

be very keenly appreciated by our Canadian bretheren.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours, etc.,

London, 1st July, '93. SNOW SHOE.

HIS FIRST PARADE.

By Lieut. Arthur E. Brown.

I shall never forget his first parade in uniform. He had but a week or two before received his commission as second lieutenant in the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Slashers, and his knowledge of drill and the duties of an officer was about as limited as his knowledge of how to wear his bright new uniform, which was so admirably cut that it fitted only those parts of his anatomy that it touched. The parade was a special one for the purpose of giving the opportunity of seeing what a bright and promising band of recruits had mastered the intricacies of squad drill. Although not specially warned to attend, he felt that the order for recruits to parade in uniform was one that applied in a special degree to him. Besides, he was longing to appear in that brilliant uniform which had been the envy of his household for more than a week previous to the great occasion which, he considered, necessitated his wearing it in public for the first time. The members of his family had a very busy time of it on the day of the parade, and his sisters had strict injunctions to have his uniform and accoutrements in readiness for him on his return from the city, preparatory to paralysing the adjutant and all the rest of his new comrades, both superior and subordinate. He perspired horribly when the time came for donning his uniform. At one period he almost abandoned the idea of putting in an appearance at headquarters.

Then the thought of losing an opportunity of displaying his symmetrical proportions in military garb would obtrude itself, and finally he made a bold effort to clothe himself in the uniform of the Queen, although, really, to be accurate, I should say his own uniform, for his was the proud privilege of paying for it. The notice calling the parade intimated that "drill order" was to be the order of the day or, rather, the night. He had no more idea of the difference between "drill order," "review order," and "marching order," than he had of flying. First of all he with difficulty encased his feet in what he afterwards discovered to be mess boots, he put on his best trousers, and then donned that work or art, yecept, a tunic. Being in doubt whether the regiment which he had joined was an infantry or a rifle battalion, he gave it the benefit of the doubt and fastened on sword-belt over his tunic. Then arose trouble with the sword. He hooked it on hilt foremost, the end of the scabbard dangling behind his legs.

The cross-belt was a bit of a puzzle, but with feminine aid he managed to adjust it to his satisfaction. Then came the head-gear. His forage cap was an excellent fit, and when cocked over his left ear, with the strap well under his chin, he flattered himself that he had got

through the ordeal of dressing very satisfactorily. It was suggested that the correct thing was for him to proceed to the nearest railway station in a cab. That he firmly declined to do, for he felt within him that he owed it to his Queen and country that his first appearance in uniform ought literally to be made in public, and that his glory ought not to be hidden away in the recesses of a growler.

It was with fear and trembling he left the house. His courage was restored when, passing down the street, he heard a group of his neighbours' children remark that a "soldier" was passing by. His bosom heaved with patriotic pride, and his step was light and springy but, alas! only for a time. Turning a corner quickly, he came in violent collision with a heavier body than his own, and in the concussion his sword became entangled with his legs and he found himself hopelessly floundering on the ground, without even a word of apology from the man who had capsized him. Midway to the station the clouds began to lower, and in a few moments the rain poured down in a perfect torrent. Not a single cab was in sight. The nearest shelter was a public-house. His soul revolted at the idea of entering such a place in uniform.

He plodded steadily on through the muddy streets till finally, when he reached the station, gallons of water could have been squeezed out of his clothing. The misery of that walk through the streets was as nothing to the trouble which followed. At last he reached headquarters. Not a soul was to be seen in the officers' mess. He sat in solemn silence, longing for someone to enter from whom he could receive some information as to what was required of him when he went on the parade ground.

He knew that it was customary for the buglers to sound a call in front of the officers' quarters before a parade, for he had heard it done when he had been there in the capacity of a visitor. The minutes went by and no bugle sound was heard. He was getting fidgetty and, becoming desperate, he finally made his way into the drill hall to find that it was fully tenanted by recruits. I shall never forget his appearance. I thought the adjutant would have had a fit of apoplexy, and even the usually stolid and serious-looking sergeant-major nearly exploded with laughter, and felt that the few hours he had been enabled to devote to the new comer in the previous week had been so much wasted time. The adjutant looked the subaltern up and down from top to toe, endeavoring the while to smother the desire to laugh outright. Concealing his feelings as best he could, he told the youngster to fall in, and at once the young gentleman made his way to the nearest company and placed himself at the head of it, quite heedless of the regulations which then provided, and still provide, for a subaltern to take his place in the rear. He knew not a single movement, and, when after a few minutes' manoeuvring the adjutant delicately suggested that he might possibly learn more by falling out of the ranks, the new sub's cup of misery was abundantly overflowing. A more dejected specimen

of the is-life-worth-living-young man I never saw, and I felt right sorry for him. By-and-bye came the words "Fall out the officers," and when I looked round to see what would be the next performance of my new comrade I observed him trying to beat the record in the shape of rapidity of departure from the drill hall. He reached the mess room in double quick time, and when the rest of us entered with the adjutant, he looked the picture of despair. "Mr. P." said the adjutant, addressing the tyro, "did you learn anything to-night?" "Oh, yes," faltered the new sub., "I think so." "Have you got far with your drill? Is the sergeant-major taking you in hand?" were the next queries. "I'm trying to learn squad drill," quoth Mr. P. "Do you know your turnings?" Yes, he knew his turnings. Did he know how to salute, both by hand and with his sword? No, he had never heard of such a thing as officers saluting each other! Then Mr. P. was directed to bring the sergeant-major into the room. "Have you taught this officer how to salute?" queried the adjutant, looking very fierce. "I have not, sir," came the reply. "Have you told him how to wear his uniform and sword?" "No, sir." "Then for the next week or ten days let the instruction given him by you be strictly confined to teaching him how to carry his sword and how to salute, and then perhaps he will make himself less conspicuous on parade." "Conspicuous" was a very mild form of description of our new comrade's appearance in the drill hall, but the gentle sarcasm contained in the adjutant's observation did not go unnoticed by the young gentleman to whom it was directed, and sure enough when the next uniform drill night came round there was no more correct or vigorous sword-wrangler on parade than he. The troubles of Mr. P., as herein related, are facts, and those facts point this moral, that among the first things the person responsible for the instruction of a new officer who has had no previous training in the duties devolving upon him should teach his pupil are (1), how to fit on his uniform, wear, and carry his sword; and (2), how to salute, and thus enable him to avoid appearing ridiculous in the eyes of men whom hereafter he will be called upon to command, and being unintentionally rude to his superiors.

ARTHUR A. BROWN,

Lieut., 4th V. B., "The Queen's" (Royal West Surrey) Regt. in the Volunteer Ser-Magazine.

Do not forget to ask your lady friends to gather maple leaves to be sent to the Royal Canadians in India to wear next Dominion Day.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE.

By Guy C. Rothery.

One fine day when I was going down the Thames, on board a river steamer, I entered into conversation with a "red-jacket." He was a tall, smart-looking fellow, and young, considering that he wore sergeants' stripes on his sleeve. From general topics we gradually drifted into