

which to-day were, and to-morrow were cast into the oven. What a sight those sheep were in the hot weather?

Among many vivid recollections, let me recall one or two.

The Queen's Birthday parade at Barriefield, where that poor driver of the Kingston Field Battery was killed, galloping past. What a shock it was to us all, before our very eyes and how that story was related by a high military official, also an eye witness, who apparently noticed some astonishing details, which had escaped our eyes! Our march out, as escort to the 9 pr. guns of B Battery, for our annual practice, and what fine shooting Harry Strange made for his cross guns,

Later, another field-day, when we crossed Navy Bay on our pontoons, and made a magnificent flank attack on the 47th Battalion, after creeping up the steep slopes of Fort Henry, with what admiration, that day, we watched the gallant Short bring his field-guns down those almost impassable hills to our support.

Pleasant recollections cannot be complete without those of the minstrel troupe, the original ethiopian troubadours, with Duffus their life and soul, sweet voiced Taylor and John Cochrane, and the inimitable "T. B." and Fred White! I must refuse to believe they have ever had such good minstrels since. The annual sports. How pluckily dear old "K" ran the mile? What magnificent time was made in the 100 Yards. How "Lemon" Joly won the hurdles, hundred, half and quarter mile and that coveted silver bugle! The football matches! What a team that was, the first we sent to Montreal, and what a fight they made against the Clubs there? What a dinner at the Windsor, on breaking training? What a night?

Then our last term. Did not a certain sadness mingle with all our pleasures, all our work, and all our responsibilities, for a Cadet N. C. O. has many and weighty ones? A regretful feeling that all was so soon to end? Nevertheless, what a delightful year was that last, when we had worked up from recruits to seniors, saw the new generation growing up and did our best to mould them in the old traditions as had been done with ourselves?

I verily believe no school of *esprit de corps* exist, of higher standard and more honourable record than our old R. M. C., and to keep that record

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