

(Contributed.)

Jack Ridal was ever a popular fellow with his comrades in the Lancer Regiment. He was a typical soldier, minute and methodical to a degree. As an instructor he also had a good record, any recruits going through him generally coming out well. If they did not, it was not Jack's fault. Indeed, he would have no slouching. Everything must be done with precision to please him; but he would spare no pains to help the backward man. He never forgot that he was a gentleman, and that was why the boys all liked him. Then he was good company, and few men were blest with a sweeter voice than Jack. Next to being proud of the fact that he was a Yorkshireman, he was proud that he was an old Grenadier Guardsman; and next to these two, he was proud of being a New South Wales Lancer. Taking him away from the Lancers was a sad blow to him. He loved them, and—well, he would not leave them. He did not leave them. Though the regiment will feel a keen pang of regret that he "took his discharge" in the way he did, they will ever have a loving regard for his memory, and think of him only as the good old Jack Ridal that he ever was.—L.

---