

## A TEA-RABLE TALE.

You've heard of the heathen Chinese  
 Who concocted a strange mysterie,  
 But you've yet to be told  
 Of a chink half so bold  
 With cold water, to try and make tea.  
 The day it was dismal and wet,  
 We wanted hot tea, you can bet;  
 To the cook-house we went,  
 On this beverage bent,  
 What a shock our poor feelings did get!  
 A concoction there stood on the fire  
 Like a puddle kids make in the mire,  
 There were leaves on the top  
 Like a pail full of slop,  
 And our wrath it rose higher and higher.  
 "It looks rather sickly," said one,  
 "You're right," says another, "by gum,  
 We'll its temperature take,  
 See what degrees it can make,"  
 Lo! it stood at a *hundred and one*.  
 Now I'm sure all you boys will agree  
 That such waste of good stuff shouldn't be,  
 We don't care a *button*  
 If they burn up our mutton,  
 But please boil the water for tea.

W. H. C.

## LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

(By JAMES E. COCHRANE, *Private 4th Battalion Canadians*).

If I'd a been some wiser, when that cuss they call the Kaiser,  
 Started into making trouble with Belgium and France,  
 I'd have beat it out to Reno, with my last centime or beano,  
 Now I'm out here in the trenches, and I haven't got a  
 chance.  
 For somehow my brain got twisted, right away I then  
 enlisted,  
 I was eager, and was anxious, to wipe the Hun clean off  
 the map,  
 When I heard old Sam Hughes' speeches, saw his military  
 breeches,  
 And the little old Ross rifle that he fondled in his lap.  
 "And," says he, quite confidential, "it is really providential  
 That in the present crisis there is one man on the job:  
 And though Kitchy is a wonder, there is one who does not  
 blunder,  
 And though I shouldn't say it, your own Sammy is no  
 slob."  
 The Mark III., he made me take it; says he, "you cannot  
 break it,  
 And here, my boy, is something that's a jewel,  
 For a bullet cannot dent it, by a lady 'twas invented,  
 'Twill really save the nation, will this little trenching tool."  
 And now out here I'm stranded, 'twas October when I landed,  
 And I'm living in the trenches, but I ain't spilled much  
 blood,  
 And my feet are cold and weary, and my eyes are red and  
 bleary,  
 And the lining of my stomach has a two inch coat of mud.  
 For the rum you get is rummy, and your shirt gets awful  
 crummy,  
 Every minute you're not working, why you scratch;  
 I'll swear they use a seeder, or an incubator breeder,  
 Every moment brings along another batch.  
 It ain't all beer and skittles; clay and smoke get in your  
 victuals,  
 And pretty soon your stomach comes to grief;  
 If you take a chance and risk it, on bully beef and biscuit,  
 Your time on earth, old pal, is mighty brief.  
 I'd been better off in Reno, broke without a beano,  
 Than here listening to the screaming and the screeching of  
 the shell;  
 I know I'll never stick it, *n'a pou* I'll work my ticket,  
 Sherman was correct when he said that "war is——."

## CUBIST RIDDLES.

"Why is there going to be a poor farming season this  
 year?"  
 "Because there are so many *Leather Jackets* about."  
 "What is the difference between a Field Ambulance  
 and a Minstrel Troup?"  
 "Ask No. 3."

## THE M.T. HEAD.

We have before us the 1st and 2nd numbers of  
 "The M.T. Head," published by the Motor Transport  
 attached to our unit before the "Iodine Chronicle" made  
 its appearance.

The total circulation of each number of this unique  
 paper was exactly 1,000 copies (minus 999). We learn in  
 the leading editorial of No. 1 that the paper has a secret  
 mission to fulfil, and further—that anyone who guesses it  
 will be hung, drawn and quartered. We also learn that  
 the paper will be published whenever the military police  
 slackens.

There is some great poetry in the initial number.  
 Take the following for instance—

*I thought I saw an aeroplane,  
 Go flitting far from dust,  
 I looked again, and saw it was  
 Old 15 on the bust.*

Under the heading Auto Analogy, we extract the  
 following two gems—

*G stands for Gowan,  
 The soup-kitchen boss;  
 When soup bones get low  
 He runs down a "hoss."*

*D is for Day,  
 There sure is none greater,  
 When he sleeps he sounds  
 Like a bum carborator.*

That doesn't exactly look like the correct spelling of  
 that part of a buzz-wagon, it is true, but it was written by  
 an M.T. expert, and he ought to know.

No. 2, which is typewritten (we'd like to know where  
 Sergt. Sharman commandeered that type-writer), also has  
 some good skits. The Editor informs us that he assumes no  
 responsibility for the opinions of his contributors or for his  
 own actions. We would gather that statement was a very  
 necessary precaution in view of the following excerpts from  
 its columns:—

*"If a lady fell into the coal bin, would the coal-shooter?"  
 "No, but the kindling wood!"*

*"A pen must be pushed, but a pencil always has to be  
 lead. Which do you most resemble?"*

*"You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how  
 much you soak it."*

Finally there is an *Ode* by Anon. He is a pretty clever  
 chap, is Anon, as we have seen many contributions by him  
 in verse and prose in quite a lot of papers from time to time.

We have to congratulate the boys of the M.T. on their  
 successful joy-ride into journalism.

## "A" SECTION NOTES.

Corporal "Pop" Mean recently returned from "pass."

The boys of "A" Section gave Staff-Sgt. T. Griggs a  
 hearty send-off the other day when he went to England to  
 take a commission offered him in the Royal Army Medical  
 Corps.

Don Stewart, valued contributor to the "I.C.," and also  
 cartoonist of no mean ability, has now blossomed out as a  
 singer (we don't mean a sewing machine). The other day he  
 brought down the house at a concert back of the firing line,  
 when he sang a duet with our old friend, Ted Hargreaves, of  
 semi-pro fame.

Ravenhill Wood is still called Scotty, in spite of the fact  
 that we shewed that he was a Welshman in a recent number  
 of this paper.

H. W. Clarke, recent reinforcement, is now on the  
 strength of "A" Section.

We wonder if the "Whirlwind" is  
 A coming back again;  
 But, maybe, he has hit the trail  
 Once more for Bangor, Maine.  
 Oh dear, oh my! what will we do  
 Without the notes of his Kozoo?