

We thought we were going some when we saluted a sergeant-major by mistake, but Pte. Boulton went us one better last week when he saluted a private of a battery.

Six of our lads have been granted eight weeks' furlough to their homes in Canada, and left for the jolly trip the first of the week. The party will consist of C.S.M. Shields, Corpls. A. Gazey, and A. Bragg, Corpl. H. Whitten and Privates J. Walt and Kennedy. Here's hoping for a pleasant vacation. The lads are all men who have done service at the front and been wounded in action. Their holidays have been well earned.

The concerts last week were par excellence. Here's hoping we may have more of the same kind.

Sergt. Sowden, of the battalion orderly room, has become one of the best boosters for *The Clansman*. He took in over a dozen subscriptions in one day last week.

Lance-Corporal McAdams, who presides over the destinies of the passes, has been on pass himself the past week.

Hughie Close, who used to have all kinds of trouble with guards, has been transferred to the A.S.C., and is more than making good as a head checker in the supplies department. Congratulations, Hugh.

The regular number of sergeants and instructors attended the dance at Folkestone last Saturday evening. Particulars later.

The battalion band appeared in concert at Folkestone last evening and was royally received. The organisation is coming to be recognised as a band of unusual merit, and is being called on frequently.

When the fire alarm sounded one day last week it is said that the only hut which did not have their extinguishers ready for

work was the one which houses the R.S.M. How about it, Mr. Butler?

Another Ashford fatigue reported back to Camp Sunday afternoon. We were rather surprised to see one of the sergeants come home with the rest of the bunch, for he seems to have attractions galore at Ashford.

Thanks to the new reserve for the support they are giving *The Clansman*. Now if they will only come through with some news matter each week, we will be tickled to death.

Never mind, Slicer, we have found your new address—but what we now want to know, "Are you saving your laundry bills?"

Band-Sergeant Appleton has been on the sick list recently—probably through continuous longing for the good old days in Lethbridge or for May Day trips to Taber.

And in speaking of Taber—we are led to wonder if Bill Emmett has tried running after a train to tell the conductor what he thought of him.

Charles Simister received a Christmas package from home the first of the week that was certainly worth receiving. We can hardly believe, however, that he will ever learn to use some of the articles he found in the bundle.

Pte. Stublely, the battalion pianist, was the accompanist at a concert held the first of the week. He filled the bill with credit, especially when the ladies were singing.

Employees of the quarter-master's department have promised us a smoke for the good things we said about them last week. If they don't make good their promise before next issue we shall have to bring them into the limelight again. We know where one of their number spent a pleasant evening recently.

Please do not ask us where we get the information for some of the things that appear in *The Clansman*. That would be telling.

Pte. J. O'Neil must be a hut orderly of the first water. Hut 30, of which he has charge, has successfully passed every inspection—and that is going some for an orderly room hut where fellows are passing in and out from morning to night.

RARE TREAT PROMISED.

A RARE treat is promised for the boys of the camp if the plans of the Y.M.C.A. may be carried out. A famous reader is being secured from London, and on Christmas Eve will be heard at the Y.M.C.A. hut in the reading of Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Just who the reader will be is not yet known, but we are assured that one of the best will be secured.

TO THE UNKNOWN.

I raise my glass to those unknown souls
Whose names are never heard of;
Who did in silence kindly deeds
The world knows not a word of.

I pledge them all—those gallant dead!
Who lie so soundly sleeping—
True soldiers they,—the brave unknown,
The grave their secret keeping.

Unnoticed and remembered not
In song, or verse, or story;
Those actions were not done for praise,
Or any hope of glory.

Honour them all. Those splendid men,
Heroes they were—and knightly—
Their deeds like stars behind the clouds,
Are somewhere shining brightly.

E.D.

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