

tenure of office as London, England, manager of the Bank of Montreal. Sir Frederick was in London at the very height of the golden flood from Great Britain to the "alluring colony," Canada. It may even be said for this eminent Canadian banker that in large measure he was responsible for starting the "flow" Canada-wards. He went to London with a very thorough knowledge of the resources, the possibilities of his native land. He told the whole of England of what he knew and of what he believed, so far as the ultimate of our land suggested itself to his master mind.

Other Canadians, notably Sir William Mackenzie, became widely known for the success of their financial jun-

kets abroad. It became a habit with Sir William Mackenzie until the cartoonists took to picturing him, on each return from London, with satchels bulging with money. But his borrowing was more or less for private account, for his personal railroading enterprises.

To the credit of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor it may be said that he was the chief factor in directing a round billion of dollars to Canada, not for personal benefit, not for the direct benefit of the banking institution in whose service he was, but for the future upbuilding of our Dominion.

A very nice little riddle remains to be solved in: who will be Canada's Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor in Gotham?

about that spectacle. No it was the Canterbury Pilgrims, with Chaucer and the Tabard Inn on the stage. And as de Koven after his long sleep since he wrote Robin Hood, has had a good chance to get soaked with the spirit of the Canterbury Tales, and as Percy Mackaye simply had to get into the spirit of old Canterbury too, the result was anything but American.

You, in Canadian High Schools, have read Chaucer. You revelled in that cockadoodledoo, fresh-as-a-daisy collection of tavern yarns that caught the spirit of old England two centuries before Shakespeare. It's the blithest stuff in literature. The world was cock-eye young in Chaucer's day. And as the Fifth Form Class in Bigword High School gargled at these great story lyrics for Senior Matric, they felt the breath of the spring and the voices of birds, the clank of the old tankard, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, the swank of ye parfit gentil knight that blithely lied about himself after the manner of Don Quixote.

So, that was what Mackaye and de Koven put together in the opera that gave jaded Gotham a peep into a new old world Thursday night of last week. And here is the description of Act I, as given in the New York Times:

A rising curtain shows the pilgrims in Act I, thronging the Tabard yard, seated at tables drinking, or standing by the ale barrels, flirting with the maids. Among them are the Miller, Friar, Parson, Ploughman, Doctor, Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, Tapicer, and Clerk, the Knight, Squire, Yeoman, and others entering soon after "as from horse-back." The Miller, raising his tankard, leads them in a rollicking chorus:

Stirrup go jingle, spur go clink,
Whoa, whoa! Come in, lads, come drink;
Tap-maid, here, come tippie your man
With a kiss on the curve of his can, can,
can.

Hero Chaucer comes in, like Hamlet, quoting pentameter poetry, whereat the Tabard crowd resumes: "Sorrow go whistle, care go wink—Whoa, whoa! Come in, lads, come drink." The Knight of the old tales greets Chaucer courteously, mentions he comes from the Holy Land, and, in the next breath, that his son here is in love.

A company of nuns chant Latin hymns outside the inn, and the host bows low to greet the Prioress as she enters accompanied by Joannes, a priest, who carries her pet dog in his arms. Chaucer rescues the pup in an ensuing scuffle when the miller, on a bet, batters down a door with his bare head and upsets the bystanders. This numskull, kneeling humbly, remarks: "Lady, I ax your pardon." Chaucer is more deeply touched when the Prioress tells him she goes to Canterbury to meet a long lost brother, who returns from the Crusades, and whom she will recognize by a ring inscribed, as is her bracelet, "Amor vincit omnia." She blushes as he translates, "Love conquers all."

The Wife of Bath, a grand character ranging lightly from Rabelaisian forwardness to strangely mid-Victorian reserve—from Mrs. Malaprop, in fact, to Mrs. Grundy—is the last of the leading personages to arrive; that is, she is the last, save the King. She comes literally on horseback, astride a small white ass. Alisoun, or Alls, as all call her by her first name, takes a stage to Chaucer on sight and rebuffs a fanciful of suitors as she does the Sailor, whose offer of his mug of ale, with a rough, "Take this, old girl," is met by the lady with, "The devil take a tar."

A Duo-Piano Recital.

WHEN is a two-piano recital—not a two piano recital? We ask the question because last week in Toronto two very clever young ladies, Miss Evelyn Chelwey and Miss Madge Williamson, undertook to give this kind of programme to a highly musical audience. They appeared three times. The rest of the programme was given by Miss Madge Murphy, violiniste, and Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, contralto. Under sane condi-

in spite of his Scotch name, is an American by residence and de Koven, the composer, who wrote the music in Switzerland, is American also—we may concede the production may be called American.

But the New Yorkers who saw it would have to pinch themselves in the name of Uncle Sam to be reminded that there was anything American

Operatizing Chaucer.

Percy Mackaye, American-born, got hold of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer and wrote a libretto out of it. Reginald de Koven—American resident—took Mackaye's copy and wrote music to it in Switzerland. They say the Canterbury Pilgrims, produced in the Metropolitan Opera, N.Y., last week, is therefore an American opera. But is it?



THURSDAY last week, Canterbury Pilgrims, a carnival of Merry Old England, in the days of Chaucer, drove the glooms of Wagner off the Metropolitan Opera boards in New York. This new opera, given its first presentation that night on any stage, is heralded as an American opera. Well, in as much as Percy Mackaye, the adapter of the libretto,

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