



Vol. I. No. 1.

Reserve Headquarters, Nov. 22nd, 1916.

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5 Cents.)

### OVERSEA GREETINGS.

To our friends across the seas we extend greetings—and to the many patients of the *Lethbridge Highlander* we bring tidings of the local Battalion. On behalf of that unit we thank the good people of Alberta for the “joyous send-off” they gave us when we boarded the train at Calgary. For the *Lethbridge Highlander* we thank its patrons for their loyal support and express regret that its farewell issue did not materialise, owing to the short notice of our leaving.

*The Clansman* will replace the *Highlander* and we ask the continued support of its friends. The editor of the old publication has been made editor and manager of the new paper and we shall follow, as far as is possible, the same plan as before.

The purpose of *The Clansman* is a dual one. Not only will we afford a means of keeping in touch with our friends in Canada, but the paper will be made a connecting link among the boys of these battalions. A week seldom passes that some of them are not sent to the front, and it is our desire to make *The Clansman* a tie which shall still bind them to their old unit and to the Reserve, of which they are now a part.

### A CONNECTING LINK.

(OFFICIAL).

In this, the initial issue of *The Clansman*, the Officer Commanding and staff of the Reserve Battalion, of the Highlanders, extend their greetings and best wishes to all ranks, whether in Canada, England, or France, who have been connected with this unit.

At various times since our arrival in England, in October, 1914, drafts have been furnished to every Highland unit in the field, in addition to drafts to almost fifty per cent. of the other units.

It is considered desirable that a link should be established between all Highland units of the Canadian Forces, and *The Clansman*, it is hoped, will supply that link.

To enable us to make *The Clansman* a success, and to fulfil the purpose for which it is designed, it is earnestly requested that news matter from units in the field may be sent regularly.

### ACROSS A CONTINENT AND OVER A SEA.

FROM Western Canada to Eastern England—across a continent and over a sea—is a trip never to be forgotten, and that journey alone more than recompenses one for the few unavoidable delays and inconveniences of the army transport service. Neither the tongue of the most fluent orator nor the pen of the most brilliant writer could describe the scenes through which we passed. The figures of the ablest statistician could not bring to one a realisation of the magnitude of the country we crossed in that memorable eight days on the train; nor could the brush of the most gifted artist portray the ocean scenes as we saw them from the deck of the transport.

Leaving our training camp at late night we were well on our way by the following day, and our first vision was of broad plains and grain laden fields, speaking eloquently of the immense food supply on which our armies may draw. Travelling hour after hour at the speed of an express train, the scene remained unchanged except for the more golden appearance of the ripening grain as we rushed toward the rising sun. The villages through which we passed were thronged with scores of people in harvest garb—a reminder of the busy season at hand.

A few hours brought us into Ontario, and for several hours the disastrous bush fire of the summer was brought to mind by the blackened ruins of a thriving forest which greeted us from either side, and to our minds there quickly came the story of the historic fire—stories of ruin and rapidly spreading devastation: stories of heroism and sacrifice which are unsurpassed even on the firing lines in France. Yet, bleak and torn as the country was, many evidences were seen of the rejuvenation even then in progress. Side by side with the ruins of the old homes, new cottages had been built: tents, in many instances, provided shelter for the undismayed

settlers as they went about the work of reclaiming their homes. Here, a man waved a friendly hand to the lads in khaki from the glistening plough; there, other men paused in their clearing operations to shout us friendly greetings.

Further east we entered the mining district and from every window we could see the tunnel entrances—reminders of the wealth Mother Earth was producing for the defence of an Empire. Here again, the people shouted greetings and hopes for our success from every village walk, and cheers rang from tunnel mouth and milling platform as we rushed past.

With the approach of the eastern coast the scene again changed and once more we were speeding through a farming country. Then the St. Lawrence was seen through the intervals of open country and the sight of shipping made it evident that our trip across the continent was drawing to a close.

About a week had been spent on board train, and the trip had been a pleasant one. On every hand our reception had been a royal one, with the exception of the short time we were in Quebec, and even there we found people who bade us God speed. In the other provinces crowds thronged the platforms as we went through, and at the few places we were permitted a "stretch" in the form of a short route march, the streets were crowded with a cheering crowd. At Toronto, especially, was our welcome a warm one, and as we marched through the streets to a stirring military march, merchant and banker, professional man and labourer, stood side by side and spoke words of praise and encouragement. On many corners aged men and younger women greeted us in silence and on many faces were the traces of tears—our passing possibly a reminder of their sons or husbands who had preceded us to the scenes of duty. Reading materials galore were passed to us through car windows and many a lunch and basket of fruit reached us from sympathetic friends en route.

If our trip across the Continent was a pleasant one, crossing the seas was even more so. Though crowded to capacity the boats were, on the whole, comfortable. The weather men smiled all the way across and the calm seas probably accounts for the noticeable absence of sea-sickness. A few of us, however, spent a few hours at the rail, but recovered sufficiently to enjoy the trip to the full extent. Boxing and wrestling tournaments and numerous tugs-of-war were staged for our benefit in the afternoons. The three bands on board furnished music in abundance and a highly enjoyable series of

concerts were arranged in the spacious saloons during the evening hours.

On arriving in England we again boarded a train and within a few hours were in camp, where we are now undergoing the final training which shall fit us for our part on the firing line.

Should the people of Canada see these few lines, as many of them will, we ask that they accept our sincere thanks for the treatment they gave us en route. We shall remember their kindnesses when the time comes for us to enter the fight.

### IF WALT COULD SEE US NOW.

If Walt Mason could only drop into this camp for a visit he would probably go back to the States and write something like this:

"When the bugle sounds reveille and the men start rolling out, and the rain starts fastly falling and the sergeants trot about—then begins your day of drill in the mud up to your knees, and you shiver like a shadow in the chilling autumn breeze. Then the rifle chills your fingers as you slowly slope your arms, so that when you think it over army life has lost its charms.

"Two hours in the morning you must spend in throwing shell, and be told about the making of those implements of hell, which kill men in the trenches at a true appalling rate, and then you stop and wonder just what will be *your* fate.

"Then you fall again in line and quickly form two-deep and return to your parade ground o'er a path both rough and steep. Then another sergeant takes you and forms you into ranks, and puts you through monkey shines like your olden schoolday pranks. He stands you on your aching feet and makes you rise up on your toes, and makes you bend your neck and knees—what for God only knows.

"Then again the whistle sounds and you think that you are done, but another sergeant takes you and drills you on the run. Slope arms and present them, order if you can, but you've got to grin and stand it for that's the making of a man.

"But it cannot last for ever, and at last the bugle sounds, and you rush towards the cook-house with mighty, leaping bounds. You quickly seize your mess

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tins and line up at the door, and you get your beans and bacon—but mighty little more.

“And when the day is ended, and you know the work is through, you wade mud to your tent door, and Gee, you're feeling blue. Then, with the falling darkness, your blankets three you seek, and soon your work's forgotten in a strength, producing sleep.”

*With apologies to Mason.*

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#### JUST COMMENTS.

CAN it be possible that continuous battle with air currents fits one for effective work on a muddy football field? The way the flying corps tied into the 32nd last Saturday would make one think so.

We can't help having a sorrowful feeling for the dental clinic—with more than 300 patients on the waiting list. We also have a sympathetic feeling for the other 299.

Brodie, who sells regimental stationery, certainly deserves credit for turning out a neat line of goods—but the fellows would save the censor lots of trouble if they would use plain paper for their letters to neutral countries.

One often wonders why it is that so many of our lads always find some of the family sick when they go on pass.

Those of us who come from a country where the winds blow free certainly felt at home Sunday.

This little question of laundry is a peach. It takes some headwork to figure out one change a week when it takes nine days to get your bundles back from the wash-house.

If some of our Canadian friends don't believe there is a war on they should come over and see some of the hospitals or drop into a training camp on this side.

A fortune awaits some one who can invent an automatic orderly sergeant. Requirements—the ability of a whole staff of stenographers, the memory of a dictionary, the speed of a biplane, the endurance of a granite monument, and the patience of a dead man.

Rather surprising, isn't it, to see the way some of the old bandsmen have learned to “form fours” and “slope arms.” They are doing almost as well as are those who are learning to “form fours” on picks and shovels.

If editor Clarence Campbell, of *The Legion*, will kindly put us on his exchange list we will gladly return the favour. We still have a friendly feeling for his Battalion, even if they are playing “home guards” and looking after our fair ones while we are over here.

Ptes. C. Pritchard and J. Munroe, of the “Boys' Brigade” are sure *some* vocalists. We enjoyed the concert from outside the door until Pte. Dudley started an accompaniment with a melodeon. Can you blame us for beating it to more peaceful localities?

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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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### "THE CLANSMAN."

*The Clansman* is the official publication of the Highland Reserve Battalion. It is published in the interest of the Highland Battalions of Canada in England. Their interests shall be our interests and their battles shall be our battles. Their success is our greatest desire.

*The Clansman* is operated entirely by men in uniform, and any profits derived from its publication will be used for their benefit. Its columns shall be used in their interest and contributions will be gladly received and considered. Personal differences, however, shall find no place and no favouritism shall be shown.

Our undertaking is by no means a light one and we shall need the aid and support of every man in uniform. Every subscription received, every contribution sent in, will contribute to our success. If every man will do a little we shall be able to do much. We ask your aid.

THE EDITOR.

### AROUND THE CAMP.

CARRYING out the orders issued Monday we started out to gather news from all companies. We struck Charley Chaplin's quarters first and were greeted with a smile—they were not fitting up a draft. We enjoyed ourself immensely, borrowed a match, got some information and went our way.

Our next stop was at No. 1 Coy.'s Orderly room, and everybody was busy—fitting out a draft. Identification discs, boots and shirts, underwear and cuss words formed a beautiful jumble and, as we stood first on one foot and then on the other, we decided that our nerve was good enough but our judgment poor—so we beat it.

We tried No. 3 Company, and found the same condition and postponed the remainder of our own companies till the following day and headed for another Battalion quarters. Here we found Lieut. Richards sitting on a box and sorting music; Major Hardisty wishing for Canadian mail in explosive language; Sergt. Reegan working on reports and Sergt. Cobbedick tickling a typewriter in the face and wondering when the war would end. Pte. Faulkner, busy and smiling as ever, went about his work whistling the latest tunes and we stopped to wonder if he had a care in the world.

### NEWS AND NOTES OF INTEREST.

#### God Speed, Sirs.

Of the officers of the two battalions which arrived recently, but few remain in camp. Many have gone overseas, and it is needless to say that they have the best wishes of the men of their units. *The Clansman* wishes them God speed and success.

#### An Old Neighbour.

While we were in London last week we met Lieut. McIsaacs, well known here, and who was stationed near us at Sarcee Camp in Alberta. The popular officer is now stationed in a training camp near here and we hope to see more of him before he leaves for France.

#### Needed Improvements.

Fatigue parties have been spending their leisure moments during the past weeks in digging up the walks in the lines of the Reserve. The grounds are being thoroughly gravelled, drains laid and many other changes made which will add to the comfort and convenience of the boys of that unit. To say that the changes are being received with approval, even among those who have been "sloping shovels" would be putting it too lightly.

#### News of Comrades.

Chas. Wakelin has been invalided back home from France. Meagre reports state that the former Lethbridge boy was thrown from his gun, which passed over him, breaking both legs. Wakelin was a member of battery which left Lethbridge ahead of the local battalion.

#### "Billy" Corey gone.

The remaining men of the camp regret the loss of Comrade "Billy" Corey, who died in action recently. Corey was well known by many of the local Reserve and his record was an admirable one. Requiescat in pace.

#### Lord Roberts' Birthplace.

The "Charley Chaplins" have been discussing the birthplace of Lord Roberts during the past few days, and the arguments presented would be a credit to born orators. The Scotsmen have it that he came from the land of the thistle: according to the English he first saw the light in England—and the Irish insist that he hailed from the Emerald Isle. *The Clansman* says he was born in Cawnpore, India, and gives as authority any reputable encyclopædia or history.

#### Congratulations, Sirs.

Majors Hardisty and Wallace have been confirmed in their new ranks. While the appointments were officially sanctioned but recently, the appointments date from August 30th. Both officers have the best wishes of their men and *The Clansman* extends hearty congratulations. May they be as successful in the future as they have been in the past.

#### Plenty of Exercise.

That "moving habit" has given No. 4 Company plenty of exercise during the past ten days. Their first move came when they were sent to the lines of the Reserve and the second was when they moved back into their old quarters with No. 3.

**Of Interest in Lethbridge.**

The good people of Lethbridge will probably be surprised to learn that our present company commander, No. 4 Company, is a brother of Dr. McNally, one of the best known physicians of Alberta. The captain bears the same excellent reputation as is borne by the Lethbridge man and has the same genial manner and style. Our old Alberta acquaintance is also in the service and his brother informs us that he is now "somewhere in France." Success to the brothers.

**JUST COMMENTS.**

Pte. Johnson, in charge of a hut in the "Boys' Brigade" says there is just one difference between his charger and the original American Indian—the latter had respect for authority.

The man who wanted to stake out a part of the Atlantic for a duck farm on the trip across now says that he is glad he reconsidered the plan. East Sandling is a better location.

The Quartermaster has our utmost sympathy. This thing of having to fit out more than 700 men with overseas equipment on short notice is no joke—but such is life in the army.

We can't help feeling sorry for those in command of the "kids brigade." If the youngsters raise as much h— here as they used to in Sarcee their commanders certainly will have their hands full.

Even the M. O. has his troubles these days. Between taking care of the usual sick paradés, examining men for overseas service, listening to the tales of woe of those who would fain miss paradés, and giving castor oil for all troubles from bunions to la grippe, he certainly has his hands full.

**AIN'T IT H—?**

WHEN you have been sleeping in a leaky tent and finally get into a hut and go to bed early, and are looking ahead to the glorious sleep you are going to have—and then the fellow next to you opens up the snore machine and makes a noise like a buzz saw working on a rush order? *Gee whiz!*

When you go to the bombing school and learn the rudiments of the game, and have visions of becoming a battalion bomber, and then have the instructor tell you of the man who blew off his own head by crimping a detonator in his teeth? *Gee whiz!*

When a poor devil of a company quartermaster sergeant has had a strenuous week and gets his work all done and goes to bed Saturday night with a feeling of perfect content, and just gets to sleep—and then has some "two thirds pickled mutt" wake him up and ask for oil for his rifle? *Gee whiz!*

When you are in command of a battalion and have been exceedingly liberal with passes and let the men away and are then flooded with "sick sister" telegrams, asking for extensions of leave and have already posted orders for a muster parade? *Gee whiz!*

When you go away on pass and come home on a night train and find that your company has moved during your absence and it takes you three days to locate your kit? *Gee whiz!*

When you apply for a pass and expect to go home on a certain date and your pass is lost, and then order is issued cancelling all passes before a duplicate can be made out? *Gee whiz!*

When you go out on a chase for news and have already met with a number of disappointments, and then get struck with the brilliant (?) idea of visiting an orderly room, and then strike one where they are getting 200 men ready for draft in two hours, and have to dodge everything from hot words to coal scuttles when you have made your mission known? *Gee whiz!*

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When you are taking care of some 'steen dozen kits and just get them nicely piled up and then find that your own is at the bottom of the pile? *Gee whiz!*

When an officer fails to locate his batman in the hour of need and goes to the trouble of putting a mirror-like polish on his own boots, and then steps into a mudhole before he gets ten feet from his tent? *Gee whiz!*

When a fellow has been gathering up laundry for a week and at last rustles two shirts, a sock and a collar button and makes a rush for the laundry depot and then the fair attendant says, "Gee, you must have the laundry for the whole battalion?" *Gee whiz!*

To be built like a half burned match and then put into the rear rank of a platoon and have the sergeant insist that there is a blank file where you are standing? *Gee whiz!*

To be instructing a class in bayonet fighting and get mad and seize a rifle from the hands of a green man, and start to show the class how to come on guard, and then find that the rifle butt was covered with mud and that you have beautifully soiled a nice, clean, white sweater? *Gee whiz!*

When you wake up in the morning with a headache, and then report sick and find that the doctor insists the cause of the headache is the result of too much "hootch" and you haven't taken a drink for two weeks? *Gee whiz!*

To be a sergeant and tell the fellows they should have brought their mothers with them and then lose your own towel, comb and hold all, and have the same men ask you where your own mother is? *Gee whiz!*

When a man who can hardly speak English goes into town for the first time, and respectfully asks a Provost Marshall for the nearest way home, and is taken for a drunk and thrown in over night and his nice clean sheet is spoiled with an undeserved crime? *Gee whiz!*

To be sergeant of the guard and order the bugler to blow officers' mess and find that he doesn't know the call and you can't whistle it for him, and finally have to tell him to blow "cook house" and follow it with the officers' call? *Gee whiz!*

#### **PURELY PERSONAL.**

The many friends of former Corpl. Porter, who recently reverted to the ranks and transferred to the mechanical transport, extend congratulations. Pte. Porter will soon earn promotion in his new line of work.

Lieut. Richards made his initial bow as subaltern last week. He seemed as much at home in that capacity as when directing a band—and he is certainly no novice at the latter game.

Sergt. Thomas is successfully maintaining his reputation on this side of the waters—you can still hear him for a mile when he informs a squad that they should "form fours."

Coy. Q. M. Sergt. Hartfree enjoyed a visit from his brother, Pte. Frank Hartfree, during the week-end—and incidently, the two visited Hythe between the hours of six and ten p.m. Sergt. Hartfree was still on the job on his return.

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Pte. Simister is longing for a return of the olden days, when he spent his leisure time in cleaning an officer's equipment and in singing his superior to sleep. Simister was always a vocalist of merit—the voice having been cultivated by imploring the horses to “form fours” on his Alberta farm.

Major Hardisty spent an evening at a dance in the Metropole recently, and his description of the event was flowing nicely until some one asked him how the women were dressed—then he had nothing to say. He has been a Benedict but a short time, however, and is probably still unfamiliar with descriptions of feminine garb.

Lt.-Col. A. W. Pryce-Jones visited London last week and we will wager that he enjoyed himself thoroughly in his quiet, unassuming way.

Lt. Thurber acted as escort to a prisoner this week, and wore a sword. It is said that a petition is soon to be circulated to have the length of those weapons reduced.

Acting C.S.M. Doyle is one of the busiest men in camp these days. He has just returned from another trip to the front, where he went in charge of reinforcements.

Sergt. Lanaway spent a week end in London but refuses to say much about the trip. Why?

Sergt. Ness, on his recent return from six days' leave in London, presents the appearance of a withered rose—and he always was such a ruddy looking chap, too.

Corp. Murray is still trying to figure out how to make a six foot board fit a seven foot space. His opinion of the bed boards that will not reach from trestle to trestle is only to be described in unreadable print.

Another Ashford fatigue reported back to duty Monday—with the exception of one man—must be something attractive about a town when a man wants

to overstay a pass for the purpose of doing fatigues. Pte. Fraser may give an explanation.

“Slats” Neil, six feet “something” and “Shorty” Wiscombe, four feet “nothing” would make some team.

One can hardly help wondering what has become of Boyce these days. The Irish comedian has been too quiet during the stay in camp—something is wrong.

Subaltern of the week, Mr. Cornell, is said to be working on a new invention—which will enable him to reach the cook house without the use of mud boats.

Major Howland is still much in evidence—and his quiet smile is always a welcome one to the men of his old battalion. The major's popularity is of the lasting kind, and we will predict that it will spread here as it did in Sarcee.

Pte. Dick Jones is still some weather prophet—and still insists that it is going to rain.

In spite of the fact that Pte. L. D. Roberts is about as much at home in a platoon as a hog is in Sunday School, he is staying with it in a manner that is surprising—even though he does have an occasional session with the awkward squad.

#### JUST COMMENTS

We thought we had escaped the agonises of an over-worked accordion, so imagine our surprise and dismay to run square into Pte. Kennedy and his instrument of torture, Monday evening, and that after our Sarcee request for some one to fall into the darned thing with a bayonet.

“Guy Fawkes” day, last Sunday was celebrated in a nice, quiet manner—but “O you Monday.” The number four company orderly room force still declares it was “the bloomingst mix-up since Hick was a pup” and he is a great big dog now.

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We asked Pte. Fred Robbins, of the "Charley Chaplins," what he was doing these days. His answer was comforting:—"I get up in time to clean my buttons, shine my boots, shave and wash up in time to have breakfast at five o'clock. Then if we haven't got a busy day ahead of us, we have ten minutes for a smoke. Then we make a raid on the tool shed and 'slope shovels' for parade. Then we 'stand at ease' over a trench until 4.30 in the afternoon. Then we 'pile shovels' and clean huts till bed time—and have nothing more to do until the next day." Shame on you, Fred.

Pte. McKimm is enjoying life thoroughly these days: in anxious anticipation of a coming trip to London. Don't think a quart of red paint will go very far there, Mac. We know different—we took a week-end there, you know.

Drummer Wm. Cowe, of the old pipe band, has just returned from the hospital and is now with 5 B Company. Lest he suffer from lack of exercise he has taken up the active occupation of demonstrating the skilful use of a shovel. He fails to handle the implement of Ireland with anything like the skill he displayed with the drum sticks and so far has broken but three shovels and one back.

To Captain Williams of No. 6 Company, we extend thanks for his contribution of the current week. Here's hoping others may follow the example of the genial lecturer and send in articles.

### OVERHEARD.

"We used to have the best company in the battalion. We always turned out the best guard and got more compliments than any other company. Captain — used to pick out the best men for that duty and then he took the best of that lot and sent them up for stick orderlies. I always used to be picked for stick orderly."

"You can't tell me I was drunk. I only had three double glasses of Scotch, two drinks of rum and a few bottles of beer."

Adjutant Appleton has been on the sick list during the past few days, but has not neglected his duties in the Orderly Room. Takes more than a little touch of illness to make a man give up the pleasure of raising Cain with Orderly Sergeants.

Sergt. Appleton is still in the musical ring and is now playing baritone with the band. Jack seems to make good on either side of the water and his ability on the instrument has been most pleasing to Bandmaster Williams.

Now that Bandsman Lake is with the band and has few opportunities of getting into the city, we wonder how he stands it. And that reminds us, Charlie—have you heard from the girl you kissed on the platform at Calgary, and have you found any nice little ditches to fall into since coming to England?

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