

claymore in hand on the field of Cul loden until all but eight were slain and these eight, fearing naught the on-rushing Saxon hordes, stepped bravely forward in front of the body of their fallen Chief giving their lives with the battle cry of "Another for Hector" on their lips. Our clansmen then were scattered to the four winds of the Heavens, into the furthestmost corners of the earth, and wherever the British Flag was flung to the mast head there we find them, planting their seeds and growing like sturdy plants forming the little nations that finally made up the great British Empire.

Since these early days no Battalion has fought in any land or clime for the flag and the King of Britain, but which has had its quota of Macleans and they have distinguished themselves so that their names resound throughout the earth. In science, literature, art and the commercial life of the British countries they have forged to the forefront and history's pages give them ample place.

In the wars of Britain they have never, since the '45, gone into action in the tartan of their own clan and it was for this reason that after the present war had waged for some two years it was thought advisable by the Macleans to fight in their tartan and follow their pipes and their banners to victory. On the 25th September, 1916, the hill tops of the Province of New Brunswick, were lighted as in the days of old, the fiery torch was passed from hand to hand, the skirl of the pipes was heard from border to border, and the sons of Macleans came trooping forward from the forest fastness, from the hill and the glen, the field and the fenland, the village and the city street, to answer the call of the blood, to don the tartan of their fathers, and with the drawn sword of liberty to strike a blow for freedom. Soon afterwards, the same pibroch sounded throughout the hills and valleys of all Canada, from the rock ribbed shores of Cape Breton's Isle to the golden sands of the smiling Pacific, from the Southern Border line to the far and frozen north, and in answer to that call there came many more of the blood, to join the Duart standard. The fame of the Battalion spread throughout the Great Republic which is now our Ally, a campaign was carried on in the largest cities of the mighty Union, into many States our Officers journeyed to sound the call of Clanship until now we have in this Unit representatives, not only of every Province in Canada, but of practically every State in the American Commonwealth.

We were the first to recruit British citizens in the United States; we carried our banners up over Bunker Hill



THE LAST REVIEW—SEAFORD.

Back row—N. S. Nellice Maclean, Mrs. Haines, Mrs. Gardner, Lady Liangattock, Lady Maclean, Mrs. Bramhall.
Front row—Col. S. D. Gardner, M.C., The Chief, Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., Lt.-Col. P. A. Guthrie, Major Haines, D.S.O., Col. Bramhall, Mr. Wesley Maclean (New Zealand), Lt. Martin, Mr. G. B. Daniels, Captain E. A. Sturdee.