

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Butchers have called for volunteers to go on a Turkey Raid to the nearby farms. All those desiring to come will blacken their faces, bring empty flour bags, gas helmets, and old socks in order to stupefy the unsuspecting birds, and insure no alarm being given.

McGill College is certainly well represented in this Camp. Even the fair ones are wearing the colours. A red and white sweater coat, labelled with the Big "M," is to be seen in the Local "Y," being worn by one of the charming ladies who is kindly helping behind the buffet there. The old pile in Montreal couldn't have a fairer supporter.

Many a soul will now be saved. The latest order states that each man must wash his feet every night and rub them with his bare hands for at least five minutes. (Who said "Cold Feet?").

Any attempts upon the life of the Editor or any of his efficient assistants will not be tolerated. Not that they don't deserve all that's coming to them, but that's not the point.

Thank Heaven, Christmas Day did not come on a Friday. Friday and fish are so closely associated in the Army that even the resurrection could not have torn them asunder, and who would like to eat Hughes's favourite confection on that auspicious occasion?

There are rumours that the B.D. Dry Canteen will shortly close up to make room for the M.O. We can see big money ahead for enterprising quick-lunch-artists.

Of the "News," Thomas Edison says, "A truly wonderful publication. It is particularly valuable as a sleep producer. I have always used it after crawling in between the quilts at nights, and it never fails to hasten slumber."

The new Y.M.C.A. Hut seems to be very popular with the "Bhoys," and can hardly accommodate all those on recreation bent. Quite a number of the patrons find the absence of a foot rail most strange when leaning on the buffet counter.

There was considerable excitement in front of the Gasoline Stores a few mornings ago, when a motor cycle starting alongside burst into flames. Through the prompt action of drivers whose cars were waiting nearby for gas, using their Pyrenes, serious damage to the B.D. was averted.

It is whispered that Pond Hill oil stores will be turned into a Winter Draft Camp, with cinder paths, Mess Tents, and a galvanized iron fence to break the wind, at the same time being thoroughly drained.

After many false starts the DRAFT has really gone.