

forget the mobilisation of those 5,000 sturdy sons, drawn from the college, the workshop, the office, the farm and the fisheries—all pervaded and imbued with but one motive—that of serving humainty. The little station near Aldershot could record much if it were allowed. It was not until June 2nd, 1916, that the brigade settled down and began the work which was to count for something in the struggle then so far away. Day in and day out, from morn till night they worked, each man doing his level best to uphold the reputation—or should we say make the reputation—of the battalion to which he belonged. It would certainly be invidious here to draw distinctions as to which was the best trained and most highly disciplined of the units. A spirit of eagerness urged each man forward and when a competition was held everyone sought to do his best. Thus, probably, is explained the fact that so many favorable remarks were heard from the men whose privilege it was to inspect this gem from the province by the sea.

They had the honour of having Lady Borden present the colors to the different units. It was most fitting that the "first lady of the land" should do so as she is a daughter of the fair province.

Among those who inspected the brigade at various times were the Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, the then Minister of Munitions, Sir Sam Hughes, and the last to inspect that mighty mass of noble men was one of Canada's great soldiers, Major-General Lessard. The brigade having passed the test of his crucial eye is a sufficient recommendation of its training and any comment would be highly injudicious.

The voyage across the ocean and the trip across the country to the training camp are fresh in the minds of all and need not be recited here.

We regret that the exigencies of the military situation have made it necessary that this brigade should be disbanded, but higher authority than ours, and the men who understand the necessities of the moment have so decided, and we must accept their view. We are proud ourselves that the senior battalion will go as a unit to France, and the remaining units will furnish reinforcements to the Nova Scotia battalions now in the firing line. We have no doubt whatever that when in the line the boys will furnish as fine a record as has

been furnished by the brave Canadians who have gone before.

Owing to the fact that it would be unwise, from a military standpoint, to give any details, we refrain from doing so. Suffice it to say that the moving spirit in all this mighty work was one Lieut.-Col. A. H. Borden, formerly a major in one of the regulars. In him the men had every confidence. To-day he is at the head of the senior battalion and will lead it into action. Good luck and God bless him and his brave men as they face the fearful foe, is the wish of every true hearted man. There have, no doubt, been mistakes made, and there have been misunderstandings, but "it is not ours to reason why, it is ours to do or die."

So the famed Nova Scotia Highland Brigade came into existence on the first of March, A. D., 1916, and passed away in all its glory with the passing of the year; but its memories will long remain in the minds of the men who made it up, and, in the years to come, oft in the stilly night as we sit by our fireside, memories will bring back to us some of the fragrance and glories of the old Brigade. We will be glad that we formed a part of that cosmopolitan army, that fought and conquered for democracy, for humanity and for civilisation, everything that was worthy and just and trampled under foot the tyrant who would tear in tatters and disregard his own covenant and forget his nation's honor.—J. G. Q.



News note—A trench digger is said to have once unearthed a nugget of gold. Below is the vision that has haunted other members of his tribe ever since.

