of the war zone that the physiological moment had come. With a hasty Good-bye and God-speed I continued my wild advance. Meeting a wounded soldier, who looked like a bull escaped from the slaughterhouse, I gleaned that the enemy, after repeated attacks, had succeeded in gaining two inches of ground, and that our artillery were concentrating a preponderance of fire on the lost ground with great skill! Our lost ground would undoubtedly be retaken at any moment.

Taking a rail fence for shelter—for the shell fire was exceedingly heavy—I learned from divers conversations dropped by wounded Tommies making hospital-ward, that a gap had been made in our line *South-East-North of Hill* (deleted by Censor). That reminds me that the Editor told me to fill up all gaps with my imagination, but I prefer to leave it to the soldiers to fill all gaps. Our soldiers stopped the breach in our lines in more ways than one, and the ruthless tide of Kultur receded.