

The First Book of The Chronicles of the
2nd FIELD AMBULANCE.

CHAPTER III.

1. Now it came to pass on the same day, that the Great Chief spoke unto the Chosen Commander, saying:

2. This day shalt thou also have journey to the Great City, even unto the City of Quebec, thy chariots, thy horses and the horsemen thereof.

3. And they shall take with them all thy substance, thy tents and thy goods, even unto the soothing herbs for divers diseases.

4. And it came to pass after the Great Chief had spoken, that one, chosen above all the others, appeared before the Chosen Commander.

5. Unto whom was given power, and he was set over all manner of transport.

6. And he hearkened unto the words spoken to him, he being learned in the ways of obedience from his youth up.

7. And forthwith was summoned unto him, one Perley, he being wise in the ways and manners of horses, unto whom he spoke, saying:

8. Unto me this day is given a commandment which I give unto you.

9. Straightway shalt thou prepare thyself and the people that are under you, and they shall journey this day, even unto the Great City.

10. And behold, it came to pass at the sixth hour, that Brown, the leader of horses and transport, skilled in the treatment of all manner of diseases of man and beast, did set out upon the day's journey.

11. And with him went one McKillip and one Jeffs, and all the transport of horses and waggons, and great was the length and the fullness thereof, even unto the vessels containing the water.

12. And it came to pass that at the hour of sunset, they halted near the Great City, even in the field of the park thereof.

13. And the Chosen Commander spoke unto the Leader, saying:

14. Do thou and thy transport tarry awhile here in this place, I pray thee, even unto the day that one, Langton, a Commander, doth bid thee.

15. And behold, five days did Brown, the Leader, and Jeffs, his companion, tarry in the wilderness.

16. And their wrath waxed greatly even unto the saying of many words; and with them stayed Flossie, a mascot.

17. At the end of the fifth day, did they call together unto one place, Perley, the Sergeant of horses and his horsemen, and Kells, the master of cooks and his helpers, and spoke unto them, saying:

18. Five days have we dwelt in this place of desolation, and our souls have cried against our inaction.

19. Five days have we borne the wrath of the heavens, and our spirit is troubled within us

20. Five days have we borne with thy strife and thy conduct, even the drinking of much and fiery liquids.

21. But on this the sixth day, are we gladdened in heart, for the word of the Commander has come unto us.

22. And straightway with a shout and great joy, they gathered together all their possessions, even unto the least

thereof, and journeyed through the Great City even unto the Great River.

23. And entered the good ship "Arcadian," a ship of pleasure and happiness, with the kindest of masters.

24. And it came to pass on the same day, the horses and waggons and all the stores and equipment were, with great toil, put in the dark places in the bottom of a great vessel.

25. And the heart of Brown, the leader, was lifted up, and he rejoiced and cried: "All is well with my men, my horses and my waggons; come, let us make merry."

TO THE BOY AT THE FRONT.

An Appreciation of the "Splint Record."

We are pleased with the "Record," but want something more,
 For my heart gave a bound, when it came through the door,
 Hoping perchance, a long letter too
 Would have been included, dear boy, from you.

Though the paper is full of excellent stuff,
 And no doubt you thought it a dose quite enough;
 While delighted we read it and re-read it through,
 Still a letter, dear boy, we crave from you.

We note from its pages, you have risen in rank,
 For your good luck and safety, the fates we do thank,
 And pray that good fortune will pilot you through,
 While we welcome a letter, dear boy, from you.

We are proud of the fact, that to us you belong,
 For we know that your heart is so tender and strong,
 And will bravely face all, for the red, white and blue,
 So it cheers us, dear boy, a letter from you.

FLORENCE BOOTH.

FOOTBALL.

On the afternoon of the 24th March, we had a very pleasant football match with No. 3 Field Ambulance. The day turned out very wet, and the ground was in anything but good shape. Our boys did remarkably well under the circumstances, although No. 3 played superior football. In the first half of the game we were leading by the score of a goal to nil. This goal was presented to us by one of No. 3 players accidentally putting the ball through his own goal.

In the second half of the game, our boys were showing signs of fatigue, and No. 3 placed two goals to their credit which on the play they fully deserved. A very enjoyable game ending in favour of No. 3 Field Ambulance by the score of two goals to one.

The following team represented No. 2 Field Ambulance on this occasion:—Private Dalziel, Corporal Swann, Privates Birkett, Davis, Boswell, Lamont, Duncan, Hackson, Neal, Stiles and Young.

ABSENT-MINDED, VERY.

There was a certain Corporal,
 Filled with needless alarm,
 He thought he'd lost the Convoy Book,
 'Twas underneath his arm.

TIT BITS FROM HOME.

Pat, wishing to enlist for overseas, presented himself at the recruiting depot. The Sergeant in charge looked him over and said:

"No, we can't take you."

"Why?" asked Pat.

"Because you are blind in one eye," said the Sergeant.

"What difference does that make?" asked Pat.

"Why," said the Sergeant, "don't you know that when you shoot off a gun you have to have one eye closed."

"Well," retorted Pat, "begorra I'm all ready to shoot now?"

A returned soldier was telling his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were very sceptical as to his veracity. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon and"—

"Look here!" interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon, you mean the ambulance wagon."

But the soldier shook his head, "No," he insisted, "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go on the ammunition wagon."

It was raining hard and the sentry was standing inside his box eating a sandwich, when half way through it a man approached, remarking: "Wet night, sentry."

"Yes, ain't it; but don't stand talking to me, the corporal is sore to-day and he'll report me."

"But sentry, don't you know who I am?"

"No!"

"I'm General——"

"Holy smoke! Hold my sandwich while I present arms," exclaimed the astonished sentry.

An Irish soldier on sentry duty, having orders to allow no one smoking to pass the lines, halted an officer with a lighted cigar and made him throw it away before proceeding to his destination. No sooner was the officer's back turned than Pat picked up the discarded cigar, and the officer, on glancing back, saw a cloud of smoke issuing from the sentry box. Returning he challenged Pat for smoking while on duty.

"Smoking is it, Sor!" exclaimed Pat. "Sure an' I'm only keeping it alight to show the corporal when he comes around as evidence against you."

WHAT THE BRITISH FLEET HAS DONE.

The British Fleet has guarded the transport of 2,500,000 men. It has brought home more than half a million invalids. It has protected the carrying of 3,000,000 tons of food and supplies for Great Britain. It has made safe the conveying of 800,000 horses. It has insured the supplies and munitions to the value of a billion and a half dollars. It has patrolled and policed the sea lanes of the world for a year and a half; so, though the most colossal war that ever shook the world is in progress, the remotest sea lane outside the mined areas is safe as in times of peace.