of Canada, so to speak. At noon we learned that we were only seventy miles from our anchorage and were correspondingly joyful. The afternoon was spent in packing baggage and preparations to disembark tomorrow. Also in discussing the approaching disruption or at least interruption of old ties, acquaintance-

ships and friendships.

By the way, in the rush of events before we left Belfast, I forgot to mention an interesting incident at Nooitgedacht, being the killing of the leader of the Boer party, who shot young Spence and Radcliffe, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, so treacherously several months ago. Villamon, the man in question, was known to both the Dragoons at Belfast and the C. M. R.'s at Nooitgedacht. One fine day in November he forsook his usual stamping ground around Belfast and rode over Nooitgedacht way, where he did not know the country so well. "Casey" Callaghan and Davis, the half-breed scout, were returning in the early morning from an unsuccessful attempt to catch a field cornet (pronounced "falconet"), whom they had been laying for all night, when they sighted Villamon riding along all galliant and gay. They knew the country and they raced for a point to cut off the Boer's retreat and He raced for another kloof and was soon succeeded. floundering girth-deep in one of those treacherous Transvaal bogs. This was what the Canadian scouts had been playing for. They rode down to the edge of the bog, dismounted with much deliberation and proceeded to take pot-shots at Herr Villamon at 500 yards. Finding his horse hopelessly mired, he jumped off and ran on through the bog. They hit him the first shot but did not drop him. He ran on screaming with fear. They hit him three times in five shots. As Casey graphically described it, "he squealed like a pig." last shot caught him in the back of the head, scattering his thoughts upon the grass, and he died. They took his rifle, horse and bandolier and told some Kaffirs to bury him. The killing of Herr Villamon made a considerable impression on the surrounding commandoes.

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