

**AIN'T IT H———?**

WHEN you have been a "good fellow" and have loaned a friend money to the extent of three pounds, and then see him line up with a draft and leave for the front without even a "thank you" for the money? *Gee whiz!*

When you have reverted to the ranks at your own request and transfer to another branch of the service, and then an officer jumps to the conclusion that you have been the victim of a court martial and been reduced, and then deals you all kind of agony for a week before he learns his mistake? *Gee whiz!*

When you have been on a six day leave and do your best to get home and then find that the time table upon which you had relied was wrong and you reach camp six hours late? *Gee whiz!*

When a Company Sergeant-major forms the "Folkestone habit" and makes three successive trips and comes home each evening with a

broader grin than before, and his friends begin to think there is a serious case at hand, and then they learn that he was only, only fooling them? *Gee whiz!*

When a sergeant "forms two-deep" with another sergeant and comes out with an eye that is the colour of a cloudy night and then has a date on with a lady friend and has ot make liberal applications of raw beef steak before he can get up courage to go? *Gee whiz!*

**Thank You, Boys.**

Two of our lads sought out the editor on the day after the first appearance of *The Clansman*, and had their names put on the subscription list for friends in Canada. They have since shown the greatest interest in the paper and have been the cause of many of their friends contributing to the cause. To both we extend thanks. It is such loyalty that will help us to make the paper the success which we would desire.

**JUST COMMENT.**

Fatigues have been the order of the past week, and the way some of the lads have been forming fours with picks and shovels makes one think that the camp must be composed of professional rail roaders.

Confound it, the canteens are open again and the professional bum no longer has an excuse for being out of cigarettes and tobacco.

"Shun!" Will somebody kindly look after the hut orderly of No. 30 hut? Three successive trips to Hythe in the later hours of evening certainly looks suspicious—and for a married man of his age, too!

A phonographic record of the excuses offered for being late on pass would be an interesting relic twenty years hence. It is to the credit of most of the lads, however, that the excuses are *bona fide*, and that they reported at the earliest possible moment. Even a soldier on pass cannot regulate the running of trains.

**Now Boys make a point and drop right into**

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