

On the memorable 30th of October, 1899, spick-and-span in our new rifle uniforms and equipment, we paraded to the Esplanade for inspection by Lord Minto, General Hutton and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The ceremony kept us standing at attention for three hours, after which we paraded the streets for one hour, reaching the dock at 3 p. m.

It is little use trying to describe the crowds or wild enthusiasm that prevailed. Every rank in life was represented; yet there was no difference. The clergyman jostled the priest; the orange mingled with the green; the wealthy made way for the beggar; tear bedimmed eyes glistened as brightly as those sparkling with merriment; the sorrow of the widow was comforted by the sorrow and sympathy of the sweetheart.

The dock was, wisely, prohibited ground until the troops had embarked; then the gates flew open, in surged the crowd like a huge tidal wave, covering at once every inch of ground.

Scarcely perceptible at first is the movement as the huge "Sardinian" makes way from the wharf; but the narrow strip widens, and soon we feel the motion of the screw. The rigging and sides are thronged with eager soldiers, anxious for a last smile from a loved one on shore. The great tension of feeling is relieved by the burst of song:

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the wave,"

and, as the steamer increases the distance, comes faintly to those on shore the strain:

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

We were accompanied for a distance by several small pleasure boats, crowded to the utmost. They kept up a steady string of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I