

and all differing as the poles are assunder, is about 57,000,000 frs.; the Catholic Church receives fifty of the millions.

Hector Malot, the novelist, has taken farewell of literature. He sees no reason why he should write till he becomes a driveller and a show—like Swift, or lag superfluously on the stage, as do many confrères. He has been a hard worker for thirty years, and before his mind-life diminishes and his physical powers decay, he wishes to enjoy a few rays of the conscionable sunset of life—end like the evening of a beautiful day. Malot was, I said, a hard worker. He has produced sixty volumes, or at the rate of two per annum; he may be said to have live alone in his retired country home, far from the madding crowd and the intrusion of visitors who only consumed his time. He worked ten hours a day but never was a bookseller's hack. Three months in the year he made trips here and there over Europe to collect "copy"; he recognizes the beauties and sterling advantages of many lands, but comes to the resolute conclusion that the only country to live in, not excepting Japan, is France. *Vale!*

Deputy Lockroy, president of the Budget Commission, plainly hints that the sooner his countrymen reconcile themselves to view Egypt as an English province the more their mind will be at ease. The British have definitely taken root in the valley of the Nile and the idea of one day going away never comes into their head. They run busses from Cairo to the Pyramids; a grand hotel, with electric lights, and all the comforts of home, faces the Sphinx. In the outskirts of Alexandria and Cairo houses are being so run up that the places will soon be west ends of London; young ladies play tennis on the edge of the desert, and have picnics everywhere. But England will not leave and so allow another power to take her place. The Sultan may protest, but he is certain of his tribute money, as are all the bondholders. The marvellous progress of the agriculture and industries of the country will justify England at any moment taking over the Egyptian national debt and so bowling out foreign interference—like the neighbouring protectorate of Tunisia. Lockroy says Egypt is worth Tonkin, the Congo and Madagascar several times over. The French are firmly convinced that when Lord Salisbury returns to power, as everyone says he will in a few months, he will proclaim Egypt an English protectorate and that the present naval display of twenty warships at Alexandria is the opening act. The French call upon Russia, Germany, and Turkey to join her in clearing the Britisher out of Egypt. There is no use, it seems, asking the United States to help. Z.

### Montreal Affairs.

A United Empire Loyalist Association has been formed here with great objects in view. It is proposed to make this the nucleus of an organization that, through its federated lodges shall take in the whole of Canada territorially; and include in its membership all who are descended from United Empire Loyalist stock, or from those who took part on the British side in the Revolutionary War. There has been in existence for some years an Association of this nature at St. John, N.B., and it is proposed to affiliate this with the Montreal Society, Sir Leonard Tilley, its President, becoming one of the Vice-Presidents of the newer but more ambitious body. The initiative in this movement was taken by a little group of public-spirited men, including Mr. De Lery Macdonald, Viscount de Fronsac, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, Dr. Lockhart; and their efforts are likely to be followed by a measure of success that will surprise them. Sir William Johnson, of Chambly, the present holder of the Johnson baronetcy, bestowed for services to the Crown in old colonial times, has been chosen President, though he is at present absent from the country; while one of the Vice-Presidents is Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière. Another officer is Hon. Justice Wurtele. Both Sir Henri and the Judge are descendants of British officers who took part in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Lighthall is Archivist, and Dr. Lockhart is Secretary.

The Society is now considering how best to set about establishing branches throughout Ontario; and predictions of a membership of a couple of hundred thousand are freely made. The Montreal Society will certainly be very strong in numbers, for a large proportion of the English-speaking

population here can boast of U.E.L. descent. It intends to have a couple of rooms at Chateau de Ramezay, which has now been turned into a museum, set apart as a repository for U. E. Loyalist records and relics; and as they will be well preserved there will be many valuable donations made to the rooms. Social gatherings of members will also be held from time to time at which patriotic songs will be sung, and papers of an historic and national nature read. There are so many U. E. Loyalist descendants to draw from, and they are all so justly proud of their fighting ancestry, that it is a wonder that an association of this nature was not founded long ago.

This Association has taken strong ground against the erection at Louisburg, Cape Breton, by the Society of Colonial Wars of Boston, of a monument to the New Englanders who lost their lives in the capture of Louisburg by Col. Pepperell and Admiral Warren, in 1745. At its last meeting a resolution was passed protesting against it on the ground that its presence on Canadian soil would be offensive to the Acadians, the descendants of those who there suffered defeat. This is a rather belated objection for the monument is already in position, and is to be unveiled on the 17th of the present month. Mr. De Lery Macdonald and Viscount de Fronsac wrote to the Society of Colonial Wars suggesting that an inscription be added to the monument commemorative of the French combatants; that French-speaking representatives be invited to speak at the unveiling, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière's name being mentioned in this connection; and that the only flags to be displayed on that occasion be those under which the forces fought. This would include the old French flag, the British flag, and the special flag which the Colonials displayed at the siege. This latter represents Britannia as a woman, trident in hand, sitting on the sea shore with a war-ship in the offing. The Society of Colonial Wars has obtained the permission of the Nova Scotia Government for the erection of the monument. A Cape Breton gentleman who was in town the other day said the people of that Island were satisfied to let it go up. He thought that no one could reasonably object to what is not a monument of a defiant type, but a tombstone to mark the graves of the defenders of British honour and interests. The Halifax Historical Society will give the members of the Society of Colonial Wars a reception on their arrival at Halifax; and may take part in the unveiling ceremonies.

Arthur G. Doughty, the writer of the commemorative ode, printed on the souvenir programmes at the Macdonald memorial unveiling, is a talented young gentleman, who has been for some years a resident of this city. He is a graduate of Oxford, and is a graceful writer, both of prose and poetry. He published a volume of poems through a London house about a year ago. Skill with brush and pencil he also has in great measure. He has been spending his leisure moments for some time past in the production of a manuscript parchment book, containing selections from his poems. Each page is ornamented by a scroll design in colours at the top and by an illuminated initial letter; while the lettering of the poems is done most artistically by a quill pen. There are five original illustrations in pen and ink. It is in its way a masterpiece.

The *Star* published a souvenir of the Macdonald unveiling which contained three sonnets by Arthur Weir, of this city. They are all rather striking. One runs as follows:

No record is required of fruitful deeds,  
For those are ever-present, spite their age.  
Upon some lives turns history no page  
And death casts no oblivion. He that needs  
A chronicler is half forgot. The seeds,  
Consigned to earth, still win their heritage  
Of present sunlight, and the statesman sage  
Sowed fame that lives, defying Time's rank weeds.

Macdonald needs no record, save the one  
Carved on the tomb of the immortal Wren,  
"Look round you," in St. Paul's, his great creation;  
They both were architects, yet there is none  
But knows which was the greater of these men.  
Wren built a church, Macdonald built—a nation.

Mr. Weir has not written much poetry lately. He has been engaged for the past two or three years in the preparation of an exhaustive history of the development of transportation in Canada from the earliest days to the present. This has involved an immense amount of research; but the greater portion of the work is now done.