

Personals.

General.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clare Walters, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Walters, to Harry Alexander Bertram, son of General Sir Alexander Bertram of Dundas. The marriage will take place about the middle of October.

Private Henry Auger, wounded, is a brother of G. A. Auger of the Department of Public Works.

Lieut. F. H. Tingley, who was wounded in 1915, won the Military Cross this year and was again wounded, this time in the thigh, is in hospital at Brighton, England.

Obituary.

Lieut. Dean Stanley Bartle, of Niagara Falls, killed in action on August 24th, was a son of John C. Bartle, inspector of customs. He was but twenty-four years of age and had been at the front only two weeks.

THE R. H. A. DRIVER.

(From *Punch*.)

Last year he studied to be polite,
After the code of the soft goods trade,
From prosy morning till welcome night,
Concerning the traffic of silk and suede.

But now he lives in the open air
Or builds a 'bivvy' of odds and ends;
His work, to wait on a sturdy pair
Of tall gun-horses he counts for friends.

He thrives on wettings, he takes hard knocks,
Grows tough on rations and work and fun;
Though mud may mount to his horses' hocks,
He makes them shine in the coy French sun.

He drives through the rain and the troubled dark,
By the lure of the flickering starshell led,
And thrills with soldierly pride to hark
The guns grow loude rthat boom ahead.

The boy who served in the draper's shop
Wears knightly spurs, and he's won them well;

He'll drive till he or his horses drop,
If they order his guns to the gates of Hell!

MALBROUCK—ET NOUS.

(*Punch*.)

When the great Duke Marlborough took the field,

The ladies waved and the belfries pealed,
The cottars shouted from roofs and ricks,
The drum-boys flourished their polished sticks,

The cymbals clashed and the trumpets played

A brazen, clarion fanfarade
Behind the lumbering cannon paced
The scarlet infantry, frogged and laced;
In velvets, ruffles and crimped perukes
The noble gentlemen of the duke's
Terrible cavalry jingled by,
With banners splendid against the sky.

War is not what it was of yore;
Our trumpets lie in the depot store;
Our colors hang in the depot mess;
We're not conspicuous in our dress—
Leather and kkhaki, drab and tan,
Is the dernier cri for a fighting man.
But we like a noise, and we make a band
Of any old thing that comes to hand,
And we hrow our chests and we shift our shins

To penny whistles and biscuit tins,
Though we drum to war on a biscuit lid,
We'll do as the great Duke Marlborough did

THE FIRST PAPER—AN EXCLUSIVE HISTORICAL ITEM.

When Adam's Eve began to do the housekeeping for Adam, she had no cares such as pursue the modern Adam's madam. She did not know what was the rage, because there was no Woman's Page.

She did not get a Daily Hint from Paris full of passion to start her on a daily sprint to keep up with the fashion. She did not haunt the

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