

patriot, and the embellished fragments of his busy life may profitably fill up odd moments in which the mind seeks a rest from heavier reading.

Mr. A. T. Chapman, of 2407 St. Catherine street, furnishes the JOURNAL with a purely Canadian book of 237 neatly bound pages, published by Dr. William Briggs, of Toronto. It is entitled "Old Man Savarin and other stories," by Edward William Thomson. The author and the Talker are old companions in arms. Thirty years ago next second of June, the Queen's Own of Toronto broke the Fenian right and centre and chased them three miles up to the Limestone Ridge. The Fenians were Union army veterans; so was young Thomson, who had served in a United States cavalry regiment. He was in the break and chase at Limebridge, and showed splendid Canadian pluck. The Talker knows it, for the author of "Old Man Savarin" was in his squad, and greatly exercised in spirit was the Talker, because Thomson and Sibbald and the Talker's younger brother, who left this fighting world more than five and twenty years ago, would persist in exposing themselves unnecessarily in their eagerness to get at the enemies of their country. Gallant comrades three they were, and, if war should arise, which may God in His infinite mercy forbid, I would ask no better task than to lead such glorious fellows in a dash against the foes of our young Canada. Very kind the boys were to their non-com., although in a way the W. C. T. U. would not have approved of. Tired out with orderly duty, he lay in a tent at Fort Erie, when a grateful mess cook came in with a camp-kettle full of beer, enough for a company, saying, "Sergeant, this is all for you." The sergeant was grateful also, but passed the camp-kettle on. And at Stratford, where, as the Flying Column, we lay, this same Ned Thomson sought his sergeant out, and made him the richer by a cross-belt pouch full of pure Virginia leaf, the proceeds of a raid in the Old Dominion. I remember how our majors, Gillmore and Dixon, to the tune of the latter of whom I composed the words of the Queen's Own March, filled their pipes with that tobacco and said that it was good. So Thomson is an author; yes, and a good author. His fourteen stories, mainly of Canadian life, are grand, healthy stories, ranging from Glengarry to the Niagara frontier. They are natural and patriotic and pathetic full of Abou ben Adhem. I have not met my old comrade for thirty years, but I remember this, that when it was proposed that we in billets should, before retiring for the night, remember the God above us, he was not the man to say nay to that proposition. Hosts of men in magazines and papers, who have no such cause as the Talker has to love his old comrade and esteem his work, have spoken in the highest terms of "Old Man Savarin" and the grand command its author has of French-Canadian, Highland and Irish dialect. By all means get the book and read it. It is a credit to our Canada.