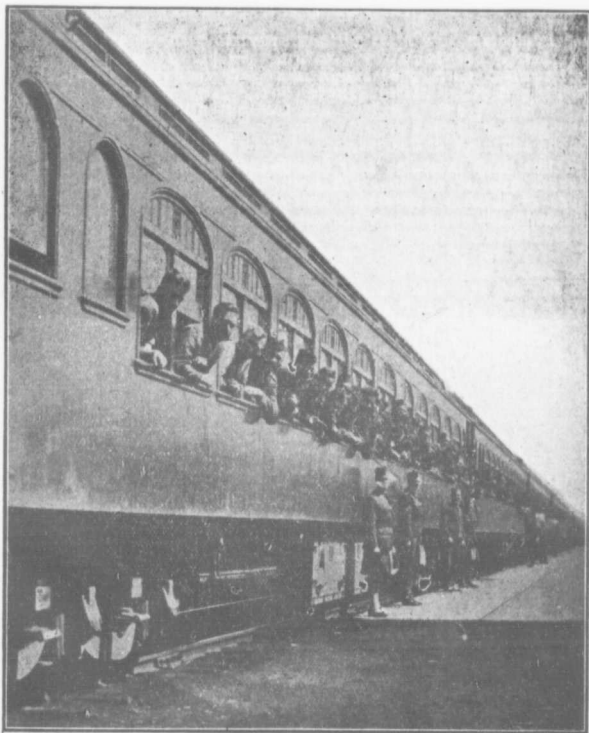




On the "look-out," Quebec.

Scottish Borderers stood in heavy marching order, ready to commence the journey that would take them "somewhere in Canada," "somewhere in England," "somewhere in France," "somewhere" to fight, and if need be, die for the cause that is even greater than the British Empire, great as it is.

At 7.30 the Colonel was informed by his second in command that the "Parade has been formed" and one minute later in a voice that spells obedience, he gave the command, "Forward March."

A close observer down town more than a mile away, would soon have been able to have seen in the dim distance a battalion of infantry marching with that old familiar Scotch swing and at a good pace. These were Colonel McGregor's men, and they never looked better. The sun shone brightly, the air was crisp and still, the robin and the wren were chanting in the trees, and all nature seemed auspicious.