

Private "Billy" Vaughan, well known on the other side as a baritone soloist of more than ordinary merit, is soon to join hands with the Y.M.C.A. in concert work. Success, old man.

Bandmaster Williams is said to have jumped from his bed one night last week and commanded his men to "show legs" as they had to play reveille. He wondered why his men swore roundly until he woke up. A glance at his watch showed the time to be just two o'clock.

Sergeant Conchie is scheduled for a course at a near by town. We will not ask him how he expects to spend his evenings—we think we know.

Sergeant Jack Temple is having all kinds of fun in his musketry instruction. He is said to have expressed the wish that his class would either be sent away on leave or dismissed from the work that he might enjoy a few more hours beside the warm fires in his hut.

Major McGuire spent a pleasant week-end with friends. Captain Norquay presided over the destinies of No. 4 company during the absence of the major.

The battalion orderly room force has been augmented recently by the addition of Sergt. McLeod, Lance-Corporal McAdams and Pte. Harry

Faulkner. Will appreciate a better standing with McLeod than we used to have—he is now the man who handles the passes.

We have at last found a man who can lose kits and personal belongings faster than we can.—Pte. L. D. Roberts is his name.

Bandsman Oliver, we find, is an old newspaper man, and has held several good positions as wielder of the pen in Canada. Get busy, old man. Your help in making *The Clansman* a real success will certainly be appreciated.

According to reports from the Motor Transport Training Depot Pte. Porter, who recently transferred from this unit, is more than making good. Congratulations, comrade.

And the name of Porter reminds us—Captain Porter is looking younger than ever since his recent trip to London. Must be a reason.

Major D. N. Munroe is still at Cambridge—some staff course, he says.

Congratulations to Lieut. F. C. Gillingwater upon his deserved promotion to commissioned work.

R.S.M. Butler is back with us, and we are all pleased to see him. Some of the sergeants' joy, we fancy though, is a little tinged with regret.

Lieut. McKenzie is still wallowing in the mud—he says the B.F. and P.T. instruction work is not what it is cracked up to be.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a couple of copies of *The Brazier*, a nifty little paper published at the Front. The little sheet is certainly a breezy one, and is a credit to the battalion which issues it. May your success continue, boys.

Of all the mean dispositioned men the one in charge of the coal issue is the worst we have seen in many moons. We get an issue every second day only, so will consider it a personal favour if the weather man will kindly turn on the warmer weather.

If the man in question will kindly make known the date of his impending call we shall make it a point to be absent on leave.

An Untimely Death.

We are more than sorry to announce the death of Comrade D. Stewart, who died at the Brigade Hospital during the past week with spinal meningitis. Comrade Stewart came over with the battalion from Lethbridge, and readers of *The Clansman* in Canada will join with us in mourning the untimely death of a man who had given up his all to enlist with His Majesty's forces.

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