



Vol. I. No. 4.

Reserve Headquarters, Dec. 13th, 1916.

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BOXING TOURNAMENT TO BE HELD.

ANNOUNCEMENT is being made of a big inter-battalion boxing tournament to be staged at an early date, and, to judge from the present outlook, it will be *some* tournament. The various battalions of the division will hold preliminary meets to determine their own champions in the various weights, these champions to meet at the latter date to contest for Brigade honours.

Prizes will be offered in abundance. Battalion prizes will be given to the winners in their own units and further prizes to be awarded at the close of the big meet. While the list is not yet complete it will be available for the next issue of *The Clansman*. We have been asked to state, however, that a valuable loving cup will head the list, while most of the other prizes will consist of a large assortment of articles especially useful to soldiers.

The tournament is being staged and managed by the local Y.M.C.A., and no effort is being spared toward making it a success. It is up to our own unit to get busy and get our list of entries ready. No prize will be lightly won—but every prize will be worth the winning. Get busy, fellows!

“Sir,—What can a man do when he salutes an officer and the latter does not return the salute?—oo66.”

Do like I did—go and salute a sergeant-major.

TROUBLE AHEAD!

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Clansman*.
The unwarranted attack you have seen fit to make on the N.C.O.'s of the Drafting Office has resulted in a grave injustice being done them, as they have now been moved to the Drafting Office Annex. An apology would therefore appear to be in order, and I hope that you will retract all you have said so that their characters may be redeemed in the eyes of all the men of the battalion.

Signed,
GEO. S. S. PLAYFAIR,
Lieut.

OUR NEIGHBOURS ACTIVE IN SPORTS.

ON a recent visit to a near-by city where a part of the Imperial troops were stationed, we learned that the outlook for sports during the coming winter is a hummer. The West Kents are due to hold a boxing tournament which promises to be a winner and, though the programme has not been definitely announced, it is certain that contenders will be available for honours in all standard weights.

To make this tournament all the more interesting the business men are getting together and offering prizes of many kinds and styles. A silver loving cup is to go to the winner, the gift of Mr. G. W. Offen, and another cup will be presented.

Good work, Imperials, keep it up.

SOME KANGAROO COURT.

IN one of the hutments of the camp a kangaroo court was recently held, that fit punishment might be levied upon the imaginary sins of several of the inmates. Without mentioning any names, that court and the characters were prize winners. The presiding officer was a cross between a private and an orderly sergeant, and wore the decoration of a single stripe. The first prisoner was duly charged with being sober in the court and pleaded not guilty. Strong evidence disclosed the fact that he had indulged freely some time before and that he was even then serving a sentence of C.B. as a result. He was fined fifteen slaps across certain tender regions and has since been taking his meals from the mantel-piece.

The next defendant, charged with having had his hair cut, entered the plea of guilty and explained that he had been forced to do so by the R.S.M. Excuses failed to produce leniency and he was fined the drinks for the crowd. He does not expect to draw pay for the next two months.

Other defendants were brought in and their cases tried. The judge seemed to take delight in giving spanking sentences, using as his excuse the fact that the kilt afforded wonderful possibilities. The benches of the hut have enjoyed a very pleasant rest since the meeting of the court, and it is said that a

local agency for "New Skin" would do a thriving business.

NOTES FROM THE OLD BRIGADE.

Sergt. P. F. Rodendrath, until recently editor and manager of *The Brazier*, has returned to Canada to take a commission in the 236th Battalion, New Brunswick Highlanders.

There's an old saying, "Safe as a church," but it doesn't seem to be very appropriate in these parts.

Who took three empty rifle cases from the Q.M. Stores to the transport lines, thinking they were filled with rifles? What did they say when they found them empty and had to make another trip?

Re the markets—On the Somme Exchange there has been great activity since the first of July. High levels have been reached in many cases, and numerous advances have been made. Messrs. Anzacs, Canuck and Atkins traded off large quantities of steel for "Fritzs." Though the latter was not in first-class condition by any means, what they lacked in quality they more than counter-balanced by being traded off in large quantities. Trade continues brisk, further advances being expected daily.

Live Stock.—The live stock market continues active in spite of the cold weather. Owners report large increases and a continual movement all round. Slaughterers are working overtime. They report "Small reds" are hard to find, but

"Large Greys" may be picked up anywhere.

The Money Market.—Money was scarce towards the end of the month. Small loans were eagerly sought but were not granted in most cases, Bankers have been making advances generally since the first of the month, but a general tightness is expected towards the fifteenth. The Crown and Anchor Banks report numerous deposits and few withdrawals.

A recent concert given by Nos. 1 and 2 Companies had as its feature an act by Pte. Snowball, in which he impersonated "Mademoiselle Marie Louisa of Norlahooligan." A feature of the evening was a pick-a-back fight between the officers. In this event Lieut. Peppal managed to lose most of his clothes, much to the onlookers' delight. The evening concluded with some good old Canadian songs around the bonfire.

With Apologies to the "BRAZIER."

THOSE CHRISTMAS BOXES.

WITH the approach of the Christmas season the fellows are beginning to look ahead to the many good things which will be coming their way. Many of the packages are already arriving, and are affording all kinds of pleasure and words cannot adequately express the appreciation of the boys and on their behalf we extend thanks for the many favours.

Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt?
Don't you wear no purty skirt?
Just your corsets and your hose,
Is them all your undie clothes?

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The younger son he's earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi ;
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to rest !

And it's " Hello " and " How d'ye do ? " " Who'd have thought of
meeting you ?

Thought you were in Turkestan, or China, or Peru ! " —
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder chooses ;
He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses ;
He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and plough,
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him now.

And it's " Hello " and " How d'ye do ? " " How's the world been
using you ?

What's the news of Calgary, Quebec, and Cariboo ? "
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and yonder,
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander,
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is best,
And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time enough to rest.

And it's goodbye, tried and true, here's a long farewell to you
(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai, or Timbuctoo !),
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,
When the fighting is all done, lad, and it's time to rest !

From " The Canadian Scottish. "

POPULAR PARODIES.

PARODIES on popular songs are always in demand. Here's a new one on an old song. The air is " She only answered ting-a-ling-a-ling. "

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For Fritz, but not for me ;
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
They're waiting there for me.
Oh, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh, grave, thy victoree ?
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For Fritz but not for me.

Try this on the march, there's a good " ring " to it.

With apologies to *The Brazier.*

It has been generously hinted that certain members of the C.E.F. expected " pull " to keep them out of the real work of soldiering, and to keep them in the nice, easy jobs which are to be found in the army. Arrival here, however, has opened their eyes to a great extent. Here every man stands on his merits alone, and the much talked of " favouritism " is evident only in the most imaginative minds. All of which is as it should be.

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(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.

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Six Months, 4s.; Three Months, 2s.

Single Copies, 2d.

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OUR CHRISTMAS.

WITH the Christmas season coming on and the boys all feeling gay, comes the word that all our passes will soon be taken away. No having Christmas dinners in a warm room by the fires; no spinning along the roadside in that rig with rubber tyres. We may get no Christmas greetings on that cheery, gladsome day; we may stay in camp this winter and pass the time away.

Yet all this disappointment which may come without a doubt, stops not that cheerful feeling—for a way we will find out. Our friends will not forget us—forget we're still on earth, and many a Christmas package will come from peaceful hearth. Warm socks will replace old ones and make us think of home, and the little loving dainties, of the girls we left alone.

Candies that your sister made, and cigarettes galore; the cakes your mother sent, just like the days of yore; some underwear your father bought and a pipe from brother Bill—show that you're not forgotten, though you go where'er you will. Cards of cheer and greeting and loving letters too—just think about your Christmas, man, and quit that feeling blue.

CONCERTS ARE DESERVING.

THE series of concerts now running at the recreation rooms of the different battalions is certainly worthy of praise, and on behalf of the soldiers of our own unit, we thank those responsible for the excellent entertainments which they are providing for our amusement. To say that the concerts are popular would be saying too little. The

announcement of the appearance of a London Concert Party is the signal for a rush to the recreation room, and times without number there has not been room for the accommodation of those who would attend. On those nights the crowd of soldiers toward bound is remarkably thin.

The concerts are provided at no little expense. Parties are secured from London and other amusement centres and are brought once or twice each week. They are of the best talent that can be secured, and monologues, music and dancing are cleverly interwoven in forming programmes which will only be equalled in the higher-priced theatres. Yet, notwithstanding the heavy outlay of money necessary, no charge is made to the boys in camp.

These concerts are worthy of support, boys. Let's get together and show our appreciation by keeping those rooms filed to overflowing on concert nights. Come out to those of to-night and to-morrow night.

EDITORIAL.

WE have always been looking ahead to the time when we might be able to get *The Clansman* out from the trenches—but we this week received a letter from the Officer Commanding the Third Brigade which has slightly dampened our enthusiasm. He informs us that the Third has trouble in keeping *The Brazier*, their own paper, going on account of "the frequent occurrence of casualties among the men entrusted with the work." We had always thought the fraternity would be sufficiently used to dodging missiles to be able to keep out of the way of German bullets. It seems that we err.

The Christmas season is beginning to make itself noticed into uncertain manner. It is said that the London Army Post Office is weeks behind in its work and the local divisional office is not much better off. The battalion postal forces of the units located here are working day and night in the effort to keep things moving and, with the heaping of huge sacks of mail on them daily, are more than having their hands full. So do not be disappointed,

fellows, if that package you have been expecting happens to be a little late in reaching you.

This issue of kilts and the recent re-organisation of the companies in the battalion is having all kinds of effects on the quartermaster's department. Their forces have been working overtime during the past few days—but then they are used to work and are to be complimented on the way they are whipping things back into shape.

Do not get angry if you happen to find your name in the personal column or under the heading of "We Want to Know." Remember, please, that it is all in good part and no harm meant. Getting angry will not give you protection, you know.

We thank the Commanding Officer and the Staff for the loyal support they are giving *The Clansman*. This support, together with the support of other ranks, means the ultimate success of the paper, which we shall make worthy of this support if it is in us to do so.

The Sergeant-major and the Adjutant are said to be hard to please in the matter of the appearance of guards—but let us not overlook the fact that since they have gained that reputation the guard which the local battalion mounts daily would be fit for inspection by His Majesty.

Say, fellows, remember that any little news items or jokes you have up your sleeve will be gladly received and considered. They all help to make your paper more worthy of support. All contributions must be signed, but the signatures will be treated as strictly confidential. Mark your offerings "*Clansman*," and leave them in the battalion orderly room. Makes no difference whether you have written anything or not—we have men on the staff who will give you a lift in that respect. Come on with the news.

"Mr. Editor—I have overstayed my pass three days. What shall I do when I get back into camp?—160899."

The Commanding Officer will tell you.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Pte. Harry McSloy of the Camerons called at camp on Thursday to say good-bye to his friends here before leaving for discharge to Canada. He has done his bit and we all regret that his health has broken under the strain.

Many of us had the pleasure of shaking hands with Lieut. Roy Hamilton of the Camerons the other day. He's the same old hearty Ham and looks remarkably well considering the mauling he had lately on the other side. It is hoped that he will favour us again before rejoining his unit, but, "leave is short and time is fleeting" and there are many cosy dugouts in London.

Lieut. Harold Walcot has just returned to rejoin his unit across the water. He gave many welcome bits of news concerning all the old Cameron lads while a guest here.

We are very pleased to welcome to our midst our genial old friend, Captain Gilliat of the Canadian Scottish. The Captain has just returned from duty in Canada and we hope to have him with us often during the next few months.

I say, Captain Howell, you and your staff will want to look to your laurels when you let a scratch team of officers beat your crack team of shots, especially when Lieut. McKenzie can pull the strings.

And we might also compliment Lieut. McKenzie on being an awfully good shot when he can hit a running man standing steady.

Captain Denoon held a prominent seat at the concert Thursday night and enjoyed himself thoroughly. One would hardly

think that he had recently been called in to administer to the wants of Captani Porter.

Who said Kitty's hose needs darning.

Sergt. Knisley recently had a pass. Nothing unusual in that, but we were rather surprised when he came back smiling.

Sergt. Major Candaline has been placed in charge of No. 4 Coy. and, to judge from the way he has been flying about since assuming this new position, one would think the company was harder to handle than a whole brigade.

We peeped into the sergeants' mess one day last week and saw Sergt. Cobble-dick sitting alongside a table, quietly sipping some amber coloured liquid which he referred to as cold tea. First time we knew cold tea to be so confounded influential as to keep a man in a trance for hours at a time.

R. S. M. Jenkinson was also in the bunch and was puffing quietly at a fat, juicy cigar—don't blame the cigar, though. It couldn't help who was smoking it.

Sergt.-Major Thorpe, of the officers' mess, is evidently one of our best boosters. Last week we left him what we thought an adequate supply of *Clanesmen*, and before night he had sent for more. Things are picking up, for which we are duly thankful.

Private Potts, batman for several of the officers, seems to be winning a new home at a near by lunch room. Shame on you Potts, we shall have to write your wife and the little Potts.

A charming young lady in a near by village is wearing a badge of a design

which we believe is only on sale in Calgary. The badge is believed to have been presented by a captain in the only battalion which comes from Calgary to this camp, and, while no names were mentioned, we have a fairly good idea of who the captain is. Fess up, sir. We may have another guess next week.

The management of the dry canteen will in future handle *The Clansman*, and it may be purchased there at any time at the regular price. Back numbers may also be obtained in limited quantities.

Pte. Davie is rejoicing in the fact that he is to be sent back to Canada—not because Davie has cold feet, but because a man of his age finds it pretty tough sledging when it comes to forming fours with a shovel for eight hours a day.

We are in receipt of a card from Sergeant Herbert, formerly orderly sergeant of No. 4 Company, who recently went from here with the boys' brigade. While not writing at length he gives us a gentle hint that everything is going smoothly and evidently has no kicks to make.

Pte. Milstead is awfully anxious to know what the editor is doing these days. Takes him more time to keep an eye on his comrades than it does to do his own work.

Congratulations to Lance-Corporal McConnell on having received a commission recently. From what we have seen of the former Lance Jack he will make just as good in his new clothes as he did in the old ones.

One of our lads has just returned from the front with a piece of shrapnel in his head. He takes pride in saying that he was such a good artist he could draw the enemy's fire.

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DECORATIONS.**

Winter Underwear.

No wonder the sergeant cook is of such goodly proportions. We saw him enjoying his supper one evening during the week.

Sergt. Kay seems to have a habit of conducting P. T. classes with his coat on. Can't you work fast enough to keep warm, Sergeant.

Sergt. Travers, now in school at a near by centre, was home Saturday night to say "hello" to the fellows—and to get a copy of *The Clansman*. He is taking an active part in some of the concert parties and is more than making good.

Charley Benson is out and around again after a session in the hospital. Very much around, in fact.

We have received word from Pte. L. D. Roberts and find that he is now a clerk in one of the Orderly Rooms in a central military station. L. D. has the best of intentions in serving his country, but is hardly suited to the handling of a rifle. Hence, congratulations on having landed in a place where he will be useful.

We ran across Pte. Rixon in the canteen Saturday night and were delighted to see him in the new kilt—reminded us very much of a washerwoman on a holiday. Excuse me, Rixon.

Pay day of this week will be a light one. Probably on account of Capt. Campbell having worn his fingers thin counting out pound notes on preceding day days.

Captain Wyn-William's Christmas presents are arriving very early. The genial skipper does not seem to appreciate them as much as he should.

Why is Captain Thanson so eager to get away from here?

'We do love our "trotter" don't we doc.?

Is it going to be a sugarless as well as a leafless Christmas?

Why is Captain Pinco so fond of the Orderly Officer?

On Saturday a certain officer took a week-end trip; Sunday morning a fatigue party proceeded to a neighbouring town. We wonder if the sanguinary language which flowed freely on Monday morning was heartfelt.

FORWARD THE RATION PARTY.

HALF a step, half a step,
Half a step onward;
On o'er the muddy fields,
"Forward the Ration Party,"
Wading knee-deep they came.
Each loaded down the same;
Though some of them were lame,
Gallantly they played the game—
'Forward the Ration Party."

O'er ditch and road they wandered,
Someone 'twas thought had
blundered,
When suddenly the sergeant
thundered

"Forward the Ration Party."
Stormed at by N.C.O.'s,
Onward the party goes;
Acting like brave heroes,
While the cry arose—
"Forward the Ration Party."

"Onward," the sergeant said,
"Follow the leader ahead,
Your comrades must be fed.
Forward the Ration Party."

Into the dark trench they fumbled,—
Someone in front had stumbled
And their load had tumbled;
They halted, then there rumbled,
"Forward the Ration Party."

Sentry to right of them,
Guards to left of them,
"Halt," from in front, and then,
"Forward the Ration Party."
Arriving at the S.M.'s bay,
Down their loads they lay,
Finished for the day,
Still they hear him say—
"Forward the Ration Party."

—A. W. Brown, 15th Batt.
With apologies to *The Brazier*.

CONCERTS WERE GOOD.

THE two concerts staged last week were certainly appreciated by the liberal crowds of boys who attended. A London Concert Party was seen to advantage on Wednesday night and several numbers were fully appreciated. The Shorncliffe Concert Company, which, by the way, was composed entirely of men in uniform appeared on Thursday evening, and their efforts were certainly not in the amateur class. Here's hoping we may see them again.

THERE was a young man in Bailloo
Who had nothing whatever to do
But look for shell noses,
And now the wild roses
Grow over his grave—he's Na Poo.
With apologies to *The Brazier*.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Why some of the officers prefer reading *The Clansman* which has been bought by their brother officers to buying copies of their own—which they can purchase from the attendants in their own mess.

What sergeant recently gave the command "at the halt on the left form two-deep" when his men were already marching two-deep.

When the camp authorities will take a hand in this little laundry game and help the fellows get a square deal from the only local agency.

How it comes about that Major McGuire is so well acquainted with the doing of his comrades when those doings transpire in the wee small hours.

Why it is that the fellows made such a roar for *The Clansman* at the concert last Wednesday night, and how it comes that we are now kept busy in answering hurry up calls from all quarters. The paper must be making good with the rank and file. Keep up the good work, fellows, and we will make *The Clansman* a "hummer" before the winter is over.

Why the pipers have formed the habit of taking long walks on the mornings when a range party is likely to be taken out.

Why the kitten likes to stick around the Orderly Rooms where kilts and bare knees are the predominating features.

Why the price of wheat is worrying Q.M.S. Reegan. Hast thou a farm, Bill?

How Major Emery came to know so much of *The Clansman* while he is stationed in the Brigade Cadre. Good news must travel fast.

Why the price of talcum powder has gone up.

Why Bandsman Lake looked so down-hearted when summoned for service with the massed band which is even now proceeding overseas.

Where Capt. Norquay got that graceful movement with which he swings his stick.

Could it have come from swinging an axe in civil life?

Why Corp. O'Leary wore that pleasant smile on being warned for draft.

Why Bob Lanaway wants to take a fall out of the editor.

Why No. 4 Company has been in such a "helluva" state lately.

If certain N. C. O.'s will be able to get hats that will fit if they are given a little more authority.

Why it is that Orderly Sergeants cannot get used to making out the new distribution statements and have to call on their clerks to help them to do it?

The name of the man who recently asked a clerk to type a letter to a fair friend and dictated it in the presence of a number of witnesses.

What was in the letter?

How it came that a man in No. 21 hut recently wrote a letter to his wife in Canada and another to a fair friend at Ashford at the same time—then got the letters mixed and sent each to the wrong person.

Also why he was surprised to get a note from his wife wanting to know what he meant by some peculiar phrases.

Why Lance-Corporal Chadwick was offended last week when we mentioned him as a sergeant.

Who is the C.Q.M.S. who always grumbles when a man asks for a set of badges?

The name of the private, who, on recently being asked what he would do if he should find a purse containing ten pounds, replied, "Buy two eggs and wait for a raise in the price."

Why it was that some of the men wanted to take their scrubbing brushes with them when ordered to visit the bath house last week? Look out for white knees in the unit.

Why is it that a certain Band Sergeant walks with a decided limp when on duty and still attends the dances with no trouble?

How does he hold his ticket?

Does his uniform have anything to do with it?

Will the Lance Corporal who enjoyed a "speedy session" at Folkestone describe his feelings?

"A" Company says "Life is one damn fatigue after another."

And who pays the Fiddler?

Why does Pay-Sergeant Brooking make such frequent visits to a certain hotel at Hythe?

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The Abbey Hotel,



Westminster Bridge Rd.,

LONDON, E.C.

Has "Mone Lisa" anything to do with the visits ?

Can anyone around the Pay Office point out the man who recently failed to salute the Brigadier-General ?

If Lieut. McKenzie has yet returned the lady's spat ?

Did he fit it on for her ?

The name of a sergeant in the general Pay Office at Sandgate who was sent five pounds by his father for the purchase of cheese.

What became of the five pounds ?

If some of the 101st Battalion will recognise the name when we mention it ?

Could it have been Sergt. F. H. Brown ?

Why a man should deliberately put his feet against a cold iron safe to get them warm ?

Who got stung at the finish of the N.C.O.'s passes being turned down ? Can the R. S. M. tell us ?

How Charley, the barber, enjoyed his recent trip to Margate. Is she a fair lady, Charlie ?

How Sergts. Wile and Bale enjoyed their session on the square recently when they were called out for a short time to teach the soldiers to salute and do other parts of the drill ?

Why Sergt. Pye, of the P. T. instructors, finds it so convenient to call at a certain hotel at Folkestone before going on to the dances which he attends so regularly ?

Why should he not be satisfied with one at a time ?

My aching soul is racked with pain,
This sunny April day.
From this camp's lovely hut-strewn plain
I needs must go away.

The edict has gone forth that I
Must quit this spot sublime.
'Twere better far that I should die,
Than exiled spend my time.

Ah! woe is me! To see no more
These placid pools of slush;
To never know the pipe's weird roar
At daylight's earliest flush.

No more this life of cultured pomp,
And pleasure-strewn environs;
No more I'll see the young goats
romp,
Nor flirt with Laundry sirens.

No more for me the wild fierce joy
Of stamping all the letters.
No more with pins and gum I'll toy;
These things are for my betters.

Not mine the sweet foretaste of
Heaven,
That Orderly-Room men know;
To stew from eight until eleven!
My God! 'Tis hard to go.

No longer will my taste be tickled
With Sam Hughes' high-flavoured
fish;
No more herrings (fried or pickled)
Eaten from a dirty dish.

No more cosy boards and trestles;
No more blankets thick with fleas.
Alas, with spring beds I must
wrestle,
Between clean sheets I'll take my
ease.

Byron.

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,
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