

THE NAVY FOR ME.

By JOSEPH E. PERRAULT (*late of H.M.C.S. "Niobe,"
now of "No. One"*).

You may talk as you like of the Army,
And the good times you have there,
The infantry in the trenches,
The batteries a bit to the rear.

But if I had another chance
To start all over again,
I wouldn't join the Army,
For in the Navy I'd be.

You can talk of wonderful cities
Through which your chance to pass,
And all the beautiful churches
With lots of broken glass!

But if I were in the Navy
At the Dardanelles I'd be,
Where I could shoot at "Turkey,"
And that would just suit me.

Talk of your wonderful billets,
Where you are put to sleep,
And wake up in the morning
With pigs around your feet.

But if you were in the Navy
Quite different would it be,
You'd sleep in a nice soft hammock
And wake up full of glee.

And when you go to a farm-house
To get a glass of — milk,
This is the answer you will get:
Na-pou, messieur, finis.

But if you were in the Navy
Such things you wouldn't do,
For every day at four o'clock
Your grog is always due!

And when it rains in Flanders,
And no shelter you can try,
You've got to take a drenching,
And it takes a week to dry.

But if you're in the Navy,
And the rain comes pouring down,
There's always room for shelter,
And you needn't run around.

Then every time the unit moves
From one place to another,
You've got to pack your kit and march,
And that's an awful bother.

But if you're in the Navy,
And orders come to move,
The ship has all the trouble,
While you lay down and snooze.

Then when you're in the Army
And there's nothing much to do,
The Colonel says you need exercise,
Then route marches you'll do.

So now if you are wise, boys,
And you'd think you'd like the sea,
Just take a trip to Halifax
And join the Ni-o-BE!"

FOOTBALL ONCE MORE.

When Rudyard Kipling wrote his little lay about "Muddied Oafs" many years ago, he didn't realise in those days of pipe clay, drill and still more drill, that football, baseball and the other games of ball do more to keep *Tommy* fit and contented than all the route marches ever invented.

With full approval of the O.C. and other officers "No. One" has a Football Club, and the other day the officers were elected. The fact that S. M. Buswell, W.O., and Capt. L. N. Jones were elected President and Vice-President respectively, shows the democracy of sport, whilst further, the fact that Pte. Josh Robinson is appointed Secretary shews that every unit this side of the German trenches on our front is almost sure to receive a challenge to play "No. One" at the good old game of Footer some time or another.

We understand that the boys are going to have official football togs and when they don them for the first time our only fear is that some German Taube will spot something unusual in the landscape and drops some bombs and wipe them out—something that no other team will ever be able to do.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Ptes. A. Day and H. W. Jones, both recent reinforcements, are detailed for duty in "B" Section.

Corporal Paulding recently returned from seven days leave to England.

If the firm of Day & Knight cannot really discover the party who purloined Lance-Corpl. Hope's overcoat, we advise them to take a *Correspondence Course in Detecting* (complete in 12 lessons).

Can the above firm find out *who stole the Turkeys* from the Sergeants' mess.

THE CONVOY.

By the late Sergt. FRANK S. BROWN, P.P.C.L.I.

The sunny rose of autumn's smoky day
Had almost fled. The chill was in the air,
When issued forth from Gaspé's smiling bay
A grand Armada, 'neath a cruiser's care;
A great and grand flotilla, speeding forth
Beneath the oily pall of clinging smoke—
A gift to Motherland, of priceless worth—
Th' Atlantic's lazy swells to life awoke.

Thrice ten and two great modern Argosies,
That hurried to the Field, the best of youth
To bear their country's colours o'er the seas,
And herald Canada to national growth.
Great sons of sires whose willing blood has given
To our New World the sterling of the old;
Most worthy volunteers are these, undriven
To take up arms; freemen, but strong and bold.

Beneath the watching escort's wakeful eyes
The fleet pulsed on. The ocean's lazy roll
Bore three long straggling lines, 'neath low'ring skies,
Spread as a flock of geese cleave toward their goal.
Thrice ten and two great, sullen merchantmen,
As, sullen in their cloaks of drab and black,
They freighted over thrice ten thousand souls.
How many of these same may they bring back?

The days roll by. The ocean slowly yields
Its bosom to the squadron's steady pace
Until the cliffs of England rise to greet
The scions of her colonizing race
Come home—to give their all. Come home—to fight.
Come home—though born of that far western land
Where Britain's shield is 'stablished for the right,
They volunteered to lend an armed hand.

Oh! Plymouth, cradle of the mighty Drake;
The haven of his vessels hopes and fears;
Yet have you ever seen so fine a sight?
Or have you ever waked to such a crest of cheers
As roars aboard the transports, on whose decks
Are packed the khaki hosts? Has e'er a day
Such wealth of loyal blood, such willing hands
Brought to your shores?
All England answers—"Nay!"

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given in accordance with instructions received from our client, Albert Dupuis, water wagon attendant, of the Parish of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, and now Private, serving with the First Canadian Field Ambulance, on active service in France.

It having come to our notice that a certain publication to wit, the "Iodine Chronicle" did print and publish a certain article referring to the person of the said Albert Dupuis, namely, his moustache, and furthermore did print and publish certain remarks as to the nature of his employment.

NOTICE is hereby given that the aforementioned Albert Dupuis in order to avoid and prevent further offence and remark, has removed the moustache above referred to, and any person or persons printing or causing to be printed any reference to the said Albert Dupuis, the moustache heretofore mentioned, the water cart in charge of the above person, or the contents thereof, will be proceeded against, with the utmost rigour of the Military Law.

Dated, this first day of January, 1916.

CARLESS & Co.,
Cigarette Solicitors.

Water Chambers.