

The Hero of Camp Roberts.

FOURTH PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

L. Margaret Strong.

THE military spirit had always been strong in our town, but it had been strengthened and fostered by the outbreak of the South African war, when two of our boys left home to join that first contingent of brave Canadians, who left for South Africa to fight for the Motherland, and to show to the world, that though lacking in experience, there were none of the whole British Empire who could fight more bravely. Both our representatives were spared to return to their homes, one proudly displaying a bullet-wound in his shoulder, a souvenir of Paardeburg, the other with his fine constitution shattered by enteric fever.

The demonstrations at their return as well as at their departure had stirred the blood of young and old, and during their absence, the war columns of the newspapers were always eagerly scanned by men and women, boys and girls, eager to see what "our boys" had been doing. The Canadian Contingent was, of course, considered by us the main part of the British army.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic among us were the High School Cadets, a body that had just been organized, their drill master being the mathematical master in the school. They were fortunate in having such a leader, for George Roberts was a well-principled young man, and naturally fond of boys. Being an athlete, loving all out-of-door sports, he was looked up to by all the boys, and his opinion counted for much among them.

During the campaign, the Cadets had been indefatigable in helping with patriotic entertainments, garden parties,

and anything by which they could earn money for the Patriotic Fund of Canada. In this way the boys felt that, though they could not fight, they were sharing in the work. Interest in military matters, however, had flagged, when the stimulus that the war had given to the town was removed, and the boys sometimes felt, though they would never have confessed it even to themselves, that the drill was becoming rather tedious and monotonous.

But the summer holidays were drawing near, and with them that delightful prospect that Captain Roberts had held out to them. He had offered to take the whole cadet corps camping with him, on the bank of a little river not far from the town, where they would be boating, swimming, and hunting, to suit all tastes. Needless to say, the boys were all looking forward to this holiday with the greatest pleasure.

There was another matter that was agitating the minds of the privates in the company. During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada in the coming autumn, it was said that the neighboring city was one of those to be honored by the presence of their Royal Highnesses. A great demonstration was to be held in their honor, one feature of which was to be the military review, and the company from our town were, of course, ordered to attend with their regiment. More than this, the officers of the cadets were expected to be present with the town company. Great was the excitement therefore, among these officers when they