

Wales, the Channel Islands, and we had as well men from the West Indies, South Africa, and from Australia. We were in fact, an International Unit.

(6) We were the first Battalion to recruit in the United States after the Republic prepared for War and we carried the Union Jack up over Bunker Hill for the first time after 141 years, which occasion was the cause of a demonstration that was given publicity in the newspapers and cinema shows throughout the whole English-speaking world, and stamped us as a Battalion in which were united the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples.

(7) The City of Boston presented us, through Mayor Curley, with the flag of France; the City of New York presented us, through Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, with the Union Jack; and the United Scottish Societies of America, through Colonel Walter Scott, presented us with the Stars and Stripes, all of which we carried, and hoped to carry to victory in France.

(8) The Province of New Brunswick, though entitled to three Infantry Units and other branches of the Service, has only one Unit to represent her in France, which brings forward the argument that, our Officers being practically all New Brunswickers, we should be chosen to give fair representation to the loyal little Province which has been overlooked.

(9) There are other reasons which I considered substantial and which I advanced, but which, because of their political character, and because of the political situation existing to-day in Canada, I think should be left unsaid.

All these reasons, however, failed, and my arguments fell upon deaf ears.

So we are, and are to be, scattered throughout practically every Unit in the Canadian Army where our qualifications best fit us to do our parts, and the British Air Service as well as the British Navy has claimed its quota and even the Tunnelling Company will have its representation from "The Maclean Highlanders."

Our business is being wound up, our Officers are taking command of other men; our pipers thrill the hearts in other Units; our entertainers provide merriment for other gatherings, and our kilts of our Clan Tartan are laid away with the rest of our High-

land uniform as a souvenir of the happy days we spent together. Our Battalion History will be written; our last issue of the "Breath O' The Heather" published; our three Flags and the two Banners, recently presented to us by our Chief, shall be deposited in Duart Castle until the end of the war.

But though we have ceased to exist as "Maclean Highlanders" we are Maclean Highlanders still, and answering back to our Clan Cry, there will come voices from every Canadian fighting unit in the far flung trench line, from beneath the ground in the darkened tunnel, from the waves of the sea where the great ships do battle, and from the clouds in the heavens—voices of Gillean, strong and true and vibrant with the Clan spirit, determined, fighting, Gaelic voices, shouting over and over again "Beatha no Bas," and "Another for Hector," as did our fathers in that other fight for Scottish liberty before they were scattered far and wide because of their devotion.

One thing remains for us to do and that is to hearken yet once again to the call of our Chief and that call will go out to every Clansman in arms on this side of the water when the war is done. It will be a summons to meet him in the Isle of Mull at the Castle of Duart to receive back our Banners, to once more become united, to renew our traditions and go back to the new land to meet the old friends and to be greeted throughout Canada and the States once more as "The Maclean Kilties of America." Plans will be laid with the above end in view and if you will but write a letter the day Peace is declared, to me, addressed to Duart Castle, it will either get me, or should I have gone the way of a soldier, someone else who will advise as to the arrangements for the great gathering of Macleans. Those who may have returned, by reason of wounds or otherwise, to Canada and the United States, are requested to write to Major-General Hugh H. Maclean, M.P., St. John, N.B., Canada, who will arrange for gatherings in Fredericton and Boston to meet the Battalion returning.

You have been good and true High-

landers and you have likewise been true and good friends and comrades. No Commanding Officer in any war that has ever been, has been surrounded by such a devoted, loyal and fine body of men, and the deference you have shown me has been fully appreciated and shall never be forgotten. You were a comrade in the truest sense and it breaks my heart to give you up, but such is the way of the war. I want to meet you again and this is the one way it can be done. It is my last request, and it is the only thing I can look forward to as a ray of hope through the clouds of sorrow in which we are engulfed.

I am, believe me,

Dear Comrade,

Faithfully yours,

PERCY A. GUTHRIE, *Lieut.-Col.,*
Officer Com., 236th Batt. O.M.F.C.
(Maclean Kilties of America,
Sir Sam's Own.)

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WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE CAKE.

Hustle up there goes General Assembly!
What the deuce do they want now?

Its a wonder they would'nt let a fellow
go get his dinner in peace.

Wonder what's in those boxes?

The cake from Fredericton has come.

Wonder if we all get one or just the
men from Fredericton?

1083 pieces. Good old Fredericton.

Must 'a kept the women busy to get
that much cake ready.

I'm going to save mine till after dinner.

Oh Boy! That cake was Jake! Was'nt
it?

They can't make cake like that over
here.

Did you eat all yours at one sitting.

Y'u bet yuh!

First real cake I had since I landed,

You got to hand it to Fredericton.

She's some town.

Hey Sergeant! Don't hit up such a
hot pace,

I'm so full I can't walk.

When I go back to Fredericton, I'm
goin' to marry the girl that
made that cake.