



Vol. I. No. 5.

Reserve Headquarters, Dec. 20th, 1916.

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BOXING PLANS DELAYED.

OWING to the quarantine having been placed on a neighbouring battalion, the boxing tournament is being slightly delayed, but the plans are being perfected and everything made ready for the big meet. One battalion is now holding the preliminary bouts and several others will follow suit next week. Practically every unit of the brigade has appointed its boxing committee, and arrangements for the big finals will be announced shortly after the quarantine is lifted.

From the way contestants are appearing in all weights it is evident that the finals will be hotly contested. Those in charge of the tournament express surprise at the way the boys are showing up and the skill being displayed by many of the lads who have already gone into training is evidence of the class of the fights we may expect to see. Among the list of aspirants for battalion and brigade honours are several who have already won renown in Canada, and each of these is proving a favourite in his own unit. In the heavies, especially, some exciting work may be expected and to even hint at the possible winner at this early date would be impossible.

The welter weights are leading in number of applicants for entry and here, too, a surprise is awaiting the boxing fans of the camp. In the light weight class the number of

(Continued on foot of next column).

A REPLY.

Mr. George S. S. Playfair,
Lieut. Drafting Office.

Sir,

Your communication in the last issue of *The Clansman*, in which you ask for an apology for what we recently said of your N.C.O.s, has been carefully considered and we hardly see where an apology is in order. If their characters have suffered in the eyes of their comrades, we feel that is through their own faults, and the article which we ran but made public certain actions which had heretofore been carefully covered under the guise of hard work and strict attention to duty.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
PTE. H. F. DAVIS,
Editor *The Clansman*.

(Continued from previous column).

entries will not be as large as was expected, yet it is now to be seen that some fast work will be staged.

The prize list is not yet complete, but is growing steadily, and by the next issue of *The Clansman* it will probably total many pounds in value of merchandise offered, to say nothing of the cups and medals to be presented by prominent officers and societies.

Lieut. Mackenzie is in charge of the work for this battalion, and it is earnestly requested that all boxers meet and talk with him. We want every entry we can get—and many of those brigade prizes.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

WHEN we have a little leisure we love to speculate on the soldier as he will be after the war. We wonder to what extent military methods and habits will follow him into civil life.

When he at long last gets home and is ushered into a bedroom, will he throw himself on to the top of the bed, pull his overcoat and a piece of the carpet over him and sleep as a warrior should? Or will he have entirely forgotten the use of a bed, and crawl underneath it for his rest?

His meal eaten, will his mother catch him wiping the dishes with a piece of bread, and sticking knife and spoon inside his sock?

And when he wants to clean up, how will he like to realise that his shoe brush is in the summer kitchen his soap and towel upstairs, his etceteras distributed about the house, instead of all being compactly available in his little portable haversack?

And the things he'll have to buy and pay for instead of begging or borrowing or commandeering them!

When he goes forth in the morning with his horses to plow or harrow, will the beasts wonderingly receive orders to double or march at attention or stand 'zy? And will he divide his land into right sections and left sub-sectors?

May be, but few, we trow, will have the habit of the morning

boot-shine and shave so ingrained that it will be second nature. We haven't noticed that sort of thing amongst the old "regulars" which are scattered throughout all the battalions. But how about the morning rum habit?

When the soldier's a soldier no more;
When at last he has done with the war,
Don't take it too ill,
If you find that he still
Has a terrible habit of "soldiering."

A.J.T.

ODE TO A RATION BISCUIT.

O! TWICE cooked one!
Twice cooked and overdone!
Oh! Hardest tack!
My teeth—both front and back—
Are sorely put to it, in vain assailing
Thy stony substance—every effort
failing
Until, imagining thy name is Fritz,
I bare my bayonet, and thou art bits.
They say in thee
The Cabbage and Green Pea
And Haricot
And Spud are blended so
Neatly, completely that one can't
detect 'em
(As good things happen when we
don't expect 'em).
Insert at least the thin end of the
wedge
And let us taste some old familiar
Veg.!

Of nourishment
I know that thou hast plent-
Eous store of meat
And useful things to eat;
Thou art the cleverest conglomer-
ation
Of much in little! but an ideal
Ration
In spite of beans, and farinas, and
fats,
Thou bears't too close a likeness unto
Spratts!

Oh doubly baked,
How have my molars ached
After a bout
In which they've suffered rout
On thy inexorable flanks! Oh
ruthless
Bane of the dentist! Spectre of the
toothless!
One can but re-attack, and start
anew
To hammer off thee more than one
can chew!

I call to mind,
In years long left behind,
On Trail and Track,
How Damper and Flapjack
For Grub or Tucker I have cooked
and eaten;
And staked a fine digestion, aye and
beaten
The woeful messes. But 'gainst
thee to risk it
Giving thee Victory as I take the
biscuit!

'Gainst hunger's prick
True thou hast proved a brick;
Oft hast thou saved
A life or two and staved
Starvation off; and those who
question whether
More efficacious were a chunk of
leather
Are ingrates, or have never felt the
pinch
Or known the hour their belly bands
to cinch.

They label thee
Iron,—Emergency.
Thou with thy chief companion—
Bully Beef—
Hast done thy bit in this dire
Armageddon
And when all's over, and I have a
spread on
And feeling mellow, then I may recall
How true thou wert a Comrade after
all. R.M.F.
With apologies to *The Brazier*.

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WE WANT TO KNOW.

WHY it is that Bandsman Joe Miller, who has recently transferred to another unit, still finds it convenient to drop into his old quarters for an occasional piece of toast. Must not be feeding you well in your new home, Joe.

Why a certain P. T. Instructor who holds the rank of sergeant, by the way, pays certain other lads a shilling a day to keep his rifle clean since he has been sent on the ranges.

Don't you savy the gun yourself, Sergeant Anderson?

Why it is that Postal Sergeant Bayley did not tell us of his recent escapade at Ashford. It would have made good reading, sergeant.

The identity of a certain corporal who makes rather a failure of drilling a platoon of men on the square, but seems to shine when it comes to forming up volunteer platoons of the fair sex at Hythe.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

FROM the start that has already been made in the amusement line it is evident that this week is to be one of the busiest and best of the season. Monday evening was letter-writing night at the Y.M.C.A. hut and hundreds of letters were written to the friends at home. On Tuesday evening Captain Riddeford delivered one of his instructive lectures to a large and appreciative audience of the boys in uniform. To-night a London Concert Party will appear at the Y.M.C.A. during the early hours, and will be heard at the local recreation room at 7.30 o'clock. The party is hailed as one of the best that has yet been secured and a good turn-out is earnestly requested. On the same evening one of the concert bands will go to Shorncliffe.

An effort is being made to have a Shorncliffe party here for Thursday evening, and on Friday night the Ashford Concert Party will appear at the Y.M.C.A. Saturday night of this week will be "Special Stunt Night" at the Y.M.C.A., and an exceptionally good programme is anticipated.

CHESS TOURNAMENT RUNNING SMOOTHLY.

CHESS enthusiasts are delighted with the way the big chess tournament is progressing, and our own battalion is pleased to see the way the points are being gathered in. Many exciting matches are played each week and the interest is at the highest point.

It is hinted that a dark horse is to be sprung in the near future, and those who are now leading in the contests will need to look to their laurels when his entry is made.

EXCEPTIONAL PLAY.

AN unusual stunt was pulled by Corporal Davidson during the chess tournament now running, when he recently met and defeated sixteen opponents in one day. He is rapidly gaining the reputation of being a hard man to handle in chess competitions, and contestants are learning the extent of his prowess at every meeting. He is probably bringing home as many points as any two men now competing.

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Canada.

Adjutant A. H. APPLETON, Censor.
Private HARRY F. DAVIS, Editor and
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TO OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT.

WE who are still in camp extend to you all the greetings of the Christmas Season. Every man in the uniform which you have so bravely distinguished is thinking of you and hoping for a far more happy Christmas next year than you will be able to enjoy this.

Your deeds in the past have won you a place in the hearts of your countrymen. Your names will be written in letters of gold in that history of the universe which no man may alter, and on Christmas day, when, in time of peace, the entire world is spending in sacred devotion, thousands upon thousands of hearts are going out in prayer for your safety. Those of you who have "gone before" will be looking down upon you and joining with the world in prayers for your ultimate success.

Our prayers are with you. May your most excellent record continue, and, should the war not be brought to a speedy end, may we stand side by side with you in those places of danger which have not broken your spirit or lessened your determination to win.

Greetings again, boys, God bless you and the cause for which you are fighting.

In another column of this issue will be found a series of notes from a battalion in the front lines. To the Adjutant who so kindly answered our call for information we extend sincere thanks. The suggestions which he makes are even now under way of being carried out. Hope to hear from you soon and often, sir, and again thank you for the letters.

AND with Christmas so near, the soldier boy is already speculating upon whether he will get more cake and candy, or more carbolic soap and trench powder. He'll sure get a pair of socks.

Ralph Connor, oftwhiles called the "Sky Pilot," but known to Army Records as Hon. Major C. W. Gordon, chaplain, is on his way back to Winnipeg. Sad will be the tidings he will have to confirm in many homes in Winnipeg, and perhaps further West, but those of the boys who are still hacking away at the German resistance will be glad in the feeling that this Christmas there will be someone over in Canada to bridge the gulf between "somewhere in France" and far-away home.

Horatio Bottomley was going to have the war over by Christmas. Yes, as little Jeff told Mutt, it will probably be all over.

Some of the boys will be sufficiently fortunate to secure leave to be in the old Country for Christmas. But deep indeed will be the shell hole into which the soldier will have to hide himself on that day if he wishes to avoid having plenty of good things thrust upon him.

Some fellows' devotion-to-duty idea gives one pain. Eh, what?

Reverting to Christmas, the Germans have it "Weihnacht," pronounced "vy-nahkt." Being interpreted, it is consecrated or holy evening. One supposes the poor beggars will once again sing their Weihnachtslieder (Christmas carols) and try to be optimistic.

We would very much like to be allowed to prescribe Christmas literature for the Kaiser and his friends, sympathisers and advisers.

And there are other things besides literature we would like to prescribe for them at the same time.

Talking of insects, when you happen to be fortunate enough to have a hot brazier in your dug-out, take off the infested garment, and suspend it over the fire, as near as possible. It is said the pests cannot retain their hold and will fall into the fiery furnace. An interesting experiment, anyhow.

The old boys are pleased that it is Lieutenant-Colonel Grassie now. A little bit hard to get it off the tongue at first, after "Major," but the difficulty is just in inverse ratio to the desire to know him as the Colonel.

After Robert McDonnell Thomson, who? Well,—only William Grassie.

There is quite a bit of Military Medal ribbon around the Battalion now. The lads were pleased when Stretcher-Bearer Burns' name came out in orders the other day. Well, we know what he did. The Hun who held the Red Cross flag over him that morning recognised that he was of the right stuff for stretcher-bearing.

Nothing much the matter with the right number of *The Clansman*. Get a brighter cover, take up a few stitches in the Seaforth crest, and secure some personal matter from the battalions in France. The men of every unit have friends in the other. Tommy Hornby's letter is good (How about the canteen funds, Tommy?)

And how about a LOST CHUMS' column, through which one might find out if one's chum is alive and well. We ourselves would like to know if Pte. H. E. Harris of the 16th is alive and well.

One of the most popular features in the large newspapers is the query column. There are lots of things that the soldier may know, and which should not be published in a magazine, of course; but then there are lots of bits of information about the war which may be common knowledge and about which the kilted Tommy would like to be informed. We would suggest opening such a column, the editor to decide upon the eligibility of the matter for publication. When the editor is unable to answer the question, let it be printed in the column, and any reader of the *Clansman* who is informed, be asked to supply it to the paper.

Question: What would the old Roman warriors think of the trenches, through which one goes north, east, south and west a hundred times in order to reach a near-by point north by north-east? And their stern method was a long straight line, o'er hill and dale and morass. Wouldn't they be inclined to change with the times.

We read the other day of a certain rich man who had come over to France to see and bear witness. He said, among other wonderful things, that he had been in a section of the war zone and seen men happily engaged in all kinds of sports—acting, in fact, as though the Huns were a thousand miles away. We wonder where he went. The sport military is the only one at present indulged in by the men of the 43rd. Plenty of exercises to develop the muscles, of feats to achieve of physical prowess, of work to fatigue and harden the limbs.

When Spring's once more around us,
And the Huns are on the run,
Will the little pests which chew us
Keep up to see the fun?

When the sun has waked the merlin,
When extended order's the rule;
When we're hiking on to Berlin
With a zeal which naught can cool.

When the German hosts are flying
And our goal's at last in sight,
When von Hindenberg is dying,
And old Bill's in awful plight;

How will fare the rat and mousie,
When their friends the soldier's gone;
What will feed the lively lousie,
In the dug-out dark and lone?

When the guns have ceased their thunder
Up and down the crumbling line,
When the Huns are knocked hinunder,
How will rat and mousie dine?

A. J. T.

PURELY PERSONAL.

ONCE more did Bandmaster Williams enjoy the usual nightmare last week and vainly commanded the fellows to show legs at the ungodly hour of 4 a.m. He still contends that he was fully awake at the time. The bandsmen inform us that another kangaroo court is to be held on the next repetition of the offence.

Several of our bandsmen returned Wednesday from their trip to Paris, where they went as part of the big Canadian massed band. They report having enjoyed the time of their lives and brought back elaborate programmes to bear out their claims. They have a distinction seldom gained by men from our side of the water—that of playing in the largest opera house in the world and before an audience of several thousand people. The band numbered nearly three hundred performers.

The canteen managers made a rare find one night last week when checking up their cash. A silver crown of the year 1819 was discovered in the cash box and now reposes in the canteen collection. Coins of that date are extremely rare, especially the crowns.

Lieut. Playfar is having troubles of his own these days. Aside from getting evidence ready for his threatened "court martial" of the editor, and arranging the battalion orderly room so that all may work, he has had new medical classification thrust upon him at an unusual rate and no one but an excellent organiser would be able to handle the task which confronts him.

Lieut. Mackenzie informs us that he returned the spat, but his information ended there. He is still wondering how we found out about it.

Billy Vaughan is making good in his concert work with the Y.M.C.A. He has

already taken part in more than twenty concerts.

Lieut. Farmer is with us no more, having been called from the local entertainment work to Hastings. Success to you, sir.

"Johnny" has been passed as fit, and is available for draft. What will his Friends at "The Globe" do if he is taken away?

A certain sergeant of this unit seems to be popular in police circles. He is called as a witness every time there is a smash-up in Folkestone.

Why the earnest gaze into the jewellers' shop windows, Mr. Adjutant? Who is the lucky lady?

Bugler Whittaker and James are taking in the white lights of the city this week. The remaining four call sounders have their hands full in attending to regimental duties.

Captain Skelton, in charge of the Ashford fatigue party, had a pleasant time last week, so say the reports from our Ashford correspondent. It is even hinted that he had a "sergeant-major" looking after his personal wants.

Lads of the camp will be glad to hear that Lieut. L. Richards is still on deck and is ready for his work at the front. A letter from him, written at the base, states that everything is lovely and the genial old bandmaster seems to be anxious to get into action.

Captain Jardine will have plenty of use for that "sweet tooth" for some time to come, judging from the size of that package of chocolates which arrived Sunday.

Sergeant Brooking, we have solved the mystery of the frequent calls to Hythe.

Pte. Walker certainly got *some* card in the mail Sunday. We almost envy him.

Pte. Arthur Walmsley has been transferred to the Ordnance Department, and left this week to take up his duties as a shoemaker.

Quite a collection of post cards we are getting now. Contributions will be gladly received. They are on display at the editorial offices. Drop in and see them.

It is said that many of the lads have been saluting by numbers in their sleep since the parade of last Saturday afternoon.

The new reserve band is getting to be quite an organisation these days. Many bandsmen have been transferred from other units and their addition to the new band is making a wonderful difference.

Bugler J. R. Watts, commonly known as "Snowball," has been having the time of his life recently.

Congratulations to No. 4 Company for the guards they turned out last week. They were complimented on two occasions by the Adjutant. That's going some, fellows. Keep it up.

Captain Watkins-Hancock has been under the weather for the past ten days. He is now on the road to a rapid recovery, however.

We met Captain Denoon, regimental chaplain, one day last week. The genial clergyman still wears his friendly smile, and is always ready with that cheerful greeting which makes him popular with both officers and men. A word from him is like a letter from home—makes a fellow feel that life is still worth living.

It is said that among other Christmas packages, Corp. O'Donnell has received a penny book of hymns and a tin whistle. Why the whistle?

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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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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

The name of the sergeant-major who was found idustriously using the mop at reveille one morning last week.

How the devil this water from the taps turns so cold just about the time a fellow decides that his knees need a little washing in the early morning hours.

Where many of the lads of the battalion get some of the stuff they bring into the editorial office to have copied?

Why Captain Howells' face lit up with pleasure when he learned that he was likely to get a pass during the Christmas week.

Was it because he was going to meet his brothers for the first time in fifteen years?

How it came that a postal employee should be found with a one pound note in his pocket just before pay-day. Was it possible that he had been hanging on to the pennies in anticipation of the week-end pass which he secured last week?

Who is Kitty, anyway? We would enjoy a little confidence between now and the next issue, Captain.

The name of the lad who so far forgot himself as to attempt riding a bicycle with his kilt on.

Why the lads in kilts are so careful about stepping suddenly into these nice little puddles of slush.

Why a sergeant has been placed in the colonel's room and an officer in the Orderly Room?

Why the Orderly Room force left the curtains down so long on Sunday evening?

Did they know the two charming young ladies were going to pass that way?

Who was the sergeant who recently went on pass singing "Love me and the World is mine," and came home wondering what he was going to do with the world?

Who was the long, hungry-looking private who recently went to London in the kilt and would not mount to the upper seats of the tram because a lady conductor was on duty?

How would the sergeant cook look in a kilt—especially a short kilt?

Why a bandsman should wash his knees on Sunday and go sick Monday morning?

Why so many of the fellows wanted to borrow *Clansman* wrappers?

What the R.S.M. said to some of the medically unfits last Saturday afternoon?

Who is the P.T. Instructor who cannot do the "hands down" without falling on the floor?

Who was the man who was appointed Orderly Sergeant and served about one hour—then reduced again for failing to salute on being dismissed from parade? The R.S.M. was certainly on the job.

Who is the Captain who exclaimed "Damn fool," on being challenged by the sentry after 10 p.m.?

Who was the Lieutenant who found the music so entrancing that he was compelled to investigate, and made a date for last night?

Did he fill the date?

Why is it that, since the recent reversions, more sergeants are seen on parade?

How hutment No. 2 got their C.B. for not having the windows open?

Where Postal Sergeant Bayley spent his week-end?

Did Capt. Asquith really make a conquest or was the fair lady only bluffing?

And who was it camped on the door-mat and smoked cigarette stubs at the Major's birthday party?

Why someone doesn't censor the language in the ante room of the officers' mess when these five per cent. leave and kindred orders are issued?

Have any of the officers sufficient money left to go on leave, anyway?

Are the mess fees going to be raised, now that the Officers' Mess is the poorer by the loss of the "bell ringer"?

Rather a clever scheme of Captains Inkster and Thomson to be quarantined. Is there any truth in the rumour that they are quite happy now that they have nothing to do?

Where are "Denny" and "Jimsie" going to spend their leave? We wonder!

Is it true that Captain Norquay's leave will be spent in obtaining a new uniform? and that the gallant Captain's increasing rotundity has obliged him to cast all his pants?

If it takes the band twenty minutes to put up the fire screens what are you going to do when we really have a fire, Captain Jardine?

How is it that Mossy hasn't done it by numbers lately?

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Maple Leaf Club

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*The Home of the
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Military Jewellers.

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A WELCOME
AWAITS YOU AT

The Abbey Hotel,

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Where *has* that goat gone?

When are we going to have an equitation class for some of our officers?

Three hundred and twenty dollars was some steep, Harry—will you be able to entertain any more artists before pay is banked? Why not marry and save expenses?

When is Doc going to stop serenading Andy?

Weather for the Week.

Unsettled during the remainder of this week and first of next. Fine at the end of the month. Temperature, mild to-morrow, steadily growing colder until end of the month. Rain last of this week. Winds, slight, westerly winds predominating.—*British Weather Chart for December.*

Editor (to promising young cartoonist): Draw me a cartoon for next week's paper, will you?

Cartoonist: Sure, I'll draw you my idea of a ration biscuit.

(Cartoon is censored.)

Instructor (to member of class in musketry): What is the weight of a pull-through?

Student: A nail, when I can't get anything else.

A FAMILY RE-UNION.

MEMBERS of the Y.M.C.A. are more than pleased to learn that a big re-union and banquet will be held at Folkestone on the evening of January 5th. It is known that several hundred men of this area were members of the Y.M.C.A. in Canada, and the purpose of the banquet is to bring these men closer together and to further advance the work of the organisation. Plates will be laid for 175 men, and it is thought that no trouble will be experienced in filling the seats. The cost will be half-a-crown, and the caterer to whom the contract has been let has promised to give the boys the best of everything. In addition to the menu supplied, the officers of the Y.M.C.A. in this area are to provide dozens of delicacies and dainties and nothing is to be overlooked in the way of making the event a great success.

An elaborate programme is now being prepared, and the banquet will be enlivened by songs by local and imported talent, and many varieties of music will be secured for the occasion. At the conclusion of the repast a short time will be employed

in talking over old times and bringing the members from different parts of the Dominion into a close contact and stronger friendship.

Our first Improvement.

With the beginning of the New Year will come the first improvement of *The Clansman*. The pages will be enlarged and cover, in the regimental colours, will be added, making the paper one of real worth. An effort is now being made to secure the co-operation of the other units of this district, and we can now say that before the passing of another month the scope of the paper will be more than trebled.

Bound for Home.

A party of thirty of our men left for a central training station the first of the week, where they will be for a short time before proceeding back to Canada for discharge as medically unfit. Their return home is not because of cold feet, and many of them regret having had to return to the land of the Maple Leaf without having had the opportunity of going on to France. May they have a pleasant time on their homeward trip and land safely.

Now Boys make a point and drop right into

Wm. Bushell's Military Outfitting Stores

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

BADMINGTON, MARS, and MARLEO OILS FOR WATERPROOFING LEATHER.

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