

initiative in a greater degree than that required for any other branch of the Army.

Their future careers will be followed with much interest by the boys of the M.T. with whom they have been associated for the past five months.

St. Onge, at once a soldier and strategist of no mean ability, has already seen active service in the Mexican Revolution, and his experiences will be invaluable to him in the present conflict.

The mess, which is a valuable acquisition to the convoy, has turned out a great success, thanks to the assistance rendered by those in a position to help.

"Mary-up-the-road" has got nothing on "John L," when it comes to dishing up "pomme-de-terre-frits."

Who is the kind gentleman who did us a favour by taking the Ford away? An Iron Cross awaits him on his return (alone).

#### TO OUR SWEETHEARTS.

This is the trench that Tom dug.

This is the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

This is the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

This is the gun that threw the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

This is the man who fired the gun that threw the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

Here's to the girl who loves the man who fired the gun that threw the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

Sgt. J. D. SHARMAN.

#### FOOTBALL.

I am indebted to Josh. Robinson for the following interesting account of Soccer Football in No. 1 Can. Field Ambulance:—

"It is the intention of those in authority to carry on this game during the winter months to come. We have been somewhat handicapped in the past for the lack of footballs, but as we now have a plentiful supply in hand we can look forward to the future without worry.

Amongst those whom we have defeated are the following: 64th Battery R.F.A., 62nd Battery R.F.A., Highland Light Infantry, 1st Canadian Divisional Mechanical Transport and 1st Divisional Engineers.

The following matches are being arranged for the next few weeks: R.A.M.C. and 2nd and 3rd Can. Field Ambulances.

The following men are our players: Reville, Cosgrove, Wilson, Robinson, Craig, Holmes, Cpl. O'Connor, Norman, Waring and W. Owens, with Gillis as captain. I might add we have a few openings for good players.

#### THE A.M.C.

*Specially written for the "Iodine Chronicle."*

There's a unit in the Army

Of which I'm going to tell,

It has a duty to perform

And it always does it well.

This duty may seem humble

And though modest it may be,

It has succoured many a hero,

'Tis the A.M.C.

Its members are all pleasant lads,

Their cheer knows no restraint,

And they cater to the wounded

And never make complaint.

The arm-ed men may scoff at them,

And this we often see,

But they always come when suffering

To the A.M.C.

The A.M.C. is not the graft

That many seem to say,

They have to rough it just the same

Though shine or storm the day.

And either barn or bivouac

Their dwelling needs must be,

Whilst the grub's the same as riflemen's,

In the A.M.C.

When all is fine in the firing line,

And our Army has no loss,

Then no one needs to look out for

Our emblem, the Red Cross.

But when our troops are battling

In conflict's surging sea,

Then we face the storm unflinching,

In the A.M.C.

And we pick up many a weary brave

From a rough and death-clad way,

And we bring him back to food and rest,

And the calm of a peaceful day.

And we cleanse and dress his many wounds,

Then joy in his eye we see,

And that's the only thanks we want

In the A.M.C.

But when the battle is over

And the newspaper stories are read,

We hear of many a noble deed

By the living and the dead.

For we see war news in glowing terms,

But not a word do we see

Of anything that's accomplished

By the A.M.C.

But that is how we do things

On the quiet just a bit,

For we're not out for glory

Or the love of telling it.

So our little mercy errands

Continued still will be,

For 'twill keep on spreading kindness

Will the A.M.C.

J. K. LACEY.

#### DIARY OF A CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

*(Of the British Museum).*

*Monday.* Terribly exciting this life at the front, to-day nearly run over by a taxi. Talked with chap on leave from firing line, handsome young fellow, Hogan, Cogan, Logan, or some name like that, belonged to a Canadian Field Ambulance; told me of how he had two bullets through his cap and five through his haversack, whilst a Jack Johnson burst two feet above his head at second battle of Ypres. Remarkable escape. Wrote up two columns of his adventures for the "Montreal Moonbeam" and the "Ottawa Owl."

*Tuesday.* Hear to-day about ricochet bullets from soldier from front. Very well set up Irish Canadian Red Cross Corporal, he told me how they were about four feet long and two inches across. Most remarkable projectiles. Cabled particulars of same to Canada.

*Wednesday.* Talk to-day with man who has been gassed. He was 25 miles back of the firing line at the time, but gas it appears travels this distance. Wired particulars of this remarkable case to Ottawa and Montreal papers.

*Thursday.* Talk with another Canadian soldier, a charming young fellow—borrowed ten shillings of me—his first name Austin, his second name I forget, O' something or other. Had been at battle of St. Julien and saved life of fellow stretcher bearer by pushing him in ditch. Cable particulars home.

*Friday.* Talk to 12 different returned soldiers to-day, each of whom ought to have had the D.C.M. Bound to be correct as I have each individual soldier's statement of his own individual case. Write strong article about it.

*Saturday.* Receive two cables to-day firing me from job as representative of Canadian papers. Say my statements too inaccurate. Really cannot understand it. Must enlist—or try and get position as London Correspondent of the "Iodine Chronicle."

#### FAIR CANADA.

*(This fine poem was written by a friend of Pte. Peter Peebles in bonny Scotland and is herewith published for the first time.)*

Fair Canada! vast Canada!

She heard the martial drums—

She heard the cry for help that rang

From Belgium's ruined homes;

She heard the Motherland's appeal

For men both true and brave,

The country's life and liberty

From cruel foes to save.

In Canada, vast Canada,

The call rang thro' the land

Fall in! Fall in!! for each there's need

Come join the noble band,—

Of those who count no sacrifice

Too great, nor foe, nor death can fright

But self-forgetting counts more dear

The triumph of the right.