

"not-wanted-at-home" individual, the know-nothing-in-particular drifter, the innumerable pursuers after wealth where neither exertion nor aptitude is required.

Remittance men still swarm in Canada, and are a curse to themselves and everybody. Personally, they are often popular; collectively, they are heartily despised. They know nothing, and intend to learn nothing. The saloons get their remittances, and their existence consists of little more than loafing about a ranch, and loafing round a bar. As to the ne'er-do-weels, they abound in Canada because it is near to the Mother Country, and the wage rate seems high, while for this reason the younger son can often be induced to try his luck away from home. It still seems common for people of shady antecedents to be quietly exported to Canada from home—and not always quietly, for there was a recent very bad case when a foreigner, doubtless a naturalised "Britisher," was openly sent to Montreal under the Home Secretary's order of deportation as an undesirable character. As to the "not-wanted-at-home" class, there must be armies in Canada. I recollect seeing a fine-looking military man of about fifty in the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel at Winnipeg. Later the same day I saw him seeking a job at the Immigration Bureau. What did he know? He knew "something about horses"—it was what he had learned in his old cavalry days—so, as he came with a high letter of introduction, he was found a job on a ranch, and hesitatingly he took it. One of the "lost legion."

Still I think Canada would have accepted all these