

## A LAY OF THE HORSE TRANSPORT.

(This poem, which was written by a "Spud Islander" in the horse transport, is inserted for the sole purpose of making Rudyard Kipling jealous.)

I've often thought of writing  
 Though I have but little talent,  
 And its hard to find a subject  
 With some noted facts to quote,  
     But there's no use in flying,  
     Nor in sleeping without lying,  
 So I'll sing of noted characters  
 In the Ambulance Transport.  
 They are on the job when working,  
 And in spare time when a-lurking  
 For a cosy place for chatting  
 Their Sergeant's tent they use.  
     Now the Transport Sergeant's jolly  
     Though he has no use for folly,  
 So he passes round the papers  
 With the very latest news.  
 Then they read of Allies' victories,  
 And less often their misfortunes,  
 And they talk about these subjects  
 Till the interest fades away.  
     Then the Sergeant gets quite fed up  
     And he feign would bind his head up,  
 For he hears incessant arguing  
 From morn till close of day.  
 They argue about their home towns,  
 And there's many represented,  
 They are there from almost every place  
 Beneath fair Canada's skies.  
     From well-known Kingston and St. John,  
     And old Quebec and Ottawa,  
 Whilst the queerest pickles of the bunch,  
 Of course are all "Spud Island" boys.  
 Now I'm not going into cheap details,  
 As space would not permit it,  
 But you should hear them talking  
 Of their wondrous adventures.  
     And if you happen to be nigh  
     You'll see a twinkle in their eye,  
 If they chance to meet a Flemish maid  
 When on their exercise parade.  
 And as their horses trudge along,  
 And Hurteau sings a little song,  
 Then violent sounds break on our ears,  
 We've heard more than once or twice,  
     We do not have to look around,  
     We know by nature of the sound,  
 That Manager Pop is on parade,  
 And then we know we have the Price.  
 Then "Chestnut" he starts jumping,  
 And we plainly hear his thumping,  
 As he kicks into the air,  
 And then "Morty" shouts "look out,"  
     For his steed is often scrappy  
     Though his master's always happy,  
 Whilst his shouts would nearly knock you  
 Right from underneath your hat.  
 If we chance to meet a lorry,  
 Then "Darky" he gets frisky,  
 And the Sergeant's spurs get busy,  
 As his "hoss" stands on two feet.  
     And it makes us laugh quite hearty  
     For to see the leaps of "Darkey"  
 When he jumps into the ditches,  
 And the mix up is complete.  
 Now I've near finished my story,  
 And I'm very truly sorry,  
 For I have not mentioned Treadway  
 With the pump so far ahead.  
     In a cart that's drawn by Nigger  
     He sure cuts a noble figure,  
 As he sits upon the splash board  
 Just as if he was in bed.  
 Stay! but I must speak of Smithy  
 Before I conclude my ditty,  
 He likes to sit and rest a bit,  
 It does not matter where.  
     He is blessed with special comforts,  
     If you saw him you'd believe me,  
 For he has a seat as big and soft  
 As any easy chair.

And Fannon likes to tease him,  
 And says some things that squeeze him,  
 In speeling off his ditties  
 About Holligan and Smith.

Yet he listens quite contented,  
 So the Sergeant has relented,  
 And Smithy has been made exempt  
 From laying broken brick.

Now Fannon is a guiding head  
 In everything that's done and said,  
 It makes no difference where we are,  
 Even in the line of route,

And he makes a great obstruction  
 Without causing much destruction,  
 When he comes back from the village,  
 Where they sell the English stout.

When all is quiet in the line,  
 And everything is going fine,  
 Our attention is attracted  
 By a most familiar shout.

When Holligan cries it's time to feed,  
 And so he mixes up the seed,  
 He yells out, "Bring your nose-bags,  
 Or you'll have to go without."

Then Corporal Pearn shakes out the hay,  
 And then we carry it away.  
 He shouts fall in for rations  
 At Sergeant Foran's door.

And as each one holds out his hand,  
 He dishes out the bread and jam.  
 Then we all fall in for supper,  
 And the day's routine is o'er.

## A SUGGESTION.

We understand that the French Government has appointed a famous French artist to paint pictures of noteworthy happenings on the Western front. We suggest that the Canadian Government follow their example. How would the following themes look on canvas by way of a start:—

"Honest Joe and his faithful water cart."

"John Fannon seated on his war charger."

"Private Logan's remarkable escape at the second battle of Ypres."

"A noble youth saving a fellow stretcher bearer's life at St. Julien."

And there are many other like subjects too numerous to mention.

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN AGAIN.

SENTRY.—"Who goes there?"

ARMY CHAPLAIN (Visiting trenches).—"Chaplain."

SENTRY.—"Good night, Charlie."

(NOTE.—The above joke has been suggested as suitable for the "I.C." by about 123 and some odd readers. Our thanks to them).

## CRUMMY JOE'S HOTEL.

(From the *Pudville Gazette*).

Two commercial travellers in the Hard Tack line being in Pudville to do a little business, took a room at Crummy Joe's famous hotel, so well known for its waterproof ladder.

They weren't in bed for more than five minutes when those insects which shall be nameless, but which have a great partiality for beds in this well-known hostelry, got busy doing an Indian war dance. One of the drummers hurried and slid down to the kitchen and fetched up a big jar of Black Strap Molasses.

While the other was still sleeping he hurried and spread the famous molasses around the mattress. Having finished, he jumped and laid down beside his partner so that the insects couldn't get at them without getting stuck into the molasses.

He wasn't sooner in bed than he heard a noise, so he struck a match and saw a big gang of the insects pulling the straw of a mattress and making a bridge so that they could get at them once more.

He woke his partner up and both of them retreated to the barn so that they could have a quiet sleep, but looking through the chinks of the barn, one of them, this being the season for fire-flies, seeing these bright little insects flying around, shouted to his partner, "Hustle up, Tom, and get underneath the straw, for they're hunting for us with lanterns."

A. C.