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**Jocelin's Penance**

"Confessional, my brother? What would be there? The wench has sulked in her chamber, contending that she is unable to rise, though I have removed her sores." The Norman father grunted his teeth, and Rudolph, fearing an outbreak, urged the nun to show them to the invalid's chamber. So, taper in hand, Sister Isopel led the way.

"By the rood!" muttered the Abbot. "What fools men be. Such an Abbot as I should change his mitre for a fool's cap. I forgot me clear that Rosamund bore a grudge against Rohese." This was the first time he had spoken of her by name since Jocelin's trial, and it seemed to choke him. "I might have known, though, what this green-eyed cat would do once she had leave to scratch."

"Hark," said Isopel to Rudolph, "the holy man praveh already." And the Abbot, made aware by her whisper that he was thinking aloud, ceased his muttering, and followed them in silence, tugging at his great beard until he was pulling it forth from the hood in which he had so carefully concealed it. When they were at the chamber, Sister Isopel, unlocking the door, set the taper in a sconce, and retired with Rudolph, and the Abbot and Rohese were face to face. In the dim light, she did not penetrate his disguise as he, in a low voice, said, "Fare you well, my daughter, and sit down near the couch, his back to the light."

Rohese lay like some white lily cut from the stalk, languid and drooping, against a dark background. As long as she was free she bore danger and bore her lot well; but, continually persecuted by a relentless jailer, who daily declared her abasement, her hold on life loosened, and she sank into a melancholy whose next state was madness or death.

Tears glistened in the Abbot's eyes as he looked on this penitent, who, too weak to kneel, folded her transparent hands upon her breast, and bowing her head, began the low whispered words, "Father, I have sinned—"

"Father, I have sinned—"

"The story of the journey to Bradford, her connection with Jocelin, his love and the result. Then the trial, and the lie she had told to save him from the torture. Her confessor uttered an exclamation, and instead of uttering admonition, he said eagerly, "Continue, my child." Rohese then told of her flight to Ely with the wench, and her final intercession by the prioress. Then she spoke of the marriage which they urged upon her.

"Indeed, Father, I would that our Lord, the Abbot, had not so unthinkingly cast me off, for should they finally force me into this hated alliance, he would be full wroth, I know. He loved my mother long ago, as once methinks he loved me," and the Abbot, remembering the who wrote in the sand, saying, "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her," bit his lip till the blood came.

"But, Father," continued Rohese, "my release comes speedily, for my dear mother stood beside me last night and smilingly said, 'Be true of good cheer, for joy and peace shall come upon thee, after sore tribulation; and where is joy and peace for such as I save in Heaven?' Are my sins so great that thou canst not give me comfort, holy frere?"

"Nay, my child, but thy end is far distant from these days. Thou shalt return to be Cokerfeld, and resting there among thy bowmen and servants, breathe the pure air and soon grow lusty again!"

"Nay, good frere, I'll never go hence save on a bier, for if (as they say) by this marriage I could defy my liege's mandate, and thus regain my freedom, I'll never wed the Prioress Rosamund's son; and as the Abbot has purged me, and not one of my father's friends raised hand in my defence, I'll fall here like a frost-dropped leaf, and lie within a mouldy tomb, where sometime some kindly nun shall say a prayer, when all have forgotten who lies there." Was it a sigh she heaved? Rohese turned her head in silent wonder, but the figure sat immovable, silhouetted against the faint yellow light; then, kneeling by her couch, she murmured a prayer, whose import she could not catch, and, rising, shrived her of her sins. Then, extending his hand in silent benison, the father said in an abrupt voice, "Thou shalt sleep in De Cokerfeld the night of the first day thou canst accomplish the journey, sweet maid, for I'll intercede for thee with this cruel

The prioress returned at noon the next day. Her humor was not of the best, for the anxiety and the long journey she had made of late had tried her nerves; so when Sister Isopel, in fear and trembling, led the way to Rohese's chamber, and saw what the vicar had compassed in her absence, she fell into a cold fury, terrible to see, with one glance sending the frightened Isopel scurrying from the room, following her with a sentence that made the robust nun tremble.

"Thou has not yet been tried for that flogging of the novice to death in Flanders some eight years ago, dear Sister Isopel."

Rohese was speedily removed to the comfort of the Prioress' own power. Brother Simon prescribed for her, and the daintiest fare and the kindest treatment were showered upon her; for who could be sweeter than Rosamund when she chose? So with such assiduous care and the cheering memory of the confessor's promise, Rohese revived and lifted up her head like a drought-parched flower after a summer's rain. The wily Prioress humbled herself before the girl, confessing her anger at the refusal of Geoffrey's suit, but maintaining that she intended no cruelty, and had punished the wicked woman who had so unkindly treated her guest, Rohese, touched by the assiduous nursing, believed in her, and out of the goodness of her heart forgave her enemy, who only sought to woo her back to health and strength, that she might the better accomplish her designs.

Some ten days after her return, Rosamund, walking daintily over the damp floor of the office corridor, came upon a kneeling nun, who, with cloth and pail, cleansed the passage. It was Sister Isopel, reduced to menial service, by her superior. Looking up, in a spiteful voice, which she vainly tried to render respectful, she begged the lady to pause.

"What! Darest thou speak to thy offended superior, thou murderous, ill-inclined creature? Thou art so full of venom I wonder that thou turnest not to a warty toad."

"I did but obey thee, madame," sullenly muttered Isopel, "but that is neither here nor there; I have this for thee," and extracting a folded slip of parchment from her bosom, with her rough, wet hand gave it into the lady's white one of Rosamund, who when she had read it, started as if stung by an adder.

"Whence hadst thou this, thou shrew?" she almost shrieked, stamping her foot and shaking the kneeling Isopel by the shoulder.

"Norman father from the Abbey, who wrote it ere he departed with the Abbot's secretary."

"Father? What father, minikin?"

"When that moving, puny wretch, thou seemest now to pass such grace by thought soon to pass and plead for confession, and brother Simon being at Waltham, I—"

"Thou—thou viper! Thou let'st in an Abbey monk to speak with her, O fool, feel, we are undone! I wonder about our ears. What manner of man was this father?"

"Tall and heavy of build, madam. Dressed—"

"Bah! I meant not his dress; his person; his voice! What like was he?"

"How could I tell of his face or voice, seeing that he was covered with a great capouch; and, being under a vow, spoke not?"

"Curious, curious! Was he smooth or bearded? Surely you could tell that, hag!"

"Well, now, I mind me when they left the Hostium I saw a great grizzled beard stick from beneath his hood like straw from a carter's basket."

"We are undone, indeed, indeed," cried the Prioress. "My poor son; what shall I do? I'll pay thee well for that night's work, Sister Isopel; thou wilt go back to that Flanders nunnery from which I rescued thee," and pallid with rage and excitement, the Prioress hurried away, reading again and again the two lines written in a well-known hand.

"Send Rohese to Cokerfeld to be cast as soon as she can endure the journey."

"Samson, Abbas?"

**CHAPTER XXIX.**

Well might Rosamund de Clifford wonder that the Abbot had not visited his wrath upon these disregarding his commands. She was at her wit's end. Something engaged Samson's attention, of that she was sure, or ere she would have found that Rohese was still at the Priory, and when

he did the Prioress expected to see her holdings, or at least he punished in some other way.

"Yet, what matters it," she argued, as she paced her chamber that night, "so long as Geoffrey is Rohese's husband? If this be compassed, then I can have even Samson; and as he has not yet discovered the maid is still detained here, I'll risk by furthering my truth." Thus the Prioress planned by her fire far into the night, while outside the wind shrieked and moaned, as if the spirit of old Bernice strove ineffectually to warn Rohese of the danger which menaced her.

Her room the next day Rohese and the Prioress, with Sister Isopel and the attendant of the maid's horse litter, set off for Godstowe; the Prioress despatching Brother Simon to Bradford for news.

"Our Lord, the Abbot, hath so appointed it, dear child!" purred Rosamund, as she rode beside the litter. "Thy fireman and belongings await thee at Godstowe, and she shall attend on thee there until thou art quite restored. The nunnery is of cheerful situation, and as soon as these snows have melted, I'll show thee merry Oxfordtown, and we shall make a pilgrimage to the fair bower at Woodstock where Henry built the labyrinth of walks and ways to hide me from the Queen."

Thus Rohese, gladly anticipating a reunion with Mary, went to Godstowe like a lamb to the slaughter.

As the Prioress suspected, there was good reason why Samson had not seen further to the safety of his ward. On his return from the Priory he had found a letter from the Regent, Longchamps of Ely, stating that he had summoned parliament to convene at Westminster Abbey, and urging the Abbot to hasten repair there. His letter enclosed a few lines signed by Blondel, which stated that King Richard, held prisoner by the German Emperor, languished in the Duke of Austria's stronghold, where a great ransom would release him. A statement of the amount demanded, and the name of the King's prison completed the epistle.

Now, all the world knows the story of Blondel; how he wandered from France into Germany, and by good hap came to a tiny village upon the bank of the Danube, near the Duke of Austria's stronghold, Greifenstein. Blondel took lodging here, as he knew the grudge which Austria bore Richard, and hoped to find some trace of the King in this stronghold of his enemy.

Finally he discovered that there were two Englishmen imprisoned in the square tower of the castle, on the charge of attempting to poison the Duke. When he learned this, Blondel went to the castle, and, as a minstrel, easily makes acquaintance, it was not long before he was free of hail and that the servants knew not much more than what the villager had told him. In vain he spied and bribed; the jailer was unapproachable, and none but the Duke himself went near the tower; till at last, when almost despairing of learning the identity of the prisoners, Blondel walked one night beneath the balcony surrounding the tower and struck idly on his head the chords of a song he and King Richard had composed. Then he began to sing:

"Your beauty, lady fair,  
None views without delight,"

when the well-known tones of Richard's voice completed the stanza:

"No nymph my heart can wound,  
If favor she divide."

The King, joyfully hailing his faithful minstrel, imparted the story of his capture, and the news (which Austria had lately revealed) that the Emperor, in dire need of money, was sending to England a demand for a great ransom; threatening if it was not forthcoming to put his prisoners to death.

"But by the rood, my dear Rimer, is my brother so rich in love for me that he'll relinquish any part of his inheritance for the saving of England's rightful ruler?" Nay, only a third of mine, so back to England with the message if thou wilt, but thou shalt never see me more."

Outstripping the Emperor's messenger, Blondel hastened back to England, and soon the news was spread over the realm that the lost was found, and England could have her King again.

So the Abbot set forth in state for Godstowe, attended by the Prior, escorted by a score or more of archers and spearmen, and preceded by the monks bearing his silver cross, mitre and purse; and in due time they came to Westminster, where he joined the Parliament convened in one of the small chapels of the Abbey.

The chapel was a long rectangular room, lighted from one side by windows set half-way toward the ceiling; between these were stucco effigies of saints and monarchs overlaid with gold. Opposite the windows a balcony extended over many low-arched doors, and the roof was embellished by blue tapestries embroidered with golden lions hung up on the walls by tenter hooks.

The two Regent Bishops and the Prince sat on a dais richly canopied with gold-fringed red and white damask. This had been erected beside the altar rail, behind which a great carved wooden rick sprang from a recombent statue of Jesse. The benches, bearing the names of the descendants of Jesse's line, reached back toward the roof, forming a screen behind the altar, and back of it the sunshine streamed through a great rose window of gorgeous coloring.

The lords, spiritual and temporal, sat at a table before the dais in gilded chairs. The temporal lords in coronets and caps, bejeweled brocades and velvet, bordered with furs. The spiritual lords in vestments of purple, white, scarlet and black, decked with rare lace and fine orfices of apparet and embroideries. Their mitres and crosses as powerful as the swords of the barons of England.

Abbot Samson sat at one end of the table, with Rudolph, tabbits in hand, behind him; and Jocelin gazed upon them from the balcony above. He had stolen thence unobserved by the chamberlains, who, with short silver staves, guarded the doors of the chapel that none might enter save those entitled

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to sit in the presence of these mighty ones of the realm.

Hidden by the balcony's rail, the monk peered down directly into the face of his beloved Abbot with a heart-hungry stare, which would surely have drawn an answering glance if the great man had not been engaged with the Bishop of Ely, who was stating the amount of the ransom demanded for the King.

"Who shall be sent, my lord's?" asked John. "Methinks the messenger should be neither so high as to risk another imprisonment, nor so low as to offend the dignity of the Emperor. Therefore I stipulate that no one of royal blood shall be sent."

The Regents, desirous that the Church should have the honor of ransoming the King, agreed readily to this, and asked that the legate be chosen from among the churchmen. Then followed long discussion as to who was fitted for the task. Some of the parliament nodded in their chairs, as the day wore on; some stammered, and knew not what they meant to say. Some of the barons, for fear of John, received his stipulation as ruling them out of the affair, though some were so burdened with the reasons why they could not go, while others shrined that ere they finished their conclusions could be constructed by none.

There were a few who demanded fiercely that they be sent as if bent on making a great show of loyalty; while knowledge of John's conspiracy with France and its possible success kept some from pressing their nominations.

Finally Abbot Samson rose from his chair. "Surely ye all know a herald's body is sacred. So there could be no question to any who conveyed the ransom to our Lord, the King, working either by subtlety, or openly, as the accredited legate of England, and by the arrow of St. Edmunds, I'll have audience with the Emperor and ransom forth our monarch. For my lord's, should loyal subjects hang back on mere pretence of their pressing duty. To counsel straight, my lords, how shall we raise this ransom, for I shall carry it."

"By our Lord's body," said the Bishop of Hereford, "I can not raise enough to pay this ransom."

"Ye, who charge a great sum be realized!" protested the Prioress, "I ready all my lands and tithes, and I'll sell my heavy taxation. The lower nobles, however, had spent those money-grubbers dry. The seutage money has scarce afforded food for one hungry soldier. Speak, my lords of the treasury, what are the treasury of the realm to offer on this ransom?"

"One gray old knight arose at this, and, frowning with his golden chain, he said, 'Our stream, were we to pay one-third of it, would strip the treasury bare.'"

"By our Lady," said Cokerfeld, "but let us the Advocates of St. Edmunds can give of our privy purses, and turning to the clerks of the parliament, he bade them set him down for a goodly sum. This example was followed by others.

The Church hath chalices and platters of silver which she can spare," said John of Suffolk. "Let each holding give according to his ability."

Then spoke certain lords of the treasury who had been in deep converse with Geoffrey, and the Earl of Bigot, suggesting that as the shrine of St. Edmunds was covered with gold, part of it could be removed for use in this extremity. Samson, who had been computing the amount his Abbey could offer, exclaimed angrily at this:

"Know ye for certain that I will in no wise consent to this? The saint is a force consent from me. Though by the Saint's sword, I will open the doors of the church, that he who may strip the shrine, that he who may have offended our holy St. Edmund have been known to suffer therefrom. What punishment think ye, then, will be meted to those who strip his vestment from his sacred body? Let him who dares stand forth!"

(To be continued.)

Father—Ah! So I have caught you kissing my daughter, have I? Suitor—I trust there is no doubt about it, sir. The light is quite dim and I should feel vastly humiliated if I should turn out to be somebody else I had been kissing.—*Topic Journal*

**Things You Ought To Know**

Brocklyn, N.Y., is soon to open 30 new streets.

Cincinnati school children last summer cultivated 2,800 gardens.

General Joffre, of France, is a Protestant.

Queen of Norway spend \$1,000 a year on dress.

Buffalo has 461,335 population.

New York state has 9,750,000 population.

English Established Church has 2,329,707 communicants.

Quebec has no pawnbrokers.

Iowa has nine cities under commission rule.

A Japanese company that has planted 200,000,000 pearl oysters in a bay in that country believes that it will harvest millions of pearls through a recently discovered process.

Buffalo has 85,193 registered voters.

Philadelphia has an organization of blind boy scouts.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railway is rebuilding 7,000 freight cars in Buffalo shops.

Russia rules 56,000,000 Poles.

There are 2,000,000 Germans in Russia.

Germany before the war contained \$45,661 more females than males.

Egypt last year bought 170,867 Bibles.

Bulgaria in 1914 bought 18,009 Bibles.

After extensive tests French experts decided that modern violins were equal in tone to, if not better than old ones of marvelous reputation.

More than 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle the Swedish government has built a hydro-electric plant to provide power for a railroad in Lapland.

A fuel for internal combustion engines that is said to be as efficient as gasoline, but much cheaper, is being made from gasoline, kerosene and benzol in England.

**HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM**

**The Disease is in the Blood and Must Be Treated Through the Blood.**

There are almost as many ways of treating rheumatism as there are doctors. Most of these treatments are directed at the symptoms and are considered successful if they relieve the pain and the stiffness. But the pain and the stiffness return particularly if the patient has been exposed to dampness. This shows that the poison was not driven from the system by the treatment employed. Rheumatism can be relieved in a number of ways, but there is only one way to cure it, and that is through the blood, expelling the poisonous acid that causes the aches and pains and stiffness. To remove and enrich the blood there is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which go right to the root of the trouble and cure rheumatism to stay. The following is an example of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do in cases of this kind. Mr. Henry Smith, St. Jerome, Que., writes: "For upwards of a year I was a victim of rheumatism in a most painful form. The trouble was located in my legs and for a long time was so bad that I could not walk. The suffering which I endured can only be imagined by those who have been similarly afflicted. Doctors' treatment did not help me and then I began trying other remedies but with no better results. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had begun to lose faith in medicine, I finally decided to give the pills a trial. I am very grateful now that I did so, for after taking eight boxes of the pills I have completely disappeared. I have since taken the pills occasionally as a precautionary measure, and I can not speak too highly in their favor."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**A Literary Family.**

Mr. J. writing a book on the training of husbands to end the dispute. She spends twenty chapters explaining the best way to manage the brute. It soon will appear in a binding of the cover's delightful, the cost, though is trifling.

But rather is paying the bill. Mr. J.'s bustling life had getting ready for the dinner table on "Squash."

He never before worked so steadily. Her sister declares it's all bush. Her work on "The Lost Art of Kissing."

Jim says it's a terrible pain. Although on all other points sister and May differ, pa's paying the bill.

The twins are compiling statistics on dialects of the baboon. It's meant for their work on Incest. What father—you ask what's he doing to keep up his end? Never fear. He's busy signing the checks, while repining.

His books will not balance this year. William Wallace Whitecock.

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy in an examination paper. "My teacher says it's round, the book says it's round, and a man told me it was round."—*Christian Register*.

No man likes to be overworked, especially when even his friends try to work him.

**THE ROUND ROBIN.**

William Henry P. Pye in "Five Thousand Facts and Fancies" says that round robin is the name given to a remonstrance or petition signed by a number of persons, generally in a circular form so as to give prominence to any single name. He concludes: "This device is said to have been first used by the officials of the French government as a means of relieving their grievances. The most celebrated 'round robin' the English language has is the one signed by Burke, Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others and sent to Dr. Samuel Johnson, protesting him to amend the Statute of Oliver Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey and suggesting that it be written in English, and not in Latin. Johnson accepted the round robin in a kindly spirit, but told Sir Joshua Reynolds the bearer of the message that he would never disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription."

**Health is Impossible**

Owing to faulty action of the kidneys and liver, the blood becomes filled with disease germs that imperil health.

The first warnings are backache, dizziness, headache and lack of energy. Act quickly if you would avoid the terrible ravages of chronic kidney complaint. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day; they cure kidney and liver troubles for all time to come. No medicine relieves so promptly, cures so thoroughly. For good blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite, use that grand health-bringing medicine, Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c box to-day.

**SERVANTS OF THE KING.**

**They Are Well-Treated and Have a Permanent Position.**

There are no servants so fortunately placed as those in the royal household. They are practically always sure of being able to retain their positions until too old for work and then are certain of receiving a good pension.

It is, however, extremely difficult to obtain a position as a servant in the royal household. They are recruited entirely from the sons and daughters of people who are, or have been, in the employ of royalty, and there are always a number of candidates for a vacancy.

When a man servant enters the King's employ he is put on what is known as the "personal" staff of the Master of the Horse, under whom he serves as a probationer for six months.

The general staff consists of six of the royal men servants who are specially detailed to attend on the Master of the Horse, and are relieved practically of all other duties when the Master of the Horse is the only member of the household who has such a staff. At the end of six months the probationer, on the recommendation of the Master of the Horse, is placed on the inferior staff of yeomen, and comes under the control of Mr. Darren, the palace steward.

The royal men servants are divided into three different classes: yeomen, groom and pages. A man serves, as a rule, for five years as a yeoman, and is then put on the staff of grooms. He may remain in the groom class for ten or twelve years and is then promoted to the page class.

A certain number of the Royal servants are put daily, when the court is in residence, on what is known as "close wait." That is personal attendance on the King and Queen.

The close wait attendants are selected from the grooms and pages only; the list of close wait attendants in the state apartments is made out daily by the palace steward, and in the personal apartments of the King and Queen, on a close wait attendants are selected from the King and Queen, by the chief page; all the others who are on ordinary duty about the place wear the royal livery. In this respect it may be noted that the custom of the English Court differs from that of other European courts where all the servants on duty wear livery, the close wait attendants being unusually distinguished by a badge worn on the left arm.

There are altogether close on three hundred men servants in the royal household, but the attendance of the full staff is only required on the occasion of great state entertainments, or when a foreign monarch is visiting the English court.

Normally there are from 150 to 200 men servants in residence at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle.

A large number of the servants are non-resident, that is to say, they live at their own private residences, usually in London, near the court, but some live in the country and come up to the palace when their services at the palace are required.

There are some very well paid positions, which are very much coveted, the royal service men being well paid. The chief yeomen and the chief pages receive once yearly salaries varying from \$1,500 to \$2,500 per annum, but the rank and file of the servants are not better paid than the servants in any ordinary wealthy gentleman's service.

The majority of the royal servants are fairly good linguists. Most of them speak French and German, and several speak three or four languages as well as their native tongue.

In the English, as in all royal households, there are some foreign servants employed, and these are as a matter of fact, fewer in number than the English royal service than at any other court in Europe, except that of the Court, whose custom forbids any but Russians being employed.

**Jupiter Warmer Than the Earth.**

The gigantic mass of Jupiter has a much larger warmth than that of the earth," says a scientific writer. "It is the result of the immense amount of heat produced by the compression of the strata and must be greater than the powerful pressure of the strata. It justly surpasses the earth by one or more times, and for the same reason, the inner temperature of individual warmth of the planet is much higher than that of the water vapor which it contains, so that water vapor forms the principal substance of the atmosphere of Jupiter. Water, when it is excited by a reflector and readily conducts for the bright radiation of light emitted by the planet."

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