

style, resting on his right ear and one inch above his handsome little eyebrow? And what *has* he got on his legs?" But the little lieutenant, quite oblivious to the comments of the bystanders, took two paces to the right and one to the rear, and hunching up his shoulders, belched forth: "G Company, 'shun!" One simultaneous movement among the men and a heavy thud as the right foot took its place beside the left. "Form fours: right; by the left, quick march!" Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, and "G" Company swung away on its first step towards the dark continent.

Such a march as that was! The men were dressed in the uniform of the corps to which they belonged. There, of course, was the red coat and blue-black trousers of the infantryman. The artilleryman, with his little round cap and pants with broad yellow stripe, marched side by side with a member of the 8th Hussars, with his big boots and rattling spurs. "Yellow Belly" we called him, because of the wealth of yellow facing upon his tunic. But, whether horse, foot, or artillery in the days gone by, now they bore the proud appellation, "G" Company, R. C. R., and every man among them was proud of the trust conferred upon him, and determined that whatever honours the future held for the R. C. R., "G" Company should win a fair proportion.

How the people shove, and push, and jam, and — There's Mary gone and fainted, and goodness knows how many more! Now the ranks are broken, and there are thousands in the procession who have no business there. "Look out, you fellows! don't tramp on him. Squad, halt! bring him along, you three; quick march! I don't see why he can't leave the stuff alone." "Stand back, will you! give us a show!" "Give us a show yourself; how can we get back?" "We can't get