

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Ptes. H. C. Hayes, J. Maycock, F. McLean and C. R. Price, recent reinforcements, are now on the strength of "C" Section.

We do not know who wrote the following lines, but they are herewith inserted, with compliments to Bill McLeod and Hawley Grant:—

*"And bring me many hundred-weights of soap,
Loofahs and brushes, many sponges more,
That with great labour I at last may hope
To turn again the tint I was of yore."*

Under the caption, "Poetry from the Front," "Private Hutchins' Mouth Organ" appears in the Christmas number of the *Northampton Independent*. We didn't know it was poetry when we penned that "pome," but we thank them for the compliment all the same.

The evil-doers from now on
Will have to do a hop,
The reason is not far to seek—
Fred Murphy is a cop!

Dave Paton is a very proud man indeed, for his home town—to wit—Markinch, in Fifeshire, is also the native place of our new Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Douglas Haig; the latter was born there on June 19th, 1861.

DINNER.

By A. H. METCALFE.

That roast of beef so fresh and sweet
Although the tenderest of meat,
May prove to you like hard concrete,
You never know your luck.

Think twice before you e'er devour
That pudding à la Dope, with flour,
It may lie on your chest an hour,
You never know your luck.

That tempting pie for which you yearn
May give you such a bilious turn,
Then once again you'll sadly learn—
You never know your luck.

That cup of coffee, strong and hot,
May touch you in a tender spot,
And cause you to your bed to trot,
You never know you luck.

But when these trying times prevail,
And when your face is looking pale,
Perhaps you've had some English ale,
But we never know our luck.

THIS AND THAT.

By far the best pennyworth we have come across for a long time is No. 8 of the "Listening Post" of the 7th Canadian Battalion, recently issued. The paper is twice the usual size and it is chock full of original copy written by the boys. They are a versatile bunch in the "1st B.C." We know both the Editor and the Printer of this highly interesting paper and in view of the fact that the former knows hardly any French and that the latter most certainly cannot speak English, it is a mystery how very few printer's errors appear in the type. We have to acknowledge the kind assistance and advice freely given to us by the Editor of the "L.P." when we first thought of launching the "I.C." upon the public.

"A little bird" tells us that at least one more Canadian Field Ambulance in the 1st Division is shortly going to enter the journalistic field. *Come on in, the water's great.*

The London "Observer" says that our contemporary "The Dead Horse Corner Gazette" is "a very bright and breezy franc's worth."

Congratulations to Brother Trowsdale, the hard working Editor of that enterprising journal.

The Winnipeg Tribune states that the "I.C." is a neatly printed paper—good quality paper and good quality ink, too.

There's a bouquet for our printers; anybody who can decipher so correctly the caligraphy that we call hand-writing deserves a bouquet.

Our paper seems to have travelled some. We now hear that sympathetic references have been made to the "I.C." in a paper at London-in-the-Bush.

We desire to express our appreciation of the assistance given to the Circulation Department by Sgt. H. W. Button, Corp. H. A. Brown and our old "stand-by" and esteemed friend, Bill Long.

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

Albert Liberty recently returned from leave in Angleterre.

"Slim" Wingrove wears a beaming smile,
Its width is not quite half-a-mile,
Ah! no, he hasn't got the sack,
He's just been made a full Lance-Jack."

Hodge, Simard and Roy, recent reinforcements, are now in the Horse Transport. There is a rumour going around that Roy is some Hackenschmidt as a wrestler; any way he's willing to try conclusions with anybody in "No. ONE."

E. Martin has received a promotion! he's been transferred from the A.O.B. to the Horse Transport.

TO OUR NAVY.

By MICHAEL PATRICK O'BRIEN.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
Who man your ships so bold,
And swept the waters end to end,
As your fathers did of old.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
Who make such a gallant stand,
E'er willing to do your little bit
On water or on land.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
On you your land depends
For food and many other things
That comes from foreign lands.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
You have showed that you are true,
And your country will regret
The loss of any one of you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Written by our versatile contributor, DON STEWART.)

"G. W." No, George, we cannot persuade the Q.M. to issue complexion Cream. Wagon grease, mixed with insect powder, is a good substitute, however. Try and let us know results.

"Teddy H." Sorry we cannot supply you with the derivation of the phrase "throwing the bull." Seeing that you are an expert in that line, why worry about the origin?

"Hank" wants to know why he felt so dizzy after eating a few eggs at a certain *Estaminet*. What did you drink with the eggs, Hank?

"S. M." Glad to hear that you have mastered the Flemish language, sir. It does come in handy at times, doesn't it?

"Edison" sends us particulars of an invention whereby he is able to turn water into French beer. We can't see the difference between the two, anyway.

"Tommy, H." The story that Zepps have destroyed Kilmarnock is utterly false. Our old friend, "J. W.," is still going strong.

"Admirer" (England). Honestly, sir, we would no advise you to invest in "Iodine Chronicle," stock very LIMITED. The Boches are liable to drop a 12in. foreclosure on us at any time, and then where would you be? Try a plunge into War Loan, its safer.

"Q. M. S." Opinions differ as to how long a pair of socks should last. If in use all the time they should not last longer than three years.

"Chef" wants to know how to make a dinner for 40 men out of two cans of bully beef and a pint of water. We have to reply "Sap-aw."

WHAT OUR FRIENDS OF THE 14th M.A.C. WANT TO KNOW.

- (1) Who is the modern Munchausen among the R.A.M.C. orderlies attached to the 14th Motor Ambulance Convoy who climbed the mast of a ship to light the lamp, but upon coming down again found that the ship had gone? (After that the aforesaid hero spent eleven hours afloat in the water although he could not swim.)
- (2) Did the prospective Editor of the *Headlight* have one of his headlights put out the other day?
- (3) Wanted the name of the man who does not wish Corpl. Gardener and his bride *beaucoup de* good wishes for their future happiness. (May no weeds ever grow up in the Garden of Love, only beautiful blossoms.—Ed.)