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SEND IT HOME

A Little Bit of Everything

Who were the N. C. O's. who used to be at Witley and had a batman. We understand that the batman demanded permission to stay off the morning parades for his services and that they let him. Don't blame them if they could get away with it.

Who was the chap, who, at the range shooting, thought that when the red flag went up it was the bull's eye. If he had been right a new classification would have to be made out as a marksman would look insignificant alongside of him.

Who is the N. C. O. who is well supplied with everything that is issued but can never supply you with a fag? He asked us to put this in, as he thought it was not getting before the public. We never turn down an interesting piece of news like this.

What are the duties of the O.C. of the miniature range?

An Irish sergeant appeared in camp one day with a pair of Turkish boots. His entire company, in great admiration, asked how he got them. "I killed a Turk and took them," he explained. Next day another Irishman was missing. He was asked to explain his desertion. "I went out to get a pair av thim Turkish boots," he replied, "but it took me three days because I had to kill twinty-four Turks before I could get a pair that would fit me."

We hear a rumor to the effect that a certain tailor, in a spirit of jovialty due to frequent partings of the flowing bowl, tried to make love to a Quartermaster Captain, and went to apologise the following day.

Who was the sergeant who was caught walking down the street with the little lady under his arm and became grievously offended when a comrade addressed him by name.

Scene, Dark Street in London.

Time, 9.00 p. m.

Fair one, passing, "Hello, Canydian."
'Nuff said.

How you can help to keep the wheels of progress moving—buy The Clansman to send home. The one you send it to will appreciate it—and so will the editor.