

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—Through a regretful misunderstanding, accountable to our absence from town, the remarkable lecture of Mr. Leigh R. Gregor,—*The New Canadian Patriotism*—published in our last issue, has been sent to press before the final corrections were made. The consequence is that it contains several errors that might have been avoided, had we been in town to supervise the printing. We pray our readers to take this note into account and we tender our regrets to Mr. Gregor.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.—*The Canadian Magazine* open its twelfth volume with November, much to the delight of those who recognize the value of Canadian literature. Its appearance is healthy and encouraging, while its articles, stories and illustrations are equal to any 25-cent magazine in the world. The November number contains the first instalment of a new story by Joanna E. Wood, the famous Canadian who has written *The Untempered Wind* and *Judith Moore*.

SIR JOHN BOURINOT.—Sir John Bourinot has gone to Boston and Cambridge to lecture before the Graduates' Club of Harvard University, and other associations of those two cities, on "The Political Development of Canada Under British Rule." In the course of his address he referred to the general trend of Canadian sentiment with respect to an Anglo-American alliance, and to the probable results of Imperialism among a Republican people, whose fundamental principles heretofore have been the Monroe doctrine and non-interference in the complications and ambitious designs of European nations.

RAISING A FUND.—The feat of raising \$58,000 in three days in order to secure the conditional gift of \$100,000 for Barnard College aroused a good deal of interest last month, not only in New York City, but throughout the country. *A-propos* of the fact that Mr. George A. Plimpton, the genial treasurer of Barnard College, is perhaps the best known "beggar" in the city, and that upon him rested most of the burden of wiping out the debt of the college, it is rather amusing to observe, as one does, when one approaches the private office