



Vol. I. No. 2.

Reserve Headquarters, Nov. 29th, 1916.

Price 2d. (In Canada 5 Cents.)

### ERRONEOUS ADDRESSES CAUSE DELAY.

HERE, as in Canada, one hears many complaints as regards the delay in mail delivery, yet many of these delays are due to the inaccuracy in addresses which cause the postal clerks endless work as well as delaying the delivery of letters and packages. Some delay in the handling of mail from across the seas is naturally to be expected, yet if you will advise your friends to use greater care in writing the addresses it will be found that the delays will be reduced to a minimum.

When next you write your correspondents ask them to use greater caution with their letters. Have them write your number and name across the centre of the envelope; on the next line give the name of the unit to which you are attached and in the lower right hand corner give the postal address of the camp where you are stationed; *then in the lower left hand corner give the number of the company to which you belong.* The latter detail will often mean the saving of a day or two receipt of mail.

In writing to friends in neutral countries, great care should be exercised in the giving of addresses. Any information which will lead to the location of a training camp or the quarters of a unit of the army will be held up and returned by the censor. If possible, it is better to have your mail from these neutral countries sent to some friend in a city and forwarded from there. If

such is impossible have your correspondent write your name and number across the centre of the envelope, then the name of the unit to which you are attached and send the letter to the Army Post Office, at London. It will be forwarded from there with but a short delay. The observance of these rules will save much time and trouble.

With the Christmas season coming on, every precaution should be used which will eliminate unnecessary trouble in the postal service, and every rule, carefully observed, will be an added means of helping to get the Christmas boxes through in time for enjoyment during the holidays.

### SMILE, DARN YOU, SMILE.

WHEN your legs are getting weary and your muscles all are sore, and you swear you'd give a dollar for an hour's peaceful snore; when the rifle chills your fingers when you stop a little while, and your teeth begin to chatter, smile, darn you, smile.

When they rouse you in the morning before the break of day, and send you with a party where the work is far from play; when the sergeant takes a shovel and with a look of guile, tells you to get busy, smile, darn you, smile.

When you've been on a vacation and overstayed your leave, and a big, red-faced policeman takes you by the sleeve; then you know you're up against it and you'll have to stand

your trial—then's the time to grin and bear it, and smile, darn you, smile.

When they take your comrades from you and send them cross to fight, and you must stand in silence as they pass from out your sight; when the band starts playing in a forceful, stirring style, and though your heart is yearning, you must smile, darn you, smile.

So you always should be cheerful, no matter what may come, try not to drown the sorrow in flowing gin and rum. So when you get down-hearted just get out and walk a mile; come back on the double, and smile, darn you, smile.

### THE ORDERLY SERGEANT.

YEA, verily, the lot of the Orderly Sergeant is a hard one. He riseth at an ungodly hour in the morning and chaseth himself over the lines. He routeth the men from peaceful slumbers and receiveth many hearty cussings therefor. He maketh out his parade states and findeth that one hundred men cannot be accounted for. He waxeth indignant and useth much strong language.

He becometh imbued with the desire to shave and getteth his face covered with lather, when the bugle bloweth. He goeth to answer the call on the double and getteth bawled out for being late. He standeth at attention and heareth the R.S.M. give an order for 200 men on a fatigue party. He sayeth nothing

until he findeth that he hath but r87 on his roll, and then the language he useth would never be heard from a minister's son.

He hath on his nominal roll a total of ninety non-coms., but when he desireth the assistance of one corporal he findeth him not. He starteth an investigation and learneth that the corporals have stripped their stripes and standeth in the ranks with the private and again he useth language which hath no place in church.

He eateth his meals on the run and he sleepeth not till late. The steps he taketh during the day are many and at night his legs are weary. He getteth snugly tucked in and thinketh to sleep when the bugle again bloweth and he rusheth to answer. Again he heareth himself condemned and when he sayeth that he heareth not the silvery notes, the R.S.M. sayeth unto him, "Dig out the ears."

He becometh angry and returneth again to his quarters, but again the bugle soundeth and he goeth forth for another cussing. He becometh angry and tradeth his blankets for a lantern for the nights are dark and he resteth not. Yea, verily, his lot is hard to bear.

#### PURELY PERSONAL.

In walking about the camp the other day we were more than pleased to bump into George Mitchell, who helps to make the thunder in the heavy descriptive selections rendered by the band. His old smile was evident and he had a grin on his face a yard long when he mentioned his recent vacation, during which he went to London. The smile faded when we recalled the recent issue

of kilts, and George went his way muttering sounds which sounded curiously like the old days in Lethbridge when he conducted a school in swearing.

A little further along we met Sergt. Fraser, and stopped to ask him the news of his unit. He incidently told us of dropping his name from a train and of the scores of letters he has received since. Fraser never appealed to us as much of a ladies' man, but when he asked us to help him answer the letters we quickly reversed the opinion. The problem was finally solved by writing to the newspaper of the town from which the letters hailed and thanking the writers publicly.

Then we ran into Sergt.-Major Abrough, who had been ill for several days but would not neglect his duty. He informed us that he had been granted a week-end pass and was going home for a couple of days. We congratulated him, and then

We met about thirty of the fellows making their way to the train for a six days' trip. All were highly elated and it is surely not too much to expect some wonderful stories of jolly good times when they return.

Pte. Sam Nuttall was the next man we met. Sam was just coming off pass and wore an expression which was a combination of pleasure and sorrow. He had not been home for fourteen years, and was thoroughly appreciative of the opportunity which had been granted him for making the visit. He told of the good times he had enjoyed, but his face again darkened when he referred to his final leave taking.

#### ARMY CANTEENS.

**Richard Dickeson & Co.**

LTD.

Importers,  
General Produce Merchants,  
and Exporters,  
Canteen Contractors to H.M. Forces.

The Management of Regimental Institutes  
undertaken in any part of the world.

#### Offices and Warehouses :

LONDON—136-148, Tooley Street, S.E.  
DUBLIN—Upper Exchange Street.  
DOVER—Market Lane and Queen Street.  
ALDERSHOT—High Street and Nelson Street.  
PLYMOUTH—Strand Street, Stonehouse.  
PORTSMOUTH—Highbury Street.  
SALISBURY PLAIN—Bank Chamber, Ludgershall, Andover.  
PEMBROKE DOCK—Tremeyrick Street.  
LIVERPOOL—Love Lane.  
PORTLAND—Castletown.  
GIBRALTAR—City Mill Lane.  
MALTA—Strada Mercanti, Valletta.  
CAIRO—5, Midan, Tewfikieh.  
ALEXANDRIA—8, Rue Abou Dardar.  
KHARTOUM—British Barracks.  
BERMUDA—Front Street, Hamilton.

#### Agencies :

Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Cyprus, Aden,  
Madras, Bomba, Bangalore, Secunderabad,  
Kolar, Ootacamund and Coonoor.

**DRAY & Co.,**

Motor, Motor Cycle,

AND

General Engineers,

18, HIGH STREET, HYTHE

(Opposite the G. P. O.)

Complete Overhauling of Cars  
and Motor Cycles.

Repairs a Speciality to all kinds  
of Machinery, Gramophones, etc.

Every description of Electric  
Pocket Lamps and Batteries.

Special parts and filling made  
for experimental work.

**BEWLEY,**

The Printer,

17, GEORGE LANE,

FOLKESTONE.

Tel. 331.

**SEEING IS BELIEVING.**

IF YOU SEE THE

**Maple Leaf Store,**

47, HIGH STREET,  
FOLKESTONE,

You would believe that it has the very best  
selections of Canadian Goods in town.

Every article bought will be packed  
ready for mail **FREE.**

All Military Publications and Musketry  
Appliances kept in Stock.

MAPS AND MAP CASES.

Xmas Cards with Canadian Badges.

GAMES OF ALL KINDS.

**W. S. PAINE & Co.,**

9, HIGH STREET,  
HYTHE.

**JUST COMMENT.**

WE would appreciate a suggestion which will give the new R. S. M. something to do. At present he only has to keep an eye on the orderly sergeants, see that all parades are running smoothly and give the guard an occasional "once over"; listen to the hourly lectures by the adjutant and explain why the rain falls; parade about fifty men to different commanding officers each day and check up on the parade states; see that all military rules are strictly observed and that the men shall be properly dressed. Then, just to pass away the leisure time he sleeps. More work, please!

The editor of *The Clansman* recently stayed out until ten o'clock—and his company moved. He spent a strenuous three days gathering up what remained of his kit and settling down to routine. Then he stayed out late again—and his company moved. Help to find our shoes, holdall and kit bag will be appreciated. The rest of the outfit we can do without.

Canadian mail arrived Thursday—and the mail men have been run ragged ever since by those who have letters, think they have letters, and think they should have letters. O death, where is thy sting?

What is the ruling passion? The orderly sergeants say it is six day passes.

It is said that a certain sergeant, in clearing up a tent floor, discovered mice with pink eyes and rats with blue tails. We would suggest cutting it out.

Dame Rumour has it that a certain company quarter-master sergeant is sure there when it comes to getting things which he may desire—one man has even said that he would steal the holes out of his own socks. We don't believe it, Sergt. Hartfree.

A new battalion appeared on the scene one day last week and the lads are now doing their share of fighting mud, cold winds and chilling rains. The new Nova Scotians, however, have the appearance of a hardy lot and we miss our guess if they do not settle down to the steady

grind of training in a remarkably short time. And something else worth mention—they have a band that is certainly of the first water, and we hope they may be able to keep it intact. It is a credit not only to the battalion, of which it is a part, but to the entire Province as well. Success, and a hearty welcome to you, fellows.

The building of the new cinder walk to the railway station is certainly an improvement and will save many hundreds of warm expressions during the coming winter. The muddy walk, especially on a dark night, is far from a pleasant one, and every step formerly taken meant an additional half-hour with the boot brushes.

Something to make a man swear—an ink-black night and falling rain, a mis-set watch and missing a train; a new built road quite full of rocks, leaking boots and worn-out socks; a mis-direction at half-past eight, and landing in camp just two hours late. Now take these reasons and add them all,—if you can't swear *right* don't swear at all.

**ESTABLISHED 1669.**

**MACKESON & Co., Ltd.,**

*Brewers, Wine and Spirit Merchants,*

**HYTHE, KENT.**

**Spirits Matured in our own Bond.**

*Patentees of the renowned*

**MILK STOUT.**

## THE CLANSMAN.

(Incorporated with "The Lethbridge Highlander.")

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:

Six Months, 4s.; Three Months, 2s.;  
Single Copies, 2d.

Address all Communications to Editor,  
"The Clansman," Reserve Battalion,  
Canadian Training Division, England.

### JUST APPRECIATION.

LAST summer we had occasion to come in contact with the Y.M.C.A. in Canada, and had occasion to see what they were doing for the Canadian soldiers in training in the Dominion. Through their courtesy we were furnished with an office tent for the editorial work of the *Lethbridge Highlander*, and their aid helped to make all the more pleasant the work which we had undertaken. There we found large tents erected for the use of the boys in uniform, and the best of libraries devoted to their service. Athletic contests, staged under the direction of the Red Triangle, proved an excellent means of amusement during the long summer evenings, and concerts arranged with remarkable frequency served to make the camp life pleasant indeed. We came to respect the organisation, and we took off our hats to it with pleasure.

Since coming to England we have again come in contact with the "Y," and again we have nothing but the best to say for it. A branch is found in every village and in every camp. Every possible convenience is provided for the soldiers and a glad hand awaits every uniform which may darken its doors. Money exchanges are conducted in a most fair and liberal manner, and lunch rooms provided where the best may be had at reasonable cost. Here again are

libraries found, and at every station may be found someone who is ready to offer advice and render service when required or asked.

The men who return from the Front have come in contact with the soldier's friend even on the firing line, and hundreds of stories are told of the good work being done under its supervision. We have heard of the station that was kept open day and night under shell fire, that the boys might have shelter and a place to dry. We have been told of the place where hot coffee was served without cost to the parties just back from the front line trenches, and where the wounded were taken care of awaiting the arrival of the Red Cross waggon. We have heard the stories of attendants who heeded not the fire of battle but went among those who lay wounded, taking messages for the people at home and giving aid where aid was needed.

Such an organisation is a credit to God and man. It has done and is doing its share for the common good. We believe that in the future it will be a great factor in helping to care for the disabled and helpless. To it we again take off our caps.

Will the weather man be good enough to get busy and get the winter weather over? It is rumoured that kilts are soon to be issued and, should such be the case, a little warmer temperature would certainly not be amiss.

### A PECULIAR COINCIDENCE.

While on a six day pass last week one of the men from the camp here was approached by a little lad of about eight years old. The youngster carefully looked over the badges of the older men, and at last said, "Do you know my papa?"

It afterwards developed that the little fellow was the younger son of Lieut.-Col. Pryce-Jones, who was our comrades' commanding officer at the time we came across from Canada.

### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:

WHY do some of the sergeants eat their dinners in the mess and then go back to their huts to get something to eat?

Who was the lad who carefully sized up his portion of bacon and tomatoes one morning and then sadly said, "If we had some ham we would have some ham and eggs if we had the eggs?"

Who was the corporal who recently spent a week in London and came home declaring that he had walked a complete circle and saw the city in its entirety? without getting more than three blocks from his hotel?

Who is the man that has our overcoat, number 378 on the inside pocket and valuable note books in the pockets? A reward for the return of the note books and no questions asked.

Why is it that the buglers have had a rest from the continuous blowing of Orderly Sergeants recently?

What is going to happen next? Things have been too quiet and peaceful during the past week to last long.

Who was the lad who picked up a belt from the Quarter-Master's supply and was caught in the act?

Who was the Sergeant who refused to buy a copy of *The Clansman* and walked three huts down the line to borrow one without being caught?

Who was the non-com. who climbed the fence on a dark night to find a shorter way home and landed in a nice little lake of mud and water?

Why is the goat looking so disconsolate these days?

Who issued the injunction against the doctor and why doesn't he obey it?

Who is Mamie, anyway?

Why is it so many angels in disguise are always in trouble and up for Orderly Room? Can it be that the bad ones are too cute?

**FROM THE FRONT LINE.**

SERGEANT-MAJOR CANDALINE, of No. 3 Company, is in receipt of the following letter from the front line trenches which we publish with pleasure. The writer, Thomas Hornby, is well known in this district, especially among the lads of the 101st battalion, of which he was a member.

France, Nov. 12th, 1916.

Dear Sergt.-Major—

"I have this morning heard from Sergt.-Major Bellamy that a number of my comrades and friends in your camp have got the idea that I am back in England. Nothing of the kind. I may say that I am in the front line and hope to be able to stay there, and shall be very pleased to give a hearty handshake to some more of my old 101st comrades. Give my best regards to McLelland and all the other boys who care to hear from me. I am pleased to hear that Major Munroe came over.

"I wrote a couple of weeks ago to Captain—. Will you be good enough to ask him if he received the letters. I have had no reply as yet, but of course our mail arrives here somewhat erratically.

"One of the worst features of the trenches recently has been the mud. The French mud, after such hard rains as we have had lately, is a mixture between putty and slush.

"You will have been grieved to hear that the late 101st have suffered so severely. Many of the best men joined the "Last Roll

Call." I may tell you that I am more content with life at the front—even with its dangers and hardships—than ever I was with life at McGregor, Sewell or where you are now. Any time you can spare a minute or two I shall be glad to receive a line. Meantime I am,

Yours faithfully,  
THOMAS HORNBY."

**ANOTHER FROM THE FRONT**

THE following letter received last week by Lance-Corporal T. J. Hucker is self-explanatory and may give us an idea of the conditions with which the lads in the front line have to contend from day to day.

France, Nov. 18th.

Dear Father,—

"Just a few lines in answer to your most kind and welcome letter. I was very glad to hear from you. I am just out of the trenches for a rest. We are up to our knees in mud. I suppose you know that Big Heck got a piece of shrapnel in the leg. It was the first morning in and he was standing alongside of me when he got it.

"I got a parcel of cake from home yesterday. It went down fine.

"I am writing this in a dug-out, and as there is not very much light you will have to excuse this writing. I got six letters from mother the other day and have answered two of them. I will have to answer the rest to-day.

"I forgot to tell you that Percy Foster went to the hospital with trench feet. There is so much water in the trenches that they have had to give us rubber boots up to our hips. I guess this is all for this time—more next time.

With the best of love from  
Your son,  
"TOM."

Young Hucker is still remembered by many in camp here and all will be interested in the above letter.

**BRASS BAND IN KILTS.**

GREAT was the assortment of shaking knees which made their appearance on the parade ground one day last week when the brass bandmen issued from their barracks clad in bright new Seaforth kilts. The morning was a peach for the new dress. A north-eastern wind was blowing with telling effect, and even liberal applications of talcum powder could not take the place of former puttees and warm clothing. Above the entrancing strains of stirring reveille music could be heard the clatter of shivering bones and it was with a welcome smile that the musicians were dismissed to their warm barrack room.

The kilts certainly make a difference in the appearance of the band, and they may now be truly said to present a Highland appearance.

**HAS YOUR WATCH  
A LUMINOUS DIAL ?**

Watches made Luminous while you wait.  
Watch and Jewellery Repairs  
a Speciality.

Depot for Ingersoll Watches.

**E. EADE,**  
26, Rendezvous Street,  
and 8b, High Street,  
FOKLESTONE.

FOR  
**Battalion .**  
**. Stationery**  
SEE  
**BRODIE.**

17th Regiment Stationery  
with envelopes to match.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS**  
for your friends in Canada.

**RUTTERFORDS'**  
**High Street,**  
**Folkestone.**

**MILITARY BADGES,  
BROOCHES, and  
DECORATIONS.**

**Winter Underwear.**

**PURELY PERSONAL.**

Freddy Gow seems to be more than making good in his position with the Quartermaster's department and has been given the rank of Lance-Corporal. We will venture to say right now that the genial lad's promotion will not stop with any one stripe.

Bandsman "Tubby" Bissett is playing a double rôle these days, by playing "peck" horn in concert work and crashing the cymbals on marches. In the latter job he has our sympathy, as we once had the honour of accompanying the bass drum under Lieut. L. Richards.

Now that Tom Hucker and Billy Lodge have been sent away it is said that No. 4 Company Orderly Room is settling down to a peaceful routine—as peaceful as any orderly Room can be with a Quartermaster who snores.

Lieut. L. Richards is in receipt of a letter from big "Jock" Harvey, who went across with the last draft. The Alberta Scotchman seems to be

more than satisfied with conditions as he found them at the base and is anxious to get into the actual fighting.

Sergeant-Major Candaline has returned from his six day pass and reports having enjoyed the time of his life visiting with friends and relatives in Scotland.

We regret to announce the death of Lieut. Pryce-Jones, whose name appears on the casualty list of last week. He was the son of Lieut.-Col. A. W. Pryce-Jones, now in came here, and the men join in extending sympathy to the sorrowing colonel.

Acting Sergeant McLeod was met on the parade ground one day during the week, and we are more than glad to note that his old-time smile has not faded. It will take more than camp life to make a frown or look of worry appear on his face.

The lad who lost the loving letter from the little girl in London may have the same by applying to the editor. We will not mention the

names but really we could hardly resist the temptation to read the missive.

Sergeant Dick Whittington was on duty in the privates' canteen last week. We can sympathise with him for letting his eyes water on seeing the lads absorbing the foamy joy water and in being prohibited from helping them out.

Sergeant Archie Thomson, by the way, was on the last draft of N.C.O.'s. He may have a bald head but his feet are not cold.

The Sergeants in the Medical Office have been taking life easy during the last week. They have no time for *The Clansman*, but, never mind, fellows, there's a good time coming your way.

Captain Thomson was the first of the officers to show his faith in *The Clansman*, and we thank him for the three six months' subscriptions with which he favoured us. We shall not lose track of you, sir, and we heartily endorse the good things the men of your own company say of you.

# BARON'S STORES

*For Everything a Soldier Requires*

**All REGIMENTAL BROOCHES and BADGES  
in Stock.**

Stores at EAST SANDLING,  
WEST SANGLING,  
WESTENHANGER,  
CHERRY GARDEN,  
and WITLEY.

Head Depot—

**29-30, HIGH STREET, FOLKESTONE.**

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.

STOP AT  
**Maple Leaf Club**

WHEN  
IN LONDON.

*The Home of the  
Canadian Soldier.*

**B. NINNIS,  
HYTHE.**

(Opposite Swan Hotel).

**Military Jewellers.**

Canadian Badge Brooches  
and Wristlet Watches  
a Speciality.

A WELCOME  
AWAITS YOU AT

**The Abbey Hotel,**

Westminster Bridge Rd.,

LONDON, E.C.

**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**

# **Wm. Bushell's Military Outfitting Stores**

**31-33, HIGH STREET, HYTHE,**

**For Boots, Leggings, Puttees, Belts, Breeches, Slacks, Tunics, Caps,  
Khaki Shirts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Socks, Braces.**

**UNION SUITS** in Cotton, Merino, and all Wool.

**RUBBER BOOTS IN BLACK AND BROWN. OVER SHOES.**

**Boot Polishes in well-known S.A.P. Polish in Light & Dark Brown,  
makes, try the well-known and Mahogany Colour.**

**BADMINGTON, MARS, and MARLEO OILS FOR WATERPROOFING LEATHER.**

**Wm. BUSHELL,  
31-33, HIGH STREET, HYTHE, Kent.**