

THE TALE OF A PIE.

In the courtyard of a handsome residence, situated on the Rue du Musee, in the fair French town of B——, there lays an object which is a source of mystery to all strangers who see it. Pilgrims and antiquarians from all parts of the earth have travelled many weary miles to gaze upon it and endeavour to solve the mystery of its origin. Some have declared it to be an ancient Roman tomb-stone, others a meteor, but the majority seem to think it the foundation stone of an old feudal castle, time of William the Conqueror. But they are all wrong, utterly and absolutely wrong. Now for the revelation! Once upon a time, ages ago, this unit, between spells spent up in the firing line, converted that mansion in B—— into a Rest Station for weary soldiers, feeding them, resting

wreaths of smoke were emanating from the oven. In a frenzy of fear he threw open the oven door and drew forth what looked like a block of coal, incidentally burning his hands in the process. "She's just a little overdone, but, I guess when I scrape the black off she'll be O.K." With these words Lo—no, I won't tell his name—got to work scraping. Just then loud howls floated down from the officer's quarters, and an angry voice was heard demanding his beef steak *Toot sweet*. "Coming, sir," yelled the cook, but he had the forethought to send someone else up with the "pie." (At this moment I fled, thinking discretion was the better part of valour, so I must continue with stories told by eye-witnesses). "Hullo! what's this?" "Beg pardon, sir, cook thought you might prefer pie to steak." "Oh, he did, did

MECHANICAL TRANSPORT NOTES.

Much of the comfort and health of the drivers during the last few weeks of very tiring work was due to the efficient services of John L. in the kitchen. Hot meals and midnight lunches helped more than one man to keep a stiff upper lip under conditions that have been known to break men before.

By unanimous vote of the members of our convoy, Pte. Gowan's plan to erect a marble slab over the grave of our former comrade, William Sebborn, was adopted.

Those who were present with the First Field Ambulance at the Battle of Ypres last year, will remember Sebborn as one of the English boys attached to our convoy at that time. On the night of 25th April, 1915, his car was hit by a shell, and both drivers were terribly wounded, Sebborn dying the next day.

Will was one of the most fearless in the discharge of his duty, and he faced the supreme sacrifice in the same spirit, only regretting that he could do no more.

By the time this notice appears in print our hero's resting place will be permanently marked by the slab properly engraved. We hope this may be at least a small comfort to Will's only surviving sister in the Mother Country.

One punctured gas tank, one cracked crank case, one broken head-light, and three cars with the canvas forced off by concussion, comprise the list of our car casualties during the recent engagements. We are lucky to escape with such slight damage, and especially to know that while several of our drivers had their dignity hurt by being splashed with mud and fragments from shell explosions, no more serious results than headaches and temporary deafness were experienced. J. D. S.

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Drawn for the "I.C."

by Pte. Don Stuart.

them, clothing them, and filling their stomachs with medicines of a remarkable nastiness. And into that rest station one day came a gallant officer, weary and worn, demanding rest and good food to enable him in a short while to return and fight the savage Hun. He was asked what he desired for dinner. "A big juicy beef-steak and all the trimmings," said he, smacking his lips, at the very thought of the gorgeous feed to come. But the cook thought "No, I can do better than that. I'll gladden that officer's heart and stomach by constructing the most marvellous pie that ever was." Now some say that cookie was a builder before he came to war, but the truth of that statement cannot be vouched for. But he started in as if he knew *something* about bricklaying. First he drew plans, then with much sweating, and lolling of the tongue, he mixed the dough and started to build. Brick by brick—no, I mean little by little, the walls rose until the proper height was reached. The *tender* meat was then placed gently inside, rafters of dough laid on top, and the roof stuck, slammed (and some say nailed) on. Placing his work of art into the oven with a last caress, Mr. Chef thought he'd take a little walk, but, when alas! he gravitated back to his kitchen, thin

he? Well, we'll try it anyway." Try it he did, or at least he tried to try it. Knives, forks, swords, rifles, axes, chairs—all were smashed in a vain endeavour to crush in the iron walls of "the best pie that ever was." At last, with a despairing groan, the poor officer fell exhausted and had to be carried away on a stretcher. Someone fired the pie out of the window, but it killed two men and smashed a wagon before it struck the earth with a thud like a "Jack Johnson" landing. Poor cook nearly died under the fire of sarcasm and ridicule shot at him by his comrades, but, nevertheless, that "pie" remains as a lasting monument to his great constructive genius, let people say what they will. D.S.

AN INVERTEBRATE REPLY.

M. O. "Where are the *lumbar* regions?"

Particularly bright Private. "In British Columbia and Northern Ontario, sir!"

PESSIMISTIC, VERY.

"When is the paymaster going to pay?"

"After the war."

"After this war or the next war?"

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Honest Joe writes a characteristic letter to Cpl. Brown from Birmingham. He says in part, "I arrived in Blighty quite cheerfully, expecting operation to-day. Please convey to all the boys my best wishes. Tell them the old-timer is never downhearted; you would smile to see me with a blue suit on." We have since been pleased to hear that Fritz's souvenir has been successfully extracted.

After the appearance of our last number we had sympathy for the poor Umpire, when cries of "Kill the Ump." are rending the air. In a base-ball article it was inadvertently stated that "B" Section beat "C" Section. This was incorrect. "B" Section didn't beat "C" Section. How could they, when the latter team boasts such stars as Monette, McLean, and the redoubtable Dope Stewart in its line-up? The two teams tied on that memorable occasion when they came up against each other.

W. Craig, we are glad to hear, is getting along *jake*. He is a patient in the 1st London General Hospital.

At the Y.M.C.A. Victoria Day sports, W. Owen won a 3rd prize in the mile race, in which there were 15 entrants, whilst F. McLean came in 3rd in the running "hop, step and jump" and the broad jump. Who says that "C" Section hasn't any athletes?