

without thereby surrendering themselves to the necessary obligation of serving Her Majesty in return. Deserters, bounty jumpers, direct dodgers and whole regiments of the physically unfit passed through his hands and deprived him of his speculative shillings,

the coats of horrible cut and slovenly fit that to-day mar the gallant bearing of our New Zealand Volunteers, though the earlier sort were in some measure redeemed from the absolute commonplace by perfect fit, emblazoned badges and smart facings.



HOW PRIVATE HILDITCH WON HIS DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL AT THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON, FEB. 10TH, 1846.

with bad results both to his pocket and temper.

Here is his picture at that time; the style of uniform had changed with the age, and in place of the smart and effective coatee which he had worn in the previous years of his soldiering, we see him in the dress of a period when military costume and civilian clothing were at their ugliest point of interest, in the long-skirted tunics similar to

Of the many amusing episodes of his experience during the piping times of peace space forbids to tell but one. It was on the march in the days when infantry took the road, and were not yet relegated to the luxury of railways that Corporal Hilditch, in charge of a squad, was billeted at an inn at Sittingbourne in Kent, he and his men occupying one large room usually set aside for passing troops. During the night a private and an