

a rush for the hotel bars. Sight-seeing, especially when a nor'-wester is blowing, is thirsty work.

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At Lyttelton thousands more are waiting for the men to arrive, and to escort them to the Drill Shed. What a tempting luncheon! A clatter of plates and dishes, knives and forks. More music. Silence! "Charge your glasses!" More speechifying! Brave Contingent, how weary it must be of speeches! It has been listening to nothing else since early in the forenoon.

From three to four o'clock the men are allowed to enter a special enclosure to say good-bye to friends and relatives.

"Good-bye, Fan!" says a stalwart young warrior in khaki as he strains to his breast a pretty girl in blue, who is evidently trying her very hardest not to break down. "There," (kissing her on one cheek), "that's for *you*; and there," (kissing her on the other cheek), "that's for mother!" For a moment the girl remains in his arms, and then, as if by a tremendous effort, she tears herself away. But let us not linger in such scenes, all too common this fine, bright

Saturday afternoon. The sight of so much grief is heart-rending.

Five o'clock, and every man aboard and on deck striving his best to catch one more glimpse of some beloved face. The great wharf is packed with people. A sea of sad faces is turned towards the broad decks of the troopship.

At last, amidst the sobbing and the crying of many of the women, the waving of handkerchiefs and sticks and hats, the shouting of last "good-byes," and the throwing of the little school children of their red, white and blue toy flags to the members of the Contingent (it was wonderful how deftly the men caught those little flags, and how pleased they seemed to have them!) the last ropes are cast off, and the troopship moves slowly away.

"Gord bless yer!" screams an old, old woman, as she stands at the very end of the wharf, and shakes a withered fist at the departing steamer, while the tears run down her furrowed cheeks like rain. "Gord bless yer—Gord bless our boys—an' bring 'em safe 'ome again!"

Amen to that poor old woman's prayer!

