

wishing the annexation of Canada. "Because," said he, "you Canadians are born soldiers, ready and reliable, and just the sort of people to help us or hurt us as such. You easily endure hardships that would kill most of our Americans. We never want you against us, and if we had you with us, we would never have any difficulty with England; you'd help us to settle some of our problems at home, and we would produce the best army and navy in the world. Our regular army, the best of them, haven't got the instinct of obedience, and the soldierly set-up of the Canadian volunteers. Your people have a military cut to them. Your young men move along the streets as if they were preparing for a hard fight. I have repeatedly mistaken regiments of volunteers in Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec for regular soldiers. In the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland you have the pick of the world for a navy. We couldn't run our own fisheries without those sailors of yours. I've never seen anything like the physical stamina of your girls, and the children tumbling in the snow in winter, or pounding each other like little bears in summer, are a marvel to me. You Canadians have only to put the Queen's uniform on a French or English Canadian, strike up the 'National Anthem,' and you have a first-class fighter."

#### BRITAIN MAKES DISCOVERY.

The Mother Country has at last made the same discovery, and it is not likely that the services of the Colonial troops will end in Africa. Captain Barker, of our first contingent, writing from Belmont (January 8), said: "My men are proving themselves better marksmen than either Boers or Britons, and better all-round soldiers." The observing correspondent, Julian Ralph, writing of "those wonderfully active Canadians and Australians," as he called them, said that the Canadians, when repairing the railways, did double the work done in the same time by the English troops, and that even Canadian clerks were at home with the pick-axe and shovel, just as we know they were when they scoured the decks of the troop-ship, and displayed a cheerful self-reliance and discipline in whatever they had to do. One of the Mounted Rifles, a private and a former bank-clerk, was being chaffed about the prospects of having to polish his officer's boots. "Yes, I'd do it, and not be ashamed of it. It's not Jack I'd serve, but Captain Jack—and in serving my captain, I serve my Queen, do I not?" In this rambling way, I am trying to show that Canadians are fit for any work of a soldier, and it was always so. I remember at the time of the Fenian Raid, one of the