

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Private M. Crossman can go down to posterity as a genius. Having occasion to erect two furnaces in the "Ram pasture," and being short of stove pipes we understand that he made good the deficiency with salmon tins, sardine tins and chair legs.

Blondie Knight can truly be said to be on the water wagon these days.

Private Clarence David Hope is employing the famous firm of detectives, Orr and Day, to track down the man who stole his overcoat.

Who was the Staff-Sergt. who poked his head through a window in the Ram pasture breaking the glass. (We understand that it resulted in our esteemed friend, Coney Island, getting wet).

Sgt. J. S. Christie who has transferred to the Divisional Troops Supply Column, leaves behind many friends in No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance. Although he had been in the unit only a few months, yet he had already won the esteem of all of the members of "B" Section, who are very sorry to lose such a popular N.C.O.

COMPLIMENTS TO CAPTAIN B———Y.

Adapted from a poem in "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

Who always speeds along the rail
Twice in each month, and without fail
Brings to the boys their well-earned kale?
The paymaster!

Who is it breaks the constant grind
And gives a certain peace of mind
And help leaves trouble far behind?
The paymaster!

Who is it, when we're sad and glum
And feel completely on the bum,
We hope will very quickly come?
The paymaster!

Who is it when he comes in view
Does with delight us all imbue?
(He leaves behind a jolly crew)
The paymaster!

Who is this very thoughtful gent
Who brings to us a sweet content
When we are broke or badly bent?
The paymaster!

Who is it says to gloom "Ahoy,
Get out and make some room for joy,
Your days are numbered now, old boy?"
The paymaster!

"C" SECTION NOTES.

W. Craig, T. Hutchins, G. Hitch, H. Grant, E. Sugden and F. Wood, have all recently returned from seven days leave.

The man with the most "pull" in C Section is Maples (who was transferred recently from the 1st Battery, C.F.A.). He's a dentist!

Pte. Frank Chare, who was invalided to the base some time ago, has now recovered and is at present at Shorncliffe.

A certain private in "C" Section contemplates entering into the matrimonial state when he goes on pass. The good wishes of all the boys go with him.

A popular member of "C" Section has lately been promoted to a staff job in the kitchen, and as a result, those famous culinary experts Buttoni and Haggerti, will have to look to their laurels, for the new comer in this department is gaining fame not only as a "chef," but as a pudding expert, par excellence. Obtaining the necessary materials from some source or another, our hero determined to give the boys a treat and make them———*a pudding*. There are various cruel rumours in the air with regard to solidity and specific gravity and weight per square inch of the pudding in question, but we hasten to set all these rumours at rest, for we tasted it, and to vindicate the character of a rising young artist, we venture to express appreciation of pudding aforementioned in the following "poem":

"DOPE" STEWART'S PUDDING.**A VINDICATION.**

I've often eaten bully-beef
And cart loads of hard tack,
And of Machonochie I guess
A fairly tidy whack.
On Tickler's and the other kinds
Of jam I fairly dote,
And when we get "Plum" all the time
It never gets my goat.
I've oftimes tasted antelope,
And lunched on bear steak,
Whilst jumping deer for *table d'hôte*
I've chewed at Larder Lake.
I've supped of tasty Canvas back
(No single bite I waste),
And prairie chicken nice and plump,
Has a most charming taste.
I've often tasted lemon pie,
And apple pie as well,
And as for peach and pumpkin
I know their flavour well.
I'm fond of Boston pork and bean
(We never get out here),
Whilst doughnuts I can put away
Without a-feeling queer.
Now all these delicacies, I
Above have 'numerated,
May be, have been perhaps a bit
Just slightly over-rated.
For none of them can e'er compete
In culinary scope,
With that most wondrous masterpiece,
The pudding made by "Dope."

OUR MAIL BAG.

"Whirlwind" says he wants a nice genteel job in the office, but he always did hate the smell of ink, and he wants our advice. We advise the gentleman that they use indelible pencil most all the time in the office these days.

"Statistics Collector," as an old newspaper man, congratulates us upon the all-round excellence of the first number of the "I.C." and wants to know how the chances are to sell "ads." on our weekly (weakly) rag.

"Everybody." The "Iodine Chronicle" will be published (providing circumstances permit) on the 15th and last day of every month. It will be our endeavour to have the paper on sale at the physiological moment—namely, pay-day whenever possible. *Compre?*

"Q.M. Stores" wants to know why nearly every applicant for a new pair of puttees, pants or tunic, states that the old ones were destroyed at Ypres. If they said it was Festubert, Givenchy or (Censoredville) it would be much more plausible.

"Mike O'Brien" wants to know who is the greatest living Liberal, Albert Liberty or Sir Wilfred Laur-i-ay? Hon. Joe McDonald is in the running, see account of speech by him in another collyum.

THIS AND THAT.

"The Lurgan Mail" says that the "Iodine Chronicle" has "some fine poetry." Congrats. to our budding poets.

Our respect for the London "Daily Chronicle" has gone up a hundredfold since it gave this paper a nice little boost the other day.

Congratulations to our little friend, Private Anthony Ginley, of the 14th Battalion Canadians, upon being awarded the D.C.M. Though only 15 years of age he was through the thick of Ypres, Festubert and Givenchy, and was awarded this distinction for carrying messages under a heavy fire.

The 14th M.A.C., who are a great bunch of fellows, put on a very successful concert at a town that shall be nameless, recently. A boxing contest between "The Miller" and "The Sweep" was quite a feature. It would appear that refreshments were provided, for on the well-drawn out programme is an announcement that the catering was done by Spratt and Machonachie, two well-known providers.

The "Forty-niner" has nothing to do with the paternal parent of that ill-fated lady, Clementine, whose sad fate we have so often heard about at amateur concerts, but is the official paper of the 49th Battalion Canadians, and was published by them at Shorncliffe. It came out monthly and was sold at the ambitious price of sixpence. A stray copy that we happened to get hold of was full of lively skits and news of the boys of this Battalion when in England.