

A TALE OF A MOUSTACHE.

It was far and away the handsomest moustache we have ever seen. It was silky and glossy, and turned up at both flanks. When we were in England men used to come from the other end of "the Plains" to gaze at it and wonder, whilst civilians in Salisbury town were in the habit of standing aghast and make way for its proud owner whenever he took a trip into that Hive of Industry.

It was the wonder of children who used to observe this marvellous specimen of face *fungi* with wide-eyed amazement, but—herein lies the rift in the lute, *it was most ultra Kaiserish in design*, and therefore the owner gained a well earned reputation as a daring and intrepid individualist in having the courage to sport a hirsute appendage of such a truly ferocious character upon his upper lip. Enjoyment of such a unique facial decoration was not unattended however without a certain amount of risk.

When in Plymouth, for instance, the owner was *nearly* arrested as a spy, and the inconveniences of such a situation were not altogether pleasant; furthermore whilst walking down a certain street in the City of London, with a fellow officer, the latter got the full force of a moderately ripe orange in his right optic, due to various small urchins who not unnaturally took two perfectly loyal Canadian officers for Uhlans in disguise. Oranges it will be agreed are highly satisfactory from a gastronomical and edible view-point, but nevertheless their exterior application to the organs of sight, all oculists are agreed, are not entirely satisfactory, besides being fraught with a certain amount of risk.

Before leaving for Flanders, great uneasiness was evinced among the friends of the custodian of the moustache, as to the effect it would have upon the Western front. Fellow officers earnestly advised him to shave it off or at least create a metamorphosis in its design; whilst at least one corporal brushing aside for the nonce that haughty reserve that all N.C.O.'s are wont to use when addressing officers, advised him with the best intentions in the world to take some steps in the matter. It *might* pass with the British forces perhaps—but then our French and Belgian allies were to be considered and they might shoot him on sight, and all on account of a tonsorial decoration, to wit a moustache.

The officer in question went to Flanders (although he transferred to another unit a day or two before we left "the Plains") but we have several times seen him since he has been at the Front, *and the moustache is more Kaiserish than ever*, and he hadn't been bombed, gassed, bayoneted or even hit with a *richochet* bullet. Nevertheless we have to acclaim him the bravest officer in the British forces.

AMPOULETTES.

Society note.—Indian Clubs are now in cold storage, for Jimmie 'amm is going in for equestrianism. He's some boy, is Jimmie!

A cubist poem on the subject of bully beef (upon which he is some authority) has been received from Pte. A. H. Metcalfe. After wrestling and struggling with it for half-an-hour we gave it up as a bad job. By the way, "Met" says that with bully beef, sliced thin and a little mustard, you can kid yourself that you're eating cold tongue. Try it and see!

A complaint comes from St. John, N.B., that there is *too much poetry* in the "I.C." But what is a poor Editor to do with all the real live poets knocking around? Some people think old "No. ONE" ought to be called "*Poet's Corner*," we think "*a corner in Poets*" would be more suitable.

By the way, *many* of the literary contributions, in verse and prose, appearing in the "I.C." are *maiden* efforts, and therefore deserve all the more credit.

We notice in the "*Splint Record*"
And also "*Now and Then*,"
Published by Numbers 2 and 3,
(Most versatile of men.)
They print a lengthy Honour's list
Of D.C.M.'s and such,
And "*Mentioned in Despatches*,"
(A vain-glorious touch).

Modesty forbids us giving a list of all of the members of our own unit who have been thus signally honoured—(anyway, didn't we publish a full list of the successful competitors in our recent moustache growing competitions?)

"C" SECTION NOTES.

The following have recently been on "pass" in the Old Country:—Sergt. Tyler. M. Brown, Sergt. J. Bothwell, Corporals H. A. Brown and J. H. Haggerty, Lance-Corporals L. S. Mills and J. Hewetson, and Ptes. C. Holmes, W. Owens, B. Roach, G. W. Gibson, T. Smith, G. Childs, J. Lees, J. Carless, A. H. Stewart, C. Ahearn, F. Cottee, G. Granby, A. O'Connor and W. J. Perrault.

We had a letter from Sergt. W. B. Smith recently, and he sent his best regards to all the boys. He is at present at Sandgate, Kent, England.

Congratulations to our old friend "Bob," now Lieut. R. F. Forsyth, of the Canadian Field Artillery, if you please!

Pte. Anthony Joseph Johnson, now of the 2nd Canadian Battalion, was round to see his many friends in "C" Section the other day. He was at Valcartier with "No. ONE," and was unfortunately prevented from crossing with us, but managed to join on in Canada last July and came over to Flanders as a reinforcement to the 2nd Battalion last October. He was looking "in the pink."

TO A STRAY DOLLAR BILL.

(Written for the "I.C.")

Hullo! Dollar Bill
Guess yer feeling ill
Over here;
The yapping of guns,
As weighs scores of tons,
From our friends the Huns,
Makes yer queer!
So cute and so slick,
Yer make us home sick
Sure, ye do;
For every man-Jack,
Each Mickey and Mack,
Admires yer green back,
And that's true.

Old memory plays
With the happy old days
At the sight;
We think where you've been,
The things that you've seen,
Tho' ye ain't over-clean,
Ye're alright.

As handed about
I haven't a doubt,
All yer days;
In country and town,
Both uphill and down,
Ye're a much travelled clown
In yer ways.

I'm short of five francs,
(We're far from the banks
Over here).
But I'll be so bold,
My plan to unfold—
I'll keep yer, ye old
Souvenir.

WARNINGS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Don't send in contributions written on the back of *love missives*. Although one esteemed contributor did this—(and in spite of the fact that *we* can be trusted), we think it is *rather* a dangerous policy.

Don't be afraid of sending in too many contributions. The more "copy" we receive, the more often the "I.C." will make its appearance.

Don't be offended if any copy of yours is not accepted. *The fact that it is not accepted does not imply that it does not possess real literary ability*, although it may be unsuitable for the "I.C." (Those who have had bitter experience will bear witness to the fact that the words in italics are used by the very best papers when declining manuscripts).

Don't forget when contributing to the "I.C." you can write on both sides of the paper, if you like. (*Cubist* contributors can write on three sides of the paper if they desire to, we won't object).