



Vol. I. No. 3.

Reserve Headquarters, Dec. 6th, 1916.

Price 2d. (In Canada
5 Cents.)

THE UNIT IN KILTS.

SATURDAY afternoon was a day of gnashing of teeth and flows of Satanic language, when the order went out to line up for kilts. Fat men, lean men, short men, tall men were treated with impartiality, and when evening came the entire unit had been fitted up with bright new Seaforth kilts and ordered to appear on Church parade the following morning. Notwithstanding the fact that the day was a cool one, every man obeyed the order and when they lined up on the square they appeared a different lot in every way.

The new rules for dress call for the kilt, hose tops, garters and long puttees. Under no circumstances were the regulation puttees to be cut. The garters will be worn with two loops and one streamer for privates, while sergeants will make the ribbon into two loops and two streamers. Cap and collar badges are a part of the issue and will replace former badges. Glen-garries will be used as head gear.

The order for the issuance of kilts had been expected for some time, but was held up on account of delay in the arrival of the caps. The new dress is extremely popular with the men, who were promised the Scottish dress at the time of enlisting in Canada.

Hutment 22 was complimented by the Brigadier-General on his weekly inspection Sunday, as was the dry canteen kitchen. Good work, fellows. Keep it up.

LAST AMATEUR NIGHT

THURSDAY evening of last week was amateur night at the Recreation Room, and the talent presented was a surprise to both the men and officers who attended. The band was out in full force and stirring marches, well rendered overtures and brilliant selections were skillfully interwoven throughout the programme. Sergt. Ed. Smith opened the amateur programme with "Sons of the Sea," and gave "Where the River Shannon Flows," as an encore, which was loudly demanded. Sergt. Stevenson sang one of his favourite comic songs and was loudly applauded. Sergt. Travers came next, and for five minutes the audience was delightfully entertained with a mixture of songs and monologues which made a decided hit. Bandsman Sheen rendered a pleasing cornet solo in an artistic manner and "Big Chief" Sergt. Chas. Gates presented a characteristic song, the principal enjoyment which of was in the scenic effects, due to his being drenched with several buckets of water and a continuous rattle of the big drum. At the close the band presented the "Musician's Strike," in which the editor played the part of agitator and came near being "run in" by a military policeman who was not in on the play. Taken as a whole, the concert was certainly a success, Travers and Smith dividing the honours evenly. Here's hoping we may see more of them—if they will keep the military cops away.

WITH THE TRANSPORT

I WONDER how many of my readers realise the enormous amount of work and responsibility that rests on a Battalion Transport—the enormous responsibility of supplying over 1,000 men with the necessaries of life, when roads are shelled and roads are closed—when every sort of device has to be employed to ensure delivery? Think what it means: they are responsible for the delivery of ammunition, water, food, medical equipment—in short, the men in the trenches are absolutely at the mercy of the Transport. If you grasp these facts, then you will have some admiration for the Transport. Only on two successive occasions during the past twelve months have the men fallen short of the necessaries of life. This was during the great battle of Ypres, when it became a sheer impossibility for a fatigue party to leave the trenches. In spite of grave peril, and in the teeth of persistent shelling, the rations were brought up as far as the Transport could come; only, as I say, the risk of trying to convey them from that point to the men was too great—it would have been suicide to have made any such attempt. The roads, I am told, were utterly impassable in places—torn by shells, strewn with dead horses and broken-up waggons; the situation for the Transport at times was desperate, and it was only courage and determination that enabled Captain Marshall and his

Continued on page 4.

AMUSEMENTS.

A LONDON Concert Party will appear at the Recreation Room to-night and a jolly good entertainment is promised. To-morrow night the Shorncliffe Concert Party will be here, and it is hoped that the large room may be packed to capacity for both evenings.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Captain Porter really intends to give us a cowboy's funeral for telling about his trip to London?

If Captain Howell got his wish one evening last week?

If Major Hardisty is still a source of much worry to the postal clerks?

If Sergt. Sowden struck another nail on his last trip home?

Why so many of the sergeants took what we said about eating in the huts as a personal slam?

How it came that Sergeant-Major Eager actually thought he saw a joke and tried to come back with another one?

Why the price of beer has been increased a half-penny per pint in the canteens and has not gone up in the towns.

If Sergeant Bayley, of the postal force, will ever recover from the effects of the coming strenuous Christmas season.

Why some of the fellows who are given detention seem to think the guard-room a nice pleasant home?

If R.S.M. Butler can tell us why Sir Sam Hughes did not commit suicide?

Why Private Phillips could not stand still last week?

If Pte. Tompkins has learned to say "coon Can"?

If C.Q.M.S. Shaw has become fully weaned from his comfortable quarters with No. 3 Company?

If the Quartermaster's department is really going to issue coal daily during the cold periods?

If the brilliant young ladies of the London Concert Parties have anything to do with the record breaking attendances at concerts?

If the military police on duty amateur night is looking for promotion?

If Pte. Jimmie Hargreaves has yet quit worrying about what is going to happen to him?

Why Sergt. Tivy has been going to Hythe so many evenings recently?

Why so many bright smiles appeared in Hut 26 last Friday evening when a Kangaroo Court was held and a fine imposed?

Did the Sergeants' Mess do a rushing business after the fine was collected?

If the bandmen's complaint of cold fingers did not result from an order prohibiting them from using talcum powder on their knees.

Why Pte. Cairns did not feel like going on parade after his visit to the M.D.'s hut on Friday.

If it is true that the dentist pulled two sound teeth for a private to make a plate fit?

Who was the Sergeant who wore a pair of the Medical Officer's boots to London on a recent week-end?

The name of the Sergeant who mourned the loss of his comrade to such an extent that he blinded himself with tears and fell into a hedge, scratching his face up so badly he had to be replaced on the guard?

The cause of the free for all in the Sergeants' Mess one night last week, and who got the best of the argument?

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JUST COMMENT.

Speaking of dark nights, some of those of last week certainly broke all records for blackness. One could not see the ground right at his feet and it is no wonder some of the stay-out-lates presented the appearance of mud pie chefs the next morning. The writer had a nice little walk in the darkest of the dark, but except for falling into four holes, removing half a dozen fence posts with his head and running over a couple of guards, he arrived home all right.

Let us be thankful for all favours—especially the new arrangement which has enabled nearly all the fellows to move into hutments. These mornings are none too pleasant even under the best conditions, and life under canvas was getting to be one continuous nightmare.

Breakfast at seven and parade at eight—not much time left for cleaning buttons and shining boots, but still, we do not hear much kick. The fellows in camp are beginning to take things as they come and are learning to apply themselves to every

possible contingency. The only difference noted is that less numbers are seen going to the towns evenings, and greater numbers may be found in preparation for the morrow's work.

Quite a bunch of the men of No. 4 Company spent a week in London recently—and according to the stories which they now have to tell, there is not much left of that village after they had finished with it.

The first evidence of the “resignation” of General Sam Hughes—the taking in of Oliver equipment and the issue of the more convenient Webb in No. 4 company.

NO MORE WARM STOVES.

No more do the N.C.O.'s keep their stoves warm; no more do they tell bedtime stories during daylight hours, for every man jack of them is doing his work on the square. Voices which were once raised in song are now lifted in command—and everything is lovely but their feelings.

WHY WORRY?

If you are in Canada you are either mobilised or not mobilised,
And if you are not mobilised—
Why Worry?

If you are mobilised, you are either in Canada or sent to England,
And if you are in Canada—Why Worry?

If you are sent to England you either remain in England or go to France,
And if you remain in England—
Why Worry?

If you go to France you either remain at the Base or go up to the Front Line,
And if you remain at the Base—
Why Worry?

If you are up at the Front Line you are either wounded or not wounded,
And if you are not wounded—
Why Worry?

If you are wounded, it may be either serious or slight,
And if slight—Why Worry?

And if you are seriously wounded, you either die or you don't,
And if you don't—Why Worry?
And if you die you can't worry!

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Published weekly by the Reserve Battalion, in the interest of the Highland Battalions of Canada.

Adjutant A. H. APPLETON, Censor.
Private HARRY F. DAVIS, Editor and Manager.

Men in uniform may have "The Clansman" sent to their friends in Canada at the following rates, post paid:
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Address all Communications to Editor,
"The Clansman," Reserve Battalion,
Canadian Training Division, England.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

In the course of our regular trip through the camp last week we were fortunate enough to drop into the band quarters during practice hours, and the thirty minutes we spent with the musicians will not soon be forgotten. They made us realise that the battalion has a *band*, and the music they dispensed opened our eyes to the fact that the organisation is one of which any battalion might be justly proud. Bandmaster Williams has a good bunch of men—and the ability to get the best that is in them in the musical line.

That reed section is a prize winner. Composed of Rosenfield, Lake, Spittenhouse, Stubley, Emmett and Litte, on clarionets, and Fish on saxophone, it works in perfect harmony and the soft tunes, blending perfectly with the heavier brass, gives an effect that is a delight to music lovers.

In the cornet section Speen, Rosenfield, Burkett, Gill and Ingham are the artists and, though a capable critic might say they were not up to the standard of the reeds, it seemed to us that little more could be desired.

McPherson, Bishop, and Mitchell on basses, and Corpl. Clack, Ptes. Stratful, Akehurst, Bissett and Ham of the alto section, makes an accompaniment that is pleasing to the ear. Sergt. Appleton, Corpl. Howes and Pte. Hayward, baritones, make skilful use of their instruments and in many of the selections the mellow tones come from the double piano to the fortissimo in a steady crescendo, which vibrates throughout the room with a telling effect.

And the "slides"—we can only say that Ptes. Winteringham, Cosh and Knight are never behind with

their work, and the perfect harmony and faultless execution with which they handle their respective parts leaves nothing to be desired.

Corpl. Dayton and Pte. Oliver, with the drums, go to complete the organisation of which the whole battalion should be proud.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS FOR SOLDIERS.

THE Women's Auxiliary of the 101st has evidently not forgotten their lads in training and at the front, for parcels are being sent to every man of the unit. The officers and many of the privates have already received their offerings and others are arriving almost daily. Should any member of the unit fail to get his parcel, it will be due to the unavoidable delay on the part of postal authorities, as no name on the list is being overlooked.

The parcels contain many useful gifts—writing paper and envelopes, pencils and pads, and are certainly being welcomed by the boys. On behalf of the recipients *The Clansman* extends thanks to the good women of the auxiliary.

RUMOURS FROM THE FRONT.

A LETTER received the first of the week states that Heck Williamson well known in local camps, has been wounded by a piece of shrapnel. The wounded lad is said to be in a hospital at the base but expects to be back in action again within a short time.

Lance-Corporal T. J. Hucker is in receipt of a letter from his son at the front, in which the latter says that everything is lovely. The note is full of enthusiasm and gives a good illustration of the way things are going with the lads in the front line trenches.

The name of Pte. G. C. Pierson appears in a recent casualty list. Pierson is well known by many of the lads still in training here.

'Steen thousand and 'umpteen copies sold, yet our genial B.O. Corpl. had never heard about us! Come along with your subscription, Davie, or we'll have to mate you by numbers.

WITH THE TRANSPORT.

Continued from page 1.

men to reach the troops. During these evil days you had to be ready of resource; you had to make headway somehow—through ploughed fields, no matter what—it was just one eternal scout for ways that promised less danger. At Ypres and Festubert, the only safety lay in pressing forward at full gallop, and often the journey was made two or three times a day. Paradoxical as it may sound, the only safe place was the trench. All honour, I say, to the men in the front line who undergo dangers, and risks, and discomforts, but there are those outside the firing line who deserve their meed of praise, and none more than the Battalion Transport. Rain or shine, food, ammunition and water must be supplied, and sometimes it seems as if they were taken being to the very gates of hell. In the face of perils unprecedented the Transport presses forward with a cheerful devotion and a staunch courage beyond all praise.

The forenoon is busy for the commissariat—all supplies are checked and divided: it is a process of division and sub-division. The rations are divided for companies, and handed to the cooks for further division and distribution. Every man is allotted his portion; bread, bacon, meat or tin rations, tea, sugar, cheese, jam—on special occasions little extras such as fruit, and at stated intervals tobacco, cigarettes and matches. If the men are wise and prudent, they augment this by purchasing at the various villages we pass through, eggs, pickles, tinned fruits, and the hundred and one little things which just make all the difference in the monotony. Not that there is anything to complain of so far as food is concerned; there is always plenty of it, it is well cooked—indeed if we think of other campaigns within living memory we may be said to live in comparative luxury. Ask those who went through the South African War what discomforts are. We never know what it is to be on short rations; in the quickest possible manner the wounded and sick are cared for. It may seem absurd to compare the South African War with this gigantic struggle, for after all, it was what

Carlyle would have called a chimney smoking, but nevertheless they did endure hardships—the nature of the struggle was different—they were far from their base—there were not the facilities nor the devices for the care of the wounded—the wide and rambling nature of the country told against speedy treatment. To-day it is what you might call motor-car warfare—field soup-kitchens. Imagine—to give but one example of modern warfare—imagine being able to read your letters and Old Country newspapers in the thick of the firing-line, only a day late! But this is rambling, and I want to take you for a trip with the Transport. It is already getting dark, and everything is packed and ready for the journey. Compared, of course, with what they went through at Ypres and Festubert, the journey is uneventful. For the first mile or so there is little to record. The first time you realise there is danger is when you pass through field upon field of rich crops which you know will never be garnered. The flares from the enemy's lines seem to come nearer, and the whizz of stray bullets gives warning. "By jove, that was a near shave," you hear someone shout, but we reach our destination in safety. The supplies are unloaded, and the fatigue party carry them to the safety of the trenches. The same dangers confront you on the homeward journey, but there is the feeling of satisfaction that you have accomplished what you set out for. A tame trip,

compared with Ypres or Festubert, but important, nevertheless.

The way back was round the village of —, much stricken and battered. For weeks it had been bombarded, and the Cathedral with its beautiful façade is now an utter ruin. The destruction was made complete by fire, and all that stands to-day is the four walls and the altar rails. By dodging the police, I was able to go through this village by daylight, and by dodging the Transport and running the risk of orderly-room, I viewed it by moonlight. Do you remember the words of Sir Walter Scott on Melrose Abbey?—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

It would repay you to see this deserted village at night; by moonlight the sense of utter loneliness and destruction becomes more acute—it was worth my risk. Doors ajar, empty hearths, broken windows, gables knocked in revealing smashed furniture, beds with the bedclothes still on them, everything testifies to hurried flight. At the far end of the village a few country-folk still cling to the place, but in daylight the only living things to be seen in what was once a thriving busy little town, are a cat and a boy playing a hoop. But what of the Cathedral? Less than a year ago it was thronged with worshippers, for it served as a tabernacle for miles around. Thoughts crowd themselves upon you, and the absolute silence haunts you—the silence that is almost a

voice. But the destruction is even more complete and more horrible in the surrounding cemetery. The very thing that nations, civilised and uncivilised, hold dear—the sacred dead—are held in brutal disregard by the Huns. It is without parallel. Smashed to atoms, these monuments to the dead seem to cry aloud for vengeance, and long after the war has been brought to its inevitable end, they will stand—a most terrible indictment. The enemy has violated the most elementary instincts which distinguish civilised men from the savages—one is almost tempted to say, from the brute beast. Oh! if one could only take these "peace at any price" cranks and show them some of the revolting sights I have witnessed, they might realise something of the saying, "I came not to bring peace by a sword." At the judgment seat of humanity Germany is condemned as a State outside the pale. It seems impossible to understand that brutal type of mind, and it seems more impossible to try to follow the sophistries by which it salves its conscience.

But this will not take me back to the Transport. The day's work is over—the horses are unyoked, and the men go to rest, satisfied in the fact that if the morrow brings fighting, the men will not fight on empty bellies.

To the *Canadian Scottish* we owe an apology for reproducing the above article. In thanking the Editor we also extend compliments for the able manner in which he has prepared it.—THE EDITOR.

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HOOTS, MON, THE PIPERS.

Dae ye ken the music, the music o' the dells,
The music o' the pipers that has its tale tae tell?
It makes ye stop and listen, like yaer standin' in a trance
It makes ye move yaer feet in the olden Scottish dance.

Hoot mon, they're a playin' and a comin' wi' a swing,
They're comin' like the birds when the birds are on the wing.
Just ye see the step they're takin' and they take it wi' awill,
For they're marchin' to the music of the Heilan pipe's sweet shrill.

First ye see the Piper Major, who ye ken as Jim McLeod,
An' the way his feet be swingin' dae ye ken that he is proud?
Then next there're Davie Slicer and next is Billy Pow
And both the lads will greet ye wi' the old time Heilan' bow.

Then Hosie an' McKenzie, wi' Basin on the run,
An' then there's Jimmie Moore wi' his smile just like the sun.
Noo look ye for the drummers, frae the Heilan' glen,
An, such a pleasin' rattle, hoots, mon, dinna ken?

Kulbertson, McGill and Rush are comin' in a line
Wi' Remington and Bradbury a-steppin' close behin',
An' as they march afore us wi' that quick an' steady pace,
Dae ye ken that we feel proud o' that noble Scottish race?

But, mon, there's somethin' lackin' in that line o' lade so brae,
Tho' every face is smiling, there's not a heart that's gay—
For where is Mick McGowans and bonnie David Horn,
Both true Scottish laddies an' in the Heilan' born?

Then where is old Buchanan and smiling Heck McBeth,
They're wi' Goldie in the trenches, courtin' German death.
Then Smith, the drummer laddie, an' McTavish an' McLean,
'Tis mony a day now, laddie, since their sunny smiles were seen.

'Tis said they've gone before us, gone ahead into the line,
Where they're shootin' wi' the rifle and a layin' o' the mine.
But soon they will rejoin us, they're comin' when they can,
For they're the truest Scottish laddies, frae out the Hilan' clane.

PURELY PERSONAL.

For goodness' sake get Sergt. Ness transferred back to this unit. Some one has to look after Sergt. Bob Lanaway.

Sergt. Potter was acting Company Sergt.-Major in No. 4 Coy. for a few days last week. He is still wondering how it happened.

A certain orderly corporal is now taking lessons in keeping his bayonet in the scabbard.

Lieut. Farmer, in charge of the Y.M.C.A. Concerts, has been spending a few pleasant days in London. Captain Stoken also enjoyed a few extremely busy days while his assistant was away.

Pte. Gurr has been having the time of his life during the past week, trying to get his equipment clean enough to satisfy the Adjutant and R.S.M.

R.S.M. Jenkinson has been having a strenuous session with Brigade School during the past several days.

Major Hardisty is still wearing that old-time smile, which makes its appearance with the receipt of every letter.

Postal Sergeant Bayley is due for further promotion. He built the fire one morning last week.

Private, formerly Sergeant, Roberts, who recently reverted to the ranks to accept a place on the staff of the Record Office at London, has been returned to duty here. Some of the things he says about his experiences in the metropolis would sure land us in the guard house if we published them.

Former Sergt. McLeod, who transferred recently to the Motor Transport Service, was up from there Sunday saying hello to his friends in this unit. He and

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Warren Porter have become bunkies at the training station. Hard to say which is teaching the other the things they should not learn.

Lieut. McKenzie likes *The Clansman*. He bought himself immunity from editorial attacks by purchasing a number of extra copies of last issue.

We ran across Dave Slicer again the other day—and he again tried to touch us for some of the filthy lucre. Sorry we did not have it, Dave.

Sergeant Crow has apparently lost his good humour since coming back from France. He has not smiled since his last conversation with the paymaster.

The battalion barbers attended a dance at Folkestone one night last week. Would like to tell the story, but it would not do any good as neither of them reads *The Clansman*.

Sergt. Billy Weston, posing as the eight stone four champion has been training steadily of late. He told us all about it Thursday night, and we will bet dollars to doughnuts he cannot recall the conversation.

Thanks to the Y.M.C.A. for the interest they are taking in *The Clansman*.

Sergt. Archie Thomson is back from France—minus the gold stripe. Says he only saw one bullet and he passed that on his way home.

A certain Sergeant is said to have attempted browning his knee by the liberal use of tobacco juice. Kick through with that subscription, Sergeant, and we will not mention your name.

Now that Corpl. Jack is travelling by hydraulic vehicle, it is expected that the demand for beer will no longer exceed the supply, and that the necessary half-penny raise can now be cancelled.

Pte. A. Wren received a letter from home Sunday, the back of which was liberally covered with crosses usually used to indicate kisses. Do you love the girl, Wren?

Pte. Tompkins, to judge from the present indications, is soon to be the chief mourner at a wedding. And we always thought he was such an innocent cuss.

Congratulations to both the Cochran Brothers, who went from here to the front some time ago. Both have been awarded the D.C.M., and their friends here extend hearty congratulations through *The Clansman*.

Some of the N.C.O.'s still take no interest in the paper. Guess we will have to get their goats and make them bark like foxes.

Pte. Skelhorne is the victim of a severe cold—probably due to the chilly reception he got when he showed his collection of post cards to his little friend.

The drafting office is a cool place for editors. Lieut. Playfair has always managed to be absent when we called and some of the employees are about as civil as a wooden Indian cigar sign and as funny as a crutch.

We dropped into the Sergeants' Mess kitchen Sunday morning and were delighted to find that Pte. Haffern is back on his old job of slinging soup. The rest of the bunch are jolly good fellows, too!

We are duty battalion again this week, and the way the R.S.M. has been dealing out agony to Orderly Sergeant would be a source of envy to the first assistant of Satan.

What a pity that "Slats" Neil was not kept in camp until after the issue of Kilts. Those shin bones of his sure would pop.

Rather sorry the adjutant is the censor for *The Clansman*. There are lots of things we would like to say, but we daren't.

Captain Williamson was in town last week-end. He was seen making his way to the station with a smile on his face and the little black bag in his hand.

Captain Herchmen and Captain Macnally have also been on leave. Mac says he doesn't want any more suggestion from the Adjutant—it is too expensive.

The goat has picked up wonderfully these last few days.—We wonder why?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Why Lieut. Allen's face turned the colour of a well-cooked beet when he saw "Who is Mamie?" in the last issue of *The Clansman*?

Why some of the privates who find occasion to visit Ashford want the cinder walk widened between here and the Junction?

What has been the reason for the numerous and protracted trips Captain Anderson has made to the Hythe Bank. Is it true there are other attractions besides cash there?

Why has Major Jamieson looked so seedy lately.—Those constant trips down town, Major?

Why were all the stray dogs in Camp following Captain Weger-Williams on Monday morning?

Who is the C.S.M. who borrowed the kilt apron from the Orderly Sergeant? and what happened to the apron?

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Buy her pineapples.

"Mr. Editor—Am in love with a freckled girl who swears she will never marry until she has found a cure for the freckles. Will you tell me what to do?—No. 0016."

Have her remove the freckles with a putty knife, soak them for twenty-three hours in salt water and hang out to dry in a stiff northern breeze. They will be thoroughly cured in about a month and you may then proceed with the death warrant.

"Editor,—I am sleeping in a tent where the mud is several inches deep. Have to go on parade every morning at eight o'clock and get bawled out if my boots are not clean. What can I do under the circumstances?—0099."

Get a couple of batmen.

HARD LINES, SERGEANT.

SERGEANT CROWE, so the story goes, was sent to France recently, and it just happened that the party left shortly before pay-day. The "pass enthusiastic" Sergeant was evidently financially embarrassed, for he strongly insisted on being favoured by the paymaster before departing. His efforts were in vain, however, and he made the trip minus the necessary funds with which to enjoy life. Hard lines, Sergeant.

ARE THESE FIGURES TRUE?

A CHAP hears a lot of grouching from some men about long parade hours, etc., but I wonder how many fellows ever figure out how many days you actually work for the Army in a year.

Take for example, there are 365 days in the year, your average days' work is about 8 hours, therefore you spend 16 hours each day in recreation or sleep, this amounts to 244 days and leaves but 121. Sundays you do not work, which takes off 52 days and there is left but 69. Saturdays you have a half-

day off, which deducts 26 days, leaving 43, lunch hours amount to 16 days, which brings your figures down to 27 days. Two six day passes each year followed by a telegram saying your grandmother has died gets you at least 14 days, this leaves but 13 days, then figure the other two passes you slip in and get—"On account of the Adjutant being sick or on leave," which means another 12 days, and shows that you actually work but one day each year.

OVERHEARD.

Fair lady: Do you dance the two-step?

Handsome S.-M.: Well, rawther.

Little girl: No, mamma, they're not soldiers. They're only Canadians.

Fair lady, aged fifty something, as the spry young sergeant walks by: O, isn't he handsome. And there's no harm in him either.

Quarter-master Sergeant in his sleep about two a.m.: Go chase yourself. Go chase yourself. What do you think we're running here, a Salvation Army second-hand store?

Now Boys make a point and drop right into

Wm. Bushell's Military Outfitting Stores

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