

would ever think of meeting a Canadian here!" I replied that I was from Ontario, though a native of Montreal, and my astonishment was now much increased when the young lady, turning abruptly, left me, crossed the room to where another lady was sitting by the bedside of one of the 42nd Highlanders, and whom I had not previously observed. Imagine my surprise to hear the younger lady repeat, "Oh, mamma, I have found a Canadian!" "A Canadian?" repeated the elder lady, directing her attention from the Highlander to my visitor, "Where?" "Over here, come over and see him before you go."

To say that I was surprised is indeed a mild statement of my feelings. I had heard of no Canadian people being in Cairo, or in fact of any English ladies having as yet come out, and I had not met a Canadian, or anyone who took any interest in that far away land for so long, that I was at a loss to understand who these ladies could be who appeared so interested in me because I was a Canadian. In a few moments "Mamma," accompanied by the young lady, came over to me, and, seating herself on the side of my cot, said: "My daughter tells me you are from Canada?" "Yes," I replied, "I am a Canadian." "How strange to find a Canadian in the army here, and you are so young. What part of Canada do you come from?" "Eastern Ontario; my father's home is in South Grenville, near Prescott," I answered. "Have you ever been in Ottawa?" the lady continued. "Oh, yes, several times, M'm." "Then you must have often seen us?" continued my visitor, who, however, noting my puzzled look, added, "You know, my husband is the British Ambassador here, Lord Dufferin, and we spent several years in Canada." Upon this announcement I was, I must admit, somewhat disconcerted, but assured her Ladyship that I had seen Lord and Lady Dufferin several times. As a matter of fact I had, upon two occasions, seen their Excellencies when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada, but it was some years previous, and being very young at the time, the recollection was not sufficient to enable me to recognize the lady until after she had revealed her identity. "This is my daughter, the Lady Helen," continued her Ladyship, "and we shall be very glad to have a long talk with you again, for I notice you are now in no condition for conversation."

This was the beginning of a very pleasant and, on my part, much prized intercourse, and which I firmly believed helped materially to restore me to health. Lady Dufferin, for the many months she resided in Cairo, devoted every afternoon to her sick soldier countrymen, and, in company with Lady Helen, visited, on alternate days, the hospitals at Abbaseyeh and that at the Citadel. We all appreciated these visits very much, and eagerly looked for "Ladies' day," as the days of their visits soon came to be called among the patients. Flowers, books, newspapers and magazines were distributed in profusion, for her Ladyship never came empty handed, and the only person who seemed to view her visit with apprehension was the hospital librarian, who often complained that it was little use having rules and regulations when ladies were always interceding on behalf of some patient for their disregard. A few days after my meeting with her Ladyship, I was privileged with a long chat with her and Lady Helen about Canada, and when taking her departure that day, Lady Dufferin asked me if I had written home and if they were aware there of my illness. Upon my reply that I had not, as I had been so weak, she kindly offered to write for me if I would give her the address. This I gladly did, and in due course my father received a charming letter from the Countess informing him that I had been ill but was fast progressing towards recovery. This was but one of her Ladyship's many kind and thoughtful acts to the sick of the Army of occupation during her stay in Egypt. To me, as a Canadian, she was specially kind, and evinced much interest in my welfare. We had many pleasant chats about Canada, the cold win-

ters, the skating, tobogganing, &c., and both mother and daughter seemed to have retained the fondest recollections of our country, and grateful reminiscences of the kindness (as they termed it), shown them there throughout their entire stay. Lady Dufferin several times remarked how strange she thought it to find a Canadian serving in the army of Egypt, and that she had never expected to find one there. She was much interested one day when, in reply to an expression of this nature, I assured her that we Canadians were very proud to serve the Empire under the old flag of our fathers, and that, as in the Roman armies of old, you might always find a few representatives of even the most distant provinces in an Imperial force of any magnitude.

A few days before Christmas her Ladyship was so kind as to honor me with an invitation to take my Christmas dinner with her at the Villa Cattoui, a beautiful residence in the west end of the city, and which had on his arrival been placed at Lord Dufferin's disposal by one of the leading native Pashas. To say that I felt grateful for this marked distinction to a soldier of the rank and file, with, as yet, but two chevrons on his arm, is quite an inadequate expression of the feelings entertained by myself and comrades in return for her Ladyship's condescension. My readers will understand the disappointment experienced, when on application to the surgeon, I was refused permission to go. I was still too weak, the doctor said, to venture out, and the excitement would militate against my recovery. So it was thought wisest for me to remain where I was.

On Christmas Day, however, our visitors came again to see us, in company with some other ladies who had just arrived out from England. Christmas cards were distributed by the ladies to all the patients, and with a kind thoughtfulness exceedingly appropriate, I think, her Ladyship had selected one with a snow-clad winter scene for her Canadian protegee. It will, perhaps, be needless to remark that he still retains and prizes that little card very much.

I am proud and delighted to have the opportunity here of proclaiming to my countrymen the kindness of Lady Dufferin and her daughter, not only to myself but to a great many others of Sir Archibald Alison's army. It was so good of her to devote her time and attention to us. Many ladies of culture and high rank would have declined trooping through hospital wards among *common* soldiers, or, at most, would have contented themselves with an occasional visit and hurried glance over the row of beds, escorted most likely by the principal medical officer or some of the chief surgeons or officers, who would, of course, make a point of sparing them the worst cases. Not so Lady Dufferin and her daughter. Every other afternoon her carriage came to the Citadel with its load of books, papers, fruit, cut flowers, roses, &c. They came around and chatted, and in a quiet, unostentatious, motherly and sisterly way, with a kind word here, and inquiry there; and many were the expressions of gratitude sent after them by the rough and ready soldiers of the rank and file, ebbing away their lives for Britain in the ancient land of the Pharaohs.

To Canadians who still recollect Lord and Lady Dufferin's stay among us, this statement of the latter's attention to the sick soldiers of the Expeditionary Force and Army of Occupation will, I feel positive, give much satisfaction. Her Ladyship is not one to do for the purpose of being seen or talked of, and all the more for this reason does the writer feel pleasure in being the poor means of bringing to the notice of his countrymen the attention and kindness of her Ladyship to one of their number when abroad among strangers serving the interests of the Empire.

The question of protecting her maritime routes is now occupying much attention in France, and the demand of the Minister for the credits necessary for colonial defence and the creation of coaling stations is warmly approved.