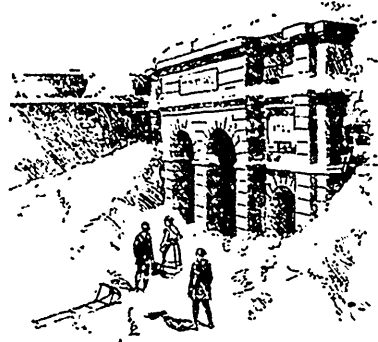


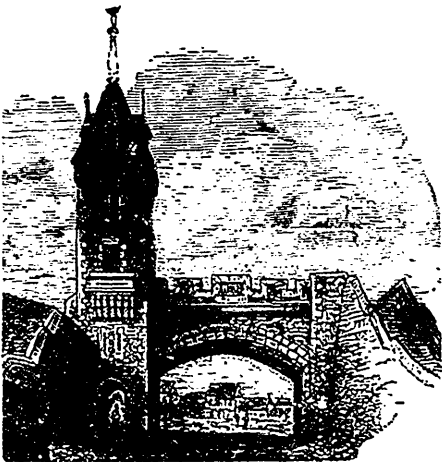
Terrace waving flags and handkerchiefs, while a lower tier lined the wharfs on the river front below. "The Soldiers of the Queen" stood immovable for an hour until they broke rank to grasp the hands of their comrades, whose faces had been eagerly looked for as the little boat crossed the river from Levis, its band playing "Home, Sweet Home." The melody was caught up by the band on the wharf, as the hawser was thrown to waiting hands. One felt the throb of loyal hearts as the well-known song was wafted on the air. It was the touch of nature that revealed the kinship of men. The returning soldiers were caught by the waiting comrades and tossed in the air, and caught again and again with shouts and with laughter that was half tears, for all had not returned, and every absent soldier was not expected back. Still, joy and patriotism ruled, and glad feet kept step and hearts kept time to the catching melody of "The Soldiers of the Queen." The English soldier steps quickly. In an incredibly short time the procession was crossing the Square, along the site of the Jesuit Barrack in the upper town.

Here an incident occurred which was typical. A small boy was put



ST. JOHN'S GATE IN WINTER.

by his mother in the front of the crowd with the request to a perfect stranger "to please watch him." The little chap was frightened by the prancing military horses and began to cry. A soldier leaned far from his saddle, saying, "There, there, don't be frightened; my horse would not step on a fly." The mother, discovering the tears, picked the small boy up, saying lovingly, "Now, I'm quite ashamed of you. You'll never fight for the Queen like your daddy in South Africa, I fear." Those that stood nearest saw the tears in her eyes that had not crept into her voice. Later she whispered to a stranger, "There has been a bad accident; several people are hurt. It occurred just around the corner; a balcony fell." At once it was realized that etiquette demanded composure and silence. Not a person had moved toward the scene of the accident. When the soldiers had passed, there was the sound of a bell down the street. There drove rapidly into sight a covered wagon with a low-hanging body, having a large pane of glass in its wooden sides. On the front seat sat a driver, and a policeman ringing a big, brass bell. In less than half an hour it drove back rapidly, but with no pushing, hurrying, curious crowd following. The deepest sympathy was apparent; audible and visible signs of prayers for the sufferers were to



NEW KENT GATE.