

We have heard that "Amex," as the Yankee Army overseas is known, has a paper printed called "The Stars and Stripes," and we are anxious to see a copy. We hear that they have a reporter detailed to report news from the Front, and apparently it is to be an official journal.

A new journal has made its appearance, being called "The Sapper," the regimental journal of the Corps of Canadian Engineers. We understand that it is printed at their depot in England, and has correspondents in the various companies at the Front, who submit local news. This is an innovation, and we watch its career with interest.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

These papers make us think of the old times again, when we used to take the girls out to dances and dinners, or else spend the evenings with the b-boys.

Some of them are heavy on the various new problems of the day, while others specialise on the social side of college life, but they are all good.

The following papers have arrived:

"The Gateway," University of Alberta.

"The Manitoban," University of Manitoba.

"The Dalhousie Gazette," Dalhousie University.

POT-POURRI.

THE BENEDICTS.—You probably have observed how a certain number of young men are whistling, humming, singing, shouting, or otherwise giving utterance to the refrain of a certain popular song. Mayhap, you are doing the same.

The haunting strains of "He's more like a friend than a husband to me" carry a great deal of solace to the newly-wed husband; he who is still enshrouded in the mysterious glamour of the honeymoon. Somehow or other he gets the idea that the words exactly describe his own particular case, "I'm the exception," thinks he. Maybe he is, but he forgets that khaki lends a halo of romance to even the most commonplace individual. In the post-war days he will probably find that another popular song describes his case better. I refer to Miss Victoria Monks' song, "Everybody works but father."

THE FARMERS.—A recent news note has it that the Canadians are an army of farmers. It is easy to see how the English journalist got this interesting information. Those "leave farms" increase in dimensions at every "Blighty" pass. Some chaps, especially those happy owners of ten-acre ranches, can 'spiel off such a line as to almost deceive themselves. The Wise Men may have come from the East, but the disciples of Ananias certainly perambulate from the West.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE UNIT.

Honours and Awards.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

Lieut.-Col. G. J. Boyce, Officer Commanding.

MILITARY MEDAL.

525526 Private H. J. Griffiths.

MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES.

Captain H. W. Whytock, M.C.

32910 Staff-Sergeant E. T. Westby.

THAT HOME-TOWN NEWSPAPER.

"GERMANY ASKS FOR PEACE," in red box-car letters right across the page, was what I saw when I opened the old home-town paper. It's great to get the home newspaper, but I never could figure whether it is sheer extravagant optimism or a faulty perspective which causes our "dinky" editors to make a headline out of the same news which finds itself in a short back-page paragraph of "The Daily Mail." But just the same, the old paper looks good to me. Here is Mrs. Jones organising a "shower" of socks and things for the soldiers—let's hope that the response will have Noah's flood beat for volume of precipitation.

And the Society columns. Oh, la! la! Did I ever in the past live in that world of Pink Teas and "charming hostesses," where the Mesdames Fluffy Hair and Middy Waists dispensed tea, smiles, and angel cake? Surely not. We'll turn to the next page and read with regret that the vaudeville orchestra has lost the distinguished services of O. U. Fidler, the first violinist, who has been called for service. Poor beggar, they have taken him to be a soldier; maybe Number Two wants a violinist, so perhaps he won't have to soil those delicate hands of his after all.

We'll pass over all the dances and picnics, they don't belong to our world; but here is the picture of a soldier, Private Swingit, returned from France, is given a splendid welcome home. His Worship the Mayor expresses, on behalf of the city, an appreciation of the magnificent bravery of this hero, and would ask him to accept this gold watch as a token of their gratitude. Say, fellows, how does that strike you? Guess our lucky star must have been on leave when we were born.

However, the old home-town paper is always welcome, although, as the poet said, "It sure does make I smile."

K. C. JONS.

On exploring the ration bag, Green Greenun asks, "Do they always pack the candles in butter, to prevent them from breaking?" But, really, the affinity of like for like is satisfactorily demonstrated by the way in which the butter and the candles usually emerge from the ration bag in close embrace.



The Kaiser: Mien Gott! der DRAFT iss der same kind of MAPLE KNOTS as der odders.