

From Canada, fair Canada,  
 There came a great, vast band  
 Of noble lads, of instincts true  
 And able, willing hands,  
 And hearts that beat as true as steel—  
 And steady nerve and brain,  
 When facing Germans cruel hordes  
 As reaping their own grain.  
 In Canada, vast Canada—  
 There's many empty homes—  
 For lads are come, from town and plain,  
 To follow Britain's drums—  
 But glory crowns that land to-day  
 Undying, Honoured Aye!  
 For noble men heard honour's call  
 And proudly marched away.

M. Y.

**QUERIES.**

Who was the man who looked for a gasoline leak with a match at Ypres?

Who is the extra tall youth who was sore because he wasn't allowed to draw for a pass?

Who is the fellow who is buying up all the Brilliantine in a certain little store?

Is a certain man in C Section trying to get into the Coldstream Guards Band?

Who took a window for a drain, and did anybody get wet?

**"WILL SOMEONE TELL US?"**

The name of the players who boast of being Pros.—while in the Old Country—and what proof can they give to convince us that such a thing is so.

The name of the player who lost his position in the team—pro tem—because of his love of John Barleycorn.

If it is true that some of our Pro. Base Ball players really think they can play football—and on what grounds do they form such an opinion of themselves.

If it is really true, that our M.O.'s intend buying our football team a set of jerseys.

If Corporal Haggarty still thinks he can pick a team from the rest of the Ambulance Corps to beat the 1st eleven after the beating he received recently from their hands.

**MUSTACHE COMPETITION.**

It is with very great pleasure that we announce the result of our mustache competition. There were three distinct classes, in each of which two prizes were offered. The first prize in each class is one copy of No. 1 of "The Iodine Chronicle," whilst the second prize in each is one 'arf a mo cigarette.

*Charlie Chaplin Class.*

1st prize	...	...	"Dope" Stewart
2nd prize	...	...	Wee Willie (Owens)
Also ran	...	...	"Scotty" Woods

*Ferocious Class.*

1st prize	...	...	O. M. S. Owens
2nd prize	...	...	John Fannon
Honourable mention	...	...	Dave Paton

*Nondescript Class.*

1st prize	...	...	"Doctor" G. Paille
2nd prize	...	...	Bill Pearn
Also ran	...	...	T. Hutchins.

There will be another mustache growing competition next month, which will be open to all males between the ages of 5 and 70½.

Bay rum, gasoline, Peruna and other mustache-growing compounds may be used if so desired by competitors. They must on no account, however, make use of the butter ration for this purpose. Wagon grease also being prohibited.

**RANDOM JOTTINGS.**

The rumour that the Dardanelles has been sunk by a ricochet bullet has not yet been confirmed.

Another is about that two Liverpool dry docks were seen floating over Constantinople. This is also as yet unconfirmed.

The three greatest living O'Connors are T. P., Mike and Austin.

Why didn't the Canadian Government buy Stonehenge when it was on the market the other day? They could have erected same somewhere in Canada as a reminder of last winter put in by the 1st Division on Salisbury Plain.

**THIS AND THAT.**

Lieut. Seim, father of Pte. M. Seim, B Sec., is with the B.E.F. in Egypt.

Capt. C. G. Geggie, lately a very popular officer of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance and latterly M.O. of the 10th Battalion, was on the "Hesperian," but fortunately made a successful escape. He also did valuable work in assisting others to escape from the ill-fated ship.

Congratulations to Sergt. Tyler M. Brown, C Sec, upon having the Russian Order of St. George, 4th Class, conferred upon him.

All contributions for No. 2 of the "Iodine Chronicle," which we hope will surpass all previous records, should be sent in to the News Editor as soon as possible.

We cannot commend too highly the innovation of our contemporary, the London "Times," in bringing out "broad sheets" containing extracts from the world's best literature. We understand that Capt. Warner, one of the Chaplains, has been distributing them throughout the 1st Brigade of Infantry and Artillery.

We offer our hearty congratulations to the Editors of "The Listening Post," the paper of the 7th Battalion Canadians, on their third number, which we think has eclipsed all previous numbers.

**"PUDVILLE GAZETTE."**

(I have much pleasure in reproducing the following interesting extracts from the "Pudville Gazette" of 23rd Sept., 1916, contributed by a worthy member of B Section).

**STRAYED OR STOLEN.**

I have a pig which got out on me last Friday (P.S., I haven't got it now, but I had it before it got loose), I haven't saw anything of this pig since, have you? If so, kindly let undersigned know at once, and undersigned will be awful obliged to you. If you see a pig of this description, confer with me immediately.

SI HIGGINS.

**PAILINGS FOR SALE.**

Being as I am going to put a new fence in front of my house and tear the old one down, I will sell my old pailings for whatever they be worth. If they don't be worth much then I won't sell them for much. I calculate they be worth about 75 cents. I would ask more if I thought I could get it. I would like to sell them at once before I tear them off and begin to build my fence, because unless I can sell the old pailings, I can't afford to buy any new ones.

HIRAM HAWKINS.

Albert Dupuis, whose hair has been growing long on him for the past several years, and has needed a hair cut terrible, made up his mind to have his hair took off his head since it became so warm. But Albert don't believe in paying R. J. Macdonald, the tonsorial artist, 10 cents for a hair cut. So he got a pair of shears and stood up before the mirror and went to work. Albert managed to cut off a good deal of his hair. He also managed to cut off the edge of his right ear and jabbed the shears into the back of his neck. Albert didn't make a very good job, it being as he couldn't work very well with his hands while looking into the mirror, as a result his hair is long in some places, and short in others, not to say anything of the top of his head.

Joe Quigley had a narrow escape from being kicked to death by our wild horse, called "The Bum," day before yesterday, whatever day that was. Joe passed behind the horse in the barn while it was all quiet and docile and went on into the house, and after awhile he heard an awful noise out in the barn and went out to find that the "bum" had kicked a board clean off the stable behind the stall. Joe calculates that if the horse had kicked just as he was passing it would have kicked his head pretty clean off his shoulders.

Charlie Smith says this hot weather takes the jump right off him, and he says that during the day it's too hot for him to sleep, and he's too sleepy to keep awake and so between the two he has a pretty restless time of it.