

unbroken must be the proudest wish of every Cadet who enters his last term and the non-commissioned ranks.

Too soon came final examinations, farewell parties, breaking up ball, inspection and prize-giving and our commissions. It seemed impossible to realize that we were no longer Cadets, but men going out into the world to earn our living, fortified and braced up by those four good years of hard work, useful experience, and honourable discipline.

College friendships were to be severed, for our Empire is broad and we were to traverse it from end to end. A new life was to be entered, with new friends and new ties. Ah! my friends, old comrades, what a life that was, looking back on it? What a train of recollections the few imperfect memories I have endeavoured to describe must call up, as we remember each his own years at Kingston?

Glorious traditions and glorious names are associated with the R.M.C. of Canada. Mackay, Stairs, Robinson, with all the gallant fellows, graduates from Kingston, who are making or have made names for themselves, throughout "this Canada of Ours" and the wide world, doing their duty and making a reputation for the R. M. C. which is second to none the world over. Truth, Duty, Valour, our three maple leaves, may they flourish for ever!

Long life and success to the Royal Military College Club of Canada, and that it may live long years to foster and support that "Esprit de Corps" which has been and always shall be a feature of the College, is the heartiest wish of an old Cadet, whose heart is as warm to-day towards old friends, and towards the old stone frigate as when we parted twelve years ago and said good bye to Kingston: and whose only regret, and it is a keen one, is that he cannot greet you at your Meeting to-day.

P. E. GRAY.

Plymouth, October 19th, 1895.



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